[From the New York Commercial of Saturday.]

## DISGRACEFUL JACKSON RIOT.

We had a foretaste of Jacksonism yesterday which will be long remembered, and from the deep disgrace of which, it will require a long time for our city to recover. It is well known that last evening had been selected by the Jackson Nominating Committee, for the General Meeting of the party, to confirm or reject their tickets; and it is also well known that several of those nominations were of so graceless a character, that there was a spontaneous determination of the more respectable portion of the party, to oppose them. In order to prevent a defeat at the meeting, where it was well understood the nominations for county officers would be stricken out by overwhelming votes, if no measures were taken to drown the popular voice, the leaders of the faction resorted to extraordinary means to prepare for the contest, and secure the premature occupancy of the room. For this purpose, the first step resolved upon was to raise a hickory tree, the emblem of Jackson idolatry, in front of Tammany Hall. This ceremony, it was well understood, would collect a mob, which a proper use of STIMULANTS would not only keep upon the ground, but prepare for the execution of whatever ulterior measures might be deemed necessary to accomplish the purposes of the leaders —About two o'clock, a detachment of six or eight men with pickaxes, under a corporal or some other officer, proceeded to wound the flinty bosom of the pavement in front of Tammany Hall, and tear up with violence the unoffending stones. They were told that they would be put into Bridewell, for incumbering and breaking up the streets. The Corporal, like a true patriot, thereupon folded his arms, cocked his nose up impudently, and said—"Then I will go along with them."

In the course of the afternoon, the 'Hickory Committee," as a long procession was designated, arrived, with their pole, and a carriage full of drums, fifes, bagpipes, and other discordant instruments The Committee walked two and two, with hickory leaves in their hats, and we were sorry to see among them some gentlemen hitherto of good repute, and some civil functionaries, who had suffered their brains to become so much fired and frenzied, as to turn out to assist at this ridiculous, and almost profane, ceremony. The pole was erected amid loud yells, which swelled upon the gale as the beer barrels were rolled out; & it required no vivid immagination to distinguish in the uproar the yell of the Hyæna, the cry of the Panther, and the whoop of the Winnebagoes. The heads of the beer casks having been knocked in, the sovereigns were refreshed and exhilarated; and it was wisely foreseen that they would thus be kept together until the hour of meeting arrived —Previously, however, under the pretext that none but members of the nominating committee would be admitted before the appointed hour, (7 o'clock,) a band of chosen spirits consisting of some hundreds, were privily introduced into the wigwam, and posted in different quarters, to command and overawe the meeting.

A member of the nominating committee, Mr. Webb of the Courier, has published an account of the manner in which he was treated at the meeting. He was admitted at about six o'clock, as being one of the Committee, and found about thirty of them present together with the satellites above mentioned. From Mr. Webb's account, which personal observation induces us to believe strictly according to the fact, it appears that a motion was made to appoint M. M. Quackinbush, Esq, Chairman, Assistant Alderman Sibell, the Secretary of the nominating committee, acted to the meeting that it was "only half past six—the meeting was called at 7 o'clock, & consequently it could not be organized." To this all submitted—when in about three minutes, a motion was made for Mr. Walter Browne to take the chair. He did so, and George Sharpe and Smith Cutter, were appointed Secretaries. Against this all protested, because the hour designated for the meeting to convene had not arrived. Mr. Webb says:—

"Cries of "down with Webb," "hustle him out," "tear off his Whiskers," "throw him out of the windows," were repeatedly heard. We continued to protest against the proceedings, & at a moment of comparative silence, I stated to the meeting that I would leave the stand I occupied and be silent at 7 o'clock, but until then I should continue to protest I then showed my watch to Mr. Browne, and begged him to observe that it still wanted a quarter of seven, and desired him to recollect it, as I should refer to the circumstance after the meeting; he refused to notice it, and I then took off my hat and said to the meeting "I will leave the room, and asked the friends of Mr. Shaw to accompany me to the Park; but they refused to listen, and proceeded to obey what I cannot but believe were the orders of Mr. Noah, to the most corrupt and disgraceful mob our city has ever witnessed.

"At this time the cries of 'hustle Webb out" had increased, and a rush was made from the right of the chair, carrying me off the platform to the left, when I was seized and borne towards the door. On my way to the door, I was placed against one of the pillars in the Hall, and held in that situation for some time, with the pressure of the mob on me. After some minutes I arrived within ten feet of the door which is at the south-west corner of the room, when for the first time, I received a blow, and by a desperate effort, broke away from the NOAHITES who held me. With a good cane I made my way entirely through the room, diagonally to the north-west corner of it, when, for a minute at least, I kept the BULL DOGS at bay, and occupied, (alone,) a circle of fifteen feet diameter. It was impossible to guard myself on all sides. I was seized, beaten, and carried to the door, when a desperate effort was made to throw me over the banisters, which would certainly have terminated my existence.—Mr. Ritter and other friends saved me, and I was carried to an adjoining house in safety. To say that my clothes were literally torn from me, or to comment upon this extraordinary proceeding, would be useless."

Arrived at the great stairway, the scene was truly terrible to behold. The partisans of Noah, with eyes flashing with fury, and grinding their teeth with rage, were hurrying Mr. Webb forward with great violence—he manfully contesting every inch. The mingled cries arose in wild confusion—'Throw him over'—'throw him over the bannisters'—'down with him.' 'No,' 'no'—'Shame!' 'shame!' 'He is a man, if he does oppose us.' Meantime Mr. Webb was borne backwards down stairs, with the enormous weight of the mob upon him. 'Game to the last,' said one of the fancy, as Webb bore himself up against them—"I've lost my pocket-book!" exclaimed somebody with concern—'Shaw forever!'—'Down with Noah,' &c. &c. Such was the din of voices, as the mob concluded this part of its characteristic labors. Mr. Webb having been carried to the street, a savage yell of triumph was raised; the rioters returned, and the business proceeded. Amidst the 'wild uproar and continuous din,' more horrible than that which the imaginatian of Southy has described as disturbing the deserts of Afzian. Mr. Pleasants H. May, a gentleman from South Carolina and a very particular friend of Mr. M'Duffie, arose behind the chairman, and gesticulated vehemently and gracefully. When he appeared to have finished one sentence, a gentleman from behind got up and whispered apparently in his ear; and sat down again. Whether he was grinding any machinery we do not know; but Mr. May would then again gesticulate vehemently and gracefully; and so the pantomime went on. It was generally supposed he had some communication to make from Mr. McDuffie, but what he was heard to articulate was a strange and miscellaneous jargon, in which the name of Jackson was only distinguishable.—When this exhibition was over, Mr. A. O. Dayton, a gentleman of New Jersey, President of the Hoboken Bank, and nominated on the Jackson Assembly ticket for this state, (by mistake we suppose, in the hurry of business) addressed the meeting. He was more distinctly heard; and delivered himself in round and well set periods; which seemed to have been got by heart. At first we thought it was the translation of Livy's report of Hannibal's speech in the American Preceptor; and it might have been supposed to have run thus. 'On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all is patriotic noise and confusion A veteran committee, a most tattered commonality,—you New Yorkers kind and accommodating to us New-Jerseymen —you tetterdemalions, whom not only a fellow-feeling but the hope of keeping out of jail, impels to vote for Mr Noah, &c, &c.' Afterwards, we learn that Mr. Gilbert, an actual denizen of the metropolis, made a short address, the purport of which we are unable to report. We do not learn that any further excesses were committed, after the meeting broke up. It was discreditable enough to the city.

There were three or four thousand people at the meeting, embracing those in the hall above and in the tap rooms below, and the still more ragged & boisterous crowd in the streets. There was unquestionably a majority of the actors of the scene, in favor of Noah; but there were twelve or fifteen hundred Administration men there who were mere 'lookers on in Venice.' The Jackson friends of Mr. Shaw, conducted themselves with the most exemplary forbearance and decorum. Despite of noise and violence, these will go to the polls and elect Mr. Shaw by a triumphant majority.

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On Wednesday we published a letter from Mr. J. Benton, headed "Murder will Out," containing charges of grave and serious import against Gen. Jackson. The last Nashville Banner published under the eye of Gen. Jackson, close to his residence, contains another letter as follows:—[*Balt. Pat.*

### TO THE PUBLIC.

As I have made charges which I published here in 1824, and republished in the same place recently, seriously affecting the characters of some conspicuous individuals I deem it a duty to lay before the public a few facts and remarks in support of the same.

It is a rule (and a golden one too) in law, that the best possible evidence should always be produced. Record or written evidence is better than the verbal testimony of any man or set of men—and for the most substantial reasons. Necessity will urge a criminal to go forward instead of backward, and the more crimes he commits, the more falsehoods and fresh crimes will he resort to, in order to conceal the first. The man who steals must commit perjury or induce others to swear falsely, to save him from the disgrace and from the penalties of the law. The memory too is frail, as we see proved in all our intercourse, even with the best of men.

It is a rule, that no man should be relied on (however honorable) where he is himself a party. Our own dear selves are forever uppermost in our minds. Our near relations, as well as friends and dependents ought likewise to be excluded from giving testimony, and in selecting witnesses the preference should always be given to those whose sympathies or prejudices are least excited. Every heart will rise in opposition to the admission of the evidence of bitter enemies. The best evidence is written or record evidence. A man's bond is better proof of a debt than a verbal promise or the admission of an open account.

I have travelled 200 miles to meet face to face several distinguished characters whom I have accused of official dishonesty, and to call them to the bar of their country to answer. In doing this, I exercise an unquestionable right and perform a solemn duty.

Among the accused, and in front, stands Gen. Andrew Jackson, a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, arrayed, as he is, in all his glory, covered with laurels, possessing—according to his admirers—talents more than bu man, goodness more than divine, the indignant flashing of whose eye withers and consumes all who dare to encounter it, who thinks with the rapidity of lightning and executes with the tremendous energy of thunder! He stands surrounded by admiring millions more devoted to his will than to the will of their God. The illustrious and most reverend EZRA STILES ELY of Philadelphia, has laid down his bible and his texts are taken from the words of this modern Deity. 'I told my hearers,'—says he in his printed sermon—'that some men more regarded the words of their deservedly favorite Hero, than the word of God.' The good priest seems to have urged this home to the hearts of his congregation as the first and the greatest of their duties. But with all these thunders and lightnings, and divine attributes, every earthly aid is brought to sustain him, and to crush the wretch who impiously dares to question the reality of his superhuman excellence. When one of our great Tennessee legislators, speaking and acting officially, rose in his place, with due and becoming awe and veneration, to announce to an admiring world the name of Andrew Jackson as a candidate for the Presidency and convulsed his hearers with joy, he exclaimed in a loud voice which rent the air and hearts of his hearers, 'if this terraqueous globe were in flames'—'whom would the people of Tennessee call upon to extinguish them but Andrew Jackson!!' All bowed their heads and, with yea, yea, yea from every tongue, pronounced the support of the nomination the first of duties and the fundamental law of our land!!!

As for me—what am I? A worm of the earth grovelling in the dust, and according to Eaton's official paper, the Columbian Observer (to sustain which Eaton lent and lost $1500) "*poor little crazy Jesse!*" Jackson is a mountain, I scarcely a mole hill. What odds! God preserve me. But 'the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift.' '*Truth is mighty and will prevail*' I have charged this same Andrew Jackson with corruption. I have supported the charge with a chain of circumstances perfectly overwhelming. Yet I propose, in addition that Gen. Jackson shall call in writing on James Jackson of Alabama, to produce all the letters in Gen. Jackson's own hand writing and signed by himself now in the possession of said James Jackson, and publish them to the world.—The General's friends say, some innocent letters have passed between them, which are in James Jackson's possession, and to save the public the trouble of reading them—as they did in relation to the letter of Parson Harris, the militiaman who was shot at Mobile—have kindly undertaken to tell their contents They form a body of written evidence and they must and shall come out. Away with the ridiculous, insulting proposition of giving us the verbal evidence of Rob. Butler, Jackson's nephew in law and adjutant General, and that most contemptible of all skunks, the certificate maker, ******, who has followed the business as a weaver does his trade for 15 years past. The written evidence in Gen. Jackson's own hand writing is all we want and come it must. Robert Butler and Wm. B. Lewis commenced in 1813 what is now winding up. Butler came from Fort Massac and whispered that Thomas H. Benton had given up a volunteer belonging to G. W. Gibbs' company into the hands of W. P. Anderson, who sent him across the river and he was never heard of since. Lewis published this in my brother's absence. I took up his defence and in the course of events I stand as principal. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! I often told my brother, in 1813, that God was angry with Jackson for his crimes, and permitted his attempt to assassinate us on the very spot where I now sit, in order to make us the instruments of his punishment. I have always felt as if inspired by Heaven with regard to Jackson. The combination of incidents, so strangely coming to pass, show the hand of an offending God, leading forward to an investigation, and finally bringing to light this deed of corruption.

JESSE BENTON.

[At the last Presidential Election, Mr. Jesse Benton, the writer of the above, was one of the Tennessee Electors for the Hon. Wm. H. Crawford, and is the brother of Col. Thomas H. Benton, now a Senator in Congress from Missouri.]

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### ANOTHER CALUMNY EXPLODED.

The Opposition papers have been busily circulating a story, ridiculously false on the face of it, of Mr. Clay's having bought a free man in Pennsylvania and made a slave of him. Since Mr. Clay has condescended to notice it, we copy his Letter for the information of all who desire information on the subject

*From the Washington Pa. Reporter.*

*Washington 4th Oct.* 1828.

MY DAAR SIR: I received your favor of the 29th ult. respecting the charge of my having purchased a negro, a free born Pennsylvanian and holding him in illegal bondage. I presume the allusion is to my purchase of Jerry, copies of the papers respecting which are enclosed. Jerry came to me at Wheeling with the agent entrusted to sell him, in the Summer of 1824, when I was on my return to Kentucky, and entreated me to buy the remainder of the time of his servitude. I was informed that his mistress was resolved to sell him, for some cause which I do not now distinctly recollect, and he was apprehensive of being sold to some person of whom he entertained a less favorable opinion than of me. I accordingly purchased him, and, received the bill of sale, of which a copy is enclosed The certificate of the two Justices of Washington county (of which a copy is also enclosed) was shewn to, and left with me:

In the Summer of 1825, my son-in-law — Mr. James Erwin, having purchased some of my improved breeds of cattle and horses, wished to have Jerry to conduct them to his farm. I accordingly let him have Jerry with his consent stipulating in his behalf that Mr. Erwin should pay him $35 when he becomes free, of which a memo. is now before me. I saw Mr. Erwin a few weeks ago, and he informed me that Jerry was well, contented, and happy.

I purchased the boy not merely with his own consent but upon his earnest solicitation. I purchased him, & he is now held, in conformity of the laws of Pennsylvania as I understood them. I parted from him with his consent.—He will be free at the age prescribed by those laws.

In the mean time, he is a more respectable and useful man than the Editor of the paper which you sent me: for he is no calumniator.

I am, with great regard,
Your ob't servant, H. CLAY,
THOMAS M'GIFFIN, Esq.

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☞FORGERY.

*Lorretto*, OCT. 16th, 1828.

DEAR SIR—

You have probably seen the pretended deposition of Richard Nagle, circulated by all the Jackson papers, and headed with the following words:—

"Ingratitude more strong than traitors arms, exemplified by the base conduct of John Q. Adams towards the patriots of the revolution.'

I now send you a copy of Richard Nagle's genuine deposition. Yours, &c.

*Demetrius A Gallitzen.*

Cambria County, SS.

Whereas a certain piece has gone the rounds of nearly all the Jackson papers, purporting to be the deposition of Richard Nagle, an old Revolutionary soldier, stating that when said Nagle repaired to Washington city some time last January, to solicit a pension, he went to the President of the United States for some relief to take him home, that the President told him (the said Nagle) to be-gone for an imposter, and a dirty old rascal, or he (the President) would have him horse-whipped. Now the said Richard Nagle, being duly sworn according to law, deposeth and saith, *that the above is a fabrication,—that he never saw the President of the United States*, and never had any chance of any conversation with him.

his
RICHARD ⋈ NAGLE.
mark.

Sworn & subscribed before me the 16th day of October, 1828.

LUKE MAGUIRE.

We the subscribers certify that we are well acquainted with the above deponent, and know him to be an honest innocent man, that we were present at the time of his deposition being taken before Luke Maguire, Esq. that the deponent was then perfectly sober.

We also certify that deponent from the time he was informed that the false statement concerning the President's harsh treatment towards him had made its appearance in the papers, has always uniformly asserted that said document was not read to him the way it runs in the papers, but that 'that' part which treats of the President's harsh treatment towards him, was carefully omitted.

DEMETRIUS GALLITZEN,
Parish Priest of Loretto.
JOHN FELS,
J DUANE STARK, M. D.

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*Trouble among Jackson Editors.*—The editors of the New York Courier, who like Noah, are hot for Jackson, thus speak of their brothers in the cause.

FROM THE NEW YORK COURIER.

*Two Political reasons why M. M. Noah should not be elected Sheriff.*

*Because*, after denouncing DE WITT CLINTON for years, he offered to advocate his cause and denounce his Tammany friends for —— thousand dollars!

*Because*, on the 7th of April 1824, when speaking of GENERAL JACKSON, he denounced him as an IGNORANT, DANGEROUS, and AMBITIOUS CHIEFTAIN, and concluded his remarks with the following sentence.

"This is the man who is *attempted to be forced upon the people* as their Chief Magistrate, when had *justice* been done him; he would have been DISMISSED INSTANTANEOUSLY."

*U. S. Telegraph.*—Russell Jarvis has silently withdrawn from the U. S. Telegraph, leaving Duff Green to manage for himself. Whatever Jarvis might have had has been sunk in the concern, and he has strutted his little qour upon the Washington stage to no purpuse.

*Richmond Enquirer.*—Mr. Gooch has withdrawn from the Richmond Enquirer, leaving Mr. Ritchie master of ceremonies This is a matter of secret till after the Presidential election.

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From the Black River Gazette.

CROSS READING, HINTS, &c.

*Wanted immediately*, for which cash or barter will be given—a small majority for the Jackson and Van Buren ticket

*A rare shot!*—A "Tennesse Farmer," some time since killed at one shot,—six militiamen, whose term of service had expired. The Albany Argus, of 1824 thought this quite too summary."

*Hanging!*—Several high minded Hartford looking federalists, found hanging—about the Herkimer Convention on the 24th inst, supposed to be "By Authority."

*Manufactures!*—The improvements in *Machinery* have been such, that the enterprising editor of the Albany Argus now makes, at the shortest notice "republicans of 98," from federalists of the most inveterate standing—☞For which cash will be given by the Albany Regency.

*Sharp Shooting.* A General in the rifle corps designedly as it is supposed shot—his head out of a second story window, on the arrival of Mr. Van Buren in August last. Luckily there was nothing in it.

*Penetration!*—We are happy to learn that the Hon. Martin Van Buren succeeded in "penetrating the interior," in the month of July and August. The interior also penetrated Mr. Van Buren.

*Old offenders caught!*—A second hand fount of types from Maj. Noah's office, were caught *lying* in several *cases* in a county (Jackson) printing office lately established.

☞This was understood to be a sign.

*Crops!*—"Farmer Jackson," in pursuance of the anti-tariff spirit, at the south, expects to crop this year 250lbs. of wool, from the *wool heads* on his plantation—also the *ears* of several obnoxious members of Congress. He also "plucked Justice by the nose."

*Careless driving!*—An honorable U. S. Senator, on a late tour through the western counties, run foul—of a decided majority for the administration. We regret to add, that his "suffering is intolerable."

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## *RURAL ECONOMIST.*

### THE HORSE.

We cannot do a greater service than by aiding to correct some of the common errors relative to the care and treatment of this invaluable animal.

*As to how the Horse should be confined in the stable.*—The universal practice in most places is to tie him in a narrow stall with his fore feet higher than his hind ones. In some stables the declivity is very considerable. It is my opinion, that if there must be a declivity, it should be forwards. A horse worked every day on a fast trot over a hard road, as a coach horse, suffers enough in his fore feet when he is sound. One of the first signs of incipient disease in them, or rather of the crowded state which precedes disease in his throwing his weight as much as he can on his hind legs. I am inclined to doubt the fact of his preferring to stand up hill under such circumstances. One reason for such an opinion is the manner in which his weight is thrown on his toes when he stands up hill, even if his heels are raised. Another great disadvantage of his standing so a that he throws the whole weight of his forehead upon the same muscles and tendons he uses most in draught. It is certainly of importance that if he must have an unnatural strain any where when he is not at work, it should not be where the strain must be when he is. It is a vast comfort to a horse to be kept in a box. He should be able to choose his own position, at least to sleep in, and relieve what muscles, he wishes. In a stall, he must sleep, through life, with his head held in the air, and his legs under his body. His getting cast in a box is not a common occurrence. Ten feet square will do well; if he cannot have a larger one. In a box he is freed from the torment of hearing walking and talking behind him.

*As how he should be fed.*—I have never yet met with a person having the charge of horses, who in my opinion attached sufficient importance to the impropriety of allowing a horse his usual allowance from corn when he is suffering from cold. Not only is the corn thrown away, but it must always do him some harm, and may do him a great deal. Many horses that suffer from a thickening of the windpipe, a disease for which we have here no name, many that are broken-winded, many that are rounded in their feet, may have it ascribed to being fed on severe colds. The corn increases the disorder of the system by the difficulty with which it is digested, and when digested, it exaggerates what tendency may exist to local inflammation. Oats are the least dangerous corn, they being so very light. There is another remark, which I would make, which is, that no horse should be fed higher than usual, when forced to any accidental violent exertions. He never ought to be forced to any, which he has not been in some degree prepared for; and his ability to make it, should be looked for, from the previous preparation, not from any unusual means of supporting his strength. Oats appear to be the grain best suited to a horse's stomach; but he wants something better than oats for full work.

There is to an experienced eye, a particular lightness and hollowness between the hip joint and the stifle joint in worked horses that get nothing better than oats, which is not to be seen in those that get indian corn. As I observed in my last communication there is a great difference, generally in the constitution of the round chested, and the deep and narrow horse. The first has a much more comfortable one to deal with; the other is often stronger, faster and better winded but varies infinitely from day to day; feels the season more; is not so good a feeder; nor ought he to be; for his stomach is weaker & more readily oppressed.

*As to how he should be worked.*—It is a common practice to water horses just before they leave the stable—This is ridiculous; but a worse practice is to water them during their stage. They unquestionably may become accustomed to it as to any thing else; but it injures many of them. If driven on again immediately, and thrown into a new perspiration, it may possibly prevent the water from injuring them, but I entirely question the fact of its lessening the fatiguing effects of their work. I know that it is hard to tire a pedestrian that will drink but little; and that if he is to walk all the day, every tumbler of water, drunk when hot, takes 2 or three miles from a pedestrian's day's work.

It is also a common practice to drive horses through a stream of water when they are hot, to refresh them. The immediate effect, unquestionably, is to refresh them; but they soon feel an increased stiffness from it. It is the practice of some people to tie them up after they come in, in the strongest draught of air which can be found, (a damp brick yard where the sun never shines is still better,) and wash their legs with cold water.—This is going for the whole. The universal manner in which coach horses are driven is reprehensive. They are started off at a pace much faster than they are expected to hold, and continually galloped, for short distances, when the pace at which they are expected to perform their stage does not exceed six or seven miles the hour. I do not believe that occasionally galloping relieves the horses in slow coaches, where the hills do not render it necessary. I believe they should always be driven as nearly as possible at the same pace; and it certainly has a much more coachmanlike appearance.

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The following remarks on transplanting trees appear so judicious, that we copy them for the instruction of such among us who may not have adverted to the impropriety of the custom referred to:

*From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

It is a notorious fact, that the number of trees transplanted in our public walks and streets for many years past, particularly on the Battery & in the Park, at least three-fourths have never vegitated at all, and of the few that have, no small number of them have died the first season, and the remainder are now as it were struggling in a sickly state between life and death. The sole cause of which is, they have all been set a great deal too deep in the ground and the consequence has been that the bark above root has become rotten and extinguished all vegetable life. The few that have escaped the catastrophe will, if examined, be found to have entire new roots, formed above the old, and the latter possessing no vegetable life whatever. Nature plainly shows how deep all trees ought to be planted. To set them in the least deeper than they originally grow is dangerous; to set them much deeper, fatal. Those that have been set out in the public walks in this city, have generally been planted a foot or more deeper than they naturally stood, and it is the height of absurdity to expect such to live and flourish, with so great a portion buried in the earth, which by the law of nature grew in the open air. To bury animal life and expect it there to live and mature, is not more preposterous. In unusually exposed situations, to guard against injury by high winds, it is only required to shorten the tops, and otherwise trim them; but on no account whatever ought any part before nursed by its native air, to be buried in the earth. Particular attention to these hints is now necessary from the improvements making in the Park, and in the proposed removal of a number of defunct trees to be replaced by others. A number are now ready lying on the ground for that purpose, waiting the necessary preparation. They have not only their roots with earth, but at least two feet above! It requires no great gift of prophecy to predict that these will also share the fate of their predecessors even before they are put in their places, if suffered to remain any time in their present state. EXPERIENCE.

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It appears from a letter in the Cincinnati Chronicle, that the noted Isaac B. Desha, the murderer of the unfortunate Baker, is now under arrest in the Mexican Province of Texas upon a similar charge.—The writer of the letter is declared to be a gentleman of undoubted veracity:—

*Extract of a letter from Thomas M. Drake, Esq. formerly of Washington, Ky. and now a resident in Texas.*

SAN FELIPE DE AUSTIN, July 24, 1828.

"Isaac B. Desha who was so long confined in Kentucky for the murder of Baker, is now in confinement in this place, on a charge of the same kind: the circumstances are these. Last April, Desha arrived here on board the schooner, Rights of Man, from New Orleans, in company with a man by the name of Thomas or John Early, of Brown county Ohio, who visited this country for the purpose of removing his family here. Desha passed by the name of JOHN PARKER; they arrived in this town early in May, and remained only a few days here, & left this for San Antonia—when they left here Desha was without funds and Early had a smart sum with him. Desha arrived in San Antonia without Early, and spent money freely. On his return to this place I had him arrested, and have sent out men to-day to examine for the body of said Early. The evidence that I have been able to collect as yet, is very strong against him, and I am very much afraid that he has murdered his companion. Yesterday he confessed to me, that he was Isaac B. Desha; but not until he had been identified by a gentleman in this country. I was satisfied in my own mind that he was Desha from his family resemblance and his breathing thro' a silver tube."

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*Balloon Voyage from England to France.*—It is well known that the late Dr. Jefferies, of Boston, accompanied Mr. Blanchard in his ærial voyage across the British Channel in the year 1785. The following letter, describing that voyage, is lately re-published in the London papers:

*Dover, Sept.* 8.—The following is a copy of Dr. Jefferies' letter, which I alluded to in my last. It is dated Calais, Jan. 8, 1785, the day after the æronauts ascended from Dover Cliffs: "Heaven has crowned my utmost wishes with success. I cannot describe the magnificence and beauty of our voyage; when almost midchannel, and at a high elevation, we had such a prospect of the country as surpasses my descriptive powers.—When two-thirds over, we had expended the whole of our ballast. At about five or six miles from the French coasts we were again falling rapidly towards the sea; on which occasion my noble little Captain gave orders and set the example, by beginning to strip our ærial car, first of our silk and finery and this not giving us relief, we cast away one thing and then the other; after which, I was obliged to unscrew and cast away our mouliuet; yet still approaching the sea very fast, and the boats being much alarmed for us, although unwillingly, cast away first one anchor and then the other; after which, my little hero stripped and threw away his coat and great-coat On this I was compelled to follow his example. He next cast away his trowsers; we then put on our cork jackets, and were, God knows, however, as merry as grigs, to think how we should flutter in the water. We had a fixed cord, &c. to mount into our upper story, and, I believe both of us, as though inspired, felt ourselves confident of success in the event. Luckily, at this instant the mercury we found beginning to fall in the barometer and we soon after ascended much higher than ever before, and made a most beautiful and lofty *entre* into France exactly at three o'clock. We entered rising to such a height, that the arch which we described bro't us down just 12 miles into the country, and we decended most tranquilly into the midst of the forest De Felmores almost as naked as the trees, not an inch of cord or rope left; no anchor, nor any thing to help us, not a living soul being within several miles. My good little captain begged for all my resolution to stop at the top of the first tree I could reach, I succeeded beyond my comprehension, and you would have laughed to see us, each without a rag of any sort, Mr. Blanchard at the valve, I holding the top of a lofty tree, and the balloon playing to and fro over us, holding almost too severe a contest with my arms. It took exactly twenty-eight minutes to let out air enough to relieve the balloon without injury. We soon heard the wood surrounded by footmen, horsemen, &c. and received every possible assistance from them. I was soon well mounted, and had a fine gallop of seven miles. We were invited to the chatteau or seat of M. de Sandrouen, where we received polite attention, and were led though a noble suit of apartments to partake of an elegant refreshment, &c. and at nine o'clock sent away in an elegant chariot and six horses; but under the promise that we would call at the chateau of M. Brounot, at Ardingham, where we staid about an hour, and then proceeded towards Calais, as before, where we arrived between one and two this morning. I was surprised to find the difficulties of access; five very strong gates; bridges, &c.; the guards very vigilant and active—But the attentions of M. Mouron and his family exceeded all description. This morning the Mayor, Governor, Commandant, and Officers, in a body, the King's Attorney General, &c. have been to pay us a congratulatory visit & we have been complimented as they compliment the King alone, by sending us the wine of the city. A patent is now making out to make my captain a citizen of Calais, and we are receiving honors and attentions much above our merit." [Blanchard received 1000 Louis d'ors in consequence of his accomplishing his attempt to cross the Channel in his balloon. This was the promised reward from the French King.] "By letters from Bologne of the 4th inst. we are informed that the Duke de Chartres was then daily expected there, to see M Pilatre de Rosier cross the Channel in his balloon. If he got the start of M. Blanchard he was to have 1000 louis-d'ors, and all his expenses paid; but unless he crossed first, his expedition was not to take place.

[*Kentish Gaz. Jan.* 15, 1785.

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