manned by 25 desparadoes, he determined to make a resolute defence, and having cleared for action, sat down to his bottle, and stimulated himself to phrensy. At day break, the lieutenant stood within gunshot of the pirate, and on recieving his fire, hoisted the King's colours and gave way directly for him under sails and sweeps. On this Black-Beard cut his cable for a running fight, discharging his guns at his enemies who could only return him volleys from small arms.—The navigation of this vast inlet was so difficult, that Maynard's sloops repeatedly grounded in the Straddle Channels, so that the pirate, with his experience of the depth of the channels, possessed considerable advantage in manœuvring. His vessel, however, in her turn, tailling upon a bank called the Bulkhead, a close engagement becoming inevitable, he reserved his guns to pour in a destructive fire upon his pursuers. This, as they necessarially advanced stem on, he did so successfully, that twenty-nine of Marynard's men were either killed or wounded by the first discharge, and one of the sloops was for a time disabled.—This would have been an appaller for assailants of less resolution than the men of-war's men. But notwithstanding so severe a blow, the gallant lieutenant was bent upon grappling with his enemy, or perishing in the attempt. Observing that his own sloop drew much more water than the pirate's, he had ordered all the ballast to be thrown overboard, and started the water: and now, directing his crew to shelter themselves below, he took the helm in person, and ran his antagonist directly on board. The desperate Black-Beard, previously aware of his danger, and determined never to expiate his crimes on the scaffold hailed Maynard,& swore with a fearful oath that he would neither give nor take quarter; and had, moreover, posted a trusty negro with a lighted match, over the powder magazine, to blow up his vessel in the last extremity. Luckily this design was frustrated by his own ardor and want of circumspection; for, as the royal sloop approached, he began the encounter at close quarters, by thowing upon his antagonist's decks a number of destructive hand grenades of his own composition. and, from seeing no one but the officer, thinking he had destroyed most of her crew, he boarded her in the smoke.—Having leaped over the bows, followed by fourteen of his gang, he attacked the lieutenant who was the only person then in view—But the men instantly springing up to the relief of their commander who was now furiously beset and in imminent peril of his life, a deadly contest ensued, in which the opposing chiefs fought hand to hand against each other Black-Beard, after seeing the greater part of his followers destroyed at his side, and receiving repeated wounds himself, fainted with loss of blood, and expired on the spot Maynard completed his victory by securing the remainder of the wretches, who suing for mercy, obtained a short respite from a less honorable death at the hands of the executioner, and having hung the head of the 'courageous brute' at the bowsprit-end the brave officer returned in triumph.—Of the pirates, nine were killed, and the rest wounded, in which state they were all hanged except two. We regret to add, that we do not find the brave Maynard's name on the Captain's List of those days.

HORSES.

There are many hundreds of these valuable animals killed every summer in the United States, by giving them water when they are heated. It is a most absurd and destructive practice of stage drivers and others, giving their horses water every five or six miles when travelling. Farmers who work horses at a plough, harrow or cart, never give them water from the time they go to work after breakfast, until they break off to go to dinner, a period not less than four hours, and the same in the afternoon until they quit work at sundown, and it seldom happens that horses are killed that are worked upon farms. The same bad practice exists in England. We were once in stage coach from Brighton to London on a very warm day, when the driver stopped, watered his horses and set out again upon a fast trot; in a few minutes all four of them died upon the spot. They manage better in France. They never water their horses except when they feed;—We recollect on a very warm, sultry and dusty day travelling in a stage over the hills of Normandy, the horses foaming with sweat and covered with dust. The driver stopped at an inn, and when we expected to see him with his bucket, giving water to each he brought from the house a bottle, and pouring out in his hand some of the contents, he washed each horse's nose, and threw a little upon them. On enquiring we found it was *Vinegar*, and although they had travelled a long stage, they went off as fresh as at first starting.

Extract of a letter to the editors, dated
PORT GIBSON, July 1, 1835.

I arrived here safe on the 18th May, in eleven travelling days, from Philadelphia, via Washington City. The Ohio & Mississippi rivers were both very high when I came down, but have now fallen although they are still in good navigable order. A person can have no idea of of the vastness of this region without visiting and viewing with his *own* eyes its greatness and unbounded resources.—But the increase of the cotton growing states must be limited to a great extent, in comparison with the agricultural (the Western) states. The reason of this is twofold; the emigrants to the southwestern states must be from the slave holding states exclusively, and consist of individuals who possess the *means* of cultivating the soil, viz: slaves, or the wherewithal to purchase them. But the emigrants to the agricultural states consist of the hardy yeomanry at New England and the middle states—men inured to toil and labor, who with their *own hands* fell the forest, and let the light of the sun shine in. The different future destinies of these states are easily foreseen. While one portion will have a thin, spare and sickly population, pampered with all the evils concomitant with the existence of slavery; the other will be *covered* with a dense population—industrious from necessity, and virtuous because they are industrious.

The weather here generally during the months of May, June, July, August and September, is very hot, the thermometer averaging about ninety; but so far it has been remarkably pleasant and cool, attended with a great deal of rain, which is a rare occurrence for this season of the year, as it is not uncommon to be without rain for a whole month.—The crops of cotton and corn are very promising. Corn is gathered here in August and September, and grows to an astonishing height, the stalks averaging from 12 to 15 feet. Peaches were ripe the first part of the present month (July;) *hot corn* at present smokes at our tables; Cherries we have none; wild plums in abundance, the apples are not good and are scarce; watermellons, squashes and pumpkins grow in great abundance; figs are also raised here; but we are too far north for oranges, Natchez being the highest point on the river where they will grow in the open air. Living is high, and the price of merchandise is doubled on the Philadelphia and New York prices.

The chances for speculation in *new lands* are getting scarce, and in the course of a few years all the government lands will be taken up but still frequently offer. Plantations can be bought on a long credit, on security being given on the first payment. I have had two attacks of the fever since I have been here, attended with chills, which has reduced me considerably. I am just recovering from my second attack.—*Philad Herald.*

A DOG FIGHT.—A late French paper gives a curious account of a battle which was fought at Paris, between two dogs. It was in consequence of a wager between two English noblemen, a class of men, many of whom seem to have an unconquerable propensity for amusements of this kind. The two dogs were to fight *a la outrance*, in a large arena surrounded by spectators. One was a huge, overgrown, ferocious mastiff, the other a small, delicately formed, beautiful spaniel. The bets, which ran high previous to the battle, were three to one on the mastiff. At the given signal, the dogs entered the arena and commenced the combat. The Spaniel seized the Mastiff by the hind leg, and held on like a good fellow. The mastiff howled with pain, & struggled violently to rid himself of the incumbrance—but to no purpose—and finally overceme with agony and exhaustion, he fell to the ground and rolled over on his back, when his nimble antagonist, profiting by the injudicious movement, seized him by the throat and strangled him.

Ludicrous Occurrence.—Yesterday morning, at the Court of Sessions in this city, a prisoner of the name of Charles Stewart, from Scotland, was called to the bar, and found guilty of stealing a horse, value $150, from a Mr. Cope of *Hurl* Gate, on the 6th inst. The horse was sold to a Mr Lyons of this city, who restored it to its owner on Thursday last. The case was just on the eve of being disposed of, when the whole court was thrown into the greatest astonishment by the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Brady, getting up and submitting to the court, 'that the verdict be set aside, *as the prisoner Charles Stewart was a* FEMALE.'—The greatest excitement, prevailed at this announcement, and the most intense feeling was excited in the audience to obtain a sight of the prisoner.—A Mr. Cornal was called to prove the fact of the sex of the prisoner, of which the jury were fully satisfied. The prisoner, (who looks just like a man) on being questioned, said that she had been a sailor for three years, and had been in a number of ships. She had also worked at the farming business on Long Island, during the whole time which she had passed as a man. The case excited the greatest merriment in the court, every person eagerly trying to get a sight at the prisoner. It appears that her sex had not been discovered until within the last few days at the police. The objection of her counsel was overruled by the court, as, although the prisoner was a female, yet the identity of the person was certain. The prisoner was attired in a blue jacket and trowsers.
N. Y. Courier.

More Metamorphosing of the Sexes.—A black being called Sarah Thompson, and dressed in female apparel, was taken to the upper police on Saturday, charged with stealing a purse, a ring and pocket-book, the property of Mrs. Lozier, from her boarding house No. 55, Renwick street. The prisoner had lived with the above lady for some time as chambermaid, or maid of all work, until the period of the robbery; suspicion falling upon Sarah (so called,) an arrest took place, and the lynx-eyed officer discovered a small sprouting of *down* on the upper lip of the prisoner which seemed too sturdy to appertain to the petticoat tribe; and on farther investigation the said Sarah turned out to be Mr. Peter Thompson, a full blooded he negro, nineteen years of age, who confessed his crime, and was committed. He was *raised* as he says, in Tarrytown.
[*N. Y. Courier.*

From the Linchburg Virginian of July 23.
IMPORTANT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

It will be seen, by the subjoined extract of a letter, from Mississippi, to a gentleman in this place, that a *Servile Insurrection*, headed and doubtless instigated by villainous white men, was recently extensively organized in that State, and detected just on the eve of the period fixed for its commencement.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Clinton, Mississippi, to a gentleman in this place dated the 5 of July, 1835.

"Our community is in a state of excitement on the subject of an insurrection of the slaves. It seems probably that they contemplated it pretty generally, and that last night was the time fixed on for the purpose. In Madison county, they have hung two white men (both Steam doctors,) and seven negroes at least. About Livingston, the excitement was greatest—the summary justice, however, of Mississippians, has probably quieted the spirit for years. Acting on the principle of "salus populi suprema est lex," the good people of that place and its vicinity appointed committee to pass on the guilt or innocence of the accused, and they acted accordingly. The two whites were pronounced guilty on yesterday, and after the sentence was announced, an hour was allowed them for preparation, when they were swung off. One of them, under the gallows, acknowledged the justice of his fate, and stated that the plan was for a general rising that night, from Beattie's Bluff in Madison, to Natchez: that the discovery there would probably defeat it as to this part of the State, but that there would be a rising that night so sure as the night should come, &c. The whites appear to have been at the head of it, and with the foolish hope of getting and carrying off plunder.

We have heard nothing further this morning. The Post Master at Livingston sent notice to this place, so soon as there was a surmise of the apprehended agitation among the slaves, and it is possible it may be suppressed over the State. We are, however, uneasy here about the large plantations below—a day or two will remove or confirm these fears.—Other white persons and slaves were under examination (or trial) before the court at Livingston, last evening. We have not heard of their fate."

From the Nashville Banner, July 17.
INSURRECTION OF SLAVES IN MISSISSIPPI.—A merchant of Nashville received a letter this morning, from a gentleman of respectability in Mississippi, giving an account of an extensive meditated insurrection of the slaves in that State; which was fortunately discovered a few days before the intended massacre took place. The letter is evidently written under strong excitement and perhaps with some exaggeration, but the account given is, no doubt, substantially true.

The writer says:

"I take a few moments from the awful distress and confusion existing here, to inform you that this (*Hinds*) and several adjoining counties, have been under arms day and night in our own defence, expecting every moment to be burned up or have our throats cut, by the Negroes. A dreadful alarm exists, particularly among the females.

"An insurrection has, it appears, been on hand among the negroes, for the last six months headed by white men. The massacre was to have commenced on the fourth of July. Their plans were well laid, and no doubt but that thousands of the whites would have been murdered, had we not been saved, only a week before the time, by a faithful negro man, who was in all the secrets, and was to have been high in command, and who revealed to his master the whole plan; and, to convince him of its reality, placed his master in a position where, from his place of concealment, he could overhear one of their night meetings, at which the whole scheme was discussed.

"A great many negroes were, in consequence taken up in Madison county, from whom the committee found out who the white leaders were. About ten negroes and five or six white men have been hung without any form of law or trial except an examination before the examining committee. They are still going on trying and hanging. It appears, from a confession that Doctor Cotton made, that their route was to have commenced from some place above this and proceed thence, through the principal towns to Natches, and then on to New Orleans, murdering all the white men and ugly women—sparing the handsome ones and making wives of them—and plundering & burning as they went. Dr. Cotton after being condemned upon negro testimony made a confession and disclosed the whole plan. He is an old confederate of a man by the name of Marrell, now in the Nashville Penitentiary."

From the Maryland Republican.

That the Van Buren public press of New York, had indulged in remarks concluding with expressions of, no doubt, heartfelt "SATISFACTION, that Judge Marshall had at length been removed," was sufficient to have duly indicated the feelings and dispositions of certain men towards that inflexible minister of constitutional law, who stood so much in their way, and whose very presence on the bench, prevented attempts at consumating many an ulterior and lawless aim, which possibly no other man could have stemned. We say that such expressions—unnatural as they must be deemed, and detested as they will be, by every man possessed of the feelings which do honor to men—uttered by authority from duly recognized presses of *the party*—it was hoped would have been enough to satisfy what they might deem to be due to party malignity. So far, we were disposed to allow the fell propensities to be led without provoking a single remark that would give notoriety the humiliating evidence of how base men can make themselves. But when intimations reach us through the public press, of the character embraced in the following, which we extract from the last Richmond Whig, in relation to our highest public functionaries—stated too, to be susceptible of being proved by men of the very first respectability, it becomes a duty—humiliating—mortifying as that duty is—to make the statement public, and to demand that the report be either contradicted, and if possible disproved, and the falsehood stamped with reprobation, to which, if satisfied, we will most cheerfully contribute our aid—or that the people of this country may know and form their own judgment upon the facts, as they may eventually appear: The Whig says.

The President at the Rip Raps.

President Jackson has been at the Rip Raps for some days—has been visited by sundry persons, some for curiosity, some for incense, and is to be visited by all the faithful in these parts who rejoice that the object of their adoration is brought within reach of a few hours' pleasant ride. The Kitchen have entrusted his person during the absence from Washington, to the sole custody, but well tried fidelity of Francis P. Blair, who, gifted by nature for the sphere, plays the consolidated parts of Keeper and Gentleman Usher, with dignity and decorum. He and the President (*ego et rex meus*) exhibit daily at the Rip Raps to admiring crowds, and a Republican cannot but be edified at the representations which are given of the scene.

The President we are informed speaks freely, for he has neither the refinement to feel the indelicacy, nor the information to apprise him of the impropriety of one in his situation doing so. He thinks undue honors have been rendered to the memory of Gen. Marshall, and predicts that the attempt to erect a monument to his memory at Washington, *will fail!* A prediction which we hope will not like some predictations accomplish itself—but as it ought to do, determine every man who despises demagogue malignity, that it shall *not be fulfilled*.

Messrs White, Leigh and Bell, are chosen themes of denunciation by Jackson and Blair. We understand that in a mixed company, the President had the indecent indiscretion to denounce Judge White as a man who had deceived *him*, (in not declining the solicitation to permit his name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency,) and Mr. Bell as a man not fit to be trusted—and who would sacrifice every thing to the motive of retaining his post as speaker. "But (continued the successor of General Washington, clenching his hand in passion) trust me, he shall be Speaker no longer!"

Of the truth of this there is no doubt. It is reported by gentlemen as credible as any in this Commonwealth, who report his very words! We shall suggest no comment upon it. It needs none to the intelligent mind, capable of appreciating the proper relations of things; on the host of man worshippers and office hunters, all comment would be thrown away.—They, we may suppose from the precedent of their former conduct, will admire, the more the conduct of their idol deviates from the dignity of the Washington model and approaches the standard of brutality.

THE GOLD HUMBUG.

Where is the Gold we were promised by our most promising administration? Mr. Blair—Where is your Mississippi flood Mr. Benton, where are your Mint Drops? And to all this Echo provokingly answers—Where?

It is amusing to witness the extreme care with which the tory presses avoid all allusion to the Specie Currency—which we were promised after the destruction of the United States Bank.—There was to be nothing but Gold—from Maine to Mississippi. Every Pennsylvania farmer was to have his pockets full of it. All the new England fishermen were to swim in it. Every pretty or plain lass in the country was to have a nice silk purse full of gold to buy a husband with. Lowell was to be laid in ashes; and all true republicans were to have pretty seats at Mount Washington and East Boston, or some other eligible situation for Democrats to make money out of—and all this from the GOLD that the administration were to coin out of moonshine, aided by the destruction of almost the only institution in the Country that possessed an adequate metallic basis for its paper circulation!

Why does not the Post favour us with a few more prophecies about the Gold Currency? Let a few of the sagacious foretellings it issued about a year or a year and half ago be reprinted—if not for its own benefit—at least for the benefit of those whom the editors of the Post stigmatized as "*the men who do the same kind of work that John Randolph's negroes are about.*"—*Atlas.*

From the Baltimore Patriot.
THE SIGNALS ARE HOISTED.

—The new Post Master General has a sort of manifesto in the Globe of this morning—a display of signals, for the benefit and information of those who hold office, and those also who are anxious to enlist under his command. We advise all concerned or interested to keep the signals constantly in view & govern themselves accordingly. We copy, for the information and use of the concerned, the most important part of this highly important manifesto. Here it is:—

'While the Postmaster General is understood to condemn the interference of Postmasters in electioneering arrangements, and to decline making removals for political reasons merely, it is equally well understood that in making appointments he will, other things being equal, give a preference to the friends of the Administration. If the '*complimentary notices*' of the Virginian are to be secured only by the *corrupt practice* of preferring foes to friends, Mr. Kendall will very certainly be compelled to forego them altogether.'

COL. BENTON.—The St. Louis Republican, published at the residence of the Colonel, remarking upon his declaration, that he would not accept of the office of Chief Justice if it were offered to him, says:

'Two reasons operate, no doubt, to prevent the acceptance of this post, if it should ever be tendered to him. Mr. Benton knows very well that the Senate would never confirm his nomination, if submitted to them; and he knows also, *that he would have to plank up a certain sum of money out of which he has contrived to keep the government for eighteen or twenty years past.*'

This is not the first time the Colonel has been thus charged, and yet he stands mute!—*Balt. Pat.*

Sensible, if not White.—Some years bygone, a plain, genteel looking man, neatly dressed in a decayed suit of black, and of a very pale countenance, called to consult me about obtaining a divorce from his wife. He told his story with hesitation, and evinced great reluctance to explain the cause of separation. At last he forced it out. He was destined to become the progenitor of a race of Kings, who were to found a throne in and rule over the continent of America! His wife had declared herself *unfit to be the mother of such a race;* and they had separated, that he might obtain a divorce, and marry a suitable person for such high destiny!

Here was a sensible woman; and it is fairly to be presumed that the good sense of Mrs. Parthene Johnson instructed her that *she was not fit to be the wife of the Vice president of the United State!* She withdrew from him with one of his Choctaw pupils, that, by obtaining a divorce, he might select a suitable Mrs. Vice President. In this view, the lady certainly showed her good sense in strong contrast with that of the Humbugers at Baltimore.
Cincinnati Gaz.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, August 1.

The Whigs of Mafyland are rouzing and rising—the course is a right one—the omen a good one,—The Whigs in Maryland have a decided superiority in at least six counties on the Eastern Shore, and in eight on the Western, besides in the two cities of Baltimore and Annapolis. It is the wish of every patriot heart, that desires to preserve the Federal Constitution and the Union, to augment these majorities to give steadfastness and security to our Government and to the principles of Republicanism. Therefore let every man do his duty—your farms—your workshops—your Merchandise—your professional offices will be worth little and avail you little, if you indolently and apathetically suffer your rightful powers to be taken from you, and wrongfully exercised to your own oppression and loss—"act well your part"—Do what the Constitution of your Country enjoins, and what sound common sense recommends—take the trouble to sustain sound principles and sound men, and you will both merit tranquility and prosperity and enjoy them.

If you did not know to the contrary, you would be led to suppose from the talk of many Anti-Van Buren men, that they were actually working in the cause of Van Buren—They are for ever complaining and lamenting that Van Buren must be elected—that they think so—that they fear so—that Mr. Van Buren is so cunning, that he will deceive all—that the office holders are so strong, and so active, and so desperate, that they must carry all before them—That Mr. White has no chance—That Mr. Webster has no chance and that they and all of us must be handed over spell bound to the little magician, who, like another Jack with a lanthern is to lead us through branches and briars, through marshes and ponds, and when we complain, that he will lift up his arm and laugh at us from under it.

Now was there ever a set so beset with political apparitions and teazing hobgobblins in the world before?—nor have these men one inch of sound calculation and plain matter of fact to bear them out in all this chicken hearted lamentation. The facts are not as they suppose them—things are totally different, nay diametrically opposite to what their fears and bewailings represent them.—There is no sound and discreet and capable politician at this day who will tell you, that Mr. Van Buren can now actually, or probably count on more states in his support, than are either actually or probably in the support of Mr. White or of Mr. Webster—you are not to believe the Jackson-Van-Buren newspapers which are hired to tell plausible things, no matter whether true or false—you are not to trust the Jackson Van Buren partizans who have the stake of office, wages, or preferment at risk. It is a settled plan with all those to have fine stories made up for them at Head quarters, and these they get by heart and talk off among the ignorant and unwary, just as if they were true—when they know there is not a word of truth in them—but it answers their purpose, as we see by frightening Anti-Van Buren Men or by causing them to doubt and despond, and thus false tales, told with a grave face and loud voice, are quite as good for them, indeed better, than true ones—for the truth will not answer their purpose.

Come let us nerve ourselves a little better and be a little more like firm and independent men. In the first place, let us think for ourselves who is the best man for President, and stick to him with honor, with fidelity, and energy. Next, let us think for ourselves who is the candidate we are most opposed to because of his unfitness & the unfitness of the means by which he has been brought out. Then let us determine, at all events to go against this worst man, & to suffer nothing to permit us to countenance him by word or deed.—Then rallying all the opposition possible in spirit and in truth against this worst man, let us all act fairly openly, & generously one to another, and ultimately unite, not to gratify our peculiar favorite wishes, but to save and to serve our country, her Government and the People. This is the course of duty—this is the course of wisdom—this is the course of honesty—away then with all whining, and despondency, and sickliness of thought—"act well your part" every man, then you need have no fears—you will have no doubt or remorse of conscience.

TRAPPE VS. NEW YORK.—*An Extraordinary display of human strength and bottom.*—On Tuesday last our enterprising and sporting neighbours of Trappe-town pledged a hand some wager to a man that might be found to wheel or drag by the fills, a horse cart, from their town to Easton, a distance of eight and a half miles (good measure) within twelve hours.—The road is much broken by six steep and sandy hills. The bait had not been long laid, before a bit of whalebone of the elasticity and nervous energy of a sturgeon, presented himself ready to grapple with the Herculean task. Mr. David Pritchett, aged 24—weight 117 lbs., declared himself competent to the task. He is in our judgment, about 5 feet 6 or eight inches high, of slender frame, presenting to the eye little else but bone and solid muscle.—He is an industrious, hard working man, we understand, and hence his great bottom. He commenced his task at half past 5 o'clock, A. M. and was allowed until half past 5 P. M. He was closely watched, that he might practice no deception—his only gearing was a saddle girth attached to the ends of each shaft and slung across his shoulders—he took no nourishment previous to starting, as he intended to bait upon the road with a friend, but upon his arrival at his friends house, not finding break fast ready, as he had travelled beyond the speed calculated on; he refused to tarry—the only sustenance he partook of during the journey, was a few crackers and cold water—he stopped frequently a few minutes to breathe during the rout; and occasionally suffered one of his attendants (a stout man) to get into the cart and ride some distance, by way of ballast as he would jestingly observe. Under all these circumstances, and a heavy road from rain on the night previous and during the time, he done his work in handsome style and bounding spirits in 5 hours and 38 minutes.

We saw him after his race stripped and cooled off—he was apparently not the least distressed, and proved satisfactorially, by his performance plenty of foot and *great* bottom. He professed himself ready to take the cart back again for the same wager. We wish him great success and liberal backers when he appears upon the track again.

A small boy engaged to wheel a hand-barrow, same distance and same time, for a smaller wager—the youngster won with ease.

Anti-Van Buren Convention.

The Convention of delegates, selected by those opposed to Martin Van Buren as President, and Richard M. Johnson as Vice President, from Cecil Kent, Queen Ann's, Caroline and Talbot counties to nominate a candidate to represent the congressional district composed of the said counties, in the next congress, assembled in Centreville on Thursday the 23 July, when on motion,

Gen. Wm. Potter of Caroline was called to the chair and Francis A. Ellis of Cecil, appointed Secretary.

The Convention then proceeded to the selection of a candidate for congress, when JAMES A. PEARCE, Esq. of Kent was duly selected as a suitable person to represent us in the next congress;

On motion of Mr. Burchenal, a committee was appointed by the chair, consisting of one member from each county, to issue an address to the voters of the second congressional district, the following gentlemen composed said committee;

Thos. Burchenal	of Caroline,
Edw'd N. Hambleton	Talbot,
S. W. Spencer,	Kent,
Sam'l Harper,	Q. Anns,
F. A. Ellis,	Cecil,

On motion of Mr. Wallis, Resolved, That this convention adhere to the 2d of December next, as the time selected for the meeting of the State Convention to be held in Baltimore.

On motion of Mr. Spencer, Resolved, That JAS. A. PEARCE, of Kent, be unanimously recommended to the voters of Cecil, Kent, Queen Ann's Caroline and Talbot counties, as a suitable person to represent them in the next congress, and that the members of this Convention will use all efforts cordially and honorably to promote his election.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Cecil Whig, Kent Bugle, Centreville Times, Caroline Advocate, and Easton Gazette.

WM. POTTER, Chairman.
F. A. ELLIS, Sec.

COUNCIL CHAMBER,
ANNAPOLIS, July 27, 1835
There will be a meeting of the Executive Council on MONDAY, the 17th of August next.
THOS. CULBRETH, Clerk.

ANNAPOLIS July 28.

The Champion, Steam Boat, brought nearly six hundred passengers from Baltimore on Sunday last. It is reported that she is to be placed upon the route between Baltimore, Annapolis, Easton, Denton, Cambridge, &c. She is stated to be the swiftest boat now on the Chesapeake. She made the passage from Norfolk to Baltimore last week, in 13½ hours, the shortest time in which it ever has been made. The Maryland is now undergoing repairs; her trips are performed by the Virginia Steam Boat.
Md. Republican.

The trips on the Washington Rail road, that is, between Baltimore and Bladensburg,—are made twice a day each way. The trains are drawn by locomotive engines whose power and fleetness are not surpassed by any in the world. We are proud to say that they are exclusively of Baltimore construction, and have been brought to their present high degree of perfection through the liberal and judicious encouragement extended by the Ohio road Company to the inventive talent and mechanical skill of the agents in their employ.—Of all the seasons of the year the present is always understood to be the dullest for passenger travelling between this city and Washington, and yet notwithstanding this dullness, and the incomplete state of the Rail road, we learn that the Company's receipts have been three hundred dollars per day since the opening. A very handsome begining, indeed.

From the Baltimore Patriot.
THE RIP RAPS CONVERSATION.

The Norfolk Beacon affects to regret that the President's conversations at the Rip Raps should be spread before the public. It is very kind of the Beacon to manifest so much regard for the character and reputation of the "Greatest and Best;" but would it not be full as well to regret that this august personage himself should so far give way to his vindictive passions, and forget what belongs to the high station he occupies, as to speak lightly before a mixed company of the memory of the late Chief Justice Marshall, and to denounce Judge White and Mr. Speaker Bell, because they do not sustain his candidate for the succession? If he cherished no respect for the illustrious dead; if he had naught in his heart but hatred for his old neighbors, and long tried friends, Messrs White and Bell,—at least it would have become him—as the first civil and military officer of a great nation—to refrain from speaking slightly of the one and denouncing the others.

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