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'—page 678 Boston, 1826.
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Enquire of Nicholas The-
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E. HARRIS.
Sep. 1.

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PETER WEBB.
Sept. 8, ts

NTING,
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AT THIS OFFICE ON REASONA-
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EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown:" RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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From Sir Jonah Barrington's personal sketches

The Bounce of the turn-up Bed and the Inn Kitchen.

"The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn, in those days a very poor one indeed."

"The day of my arrival was on one occasion very wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner, but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F. took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to set up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed; the maid servant full of good liquor; and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared she could not think of permitting my honour to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fire-side, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one; the bed was let down from the niche into which it had been folded up and in a few minutes I was in a comfortable slumber.

"My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over—suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation with my head down and my feet upwards! I had neither time nor power for reflection—I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible—the agonies of death, I suppose were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation and cried out 'murder!' with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman and maid by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying murder; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary, to bleed me. I had however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

"The maid having been drunk when I went to bed, on awakening just at break of day began to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgot the counsellor! and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in its place: in consequence of which, down went my head, and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the Antipodes. The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!"

ALL FOR LOVE.

PARIS, June 25.—The following horrible crime, the effect of disappointed love and jealousy, has just been committed in the neighborhood of Toulon. A young man named Augustus Toulousan, residing at Soliles Pont, in the arrondissement of Toulon, had for a long time back carried on an illicit intercourse with a girl named Adelaide S.—, to whom it is said he had made a promise of marriage. His family, however, who were averse to his union with Adelaide S. had induced him to propose for another girl in the neighbourhood.—The circumstances coming to the ears of his mistress she wished to be assured of the truth of it from his own lips, and on the 12th of this month she sent a person to him, to request that he would call upon her at eight on that evening. At the hour appointed she was at the window, and on seeing her lover approach, she ran down to the door. Toulousan, however, instead of coming to her, stopped at the door of a neighboring house, and sat down near a young girl, the friend and confidant of the young woman to whom he was going to be married. He affected to enter into a very animated conversation with her, and seemed to delight in exciting the jealousy of his mistress, who with fixed eyes and haggard air, stood looking at him during the two hours he remained thus tormenting her. At ten o'clock he returned home, without having once approached or addressed a word to his mistress. Toulousan fastened the door of his house, but in the wall close by was an aperture, sufficient to admit a moderate sized person, which was closed only by a large stone on the outside. It is supposed that about eleven Adelaide S. repaired to his house, armed with a razor, removed the stone that closed the aperture in the wall, ascended to his room and cut his throat. In her flight down stairs, after the horrid act, she dropped the razor and one of her shoes, and let herself out by the front door of the house, which was secured only by a wooden bar.

The unfortunate Toulousan started from his sleep and made to the window, to call for succour. His stifled and inarticulate cries resembled *the howlings of a wild beast*, at least such was the description of them given by the neighbours. Finding, it would appear, that he could not produce so articulate sound to call his father, whose room was on the opposite side of a little yard, he threw his woolen night-cap at his father's window, but this not awakening him, he descended the staircase, holding his throat with both his hands.—In this way he went through the stable, and through a yard to another part of the premises, where his brother and his wife slept, the blood flowing abundantly from his wound, and tracing his progress the whole way. His lamentable cries, or rather frightful howlings, awoke his brother and wife, but they thinking it to be some wild beast, barricadoed, instead of opening their door, and began to cry for succour themselves.

Toulousan continued for some time knocking at the door, and uttering inarticulate sounds that served only to terrify still more his brother and sister-in law.—He at length descended the staircase that led from their room, but his hands no longer sufficing to stop the blood that rushed from the wound in his throat he staggered and fell upon the last step of the staircase. At this moment his father and two of the neighbors who had been awakened by this knocking and cries came up to where he lay, as he was breathing his last—and when lights were brought, all that remained to the unfortunate father was the mutilated dead body of his son, in a state of perfect nudity, surrounded with blood!—The father dropped senseless on the body.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the proper authorities were informed of the circumstance. Adelaide S. was arrested. There was found in her room a handkerchief stained with blood, with which she is supposed to have enveloped part of the razor while committing the crime, and a stocking, the vamp of which was covered with mud. The shoe found on the staircase, near Toulousan's room fitted exactly one of her feet. Brought into the room, where the body of her lover was exposed, she appeared to be yielding to a fit of hysterics, but at the first question put to her, by the magistrate, she recovered herself, and looked on with dry eyes.

THE LATE PHENOMENON.

The Providence Literary Cadet, after giving an account of the beautiful appearance of the 'Bow of Light,' a few evenings past, adds the following:

After it had fled, there was much speculation among the wise matrons of the day, who, very gravely shook their heads, and sagaciously undertook to make accurate and positive predictions, as to the events the phenomenon foretold.

The goodly Mrs. Hapless, as she took a fresh pinch of snuff, exclaimed, ah me! we shall soon have a desolating war and famine, and I remember that in the year 1772, just such a thing appeared, and my good dear husband—Heaven rest his soul,—told me what it all meant. War, war, said he, we shall have, and our poor Ichabod, now in his eleventh year, will be killed in battle. All things turned out as my husband said they would; Ichabod was killed! Ah me, these wars and clouds of light, are dreadful things!

Miss Hannah Hopeless, a maiden lady, who wears a wig, made of the hair of her lover, who died at sea, just eight and sixty years last Michaelmas day, declared that the very night her poor dear lover died, as she sat by the fire side, a winding sheet made its appearance on the candle, the black cat rounded up her back, one of the chairs danced round the room and the warming pan fell slam bang on the floor, and looking out of the window she saw the very light that was now in the heaven!—She knew that something dreadful was to befall her—and sure enough, two days afterwards she heard of the death of her beloved Charley!

Aunt Hannah, as she gazed upon the light, wiped her spectacles, then her nose, and then her eyes, and with a shrug of the shoulder, which was as much as to say, I know all about it, declared that it was a prognostic of famine, and advised her neighbours, in the most pathetic tones, to be careful of their jonny cakes; and in all things act with great prudence!

Mrs. Lucretia O'Humbug, a lady from the Green Isle of the Ocean, who had listened attentively to the language of the sisterhood, now came forward with 'fire in her heart and brimstone in her liver,' and offered her opinions on the subject. Ye are all wrong about it, said she, and I'll tell ye, if ye'll just stand back a little, just what it manes! Och! you spalpeens, dinna be after making such a botheration—it manes just nothing at all, at all! In auld Ireland they are as common as glow worms in a bog; and they are more bright and excellent too! We have them there at all times if we want them, even at mid-day! So stop your botheration—a murphy for your nonsense!

Among others, who had gazed upon the stranger, was the artless and lovely blue-eyed Julia!—Intently she surveyed the arch of light, and then turning to her cousin, expatiated upon its beauty and majesty. In that arch, said she, I behold the existence of God—the image of my Creator; and it affords an evidence of an all wise being, which the sophist, the sceptic, and the speculations of the infidel philosopher cannot destroy.—Who that beholds it can any longer doubt that there is an *Overruling Power*; that there is a *Being*, who fashions the order of nature, who regards even the sparrow's fall, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb! And though her blue eyes watched the departure of the bow of light with rapture, still she gazed upon it with awe, and offered up her orisons and praises to the throne of Mercy and Grace—to the Eternal King of Kings! and while thus absorbed in holy adoration, she presented a correctly defined portraiture of all that is excellent and good—of all that can call forth the admiration of man—a lovely and a virtuous woman, bending before the shrine of the Almighty, offering up the incense of a pious and grateful heart.

We may boast of the embellishments of modern education, and of the witchery of a thousand accomplishments a female can possess, but there is nothing that renders her so lovely in the eyes of man, and so irresistably interesting as the attribute of unaffected piety; and when we behold her bending lowly in prayer, before the altar of her God, our hearts are captivated, and we behold her as she is—the image of the angels, and Heaven's best gift to man.

When the good Julia saw the last ray of light sink beneath the western horizon, she handed us the following lines, which we copy with great satisfaction, and shall be proud, if we make acceptable to our readers, her selected effusion.

THE BOW OF LIGHT.

The evening was glorious, and light through
the
Play'd in [illegible]rain drops, the birds and
the bree[illegible]
The landscape, outreaching, in loveliness lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

* * * * * * *

The skies, like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west through their splendour of azure
and gold;
But one cloud at a distance, rose dense and
increas'd
Till its margin of light touch'd the zenith and
east.

We gaz'd on these scenes, while around us
they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd in a cloud,
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls lightly through star
light and blue.

Like a spirit it came, in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful
form;
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath
But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark
path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the
wood;
And river, field, village and woodland grew
bright,
As conscious they gave, and afforded delight.

'Twas the Bow of Omnipotence bent in His
hand;
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His bow from the flood to the exit of time.

Not dreadful as when on the whirlwind he
pleads,
When the storms are his chariot, and light-
ning his steeds;
The black cloud of vengeance, his banner un-
furl'd,
To thunder his voice to a guilt stricken world;
In the breath of his presence, when thousands
expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with
fire,
And the sword and the plague spot, with
death strew the plain,
And vultures, & wolves, are the graves of the
slain.

Not such was that light-bow, that beautiful one
Whose arch was reflection—its key-stone, the
sun;
A pavilion it seem'd, with a deity graced,
And Justice & Mercy met there & embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death couch, or hope o'er the
tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly
retir'd,
As love had just vanish'd or hope had expir'd.

I gazed not alone on the source of my song,
To all who beheld it, these verses belong;
Its presence to all, was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm & ador'd

Like the visit; the converse of friends, or a day
That bow from my sight pass'd forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my
heart,
That bow from remembrance shall never de-
part.

'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defin'd,
With the strong and imperishing colours of
mind;
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld in the cloud, and transcribed on my
soul.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. Jefferson's letter, and Mr Clay's "great desideratum in political economy." Extract from Mr. Clay's Speech upon the Tariff bill of 1821. Page 13.

"The great desideratum in political economy is the same as in private pursuits; that is, what is the *best application of the aggregate industry of the nation* that can be made honestly to produce the *largest sum of national wealth. Labour is the source of all wealth, but it is not natural labour only.*" Judging from Mr. C.'s prize speech generally, and from the six foregoing lines particularly,—indeed, from all his speeches, and it would seem that Mr. Clay knows about as much of the "great desideratum of political economy" as he does about the Delphic oracles, or of the occult art of alchymy, or of the illusory coruscations of the brilliant prospect of the Panama Congress, or of the inexplicable intricacies of the West India Trade. It would also seem from the subjoined letter that Mr. Jefferson is here decidedly at points with Mr. Clay respecting his great political, polar star—"the great desideratum in political economy," and that his deepest affliction at the deplorable crisis most unwisely brought upon our country, was not produced by *his terrific alarm* at the election of a Military Chieftain" to the Presidency, but from much more substantial & fearful considerations. From the unprincipled usurpations of the practical government. From converting a limited, federative government, into an unlimited, consolidated one. In substance, from the 6 lines quoted above, and the inevitable consequences from the practical operations of their contents, in obliterating all our fundamental laws. This letter was not originally intended for publication, but I now feel myself impelled to give it publicity from the following considerations amongst others: The extract contains the whole of the political part of the letter; some parts, merely private, are omitted. The part respecting the University has been published, as giving Mr. Jefferson's views of the then actual condition and future prospects of this important institution, which may be attended with public utility; and also as a refutation of one falsehood out of many which have been circulated through the Press for the last ten years in relation to myself, to wit: That there was an unfriendly feeling existing between Mr. Jefferson and myself. The falsehood is destitute of all pretext whatever. For some time past, some of the administering politics, desperate in their utmost need, have attempted to avail their bad cause of the just influence of Mr. Jefferson's well-earned political fame, by solemn assurances to the public, that Mr. Jefferson, when living, was in favor of the measures of the Administration, and of the re-election of Mr. Adams. For this purpose they have lavishly poured forth eulogiums upon Mr. Jefferson for opinions which they have ascribed to him, and which, if living, I verily believe, he would consider his greatest reproach. They have at length gone so far, as to put expressions into Mr. Jefferson's mouth, under marks of quotations, with intimations that they can be proved by competent evidence, (nothing doubting) whilst they are not only altogether surreptitious, but in direct hostility with the undeviating tenor and spirit of Mr. Jefferson's whole political life, and with his declarations, both verbally and in writing, often frankly and openly made to his friends, as I am well informed, 'till within a short period before his lamented death. Under these circumstances, it appears to me to have become the duty of every friend of Mr. Jefferson and of his country, who may be in possession of any written declarations from him, serving to demonstrate his real opinions respecting the perilous crisis of the country, to lay them before the public, and thus, at once, to put down the surreptitious ones. This course alone can serve to rescue Mr. Jefferson's unsullied republican fame from the false and unmerited aspersions brought against it, under the guise of affected plaudits, the most delusive and deceptive. Besides, I conceive, under these gross attempts at deception, the public has a right to demand a disclosure of all Mr. Jefferson's real opinions, in whosesoever hands they may be, as a protection against the mischievous influence of the spurious opinions falsely ascribed to him; and that, too, as I believe by his now most unnatural, loving friends, not long since his most deadly foes. Two papers of this description, which have particularly attracted my attention, will be introduced here. The one, taken from the National Journal—the devoted "coalition" paper, at least, so characterized—the other, from the Richmond Whig. This latter is ushered forth by a writer under the signature of "A Farmer," who, most charitably, charges his brother farmers, and every body else, not acting under the same delusive influence with himself, with being "confiding dupes;" whereas, the scribbling Farmer seems, himself to be the most "confiding dupe" that ever undertook to enlighten a people by overcasting them with the thick mist, in which he is himself enveloped—so much so, that he seems to be led about by some "ignis fatuus," with syren songs, made up in doleful, pathetic strains, which he deals out to others in the same fascinating, heart-rending melody. These characteristics will shine with peculiar lustre, in the example here exhibited. Should this "confiding dupe" of a Farmer possess only a small portion of the candor of his calling, I think, after reading Mr. J.'s letter, containing his real opinions, and contrasting them with the surreptitious ones which have served to 'dupe' the confiding Farmer, he will at once acknowledge that there is no occasion to ask, 'who is the dupe?' He must stand, himself, 'the dupe confessed.' Doubtlessly, he will be surprised to be told, that he is as much the unconscious "dupe" in many other of his delusive disclosures to the people. Having made them, if he means to give the people fair play, it has become his duty to hunt them up himself, and do his best, to undeceive his own 'confiding dupes,' should he have been so unfortunate as to have made any.

WM. B GILES.

[Extract from the National Journal.]

"One venerable authority, however, has been introduced in support of the claims of Gen. Jackson, so imposing as to carry with it, if uncontradicted, great moral weight. We allude to that of the departed and lamented Jefferson, who has been quoted, since the grave closed upon his mortal remains, on the ground of a volunteer sentiment given by him at a public dinner, as being favorable to the election of General Jackson. To suit this purpose, the toast itself was garbled; but even thus garbled, meant nothing but that Gen. Jackson had earned, what he has justly received as the reward of his services—the thanks of his country. Opposed to such construction as has been put upon Mr. J.'s toast, we have in our possession conclusive testimony that the sentiments which we have expressed on this subject are those which the illustrious Jefferson expressed, but in stronger terms. We have his dying words, so to speak; and we will close this article with them. Of late years, that venerable man seldom ventured to say any thing on politics; but not many weeks before his death, he observed to a friend "that his faith in the self government of the people had never been so completely shaken as it had been by the efforts made at the last election, to place over their heads one who, in every station he ever filled, either military or civil, made it a point to violate every order and instruction given him, and take his own arbitrary will as the guide of his conduct."

In such terms, strong as they are, and much stronger than we are disposed to use, did Mr. Jefferson speak just before his death, of the alarm created in his mind by the effort to place a merely military man at the head of our Republic."

[Extract from the Whig.]

"These were the signs which called forth from the great apostle of freedom, JEFFERSON, his last but terrible warning: 'My country!' said he, 'THOU too will experience the fate which has befallen every free government—THY liberties will be sacrificed to the glory of some Military Chieftain. I had fondly hoped to have found in thee an exception; but thy support of Jackson—a man who has disregarded every order he received—who has trampled under foot the laws and constitution of his country—and who has substituted his own ungovernable will as his own rule of conduct—thy support of such a man shakes my confidence in the capacity of man for self government, and I fear all is lost.' This is the language of the dying patriot. And if we followed him with undiminished confidence, and with unexampled success, in times and seasons when liable to temptation, what deference is not due to his opinion when delivered under such solemn circumstances, and in a condition little less imposing than if he had just risen from the dead! Under such high authority, I the more confidently assert, that the effort to elect Jackson is the fruitful fountain of the prevailing mischiefs, which every sober man must deprecate, as disturbing the repose and threatening the safety of the Republic. This infirmity of a blind and idolatrous devotion to military success—the bane of every republic that has gone before us—is the prolific soil whose harvest of bitterness we are now reaping. In the phrenzy it produces, reason is no longer heard. The grossest falsehoods are propagated and believed—every object is sacrificed without scruple to the success of the idol."

[EXTRACT.]

Monticello, Dec. 26, 1825.

"DEAR SIR —I see as you do and with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the federal branch of our government is advancing towards the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the States, and the consolidation in itself of all powers foreign and domestic, and that too by construction which, if legitimate, leave no limits to their power. Take together the decisions of the federal court, the doctrines of the President and the misconstructions of the constitutional compact acted on by the legislature of the federal branch; and it is but too evident that the three ruling branches of that department, are in combination, to strip the colleagues, the state authorities, of the powers reserved by them, and to exercise themselves all functions foreign and domestic. Under the power to regulate commerce they assume indefinitely, that also over agriculture and manufactures; and call it regulation too, to take the earnings of one of these branches of industry, and that too,

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