terms. Let a loaded pistol be brought here immediately, a throw of the die shall decide which of us shall blow out there brains of the other."

"Agreed."

A thrill of horror pervaded them all, some took themselves off, trembling, not wishing to be witnesses of the bloody drama which was in preparation; others, animated with the feeling of brutal curiosity, formed a close circle around the gamesters, who, seated in face of each other, and separated by a table four feet wide, were watching the preliminaries of the duel. Meantime a third person loaded the fatal weapon in presence of Severy and the French officer, a deadly silence reigned throughout the assembly and the calm was unbroken save by some words devoid of spleen, exchanged between the adversaries who alone appeared to have retained their *sang froid* during this tragical moment.

As soon as the pistol was ready, the parties took it, and examined if all was right, then laying it down upon the table, where two hands full of dice were scattered, each took up three with his dice-box. It was decided that the French officer should have the first throw. He then shakes with a firm hand the box which might render or deprive him of the speech of life; he throws the dice, which the eager looks of the dumb circle closely follow.

"Eleven!!"

"Tis good play, Commandant," spoke Severy, suspending his throw of the dice; 'the chances are for you. Hear me: if the hazard favors you, as it seems to promise, no pity nor mercy for me, for here I declare, upon my honor you need not expect it from me, should I have a finer play than you. I hold him a coward, the one of us two, who shall spare the other."

"Play, sir, I don't stand in need of your impertinent advice to inform me what I have to do."

Severy, with an ironical smile on his lips, tosses the three ivory cubes, which, after describing three slightly diverging rays, stop, and show fifteen at pair-royal.

Immediately the circle widens, quitting the side of the French officer, who finding himself alone in front of his enemy, in a measure favored, rises, and assumes the firm attitude of a brave man.

'Your life is my property, sir,' says Savery, throwing down the dice box, and seizing the pistol; 'recommend your soul to God.'

'Well, sir, fire then,' replies the commandant, laying his hand upon his heart —'fire! an honest man is at all times ready to die!'

He had not time to finish. The ball of Severy had shattered his skull, and dispersed his brains amongst the curious gazers, frozen with horror.

After this shocking duel, where, in general opinion, all blame was attached to Sovery, that officer, already dreaded by his companions, impressed them still more with a strong feeling of repugnance. Assiduously avoided by every one of good repute; he returned to his fellow citizens, hate for hate—disdain for disdain; and when the insurrection broke out at St. Domingo, he joined the enemies' ranks, when he fought in command under orders of the English general Maitland. There he showed proofs, more than once, not only of extreme bravery, but of great skill in stratagem. It was to him that the insurgents owe nearly all their success up to the last engagement near Tiburon, where he was killed by a ball in his side, at the moment when victory had declared for him.

J. G. W

ON THE WASTE OF LIFE.

In the last volume of Dr. FRANKLIN's Memoirs is the following article on "The Waste of Life." We are pursuaded its perusal must produce wholesome reflection in the minds even of the most dissolute:—

Amergus was a gentleman of good estate; he was bred to no business, & could not contrive to spend his hours agreeably; he had no relish for the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvements of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed, he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many more were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humor Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since the paternal estate fell into his hands. One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. *He* bethought to himself what a number of beings have been made a sacrifice of to support his carcass, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these offerings; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of a man.

"'About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have one week with another,' said he, given up their lives to prolong mine; which, in ten years amounts to one thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts out of the flock and herd, have been slain in ten years time to feed me besides what the forest has supplied me with.—Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their varieties, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smallest fry some thousands.

A measure of corn would hardly suffice me with fine flour for a months provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheads of wine, & other liquors, have passed through this body of mine; this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time, for God or man! What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life and worthless liver! There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured but what hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it hath done so.—Every crab and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety than *I* have done. Oh! shameful waste of life and time'

'In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason as constrained him to change his whole course of life, to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge when he was more than thirty years of age He lived many following years with the character of a worthy man and an excellent christian. He died with a peaceful concience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb. The world that knew the whole series of his life, were amazed at the mighty change; they behold him as a wonder of reformation; while he himself confessed and adored the divine power and mercy that had transformed him from a brute to a man.

'But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write 'miracle' upon it. Are there not numbers in this degenerate age whose lives have run to utter waste without the least tendency to usefulness?'

The editor of the Boston Statesman gives the following humorous account of a visit to the Spaniards now confined for trial at Boston for piracy:

"Having heard a terrific description of the Spaniards now confined in Leverett street Jail, on a charge of piracy, we availed ourself of our right of entree to the prison, and took a bird's eye glance at the monsters of the deep, but were somewhat surprised to find them quite small and ordinary looking men, extremely civil and goodnatured, with a free dash of humour in their conversation, and easy indifference at their situation.

The first in importance, as well as in appearance is the Captain, Pedro Gibert, a Castilian, 38 years of age, and the son of a merchant. He may not be flattered by the avowal on our part, that in appearance he did not quite come up to our standard, for the leader of a brave band of buccaneers, though a pleasant, and rather a handsome looking mariner. A man can have no pretensions to the title of a hero, who is less than five feet ten, and stout in proportion, whereas Captain Gibert is but *five feet four inches and a half*—only one inch, heaven save the mark! taller than ourself. It is not therefore strange, that notwithstanding the terrors of his name, we were enabled to scan his countenance with some composure, especially as he was handcuffed to a fellow-prisoner, and a grated window also conveniently intervened between us. He submitted very pleasantly to our scrutiny, and asked, with an intelligent smile, if we were a physigonomist; to which we of course replied, 'sufficiently so, captain, to discover that you are a handsome fellow." He replied, that he had heard so before, but not from *men*. From which we infer, that he has found favor in that quarter, where the brave only desire to seek it, and who alone can obtain it—with the fair. Indeed, if painters may be believed, his round face, ample, straight, and not too lengthy nose, round forehead, and full, but not fierce black eye, presented a tout ensemble to which the ladies are said to be particularly partial."

We observe in the Christian Index of the 5th inst, an obituary notice of the Rev. M. Gray, whose death was occasioned by taking a dose of Lobelia from a *Steam Doctor*, not because he was unwell, but to experience the operation of the medicine. [Another account states that he had sometimes administered the medicine, and desired to know its effect, before he dealt any more of it to others.] It produced a severe pain in the abdomen, which the Doctor used remedies to retieve, and seemed in some degree to succeed. Still he was restless —often changing his position in bed. Once or twice remarked that he was sleepy, but could not sleep: though he dozed a little, and seemed rather delirious. This alarmed a brother who was with him, but the Doctor quieted his fears by telling him that the Lobelia frequently produced that effect, and that there was no danger in it. A few minutes before eleven o'clock he inquired why the family had not been called together for prayer, and at that time seemed perfectly rational He then appeared to sleep a few minutes—turned over in bed and breathed his last, without a single groan or struggle, or the least evidence of pain or distress in his features."

In noticing the above melancholy incident, the editor of the Southern Christian Herald, offers the following remarks on the nature of Lobelia:

"We have noticed this case, hoping that it will serve as a warning to the public against the danger of encouraging men to administer drugs, with the properties of which they are utterly unacquainted. To give Lobelia as an innocent medicine which might be taken merely for experiment's sake, proves how grossly ignorant this noted quack maker was of its properties. The Lobelia Inflata is one of the most active medicines of the North American Materia Medica. It is possessed of an emetic, sudorific, and powerful expectorant effect. When with a view to empty the stomach, it operates vehemently and speedily; producing however, great relaxation, debility and perspiration, and even death, if given in over doses.

The Lobelia Longiflora, a native of some of the West India islands, is one of the most venomous plants. It is fatal to horses—swells them till they burst. Taken internally, it operates as a violent cathartic, the effects of which no remedy can assuage, and which ends in death. Vide Lindleys' Botany, p. 181—5. Such are the medicines with which quackery makes innocent experiment!! This, we think is sporting with life. These remarks may, perhaps, give offence to some; but if they can be instrumental in saving human life, we shall care very little who may be offended."

Peedee Gazette.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, Sept. 13.

It is very easy to discern that if you dont let the Van Buren Jackson men settle the points in controversy between the people and them, that they grow fiery hot and abuse all around —nothing but the Bank will do for them— there they think they can deceive the people and talk of gold and silver coin, and call the Bank a Monster, and decry her paper while they are trying to put into circulation millions more of Bank notes through their substituted pet Banks.

But if you call upon them for the money they made away with in bankrupting the Post Office—then they shuffle and cut, although Parson Brown and the Post Master General have both confessed that the *Post* Office is bankrupt. If you ask them how Post Master Barry came to borrow money for his department without authority from Congress, they tell you he only borrowed it for the Post Office Department to supply deficiencies, occasioned by donations to contractors to carry on the elections every where "to bring the Government in conflict with the purity of elections,"—they wont tell you that by the constitution, no department or officer has power to borrow money for any thing, but that Congress can alone borrow money for any purpose.

When you ask them how it happened that the *President* smoothed Mr. Speaker Stevenson with an office to make him manage things right for him in the House, then they drop their ears, and hum, and stammer, and deny, and equivocate, and say it is all owing to that Bank Monster.

If you ask them how it happens that the Kitchen Cabinet have undermined the constitutional advisers of the President and rule the roast as they please, they grow quite hornetty, and swear it is a lie, that Mr. Secretary Branch, Mr. Secretary Woodbury, Mr. Secretary Ingham, Mr. Secretary Kendall and Postmaster General Barry, who have been Jackson men, and who could not stand it, affirm it to be so of their own knowledge.

If you ask them, how it came that President Jackson would not receive his fellow citizens as deputations from the People with their petitions for redress of grievances—how the old General came to refuse them admittance into his august presence, which no Monarch in Christendom dare to do? They say, O ask us something about the Bank, for Matty and Amos, and Roger, and Bill have told us what to say about that, and we can let you out of countenance concerning the Bank, we've got all that by heart out of the Globe—But as for those other matters, they are too true and too tuff even for Matty's brain and Amos's brass, and until they make up their minds what to tell us to say, we shall sputter and spatter about it, and swear it is all a lie in the lump—So that's the reason why we Jackson men talk all about Bank Monster, Bank party and so on—for we dont want the people to hear any thing said about *buying up a Speaker, bankrupting a Post Office Department—bribes of wine, bribes of horses, bribes of money—making away with the people's money—a President's claiming the power and controlling an officer, authorised by Congress, in the discharge of his duties as required of him by law of Congress—Refusing to receive deputies bearing petitions from the People*, LEST HE SHOULD THEREBY HEAR THE TRUTH—nor do we want them to hear about *usurpations of power* such as President Jackson has made—So we brawl about the Bank and Democracy, and Democracy and the Bank, to hide the greater sins of the Jackson administration and Van Buren party—to drown the voice about Post Office, Speaker, *Protest*, contempt of the People, embazzling their money, bribes, corruption and favorites, and that's the way we expect to blind the people—it is the only chance and we'll try it.

The old rats beginning to get uneasy, prepare to quit the sinking ship, and the mice follow after.—No name would suit the Jacksonmen some time ago, but JACKSONIANS, the *disciples of the old Hero*, the *adherents to the "Greatest and Best"*—I'm a Jackson man says one—I'm dead up for the old *Hero* says another—Jackson can do no wrong says a third, and here's Jackson, and nothing but Jackson forever, say all. But Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet, that put the Parlour Cabinet down, thought the old *Hero*'s popularity could bear them out in anything, and so, to work their schemes, they made him put his name to and sanction all their monstrous and outrageous doings—for a while it went on, and you saw here and there, in all parts of the country, honest and intelligent men, who had sincerely preferred Jackson to Adams, dropping off from that party—But when secrets began to be told, and the people got to see into matters, Jackson men began to fall off by hundreds and thousands in various parts of the country—They said they could not stand it—that they did not belong to Gen. Jackson, and would not, like dogs, wear a collar with his name on it —they were opposed in principle to all such things—This alarmed the true collar men, and so they got an understanding that they would not be Jackson men, nor Van Buren men nor collar men, BY NAME, any longer, though they would support all the Jackson Van Buren measures and enjoy all the spoils, but would try to blind and mislead the world by a name, and that name should be Democracy—so that if the old ship Jackson, "the Greatest and the Best" should go down, they would all get upon this floating name and try to save themselves—Thus they have quit calling themselves Jackson men in time, and, as yet, they are afraid to call themselves Van Buren men until they see how their mal-doings in the Post Office, and their usurpations will work—and whether they can put down the present Bank of the *U.* States to get another that they can control and work to their purposes, so as to give Mr. Van Buren the power of bending the whole Institution and its branches to suit his electioneering plans—whenever they can do that, then they will come out Van Burenmen—but until then, they hoist the false colours of pretended Democracy.

But President Jackson's collar Democrats must know, that the Nullifiers of the South proclaim, that they themselves are the true, pure, and legitimate Democracy in this country, and that all others who pretend to it are spurious. Thus we have two legitimate Democracies opposed to each other in every principle—for Gen. Jackson and his adherents waged war upon the Nullifiers, repudiating them most grossly in his Proclamation, and prepared to meet them by his *force bill* as Traitors and subverters of the Laws and Constitution of the Republic—Now both these opposites cant be right.

In our judgement the nullifiers are vastly nearer to a pure Democracy than the Jackson collar men—for the Nullifiers set up the doctrine, as we comprehend it, that they, *as the people of a State*, have the right to deny the authority of Federal tribunals established by the Constitution, and to refuse compliance with their laws or their decisions—But the Jackson men are a thousand times further off in the other direction, for *President* Jackson says, and his true subjects support him, that *he has a right to interpret the constitution as he pleases*, let the other departments of the Government, or the other tribunals do and decide as they may—thus putting down the legislature the Representative and creature of the Sovereign People, and the Judiciary the *People*'s appointed arbitrator, and setting himself up above Law and Judgement to do as he thinks proper, free from both. Now; is this Democracy? Yet *President* Jackson does this, and his followers support him in it, and they say *they* are the true Democrats.

—Well, again—President Jackson has a right to turn out any officer appointed by the President and Senate (Judicial officers excepted) *at his mere will*—and his adherents say amen! so mote it be—Thus Congress, the Representatives of the People and States, pass a law confiding a trust to be discharged exclusively by an officer at the head of the Treasury department—President Jackson says to that officer you must do so and so in this matter—the officer replies to him, Sir, the Congress have by law entrusted me alone with the power of acting in this business, giving my reasons to them whenever I shall act—as I do not feel justified under the law in acting as you wish, and as *I* am alone authorised by the law to act, you must excuse me Sir for not violating my conscience and the law to do as you request—President Jackson replies, DO IT, or *I* will turn you out—The officer answers again, in conscience and in law I cannot. President Jackson instantly turns him out of office and puts another in that submits to his command. Now we ask, is President Jackson supreme, or the Law? Does he not put down the Congress and the Law and make his own will supreme in defiance of both? Now is this Democracy? Yet *President* Jackson has done this, and his followers support him in it, and, they say, they are the true Democrats.

So then if Jacksonism is the true Democracy, the true Democracy consists in putting down the Law, the Representatives of the People and the States, and the Judiciary, and in giving all power over all to one man to exercise it as he pleases.

Again—The People and the States by law of Congress order the public money to be deposited and kept in a particular place—President Jackson of his own accord, without law, makes the Secretary of the Treasury remove it away and put it into some dozen or twenty other different places—Even the Jackson men thought this was outrageous, and said, it ought not to have been so done—but as Gen. Jackson did it, we will stand by and defend it, say they, and would sooner loose an arm than have the wrong righted by restoring the public money to the custody of the law—for that would be admitting that General Jackson had done wrong. Now is this Democracy? Yet President Jackson has done this, and his followers support him in it, and they say, they are the true Democrats.

Again—the People, feeling the grievances of the times, send petitions to Congress for relief, and request their deputies to wait on the President with a hope that he will hear their complaints and aid in relieving their distresses. A few of the first deputations that came were admitted to the presence of President Jackson, and instead of being treated with kindness and politeness, they were treated roughly, rudely, rather with haughty contempt—when this was known abroad, some dissatisfaction was created, and, it is said, that the Kitchen Cabinet equally fearful of President Jackson getting the truth from the deputations of the people, and of his irascible temper toward the deputies, advised him to refuse admittance to the deputations, but to tell them, if they wanted to confer with him, to do it by writing—thus aristocratically shutting out from his imperial presence the deputies of the people, saying, if they would come as private individuals they might come, by which he meant, if they will come to pay me honors, let them come—but if they pretend to come as my equals, deputies from the people, bearing petitions, or as remonstrants, keep them out. Now is this Democracy? Yet President Jackson has done this, and his followers support him in it, and they say, they are the true Democrats.

For Heavens sake! do these men mean to say that democracy is a mere name that means any or nothing? or that it is an imposture that designing men may clothe themselves in to flatter men and to suit their own purposes? Democracy is in the truth, the power of the people, and a representative Democracy (such as ours) is the power of the people acting through their constitutionally appointed tribunals—President Jackson says tho', that he will construe that Constitution and the powers of those tribunals as he thinks proper, and his power (the power of one man) shall rule this Representative Democracy, or the power of the People—Now is this Democracy—yet President Jackson does this, and his followers support him in it—and they say, they are the true democrats.

Will the people be gulled by such inconsistencies and pretences? let them look at things and not at names.

A Good Sign.—The Jackson men in Talbot have been so terribly galled with the collar, that they have got ashamed, and thrown off the name of Jackson men that they might support *Jacksonism* the better under the borrowed name of Democrats.

A "BY AUTHORITY, ROYAL DEMOCRATIC ADVERTISEMENT.

SIX CENTS A HEAD, REWARD:

Ran off, absconded, deserted from my name and service, on or about the 9th inst, all my JACKSONMEN on my rebellious farm TALBOT COUNTY in my rebellious plantation of Maryland, and took with them all their collars marked K. A 1st G. & B.—with which they will, no doubt, artfully try to procure some of the spoils, offices, contracts, and extra pay, which my creatures always expect when they wear my collar & do my will to elect my dearly beloved little MARTEN VAN, the veiled magician of Kinderhook. President after me, if ever I should determine to give it up.

The clothes worn and taken off by these deserters cant easily be described as they have always had various changes—The hope of apprehending them principally rests on their collars, which they cant well conceal, though they may pretend to try, for the collar has been the chief means of giving much of their importance to most of them.

Nor do I remember much of flesh marks or any peculiarities about them, except that one of them who has been more particularly hanging on upon my Kitchen Cabinet has been tugged and lugged so often by the ears, out of the greasy Kettles that he has become deaf and stupid; and some others of them may have their noses and faces a little slit and disfigured perhaps by the chopping knives & skewers from the hands of some of the scullions, who had often to drive them out of my Kitchen when they were a little too greedy in looking about for a little something among the pots and pans—But the most of them have a down look and sower tempers, though they pretend to much civility of manners—some have a good deal of cunning, but in general they are a pretty ignorant set—whoever undertakes to apprehend any of them must take care not to trust them, and although they have much of the true character of slaves in keeping each others secrets with considerable fidelity, there is a great deal of ill will among them, one to another—and they sometimes laugh at each other when they get among white men, and tell little tales.

These fellows have run off, as far as I know, without cause or provocation, for I have always treated them well, and indulged them a good deal, and they have appeared satisfied and submissive to my Kitchen Cabinet, under whose guidance and direction they are more particularly placed, as my head man Roger always informed me—Though soon after the time when *I* lost that great number on my plantations of Virginia and Louisiana, Roger did let me know that there was some little uneasiness showed among them—that they were rather sulky and restless, but *I* ordered Amos and Lewis to tuck 'em up for the first open refractoriness, and I have heard no more of it till now—I confess I had my doubts, when those Dogs on my plantations of Kentucky, Alabama, Indiana, Illinois, North Carolina, and Rhode Island ran off in such numbers immediately after those in Virginia and Louisiana had absconded, so as literally to break me up on all those plantations, that the d'v'l would get into more of them, and that they would follow the example—and if there is not a stop put this, I shall have no men left any where, and what am I to do? If this thing goes on from North Carolina to New York, I shall be broken up Root and Branch, nor will the very Hills of New Hampshire hide me.

By the Et'rn'l! it was a BASE and UNGRATEFUL thing in those fellows in Talbot to desert my service and abandon me just at this critical period of my political crop, when they knew how much I have indulged them and done for them—Did *I* not take away the Post office and Mail Contracts from the d-mn-d Whigs who had carried the mail for near thirty years as regular and true as a clock, and had kept the Post Office up with an exactness of accounts and a satisfaction to all, that would have made any man of more bowels of compassion than Duff Green and I, when he used to belong to me, sicken and sorrow? and did I not give them with collars to a fondling cur and his understrappers? Did *I* not give orders to let 'em have a full share of the Post Office Department money, 'till the Post Office Department has been made bankrupt, to "subsidize my press" in Easton and to pay 'em for as many extra papers as they chose to send out, over and above those that were subscribed for? & is not that the way that my press there is supported as well as others elsewhere? Did not little Martin Van and *I* order Blair and Amos to fabricate and cull out the choisest falsehoods that could be told for the *Globe* and to mark them for republication in my Press at Easton? and the only faithful thing they have done there is to republish them—Did I not order money to be given to my labourers on my farm Talbot to assist in hiring other labourers to help "to bring the patronage of Government in conflict with the freedom of elections?" and now forsooth, like my Runaways in Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Rhode Island, they too must abscond and quit me—and I am really apprehensive that those on my plantation Maine will be emboldened and do the same thing—VILE, UNGRATEFUL DOGS! By the E-rn-l! if ever I catch them, I'll sell every mothers son of them to the Georgia purchasers, and if I ever have to go there after the Nullifiers, I'll mark them as chosen targets to glut my vengeance on.

They who have eloped from my service on my other plantations have taken the name of my enemies the whigs, whilst the artful deserters in Talbot, adopting the usual course of runaways, have changed their names to Democrats or Democracy—a thing, they knew, *I* always hated and dispised, though I have been obliged, at times, from policy to play with that name to deceive the credulous when I wanted to do something extremely high handed —For my pure little Martin Van, the veiled magician of Kinderhook, and I always told those fellows, and all others who wear my collar, that if ever they get the "Swinish multitude," that is, *the whole hog men* pleased with a NAME, they might practise any tyranny, or usurpation, or violation of Law or Constitution, or peculation in any department of the Government, and it would all be submitted to and justified—For those nearest to our persons, and best paid by us, would give the word to the others, who would be obliged to take it up & go off with it, for if any one of them dared to halt or doubt, we had him blown up as a Traitor, or hunted down by all hands as a victim —So that between the name of Democracy, and the wages of sin, and the fear of being blown up, we have been able to keep men and things submissive and straight to our will until now—when some of our runaway traitors have let the d-mn-d Whigs into our secrets and they are now blowing us "sky high"—This may have scared my Talbot Collar men & made them run off and change their name, though *I* have some hope they will come back to little Martin Van, and get him to beg for pardon for them.

Now I blame Roger, poor fellow! a little for all this—for ever since the Senate took him away from my service and *set him free*, he has been riding about to dinners and making speeches savouring strong of Democracy, which he and *I* used to laugh at so heartily, with little Van and Amos, when we got together by ourselves after night at my house, as the nicest Gull Trap that ever was made to catch the unwary Gudgeons—But we never thought of practising any thing that is really like democracy—no—never an idea of the sort —we knew better how to gull and manage the people—for little Van and Roger used to say, that with my popularity, Amos' straight laced stories, and their slang about Democracy every now and then, we could break the Bank—make the Constitution any thing or nothing—plunder the Post Office Department, the Indian Department, the Land Office Department, and do any thing else we pleased—having our hired presses ready to publish what we wanted—and our Post Officers and Mail Contractors to suppress all contradictions and discoveries and to send ahead whatever we wanted first to make an impression on the public mind.

And yet these vile ungrateful Dogs in Talbot have left me and thrown off my name, though it is engraven on their collars—yet somehow, I think they wont go far, and as they have changed their name for Democrat and not for Whig, I think they will lurk about to see if I will let little Martin Van take my place—which, if *I* do, I am sure the whole pack will open for him in full cry, and he will have to manage them without my popularity —and a tough time he'll have of it.

But these Dogs have deserted me!—By the e-rn-l! I'll have them back, dead or alive—Whoever therefore will bring them back to me or secure them in any gaol so that I get them, shall receive six cents a head, glory money, reward, but no charges paid, for according to Amos and Roger, they are generally speaking about the most indifferent of any of my slaves.

If I had interfered, as I ought to have done, and prevented my Kitchen Cabinet from driving my good friend Major Jack Downing off, none of this would have happened to me—for when I got by myself, and get perfectly calm and cool, I think he was the honestest and best adviser I ever had.

But all Constables, Sheriffs, Marshalls and their deputies, are hereby ordered to take up my absconding Talbot Collar Men—By the E--rn-l! I'll sell 'em!!!

Given under my hand this month of wrangling and this year of Revolution, I say it.

KING ANDREW 1st,
GREATEST & BEST.

For the Easton Gazette.

Mr. Graham:—I see that Mr. Observer is going to examine Mr. Goldsborough's resolutions—hip! hip! a big word is as soon spoke as a little one. I wonder if this is the same Observer that knowed so much about making the Judge lately, that if he could have held more he would have known a little more.—It is a very amusing thing to see these small fry trying to be noticed—Well little fish, splash away all you can, for you hav'nt got long to live for the people are putting Andrew Jackson down as fast as they put him up. The people wont bear such doings as Andrew Jackson's folks are now carrying on—What—give and take bribes—give contracts to favorites to carry mails at a certain price, and then turn round and give them twice or thrice or four times as much, under pretence of running a little oftener—and accept presents of dozens of wine, and a quarter cask of wine, and get horses from these contractors, because one *good turn deserves another*. Why it is out of all reason. Whoever heard of such doings before? Well may the Post Office be bankrupt and the people always paying for letters and papers and the dear knows what—Why, instead of lowering the postage on letters & papers to the pepole, they keep it full up and instead of accounting to Congress for the money received, they divide it among themselves and the contractors to live away and electioneer to keep themselves in, so that they may continue to live away and squander the people's money; and then they tell the people they are the true and lawful democrats, and that's to pay the people for all the abuse and wasting of their money. That sort of Democracy wont do—the People have got sense enough to see through this mist.

AN OBSERVER TOO.

[From the Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer

The Jackson defeat, admitted.—The Statesman, a paper newly established in Washington, N. C., by Joseph B. Hinton, Esq., one of the most devoted of the Jackson Van Buren party, a man of intelligence, and formerly a member of the Legislature, admits that his party

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