impression that early sales will prove the best.

August 17th 1835.—Flour has declined, and prices unsettled. Holders are asking $6,50, but no sales. Wheat is coming in freely and selling at $1.20 and 1,25.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

TOWSON vs. ELLIOTT.

It was unfortunate for the brave and gallant Towson, the *Decatur* of the Army, that he should, under any circumstances, get into a collision with such a man as Commodore Jesse D. Elliott—for, however such collision might terminate, some degree of discredit must inevitably attach to him. But the collision has taken place; the correspondence between the two individuals has been published; it has been read; and in it every one may see the true character of General Nathan Towson, and of Commodore Jesse D. Elliott! Each is so clearly drawn that he who runs may read—and yet the *New York Times*, the organ, mouth piece and bolsterer up of the unenvied Commodore, has the effrontery to declare that General Towson came off "second best;" that Elliott disgraced and insulted him out and out; that he did every thing which should draw a challenge from a high-minded officer and a gentleman, void of religious scruples in those matters, and yet Towson refused to challenge, because he feared losing his commission in the army! This is the story of the New York Times! Now how stands the matter? Towson's first letter to Elliott was courteous, decided and respectful. The *Times* admits this. Towson had seen, in a recently published biography of Elliott, the whole credit of cutting out the Detroit and Caledonia from under the British Fort, awarded to the latter, whereas one half of it at least, belonged to himself—and this act of injustice received the silent approbation of the narrow-souled Hero of, *nothing*, but the "Figure Head." He wrote Elliott to have him correct the error of his biographer, as every *gentleman* and man of *honor* would be most ready and happy to do. But not so, the figure Head man. He writes back a long letter, in which he goes into an argument to prove that it is unnecessary for him to make the correction proposed, taking care every now and then to speak in complimentary terms of Towson's courage and bravery. Not one word in this letter would warrant a challenge from Towson, as every man of candor will admit, and yet, such was its character, that, seeing Towson had commenced the correspondence, it absolutely required an answer. And it did receive an answer, biting and stinging enough to have drawn a challenge from "all the Gods at once." Towson found that Elliott was not disposed to unrobe himself of his borrowed plumes and do another justice; he had at last learned the full and true character of the man, and he sends him the letter alluded to. Here is an extract from it:—

"I will be candid with you on this as well as on every other subject. *I do think that you might have made greater efforts to have brought the Detroit into harbor before you abandoned her*; that the circumstances under which she was burnt, if such as to justify the act, did not imperiously require it; and that *it was not in keeping with the chivalrous daring which could plan and execute so hazardous an enterprize as the boarding, with an inferior force, and capturing "a public armed brig mounting six guns with a crew of fifty six men, directed by naval discipline."* Some years past I was applied to by a personal friend of Commodore Perry, for a statement of facts contained in the last paragraph, to be used to your prejudice in the controversy then pending between you; but I refused to give it—informing him that I had no *official* claims on you, as he supposed, for neglecting me in your report; and that the fact of your planning and undertaking so hazardous an enterprise removed from my mind all suspicion of what many of Commodore Perry's friends seemed to suppose had prevented your aiding him in the action on Lake Erie, as he expected. *Candor requires me to say that I then, and until lately, did believe the Detriot was commanded by a regular officer of the British Navy. If such was not the fact, as I am informed, and that the commander was your relation, the enterprise in my judgment, loses much of its daring character.*"

What than the above language could be more stinging and tormenting? It was touching Elliott in the tenderest and sorest of all points. Hints referring to these cowardly things had before been thrown out in the distance and crept into some of the newspapers; but through charity, or in the general hope that the statements might not be true, they had been suffered to slumber almost in oblivion. But now they are revived, coupled with other facts which make them too evident to be disbelieved, and thrown into his very teeth by a gentleman of the highest character and most distinguished standing, and under circumstances too which were enough almost to draw a challenge from a minister of the Gospel! But how was this lashing, biting, withering imputation upon his honor and bravery, received by *Elliott*? Did he send a challenge to wipe off the damning stain upon his honor and courage? No, not he! But like a whipt spaniel, he undertakes to growl and bark at the man who pinned him to the wall, a mark to draw forth the mingled scorn, pity and contempt of the public. He writes a long abusive letter to Towson, in which he acknowledges how much his pride had been wounded and his feelings outraged. He declares he 'can hardly write calmly' under the infliction! And yet he could not 'screw his courage to the sticking place,' and send a challenge! *Jesse D. Elliott* had better foreswear duelling forthwith. According to the laws of dueling, whether justifiable or unjustifiable—there was the first provocation for a challenge in the correspondence. Elliott in neglecting to challenge, when he holds to duelling, and bemeaning himself so much as to send an abusive letter instead, proved at once, beyond all doubt surmise, conjecture or quibble, that he was beneath the notice of a gentleman and a man of honor; and the short letter which follows from General Towson can only be accounted for on the supposition that he wanted to still tantalize and triumph over the disgraced and insignificant Commodore! He says to him, 'if my letter was *such as you describe it*, a *gentleman* and a *man of honor* would have known how to reply to it! But as for *you*! Oh you are a mere *blusterer*!' Insult upon insult! And yet no challenge from the trembling Commodore! O no, nothing ever provokes a challeugs from *him*!

To say that *Gen. Towson* ought to have sent the challenge, under any view of the case, at any point of the controversy, is more, decidedly more, than the facts in the case will warrant. He was reluctantly drawn into the controversy; it was his duty to himself, his comrades, and the public, to have history corrected in relation to an important military and naval exploit. It was alike honorable and gentlemanly on his part to give Commodore Elliott the privilege of correcting the error and doing a little band of gallant artillerists justice. This being refused, who could act more gentlemanly and honorably, agreeably to the rules of honor, than did General Towson in a controversy, with such a man as Commodore Jesse D. Elliott. Towson could not, at any point of the controversy, send a challenge without *dishonoring* himself—nor, without the same result, could Elliott refuse to send one, after receiving Towson's second letter.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

MR. BARNES. Editor of the Chronicle:

Dear Sir—I feel it a duty, at a time like the present, to offer through the columns of your paper, information that may be highly useful, if properly approved to the community at large. You will therefore oblige by giving the following a place in your paper as speedily as possible.

Respectfully,

JOHN C. WEEMS.

La Grange, Elkrige, Aug. 28th, 1835.

FARMERS AND OTHER CITIZENS OF MARYLAND, LOOK OUT!

I understand from a part of my family who returned last evening from West River, that a rick of straw, out of which between 600 and 700 bushels of wheat had just been threshed, within fifteen feet of my son John W. Weems' barn, at West River, was set fire to on Sunday night last, (or rather on Monday morning between 2 and 3 o'clock,) and burnt every straw to ashes. There was not a breath of air, or all the farm establishment must have been consumed, to wit: a 60 feet barn, sheded round for stabling &c. the granary, threshing machine, mill house and mill, corn house, &c &c. The plank and boards of the barn were so hot as not to allow the hand to remain comfortably against them. There was holden at the time, at the African Methodist meeting house, about 1 1-2 miles distant, what is called their Three Days' Meeting, viz: on Friday and Saturday nights, Sunday all day, Sunday night, and again I understand, on the Monday night, (the night after the fire,) during which time hundreds of negroes were assembled, particularly on Sunday night. The night of the fire there were, it is said, upwards of 1000 negroes assembled. There is not the slightest reason to doubt but it was the act of an incendiary, not yet known; and although it might be uncharitable to attribute it to any particular person or set of persons, yet surely at a time like the present, it ought to be the desire of every good citizen to have all such meetings suspended, more especially of the African race, and those most friendly to their true interest, & the *duty of all* to restrain such as are differently disposed. A reward of $300 will be cheerfully paid to witnesses, (white or black) whose testimony shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the incendiary, by the subscriber.

JOHN C. WEEMS.

BALTIMORE, 20th August, 1835.

The undersigned Ministers, within the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, respectfully request those individuals North of us who are agitating the question of immediate Abolition, to desist from sending to any of us their inflammatory Periodicals, or other publications on that subject, as we never ordered or desired them, & are determined to have nothing to do with any of them, of which we request all Post Masters to take notice.

We beg leave to assure them also, that though we are neither slave holders nor the friends of slavery, yet that, in our judgment, the rash and violent course they are pursuing, in conjunction with foreign emissaries, is doing immense mischief in all our Southern country, and especially calculated and tending to overwhelm our colored population, both bond and free, with greatly aggravated afflictions and dangers, both temporal and spiritual, and to embroil the country in disgraceful and murderous *riots*.

It is well known that the Baltimore Annual Conference has always taken, and still takes, a decided stand in favor of gradual and ultimate emancipation; yet, so far as we know, the sentiments herein expressed are those of our brethren generally in this section, in regard to the interfence of foreign agitators, in this most delicate and embarrassing of all our *domes ic difficulties*.

Stephen G. Roszel, James Sewell, Jacob Gruber, Geo. G. Cookman
Joseph Frye, Wm. Edmonds,
John Davis. Wm. H. Ence,
Wm. Hamilton, Jnb Bernard,
Robert S. Vinton, Hagerstown, Md.
Thomas C. Thornton, Joseph Merekin.
John A. Gere.

From the Emancipator.

THE BURNT PAPERS.

So far as we have the means of ascertaining, the publications destroyed in Charleston, amount to 1000 copies of the Emancipator, A. S. Record and Slave's Friend. There were printed in the month of July as follows,

Human Rights,	50,000 copies,
A. S. Record,	50,000 "
Emancipator,	50,000 "
Slave's Friend,	25.000 "
Total	175,000

Most of them have been issued chiefly in the northern states. Those sent to the slave states have been directed to professional and distinguished citizens, and in no instance, to our knowledge, to any slave or even free colored man.

The Postmaster in New York, Mr. Gouverneur, has given notice to Authur Tappan and his confederate incendiaries in that city, that he shall take the liberty of stopping in that office, the incendiary publications, which these gentleman are wickedly circulating in the South.

Jokes of Lord Alvanley.—The evening before Lord Alvanley went to meet Mr. Morgan O'Connell, he left a dinner party at an hour that was early, with the quiet apology that he "was going on a shooting excursion!" Then, again, when the second of Mr. O'Connell announced the unreaeasonable and fierce requisition, that they should fire after the second exchange of shots, and Lord Alvanley's friend, Colonel Dawson, handed him a loaded pistol for the third time, he aptly remarked, "why, Dawson, we shall go on firing till the 1st of September."—Finally, when he got out of a hackney coach, on his return, he presented the driver with a sovereign. "Lord, sir, I cant't have all this for taking you such a short way!" "No, my good fellow," quoth his lordship, 'its for *bringing me back*!"

DEATH OF THE KENTUCKY GIANT—Benjamin B. Pritchard, died on the 30th of June, in Montgomery. His disease was the dropsy. Mr. Pritchard was a man of unblemished character, and a member of the Methodist Church. He was forty-five years old, and weighed at the time of his death five hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The Mobile papers, in noticing the recent attempt in that city to extort a large sum of money from a gentleman by the abduction of his child, made no mention of the disposition of the two persons engaged in the nefarious transaction, by the citizens who restored the child to his parents. Private letters have since been received in Richmond, stating that "they were *immediately hung* upon the nearest tree!"

From the United States Gazette.

"Fippenny Bits and Elevenpeany Bits."

Mr. Chandler—As your valuable paper is widely circulated amongst housekeepers, would it not be doing them a favor to notice the fact that the banks of our city will not receive the 'fips' for a greater value than 5 cents, and that they are refused in our markets, by the venders of produce for a greater sum. Indeed our good farmers go farther than the banks, and do not receive the 'old levies' or 12 1-2 cent pieces for more than 10 cents. This is as it should be. In my opinion it is high time these *fish scales* were driven out of circulation, but it is well that we should all know it. The fact of my having got a $5 bill changed and receiving some dozen of 'fips and levies' for which I could only pass in the market for 10 cents and 5 cents, induces me to make these remarks. It is said, in many instances, it takes 20 and 23 of the 'old fips' to weigh a dollar. Under these circumstances; I am one to say, give us more small change of our own coinage, 25 cent pieces, 10 cents and 5 cents—away with the 'old fips.'

A HOUSEKEEPER.

From the U. S. Gazette.

The cashier of the Thompson (Conn.) Bank has offered $750 reward for the recovery of a bundle of bank notes entrusted to a gentleman to carry to Providence. The messenger gave the bundle into the hands of a rogue, who had purposely stationed himself at the door of the house, and called himself by the name of the cashier who was to receive the money.

We have an anecdote in point, which will serve to aid and sanction the caution which we would inculcate. Some time since, an estimable friend of ours from New York, who has made money by regular business, and made business by his money, called upon us, and after some conversation, observed that he had called the previous day with a view of having us introduce him to Mr. ——, the cashier of one of the city banks, as it was after bank hours. He had a bundle of bank notes to give him from some institution in New York. We assured him of the pleasure we should have had in making him acquainted with the cashier, "but," said we, "as you had business with him, you of course could make that an introduction." "That would," said he, "introduce me to the person who might say he was Mr. ——, the cashier, but how was I to know it before I delivered up my bundle?

"Well, how did you know it?"

"I called at his house, found him in, told him that I had a large sum of money for him, and if he would take the key and go into his banking house, I would give him the money *there*, and *there* take his receipt for the sum. He promptly complied with the condition, and I am sure I have committed no mistake."

How little trouble there would be in the world, if all were thus careful. *Cavendo tutus* is a most excellent mercantile and banking motto. We stepped a few days since into a bank, to have a slight omission of a friend supplied, and while we waited our turn, we heard the cashier say to another officer of some business then before them, "more than half our labors come by the negligence and carelessness of others." We added to the strength and application of the remark and took leave.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

THE GLOBE'S VERACITY.

We received, as *usual*, the Extra Globe of yesterday's date, and, as *usual*, threw it aside without examination—but a friend who happened to be present having looked it over, pointed out to us the following article, which we copy as a sample of the veracity of the editors of that paper.

A friend has shown us the following, taken from the Baltimore Chronicle:

"We know not what sin we have committed that should inflict on us the punishment of having the Extra Globe sent to us. Or perhaps the Editors entertain the impression that we may become converts, and send their paper with that view; but if this be their notion, they may as well save their paper—for we can assure them that we seldom glance at its contents. As these extra papers appear to be gratuitously circulated, we should like to know who pays the expense of their publication.'

We have never sent the 'Extra Globe' to the Baltimore Chronicle, nor any other Globe, since 26th September, 1833, when we refused to exchange with that paper. The Extra Globe is sent to those only who subscribe and pay for it.

We should like to know if the Editor of the Chronicle indites these falsehoods 'gratuitously'?

We are not subcribers to the Extra Globe, nor do we exchange papers with its editors, and yet we have received this Extra for some time past with as much regularity as any of its subscribers—it is therefore *gratuitously* circulated, at least to us.—Who sends it? it must come directed to us, or we should not receive it? and, as the paper of Friday must be put into the Post-office at Washington on Thursday night, in order to arrive in Baltimore in the mail of Friday morning, it is impossible that it can be sent to us from any other quarter than the Globe office—because it must be mailed previous to its circulation in Washington. It is too bad to have this paper thus thrust upon us against our wishes, and then to have a *gratuitous* falsehood issued denying the act.

N. B. After the above was in type, we received a *second* copy of the Extra Globe of yesterday's date. We learn that they are 'as plenty as blackberries,' and are certainly less valuable. As we have a double supply *gratuitously*, any good Van Burenite who may have failed to receive his copy, can have one of our's on application.

Michigan.—The Galena Gazette says; 'A gentleman from the territory, calls and informs us, that he has received letters from his Excellency, Gov. Mason, and the Hon. Lucius Lyon, purporting that Michigan proper—that is, Michigan east of the lake, will take no part in the election of Delegates to Congress, at the coming election. She rests upon the presumption, that having formed her constitution, she is now a state, and will consequently fight upon her own hook; and that the country on the west of the lake, is in reality the Territory, and entitled to a separate organization and Delegate, accordingly. If this presumption is correct, the contest must be decided of course on this side, in the Territory. The candidates are Col. George W. Jones, Judge Irvine and Judge Doty.

Monsieur Tonson Come again!—It was but a week or two ago we *saw* in the Globe the Baltimore Van Buren Rucker Address, occupying nearly ten solid columns in small type. Yesterday we opened the Globe and saw the identical ten-column small type Address again paraded. We understand that, it having been ascertained that nobody read it the first time it appeared, it is designed to make an impression by *iteration*. We pity the man who undertakes to peruse this production—the specific gravity of its sentences is equal to that of the types from which it is printed. We have no doubt that half an hour devoted to its two first columns would act as effectually as a powerful opiate—[Alex. Gazette.

From the Harford Repub. of the 27th.

BANK TRIALS.

Yesterday the Bank cases were called up and after some discussion, one of the indictments was quashed, on the ground that there were two for the same offence. Poultney then offered ready for trial on all or any of indictments against him, but the counsel for the prosecution stated that they were not ready, and the court adjourned 'till to-day to give the Attorney General an opportunity to prepare for trial.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

BEL-AIR, Md. Aug. 28.

You are aware that I live in this County, and have daily communication with the inhabitants of Bel-Air, with the jurors and visiters from the county, &c. &c. yet, with these opportunities of obtaining information, in respect to the trials now pending in our Court, I am not aware, nor do I believe, that any of the parties implicated are obnoxious to the charge of improper conduct here. The trials are progressing quietly. The civil causes have commenced with the cause of Thomas Ellicott for the $25,000 paid him for negotiating the Tennessee bonds. It will not terminate, I think, this week. The other causes, civil and criminal, will, no doubt, proceed without causing any excitement among our quiet citizens.—Nor is it supposed for a moment, that any of the citizens of Baltimore, or elsewhere, who are now here, will attempt, improperly, to interfere with the proceedings of our court. The gentlemen of the Bar, upon each side, treat each other with courtesy. None of them have been killed—none of them, so far as we know, have quarrelled—the idle reports to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The citizens of Baltimore may rest assured, that the trials will go on quietly and that, 'according to the law and evidence,' a Harford Jury will decide—They have no cause for excitement on account of any proceedings here.

Mr. McMAHON has been quite unwell since he has been here, so much so, as not to be able to attend to business, but his health is now improving and I suppose he will be in Court next week.

The New York Gazette, says:—"We have now in this country a son of the Prince of Orange. A son of Louis Philippe, the Prince de Joinville, is daily expected at this port. Vice Admiral Sir George Cockburn, Lord Valentia, the celebrated traveller, Lord Joselyn, Miss Simms and a select party of fashionables are hourly expected at Quebec from Halifax to make a tour to Niagara."

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, Sept. 5.

The WHIGS of Talbot county are respectfully notified that there will be a public meeting at the Court-House, in Easton, on TUESDAY, 8th September next. Those of our friends, desirous of seeing and we hope hearing our worthy Candidate for Congress, *James A. Pearce*, will be gratified on that day.

There will be public meetings of the WHIGS in each district of the county on the following days, viz. At St. Michaels, on *Saturday* 12TH SEPTEMBER NEXT. At the Trappe on *Saturday* the 19th, & at the Chappel on *Saturday* the 26th SEPTEMBER NEXT.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.

Second Congressional District.

FOR CONGRESS.

JAMES A. PEARCE.

FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

Samuel Hambleton, Jr.
Solomon Mullikin,
George Dudley,
Joseph Bruff.

For County Commissioner.

THOMAS O. MARTIN.

Delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland, for Dorchester County.

Joseph Nicols | Josiah Bayly, Jr.
William I. Ford | John Brohawn.

Delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland, for Somerset county.

Isaac D Jones, | Daniel Ballard,
John Dennis, | Benj. I. Dashiell,

Delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland,

FOR CAROLINE COUNTY.

James Turner | Wm. M Hardcastle
Thos. Burchenal | Thos. S. Carter.

Delegates to the General Assembly of Maryland,

FOR KENT COUNTY.

Edward Boyer | James S. Primrose
Joseph Rasin | Wm. S. Lassell.

On the first page of our paper of to-day, we insert an "Appeal" to the Farmers of Maryland, from the "Farmer and Gardner," for which we bespeak a careful and attentive perusal.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—The N. York Times says, "the Anti-Masonic and Van Buren Congressmen are elected"—but by a very small majority.

The *Jackson, Van Buren, Democrats* of '98, met at Centreville on Monday last and nominated *William Grason*, Esq. of Queen Ann's County as their Candidate for Congress for this district, (the 2d) to be *supported* by the *Democratic Voters*, vice J. Evans, Esq. of Cecil, who has declined standing a poll—not bad for the exclusive *Democrats* of '98.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.

At length we have definitive information from the Congressional election in the State of North Carolina, the last district having been heard from, represented by Mr. Graham, (White) who is re-elected by a small majority over Mr. Newland, (another White man,) and by a majority of some thousands over the avowed Van Buren candidate. Of these, seven are understood to be either Whigs or Whitemen, and six Van Burenites.

The "great meetings" at the North to express disapprobation of the proceedings of the Abolitionists, have become so numerous, that it is impossible to chronicle them in detail.

The value and importance of some of the principal articles manufactured in the United States are placed in an imposing point of view in a few brief paragraphs published in the N. Y. Merchantile Advertiser.

The quantity of cotton consumed in the United States is about 200,000 bales, and the value of these when manufactured, is more than forty millions of dollars.

The wool crop of the present year was probably worth twenty five millions—and, as a general calculation, of its manufacture, about fifty millions.

The manufactures of leather and iron (not including the common smith work, as to the latter are worth not less than eighty millions a year.

A new business is making rapid strides to importance, the manufacture of silk. This it is said, will be in five years, or less, worth from ten to twenty millions a year & give a profitable employment to vast numbers of woman and children, at their own homes.

COL. BENTON and Col. STROTHER.—We are in daily expectation of hearing something unpleasant respecting the individuals who head this article. We learn from gentlemen, just from St. Louis, that when Col. Benton refused the challenge of Colonel Strother, the latter publicly denounced the former as a coward and scoundrel, and announced his intention to shoot Benton at sight. Strother's purpose had been communicated to Benton, who it is said, had prepared himself for the assault. We should not, therefore, be surprised to learn, that one or both of them has been killed. *Cincinnati Whig.*

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

BALTIMORE, Aug. 31, 1835.

Dear G.—"What a year we are having of it—I mean *we* the "potent, grave, and reverend," mobocracy of Baltimore. First there was the conflagration of the Athéneum, then that of the Court-house, then the attempts to fire the Churches, &c. Afterwards the Gwynn Jones affair,—and then the Bossiere and Spencer business which for a couple of weeks filled the mouths of even every dirty brat in every alley in town. Last of all the mob, with its "*three days*" reign of terror, making bonfires of John Needles' *best*—demolishing porches of Italian marble, and tearing down 18 inch walls. I will give you an anecdote or two, which will give you a better idea of that glorious epoch of *liberty*—than you can have got through the papers. On Sunday the 9th, boys were to be seen in every part of the city fearlessly offering for sale Glenn's best Champaign and Madeira, at 12 1-2 cents per bottle. On that day and Monday, Glenn's & Johnson's law books—such as escaped burning—were in like manner offered at "*reduced prices.*" At the moment Gen. Smith was harranguing the citizens in *Howard's Park* on Monday, a drunken desperado, wanted to quarrel with me, because I would not give him 12 1-2 cents to carry me home a *buckload* of Johnson's superb marble.

On Sunday morning, some wag of a mobite told some half dozen freshly imported Germans, who could neither speak English, nor comprehend clearly what was going forward, that they must go to work that day in helping to tear down Glenn's house, and call on Monday at the *Mayor's Office*! for their pay—The fellows took hold and hammered at the walls with exemplary perseverance; and the next morning called at the office of the Mayor as directed. The maxim "*ignorantia legis*, &c" was, in their case, reversed, for I believe, they are not among the arrested. During the sack of Johnson's house, a ruffian was heard loudly to complain, "that it was a d——d mean mob—such was not the way things were done in Philadelphia, that he had come on to join in the fun; that if he had known the Baltimoreans were such asses as to delve away at one house only at a time, and burn the spoil into the bargain, he *would not have come*! he'd be d—d if he would! that the '*Baltimoreans treated strangers badly, &c. &c.*' It is evident that had not the rioters been suppressed, our *C—w—y* and *R—xt—n Lane* men would, by Tuesday, have been powerfully reinforced from Kensington, the Five Points, and God knows where not."

A TURKISH LAUNCH.

Extract from a letter to the editors of the Globe, dated

Constantinople, May 19, 1835.

Messrs. Editors: I have just returned from witnessing the launch of the two decked 74, built by the naval constructor of His Highness the Sultan, Mr F. Rhodes, an American. She is indeed a magnificent ship, being the largest in the world, and for symmetry and beauty, unequalled by any other.

Although by the 11th she was ready for launching, *His Highness*, on consulting the Imperial Astrologers, deemed it proper to delay the ceremony until the eighteenth. A state tent was erected near the hulk, richly ornamented, for the Sultan, and another for the Grand Vizier, the Ser Asker, and other high officers of State. To our Charge de Affaires, Com Porter, was sent, direct from His Highness, a special invitation, expressed in the most flattering words. The Capudan Pacha placed two steamers and his *Highness's* yatcht (American built) off the Arsenal, for the accommodation of his family, and of the Americans in Constantinople. Some of the other foreign Ministers requested and obtained permission to witness the pageant, bringing with them the gentlemen of their Legation, and some of their families. Guard boats, belonging to the vessels of the Arsenal, formed a line round the intended passage of the ship. Hundred, of *Kaiks* filled with people of both sexes, from among the different nations in this city, absolutely filled every inch of space allotted to them in the harbor, and the shores, for a great distance, were covered with spectators. The harem of his Highness was accommodated in an opposite house in the Fanar, he himself having previously examined and prepared it for their comfort—(so much for Turkish barbarism!)—and near it the families of all the different Ministers of State.

At a little before meridian, his Highness came down the stream in his twenty-oared barge; was received by the Grand Vizier, the Ser Asker, the Imperial Son-in-law, the Capudan Pacha, and Chiek Islam, and conducted to his tent under a military salute of music and presentation of arms.

The shores were now commenced being knocked away—every eye was intently fixed upon the ship, and, excepting the noise made by those at work, a dead silence prevailed.—Another support fell—a moment, and the saw was applied to the sliding launching ways, and the immense structure glided smoothly and beautifully into the Golden Horn, amid ten thousand cheers, the decking of the fleet in flags, the glad sound of military music, and the deafening roar of artillery. Descending deep into the water—almost even with the cabin windows—she nobly rose again, and ploughed high the waves on each side of her.

All the foreigners present were extravagant in their encomiums on the talent of the constructor, and indeed I feel assured that there was not an American present but felt proud of him, and of being proud to call him a countryman. Some who were nearer His *Highness* than myself, remarked his surprize and admiration when the immense hulk moved off so suddenly into the water, and at her first movement, he rushed with outstretched arms, to stop her.* Immediately after all was hauled taught,' he called Mr. R. and asked the Capudan Pacha to place upon his breast a *Nichase Iftihar*, or decoration of glory. The Capudan Pacha presented him with a Cachmere Shawl, and the Ser Asker offered him the present of a horse and a house. A. S.

*This is the first vessel of any great size launched in this manner in Turkey. The Turkish mode is to haul them off gradually—a work of several weeks, and the cause of most Turkish vessels being 'broken backed.'

Saving One's Bacon.—During the late devastating conflagration at Charlestown, an old wooden house, of which an old lady was the only inmate at the time, was threatened with fire, and two of the Boston firemen entered her dwelling to assist in packing up and preserving her most valuable property. While they were thus busily employed, the pig was heared to make a most dolorous noise, and on looking out the back window, it was discovered that the flames had already communicated to the dwelling of his swineship. The old lady threw on the floor some of her choicest clothing, which she was about to deposit in a trunk, and hastened into the yard exclaiming, 'my pig, my poor pig will be burnt to death.' She rescued her darling from the flames, took him in her arms, and turning her back upon her house and property, stopped not until she had deposited him in a place of safety, more than a quarter of a mile off! When she returned, the flames were bursting out of every window in the dwelling. But she had saved her bacon.—*Boston Journal.*

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