her, and she must settle up, and some on 'em must *wipe off* old scores. *Old Sile*, he gin Elam a look, and it went round, and one whisper'd to another, and to rights one on 'em went out, and in a little while there was a most dreadful cry of fire, and in he come, frightened eny most to death, and says he, "run, miss Crane," says he, "and git your bread and punkin pies out the oven, for the oven-house is all a-fire;" "I know it," says he for I smelt the smoke, and the oven is so hot you can't think," and with that two or three more on 'em run out; and old miss Crane, as soon as she see that, she out too, for tho' she know'd it was a mistake, and that the oven was bakin accordin to its natur yet she wanted to prevent the folks from drawn the bread and pies out on't. As soon as she got out old Sile he started to the well, and begun to draw water like all possest, and he swash'd it round inside the bar, and over the old lady's papers and chalk marks; and afore they got back from the oven the bar room was all afloat, & wash'd out as slick as a whistle; then she wanted to know old Sile's notion, and he tel'd her he was afraid the fire would git into the bar room to rights, and scorch all her accounts, and that would be the worst thing that ever was. Well, it turn'd out that the oven was jist as old miss Crane said it was, ony doin its duty; but it was a considerble spell afore it was found out why some on 'em got a notion the oven was afire; but poor old miss Crane was hearn to say a hundred times arter that, it would aben dollars and dollars in her pocket, if she'd let folks cry fire, and she'd stuck to her accounts; for then old Sile wouldn't a ben frightened so as to bring so much water in the bar, and wash'd out all the chalk marks, and destroyed all the papers; but as he was a willin crittur, and good natur'd too, she never blam'd him; and old Sile, and a good many more on 'em have ben heain to say, if it hadn't ben for that alarm of fire in the oven in time, there is no tellin what a scorching all on 'em would a got from the bar room papers and chalk marks.

Your friend, J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[From the National Gazette.]

Sketch of the Remarks of David Paul Brown, Esq., at the Powelton Jubilee.

I do not appear before you as an advocate for the state of South Carolina—nor for the state of New York—nor even for the state of Pennsylvania;—but for the great American state—for our country—the land of the fair, the faithful, and the fearless—one and undivided, firm and perpetual. Let those who concur with me, unite then in three cheers for the Constitution, by which alone this country is sustained and can be preserved—(Cheers)—Having now avowed our political creed, let us next proceed to the more direct business of this meeting.

We are assembled, my fellow citizens, *it is said* for a *Political Barbacue*—and in order that we may comprehend the legitimate object of our assembly, let us understand what a *barbacue* means.—"A barbacue" says that learned pundit, and illustrious lexicographer, Dr. Sam Johnson, signifies "*to broil a hog whole.*" And Pope, no less valuable authority, & Horace before him, unite in exclaiming in poetical fervor,

"Grant us, ye gods, a whole hog barbacued."

Now I do not know that we shall *broil* the entire swine, from the beard to the tail, as the word barbacue implies, for I trust there will be no *broils* amongst us but we will do what we can towards roasting him, and by way of a beginning with your leave, *I* will give him a little touch of the Brown—and after that, leave it to you to spit and baste him, as may best suit your own palates, either with or without the aid of the Kitchen Cabinet.

But to proceed to our business with all becoming ceremonials—and with due observance of gravity, allow me in the first place to ask "Is there a Jackson man in this assemblage? If there be, let him deny his name, for he has unquestionably already renounced his country—I pause for a reply—*I* take your answer—there is not one such man among you! How melancholy—how deplorable must be the condition of the Executive of the United States, when in a multitude like this—a mass of fifty thousand freemen, convened in the very centre and heart of the Union, the strong hold of Jacksonism—the State of Pennsylvania, the key-stone as it has been called of the great political arch, not a single individual can be found so bold and reckless as to be willing to avow himself a disciple of the President of the United States. Why? why is this? Here is abundant food for the moral and political philosopher.

Only two years ago, nay not so much, not two, Andrew Jackson was borne upon the arms, and upon the hearts of his countrymen into the Executive chair—or to adopt a nautical phrase, with all sails set, & with wind & tide in his favor, he was wafted into the haven, I might almost say the *heaven* of his proudest hopes. Why then is it, that, when yesterday, the word of Cæsar, "*the old Roman*" might have passed against the world, there should now be "none so poor to do him reverence." Let his word plighted and forfeited—his faith pledged and unredeemed—his sacrifices of the interests and feeling of individuals—his devastation and degradation of national character—Let all these & much more supply the reason, why, like Lucifer, he should thus suddenly be hurled, with all his ribald & rebel crew, from his bright eminence to bottomless perdition.

But we are told in his late protest and in his fulsome biography, that he must be excused for all this, as he bears upon his person, the wounds which he sustained in the great revolutionary struggle for our liberties.—For every wound he ever received, though they doubled the number inflicted upon the great Julius, his immortal prototype, he has dealt ten thousand upon the bosom of his bleeding and groaning country, and glutted and exhausted the most relentless spirit or desire of retribution, by visiting upon his friends, the vengance which he should have reserved for his enemies.—But this trick or artifice of building upon a maimed body, instead of a sound mind, has very much lost its charm.—I must be content to refer merely to the pleasant case of Marcus Servilius of Rome. But there is another instance not less authentic, which Grecian history supplies, and which we may be permitted to quote, for the General, having been so long surrounded by the Kitchen Cabinet, may be fairly supposed to be familiar with *Greece*. One Pisistratus, an Athenian, we are told, aspired to sovereign sway. He was opposed in his views and defeated by Solon, the wisest among the law givers—Upon this Pisistratus mangled his face and breast, and appearing before the public, gave it out that he had been thus wounded by his enemies, and thereby so excited the commisseration and interest of the populace, that he finally obtained possession of the citadel, and converted a state of freedom into a state of slavery. But what were the wounds received by the General in the Revolutionary struggle? It is said that being taken by the British when about sixteen years old, and having refused to black the boots of an officer of dragoons, the officer struck him over the head with a sabre—Heaven save the mark!! That was a fatal blow to the country my fellow citizens, for who knows how far that blow may have contributed to all the *crack brained* measures of the President by which the nation has been afflicted.

Yet, notwithstanding the experiment of the Executive is an obvious imitation of these recorded examples, we are told by the State House Yard orators of the adverse party, that the only objection which we have to the General, is that he cannot talk Greek or Latin. This, to be sure, is something like a legitimate objection to a man who has received the highest honors of the proudest university in the land; but still this is not in truth any part of our objection. The fault is not, that he cannot talk Greek,—that he cannot talk Latin, or that he cannot talk English,—but that he cannot *talk* Spanish—and this is the lesson, my fellow citizens, which it has become your duty to teach him.

With all his faults there is one charge, however, against the General, which appears to be ungenerous if not unjust.—I refer to his harsh reception or rather his rude dismissal of some of the late committees appointed to wait upon him in order to represent the grievances of the people. It is said he treated the committee of cabinet-makers most unkindly. Pray, what other reception could that committee reasonably expect? The remark has grown into a proverb that two of a trade can never agree.—What right had they then, I say, to expect a better reception from the Executive. The president of the United States is—ex-officio—the prime and master cabinet-maker of the age. He makes his cabinet, and he mars his cabinet; he brings his cabinet in, and he kicks his cabinet out; and in short, he does every thing with his cabinet but *mend* it. And is it to be supposed then that he will endure a rival near his throne—preposterous.

But at the same time that he is to be excused for this act of *Executive* power, there is one assumption of importance that we cannot concede his right to.—I mean his comparing himself to Moses when descending from the mount, and finding the children of Israel engaged in worshiping a golden calf. The General has erred grossly in this conception—he has confounded personages altogether; for while he imagined himself to be Moses, all the rest of the world clearly perceived that he was actually *the Calf*; & that the Kitchen Cabinet, not the children of Israel, were *the worshippers*.

In conclusion, my fellow citizens, I cannot but refer, as applicable to our condition, to the language of Demosthenes to the Athenians when threatened with invasion by Philip of Macedon—"Why, my countrymen, do you wander about the streets, idly inquiring what are the news? what are the advices? what news so strange ever came to Athens as that a Macedonian should sway the sceptre and lord it over Greece."

COLONEL BENTON.—The following is the account given by this gentleman of the affair he and his brother had with General Jackson at Nashville; and the wounds which the latter boasts of having received in the war of the revolution, are probably referable to the daggers flourished on this occasion.

"FRANKLIN, (Tenn.) Sept. 10, 1813.

A difference which had been for some months brewing between Gen. Jackson and myself, produced on Saturday, the 4th inst., in the town of Nashville, the most outrageous affray ever witnessed in a civilized country. In communicating this affair to my friends and fellow citizens, I limit myself to the statement of a few leading facts, the truth of which I am ready to establish by judicial proof.

"1. That myself and my brother, Jesse Benton arrived in Nashville on the morning of the affray, and knowing of Gen. Jackson's threats, went and took our lodgings in a different house from the one in which he stayed, on purpose to avoid him.

"2. That the General and some of his friends came to the house where we had put up, *commenced the attack by* LEVELLING A PISTOL AT ME, when I had no weapon drawn, and advancing upon me at quick pace, without giving me time to draw one.

"3. That seeing this, my brother fired upon Gen. Jackson, when he had got within 8 or 10 feet of me:

"4. That four other pistols were fired in quick succession; one by Gen. Jackson at me, two by me at the General, and one by Col. Coffee at me. In the course of this firing, Gen. Jackson was brought to the ground, but I receive no hurt.

"5. That daggers were then drawn. Colonel Coffee and Mr. Alexander Donaldson made at me and gave me five slight wounds. Captain Hammond and Mr. Stukely Hays engaged my brother, who being still weak from the effect of a severe wound he had lately received in a duel was not able to resist two men. They got him down, and while Captain Hammond beat him on the head to make him lay still, Mr. Hays attempted to stab him, and wounded him in both arms, as he lay on his back, parrying his thrusts with his naked hands. From this situation, a generous hearted citizen of Nashville, Mr. Summer relieved him. Before he came to the ground, my brother clapped a loaded pistol to the breast of Mr. Hays, to blow him through, but it missed fire.

"6 My own and my brother's pistols carried two balls each; for it was our intention, if driven to arms, to have no child's play. The pistols fired at me were so near that the blaze of the muzzle of one of them burnt the sleeve of my coat, and the other aimed at my head, at a little more than arm's length from it.

"7. Captain Carroll was to have taken part in the affray, but was absent by the permission of General Jackson, as he has since proved by the General's certificate, a certificate, which reflects less honor, I know not whether upon the General or upon the Captain.

"8. That this attack was made upon me in the house where the Judge of the District, Mr. Searcy, had his lodgings! So little are the laws and their ministers respected! Nor has the civil authority yet taken cognizance of this horrible outrage.

THOMAS HART BENTON,
Lieut. Col. 39th Infantry."

Attempt of three Prisoners to escape.—On Saturday evening as Mr. Burke, Police Officer, was conducting from the Annapolis Steam Boat, to which place they had been for trial, to the Baltimore County Jail, the prisoners, J. Egleston, a noted Character, C. Bowen, for passing spurious checks, &c. and Leveret Knowles, charged with murder—when nearly opposite the Jail wall, the prisoner Knowles made an attack on Burke, and Egleson immediately seconded him, by an attack with a hammer, with which he aimed a blow at his head, at the same time taking from his pocket a handfull of Scotch Snuff, with the intent of blinding him.—Knowles then made a rush to get out of the carriage door, which he succeeded in forcing open, at this time Burke disengaged himself from the other two prisoners, seized Knowles by the coat, which tore in his grasp, and he unfortunately made his escape into Howard's Woods. Mr. B. then, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in securing the other two, and delivered them into the custody of the Warden of the Jail. A reward is offered for the apprehension of Knowles. Great praise is due to Mr. Burke, for securing the other two—known to be desperate characters. Knowles was once a keeper of a public garden in Baltimore.—*Pat.*

SHOCKING CRUELTY.

We copy with some hesitancy, the following shocking disaster from the New Orleans Courier of the 10th ult.

"A fire broke out this morning in the kitchen of Madam Lalaurie, corner of Royal and Bayoz sts, which was soon wrapt in flames. It was known to some of the neighbours, that the upper part of this building was used as a family prison, and that it was then tenanted by several unfortunate slaves loaded with chains. Information of this fact was communicated to Judge Canonge, who instantly waited on Mr. Lalaurie, and asked permission of that gentleman, in a polite manner, to have the slaves removed to a place of safety; when the latter, with much rudeness; replied, that "there were those who would be better employed, if they would attend to their own affairs, instead of officiously intermeddling with the concerns of other people." The flames gaining rapidly on the building, orders were given to break open the doors, which being promptly obeyed, a most appalling sight was presented, in the shape of several wretched negroes emerging from the fire, their bodies convered with scars and loaded with chains. Among [illegible] a female slave, upwards of 60 years of age, who could not move. Some young men carried her to the city guard house, where the others, six in number, were also conducted, to be protected from the cruelty of their owner. We saw one of these miserable beings. The sight was so horrible that we could scarce look upon it. The most savage heart could not have witnessed the spectacle unmoved. He had a large hole in his head, his body from head to foot was covered with scars, and filled with worms!!!—The sight inspired us with so much horror, that even at the moment of writing this article we shudder from its effects. Those who have seen the others, represent them to be in a similar condition.

We forbear a further description of this revolting spectacle, as it can hardly be agreeable to the feelings of our readers. We hope the Grand Jury will take cognizance of this unparalleled outrage, and bring the perpetrators of it to the punishment they so richly deserve.

We notice in another paper, that the populace assembled in the evening following the above discovery, and tore down the part of the house not distroyed by fire.

The Reward of Apostacy.—Richard Rush has been elected Secretary to the Committee appointed to investigate the U. S. Bank. This gentleman has been, at different periods, Minister to England, Attorney General, and Secretary of the Treasury—and we now behold him acting as Clerk to a Bank Committee—playing second fiddle to Francis Thomas and Robert S. Lytle. Poverty is even worse than avarice in its degrading influences. It has compelled Richard Rush to place himself in a situation in which he will be expected to do all kinds of dirty work at the bidding of those who are incompetent to do it themselves. He will, no doubt, write the report of the Committee. We shall look for the ear marks of Mr. Committee Clerk Rush.—*Fred. Examiner.*

Lost Money Found.—We are happy to learn, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the money amounting to three thousand dollars, belonging to the Morris and Delaware Canal Company, which was lost a few days ago, has—every dollar of it—been restored. The recovery, we understand, was effected at the confessional—and it deserves to be known that unwearied and most laudable pains have been taken by the Very Reverend Doctor Power, and the other Catholic clergymen in our city, for some time past, to accomplish the restoration. The company is indebted for it to the immediate instrumentality of the former gentleman.

We find the following notice concerning the failure of the Salisbury Bank, in the Princess Anne Herald:—

Bank of Salisbury, April 21, 1834.

The President and Directors of this Institution having duly investigated its affairs, and maturely deliberated upon the expediency of its continued operations under the existing unprecedently severe demands for specie, have come to the painful conclusion to announce to the public its inability to continue longer specie payment.

In consequence of the great excitement which pervades the mind of the people in relation to the currency of the country, every effort to sustain the Bank has proved unavailing, and not until compelled have they determined to adopt a course so repugnant to their feelings and injurious to the interest of this community.

But notwithstanding this temporary suspension of active business, the board have the most unlimited confidenco in the solvency of the Institution, and assure the public that its resources are abundant and amply sufficient to discharge all the obligations.

The Board would therefore earnestly entreat the holders of notes and certificates of special deposites not to sacrifice their claims, and they assure them that as speedily as practicable, they will avail themselves of funds, and cancel all their liabilities.

Holders of notes on the Bank, and holders of certificates of special deposites, whether such certificates have arrived at maturity or not, will be allowed the privilege of depositing the same at the rate of six per centum per annum. The President and Cashier are also authorized to redeem the notes of the Bank and certificates of deposite with promissory notes which have been discounted by the Bank, if they should be preferred. By order,

WILLIAM H. RIDER, Cash'r.

AUGUSTA, Geo. April 2.

A CHALLENGE.—The owners of *Argile*, by Monsieur Tonson, dam Thistle, and *Augusta*, by Crusader, dam Ruth, four years old the ensuing spring—offer to run against *Bertrand, Jr.* and *Little Venus*, four mile heats, for $5,000 or $10,000, each, on the day preceding the Next Annual Races over the Columbian Course.

This Challenge to be accepted on or before the first day of July next, by a letter to the Secretary of the Club. The rules of the Course to govern the privilege of accepting one or both.

A Catholic observed, yesterday, that the mother church had sustained a great loss—"The old *Roman*" said he,

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, May 10.

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING THE

EASTON GAZETTE

In an extended and improved form,

BY the generous offer of a gentleman well known throughout the State, to superintend the Agricultural and Political departments of my paper, I am enabled to propose to publish a Journal particularly devoted to Agriculture and Politics, which I flatter myself will merit and receive an extended patronage.

From the irritations long produced by political warfare, it has been hitherto thought best to separate these interesting subjects by giving them pessession of distinct papers—as it was supposed that all parties would unite in the first, whilst none but partizans of one cast would be likely to take an interest in the other.—Where political discussions and commentaries are marked with personal offence and rude intrusions upon feelings, there seems to be a necessity for this separation. But if a paper maintains its own principles and views of public men and things fearlessly and with decorum, the union of these interesting topics would only enable those of a different political way of thinking to hear the other side of the question.

Without meaning however to press this view of the subject, I must say, that the real design in uniting these two highly interesting topics is to give greater interest to the paper, and to make it more worthy of general attention.

How far the plan can be made acceptable to the public taste must be left to the sequel, in case a sufficient patronage is extended to justify the increased expenses to be incurred in wages for additional labour, type and other materials—as well as in procuring the most interesting papers and works relating to Politics and Agriculture, which cannot be had by the ordinary interchanges among Editors—and the procuring which, cannot be risked until I can ascertain the public opinion in relation to the plan, and their disposition to sustain it.

That the plan can be rendered acceptable I have no doubt, if adequate encouragement is given.

It may perhaps be thought by some, that the depressed and reduced condition of our country at the present time renders it an unsuitable occasion to put forth proposals for a Journal, that is to require patronage at the hands of the people—The remark is obviously a plausible one, and would be irresistible, if the Journal itself did not mainly contemplate an agency in furnishing to the People the information and the aids necessary to meet the crisis, and to enable them to restore that state of comfort and prosperity from which they have been so wantonly, so causelessly, and so lawlessly ejected. Pressed down as the people are in their pecuniary concerns by measures equally ruinous and absurd—excited and indignant as they ought to be at the high handed, unconstitutional, and arbitrary course that arrogant and stimulated power has adopted, patience for a moment under such suffering would be construed into acquiescence that would tend to swell the list of their grievances, and embolden daring ambition in its usurpations and abuses. The People must resist or they are degraded and ruined—The People must resist or their Republican Institutions, their Liberty, and happiness will be annihilated—The People must resist now early, or they will have later to seek through blood and slaughter the reparation of a loss too great to be borne, involving all that is dear to the heart of man. The crisis calls forth the proposal—it is necessary to act—the loss of time may be the loss of all—the object is to prepare the means to make known to the People their real condition, the causes that have produced it, and the way to resist it.

Let not this language be misinterpreted—we speak in all we say in the spirit and under the sanction of the Constitution and the Law—it is the triumph of these we aim at as the means, under Heavens merciful behests, of restoration to happiness and peace.

TERMS.

The paper is intended to be called "THE MARYLAND COUNTRY JOURNAL AND FARMERS SOCIAL COMPANION," to be published twice a week during the session of Congress, which will also embrace the period of the session of the General Assembly of Maryland—and once a week the rest of the year—Saturday and Tuesday, days of publication.

The price of the paper to Subscribers will be $3 00 per annum—one half payable at the time of subscribing, the other half at the end of the year.

Where the whole subscription runs due for three months over the year, it enhances the subscription dues for each year twenty five per cent.

The present Subscribers to the Easton Gazette will be considered as subscribers to The Maryland Country Journal, unless forbidden by them.

No Subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, without the consent of the publisher of the paper.

Advertising, not exceeding a square, at a cost of one dollar for three insertions, and twenty five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Adjournment of Congress.—Many enquiries are made as to this event—when it will likely take place. We know nothing about it and suspect that no man or body of men can answer the question with any satisfaction. Our opinion on this point is *as to what ought to be done*, we hesitate not give—which is—*that Congress ought not to adjourn until they have settled the credit & the currency of the country upon some stable foundation, that will enable the people of the different parts of these United States to carry on their usual business with a proper degree of safety and convenience.*

When Congress adjourned on the 4th of March, 1833—they left the country prosperous and happy—provided with every thing that they could furnish. This prosperity continued until nearly the close of that recess, because the condition of things remained unaltered until about that time, when the President of the U. States attempted to force the Secretary of the Treasury to do what he (the Secretary) was exclusively entrusted by Congress to do, and which the Secretary did not think, at that time, he ought to do, regarding the interest of the Country. The President turned this Secretary of the Treasury out of office for not sacrifising his duty, & what the Secretary thought to be the interest of the Country, to serve the President's will, who had no right to have any will or any thing to do in the matter—and the President took upon himself, that is, *usurped the power* which Congress had confided to the Secretary of the Treasury alone, to do what the Secretary had refused to do—which was to remove the public money from the U. States Bank, where Congress had by law ordered it to be kept, into certain state Banks throughout the Country, of the solvency of which no person at a distance from any one of them could know any thing about—and this the President did *under the form of an order* of a new Secretary that he appointed in the place of the one he had just turned out.

From the moment the President did this, Business and Trade began to languish, and languishing throughout the continuance of this unconstitutional and self destroying measure, have almost died. Commerce is nearly at an end—manufactories are daily stopping and discharging their hands—A great majority of the Mechanics of the country are idle and living upon former earnings where they have any left—Day labourers cant find employment and are literally suffering for bread—The Produce of Farmers, such as Grain, Hay, Cattle, Horses and Hogs or Pork, is reduced from fifteen to thirty per cent and the least activity in forwarding it to market would knock it down much lower—almost to nothing—for nobody buys now but from hand to mouth to answer the craving wants of the vicinity where the sale takes place. Our bay craft which ply in all our Rivers and Bays are laying up as in a time of War, Pestilence, or Embargo—our sailors are discharged, having nothing to do—of course they will leave the Country for foreign employment, and add to our embarrassments at a future day to get them back & to protect them. All property is diminishing in value—money cant be had except from a few private individuals at such an extortionate, enormous interest, that it ruins almost all who touch it by borrowing—Debts due, still exist and accumulate, whilst the Debtors means are dwindling away and sinking under him—Distresses grow and means of relief decrease—time that is so often looked to to soothe misfortunes, but aggravates our own—and men are now, thousands, and tens, and hundreds of thousands of them the victims, the persecuted sufferers of a TYRANNICAL USURPATION, that riots and exults amidst its Hecatombs of agonized and wretched fellow citizens.

WHILST THE COUNTRY IS IN THIS CONDITION, BROUGHT ON BY THE DARING, WANTON, AND WICKED USURPATIONS OF ANDREW JACKSON, set on by a BAND OF POLITICAL DESPERADOES around him, who have wormed themselves into his confidence by falsehood, and treachery, and flattery, can the adjournment of Congress be even thought of? Aught not the People & the States to rise in vindication of their weal & Rights, if congress talk of an adjournment?—Besides, Congress aught not to adjourn, nor should they proceed on the ordinary business of the Session until they have a thorough and a settled understanding with the USURPER as to his new powers now set up by him, to hold and dispose of the Treasure of this nation—for if that usurped power is not fairly surrendered & abandoned by the President, & completely secured for the People by Congress—or, if refused to be surrendered by the President, it is not wrested from his sacrilegious grasp—it is a matter of no consequence whether you have a Congress or no—the Despot usurper will have got all, and abject submission or bloody rebellion will be the only alternative.

TALK OF AN ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS with this state of things? We should as soon expect to see the "Star Spangled Banner" retreating without the performance of duty from an Enemy's Ship—or an army of American Citizens flying before a handful of foreign Invaders, as to see Congress the Representatives of the People and the States, deserting their duty and cowering under the haughty mandates of the GREAT DEMOCRATIC USURPER.

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