gether in the study, my husband and myself, watching the clouds as they softly rolled towards the sinking sun, to dip their edges in his golden beams. The boughs of the elms waved across the window, giving us glimpses of the beautiful vale beyond, bounded by the blue outline of the distant hills. Whether it was the warm light reflected on his face, or the glow of the heart suffusing it, I know not, but I never saw his usually pale features more radiantly lighted up than at that moment. A letter was brought to him, I leaned over his shoulder while he opened it. From the first line I understood its important: it was the realization of my hopes. The offer was there made—more splendid, more liberal than I had dared to anticipate.—I did not speak: but with cheeks burning and hands trembling with eagerness and joy, I waited till he had perused it. He still continued silent. Almost indignant at his calmness, I ejaculated his name in an impatient tone; when he raised his eyes from the paper and fixed them on me. I read there the death blow of my hopes. They emitted no glance of triumph: there was sorrow, regret, humility, and love—but I looked in vain for more. 'I am sorry for this,' said he, 'for your sake, my dear Mary. It may excite wishes, which can never be realized. No! let us be happy in the lowlier sphere, in which an All-wise Being has marked my course. I cannot deviate from it. 'Cannot!' repeated I: 'say rather, you will not.' I could not articulate more. The possibility of refusal on his part had never occurred to me. I was thunderstruck. He saw my emotion—and, losing all his composure, rose and crushed the letter in his hand. 'I could not, if I would, accept this,' he cried; 'and, were my own wishes to be alone consulted, I would not, were I free to act. But it is not so. I am bound to this place by a solemn promise, which cannot be broken. Here, in this very house, it was made, by the dying bed of the righteous, who bequeathed the people he loved to *my* charge—*me*, the orphan he had protected and reared. 'Never leave them, my son,' said the expiring saint—'never leave the lambs of my flock to be scattered on the mountains.' I pledged my word, surrounded by the solemnities of death: yea, even while his soul was taking its upward flight. It is recorded, and cannot be recalled.'

Did *I* feel the sacredness of the obligation he revealed? Did I venerate the sanctity of his motives, and admit their authority? No! Totally unprepared for such a bitter disappointment, when *I* seemed touching the summit of all my wishes, I was maddened—reckless. *I* upbraided him for having more regarded to a dead guardian, who could no longer be affected by his decision, than for a living wife. I threatened to leave him to the obscurity in which he was born and return to the friends who loved me so much better than himself. Seeing him turn deadly pale at this, and suddenly put his hand on his heart, I thought I had discovered the spring to move his resolution, and determined that I would not let it go. I moved towards the door, thinking it best to leave him a short time to his own reflections, assured that love must be victorious over conscience. He made a motion as to detain me, as I passed; then again pressed his hand on his heart. That silent motion—never, never, can I forget it!—'Are you resolved on this? asked he, in a low, very hoarse tone of voice.—'Yes, if you persist in your refusal. I leave you to decide.' I went into the next room, I heard him walk a few moments, as if agitated and irresolute—then suddenly stop. I then heard a low, suppressed cough, but to this he was always subject when excited, and it caused no emotion. Yet, after remaining alone for some time, I began to be alarmed at the perfect stillness. A strange feeling of horror came over me. *I* remembered the deadly paleness of his countenance, and the cold dew gathered fast and thick on my brow. I recollected, too, that he had told me of once having bled at the lungs, and of being admonished to shun every predisposing cause to such a malady. Strange, that after such an entire oblivion of every thing but self, these reflections should have pressed upon me, with such power, at that moment. I seemed suddenly gifted with second sight, and feared to move, lest I should see the vision of my conscience embodied. At length, aunt Debby opened the door, and for the first time, rejoicing in her sight *I* entreated her to go into the library, with an earnestness that appalled her.—She did go—and her first sharp scream drew me to her side. There, reclined upon the sofa, motionless, lifeless—his face white as snowdrift, lay my husband: his neck-cloth and vest, saturated with blood that still flowed from his lips.—Yes, he lay there—lifeless, dead, dead! The wild shriek of agony and remorse pierced not his unconsious ear. He was dead, and I was his murderer. The physican who was summoned, pronounced my doom. From violent agitation of mind, a blood vessel had been broken, and instant death had ensued. Weeks of frenzy, months of despair, succeeded—of black depair. Nothing but an almighty arm thrown around my naked soul, held me back from the brink of suicide. Could *I* have believed in annihilation—and *I* wrestled with the powers of reason to convince myself that in the grave, at least, *I* should find rest. *I* prayed but for rest—I prayed for oblivion. Night and day the image of that bleeding corpse was before me. Night and day a voice was ringing in my ears, '*Thou hast murdered him!*' My sufferings were so fearful to witness, that at first compassionate neighbours deserted my pillow, justifying themselves in the conviction that *I* merited all that I endured.

My uncle and aunt came when they first heard the awful tidings, but unable to support my raving distress, left my—after providing every thing for my comfort—with the injunction that as soon as I should be able to be removed, to be carried to their household. And whose kind, unwearied hand smoothed my lonely pillow, and held my aching brow? —Who, when wounded reason resumed her empire, applied the balm of Gilead and oil of tenderness; led me to the feet of the divine Physican, prayed with me and over me; nor rested till she saw me clinging to the cross, in lowliness of spirit, with the seal of the children of God in my forehead, and the joy of salvation in my soul? It was aunt Debby. The harsh condemner of the fashions of this world, the stern reprover of vanity, and pride, the uncompromising defender of godliness and truth; she who in my day of prosperity was the cloud, in the night of sorrow was my light & consolation. The rough bark was penetrated & the finer wood beneath gave forth its fragrance. Oh! how often, as *I* have heard her, seated by my bedside, explaining in a voice softened by kindness, the mysteries of holiness, and repeating the promises of mercy, have I wondered, that *I* who had turned a deaf ear to the same truths, when urged upon me with all an angel's eloquence, should listen with reverence to accents from which I had heretofore turned in disgust. Yet, at times, there seemed a dignity in her harsh features would light up with an expression of devout ecstacy, and *I* marvelled at the transforming power of christianity. —Well may *I* marvel! I would not now for the diadem of the east, exchange this sequestered hermitage for the halls of fashion—hallowed shades for canopies of wealth—or the society of the once despised and hated aunt Debby, for the companionship of flatters. I see nothing but thorns where once roses blushed. The voice of the charmer has lost its power, though it charm ever so wisely.' My heart lies buried in the tomb on which the sunlight now solemnly glimmers—my hopes are fixed on those regions from whence those rays depart. And had he only lived to forgive me—to know my penitence and agony—but the last words that ever fell on his ear from my lips, where those of passion and rebellion—the last glance I ever cast on him, was proud and upbraiding.

The sketch is finished—memory overpowers me.

From the Southern Baptist.

LIFE IN MISSOURI.

The following amusing sketch of Western Life, is from Hall's 'Tales of the Border.'

'Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently located on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, Uncle Moses who had built his cabin hard by, went into that promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David, then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours' pleasant ride brought him *to town*. He soon found Major Obediah ——, who had been lately appointed post-master, and who had such and aversion to confinement, that he appropriated his hat to all the purposes of a post office—an arrangement by which he complied with the law, requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to always be found in his office, and at the same time enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing at his pleasure.—He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department promptly.

The major, seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter: 'whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these,' said he, 'just throw them in that pile; they are all *dead* letters, and I intend to send them on to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes; for *I* can't afford to *tote* them any longer, encumbering up the *office* for nothing.'—Uncle Moses thought they were at *head* quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

'After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter *in the office* for Uncle Moses.'

"But stop," said the postmaster, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse 'you are a trading character,—come let me sell you a lot of goods at wholesale. Willy Wan, the owner, has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him till he returns. He had almost sold out and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so I have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles, hauling them out of his coat pockets.

"Uncle Moses looked over them without ever cracking a smile, for it was a grave business.

"Here examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c. all as good as new—no mistake—I'll take ten dollars in *coon skins* for the whole invoice, which is less than cost, rather than *tote* them any longer.'

"The major's offer of a lot of *store goods*, for less than cost, struck him favourably, and he offered three dozen racoon skins for the whole. 'Take them,' said the Major—'it too little, but if Wan does'nt like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself.'

"Now, said the postmaster, 'let us go down to the river where Hunt, and the *balance of the boys* are fishing. We have been holding an election here for the last two days and as nobody came in to vote to-day, we all conclude to go fishing.'

"'But what election is it?"

"'Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution.'

"'I have heard of it, but had forgot it I am entitled to a vote.'

"'Certainly you are. Hunt and I are two of the Judges. He has taken the poll books along with him come along, we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was in town.—I hate formalities, and this three days' election—every one could as well do their voting in time.'

"Down they went to the river; the judges and clerk were called together, and recorded the first vote that uncle Moses ever gave in Missouri."

PROSPECTS OF THE PRESIDENCY.

Every day brightens the prospects of Mr Webster. The late show of popularity which Mr. Van Buren has been enabled to make by the Convention of Office Holders is fast vanishing away. It is plain that Mr. Van Buren cannot be elected. Of this we entertain no doubt. Judge White in the South, and the Whig candidate in the North and West, is out of the question that Mr. Van Buren should obtain any thing like a majority. The Whig press of the country seems to have united upon the nomination of the Whigs of Massachusetts. There will be no other Whig candidate in the field, and all the Whig states will undoubtedly go Mr. Webster.

Every day diminishes the apprehension, at one time entertain, that the Whig votes would be divided between Mr. Webster, Judge Mc Lean and Mr. Clay. Both these gentlemen may be considered to have withdrawn from the contest; and it cannot be supposed that they will do otherwise than lend their cordial support to Mr. Webster. This they owe to their own characters, and the reasonable expectations of their friends.

We will not longer detain our readers from the able and encouraging articles which follow. They will be read with great interest. We think that the calculation of the Courier and Enquirer may be depended upon.—[Boston Atlas.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

When the name of Henry Clay was tacitly withdrawn, the great mass of the Whig party, (ourselves among the number) very naturally turned their attention to his great colaborer in the Senate, who for years has stood in the front rank of the friends of the constitution, and in its defence, and in resisting the encroachments of a corrupt and unprincipled band of political aspirants, has proved himself a friend to civil and religious liberty, a fearless advocate of the rights of the People, and a statesman who unites to the purest patriotism and most brilliant acquirements, and intellect which is alike the admiration of Europe and America. Such is DANIEL WEBSTER—a Cicero or Demosthenes in debate, a Socratese in wisdom, & in patriotism a worthy disciple of our own great Washington. In him we discover one who is qualified in every respect to restore our Government to its former purity, and to whose zealous defence of the Constitution and laws of the country, we are at this moment in a great measure indebted for what little remains of either.

It is enough for us to KNOW that N. Hampshire, New Jersey, and Missouri are the only States, upon the votes of which the Tory party can calculate with any degree of certainty, and that the only other States where there exists a possibility of their procuring a vote, are Maine, New York and Pennsylvania.—Even admitting for a moment, what is no way probable, that they should get the votes of ALL these States, it would not elect their candidate, and in that case, the election would devolve upon the House of Representatives, where in addition to those six other they can only control the vote of Connecticut—making in all seven States out of twenty four! There exists already a moral certainty, that Mr Webster when a Candidate before the house of Representatives, will receive the vote of ten States, viz:—Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio Kentucky, Indiana Illinois, and Louisiana; and who is there that can for a moment doubt the course that Tennessee, Alabama, and South Carolina will pursue, when they discover that they cannot elect Judge White and must determine between Mr Webster and Martin Van Buren? To suppose for an instant that in such an event they would hesitate to give Mr Webster their votes, would be to accuse them of political suicide, and in like manner, if our friends should be called upon to determine between White and Van Buren, there can be no question of the course they will adopt.

Under any combination of circumstances then, we consider the defeat of Mr. Van Buen mortally certain, and if, as we think quite probable, Ritner should be elected Governor of Pennsylvani, Mr. Webster may receive a sufficient number of votes in the electoral College to prevent the election devolving upon the House of Representatives.

In the present state of feeling in the Whig party, and after mature deliberation on the subject, we council *reflection* rather than *action*. We have such perfect confidence in the mental, political and moral superiority of Daniel Webster over the Tory candidates who have been named for the support of the People for the two first stations in their gift—and we have so thorough a conviction that he will ultimately unite the entire Whig vote of the North and West, that we are perfectly willing to see our friends slow and cautious in coming to a decision on the subject. Nay, so certain are we of the ultimate decision of the party in his favor, that we are willing to see an Electoral Ticket of Whigs put in nomination for this State which shall be unpledged to the support of any man. Let forty two men be selected in whose WHIG principles all may and will confide, and let it be distinctly understood that if elected, they will give their unitted vote to some individual whose whole political life has been a pledge of his devotion to the cause of the Constitution and Laws of the country. As we all advocate Principles not Men, such a ticket would command the united support of the Whig Party, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, redeem our State from the disgraceful system of misrule which has so long made its political character a byeword & reproach through the country. It would prove too, to our fellow citizens in every State of the Union, that HERE the Constitutional Party can admit no preference for individuals to interfere with their duty to the country and the cause of liberal principles throughout the world.

We would call attention to the following admirable article from the Missouri Republican:

THE PRESIDENCY.

From the general tenor of public sentiment as manifested through the press there can be but little doubt that the Whig citizens of the Union are determined to cast their suffrages for some man who has carried out their principles by his public acts. It is due to the friend of constitutional freedom that an individual should be placed at the head of our Government who has moral worth and intellectual power and whose constitutional doctrines are in accordance with the genius of our institutions. The flagrant and unprecedented attacks which have been made on the Constitution, and the corruption and abuse which has existed from the commencement of the present Executive imperiously demand a bold & vigorous exertion on the part of the Whigs that the government may be renovated and purity once more move in its accustomed channel.

One half of the battle has already been fought. That which has so long been predicted is at length happily consumated. The house is divided against itself. The "party" is now severed; & instead of sustaining one candidate for the Presidency the choice is to be made between White and Van Buren. Neither of whom, however, can or should receive any sympathy from the Whigs. They are both known by their devoted attachment and zealous co-operation in the measures which have so singularly characterized the present administration. They are indentified with every prominent act of the Executive, consulted and advised to the deeds which required the interposition of every Whig to arrest. Their subserviency to the Chief Magistrate has only been equalled by the reckless measures they have fostered and nurtured.—In whatever situation the Executive may be found, whether "rewarding his friends & punishing his enemies," in tearing the ermine from the judiciary; or hurling his anathemas at the door of the Senate Chamber, we find these individuals clinging fast to the skirts of his garments, and ever ready to encounter in deeds of great daring. Whatever odium may be heaped of the Executive, and however much may be chargeable to the duplicity of the Chief Magistrate, it should ever be borne in mind that Martin Van Buren and Hugh L. White are verily guilty, not only as the apologists, but in several cases as the instigators of the mal administration of which the venerable hero has been the dupe, and the people the sufferers.

As it is beyond all hope, that the Whigs can unite on either of the administration candidates, without sacrificing much that is valuable, it behooves them to stand by a candidate of their own—one who has the head to plan and strength to execute. In raising the telescope to survey the country, and weigh the merits and qualifications of the different men who have been designated, what name strikes upon the mind and vibrates with such melody as that of DANIEL WEBSTER? when in all coming time shall we ever have a man so eminently qualified to preside over a great people? He needs no eulogium—his name is written on the heart of every American—whether in the furrowed field, or the workshop, around the family fireside, or in the secluded study of the scholar. Every action of his life has been marked by that bold conception which predominates in the bosom of those who legislate for their country. His mind grapples with measures in their length and breadth, and eschews the narrow limits of many statemen, who confine their actions to the wants of their immediate constituents.—Mr Webster has had nothing to bring him forward to the station he now holds in the affections of his countrymen, but the uncommon vigor and masculine attributes which nature has given him. Already like the noble oak he stands in majesty and strength, having borne the buffetings of the tempest and storm. Born in obscurity and penury—the son of an humble tiller of the soil—having to struggle against every obstacle in his earthly career—his predilections and sympathies are with those whose joys he has imbibed and whose cup of sorrow he has often drained. No individual perhaps, has received so much unmerited censure. From the time he first stood on the floor of Congress to the present day, one continued stream of obloquy and scorn has been setting against him, every movement has been watched, expressions noted and perverted; his motives impugned, and his veracity impeached—but to how little purpose. His name can no longer be tarnished by the demagogue.—His varied services as a legislator, and expounder of the Constitution, at a moment when dark clouds, surcharged with lurid fire, were suspended over the nation, has raised him above the cavenomed shafts of calumny and malice. He is for his country, and has made himself a statesman, without being bound by any sectional lines; he is the friend of the lumber man of the Penobscot, and the boat man of the Mississippi; he has never given those energies to engender sectional jealousies and local jealousies and local animosities which were intended for the nation. He can say, in the language of another, with truth and justice, what Mirabeau said of himself—'I have been, I am, I will be to my grave, the man of public liberty, the man of the Constitution, which extends to all, deals equal favor to all, protects all, and cannot be infringed without injuring all.'

It is hardly necessary to make calculations on the probability of Mr. Webster's success.—The only duty to be performed by the Whigs is to stand by the principles they have espoused. Let not one jot or title be bartered. Let the Whigs have the same distinctive organization they have heretofore had—an organization among the people—untrammelled by party restraints, but free to speak and act. Let no amalgamations be permitted. Let each one resolved to 'live or perish, sink or swim,' in defence of Constitutional liberty.

THE AGE OF BLOOD AND CARNAGE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1825.

On Monday evening our city—as we stated yesterday, though at the request of the municipal authorities we abstained from giving any of the details—was visited with a repetition of the scenes of last summer. At an early hour, a mob, consisting principally of half grown boys, apprentices, and the vilest portion of our population assembled in the neighbourhood of Sixth and Seventh and Lombard and South streets. The presence of the city authorities, watchmen and police officers, prevented any manifestation of violence till after nine o'clock, when having increased to upwards of a thousand, they proceeded down Sixth to Small street, and after attacking four or five houses there, proceeded a long Small street to Seventh, and thence to what is called Red Row, consisting of eight or nine frame houses, in Flower street below Catharine, inhabited by colored persons. All save one at the corner, occupied partly by whites, were attacked and broken open, and search was made for the occupants, several of whom were found, and treated with the greatest barbarity; and in some instances most brutally beaten and mangled. Every colored person met in their route, and discovered in the houses attacked, was beaten and otherwise maltreated, with the exception of the aged and females, who were permitted to go without injury. In the course of the attack on Red Row, one of the houses was set on fire. The firemen with their customary promptness repaired to the spot, and attempted to extinguish the flames, but were some time prevented by the mob, who cut the hose and otherwise injured the apparatus of various companies.—Several of the firemen where driven from the engines by the missiles of the mob, but in spite of the resistance offered, they succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

While these scenes were passing in Flower street, a portion of the mob proceeded to the corner of Ninth and Christian streets, where they attacked a house, which was greatly injured, and the furniture destroyed. From this house a sum of money was stolen; the family only having time to think of their personal safety. From this dwelling they proceeded along Ninth to Carpenter street, wreaking their fury on every house its habited by blacks. They then attacked a brick house in Carpenter street, which was defended by the inhabitants. In the course of the contest several shots were fired from the house, and two men were wounded—one very seriously, who was carried to the hospital. They succeeded at length in forcing their way into this house with great difficulty;—but the inhabitants fortunately escaped.

The mob then proceeded to Fitzwater street and Passyunk Road, destroying the windows and breaking in the doors of about a dozen frame houses; but little other damage was done. Thence they returned to Shippen street, between Sixth and Seventh and, attacked several houses in a court running from Shippen street. In one of these resistance was offered by the occupant, and one of the mob was wounded by him with an axe. This revenged by his assailants in a dreadful manner. The man was cruelly beaten, and but for the interference of Constable Hoffner would have been killed.

After attacking a house on the north side of Shippen street, the rioters revisited the scene of their first outrage in Small street. There every house occupied by blacks was broken open, and the inhabitants, when they could be found, were often barbarously injured.

These are the principal details of this most disgraceful transaction. Last night, thanks to the precautions of the Mayor and Police, there was no further disturbance, and we may trust that although the fiendish appetite of the lawless gang by whom these atrocities have been prepared, may not be fully satisfied, they are sufficiently convinced their own safety is concerned in their quiescence to refrain from any renewal of outrage.

Nat. Gazette.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, July 25.

According to previous notice a general meeting of the citizens of Talbot county opposed to the election of Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, was held on Tuesday 21st inst; Col. Haghlett was called to the chair and T. Tilghman appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was briefly stated by the Hon R. H. Goldsborough, when, it was resolved, that the chair appoint a committee of 20, being 5 from each election district, to recommend 6 suitable persons to represent this county in the Convention to be held in Centreville on the 23d instant, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the 2d Congressional district. The meeting then took a recess of several hours to allow the committee ample time to make their nominations. Having re-assembled at 3 P. M. Gen. Dickinson the chairman of the committee reported, that they had resolved to recommend Messrs. E. N. Hambleton, J. Bozman Kerr, Col. Nicholas Thomas, Spry Denny, Foster Maynard and Emmals Martin—to the consideration of the meeting as a committee to attend the Convention.—Whereupon, these gentlemen received the unanimous approbation of the meeting.

The following resolutions were then adopted as expressing of an unyielding opposition to the tory principle of hereditary rule.

1. *Resolved*, That the Federal Government of these United States is a National Government emanating from the People in the States as its declared and authentic source, and rests upon the People in the States as the Sovereign directing power.—*Wherefore*, all attempts and interferances an the part of Office holders and aspirants to office to control the free and fair expression of Popular sentiment, is contrary to the genius of the Federal Constitution, and subversive of every legitimate and pure Democratic principle.

2. *Resolved*, That any attempt on the part of a President of the United States either to direct, or, in co operation with the designs of dependent office holders or subservient expectants, to designate his successor to the Chief Magistrates chair—or in any manner to bring his official influence or personal popularity into conflict with the freedom of opinion about to be constitutionally exercised in the choice of a Chief Magistrate, is an arbitrary and monstrous exertion of dangerous and illegitimate power that ought to be resisted—and we invoke the patriotism of the whole people of our Country to make a stand at once against such a rash, such an alarming innovation upon constitutional principles and popular rights, and to stop these first beginnings to lay the foundation of a hedious despotism.

3. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, the patronage of the Federal Government never was intended, either by the Fathers of the Constitution who framed it, or by the People who adopted it, to become means in the hands of those who wield it, to procure or to reward partizans to strengthen themselves in power—that such abuse of public patronage is a vicious departure from the plainest and soundest maxims of the Constitution, and a contemptuous disregard of the just rights of the citizens, as well as of the most revered precepts of civil liberty—wherefore the dogmas avowed under the present administration, that "the spoils of office are the rewards of the victors"—and that promulged by the administration organ "that the Chief Magistrate knows how, and will reward his friends and punish his opponents" are treacheries to Constitutional duties—daring projects of corruption—and acts of hateful injustice to men.

4. *Resolved*—That we feel disgust at the FALSE PRETENCES circulated abroad by the agents and dependents of the Administration, who are fed from the public treasury—which, however spurious in themselves, are calculated to gain credence under the sanction of party, patronage and power—Such, for instance, as REFORM—that is found in practice to mean nothing else, than a reckless persecution to take Offices from opponents to give them to friends.

EXCLUSIVE DEMOCRACY—ostensibly a claim to monopoly—but practically, condensing all power in the Executive as it takes it from the representatives of the States and the People—and condemning one man of a party for opinions sake, whilst it caresses and obtains another of the same sect and opinion because he is a follower.

GOLD CURRENCY—an impracticable humbug resorted to upon the eve of an election with the intention to deceive.

ROTATION IN OFFICE.—The whirling one man out of office to get the means to bribe or to reward another.

PROFESSING A PECULIAR DEVOTION TO THE PEOPLE.—a studied piece of flattery,—by which they aim to procure facility to corrupt them with their own money whilst they pocket the rest.

PRETENDED DANGER OF APPOINTING MEMBERS OF CONGRESS TO OFFICE, AND THE NECESSITY OF KEEPING THE LEGISLATIVE AND EXECUTIVE BRANCHES OF GOVERNMENT INDEPENDENT,—when both principles are violated in the appointment of an unusual number of Congressmen to office, and in keeping the Legislature in subjection to Executive Will by holding out appointments, contracts and agencies as the reward.

And lastly to close a catalogue not half exhausted.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE PRESS—which is made to consist in with drawing all support from opposition presses, to break down their independence, and in heaping all rewards upon those that prove submissive to Presidential commands.—Such are the FALSE PRETENCES by which the party now in power have deceived the people—and such are the PRETENCES their mercenaries are now vigorously engaged in diffusing abroad to perpetuate the delusion.

5 *Resolved*, That the history of the present administration is a series of encroachments upon prescribed constitutional limits, and of various perversions of power assumed to be exercised—that a jesuitical course has been adopted whereby all means are consecrated, if useful to the end—and all ends are made conducive to the preservation of all power in the hands of the ruling party—that an extraordinary degree of personal popularity in the ruling Chief Magistrate, accidently acquired, seems to have infatuated his party—and that circumstance is seized on by the intriguers of an aspiring favorite to open the way to him as successor to the Chief Magistrates chair—that now is the time when the sovereign authority of the people can be exerted most needfully and effectually,—and it is now that we implore our fellow citizens, far and near, to lose no time in preparing for the defence of their constitution and the protection of their Altars, and their Fire Sides.

6 *Resolved*, That we know of no government so good in its structure and design, nor, at the present time so wretchedly administered, as our own—nor do we know where else abuse and corruption have made such alarming, such disgusting progress. It is therefore, neither in passion nor heedlessness, but in deep humiliation and sober sadness and conviction we speak, when we give it as our deliberate opinion, that unless the "REAL PEOPLE" of this country divest themselves of the dupery now practised upon them, and rise in their majesty and assume and assert their full sovereign power, the oldest among us may yet outlive the government and constitution of our country.

7. *Resolved*, As the opinion of this meeting, that the existence of our Republican Institutions and the liberties of our fellow citizens depend upon the energetic interposition of the people to prevent the success of a Presidential nomination of his successor—to effect which, all the corrupting powers of patronage and party are brought to bear through the interested agency of dependents—that we are ready to take part with the people and our government against the daring innovations of the President, his secret advisers, and submissive office holders—that for this purpose we are willing to support as a Presidential Candidate any fit and proper man—and whether that man may be our own favorite, or any other distinguished citizen of approved principles and character, that may be most agreeable to the great body of the People of the country who are opposed to Martin Van Buren as President and Richard M. Johnson as Vice President. We are willing to support him, and to make an oblation of our particular preferences upon the ALTAR of our country, with a single eye and single care for the security of the REPUBLIC, and the preservation of the essential principles of a Representative Legislature, together with the election of a Chief Magistrate by the "real people."

The appalling condition of the republic was then depicted in the most thrilling terms by the *Hon* R. H. Goldsborough. He was followed by J. Bozman Kerr, Col. Ns. Thomas, S. Hambleton, Jr. T. R. Loockerman Esq. & others who enforced in the strongest terms the necessity of watchfulness & untiring exertions in carrying out the object of this meeting; and especially in effecting the equally desirable purpose of securing in our State elections a full and free expression of the voice of the people. To advance this end the meeting now assembled, &c. &c.

The meeting now assembled being a very general one from all parts of the County—Resolved, that this is a proper occasion to consult the sense of the People in relation to a ticket of Delegates to the next General Assembly of Maryland—Therefore

Resolved by this meeting, that we recommend to our fellow citizens of Talbot county who are opposed to the election of Martin Van Buren as President and Richard M. Johnson as Vice President to meet in their respective Districts at or near to the place of holding the County election, on Saturday the 15th of August, and then and there to elect five delegates from each district, who shall meet in Convention at Easton on Tuesday the 18th day of August, to nominate and recommend four Candidates as Delegates to the next general Assembly of Maryland from Talbot County—and a Commissioner for District No. 4—and that notice of the same be published from this time forward in the Easton Gazette by request of this meeting.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the chairman and secretary and published in the Easton Gazette, and other Whig papers in Md.

WM. HUGHLETT; President.

T. TILGHMAN Secretary.

We understand that the convention which met at Centreville on Thursday last, for the purpose of recommending a suitable candidate for Congress to the Whig electors of this district, terminated their labors harmoniously by selecting JAMES ALFRED PEARCE, Esq. of Kent county.

AS A SUGGESTION.—Would it not be proper that the Bar of Talbot, and those on the Eastern Shore generally, should pay the meritted tribute of respect to the memory of the great

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