tion of the intervening space between us and the enemy, when a company of Hungarian infantry sallied forth from the wood, and advanced to the rescue of the Tyroleans. 'There's my quarry, cried I, and I pounced upon it at once.

'I would willingly have bet ten to one on the result, but my platoon was far from being as well mounted as myself. My mare ran away with me, and I let her have her own way, clinging all the while with my armed heels to her sides, and I found myself amongst the ugliest looking fellows, that it was ever the lot of a sword to chastise. I escaped unhurt from a volley of musketry, which only seemed to animate my Norman mare. The headstrong animal threw herself upon the centre of the Hungarian line, which like a bow well bent, drew together its opposite extremities. In a word, I was surrounded.

'Gentlemen, I assure you, that I was far from being at ease. Do you remember, Dick, when your greyhound upset a beehive, how the thick swarm gathered round the poor beast, and stung it almost to death?

'Then came thrusts with their bayonets and blows with the butts of their muskets—but a cuirassier has a tough bark.—My mare defended herself valiantly, and I managed her as easily, in the midst of the enemy, as I did my sword, which I swayed to some purpose. Oh! I felt more than once, its edge coming in contact with some head, or its point repelling the rash fools who did not like me, wear an iron spencer.

'But, amongst all the Hungarians who were attacking me, I noticed particularly one, who aimed all his blows at my mare I watched him narrowly wishing to punnish him for his cowardly assaults, when my attention being drawn aside by an attack from another quarter I lost sight of him for a moment and suddenly felt the poor beast quivering as if from the infliction of some sharp pain rear up and pant with fatigue and loss of blood.

'All this took place in a very short space of time and my comrades horse had not as yet brought them to my assistance when a shot ousted me from my saddle. They dragged me into the wood where the only thing I was conscious of, was a sense of keen suffering—*I* fainted.

'When I came to my senses I found myself in a chariot with some of my wounded companions, I was a prisoner of war and they were conducting me to Venice.

'Venice! there is not a city in Europe that smells so bad; Paris with its miry gutters is nothing to Venice with its odour like that of a stagnant marsh; but for a sick man, a Venitian gondola is far better than the softest couch in it, you can be rocked asleep in the cool air surrounded by edifices which still retain traces of their former beauty and beneath skies which have lost none of their own.

'I soon regained my health and was passing my time agreeably enough when one night as *I* was endeavouring to find out my way through several dark streets I felt some reluctance at pasing by a half-open door. Presently a woman's face peered forth and accosting me in Italian she said in an impatient and anxious tone:

'Heaven be praised! Signor, IS IT YOU?; This time I made no answer. But disengaging my arm from under the mantle which served to conceal my features as well as my person I seized the hand that was extended towards me. *I* followed my guide who led me burning with impatience to know the result of this new adventure up a dark staircase leading to a door after opening which my guide left me face to face with a beautiful woman who would most assuredly have thrown her arms round my neck had she not upon drawing nearer distinguished my features & perceived the mistake. Covering her face with her hands she started back in affright.

'Holy Virgin!! exclaimed she, 'it is not HE!'

'I confess, madam, that unfortunately for me, it is not he. I followed a guide who, it appears is not blessed with such penetrating eyes as yours, and it only remains for me to implore your forgiveness; I have so much to say, madam, in palliation of my fault, that really * * *

'There came no answer from those lips, and I was at a loss how to proceed—and just as a sentiment, very natural in my situation, had suggested itself, my eyes, wandering like those of a man who is trying to find something to say, perceived distinctly, behind the partially raised tapestry of silk, two other eyes, dark, glittering and motionless. They reminded me of a skull, in whose hollow some mischievous boy had inserted a light to frighten children.

'Pretending not to have noticed them, I continued to inspect this Venetian budoir.

'This must be a den of cut-throats,' thought I: 'and I see nothing else to defend myself with than this crucifix. This will teach you my young dandy what it is to suffer yourself to be mistaken for another.'

In the mean time, the lady had somewhat recovered her presence of mind, but her voice was still tremulous as she said:

I beseech you Sir, to leave me.

'Oh!' replied I drily, 'it shall never be said that a French officer knew not how to profit by the success of his stratagem. I am determined to see the end of all this madam, the rather that I am convinced that my life is in less danger in an interview with you than it would be were I again to follow through a DARK passage the guide who so safely conducted me here.'

'She looked at me with an air of utter astonishment.

'The danger sir is imminent and there is but one man on earth who could have an interest in tempting it. You sir are not HE—and sir I conjure you——,

'At this moment the door by which I had entered was thrown open and a young man made his appearance casting on me a look of blended irony and passion.

'What is your want, sir?' said he to me in a stifled tone, and advancing so close to me that his breast touched mine.

'Come, that's a good one!' said I to myself—'so' this is HE—but those eyes there, whoes are THEY!' Then repulsing him with one hand, & pointing to the tapestry with the other—'And what does he want?' said I, aloud.

'The lady and young gentleman turned towards the spot I indicated; she screamed—he started back.

'We are lost!' exclaimed she—'save yourself!—my husband!'

"Come, come,' muttered I with a frown 'what farce is this?'

The tapestry was now gradually drawn aside, and displayed to us, a face, every feature of which was convulsed with rage—then, two arms crossed upon a large breast, and at length, a man of caiossal stature.

'Signor Frenchman,' said he to me, pointing to the door, 'there are four men there, at my command; one of them shall conduct you to your home, with your eyes bandaged. And, had I not here sufficient food for my revenge, I swear to you ——. But make haste; and, another time, be more prudent.'

'I don't like to meddle in what does not concern me; but his looks displeased me; and as I glanced towards the two lovers, who were now clinging to each other in so strict embrace, that a single blow with a poniard would have despatched them both, I conceived that they were about to enact in real life a scene somewhat similar to that of Francoise de Rimini.

'Sir,' said I, 'if I were at this moment in the street and were I to here—you understand me—any of those cries of agony which I *know* would sound like music in your ears, were you twenty in number, I would make good my entrance. And, continued I, advancing toward him, if one of your men dares to enter—you shall see I am not to be trifled with—I may fall but he shall not save you. The only way in which you can with dignity terminate the affair is to appoint some time and place of meeting with the man who has insulted you. I promise to keep the secret faithfully; in fact if you wish, *I* will be your second; but at all events, allow the lady to return to her relations. If this does not suit you and as chance has made me your guest I shall prevent your staining your hearth with the blood of two or even one murdered victim. I will by the honor of a Frenchman.

'He allowed me to proceed without interrupting me; my cheeks burned, and my compressed lips felt cold. But the poor boy—for indeed he was no other, scarce seventeen I think—whose cheeks had perhaps then for the first time lost there roseate hue of health who had but a moment before proved to me that he knew how to confront a rival seemed fascinated by the presence of the husband. He was afraid but his fears were any thing but selfish. At last the husband spoke—

'Truly,' said he with a cold smile 'none but a Frenchman would have made such a proposal. What! place a weapon in the hands of my foe now that he is securely in my grasp? Allow that woman to escape when I have so long stifled my rage only that my revenge might be sweeter?—I thank you sir; the dead would come to life before such another opportunity would present itself and since you wish to be my second stand aside!

'I felled him to the ground. The noise of his falling body brought in his hirelings and I soon found myself amongst worse company than the Hungarians. The struggle was terrific, and all that I can remember, was the husband encouraging the bandits. She suffered most for the young man had shielded her with his body to the last.

'The upshot of all this is that the patrole picked me up half dead from between two corps, which the bravos had dropped at their approach. Had it not been for those watchmen. I should most certainly have met with the fate of the victims of the inquisition and of the rings which the Doges threw, of yore, into the Adriatic.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

From Susquehanna's utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shepherd of the forest came.

FRENEAU.

On Sunday evening last, we were fortuitiously witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakespeare's Othello, as too unnatural for probability. It can hardly be credited that such a fair, beautiful and accomplished woman, as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a black a-moor as Othello. But if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject it has all been dissipated by the occurrence of which we are to speak.

About two years ago, an Indian of the Chippewa nation—formerly said to have been a man of some rank in his tribe, but now a Missionary of the Methodist Church among his red brethren—was sent to England to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian Mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen,—whether it was the "Red Lightning," or the "Storm King," or "Walk in the Water"—we know not; but in plain English he is known as Peter Jones. An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Poets and romancers have alike invested the primitive sons of the American forest, with noble and exalted characteristics, which are seldom discernible to the duller perceptions of plain matter of fact people; and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. But no matter; Mr. Peter Jones was not only a Missionary from the wilderness,—and, as we doubt not, a pious and useful man among his own people,—but he was a *bona fide* Indian—and he was of course made a *lion* of in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great. Carriages, and servants in livery awaited his pleasure, and bright eyes sparkled when he was named. He was looked upon as a great chief—a prince—an Indian king; and many romantic young ladies who had never passed beyond the sound of Bow bell, dreamed of the charms of solitude amid the great wilds—"the antres vast and desarts idle"—of the greater west; of the roaring of the mighty cataracks and the bounding of buffaloes over the illimitable prairies;—of noble chieftians, leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors—dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight;—of forays and stag hunts—and bows and arrows—and the wild notes of the piercing war-whoop, in those halcyon days, when, unsophisticated by contact with the pale faces—

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

& all that sort of thing, as Matthews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence: But it was so:—

"In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
All wished to gaze upon the tawny man—
Happy were those who saw his stately stride—
Thrice happy those who tripp'd it at his side."

Among others who perchance may have thought of "Kings barbaric, pearls and gold," was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth of wealth and respectability. But she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he were a great chief—or half a king not she! But Peter Jones saw, or thought he saw—for the Indian cupids are not blind—that the young lady had a susceptible heart. Availing himself, therefore, of a ride with the fair creature, he said something to her which she chose not to understand—but told it to her mother. Peter Jones sought other opportunities of saying similar things, which the damsel could not comprehend—*before him*—but she continued to repeat them to her mother. He sought an interview with her. It was refused. He repeated the request. It was still refused, but in a less positive manner. Finally an interview was granted him with the mother—and the result was that before Peter Jones embarked on his return to his native woods it was agreed that they might breath their thoughts to each other on paper across the great waters. Thus was another point gained. And in the end to make a long story short, a meeting was agreed upon to take place the present season in this city, with a view of marriage. The idea is very unpleasant with us, of such ill sorted mixtures of colors. But prejudices against red and dusky skins are not so strong in Europe, as they are here.—They do not believe in England, that

These brown tribes who snuff the desert air,
Are cousins-german to the wolf and bear.

The proud Britons, moreover, were red men when conquered by Julius Cæsar. What harm in their becoming so again! But we must hasten our story.

On Tuesday morning of last week, a beautiful young lady, with fairy form—'grace in her step, and heaven in her eye'—stept on shore from the elegant packet ship United States. She was attended by two clerical friends of high respectability—who, by the way, were no friends of her romantic enterprise. She waited with impatience for her princely lover to the end of the week—but he came not. Still she doubted not his faith, and as the result proved she had no need to doubt. For, on Sunday morning, Peter Jones arrived, and presented himself at the side of his mistress! The meeting was affectionate, though becoming. The day was spent by them together, in the interchange of conversation, thoughts and emotions, which we will leave it to those better skilled in the Romance of Love, than ourselves to imagine.

Though a Chippewa, Peter Jones is nevertheless a man of business, and has a just notion of the value and importance of time. He may also have heard of the adage "there's many a slip," &c.—or, perchance of the other—"a bird in the hand," &c. But no matter. He took part, with much propriety, in the religious exercises of the John street church, where we happened to be present—which services were ended at 9 o'clock, by an impressive recitation of the Lord's Prayer in Chippewa dialect.—Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we remarked an usual ingathering of clergymen, and divers ladies and gentlemen. We asked a reverend friend if there was to be another religious meeting? "No," he replied; "but a wedding!" "A wedding!" we exclaimed with surprise. "Pray who are the happy couple? "Peter Jones, the Indian Missionary, he replied; and a sweet girl from England!

It was evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes that an unwonted degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenances of the assembling group. In a short time chairs were placed in a suspicious position at the head of the drawing room, their backs to the pier table. A movement was next perceptible at the door, which instantly drew all eyes to the spot, and who should enter but the same tall Indian whom we had so recently seen in the pulpit, bearing upon his arm the light, fragile and delicate form of the young lady before mentioned—her eyes drooping modestly upon the carpet, and her face fair as the lilly. Thereupon up rose a distinguished clergyman, and the parties were addressed upon the subject of the divine institution of marriage—its propriety, convenience and necessity, to the welfare of society and human happiness. This brief and pertinent address being ended, the reverend gentleman stated the purpose for which the couple had presented themselves, and demanded if any person or persons present could show cause why the proposed union should not take place? If so, they were requested to make their objection then or forever after hold their peace. A solemn pause ensued.

Nothing could be heard but a few smothered signs.—There they stood, objects of deep & universal interest—we may add—of commiseration. Our emotions were tumultuous and painful. A stronger contrast was never seen.—She all in white, and adorned with the sweetest simplicity. Her face as white as the gloves and dress she wore—rendering her ebon tresses, placed *a la Madonna* on her fair forehead, still darker.—He in rather common attire—a tall, dark, high boned, muscular Indian.—She, a little delicate European lady—he a hardy iron framed son of the forest. She, accustomed, to every luxury and indulgence—well educated, accomplished and well beloved at home—possessing a handsome income—leaving her comforts, the charms of civilized and cultivated society, and sacrificing them all to the cause she had espoused—here she stood, about to make a self-immolation, and, far away from country and kindred, and all the endearments of a fond father's house, resign herself into the arms of a man of the woods, who could not appreciate the sacrifice! A sweeter bride we never saw. We almost grew wild. We thought of Othello—of Hyperion & the satyr—of the bright eyed Hindoo and the funeral pile!—She looked like a drooping flower by the side of a rugged hemlock! We longed to interpose and rescue her. But it was none of our business.—She was in that situation by choice—and she was among her friends. The ceremonies went on—she promised to "love, honor and obey" the Chippewa—and, all tremulous as she stood, we heard the Indian and herself pronounced man and wife! It was the first time we ever heard the words "man and wife" sound hatefully. All however knelt down and united with the clergyman in prayers for a blessing; and when the minister lifted his voice in supplication for blessings on *her*,—that she might be sustained in her undertaking—and have health and strength to endure her destined hardships and privations—the room resounded with the deep-toned, and heart-felt, and tearful response—Amen!—The audience then rose, and after attempting with moistened eyes, to extend their congratulations to the "happy pair" slowly and pensively retired. The sweet creature is now on her way to the wildes of Upper Canada—the Indian's Bride!

Such is the history of a case of manifest and palpable delusion. Peter Jones cannot say with Othello that "she loved him for the *dangers* he had passed." The young lady was not blinded by the trappings of military costume, or the glare of martial glory; but she is a very pious girl—whose whole heart and soul has been devoted to the cause of heathen missions; and she has thus thrown herself into the cause, and resolved to love the Indian for the work in which he is engaged. For our own part, we must say, that we wish he had never crossed the Niagara. But the die is cast, and the late comely and accomplished Miss F****, of London, is now the wife of Mr. Peter Jones, of the Chippewas. But that she is deluded, and knows nothing of the life she is to encounter, there can be no doubt. As evidence of this, she has brought out the furniture for an elegant houshold establishment—rich china vases for an Indian lodge, and Turkey carpets, to spread upon the morasses of the Canadian forests!—Instead of a mansion she will find a wigwam, and the manufacture of brooms and baskets instead of embroidery.

In justice to the spectators of the scene, however, it is proper to state that a few of her real friends in this city—those into whose immediate society she was cast—laboured diligently to open her eyes to the real state of the case, and life of hardships and trial which she is inevitably destined to lead. Poor girl!—We wish she was by her father's ingle in Lambeth and Peter Jones preaching to the Chippewas with the prettiest squaw among them for his wife!

JOURNEYMAN PRINTERS.—What a careless dare devil of a set they are one hour at the top of the wheel of fortune, the next beneath it, contentedly waiting the next evolution.—They love life, and they hate its follies; but are the most addicted to folly of any class of beings that ever lived. They despise meanness, & among all their faults, which, by the bye, are many, you will seldom if ever find a mean journeyman printer. He loves his neighbor as himself but in an editorial way he will scold him like the mischief; having a tho't that like himself, his neighbour is no despiser of a good joke on account of its relationship. He always "gives the devil his due," which means, "more kicks than coppers;" for the latter are generally, such scarce commodities with him, that kicks come the cheaper? whereas, had he "*wherewithal*," it would shortly followed as an anodyne. He is always your most talkative, always your most noisy, and seldom the least sensible man in conversation. He will entertain you with a dish of politics well cooked, and having meaning; or a dish of anecdotes having none, unless the operation of the *laughable* faculties, have meaning; and I defy you to listen to his trash, without laughing not at him but its pith; to his folly without feeling better; and to his 'plain, unvarnished tale" of poverty, without putting your hands in your pockets for a shilling though your own be advertised, "*to let*." He will tell you a story from the Latin, a moral maxim from the Greek; a Spanish poverb, or an English truism—and make you like him the better in spite of his appearance. He is a Longbow in his travels, and perhaps, sees as much of the world as any other man—traversing the sea as a sailor before the mast, or the land as a pedestrian or manager of a theatrical company. He is a stoic in firmness, and forever liberal in his promises, which he always intends to fulfil, but has seldom the means. He is a philosopher in all things, and all things to philosophers. *He* will solve the most abstruse questions, as it were intuitively—for his knowledge is not from study but practice and his solutions are based on no other data than m's and n's. Seek him as a friend, and you will find him such, for, in the division of his crumbs, his friend will always get the better half. A nabob in feeling, with or without a shilling; a preacher, with no more than a stereotype companion; a tactician and geographer by practice, a statesman by habit; and the greatest little man the world produces.

Liverpool (Pa.) paper.

TEN MILES OF PAPER.—Paper used to be sold by the sheet, the quire, or the ream, but in "the march of improvement" stationary, will not remain stationary and so it is now sold by measure. The following order was received from a pottery firm the other day. The writer, it will be observed, gives his orders with as much indifference as though they were not at all extraordinary:—"Gentlemen—Please to send us ten miles of your best printing tissue paper, in length; 6 miles to be 30 inches broad, 4 miles 22 inches broad—to be wrapped on wooden rollers, according to the plan given to Mr. George Fourdrinier." The object of having the paper of such great length is, that it may be printed from engraved cylinders, in the same way as calicoes, &c.—*London paper.*

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

By the packet ship Liverpool at Boston from Liverpool whence she sailed on the 12th of August, London papers to the 11th have been received. The Liverpool papers are of no later date than the 10th.

The papers are destitute of interesting intelligence. The only news of any importance which they contain is that of the annunciation of the request of the French and English Governments, that Don Pedro should relinquish his pretensions to the Regency of Portugal,—This request had been communicated to his diplomatic agents in London and Paris; the reason assigned for it is that some of the sovereigns whose consent would be necessary in order to make a final arrangement of the affairs of Portugal would not be induced to admit the claims of the ex-Emperor to the regency.—Some suspicion of the designs of this personage is expressed in the English papers owing to the despotic nature of his government at Oporto and Terceira, and the omission of the words "constitutional charter" in the recognition of Donna Maria at Lisbon. For this last act however he could hardly be considered responsible. It is said further that by an article of the Portuguese Constitutional Charter, Don Pedro is excluded from the office of the Regent. The following article from the Algemeine Zeitung of July 21, is worthy of notice.

The accounts from Portugal give reason to apprehend that great confusion will ensue in the Peninsula. Almost all our politicians are convinced that active interference maybe necessary. But how greatly would the hopes and expectations of those be disappointed who believed that the time for a general disarming was at hand? In general here as elsewhere people have a great dislike to Don Miguel; and if he personally were alone concerned would feel little sympathy for him: but they see in his cause a principle which it is the duty of all to maintain; and so it happens that a Prince who otherwise would have no friends, finds partisans even in the highest circles. But very lately the Cabinet of St. Petersburg was very unfavorably disposed towards Don Miguel.—Now it is said to be otherwise. This change of sentiments must not be wondered at. The unhappy Polish revolution has baffled many calculations, and changed friends into enemies, and *vice versa*. Besides, it is natural that the Emperor Nicholas should interfere in the affairs of Portugal, as France and England have done in those of the East. He has the same right to declare in favor of one or the other of the two brothers, as those Powers had taken part at their pleasure, either with the Sultan or Mehemet Ali. If this should happen as is possible, misunderstandings would arise between the great Powers, and the scenes of Constantinople would be repeated, which do not always end in Diplomatic quarrels. For if a certain confidential union exists between the English and French Governments as seems to result from the strict uniformity of their modes of proceeding, the other Powers must, by a similar process, neutralize such a preponderating force and endeavor to draw still closer the bonds of friendship which already subsist between them. Scarcely is one difficult question supposed to be settled, when new subjects for the most complicated negotiations arise, and peace is threatened. Portugal now succeeds to Belgium. Heaven grant that the seeds of great and general trouble may not slumber in its bosom.

The place of Don Miguel's retreat is not yet ascertained. It is said that, on receiving the intelligence of the overthrow of his forces, he set out to join Don Carlos, with the view of accompanying him into Italy. Doana Maria was about to depart from Paris on her way to Portugal.

Parliament was to be prorogued on the 1st of September. For a great many years past there has not been so abundant a harvest as at present.

In the House of Commons on the 7th August, Mr. Lyall presented a petition from merchants and brokers of London for the continuance of the usual facilities to transmit letters to the United States of America, otherwise than by Post Office Packets, when opportunities offered. Sir James Graham replied that there was every disposition to comply with these wishes of the merchants, if a practicable mode could be suggested that would secure the revenue against fraud and injury.

The state of the Cotton Market at Liverpool on the 10th was the same as last advices.—The only change was a fall of 1-3d per lb. on the lower descriptions of Alabamas.

DISTURBANCES IN SWITZERLAND—*Schwytz July* 31.—A civil war has just made its appearance in this part of the country An inhabitant of Kussnacht* (Schwytz exterior) having petitioned for a re-union with the Schwytz Interior, was arrested yesterday by the authorities, but afterwards rescued by his friends. Serious disturbances ensued, the windows of several houses were broken, muskets were fired, & several persons were wounded. The party who were for; reunion suffered much. Troops were immediately sent to the frontier to prevent a civil war. Col. Aleyberg, an officer of the Federal Goverment, but now attached to the small diet, entered Kussnacht at the head of 600 men, and took possession of it, in the name of the Canton of Schwytz. He deposed the authorities, appointed new magistrates, made the principle patriots prisoners, and brought them under escort to Schwytz. We have here 3000 men under arms ready to support him; and the smaller Cantons are all brave and zealous, and are also ready to lend their aid. On the arrival of the troops on the frontier this morning several musket shots were heard in the distance, & soon afterwards a messenger brought intelligence that hostilities had commenced, and, a public fuctionary transmitted to the commandant; a letter demanding a supply of forces.

[*Kussnacht is on the borders of the Lake of the four Cantons, three leagues from Lucerne, and with its district contains 4000 souls It was at this place that Wm. Tell slew the tyrant Gessier. This small state was subject to Schwytz before the revolution of 1793.]

An amusing occurrence took place in our presence on Monday last. We went into a Barber's shop not far from Hanover-square, where we found William, a journeyman, combing a gentleman's hair, who was asleep. During the operation, we were shaved, got up, washed, and were going out; but observing William still combing the head of his customer, concluded that he had been hired by the hour, to operate. Every body can imagine our surprise, when informed by the Boss, that both William and the customer had been sleeping for more than half an hour; the one at ease in his seat, and the other enjoying a perpendicular nap.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, Sept. 21.

☞In order to afford the citizens of the Eastern Shore an opportunity of witnessing the assension of the BALLOON, in Baltimore, on Thursday next, 26th inst., the Steamboat Maryland will take passengers from all her usual stopping places on Wednesday next, and return them on Friday following, for the price of one passage only. It is expected that the President and Heads of Departments will be present at the exhibition.

To the sincere and genuine National Republicans of Talbot County, we ask the liberty of saying a word in regard to the ensuing election. These remarks are not induced by any fear of the complete and perfect success of our principles in the election of all the candidates of our party, but because our opponents assuming different forms indulge the hope that by stratagem they may be able to delude some of our friends. First then in regard to Daniel C. Hopper, the Gentleman selected by our party in the mode prescribed by itself, as a Candidate for Congress, we assuredly look upon this gentleman's success as beyond all doubt, the perfect unanimity of the party cannot fail to secure it.—With respect to the Delegate ticket, we have also equal confidence in its complete triumph. Man for man, we are willing to compare them with our adversaries, and from such comparison cannot fail to be satisfied.—The gentleman who has been nominated as the Candidate for the Sheriffalty, we do not hesitate to offer to the active and undivided support of the National Republicans of Talbot. Of his superior qualifications for the discharge of the duties of that office, we apprehend no impartial man can doubt. We are aware however that there are some, we are happy in believing not many, of the National Republican party, who think that the election of that officer is not very important in a political point of view, and may therefore feel themselves at liberty, to indulge the preference, which old acquaintance and neighbourly intercourse may inspire for another. To such particularly we beg leave to address ourselves,—you cannot deny that you are the decided and unshaken advocates of the principles of your party, your zeal and activity already displayed in sustaining those principles afford the strongest evidence of your devotion If then your party be worth preserving, and its principles be worth cherishing, every fair means which may contribute to these purposes ought certainly to be adopted--And a preference ought assuredly to be given to a man of our own party, of whom it is but light praise to say he is equal to his opponent, who has been selected by the party as the Candidate for the Sheriffalty, and who has co operated with you in the advancement of your own principles. National Republican Voters of Talbot, repair then to the polls on the first Monday of October, and assert your own cause, by the support of those men, who are willing to serve you with fidelity and ability.

For the Easton Gazette.

There was an excellent discourse, (it might almost be called a sermon, it was in part so very orthodox,) delivered at St. Michaels on Saturday last from the text "*Party spirit, that demon, which has robbed society of more than half its charms.*"

All present who thought on the subject, knew, that most of those exciting topics, which so long agitated and convulsed us, as a nation, "had passed away with the times, that produced them;" but, it must be confessed, we were not prepared to hear "the folly" of keeping up the old distinction of federalist and democrat rebuked so sternly by the very man, who had been chosen to be "the spokesman unto the people" of a totally opposite doctrine. We fully appreciated the good motives, and were ready "to honour with the honour due unto him," the man who had independence of character enough, to raise merit wherever it might be found; to aid "by his influence" worthy men of the Eastern Shore as well as the Western Shore; "in the Penitentiary and out of it." We were ready to award with him even more than the "mere pittance" of an half hour's praise to one, who had lived among us all his life, and yet lives to forward by his *individual exertion*, whatever tends to the public good; who is an ardent advocate for the cause of education among the people, as every man must be, who is alive to the fact, that our glorious institutions must rise or fall with the virtue and intelligence of the people; we could even go so far in our esteem and admiration for that "worthy, excellent, and intelligent man," as to give him our support for Commissioner at the next October election, and here it was, we found with some regret, that it was necessary for the gentleman, to whom we had given all attention, and ourselves, to take separate roads. He could not find it in his conscience to aid a second time "by his influence" the man, who "owed his elevation originally to him;" not however because there had been any falling of in his respect for the excellent qualities of the candidate's head and heart; but, because certain measures, bearing upon the former foreign and domestic policy of our government, (whose tendency for good or for evil by his own acknowledgment "had passed away with the times, that produced them,") were once upon a time advocated by the candidate. Such a conscience is indeed much akin to the sturdy old fellow's, who stood forth to affirm with all his heart and soul, "God! He is God, and Mahomet is his Prophet;" but could not find it in his conscience to exchange his snuff-coloured coat and hat for the shawl and the turban.

To do all justice, however, it may be said, that on the score of devotion to the cause of general education, a sufficient foundation for an opposition "to this worthy, excellent and intelligent man" may be found in his support of the County Academy, located by the wisdom of former legislators in Easton, "*from a*

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