brave boy! cried the mother, seizing the lad Andrew in her arms, and unheeding any thing else in the present pertubation of her feelings. 'I feared ill would become of it: but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did.'—

'A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be,'—replied Horse Shoe. 'But he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them, if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mother's milk Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight with them—that's all! He's a firstrate chap, mistress Ramsay; take my word for it.'

From the New York Transcript.

BURNING OF THE SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Capt. Clark, of the Sir Walter Scott, arrived in this city on Saturday last, and proceeded yesterday morning to Boston.—From his own lips we have received a full account of the burning of this gallant ship an accident of a more extraordinary kind than has happened in the American seas for a long time past.

The Sir Walter Scott sailed from New Orleans on the 21st May, with a cargo of 1794 bales of cotton, 18 seamen, and 3 passengers, one of them a lady, Mrs. Hamilton, far gone into that interesting situation in which ladies are who love their lords. The ship was owned in Boston, was only two years old, and was valued at $25,000. Her destination was Liverpool.

In coming down the Gulf Stream, this vessel encountered a heavy gale from the south west. The seas were running mountains high. On the morning of the 21st June, about eight o'clock; in latitude 31d 24m, long, 75d 43m, when under double reefed topsails, and bearing upon the wind, opposite, or nearly so, Charleston, South Carolina, a heavy peal of thunder broke over the gallant ship—It seemed as if the heavens had been rent asunder. The captain & his three passengers were in their cabins. The lady started up in a fright, and the Captain jumped on deck in so much haste as to be without his shoes. The electric fluid had struck the foremast, ran into the forecastle where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing into pieces, sent the men sprawling in all directions, and completely raked the vessel fore and aft between deck and in the hold.—The suddenness and force of the terrible blow made the vessel hang in suspense for a moment on the top of the billow. Every person was astonished, but no one yet knew the extent of the injury.

In a few minutes, the cry of 'fire!' 'fire!' 'fire!' was raised, and the terror of that cry may be imagined—far at sea, surrounded with storms, and at the mercy of the enraged element. The seamen were almost struck senseless by the electric shock. This cry awakened them to a new sense of danger. The passengers almost lost their senses, and the lady, Mrs. H., was the only one whose courage rose up to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. 'The long boat,' 'the long boat,' was shouted. It was now six or eight minutes since the lightning had struck, and every part of the cargo, fore and aft, was already on fire. The long boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment. The Captain now ran below, seized a cutlass and a pistol, came on deck, nerved himself to the occasion—'men,' said he, 'you never yet deserted me in danger—rouse yourselves now: I'll shoot the first man that does not at once do his duty Clear out the long boat—down with the gig, stir, stir, or in ten minutes we shall see eternity.' The lady jumped also on deck, with hair in disorder, stood by the Captain and appeared to be a very spirit of heaven animating the frailer mortals to their task.

The thunder-struck men, headed by the mate, hurried as well as they could, cleared out the long boat, launched the gig, and then swung down the boat in the boiling ocean below. 'Put the lady in the long boat,' shouted the Captain. The ship was at this moment rolling tremendously—the flames bursting forth in all directions—her masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. 'Thank God,' said the Captain. Two disabled seamen were placed near her—six others put into the gig. The Captain and his mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship

All were now in the boats. 'Cut adrift—cast off,' shouted the Captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship and pushed out of her wake. 'All is lost,' said the Captain, 'but our lives are yet left us; we have another chance to live out the gale.' The moment the long boat and the gig left the burning vessel, her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth in greater magnificence than ever, the thunder rolled, the lightning still flashed, the sea was roaring aloud, and the two small boats floated over the billows before the wind and entirely at its mercy.

At last, in about fifty minutes from the first stake, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the whole gallant fabric of the Sir Walter Scott sunk down into the water, and was seen no more. 'It's all over with the gallant Sir Walter,' said the lady.

The Captain, crew, & passengers now sailed for the coast. They had little provisions, every thing had been lost, and their prospect was gloomy enough. The two boats kept each other's company all that day and the succeeding night. It was still blowing hard. At the peep of dawn the next day, the Captain espied a sail to the leeward. It was immediately determined to send the gig to the vessel in sight, and endeavor to get aboard, if possible. Accordingly a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail spread before the wind. 'Mate,' said the Captain, 'you must go alone to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can.' 'Aye, aye, Sir,' said the mate.

A way started the gig on the swelling billows before the gale, with the mate at their helm. "What a cheering sight it was," said the Captain; "she streaked it, Sir, over the billows like a forked lightning itself down the masts of the Sir Walter, now under now above the waves."

In a short time, the gig reached her destination. The vessel proved to be the Saladin, Humphries. She backed her yards. In another brief space, the long boat appeared; all were taken on board, not forgetting the lady, who in great danger had cheered and animated the men at their task.

Captain Clarke, his crew, and passengers were landed at Norfolk. The Captain himself had lost every thing on board He had $15,000 in English coin, but it went all to the bottom. When the people of Norfolk knew their situation, offers were made to raise a subscription, but he refused any aid of that kind. He sold his two boats and with some private aid, paid all his own expenses, and those of his men, and when he reached New York had just ten dollars in his pocket this he presented to Mrs. Hamilton, who arrived in this city.

Captain Clarke, throughout the whole of these horrible scenes, exhibited the highest gallantry and presence of mind. Such a man can provide against all ordinary accidents, but when the lightning of *Heaven* itself strikes a ship to the bottom, we must all submit in silence.

DEBUT OF AN ACTRESS.

After the rising sun had been duly appreciated in verse, and the blue hills in the distance mentioned in prose, the gentleman from London appeared; and having bowed two or there times in grateful acknowledgment of the welcome he received at the hands of the Worthing public, clasped his own hands, and enquired, in the key of G, where his love, his shepherdess, could possibly be. His voice was a very sweet and full tenor; and when he concluded with a prolonged shake on the word 'part,' in the third repetition of the expressive line,

'To die were better than to part from thee,'

the applause and cries of *encore* were so vehement, that it was doubtful whether the audience would ever be further informed as to the present occupation of the fair object of his attachment. Three times did he enquire where his shepherdess was each time with the same clasping of hands, and the same shake on the word 'part,' during which he stretched his arms towards the gallery, and then desparingly dropped the left, while, leaning the right against a tree, he tranquilly awaited the appearance of the person whose coming was supposed to be a pleasing surprise. * * She came, bounding on the stage, her light figure set off to the utmost advantage by the correctest of peasant's dresses, and her rich golden hair plaited with blue ribband down to her waist. Her smile we have already noticed; and sweeter even than her smile was the sound of her laugh; it was like the langh of a child—so full of merriment and music that you involuntarily paused as you heard it, and envied the lightness of heart that could produce it. The young couple then advanced, and prepared to sing a duet. A spirited and lively accompainment was played, and the eyes of the attentive audience were fixed on the imaginary peasant girl, when she was observed to pause; to falter; and remain silent. In vain did her Swiss lover speak in an anxious and under tone, in vain the prompter prompted; in vain the musicians repeated the symphony, that she might have time to gain courage. The smile faded from her lovely face; she gave a wild, melancholy stare around the house; and finally, as the mingled storm of encouragement and disapprobation rose from the excited audience, she burst into tears and was led off the stage. The curtain was lowered for a moment, & being raised again, a comic song (originally intended to have been introduced between the first & second piece) was performed, & listened to with tolerable patience. But when the curtain was again dropped, and one of the gentlemen in the Swiss costume came forward to state th t Miss Fitzharris was too indisposed to re appear, but that Miss Long (the regular prima donna of the company) had kindly undertaken to supply her place, the indignation of the audience knew no bounds. Yells, hooting, whistling, groans, and exclamations resounded through the house; and when the manager, a pale, fine-looking man, in the dress of a brig and chief, appeared, he was assailed with hisses and continued yells, while orange peel and other things were thrown on the stage with a rapidity and violence which compelled him to retreat. * * * A fresh burst of riot (in which, however, applause predominated) was at length hushed, that the manager might be heard He spoke under considerable agitation and embarrassment, looked far paler and more alarmed than a bandit chief ought to do, and now and then he paused and cleared his throat, as if affected by the substance of what he had to communicate. At length he wound up a somewhat long and submissive apology with the following remarkable sentences: 'Sirs, while the poor player is fretting his hour on the stage, does it never enter your minds to think of his private feelings? Does it never strike you that, perhaps, whilst ministering to your amusement, his heart may be grieved, or his body racked with pain? that, while you are laughing at a joke he has echoed a hundred times, he may be tired or sad; fearing arrest, or anxious about a dying friend: he may (& there are well-known instances of this) be standing before you, painted and tinselled for the mockery of the night, and know at that very time that certain death is near at hand, stealing upon him by degrees, and to end at last in agony? Yes, sirs, this is often the player's fate; and in spite of all this he must act. The public who applaud his talents have small compassion for his infirmities; they wait patiently till he has struggled from his sick-bed, or been liberated from a prison; he must appear; sick, sad, and anxious though he be; or he must forfeit his engagement, and with it his means of subsistance. Sirs, the appearance of the accomplished actress who this night attempted the part of Phœbe, has been delayed a week, by a grievous affliction. She nerved herself for her task, she believed herself sufficiently strong to succeed; she has failed, and your disapprobation is excited. But, when I inform you that the poor young creature you have hissed off the stage, buried her child a beautiful infant of nearly two years old last Saturday; that she is a friendless stranger, without any ties but that she has lost; when I tell you that the peasant girl, whose merry laugh you applauded, has wept unceasingly for the last eight days; surely every heart will pity her distress, and feel that their disappointment is light in comparison.' The Wife, and Woman's Reward.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE. The death of Midshipman *William Magruder*, son of the Associate Judge of this district, which is announced in another column, was attended with circumstances of the most painful character. A number of young gentlemen had assembled on board the Revenue Cutter *Campbell*, Capt. Jones, which lay at anchor off the Point, on the afternoon of Saturday. Towards the close of the evening several of them went in swimming, and afterwards retired to the cabin. Mr. Magruder laid himself down in a berth to rest, having been exhausted by over exertion in swimming; whilst lying there one of the young gentlemen present took up a large duck gun, with a percussion lock, that stood in the corner, and throwing it round in playful mood, the cap exploded, and the contents of the gun were discharged into the head of Mr. Magruder, tearing the skull off and killing him instantaneously.

We forebear making any remark on this truly melancholy accident; but having conversed with James B Stansbury, Esq. the coroner, who held the inquest over the body, we deem it proper to state that not the slightest blame is to be attached to any one present, and that the gun was believed by them all not to be loaded.

This unfortunate occurence has plunged the young gentleman, who was the involuntary cause of it, into the most profound grief, which requires the assiduous exertions of his relatives and friends to assuage. Between him and the deceased the greatest intimacy and friendship subsisted.

The deceased was buried on Sunday with military honors, followed to the grave by his agonized relatives and friends, naval officers and a large assemblage of citizens.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

A Trotting Race for a Silver Cup, given by the proprietor, two mile heats, took place at the Kendall Course on on Thursday, 2nd inst. The day was uncommonly fine, and the track in excellent order. At one o'clock the nags were summoned to the post, when the following of those entered, made their appearance:

Mr. Sherlock's b. h. *Francis Duffy.*
J McClintock's gr. h. *Rocket.*
Mr. Grant's ch. h *Ben Davis.*

Mr. Goddard's colt proving lame, did not make his appearance—in consequence of which, the subscribers unanimously agreed to admit Mr. Ridgway's ch. m. Fanny Kemble (although she had not been previously entered) in lieu of him. At the signal all four came up in handsome style, and went off well together; Duffy the favorite, and bets 2 to 1 on him against the field freely offered and taken; the result proved the contrary however, for after various breaks and changes, Rocket came in ahead, winning the heat handsomely, Ben, second—Duffy, third; Fanny, distanced. Time, 6m

After the usual interval the bugle again summoned them to the trial, which call was promptly obeyed; the nags all in 'good order and well conditioned.' Rocket as much the favorite as Duffy was in the first heat; and justly too, for *all* were of opinion that he must win, and *many* wished it for the sake of his spirited owner; but as there is 'many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip,' so it proved in this instance; for as the noble grey was making the last turn home, his rider made it too short, which threw the horse up, and the heat was taken by Duffy.—Time, 6m 2s.

At the start for the third heat Duffy again became the favourite of the 'knowing ones,' and in this they were not mistaken; he came in ahead, winning the heat and race finely, in 6m.

The race throughout was one of intense interest, and gave the most entire satisfaction to the very large number of persons who witnessed it—particularly as it is a discription of racing not frequent here; this, however, will not long be the case, as several gentlemen have already started a *Trotting Club*, and from present appearances there is no doubt but it will be very numerous, and that they will be enabled to offer liberal purses. We may then expect to see the 'crack nags' from the 'Hunting Park,' 'Harlem,' and 'Centreville' courses, to contend with our bits o'blood on the 'Kendall,'—where they will meet with a cordial reception, and—plenty of work.

It is due to Fanny Kemble, to state that she had not been trained for the race, and in consequence, could not be kept down to her work, or she might have been a troublesome nag in the contest, as she has proved herself on former occasions, like her *illustrious* namesake, hard to beat.'

A large number of those who were at the race, dined at the 'Kendall House,' where every thing that could gratify the taste was found on the table of the worthy proprietor whose exertions on this, as on all former occasions, to render his guests comfortable, were unremitting. The Kendall House is now a place of fashionable resort, and is extensively patronized by the ladies the facilities of reaching it are so great and the expense so trifling, that all who really wish to enjoy themselves after the "heat and burden" of the day, should not neglect the opportunity offered them—the "little water witch Canton', bids fair to be as profitable to her owners as she is serviceable to the public, making her trips hourly with full freights, particularly in the afternoon.

[From the New Orleans Bee.]

THE YELLOW FEVER.—A medical traveller has kindly communicated to us the results of his long professional experience in various parts of the world, as to the most prompt and efficient treatment of this disease.

It is now accorded by the best physicians that the origin or seat of the yellow fever is in the stomach, to dislodge the entire contents of the stomach is therefore his first essay—and this he does not by emetics nor drastics, but by the stomach pump. Having thus thoroughly cleansed the stomach in the shortest and most efficient manner, he administers the dulcified or sweet spirit of nitre; which removes all the feverish symptoms. It is then necessary to produce an accelerated circulation. This is best effected by inhaling from a sheet-iron machine the red precipitate or cinnabar of mercury, which produces a gentle salivation or sudation. All that the patient requires afterwards is nourishing diet.

As the circulatory system is affected in all fevers only through the digestive, phlebotomy or antiphlogistic treatment is certainly not calculated to produce the end desired so well as the means adopted to act on the digestive organs, where the disease is seated. And if bleeding is objectionable, doubtless the internal administration of mercury must not only be useless, but pernicious.

The treatment above described has never failed, if timely used, and the patient is redeemed from the deleterious and enduring results of mercury, and from the debilitating effects of bleeding Besides this treatment is efficacious in a few hours.

HONEST JACKSONIANS LOOK HERE!—As Col. Johnson has been nominated for the Vice Presidency, we would call your attention to the following serious matter from the Louisville Journal:

Within the last three days, we have been favored with half a dozen letters, from Scott county, on a subject which is daily creating much excitement in the vicinity of Georgetown. The annexed extracts from one of them, written by an individual of the highest responsibility, sufficiently explain the whole matter. We have not a word of comment to add

Georgetown, Ky. June 24th 1835.

* * * * * I should not be so prompt in answering your letter, but that I well know your love for a good joke, and I have one of the very best to tell you: or I should rather say a good *truth* for such it is.

Col. R M Johnson's second wife, Madame Partiene, a yellow woman, has eloped with one of his Indian students, carrying with her a check for one thousand dollars, and cash to the amount of $300, which she took out of her titled husband's drawer; she having possession of his keys. The name of the Indian is Jones, and he is a fine looking copper faced savage.

The circumstances were these, one of Julia's* nieces, and Mrs. Johnson, set off on horse back, on Sunday last, to pay a visit. Two of the Indian students, Jones and Hunter, after conveying away four trunks of finery, went off with them. The Colonel sent Spence, his overseer, a brother of his son-in law, in pursuit of them. He ascertained that the runaways had left Lexington on Monday. * * * * The Jackson men here are much shocked at this runaway match. They say it has happened at a most unfortunate time, and they are afraid his political opponents will get hold of the facts and make them public. * * *

This severe interruption of Col Johnson's domestic happiness is not to be wondered at. *He* has been paid by the government to teach the Indian youths at the Choctaw Academy the principles of morality, and make them familiar with the duties and decencies of civilized life. Instead of doing this, he has set them the example and been their practical tutor in all the misteries of the most low, and degrading licentiousness. Under such circumstances, is it matter of surprise that his pupils should take possession of his wife or daughter, whenever, whim or fancy lead them to prefer these favored personages to the other wenches of the neighborhood.

Yours, truly, * * * *

*Julia was the Colonel's first wife. She died a year or two since.

Col. Johnson *never was married*. He is now what he ever has been; a bachelor. The stories that have been so freely circulated about his domestic relations are sheer fabrications.—*Utica (N. Y.) Observer.*

Legally we admit Colonel Johnson never was married; but he was as legally married as either of the degraded creatures that live with his daughters, and they are considered and *acknowledged* by Col. Johnson to be *man* and *wife*; for he has deeded to each of them a tract of land and makes it read; to Daniel Pence and Imogene Pence *his wife*; to Tho Scott and Adeline J. Scott, *his wife*. Neither Pence nor Scott was legally married to Colonel Johnson's daughters; for the laws of our state will not permit their being so married; but they live with them as such, and are so treated and spoken of by Colonel Johnson and their neighbors. Col. Johnson has as much right to claim the title of widower, as Pence or Scott would have if either of them should lose his wife; and perhaps more so for we understand that he not only lost his first wife by the cholera two years ago, but has recently been deprived of his second one by the base ingratitude of an Indian, who was lately a student of the Choctaw Academy.

Inflammation of the Throat Cured by Alum.—Powdered alum applied by the finger to the part affected, very seldom fails to cure inflammation of the throat in a few days. The efficacy of this remedy, says the author, is as marvellous as it is rapid. Employed the first, second, third or fourth day, while there is yet no abscess in the fonsils; it arrests all symptoms as it were by enchantment, the fever abates, the swelling diminishes, the appetite returns and the convalescence is quickly decided and complete Alum had already been in use for certain disorders of the throat in malignant inflammation, for example, then in chronic; but as the greater number of practitioners remained fixed in opinion that it must be dangerous in common inflammations, its use was not so extensive as it deserved to be. By showing that this remedy is as powerful in simple inflammation as in inflammation of the tonsils, Mr. Valpeau hopes that practitioners will no longer hesitate to make proof of its efficacy, and rescue thereby hundreds of human beings from the grave.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL,

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

The chief Justice of the United States is in person tall, meagre, emaciated, his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertions of the body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movements—Indeed in his whole appearance and demeanor,—dress, attitude and gestures—sitting, standing or walking—he is far removed from the idolizing graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait: his head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face being relaxed, gives him the appearance of a man of 80 years of age, nor can he be much younger His countenance has a faithful expression of great good humour and hilarity; while his black eyes, the unerring index—possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial power of the mind that sits enthroned within.

This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantage of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp, until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends.

As to his person, it has already been described. *His* voice is dry and hard, his attitude in his most effective orations was often extremely awkward, as it was not unusual for him to stand with his gestures proceeding from his right arm, and consising merely in a vehement perpendicular swing of it from above the elevation of his head to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand.

As to fancy, if she held a seat in his mind at all, which I very much doubt, his gigantic genius tramples with disdain on all her flower decked plants and blooming parterres How then, will you ask, with a look of incredulous curiosity—how is it possible that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained the ugh a speech of an ordinary length? I will tell you.

He possesses one original and almost supernattral faculty, of developing the subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which the controversy depends. No matter what the question, though ten times more knotty than the "gnarled oak," the lightning of heaven is not more resistless than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort—On the contrary, it is as easy as vision. I am persuaded that his eyes do not fly over a landscape and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complex subjects

Possessing while at the bar this intellectual elevation, which enabled him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determined immediately, and without difficulty, on which side the question might be most advantageously approached and assailed: in a bad cause, his art consisted in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so general and specious that the hearer seeing no consequences, which could be drawn from them, was just as willing to admit as not; but his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, followed as certainly, as cogently, and as inevitably, as any demonstration in Euclid.

All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self conviction and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspondent simplicity and energy of his style, the close and logical connection of his thoughts, and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.—Who will be made Chief Justice? is a question which is now often asked but which cannot with any degree of certainty be answered at present The office of Chief Justice of the United States ought not to be hastily conferred upon any one. In one sense certainly, it is more important than the office of President of the U. States, and in every other sense, it is second only to that high office. It belongs to the President and senate to fill the station and it is well remarked by a cotemporary, that any attempt to fill the office on the principle, that "to the victors belong the spoils"—Senator Marcy's celebrated declaration—will call up the whole nation as one man, to discountenance the procedure. We do not say that it has been General Jackson's aim to make the Supreme Court an electioneering machine; but had this been the case and had the Senate acted with him, how much he could have accomplished towards the fulfillment of his object. Already have five vacancies occurred on the Bench since he has been president, three of which have been filled by the appointment of Messrs. M'Lean, Baldwin, and Wayne—all excellent men. Mr. Taney has also been nominated to fill a fourth vacancy, but has not been confirmed by the Senate. And now a fifth vacancy occurs by the death of Chief Justice Marshall. Who shall fill this latter vacancy? We do hope the nomination will be made without regard to party. There is one man who is eminently qualified for the exalted station, perhaps far above all others in the country; but who, it may be, would not accept the appointment were it tendered to him. That man is Daniel Webster. We do believe that his appointment and acceptance of the office would meet the general approbation of the whole country.

Among other gentlemen, whose names have been mentioned in connection with the office of chief justice are Messrs. P. P. Barbour and B. W. Leigh, of Virginia, Edward Livingston, of New York, Horace Binney, of Pennsylvania, R B. Taney, of Maryland, Louis McLane, of Delaware, Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey and Judge Story, of Massachusetts.

Texas—The Mexican government has issued a decree, bearing date April 25, 1835, the object of which is probably to prevent the settlement of Texas by citizens of the United States. The Washington Telegraph supposes that the design of the law may not be to affect the *bona fide* settler, but to prevent the civil authorities from disposing of large grants to speculators.

'Art. 1. The law of the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas of the 14th March, of this year, being in its first two articles opposed to the law of August 18, 1824, therefore all alienations which may have been made in conformity thereof, are declared null and void.

Art. 2. In conformity with the power invested in Congress by Art. 7, of said law of August 18, 1824, it is forbidden to continuous and tiriorial States to dispose of their uncultivated lands for the purpose of colonization, until some rules and regulations on that subject should be enacted.

Art. 3. If any particular State intends to alienate any part of its uncultivated land, it must previously obtain the consent of the General Government, which in case it would purchase it would be perferred, on its paying said State the price required.

Art. 4. The general government may, by virtue of Art. 3 and 4 of the law of March 6, 1830 purchase from the State of Coahuilla and Texas, at the stipulated price, the four hundred lots which said state pretends to be compelled to sell.'

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Morning, Saturday July 18.

Attention Patriots.

The Freemen of Talbot opposed to the nomination of Martin Van Buren as a candidate for the Presidential Chair, are earnestly invited to attend in General Meeting at Easton on TUESDAY 21st day of JULY at 12 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of consulting together on the political state of the Times—and to elect six Delegates, to meet six other Delegates from each of the Counties of Caroline, Queen Ann's, Kent and Cecil, in general Convention at Centreville on THURSDAY the 23d day of July, then and there to advise with each other and to recommend a Candidate for Congress in this District.

This invitation is given in conformity to a suggestion which has been some time published in the District and which first came from Kent county—and as no opposition seems to have been made to it, it is hoped by Many that it will be

THE UNANIMOUS VOICE OF ALL.

We are informed by a friend that he, with two others, carefully counted the grains in a head of wheat picked up without much care, on the Farm of Mr. WILLIAM HEMSLEY in Queen Ann's, and found it to contain one hundred and thirteen perfectly formed Kernals, and one imperfect. The grain of the wheat this year is very perfect and full, and the head unusually well filled—so great still is the mischief to the present crop from the severe winter, and serious ravages of the fly, that he who makes this year more than the half an average crop, is a fortunate farmer.

The following is a good exemplification of the spurious and pretended exclusive Democracy of the precious Van Buren party, who talk about the will of the People—the voice of the People—a fresh representation of the people, and such things, as if they cared any thing about them.—Here we have whole-hog Van Buren Democracy, worked by steam, with a patent right for inventing threshing machines and for President Making, secured according to modern Democratic Law.

THE STEAM DOCTOR AND BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

Steam has worked wonders in the present century, but one of its greatest miracles was wrought at Baltimore, during the sitting of the recent Convention—for it there made fifteen men out of one! Strange as this may seem, it is true. All Tennessee was carried in the saddle bags of a steam physician, and deposited without ceremony at the feet of Martin Van Buren. Mr. Edmund Rucker is certainly the Great Magician of his day!

The history of this man's voting is an excellent commentary on the late Humbug Convention. It appears Mr. Rucker has been driving a distinguished business in Tennessee as a *steam doctor*, but was induced to diversify his practice by the indulgence of a taste for invention, and accomplished a Threshing Machine with which he was determined to astonish the natives on the Atlantic Coast: Full of this matter he went to Washington to obtain a Patent, and make a deposite of his wonderful machine. Here he became inoculated with a passion for President making, and visited Baltimore with visions of political glory staring him full in the face.—It was not difficult for our Steam Doctor and Threshing Machine maker, to place himself in the same relative position to the people of Tennessee—that Jackson in his Protest did to the whole American people, and he soon became convinced by a little Van Buren logic that he was the embodied representation of the Whole Democracy of his State. Under this impression, he suggested to the Committee his disposition to act in that capacity.

'What are your credentials?' says the Committee.

'I am an eminent Steam Doctor, and inventor of a Threshing Machine—and have just come from Washington.'

'So far so good,' says the Committee; 'but what else?,

'I am a whole Hog Jackson man.'

'But there are two kinds of Whole-Hog Jackson men Are you a whole-hog Van Buren Jackson man, or a whole hog White and Bell Jackson man?'

'I am a whole hog Van Buren man.'

'Better and Better,' says the Committee; 'do you go for Dick Johnson or Rives?'

'Old Tecumseh against the world,' repeats the Steam Doctor.

'Who sent you here?'

'I came in the mail-coach all the way from Washington, and the Devil of a time I had of it.'

'Who do you represent?'

'I am a type of the whole magnificent Democracy of Tennessee!'

'Who elected you?'

'I elected myself.'

'Do you believe that the Office *Holders* are by virtue of their offices the People—the whole People, and nothing but the People.'

'I have the most implicit faith in that doctrine—and I believe moreover that they ought to be, and always will be the People.'

'No more questions will be asked, Mr Rucker. You are as good as five best of us and a little better; for you will have to stand for fifteen votes.'

'I thank you gentlemen. If I had fifty I should throw them all the right way.'

And Mr. Rucker has forthwith declared and sworn to be fifteen men duly elected by the people of Tennessee to deliver their sentiments in the Baltimore Convention!

Hurrah for the REIGN OF HUMBUG.

Atlas,

BALTIMORE, July 10.

THE WHIG CONVENTION that assembled yesterday at Ellicott's Mills, concluded their labors harmoniously & satisfactorily, by nominating JAMES P. HEATH, of Baltimore city, and CHARLES R. STEWART, of Anne Arundel county, as Candidates for Congress from the Fourth District.—Gaz.

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