SENATORIAL SKETCHES.

We have seen many sketches of Senators during the past winter, but they have either been surcharged with the bitterness of party, or so highly coloured with eulogy, that one could form but a faint idea of those whom they were intended to bring before the mind's eye, acting and speaking in the Senate Chamber. The following from the Baltimore Patriot, brief though they be, are by far the best we have yet seen.—*Middlesex Gaz. & Whig.*

Reader, go with me into the Senate Chamber, and I will point you out the different members. You see the Chamber is a splendid one. The little man there, opposite, who occupies the Chair in the centre of the strait side of the chamber, is Mr. VAN BUREN, the Vice President. He has a small body, a short neck, quite a round and very bald head, and what hair there does remain, protrudes wildly out over the ears, and bears a strong resemblance to an uncombed tow. He has a peculiar smirk in his features, and a sparkling devil in his pleasant blue eye, which tells much of the man's character in spite of the mock dignity which he assumes. There—he rises from his seat, calls for the ayes and noes, and declares the state of the votes. He has a thin, flat, and unmusical voice. See—he calls a Senator to the Chair, whilst he steps across the Chamber to salute some ladies. He walks remarkably erect, to make himself appear as tall as possible. *He* is a widower, quite a beaux among the ladies, and his costume is always in the extreme fashion and of the dandy style.

The Senators are now seated at three circular rows of mahogany desks, one rising a little above the other. Let us begin with those in the first or lower row, who are nearest the Vice President's chair. The middle sized gentleman who sits at the first desk, on the left of the chair, with an honest and intelligent face, a very little pitted regular features—an extensive mouth—a head profusely covered with dark brown hair, is Judge PORTER, of Louisiana. He appears to be about 45 years of age, is an *Hibernian* by birth, and possess a warm Irish heart. He is a pretty good, but very rapid speaker, and often exhibits much wit and humor. He is very much esteemed by all his brother senators.

The tall, slim, neat-looking gentleman of 50 or upwards, on Judge Porter's left with a smooth face and his light brown hair combed carefully back from the forehead, is Gov. BELL, of New Hampshire. He makes very few speeches, but what he does say is always to the point, and is attentively listened to. Gov. Bell is much esteemed for his correct judgement and business qualities. His Senatorial term expires within this session and his place is to be supplied by a very different man—Henry Hubbard of the other House.

At Gov. Bell's left, you see a stout, well made, well looking man, of about 37, he has a large head; the hair on which—like his whiskers—has turned grey, is coarse, and being cut quite short, stands up with a good deal of apparent resistance, but whether it has any affinity to its wearer's disposition is more than I can tell. The gentleman is JOHN M CLAYTON of Delaware, one of the most talented members of the Senate. *He* is said to possess a remarkable retentive memory and to be a great, a never tiring reader, not only of books of a statesman, a lawyer and a man of science, but of novels and other light literature. I should not be surprised to see a novel from his gifted pen before long. It would be a rich treat to the *literati* of our country, I don't wot. Still, I much rather he would let novels alone, and be the greater statesman I am sure he is.

Next, on the left of Judge Clayton, the rather thick set gentleman apparently about 55, with a pleasant, happy looking face, the cheek a very little flushed, and the hair upon his head quite gray and beginning to grow thin, is Gov. HENDRICKS, of Indiana.—He speaks but seldom,—is quite independent of parties, and is much esteemed by both sides of the House.

At the left of Gov. Hendricks, the petit, slim gentleman, with a dark complexion, a sour look, and black hair, is the college mate Gen. TIPTON. He loves himself and his own interest—possesses no great talent except for getting money, was opposed to Jackson at the commencement of the session, because of his veto of the Wagon Improvement Bill, in which he had a personal interest, but has since given in his adhesion to Van Buren. Andrew Jackson has since consented to measure which certainly will not injure Gen Tipton's interest.

On the General's left, that small home, old fashioned man of about 60, but possessing a head and physiognomy bearing the strongest marks of intellect and intelligence is Judge ROBINSON, of Rhode Island. He is almost always writing. He has recently, I am told, made the best translation of Homer's Demosthenes extant, but will not consent to its publication though fear that so old a work may not take well with the public at the present day. Judge Robinson is a very peaceful member of the Senate,—he seldom makes a speech; but he has delivered some most eloquent speeches on the Senate floor.

Next, on the left of Judge R., and across the centre aisle, is a tall, spare man, with his head thinly covered with brown hair—His complexion might be pronounced sun-burnt. He has an expressive mouth a long nose, curving slightly up at the extremity, and a dark-gray penetrating eye. The gentleman is Gov POINDEXTER, of Mississippi.—He has a long head. He often addresses the Senate, has rather a soft voice is always attentively listened to, and never fails to present a quick and clear distinction. The Governor's term of service expires with this session. It is doubtful wether he will be returned, as the office holders are wonderfully multiplied in Mississippi of late. However, the Governor will stand them a good battle. He is very popular among the Whigs of his State, and stand a pretty good chance for a re-election.—His return to Congress, would, I fear, be the death of the President. The old gentleman would die of adulterated rage.

The gentleman with gray hair, and a small queue fastened upon the back part of the head—with sharp features, a very bright eye and a very large Roman nose—I mean him who sits at the left of Governor Poindexter, is NATHANIEL SILSBEE one of the Massachusetts Senators. He is a valuable member for his great commercial knowledge. Mr. Silsbee is not much of a speaker, but a most useful committee-man. His term in the Senate expires with this session. He declined a re-election, and his place has been supplied by the election of Gov. John Davis.

To the left of Mr. Silsbee sits a young Senator apparently about 37, with good features a light complexion, light blue eyes and light brown hair, standing straight up from the forehead. There—he rises from his seat and addresses the senate! what a pity he has opened his mouth! It spoils the man.—He drawls out his words through his nose most horribly. Heavens! what *brass kettle* works he makes of it! The Senator is ETHER SHEPLEY, of Maine. In said to be one of the first Lawyers in his State. In Congress he has two things to recommend him—his *relay*, and his boast of having been the "*class mate of Amos Kendall.*"

The grey headed man next on the left to Mr. Shepley, with a slender frame and a venerable, patriarchal look, small, regular features a calm modest blue eye with a little spot of pale read in the centre of the cheek denoting a double hesitating or troubled mind is HUGH L. WHITE, of Tennessee and the Southern candidate for the Presidency. *His* hair though fully grey is yet quite thick upon his head, as much so perhaps as Gen. Jackson's though it does not to be sure bristle up quite so obstinately. This superabundance of hair may be considered as a strong indication of the success of White over Van Buren whose head is so very bald. Sampson's strength laid in his hair—so undoubtedly does *Gen. Jackson's*—and so, of course, must *Judge White's*. And here let me philosophize a moment. Although the President at the *bottom*, is very *Van Burenish* yet at the top he is extensively *White*-ish. His mind is dark but his hair is *White*—Ergo, they are at issue! The President's strength lies in his *hair*—Ergo, *Judge White* must succeed. The Judge has a soft pleasant voice and a flow of ideas and words and is a very agreeable and animated speaker. *His* Senatorial term expires with this session. He can if he chooses be returned as he is decidedly the most popular man in Tennessee, Andrew Jackson himself not excepted.

At Judge White's left sits Judge BIBB of Kentucky. He is apparent about 55 years of age is rather thick set, nearly six feet in height has a strongly marked countenance, a rather dark complexion, bright dark grey eyes, a low forehead and a head thickly covered with dark hair considerably interspersed with grey. Judge Bibb is a strong man—a nullifier, and a firm friend to Mr. Calhoun. He is not a frequent or eloquent speaker, but a shrewd reasoner. *His* term in the Senate ends with this session, and John J. Crittenden, said to be second to no man in Kentucky for talent and popularity except *Henry Clay*, has been elected in his seat.

The gentleman, and the only one remaining in the first row not described, (who is about the same size and age of Judge Bibb,) him with a remarkable fine, fair countenance for a man of his years, and whose head is covered with fine white hair which has almost a golden cast in the sun, is Gov. KENT, of Maryland. *He* is a very amiable, a very worthy & a very sound Senator. I happened to be in the Senate Chamber on the 20th of February, when he delivered a speech on the *Veto* power of the President. It was agreed on all hands to be an able effort, exhibiting great research, as well as sound constitutional views, that will stand the test of human scrutiny, of talents, and of time."

There—I have described the gentlemen in the first row." A description of the others, I will soon forward you.

DOWNING CORRESPONENCE.

From the Downing Gazette.

WASHINGTON CITY, }
EAST ROOM, May 23 1835. }

To Major JACK DOWNING, editor of the Downing Gazette, Portland, away down east in the State of Maine.

Dear Cousin Jack,—We got through our Baltimore Convention last night, and glad enough was I, for we had more bother about it than a little. I should have writ you last week, if the General hadn't been in such a fever, and kept me running after the delegates all the time as they come along from Virginny and other places, to see if they were right, so I couldn't get a minute to write. The General told me I must go and stick by the Convention till they got through, and if any thing was likely to happen to break up Mr. Van Buren's nomination I must send an express on to him and he would come and clear em all out and pack em off home if they wouldn't go straight.

Well, says I, General, you know there's two sets of democratic delegates from Pennsylvany, the Wolfites and the Muhies, what shall we do with them which set shall we let vote? Says the General, says he, that's bothered me a good deal ever since I see two sets appointed to come from Pennsylvania, and I dont know how we are going to get over it. You had better step over and ask Mr. Van Buren what is best to be done. So I went and asked Mr. Van Buren about it. He scratched his head and studied upon it a few minutes, and at last says he, Sargent Joel, you must tell the Convention to let the Wolfites and the Muhies both vote, for we must save Pennsylvany at all events, and so we must take care not to affront any of em.

Well, after we got matters all cut and dried, and the day for the Convention came along, I started off to Baltimore. We got Mr. Stevenson in for President of the Convention, and things looked as if they were going along pretty smooth, till the Pennsylvany trouble came up, and then there begun to be a harrycane and I was afraid we was agoing to have a rough time of it. But after I told em how Mr. Van Buren thought it was best to work it, it smoothed away pretty considerably calm, and they finally voted to let the Wolfies and Muhies all come in and take a part with the rest of us.

When they come to vote for President I felt a little streaked for fear how it would come out; for when I came to look round and see how many strange faces there was there, to ks that never see or heard of each other before, I couldn't help feeling afraid that there might be good many of em that wouldn't vote for the true democratic republican candidate. I was afraid there might be so many of em after Judge White, or Webster, or Clay, or Calhoun, or some chap or other, that Mr. Van Buren might have a tough match to get the vote. And when they went round and took the votes and got all ready to read em off, my heart was all tiptoe right up in my mouth. And when they read it off 'whole number of votes for the President 265, and Martin Van Buren has every one of em,' if I didn't jump up like a catamount and clap my hands and stamp like wildfire, I'm mistaken. I could'nt help hollering right out, if this is'nt a genuine full blooded democratic republican convention, there never was one in all creation. The democratic candidate got every single vote. I haint seen the General so tickled about any thing never since I've been to Washington.

When they came to vote for Vice President they did'nt get along so smooth. There was a good deal of scrabbling about it. The Virginny folks wanted to have Mr Rives, and declared they wouldn't have any body else. But the Sunday mail fellers were round as furce as lions for Col. Johnson. And when they come to vote, Col Johnson got it. The Virginny chaps were awful mad about it, and declare they never will vote for Dick Johnson if it breaks up the whole republican party. I dont know how it will come out, but I rather guess they will have to swallow it yet. I had made my minde long ago not to stan for Vice President if I wasn't nominated long with Mr Van Buren, so now I decline being a candidate. I havn't time to tell you any more to day, but will soon. Your loving cousin

SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

The fate of Mrs. Alston, the accomplished lady of Governor Alston of South Carolina and daughter of Aaron Burr, has been shrouded in mystery for more than twenty years. Occasionally, indeed some gleams of light have been thrown around her melancholy end and the belief is that she fell a victim to piratical atrocity. Some three years ago it was currently reported that a man residing in one of the interior counties of this state made some disclosures on his death bed which went to confirm the confessions previously made by a culprit on the gallows that the vessel in which Mrs Alston sailed was scuttled for the sake of her plate and effects. The following article which we copy from the Alabama Journal, goes to throw some additional light on the subject. The facts mentioned in it are new to us and will be, probably, to most of our reader.—Mobile Patriot.

CONFESSION OF A PIRATE.—The public no doubt remembers the story of the daughter of Aaron Burr, who was the wife of Gov. Alston, of S. Carolina.—On the return of her father from Europe about the year 1812, she embarked for Charleston on a visit to him at New York on board a privateer built vessel and was never heard of afterwards. It seems that her friends at first, thought the vessel had fallen into the hands of pirates and afterwards concluded that it was wrecked and lost. It appears from the statement of a respectable merchant of Mobile that a man died in that city recently, who confessed to his physician on his dying bed, that he had been a pirate and helped to destroy the vessel and all the crew and passengers, in which Mrs. Alston had embarked for New York.—He declared says this gentleman that after the men were all killed there was an unwillingness on the part of every pirate to take the life of Mrs Alston, who had not resisted them or fought them, and therefore they drew lots who should perform the deed as it had to be done. The lot fell on this pirate, who declares that he effected his object of putting the lady to death by laying a plank along the edge of the ship half on it and half off over the edge, and made Mrs. Alston walk on that plank till it tilted over into the water with her. The dying pirate requested his physician to make his story public but his surviving family will not permit or consent that the name of the deceased should be known.

The above tale was repeated over and over by the merchant before mentioned in the presence of a number of gentleman whose names can be given. He said he received it from the physician himself with no other injunction to secrecy than that he should not disclose the name of the physician for the present. On being asked if the physician was a man of veracity and respectability, he replied there was no one more so in Maine.—The merchant was warned that his story would get into the newspapers, to which he made no objection.

THE STOLEN OX.

Rogues are not always content in defrauding honest men; they sometimes like to play a trick upon each other. This has one good effect, it tacitly impresses upon them the evil of their own misdeeds when others are the victims. An instance of this kind was related to me not long since, and it will show that there is not always "honor among thieves"

A certain farmer, in a remote neighbourhood, made something of a business of stealing cattle, sheep, &c. slaughtering them and carrying their carcases to market to sell. In this business, an adroit neighbor of his, used frequently to be employed to assist. At one time, business being rather dull, this neighbor concluded he would play a trick upon his employer. This farmer had a likely yoke of oxen, one of which was black, with a large white star in the forehead. He had become quite fat, and this neighbor thought he would be excellent beef. One dark night, he caught this ox, put a rope round his horns, blacked his face to disguise him, so that his owner might not know him, and led him along to his house. He knocked on his window, and whispered to him, that he had got an ox for him. The butcher immediately arose, and they both went to work and slaughtered the ox.—The neighbor told him, as the ox was not brought a great distance, it might be dangerous to sell the hide, as the owner might happen to see it, and they be detected. The butcher was much pleased with the beef, complimented his neighbor as being a good judge of fat cattle, and gave him a quarter to carry home with him.

A few days after this the butcher, having occasion to use his oxen, looked his pasture all over, but could find only one of them. *His black star*, as he used to call him, was missing, and after diligent search and enquiry, he could gain no tidings of him. He concluded the ox had been stolen of course, but he thought the thief must have managed remarkably well to get away with the ox, and so completely secrete him, as to leave no clue to such an old practitioner in the business as himself.

Meeting his neighbor one day, he told him, that the thief who stole the ox, was fully as adroit as themselves, and unless detected, he might prove such a successful competitor, as seriously to injure their business.—The neighbor, rather archly told him, if he would go and haul up the hide of the black ox they killed, the water might have washed the face of it enough to afford some clue to the thief. This he did, and sure enough, the hide of his well known *black star* made its appearance. He did not like the trick quite as well as some others which his neighbour had performed; but as he was without remedy, he grinned and bore it as well as he could.

From the Maryland Republican

A party of pleasure, including the family of Colonel Walbach, Commandant of Fort Severn, embarked on Monday last, and after spending a delightful day upon the water, rambling over the beautiful green banks of the Severn, and partaking of a repast upon the shores of the Round Bay, the schooner was returning with the party in the evening, when a sudden flaw of wind struck her—the main boom jibed and carried one of the young ladies overboard. Quick as thought, Lieut J. J. B. Walbach, of the United States Navy, plunged into the river to save her. The spring by which he designed to throw himself as near as possible to her, owing to a sudden careen of the vessel, was the means of plunging him a great depth. When he rose, the object of his anxiety was no longer to be seen. Nearing the spot however, she was discerned sinking below the waves. On being brought up, she very naturally clung to the only object within reach for safety, but unfortunately in such a manner as to deprive him of the power of motion necessary to keep above water. In a short time, both sank together. Rallying his strength, with an effort, he rose again with his fair charge, and not only sustained her long enough for her to breathe afresh, but, with the utmost presence of mind, made dispositions to keep afloat, but entangled with clothes and disabled from motion, his buoyance soon of course, became exhausted, and both again disappeared.

It occurred to Lieut. W. as he sank to endeavor to reach the bottom, in order to obtain an impetus for reascending but the depth was found too great, there being twenty four feet water. It was probably with the last remains of strength that another exertion enabled him once more to regain the surface with his fair companion. But they soon sank again. His brother, Lieut. Augustus B. Walbach, of the United States navy, who had been at the head of the boat when the accident occured, on perceiving those overboard sprang into the river, and reached the parties at this critical moment. In the act of bringing them up to the surface, the young lady insensibly placed her hand upon *his* head, so as effectually to keep him under water—In this position, however, he retained his presence of mind, and by swimming under water, with his brother's hand upon his shoulder, contrived to sustain both for a considerable, and to them all, a most eventful space. All three, however became exhausted, and had sunk a full arm's length, when the Captain of the schooner, having succeeded in rounding his boat to, and launching a small crazy punt from her deck, arrived just in time to reach one of the party, and thereby bringing them all up to the surface. The last breath of returning life in the young Naval Officer was to suggest a direction to the raw hands thus left to manage the schooner, and which was now at a considerable distance to haul that job to windward and put down the helm." One of the officers laying hold of the little boat on one side, and the other on the other, they contrived to steady it so that the Captain could draw the lady on board without capsizing it—and in that posture they were paddled to the schooner, and received on board.

It was no other than "the kind little Cherub which sits smiling aloft" that turned the agonizing scene of dispense which had lasted for nearly half an hour, and in which the father, mother, and sisters of the family, all participated, to one of mutual and most heart felt gratulations, in which, as we write the account we most cordially associate.

"Capt. Charles M'Downing of the schooner Camet. He behaved admirably throughout—A Sailor, every inch of him.

NEW REMEDY AGAINST CANCER.—*The Lancet* has a notice of a new remedy against cancer. It consists in the justice of a tree which the Indians employ to envenom their arrows; and it is also extensively employed by the hordes which inhabit the banks of the Oronoko as an anticarcinomatous remedy. Numerous experiments have proved that arsenic is neutralized by the secretion of a cancerous ulcer, while it preserves its poisonous properties when placed in contact with any other sore. The same phenomenon is observed with respect to the mancinella: its poisonous effects are in like manner neutralized by the secretion of cancerous ulcers. The Indians, who employ this substance in the treatment of cancer, surround the wound with a nasty material, and then apply to the centre of the sore a few drops of the juice of the mancinella; and eschar soon forms, and coming away in about forty-eight hours, leaves a clean wound which rapidly heals. M Germon, of Marseilles, has witnessed a great number of cures affected by the application of this remedy, which he recommends to the attention of physicians.

ANOTHER CARICATURE.

We 'catch the manners living as they rise' about as quickly as any nation, particularly if two shillings is to be gained. The Wall street preambulaters were tickled this morning with a new caricature. General Jackson is represented standing perfectly stiff and erect holding in one hand a bag of money labelled 25,000,000, and in the other a tolerably thick shillalah with the label, 'It's well that you paid it, or by the External——' Opposite him stands Louis Phillippe, replying thus, 'Not another word, my dear General, your apology is all sufficient. It is a little piece of pleasantry tolerably well done, and about as near to the apology as the old Chief will give under his present feelings.—*N. Y. Star.*

BALLOON.

Mr. MILLS the successful æronaut, has recently made an ascension from Lancaster (Pa.) In his account of the voyage, we find the following interesting paragraphs:—

About 12 miles from Lancaster, I had almost reached the clouds, and could see the long line of the Susquehanna, and the towns of Columbia and Marrietta. The extensive view from my then position, was made more magnificient by the number and variety of the sun—bright spots which stood out in peculiar contrast with the general shadowing. At 18 minutes past 4, the balloon entered a mass of clouds, and a darkness equal to decided twilight immediately followed—the mist was not apparently humid but so dense as almost to conceal from my view the balloon itself. Here and there vacuities in the cloudy strata displayed the appearance of immense caverns, with firm walls & ceilings. This part of my voyage was really romantic and novel, and occupied the long period of 13 minutes; so that the stratum of mist must have been very thick, perhaps not less than half a mile.

A sudden burst of sun shine, the curling up of the white surface through which I burst, and the vast mountains of white vapor standing still at a distance, gave a stirring impulse to the lately darkened voyager. Such a change requires to be seen, to be at all appreciated.

I had scarcely time to note the singular scenery, when at a distance scarcely more than 20 yards above the convoluted surface the balloon became violently agitated, swung to & fro, rotated rapidly, & immediately took a direction opposite to the old one. The suddenness & violence of the motion shewed that there were opposite currents of air in actual contact, and that a strong electrical exitation was thus produced, which a subsequent phenomenon clearly demonstrated. Having risen considerably above the clouds, at seventeen minutes before five I let out gas and commenced my descent; but finding myself falling too rapidly, I discharged some dry sand to lighten the balloon.—Just as I entered the clouds again, about 3 or 4 minutes after that, I was surprised to find the liberated sand falling on my head, and on every thing in my car. This I have since ascribed to the attraction and subsequently repulsion, of the sand by a highly electrified balloon just as happens to light bodies near an excited prime conductor of an electrical machine, as I have before passed through clouds without observing such an event. I am disposed to believe, that the friction of the two great opposite currents of air on each other excited the balloon. There was nothing remarkable in the descent. I reached earth in safety, landed 16 miles from Lancaster, on the farm of Messrs Hopkins & Brooks, near the Conowingo Furnace, where I then let out the gas, folded my balloon; and was brought by Mr. Brooks, to Lancaster which place I reached at 10 o'clock P. M.

Just before ascending, some ladies presented Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, &c. to be carried up to the clouds. They were restored after the voyage to their fair owners, who, no doubt think them of *high value* on account of the danger they encountered.

JAMES MILLS.

LIBERIA.—We have seen and talked with Beverly Wilson, a very respectable free man of colour, who has just returned from Liberia, and brings the advices from our colony there. He went out from this place about 18 months ago, in the ship Jupiter for the express purpose of seeing the actual state and condition of the settlement with his own eyes, and after staying there upwards of 14 months, and satisfying himself upon the subject of his inquiry, has come back only to take his family out. His statement therefore, is worthy of all credit; and we are happy to find that he fully confirms the accounts which we had previously received of the prosperity and steady progress of the colony in all its civil an moral interests.

He states more particularly, that he found the town of Monrovia quite a thriving & flourishing place containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants, with five houses of worship! one Presbyterian, two Baptist, & two Methodist, carrying on a prosperous little trade with the natives, & with foreign vessels, of which there are always seven or eight, chiefly French and English, and some of our own country, in the port. The houses are generally plain but decently built, and some of the new ones are even hand-some. It is in fact, he says, a prettier place to look at than our Smithfield (which we know is one of the prettiest villages we have,) especially as it has the advantage of a fine bay before it, with ships in the harbor.

The people, with a few exceptions are sober, industrious, and well behaved. They are generally merchants and mechanics, and appear to be doing well; some of them have made a clever little property, and have very comfortable establishments.—They are, also on the best terms with the natives, who come freely into the settlement for the trade and other purposes and have no apprehension of any further hostilities with them. He saw several of the petty kings of the neighboring tribes, who came to Monrovia while he was there, attended by their servants, and called on the Colonial Agent, who received them of course, with due attention, and gave them the customary presents, with which they were much pleased.—A number of the natives, both men and boys, (but no women) are employed by the colonists as servants or helps, in their families, work for wages by the moon or month, which they are always careful to demand at the day, and are very sure to get.

The children, (including some of the native ones) are taught in good schools and seem to learn their books with great eagerness. There is also a Sunday School which has a good many scholars and is well supported.

The climate, he says, is *delightful*—There is no winter, but the rainy season, which is, in fact, the most pleasant time. It does not rain constantly, but only a few hours in the day, with intervals of as many, and sometimes whole days, and several days at the time, and the weather is very rarely such as to interrupt either business or pleasure. The whole year is much more agreeable for people of color than ours.

The soil about Monrovia is not fertile, but there is good and rich land about Caldwell, and some other settlements where the colonists who cultivate the ground, easily raise cassada, potatoes, and other vegetables, and are beginning to raise rice, which, however, the natives can furnish, as yet, on better terms.—The natural fruits of the country, such as oranges, plantations and bananas, especially the last, are much finer than those of the West Indies.

After this we are not suprised to hear, that the colonists, with very few exceptions, (and those easily accounted for,) are not only satisfied, but highly pleased with the state of things about them, and full of courage and hope for the future & we are truly glad to learn that they remember and often talk of their friends and benefactors in this country with the gratitude which becomes them, and which certainly entitles them to our best wishes for their continued prosperity and success.—*Norfolk Herald.*

From the Richmond Enquirer.

HAIL STORM.—We have accounts of a Hail Storm, on Monday last, which continued from 5 o'clock in the evening, to 11 at night; from Fluvanna to Charles City. It came on early in the evening, in Goochland; and its effects in the neighborhood of Dover, on both sides of the river, were most distressing. The hail varied from the size of a hen's egg, to the smallest bird's egg. Some of the stones measured 11 or 12 inches in circumference. On some farms, it has done great injury to the wheat, (already a very short crop,) corn, clover, &c. The damage on one farm is estimated at 5 or 6,000 dollars. We have heard of one farm in Charles City, where the wheat has suffered from the hail which fell in the night.

Extract of a Letter from Powell's Tavern dated

June 3, 1835.

"I rode up yesterday to witness the terrible devastation produced on Mr. Sampson's farm, by the Hail Storm on Monday night. It was distressing to witness it. The finest crops, of wheat, corn, oats, and clover, perhaps on James River, totally destroyed. The greatest power of the storm fell on his grounds, and such was its force, that, I assure you, in riding through his wheat field of 60 acres in Sabot Island, I counted from one end to the other 12 heads of wheat standing. It was not beaten down but literally mowed,—leaving strong and smooth stubble, and more neatly harvested than I have ever seen a field. Mr. Sampson calculated on a yield of twenty five or thirty bushels to the acre. If there are thirty heads standing on the whole sixty acres, it is as much. Mr. Scott, of Mamakin Town, who was with us in our ride, stated his and the crop of Mr. Beverly Randolph, to be nearly in the same condition. We, thank Heaven! escaped, but I dread to hear from the tobacco country west of us."

☞ We have not learned the extent of the storm, but we are informed by a Stage passenger, that six miles above Wilmingtown, the Hail Stones measured *nine inches* in circumference. Pigs of good size—and many turkies were destroyed—and, indeed, almost every thing that came in its range.

A SAD PICTURE.—Francis C. Gray in his speech at Faneuil Hall on Thursday evening, remarked that "the *Executive* makes the *Office holders*, and the *Office Holders* in their turn make the *Executive*; and so on to the end of the chapter." What a fearful picture does this present of the aspect of our national affairs! And the picture is a true one. We are indebted for the introduction of this system, to Andrew Jackson, and Martin Van Buren. We owe these men a debt of gratitude, and sooner or later we hope it will be paid. The Prætorian Guards made the Emperor, and the Emperor made the Prætorian Guards. The Janizaries made the Sultan, and the Sultan made the Janizaries. But the political power of the Prætorian Guards and the Janizaries, were finally wrested from them; and we hope that the PEOPLE will awake to their danger, and hasten ere it is two late, to rescue the constitution, from the contaminating grasp of the OFFICE HOLDERS.

Boston Journal.

STRANGERS.—By a reference to the "Strangers' List," kept at Hudson's News Room, we learn, says the New York Transcript that ten thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine persons arrived at the different hotels in this city during the present month; and at the same place we ascertain that the amount of auction sales of real estate for the three last days of last week was half a million of dollars.

From the N. Y. Papers of Thursday.

THE PROVISION MARKET.—From the extravagant prices maintained in our markets by every thing that is fit to eat, one would suppose that a famine is approaching—a supposition which receives no countenance either from climate, or soil, or from the budding promise of the season. The butchers assure us that within the last week, they have been obliged to pay cash for bullocks as they stand, horns, hoofs, hair and offal, at nine cents per pound. Other meats are in proportion, and mutton has been much dearer.

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