of the remarkable difference in the prices of lands on the Eastern Shore and in the balance of lower Virginia, is found in the difference of the modes of thinking and acting as to continued residence, and emigration It may be said truly that the people of the Eastern Shore only, of all the inhabitants of Virginia, as a community, feelthat they are at *home*—that they and their children are to live and die where they were born, and have to make the best of their situation.—Compared with this state of things, the population of the balance of Virginia may be considered as in a state of *transition*—having future migration in prospect, either for themselves for their children. If only one-third of the community are operated on directly by such considerations, they are enough to bring all the lands of the country to the prices and condition of their own. With so much land always offered for sale, and at almost any sacrifice, the prices of all must necessarily and continually decline. The formerly contented and industrious and successful improver of his farm, finds that it has sunk in price more than his expense incurred for its improvement—and that he might have bought at a lower price the lands about to be deserted by his neighbors. Hence grows discouragement to all permanent & valuable improvements—general and increasing discontent with their homes—and next the willingness, and finally the expectation, of following to the west the more enterprising, or more greedy, who had gone before them. The long continued prevalence of such opinions and habits are alone enough to ruin any country: and the mere absence of this curse seems enough to maintain the superior thrift and prosperity of the county of Northampton. The opposite conditions of the two communities may be compared to the different operations of the institution of marriage when indissoluble except by death, and where the law offers and invites divorce at will. In the former state, the parties are compelled to make the best of their union and in the latter they would as certainly make the worst of it.

From what I could gather of the opinions of farmers of this county, it was inferred that the land was naturally, as it still appears, of middle quality as to productiveness. I heard of no farm, or even a field which was supposed by its owner as having in its best and original state, to have produced more than 30 bushels of corn to the acre—which is certainly a very moderate crop on land peculiarly adapted to that grain. Probably in some places near the creeks, there were spots of much greater natural fertility: but all such could not have amounted to any great extent. I saw no land, other than the highly manured lots about dwellings, which now would produce 30 bushels; and not much which by its present growth promised more than 20 bushels of corn. Still I may be deceived in this respect, not only for lack of judgment, but because the grain may be greater in proportion to the general bulk of the plants, than on other soils.—This is asserted of their oat crops which appeared to my eye generally meagre, and very few spots were seen where the growth was very luxuriant. Yet it is affirmed that their ordinary round stacks will yield not much short of 200 bushels and if of wheat and elsewhere they would hardly exceed 50 bushels.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

DOCTOR FRANKLIN AND HIS WIG.

—As every one knows, when the American philosopher arrived at Paris as Plenipotentiary for the 'Old Thirteen,' his appearance at the gay and brilliant metropolis of France, excited a good deal of curiosity A plain republican among the nobles of the most refined and polite people in the world! The representative of the nation that had braved the power of England—the ancient enemy of France! A philosopher, who had enrolled his name among the greatest and best of France or England. The Doctor was, of course, 'the observed of all observers.' While he was exciting so much curiosity and interest among the Parleyvous Monsieurs of the luxurious French capital, he was dressed, according to the most authentic accounts, in a fashion that in these degenerate days would be denominated the antique; that is to say—he wore short breeches and gaiters—a long, pepper-and-salt coat and vest, with pockets about the size of a schoolboy's satchel, and buttons of the dimension of warming-pans to speak, as report makers say, in 'round numbers.'—His wrists were surrounded with enormous ruffles, and on his head were perched a venerable three cornered, cocked hat, beneath which was that which kings, with their crowns and jewelled robe, did not possess. When the Doctor took off his hat, something was visible that covered more than all the crowns in christendom—videlicit, a wig—and thereby hangs a tale.

No man, not even the republican philosopher, could appear at the French court, without express permission of the formerly useful bipeds—wigmakers. A splendidly dressed, capering, dancing and skipping barber, who in this capacity served his most excellent majesty, made his politest bow to the doctor.—This appendage of royalty was also king to his own servant, who wore his livery and ruffles on his wrists as georgeous as his master, and each of whom was fastened to huge and ponderous swords—according to all accounts the swords were larger than their owners.—They brought with them a load of sweet scented band boxes, full of *'de vig—de suberb vig for de great Doctor Franklin.'* The band boxes were opened, and the hairy appendages displayed, sending forth odors as powerful as a score of muskrats, as sweet scented as the streets of Cologne—as delightful as the spices of Araby the blest. One wig was tried on after another—the boxes were emptied—the contents were on the floor, but after various trials, it was found to the astonishment of the wig-makers, *'dat all de vigs were too small. Vat de diable shall be done!'* The wig-maker began to think that Frenchmen's heads were made on an exceeding diminutive scale, and wondered why the Doctor did not pitch over, like a piece of cork with a bit of lead in it, from being top-heavy. He fell into the most violent rage, to the great amusement of Franklin, who looked at the perplexed, dumfounded and volatile Frenchman with the greatest good humor. While the Doctor was being amused at the rage of the wig-maker, who calling all the saints to witness that the *vigs* were good *vigs*—most excellent *vigs*—the man of silk and perfumes clapped his hands together, and exclaimed that he had made *one grand discoverie*. Franklin, with all his philosophy, could not penetrate the secret.

'De fault does not lay,' cried the overjoyed Frenchman, 'in de vig—Oh, no! by gar! the vig was just de size; de vig was not too small, de Doctor's head was too big—ver great deal too big

This was the grand discovery. Franklin replied with a smile, that the fault could not be in his head, as it was the work of the Almighty himself, who could not err. Upon this the wig maker pulled in his horns a little, but still maintained something was de matter wid de Doctor's head it was not a fashionable head, it was not a Frenchman's head, but the head of Doctor Franklin himself. He begged the Doctor to remember that his head had not the honor to be made in Paris, the centre of refinement and gallantry, which alone contained the true standard of heads & wigs. No, by gar! if his head had been made in Paris—Pare—it no bin more dan half such a head. The Doctor's head was *unique*, and none of the French nobles had any such heads as this. Not de grand duke of Orleans—not de grand monarch himself had half such a head as Doctor Franklin; and he did not see vat business any body had wid a head more big dan de head of de grand monarch.' While the tongue of the poor, vexed and nonplussed wig-maker ran on in this fashion having evidently recovered his good humour, the Doctor listened with great good nature, which is known so peculiarly to have distinguished him.—He put a check to his rant by relating one of his fine anecdotes, which so tickled the poor wig-maker, & gave him so exalted an idea of the Doctor's wit that as he retired, bowing capering, dancing, laughing and shrugging his shoulders, he said with a particularly arch and expressive look, 'Ah, ha! Doctor Franklin! I no vonder your head too big for my vig By gar, I fraid your head be too big for all the French Nation—by gar! my poor vigs!' and away capered the wig maker with his wigs. The Doctor was soon after summoned before the king and queen; how his mission sped is to be found in the history of the times—but whether he found favour in the eyes of the French court without the assistance of any great or small wig maker, we are not sufficiently acquainted with his private history to say; but the above rencounter with the wig-making appendage to royalty is authentic, however much it may vary in its particulars from other accounts. —*National Eagle.*

MR. CLAY.

A Reverend gentleman,—the Reverend Walter S. Scott, of Indiana,—has been making a visit to Kentucky, and whilst in that State called at Ashland, the country residence of the Hon. Henry Clay. It seems that he had an interview with the distinguished American orator and statesman, and was highly gratified with his visit The Rev. gentleman's graphic description of Mr. Clay and his place of residence may not be uninteresting to our readers.

"We did ourselves the honor this morning to visit, at his own farm, one and a half miles from Lexington the distinguished American statesman, Henry Clay.—We passed from the main road to the mansion house of Mr. Clay by a circular avenue of poplars and pines, which made me fancy myself once more in old Sciotia where such trees form the common timber of the country, and must be remarkable in this only because they are a species of evergreen, & do not shed their crop of green needles until they are pushed from their places by those of the succeeding year. The farm must be a delightful spot in the spring, summer, and autumn, as its appearance was beautiful even at this early season; but circumstances did not admit us delaying to examine it and the imported breeds of cattle with we were informed, it has been stocked by its distinguished owner. We only gave an *en passant* glance at its ex'tended lawns & spreading forests, as we advanced to the house.

When we had ascended the flight of stone stairs which lead to the front door, we were received by a well-bred colored servant who invited us into the saloon, and announced us to his master. Mr Clay received us in a very gracious manner indeed, and by an air of real kindness instantly dissipated the slight trepidation which I for one felt, as a person visiting for the first time a great and celebrated man whom I had never seen, and to whom, even now, I had no letter of introduction.

The parlor in which we found Mr. Clay gave evidence by its furniture and ornaments both of the taste and quality of its owner; it was of a semi-circular form, with windows in the corners eaching from the floor almost to the ceiling; these were hung with sky colored curtains, which gave it an air of great cheerfullness. The floor was covered with carpet, and the pieces of furniture were few in number; the last incident very much suited my taste, for of all things in the world I dislike a room crowded with furniture still there is scarce space left to turn about in it without incommoding your fellows. Those who do so display much wealth and little taste and would seem to trust their cause for respect rather to the animal than to be rational among those who visit them Portraits of Washington and other eminent individuals were hanging around the room; and upon the whole it was a sweet apartment, containing nothing that could make either poor men afraid or rich men ashamed. Men in public life should be careful how they furnish their houses and clothe their persons; for to dress in such vulgar garments, as to make the rich ashamed, or in such courtly ones as to make the poor afraid is to say the least of it, injudicious—good and great men should trust their cause for respect chiefly to their own public performances, to their private virtues, and to the more estimable and exalted qualities of their superior minds:

Mr. Clay was clothed in the most modest suit imaginable, and by his appearance made us feel as if we were in the presence of a person not at all beneath us, nor so high above us but that we could be perfectly easy and speak to him what we wished to say, and also ask of him what we desired to know.—In person Mr. C. would be esteemed tall; and he is very well formed; the *toute ensemble* strongly represented to me the person of a very respectable Presbyterian or Episcopalean Clergyman in the advance of life. There is nothing striking in the expression of Mr. Clay's face while at ease and unoccupied; but it may be, and I dare say it is, very different when all his features are lighted up by the inspiration of a great political question, and he stands in the halls of legislation surrounded by innumerable admiring statesmen, lawyers, ambassadors, orators and men of science, pouring forth on a great topic in deep mellow tones the unconstrained deluge of his superior eloquence.

There is in the contour of his face more reflection than perception; and his eye consequently discovers more of the sedateness of supreme talent than the restlessness of peculiar genius. He is exceedingly good looking, and has a kind, condescending address. The vulgar looking print of him which we see stuck up in almost every bookseller's window is a vile thing, and bears no more resemblance to the honorable senator than the head of Dante to that of the venerable and benevolent Washington.

We are informed by those who have visited Ashland, that the description given of it by the Rev. Mr. Scott is very correct Those who have seen Mr. Clay in debate or in the social circles of the drawing-room, will bear witness to the fidelity of the writer's description of the man.—*Boston Gazette.*

POLITICAL CHARACTER, TIMIDITY AND NEUTRALITY.

Our attention has been called to these interesting subjects, from the unwillingness of a large body of men in our country, either to connect themselves with any of the exisiting political parties, or to form a new party or parties independent of those already in power. We see around us a vast multitude of men—men of power, of influence, of judgment, and we regret to add, men of duplicity too, who have renounced all communion and all connexion with every grade, and every sect in the political world Such a renunciation of parties, we doubt not has grown out of the wickedness and abuse, the intrigue and corruption, the violation of sacred and human principles, which too often has been the foundation and cap-stone of our political fabric Men have compared the politics of the father with those of the son—searched after some trifling delineation of character, some faint resemblance which at least, might exhibit in the child the outlines of their illustrious progenitors. They have stood aghast at the threatened dissolution of the Union—sickened over the hideous forms, which in a thousand shapes, truth and imagination has spread out before them. They have grown pale when these living characters have been stripped of covering; and the crimes, the political crimes of mankind, have stood naked before them. In a Tariff law they have seen a higher than Mount Atlas, while Nullification was the whole globe itself, resting like the fabled sphere upon the head of one of the weakest of her children. They have groaned over the terrors of Southern Slavery, and expired over the horrors of Northern Fanaticism. To day they have revived and are living for their country, and anon they are again wailing and dying for their countrymen.

We have drawn no factitious scene. We have gazed upon the painting and the painter, time & again; and instead of adorning our remarks in any unreal drapery, we could wish to draw back the curtains and lay bear nothing but the simple, unvarnished truth.

We say then that there are such men—men who tremble at fancied spectres—men who are wounded with sheathed swords—men who fancy they *may* do evil, and are therefore determined to do *nothing*. Their feminine hearts run away with their heads, and judgment and understanding, principle and duty, must fall down and worship a god, which would have disgraced even the heathen mythology—the god of cowardice & expediency. A mob composed of foreign intruders, of run away paupers, of native and imported miscreants will now-a-days arm themselves in a trice, spreading confusion and terror over the whole populace—all this too, while your cold, calculating, neutral, frightened do-nothing citizen is repining over his misfortune, and wondering at the *alarming* state of the times. Such men give character and countenance to the mobs—and if they do not mingle and hurra with them they exert a worse influence over religion and virtue, by not arming themselves against them. They forget, in the language of Edmund Burke, that when 'bad men combine, good men should associate;' and being thus indifferent, these very men are blotting out every page which has been written in defence of good order and good government, and in their place they are engraving, with a pen of iron dipped into a fountain of blood, *crime and oppression, the prostration of law and the triumph of religious and political infidelity.*

We acknowledge that many men who are indifferent to all political discussions, and all political actions, are good men—men who act from conscience and duty—who are liberally blessed with moral courage—but yet who are wanting in the belief that it is the duty of every man to exercise the highest human right he can enjoy. No matter what his belief or what his profession, let him, while an inhabitant of his own soil, claim and exercise this privilege, which is second only to his religion—the privilege, of voting for good officers.—We believe it to be the duty, the solemn duty of every American citizen, no matter who or what he is, minister or churchman, saint or sinner, office-holder or office-seeker, we say it is his second duty, his first duty to man, to be always at the polls.

We know that many say that such a principle of universal suffrage, carried out to its full extent, would add to the already existing evils. It is not so. It is the apathy of these men that builds up the various bulwarks of crime—their indifference and timidity, their superabundant caution and fear of greater evils, that has brought upon our country the growing disregard for law, which almost daily breaks out, either in the character of a mob, personal insult, or intemperate elections. Do the vicious cry for more sleep and more slumber, or the virtuous? Are not the panders of government in power and seeking power, more zealous to retain their strong hold of corruption, than honest men are to drive them from it?

We repeat then, it is the duty of every man of every political party, to go to the polls. In a contest which brings *every* voter together, the people the virtuous part of the community, are to be the gainers. From time beyond memory, the emissaries of political darkness, as well as moral darkness, have done all in their power, by force and stratagem, to overcome every thing holy and pure.

Let not the clergy, the christian, the philanthropist be deceived. Let them not say because there is no political integrity, they will hold no alliance with any of the political parties—if none, be yourselves exemplars of it—Remember that every thing, from the temple of God to the inebriating bowl, is abused. And why not politics? 'If the curse of growing factions still vex our councils,' as they once did the Venetian—if we are henceforth to be governed by atheists and demagogues—if a mob is to rule us and destroy our dwellings—it is in consequence of the political character of the people—in consequence of their timidity—and what is most wicked of all, in consequence of their neutrality.—*Essex Gazette.*

We would call the attention of all who are opposed to the office-holders candidates, to the following sensible views, which we copy from a late number of the Kentucky Common wealth:

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

It is the policy of the OFFICE HOLDERS to endeavor to create a general impression of their own power. Believing that much is to be gained by catching that kind of support which looks alone to the *strong side*, without asking where the true interests of the country would be best consulted and maintained, they have, occasionally, published what call 'political calculations.' In these *calculations* they never fail to give a vast majority of the states to Mr. Van Buren. We believe that the OFFICE HOLDERS have greatly deceived themselves. They are wrong in their premises. They take it for granted that Van Buren will have but *one* opponent, & they profess to think that the OPPOSITION cannot be brought to combine on any one man. There *is a proper time* for combination, and when that period arrives, there will be a perfect union of all the elements of opposition. It does not follow that because the opposition run several candidates that therefore they are divided into irreconcileable factions. Their great aim is to break down the OFFICE HOLDING party, and to take from a President the power of nominating a SUCCESSOR In this controversy, each great division of the Union has a right to support its own candidates, and consult, in that selection, their own peculiar notions of policy All that it is necessary to do, at this juncture, is for each section to take care that they vote for a man who is opposed to the office holder's dominion. By guarding that point, there will be one common bond which will unite the opposition in the selection of a President who will most fearlessly and successfully make head against the tide of corruption which is rolling over the country. All local differences will sink into insignificance when compared with the great triumph which would result from a defeat of the Baltimore nominations. Wherever the people are opposed to Mr. Van Buren, let them vote for a man who will, if elected, oppose the OFFICE-HOLDERS. By pursuing such a course, victory, either complete or partial, will be the inevitable result. The constitution has pointed out a mode by which a selection will be made, in which mode the great principles of STATE RIGHTS are drawn into efficient exercise. In that mode, New York and all the abominations of her REGENCY becomes shorn of her overgrown strength, and the State of Kentucky is as potant as the 'empire state' herself. If any one section should fail of its first choice, it can gain all *the essential* ends of the struggle, by selecting a candidate whose views most nearly approximate their own Let us see what would, in all probability, be the state of the vote on the supposition that Van Buren, White, Harrison and Webster should each be supported by the friends to their respective claims. We will first put the case in the strongest favorable position for the Office Holders.

For Van Buren—New York 42 votes, New Hampshire, 7, Maine 10, New Jersey 8, Georgia 11, Missouri 4; Illinois 4, Connecticut 8, Pennsylvania 30, Mississippi 4—these added together make one hundred and twenty-nine votes, being 16 votes too few to elect him, as 145 are necessary to a choice.

For Webster—Massachusetts 14, Rhode Island 4, Vermont 7, Delaware 3,—making 28 votes in opposition to the Office Holders.

For White—Maryland 10, Virginia 23, North Carolina, 25, South Carolina 11 Tennessee 15, Alabama 7—making 91 votes opposed to the Office holders.

For Harrison—Kentucky 15, Ohio 21, Indiana 9, Louisiana 5—making 50 votes opposed to the office holders.

Thus giving even upon this calculation, where all doubtful votes are given to the Office Holders, a decided majority to the Whigs But we have no idea that the contest will be as close as it is here represented—we believe that each of the Whig candidates has a greater strength than such calculation exhibits. For instance, we do not believe that Van Buren will get Pennsylvania, Missouri, Mississippi, Illinois, Connecticut or New Jersey. All the signs of the times go to encourage the expectation that Pennsylvania will go, by an overwhelming majority, for Harrison—Illinois and Missouri will both take the same direction—New Jersey will go for White or Webster Mississippi will certainly go for White, and there is much ground for believing that Georgia will do the same. We believe that if the present candidates keep the field the result will be that the candidate of the OFFICE HOLDERS will carry but three states—Maine, New Hampshire, and New York. The Evening Star, in making a calculation, gives the following table, which in its general outline, comes very near the probable issue of the campaign.

White		*Clay or Harrison,*	
Maryland,	10	Ohio,	21
Virginia,	23	Kentucky;	15
North Carolina,	15	Indiana,	9
South Carolina,	11	Louisiana	5
Tennessee,	15	Illinois,	5
Alabama;	7		—55
Mississippi,	4—85		
Webster.		*Van Buren.*	
Massachusetts,	14	Maine,	10
Rhode Island,	4	New Hampshire	7
Connecticut,	8	New York,	42
Vermont,	7		—59
Delaware,	3—36		
Doubtful			
Pennsylvania,		30	
New Jersey,		8	
Georgia,		11	
Missouri.		4—53	

We do do not consider Pennsylvania as at all doubtful—we would unhesitatingly place her upon Harrison's ticket. In view of all these considerations, there is every reason for the Whigs to take courage and to persevere. As between either White, Harrison or Webster, when contrasted with Van Buren, there is not a Whig in the land who would not gladly yield up all minor objects in order that any one of the three first named gentlemen should defeat the Baltimore Convention candidate.—The more that the chances for victory are reflected upon, the brighter the prospects appear. All that is necessary for the people to do, in order to assert their rights, and to arrest from the President the power of appointing his own SUCCESSOR is *to be true to themselves.*

The public are aware, that a certain Mr. Abner Kneeland, an Atheist, has been tried in Boston for obscenity and blasphemy, and that he has twice escaped conviction by the obstinacy of a single juror. He is Editor of a paper called "The Investigator," and makes it the vehicle of those indecent and horribly disgusting sentiments, for which he has been arraigned as a common nuisance.

We mention these things on account of the fact, that Col. R. M. Johnson, the Van Buren candidate for the Vice Presidency, is the warm supporter, correspondent, and eulogist of Mr Kneeland's paper. The number of the 22nd of May contains a letter from the Colonel to the Editor, in which he speaks of 'The Investigator' as a "most valuable publication,' and expresses his astonishment that its correspondents are ashamed to affix their names to their productions. All its other correspondents are ashamed to give their names; but the Colonel like the Editor, has no such lingering sense of decency. The very number, which contains his letter, contains also a grave argument to prove, that, if there is any such being as God, he '*must have been hatched from an egg*' Every week, it puts forth sentiments equally shocking and infamous, scouting at the idea of a Supreme Being, and treating marriage, the civil laws, and all the other institutions of human society, as the miserable relics of priestcraft. No decent man would permit such a paper to pass his threshhold, it is fit only to be burned by the hands of the common hangman, and Col Johnson's unmeasured praise of it shows, that the practical enormities of his life, instead of being the fruits of a single precipitate error are the results of feelings deliberately cherished and avowedly acted on.

[Lou. Jour.

The Richmond Enquirer says, that Van Buren will carefully guard those principles, 'upon which hang all the law and the prophets.' We think, that Van's great principle will be to burn the Law and pocket the profits

[Lou. Jour.

PORT DEPOSIT, August 1.

PORT DEPOSIT AND CHESAPEAKE TURNPIKE ROAD COMPANY.

The books for subscription to the stock of this Company, were opened at the office of Savin, Archer and Co. in Port Deposit on Saturday last; and the whole amount of stock—being 400 shares, at $25 each—subscribed in less than fifteen minutes after the opening of the Books. This is another of the many improvements calculated to advance the interest of the citizens of the place and promote their convenience. The road will commence at the lower end of Port Deposit and proceed directly along the bank of the river, to the Chesapeake Ferry, opposite Havre-de-Grace A depot of the Wilmington and Susquehanna Rail Road it is expected, will be located at Chesapeake; and as it is probable a great deal of business will be done on this road, in consequence, the stock will no doubt be very profitable.—*Whig.*

AN UNPRESIDENTED MATCH AGAINST TIME, for 400 dollars was decided on Jenks' Course, on Friday afternoon.—Mr. E. Jones of the Providence Hotel, agreed to go in harness, with his horse Black Joke, fifty miles in 4 hours. He started at 19 minutes before 5 o'clock, and completed the distance in three hours and fifty seven minutes, as follows:—

First 12 miles	1 hour
Next 12 miles	1 hour
Next 13 miles	1 hour
Last 13 miles	57 min.
50 miles	3 h. 57 min

Black Joke is 7 years old, and had not been trained, the match having been made the morning of the day of performance. Mr Jones, his rider weighs 175 pounds, and by his wonderful skill and the bottom of the horse, completed the distance in the unprecedented time above mentioned, under the disadvantages, the last hour of the darkness of the night, and a heavy fall of rain.—Providence Journal

From the U. S. Telegraph.

MR. VAN BUREN'S TOAST,

The best thing we have ever seen of Mr. Van Buren, is his toast sent to the Wolf celebration in Philadelphia. It was this:

The State of Pennsylvania. —Preserve the Key Stone, and our political arch is safe

That is—'For God's sake, gentlemen secure Pennsylvania to me. If I loose her, I am a done over tailor forever. I sink, no more to rise.'

DEATH OF COBBETT.—The most voluminous, and in the ratio of quantity, the ablest writer of the passing age, has recently paid the debt of nature. William Cobbett, Editor of the Register, and formerly of Porcupine's Gazette, died on his farm in Surrey, (Eng.) on the 18th June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. There needed but the fulcrum of principle and consistency to have given the efforts of Cobbett, a moral power scarcely resistable, and certainly superior to that of any of his fellow subjects of whatever station.—*Pat.*

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EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, August 15.

Attention Patriots.

The Freemen of Talbot County, opposed to the election of Martin Van Buren as President, and Richard M. Johnson as Vice President, are requested to meet in their respective districts, at or near the place of holding the county election, on SATURDAY the 15th inst. and then and there to elect five delegates from each district, who shall meet in Convention, at Easton, on TUESDAY the 18th inst to nominate and recommend four Delegates to the next General Assembly of Maryland from Talbot county; and a Commissioner for District, No. 4.

We learn through our Baltimore papers by the Steam Boat that order and tranquility have been once more restored to the distracted city. On Sunday night last, it appears, the mob, composed chiefly of very young men and boys, acted with unrestrained violence, destroying all the furniture, library and other contents of R. Johnson's splendid mansion.

They visited the houses of J. B. Morris, Evan T. Elliett, Jesse Hunt, (late mayor,) &c. with a like relentless fury. The heart sickens at the details of these horrible outrages.

Throughout Sunday an exterminating warfare was waged upon the remaining property and effects of the above named gentlemen. The citizens were finally compelled to resort to fire arms, several lives were lost & many were wounded by shot or missile. The active mobers numbered (tis said) some 100 or so, whilst the gaping spectators might be estimated at some thousands. On Monday last, Jesse Hunt resigned his office as mayor of the city. Gen. Anthony Miltinberger, President of the 1st branch of the city council, has been acting as Mayor pro tem.

Gen. Samuel Smith seems to be the most promising candidate at present for the Mayoralty. Troops were sent down to Fort McHenry by the Governor, ready to support and maintain the civil authority, at present all seems to be quiet.

For the Easton Gazette.

Mr. Graham,—Having, on more than one occasion, experienced your great kindness in giving access to your columns, when my cause and suit were based upon justice and a prudent freedom of speech. I feel no hesitation in again intruding myself upon you.

Knowing full well that *any* attempt by *any* individual to even hint aught against the 'Pet' little Van—will elicit nothing but anathemas and scurrilities, I feel some reluctance to enter the arena; and should hold my own loculbrations closely within myself, did I not encounter the imperious promptings of a freeman's responsibilities and duties. 'Twill appear a little strange (at first sight) to have you publishing a few hints for a "thorough-bred original Jackson-man"—and I now write with nothing but uncertainty before me—my only hope rests upon a little item in one of your resolutions passed at your late meeting—which item relates to a general and sweeping opposition to Van Buren and Johnson—here my good Sir, we go heart and hand—I cannot recognize the "dicta" of a packed junto—convened lately in Baltimore—with all the paraphernalia of a cool, dispassionate, deliberative body of unshackled politicians, when in truth they were choked (beyond utterance) by the cunningly devised web of Martin Van or his pliant emissaries—but we will let this pass, and will say nothing about it—no not a word, My object in this paper, is, to place my views before my fellow citizens respecting Hugh L. White the only true and legitimate candidate now before us that can fairly and honestly lay a high claim to the principles and doctrines for the support and maintenance of which, I fought hard and long, to encircle the brow of our present Chief Magistrate, with the trappings of republican authority—we all know the creeds—the checks and balances—the wise and cautious admonitions—the pure and patriotic promises and assurances given and pledged to us by Gen. Jackson previous to his elevation in the exalted chair of State—I need not recapitulate—they are engraven upon the hearts of many—not in golden characters—but in letters black as Erebus indicative of their great chagrin and deep mortification, and who, I would ask, has hoodwinked our "Favorite" into his late numberless excesses and gross abuses? who bears the unenviable character of being his private confessor and political dictator? who is recognised & branded by many (if they dare,) as the artful corruptor of his once sound and promising purity? I need not write the name in black letters—for it is engraven upon the tablets of our everlasting rembrances—can *we* then, who admired and supported Gen. Jackson and his principles in their original and primal purity—give our right hand of fellowship and support to that creature of cunning devices and tabled sophistries who swept all these precious idols of our hearts away with a besom of destruction—I cannot, and will not—So far as our eyes can measure over the field of our present claimants for support, I do not hesitate to say that there is one, who arrests my especial attention—one, who promises to revive the former professions of our present chief—and pledges himself to expunge all the excressences and damnable machinations of the now toppling Van Buren dynasty. He is admitted to be honest and judicious—his honesty must serve him as a barrier against the insidious approaches of designing sycophants, his prudence should remind him certainly of

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