ry one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved to death in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Then Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places, on the same day, 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1728.

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JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

[The following auto biographical letter, from the late John Randolph to his nephew, is copied from the New York Commercial Advertiser of Tuesday last.

December, 18, 1818.

You shall "know something of my life," nay every thing, my dear son, that it can be desirable or profitable for you to know. It is a tale not devoid of interest or events, and might be wrought up into a more engaging narrative than ninety nine out of a hundred of the hasty volumes which minister to the mental green sickness of our misses and masters. Like yourself I was left by my father an orphan, when too young to be sensible of my loss. The first thing that I can remember, is finding myself in my mother's family, the *pin basket* of the whole house. I think that I can recollect some circumstances that must have happened in 1776; but I distinctly remember events which took place in the year following. I shared my mother's widowed bed, and was the nestling of her bosom. Every night after I was undressed, and in the morning before I rose, I kneeled down in my bed, and putting up my little hands, repeated after my mother the Lord's prayer and the "belief;" and to this circumstance I attribute some of my present opinions. I say *present*, because they lay long dormant, and as if extinguished within me."

In the autumn of the year 1783, my mother married St. George Tucker. From that day there was a change in my situation. The first blow that I ever received, was from the hand of this man; and not a week after his union with my mother. At *his* instance, I was sent at the age of *nine* to the school of Walker Murray, (who had been his fellow student at College,) in the county of Orange, *then*, and perhaps yet, a wild and savage country, inhabited by the coarsest, the most ignorant, and vicious of the human race! A new world was opened to me. Our school fellows, (your father and uncle Theodorick were at the same school,) were, with the exception of one or two *gentlemen's* sons, adepts in every species of profligacy,—vulgar, brutal, savage. Our schoolmaster was the most pestilent and malignant wretch in creation. We had scarcely the necessaries of life, without an opportunity to acquire anything more than as much latin as sufficed to furnish out a bald translation of the ordinary school books. Indignant at this treatment, your father, hardly thirteen years old, determined to desert and go home. From our step-father we looked for nothing like sympathy or tenderness. My brother was deterred by his expostulations from executing his purpose. Murray transferred his school to Williamsburgh, and we were transferred along with it. In 1784, the state of my health induced my mother to send me to Bermuda, whither the whole family, and remained till November, 1785, when she encountered a long and boisterous passage, in a wretched sloop to Virginia. This laid the foundation of that disease, which deprived me, two years afterwards, of the best mother that ever man had.

My sojourn in Bermuda was of essential service to me in many respects. It was a respite from the austere rule of my step father, and the tyranny, hardly tolerable, of Murray; and I acquired a temper not to brook tamely their unreasonable exactions. There was a good country gentleman's library in old Mr. Tucker's house, where I staid, and here I read many sterling English authors. Your father and myself were always book-worms. It was a sort of bond to the affection that united us.—Our first question on meeting, was generally, "What have you read? Have you seen this or that work?" By going to Bermuda, however, I lost my Greek: I had just mastered the grammar *perfectly*, when I left Williamsburgh. Walking round the base, (it was a circular Iron railing that protected it, of Lord Botetourt's statue, I had committed the Westminster grammar to memory, so as to be able to repeat every word of it. The pendulum of the great clock which vibrated over my head, seemed to concentrate my attention to my book. My Bermudian tutor, Ewing, had no Greek class, and would not take the trouble of teaching a single boy.

After our return, we went back to Williamsburgh: your father continuing to board with Murray; but attending Mr. Wythe in Greek, Mathematics, and I think Latin also. Soon afterwards he entered college. We were at the grammar school kept in the old capitol, which has since been pulled down, to save the expense of repairing the hall, where Henry spoke and independence was declared. The shocking barbarity of Murray towards my brother Theodorick, drove him from the school, (our mother was then in New York for her health,) and soon after, I left it. Having spent some months at home, we (Theodorick and myself) were sent to Princeton, where we were joined in the summer by your father. Dr. Witherspoon, in order to make the most of us, put Theodorick and myself into the grammar school, although we were further advanced than any of the freshmen and most of the Sophomores. In this subterranean abode of noise and misrule, I was pent for five long months, and in September was transferred to the college, with habits acquired at that school by no means propitious to study. At Christmas, Theodorick and I went to New York, to spend what little money we had hoarded for that purpose; (little it was, since Witherspoon's necessities drove him to embezzle our funds;) and were recalled in a few days by a letter from your father, enclosing one from our mother, which summoned us to her dying bed-side. We hastened home, and saw her for the last time. In January, 1788, she died. The sun rose and set; the rivers flowed; the order of nature went on. This seemed to me at first unnatural and shocking. My mother had been a faithful executrix of my father's will, a faithful steward of the effects committed to her charge, in trust for her children. She left clear accounts, and money (not a small sum) in hand. In May, 1788, Theodorick and I were sent to college in New York: and your father came on here to attend the debates of the Convention, on the question of adopting or rejecting the federal constitution of 1787. This visit gave rise to the attachment between himself and your mother, which terminated in their marriage about eighteen months afterwards.

Your father joined us in New York. He was in his nineteenth year, and the most manly youth, and most elegant gentleman that I ever saw. Mrs. Bingham, of Philadelphia, used to send him invitations to her parties, and he often went from New York to that city to them! Yet he was neither debauched, nor dissipated. *He* was regular, studious, above low company of any sort, "the great vulgar or the small;" his "apparel," according to Lord Burleigh's advice, was "costly, not fine;" and you might see in his old attendant, Syphax, whom he carried with him to New York, that his master was a gentleman. Columbia College was not yet recovered from the shock of the revolution; it was just emerging out of chaos. The Professor of *Humanity*, (Cochrane, now in the college of Nova Scotia,) was an Irishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and a most accomplished scholar. With him I entered as a private pupil, paying eight dollars a month, (out of my own allowance for clothes, &c.) for the privilege. I had devoted the fall vacation at Princeton, (1787,) to an attempt at regaining my Greek; and now (July, 1788,) burning with the thirst of knowledge, (which I was not permitted to slake at the fountain of Nassau,) and emulous of literary distinction, I sat seriously to work, and was greatly encouraged by my tutor, who was, or affected to be, amazed, at the rapidity of my progress. To my irreparable loss, he left college about two or three months after I had entered myself as his private pupil. Your father's return to Virginia left me without a friend. "Where," you will ask, "was my uncle Theodorick?" Alas! my poor brother differed in every respect from your noble father. Of all things in the world, he detested most a book. Devoted to pleasure and "fun," as he termed it, he not only set me a bad example, but, with his dissolute companions, absolutely prevented me from reading.—Often have they forced the door of my study, and tossed the books over the floor, sometimes out of the window. In two years, he undermined his constitution, and destroyed his health forever; and after lingering a long time a mere skeleton of himself, he died at Bizarre, just before the birth of your brother St. George. My guardian—for under the impulse of the ascendency he had acquired over me, I had chosen Mr. Tucker as such—was so scanty in his supplies, that I became necessitous: of course, unhappy: and (why should I conceal it?) gradually fell into the habits and ways of life of my unfortunate brother,—with this difference that I continued to read, but books of amusement only, enervating and almost destroying my intellectual powers, and vitiating my taste. Your father was married on the last day of the year 1789; and in the summer following, Theodorick and I left New York for Virginia. In consequence of my mother's death, her husband left Matoax, to reside in Williamsburgh; where Edmund Randolph, just appointed Attorney General of the *U. S.*, at that time lived. *He* proposed to Mr. Tucker, that I should study law under him: accordingly I went to Philadelphia in the month of September, 1790, the year after the removal of Congress from New York. I had seen the old Congress expire, and the new one rise like a Phenix from its ashes. I saw the coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington in 1789, and heard Ames and Madison, when they first took [illegible] Philadelphia, and Mr. Randolph was too much engrossed by politics and his own necessities, to think of me.—*He* too embezzled the funds which Mr. Tucker entrusted to him for my use. *Had* they been faithfully applied, they were inadequate to my decent support—only $400 per annum. For what cause I know not, Mr. Randolph put into my hands, by way of preparation for a course of law, *Hume's* metaphysical works. I had a great propensity for that sort of reading. The conduct and conversation of Mr. Tucker and his friends, such as Col. Jones and Beverly Randolph (every other word an oath) had early in life led me to regard religion as the imposition of priestcraft. I soon became a deist, and, by consequence, an atheist. (I shudder whilst I write it; although my intentions were pure, and I was honestly seeking after truth.) I say "by consequence," because I am convinced that deism necessarily leads, by the fairest induction, to that conclusion. My late friend Joseph Bryan, was placed by Major Pierce Butler, then in the Senate from South Carolina, also under the direction of Mr. Randolph, to read law. The Attorney General had no *office*, and we were to read at our rooms such books as he pointed out. After getting *almost* through the *first book* of Blackstone, Bryan and myself abandoned a profession, for which neither of us had been qualified by a regular education, and commenced men of pleasure,—plunging into the "gaity that fills the mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe." In July, 1792, I returned to Virginia, from want of means for remaining in Philadelphia. In this town, on my way to Williamsburgh, I was taken ill with the scarlet fever, and brought to the brink of the grave. So few charms had life for me, so strong was the disgust that I had taken to the world, that I was indifferent as to the issue of the disease. Reaching Williamsburgh, I saw, for the first time, Mr. Tucker's new wife. * * * * *

I shall never forget the chilling coldness of my reception. In a few days I set out for Bizarre, and was once more restored to the society of the fondest of brothers. The events that soon followed, are those which I have already related to you, and which you say most truly, can never be forgotten. In July, 1793, I again returned to Philadelphia, at my guardian's instance, to while away the time of my minority; and after encountering the horrors of the yellow fever (which broke out a few days after my arrival, and drove my friend Bryan to Georgia.) I passed the winter less unpleasantly than the two former which I had spent there, and left the right angled city in April or May 1794.—In June I came of age. The crop of that year was destroyed, and also that of 1795, by the flood. My guardian shewed me no accounts, paid me nothing for the profits of my estate during a minority of nineteen years, and I found myself overwhelmed with overseers', blacksmiths' and sheriffs' claims of several years standing. This reconciled me to the sale of Matoax, urged by your father. I made his house (at his request) my home, and lived the life of a mere lounger.

The society of your father, the conversation and company of T. Thompson (for I was half my time in Petersburg,) did not rouse my literary ambition. I rode about from one race field to another: and whilst at New Market races, my earliest friend (your father excepted,) Henry Middleton Rutledge, son of Edward Rutledge, and nephew of the celebrated John Rutledge, of South Carolina, called at Bizarre, on his way to Charleston, and not finding me at home, left a letter, informing me of his intended voyage to Europe. I knew Rutledge in New York; we were in College together, and I burned with desire to see him once more. My guardian had always frowned upon my wish to travel; and now I had not the means of indulging the inclination to any extent. I borrowed, however, as much money as would defray the expense of my journey; and in January, 1796, went to Charleston (leaving you an infant in the cradle,) and then to Savannah to see Bryan. I returned in May, and a few weeks afterwards, whilst I lay ill of bilious fever, at Petersburgh, your father, who had left me convalescent, although I immediately relapsed, was, in the most strange and mysterious manner, snached away from us not a week after he had reached his own house.

He left considerable debts of his own, (produced as I have before explained to you,) and my father's whole estate was under mortgage for a heavy British debt. Unpractised in business, ignorant of the value of property, I made a compromise with the creditors, and saved much of the estate, that must otherwise have been sacrificed. On you and St. George my affections and hopes centered; and in you I had the sweetest companions, and most dutiful children. In 1799, chance threw me into public life. The rest you probably know.

I omitted to state, that in the winter of 1792—3, I spent some weeks at William and Mary's College, and made a slight beginning in mathematics and natural philosophy.

These are but hints and dates; an outline that I will on some other occasion fill up.—With this superficial and defective education, I commenced politician. I can truly say, that except from my mother, who taught me to read I never learned any thing from one of my preceptors. I must make a further exception in favor of Cochrane, with whom I was for a few weeks only; I think not more than five or six. The little that I know, has been self taught picked up from the most desultory reading, and chiefly from an intercourse with the world.—When I took up my pen, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to dash off this loose and imperfect sketch. Take it is it is. Of the books that I have read with most pleasure, and profit too, I reckon Shakespeare, Milton, Pope's Homer, Don Quixote, Chaucer, and Robinson Crusoe. This last was, I believe, the second book I ever read. Voltaire's Life of Charles XII was the first and ought to have been named above. My mother pointed my attention to the Czar, and I may say, "Video meliora, etc."

Enclosed is a draft for $300. May it afford you pleasure and profit. I wish it were a cypher more. I am as ever, your fond uncle,

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke.

* This letter was written, it will be perceived, before Mr. Randolph's supposed conversion. As illustrative of the general facts above stated, we quote the following anecdote from the *S. S. Journal*. "The late John Randolph some years since, addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following:—'I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father* [illegible] Heaven.'"

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# EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

*Saturday Morning, Aug. 17.*


PRICES OF WHEAT.—The Editor of the Maryland Farmer has most kindly endeavored to explain away the cause of the complaint of the Farmers of Maryland against the jesuitical and unfair advantages taken of them by Baltimore Grain purchasers,—a matter which he himself acknowledges, "it is extremely hard to comprehend in all its bearings"—and bottoms his explanation upon his "long & intimate acquaintance with the dealers in grain and flour"—upon an hypothesis "that in open market, subject to all the operations of spirited competition & enterprize among some hundreds of dealers, the idea of a combination to purchase wheat at a rate uncalled for by the price of flour, *is out of the question*"—and upon a proposed remedy for farmers "*to time their marketting better.*"

As to this gentleman's "long and intimate acquaintance with the dealers in grain and flour" being a conclusive argument against occasional wilful and unfair reductions in the price of grain, that is a subject not for us to discuss, lest we might be presumed to doubt the accomplishments and moral excellence of these his "intimate acquaintances"—but as to his theory, that no injurious combination can take place in an open market subject to the spirited competition and enterprize of some hundreds of dealers, however plausible in itself, it cannot be received as proof, because it is no more than a mere denial of the fact at issue.

To test this hypothesis by practice as notorious as the existence of flour-merchants and mills, all know that the dealers in grain in Baltimore meet every Monday or Tuesday in the week, during the active season of wheat sales, *to fix the price to be given for grain* and if all of the "some hundreds of dealers" do not assemble in this awful caucus, yet enough in point of numbers and capital do, to settle the whole affair for all, and as that settlement is always with an eye to the special gain and advantage of the wheat buyers, they have the strongest possible tie upon any that may be absent, not only that they will not rebel, but cheerfully concur in the decision. Now go to another practical fact—Wheat boats begin to arrive in Baltimore. The owner of the wheat, or the Captain of the Boat, or a Commission Merchant undertakes to sell a load—he calls on a wheat purchaser, shows him a sample, and asks what he will give. The purchaser tells him so much—the seller is disappointed at the offer and asks if he will not give more? The purchaser tells him no, and if he is dissatisfied with assumed indifference advises him to go to other purchasers to see if he can get more—off the seller trudges to one and another, until he is worn out with fatigue and mortification, most of them offering him the same (*that being the price fixed on* in this "open market, subject to the competition of some hundreds of dealers") probably some offering him a cent or two less if he wears the aspect of anxiety to sell,—and possibly, some astute one, to save appearances, may offer him half a cent more—thus having gone the rounds in this "open market subject to the spirited enterprize and competition of some hundreds of dealers" he finds this wonderful phenomenon, that there is a perfect identity of thought and judgment among some hundreds of purchasers as to the value of every bushel of wheat in some hundreds of Vessel loads where we are assured that "the idea of a combination is out of the question."—This seems to common sense men strange and unaccountable without the aid of combination; but we have no doubt that the worthy editor, from his intimate knowledge of these hundreds of minds, will be able metaphysically "to explain away" the wonder.

But the "remedy that farmers can always command for their grievances" as suggested by the worthy editor is, "to time their marketting better"—that is, that every farmer must know when there is no wheat in Baltimore, and when no southerly wind is about to blow, and send his wheat there then, when he may be sure to get a fair price—or it means, that he must not send his wheat up in summer, but wait for cool weather: and even then this worthy editor tells us, he does not know that this "*remedy* that farmers can always command" would procure them better prices than they now get. Strange this—if the thing you call remedy will not cure, how is it a remedy? this is worse than Sangradoism in the healing art—and if there is no grievance what need of a remedy at all? But we are told that flour will spoil in hot weather,—that millers cant grind much flour or buy much wheat in hot weather—that the chance of a price in the foreign market, the only ground for safe investment, is uncertain—and that wheat buyers, like all other traders like to buy cheap and sell dear—and all such things. In return we go to facts again and say, whilst you knock down the price of wheat you keep up the price of flour, and flour has rather risen since you lowered the price of wheat—according to your mercantile records there is little or no old flour now in your market—according to the assertion of one of your most intelligent shippers, a cargo of flour cannot now be engaged to be delivered before a-[illegible] the 10th of September next, neither in [illegible] that can be ground and delivered in all the hot weather that has been for some weeks past and all that may happen until the 10th day of September next is already engaged at about six dollars and a half a barrel—and according to general information the prospect of an advantageous adventure in flour to South America has not been so great for many years as now—and according to actual sales we know, that family flour has not varied from seven, twenty five to seven, seventy five, whilst the wheat from which it is made has been depressed from one dollar forty to one dollar twenty five cents.

Immediately after our harvest, with an unusual scarcity of old flour on hand, prospects in South America flattering, home prices improved and about a two months contract for all flour ahead, "the intimate acquaintances" of the worthy editor start wheat at one, thirty, and run it on to one, forty—this hurries every man to market,—the few, (two or three) that get there first, get the promised reward,—those more tardy and in greater numbers, after they are caught in the market are told the weather is hot, the supply is over the demand, foreign markets are uncertain; millers like to buy cheap so you must take a fallen price for your wheat that has been inveigled up to this market where no combination can exist as all is open to spirited competition.

Then again the worthy editor gives us two extreme cases of a cargo of wheat that sells, in consequence of its scarcity, at a little more than the market value of flour,—and then another cargo that sells a little under the market value of flour, and thus pairs off the whole matter.—Let us go to facts again and we find, that in time of scarcity at market a sale of a cargo of five hundred bushels at six cents advance, and then a sale of another cargo immediately after of five hundred more at five cents further advance, speedily brings ten thousand bushels of wheat into the market on the faith of the price, when to the sad mortification of the owners they find that the first thousand or two are taken at a small reduction, and all the rest at a reduction of from ten, to fifteen, to twenty cents. Thus the "intimate acquaintances" reimburse themselves for the advance of six cents on one parcel of five hundred bushels, and of five cents on another parcel of like quantity, by a reduction on seven, eight, or ten thousand bushels of from ten to twenty cents, and this is the true statement of the "extreme cases."

That these, the "some hundreds of intimate acquaintances" of our worthy editor may be very fine Baltimore companions and most excellent and most worthy patrons, we by no means question—but that they love to "buy cheap"—that the number of their "extreme cases" are very disproportionate to each other—and that they are most fortunately furnished with abundant opportunities (unquestionably, to be sure, through the enterprising competition of an open market) to indulge their fond propensities, we are as little disposed to question. If no opportunity has been furnished the worthy editor as the Centinel on the Farmers ramparts to sound the note of alarm, but rather to repeat the comforting assurance, "ALL'S WELL." We find in him no lack of promptitude as a negotiator to make a treaty of acquiescence on the part of the chagrined farmers with the fair, uncombined, and generous dealings of his "intimate acquaintances" the enterprising and spirited competitors in the open market.

Yet the worthy editor confesses that he has been "impressed with the idea that merchants and millers did take advantage of a full supply of wheat to reduce the price to a degree not warranted by the price of flour"—but since then, "*he has changed his mind.*" Whilst he laboured under the delusion, we do not recollect that he warned the farmers of his impression—happy perhaps that he did not, as he is now brought to a better knowledge of things; for judging from his excellent paper we are irresistibly led to a belief in the interest he takes for agriculture—as judging from his defence of his "some hundreds of intimate acquaintances" we are led to a like belief in his devotion to millers and purchasers of grain. We pronounce no incompatibilty in these, and we are far from intending that the editor is not in all things what he should be—but as he gallantly volunteered in defence of his "intimate acquaintances," supposing them assailed by us, we have made a passing comment on his dexterous vindication.

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We insert to day our quondam political friend's remarks to oblige, but, for the future, will leave the Jacksonians of every *hue*, to settle their differences in their own way, except we think them aggrieved.

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The Steam Boat Maryland arrived here yesterday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. By her we received the Washington, Globe and Baltimore papers of yesterday morning.—At 10 o'clock last night the Slow and Easy Western mail had not arrived.

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*For the Easton Gazette.*

Mr Graham,

In the last number of the Whig, I see a "Plain Man," has again made his appearance from which, I conclude he is the author of the celebrated resolutions that passed at the great meeting in Easton and has entered the lists to defend and uphold the wise Doctrines they inculcate.

In his first piece he appears to have begun at the root of Democracy and gives the names of the eminent and distinguished men to whose noble exertions in the cause of Democracy, our ancestors and ourselves are mainly indebted for high influence; and holds out a well grounded hope (should "Plain Man" live a few years longer) to hand down these blessings unimpaired to posterity. It is true that the name (Democracy,) at one period within the last twenty years, became a little unfashionable, and both parties laid it aside, and took new names: at what period "Plain Man's" party laid it aside, or for what purpose, perhaps he will condescend to inform us. There had been some tricks played off by designing leaders, of this party, both in Europe and this Country, not calculated to endear it much to the people. In France Robespiere and Marat, commenced their career under the name of Democracy—which like all other good things is liable to be abused by artful, designing and unprincipled men. These two French worthies were determined to purge France of aristocracy, and soon shaved off the heads of 50,000 of her best citizens—every man that had money was an aristocrat, his head taken off, and his money put in the pockets of these ruffian Reformers and their supporters. To be well dressed, was sufficient to excite suspicion, on the contrary to be ragged, have half a pair of breeches, or the ——— half bared to the public gaze, was a mark of true republicanism. At length the people got alarmed; the work of death and proscription went on so fast that the bare—gentry began to feel for their heads. These two great Democratic leaders were arrested—*their heads taken off*, and new parties established, who continued for a number of years in bitter conflict until the great Napoleon thought they had become qualified for his purposes. He soon settled all their disputes about liberty and equality by placing them under a military Government put the —— gentry to work on his roads and canals, & placed the residue in his armies.

I think "Plain Man" is bound to give the public at least a short biography of the founders of Democracy in Maryland; for although the only two of them I was acquainted with were plain uneducated men, they certainly deserve the more credit for accomplishing so much by dint of strong minds and arduous exertions—Romulus and Remus the founders of the Roman Empire, I presume were uneducated men, for as they were reared up in the woods and suckled by a bear, I suppose their situation and habits must have been very unfavorable to literary researches—yet we find the histories of the Roman Empire have made honorable mention of them and a grateful posterity have erected monuments to their memory—while the founders of Democracy in Maryland were neglected during life; and no monumental stone points out to the traveller where the humble ashes of these sons of liberty, in by gone day's modestly repose.

I have understood that the descendants of Nicholas Martin, Esq. are not very ambitious of the honor of their ancestors being one of the founders of the Order. They allege that Thomas Martin, Esq. the son and not the old gentleman, was the supporter of Mr. Wright's election in 1795 and coadjutor with the immortal Helsby and Higgins in the glorious cause—Now Mr. Printer, I was well acquainted with the last named gentlemen for many years and always on the most intimate and friendly terms with them to the day of their death. They were both honest industrious men and although uneducated, were considered men of strong minds, and strong and bitter prejudices, obstinate in adhering to opinions once formed right or wrong—active and violent partizans, and the very men for artful designing demagogues to climb upon to power. 'A Plain Man" after riding upon their backs during their lives, now hopes to derive benefit by digging up their ashes and scattering them among the people.

I became acquainted with Mr. Helsby some time in the year 1800, at that time he was busily engaged in mortal political conflict with his name sake Johnny Adams—the conflict was long and doubtful, the combattants two of the greatest men of the age. The former the founder of Democracy in Maryland the latter one of the most active and influential founders and supporters of American Independence; at length the patience, perseverence and unyielding patriotism of Mr. Helsby prevailed, and old Johnny Adams went to the wall.

The old gentleman used familiarly to be called "Johnny Poorly" from an invariable answer to all enquiries for his health (I am very poorly)—but Mr. Printer, I had the pleasure for some years before his death to see him march up to the hustings in the National Republican ranks and deposite his vote in their favor. In his old age he found out that true Democracy lay in that quarter, and that he had been all his life supporting a mock Democracy, to quell the many in supporting the few to posts of honor and profit and leave the deluded populace to gaze and wonder. *Had* honest Johnny in 1800, when at the height of his exertions against his aristocratic namesake, been told that he would live to see the day when "A Plain Man" would be *legally qualified* to have the title of *Excellency* appended to his name. I think the old gentleman would have pronounced the prophet an imposter. It seems a little remarkable that both these venerable relicts of by gone days, should have had distinguishing appendages attached to their respective names, by which they used to be called familiarly by their friends and neighbors. The writer of this piece well recollects that old Mr. *Higgins* had the name of "Cranberry Cat" attached to him in consequence of his having attended at Easton, one Tuesday, when party spirit ran very high, and each party was about selecting some popular name; there was much warm political discussion about names, &c. &c. the old gentleman returned home; his friends collected around him at the Trappe to hear the news—Well said one of them, Mr. *H.* what is the name of the party you belong to, "why bang it, said the old gentleman, I really forget, though it's some kind of Cat—yet stop, said he, I will recollect it—aye now I have it, its *Cromberry Cat*."—Now I believe, Mr. Printer, that all this uproar then and now about names is a mere pretence to draw the eyes of the people from a principle and persuading them to grasp at a shadow, while they lose the substance.

HENRY CLAY.

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*For the Easton Gazette.*

Mr. Graham,

Although a Jackson man, I ask permission to make a few remarks, through the Gazette, to the "Whig's" correspondent "Plain Man." I do not ask this, as being a subscriber or, as having formerly agreed with you in politics—but, under the full impression, that my remarks would be refused by the Editor of the Whig—he having complimented him, and, invited him again to his columns—of which, no doubt, he will avail himself.

"Plain Man" commenced his Essays on Constitutional law (*risum teneatis amici*) questioning the right of the Legislature to pass a law requiring the officers of the Militia to report themselves by a given day, or, be stricken from the rolls. Having disposed of that subject, I suppose, to his own satisfaction—no person thinking them worthy of notice—he turned his *prolific* brain to enlightening the public in the science of *Politics* and *Party drilling*. He, no doubt, holds a commission in the Militia, but, neglecting to report himself, as required, became very wrath with the legislature for requiring it. Then, lo and behold! all at once became as placid as a lamb, when they extended the time, and, of which he *instantly* availed himself.

I suspect, I know this Mr. "Plain Man" well—he is entirely indebted to *Party drilling* for all his political mushroom consequence. A friend who was present *on a certain occasion*, informed me that, "he witnessed the severest *Party drilling* for him, he ever saw, or heard of—and, it the *Drill-Sergeant* had left the *Post* one day before the consummation of his ambition, he would have experienced a signal defeat—and, that this was notorious to every man present at the time." Then, sir, he ought to be the last man in the state, to talk about *Party drilling*. He has a great "itching for scribbling," as well as *spouting* and *blundering*—his last, is the *cap-sheaf* of his ignorance of his *mother-tongue*—yet, he must lug in a little scrap of "*glorio*" Latin—he must be a Candidate for Collegiate honors. Surely, the man has taken up the *wicked* idea of the *Nationals*, that my friend the General would not have obtained the degree of LL. D. notwithstanding all his blunders in English, had he not said, to Mr. Calhoun, "*et tu Brute.*" His errors are too obvious to point out—"there is no necessity to prove the existence of light."

*He attempt, indeed, to proscribe Jackson-Federalists, O vanity, vanity—every Federalist in the State should feel indignant at such presumption.* Let Gen Jackson, *if he dare*, dismiss Louis McLane, and, the thousand and one Federalists he has appointed to office, and, fill their places with Jeffersonian-Democrats—and then, and not till then, let us hear such stupid propositions.

I feel too indignant to continue this subject; I must hold my pen short, or it will run away with me. I leave him, therefore, to his pleasing *propensities*, now and forever, believing that the public have too much intelligence to be imposed on by them. I profess to be a Jackson man of the "first water," and, therefore, assume the name of a man who rendered more service in elevating the *great* and *good* General to his present station, than a *Regiment* of such *Fence men*, as this Mr. "Plain Man."

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

Q. Ann's Aug 1833.

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DISEASE AMONG CATTLE.—The following is from one of the most respectable farmers of the county of Philadelphia.—*Inq.*

*To the Editor of the Inquirer.*

Sir: A disease—name unknown to the writer—is prevalent among the horned cattle and horses in the neighborhood of Frankford, in this county; and my object in publicly stating this fact, is to elicit, if possible, through the medium of your journal, some information touching the disease, its cause, its cure, or what is most desirable, an "ounce of prevention."—Within the last fortnight, or three weeks, upwards of nine cows and six or seven horses have died in the immediate vacinity of the village, and all, so far as I can learn, were carried off in the same way. The writer of this communication has lost of a stock of four cows

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