EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great ... ...ion all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners— ... makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY M... NG, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837. No. 40

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*
BY
Alexander Graham.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Not exceeding a square inserted three time ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE-CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

[From the New York Express.]

ANOTHER LETTER FROM

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

We regret to notice that our types did injustice to the Major's last. The most glaring of the errors committed, however—such as 'four *days* ago' for four years ago'—we presume, would be immediately noted by the reader as an error in print—for the Major never makes mistakes as to dates and facts (unless they be wilful ones.) All we can say about it is it any future oversight on our part should draw from the Major after sixth story, by-way of epiphania' Counted in the following letter, cretainly regret it.

High the Wreck of the Two Pollus
ROCKAWAY, L. I., Sept. 16, 1837

To the Editors of the N. Y. Daily Express.

I got one of your papers in which you printed my last letter to Uncle Sam,' and when readin' it it was fortunate for you that you was 50 miles off,—for I never did see sich harm'l work as you made of some parts of my letter. However, all I've got to say about it, is if folks who read my letters in print, find any thing in 'em that don't read smooth, and ain't correct as to dates and facts, they may set it down again the printers. It was jest so once with a young Doctor, a friend of mine in the *Colare* times. He writ a long letter once, about how he cured folks by giving Calomel,—he writ Calomel in dose *every minute*'—and the *printers* put it in print, 'Calomel in doses *every* minute.'—*Up* went Calomel among the Pothecaries—and *down went* the poor sick folks. It warn't the Doctors fault—for it was all owin to the printers, and a little 'e.'

Now afore I trust you with other matters, I'll give you the printin of a story I got to tell—& you may stick as many E's and G's & P's into it as you please. & I don't care what you make on't so long as folks take the *mother wit* and burin on't. It is a story about *'Uncle Sam,'* and some of his capers among the women folks.

'Uncle Sam' you know always was a *sociable* kind of critur, and from his first comin into life, never could git along well without having his hull family about him, all on 'em giv'n him a boost up the tree,'—but, 'Uncle Sam' found, as most folks do, afore they git gray, that unless he took a wife to take care of his buttons and keep things dick'd up about his house—he would get into trouble and so forth. Well, after tryin various plans and seein a good deal of trouble one way and another, he took advice some twenty years ago, and got married to a smooth, quiet quaker Lady, worth 28 millions of dollars,—and as Uncle Sam was considerable *liberal* in his way, he put into the family stock 7 millions of dollars; (not in the *vale grit*,' however, but what, *he said then* was just as good as 'grit,') and so together they had 35 millions. Well, 35 millions was no trifle, and things went on smooth and slick for nigh upon 20 years, and every body said at home and abroad, there never was a happier couple—Uncle Sam's wife did all a wife could do, and tho' Uncle Sam would once and a while, *swell up* and talk big, his wife said nothin, but kept stitchin up his breeches when he'd split 'em, and sew'n buttons when he twitch'd 'em off. But by and by 'Uncle Sam' got mix'n up with odd company, and among other things, got a kink in his head out of Fanny Wright's doctrines, that a man of so much importance hadn't ought to stick to one wife, but have as many as the *great Mogul*. 'I swow,' says Uncle Sam, 'I'm a good mind to try it:' and so he talk'd to other folks about it, and so to rights the galls got the notion too; and then 'Uncle Sam' got one Amos Kindle to go round and sound about, and see if the galls would stand the racket,—and he come back and says he, 'Uncle Sam, there's no mistake about it, the galls are all ready, and more than you can shake a stick at;'—and sure enough, just then the galls all hav'n got *the notion*, set to,—they praised up 'Uncle Sam,' and abused his good old quaker wife—O shocking! there's no tellin what they didn't say; and among other things they said, that 'Uncle Sam's wife was ——*——*——*——Pshew!! you don't say so!! and——*—— mercy on us!!!

Well, the next thing we see of Uncle Sam was, he look'd as fine as a fiddle—ruffles around both eends of his shirt ... he cut an long h... and sich a caperin as ... new wives for a spell, never was ... fore—and sich frolics!! and all his old cronies as busy as he was among 'em till some folks begun to wink and whisper that Uncle Sam was *so liberal* to had wives enuf 'for himself and friends, Things went on thus for about three years, when Uncle Sam' began (as most folks do, when they git too much of a good thing) to smell and feel trouble, and jest then I got back from foreign parts, and I met 'Uncle Sam,' and if it had not ben for his bein my own blood relation and known him and lovin him, in any shape, as I do my own father or mother, I never would have known him at all. 'Why says I, 'Uncle Sam, is this you?' says I 'I don't know, Major,' says he; 'but why do you ask—don't I look as natural as ever?' says he. And there he stood—holdin his breeches up, with both hands, and his elbows both torn out and a dirty shirt sleeve peepin through, and holes in his stockins, and his *shins* all *plastered* over. 'Why,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, what on airth ails you? Come,' says I, 'give me your hand my old friend, and let us talk it all, come together.' 'I am sorry, Major, this of govern' can't shake hands with you, 'cause my hands are busy,' says he—'What,' says I, 'holdin the money aye, Uncle Sam—both hands full, as usual.' says I. 'Not exactly, Major,' says he; and with that he come up close to me, and whispered in my ear, 'I am in a bad box, Major,' says he, 'I have got so many wives, I ain't got a button left for my suspenders—they are all off.' 'Do tell now, says I, 'I want to know!!!' 'It's true,' says he, 'and you may see for yourself.' And with that I look'd—and sure enuf, there never was a man in sich a pickle.

'Well, says I, 'Uncle Sam,' this comes from folks givin you bad advice—or rather by your not takin good advice. You longed says I, one fact.—and that is, that it was intended that your family matters should be regulated on the same plan of every other well regulated family—and that the' yours is the *General Government* army, it was intended to be regulated jest on the same plan as the family of the meekest of your *masters*' and there, says I, was the *mother wit* of the thing in the beginnin.' 'What 'masters?' says he, 'spunkin up and tryin to swell—(but takin care to hold on to his breeches)—who are my 'masters?' says he. 'Your masters?' says I 'Why *the people*—and I am one on 'em Uncle Sam, and if you had stuck to the rule they made for the regulating of your family, you would not now be in your present condition.

'Now, says I, Uncle Sam, there is but one way that I can see for you to take, and that is for you to call all your young women about you and tell 'em that you can't have but one wife, and they must git husbands each in their own states.' Here Uncle Sam shook his head, and look'd considerable sad: 'I am afraid Major, says he, its too late: it was an easy job to git rid of *one wife*, but to git rid of so many all at once, I am afraid I shall git spank'd as red as a cherry.' 'Never mind that, says I 'you'll git no more than you deserve if you do, folks that dance must pay the fiddler says I, Uncle Sam.' 'But says he Major, must I *divorce* them all?' 'No,' says I; 'there is *no divorce* in the matter, you can't do that unless you can prove crim con; that's the law' says I 'what I *can* says he, 'I can prove that the *Post Office*, the *Land Office*, and Amos ——'

'Hush,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, dont talk so, for it is an old story in all countries that a man who has more than one wife, is a bigger fool than his friends, and has more *friends* than *buttons*. Now don say any thing more about it. You have got in a scrape, and the best way is to git out on't. You'll find that your young wives will be as glad to git rid of you, as you will be to git rid of them But you mustn't talk of *divorce*, or they'll bring you to the proof, and show that you first came a courtin. And by the time you prove guilt on any 'on em, they'll git you on the hip,' and ke p you there too, says I; 'Now look at your courtin, and compare it with what it was—its a change,' says I, Uncle Sam, aint it?—however,' says I, 'my old friend you have had a rare frolic, and this is the end on't—& pretty much the end of all frolics.'—'Now,' says I, 'we must go and see what can be done with the old Wife—I'll be bound,' says I, 'she is as sound as ever she was, and not the worse for having taken shelter in her old native state of Pennsylvany. I'll go on first' says I, Uncle Sam and tell her to git her *buttons* and *sepe* ready for you, and if I don't miss my guess, you will in a few weeks look as cheerful as a boy; & as she is a good natur'd critter & likes to see all happy about her, she will do all she can to provide for the young women you have been galavantin with of late, for she thinks *you* more to blame than *they* be.' 'And how,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, when all gits slick'd up, and you git all your buttons sew'd on, you will have a spare hand always ready to welcome a friend or knock down an enemy. At present,' says I, Uncle Sam, you are *hum-bug'd*;*' —And with that Uncle Sam he switch'd up his breeches, and spunk'd up considerable, and we moved on together.'

I'll tell the balance of this story another time.

Your friend.
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

*We never knew *exactly* before the *actual* meaning of that word 'Humbug'd.'—EDS.

AN ABANDONED VILLAIN.

Louisville, Ken Sept 1.

At one o'clock today, Jones and Thompson (assumed names) were hung for murdering and attempting to rob Wm S. Thomas, exchange broker, of this city. They rode from the jail to the gallows each drivin in a buggy by one of the sheriffs of this county, smoking their cigars with great calmness, till the moment before their caps were pulled over their eyes, then they shook hands with each other, and, without any apparent trepidation, were swung into eternity. Thompson was without any genius of his own, and has been the mere executioner of the daring villany of Jones and others. Jones has made a donation of his Confession to Mrs. Oldham, widow of the late jailer. According to this, it seems he was born in England, of good family, and was a merchant in London, where he failed for three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling—showing assets for one hundred and ninety-one.

Here, he says, he deposited fifty thousand pounds, without the knowledge of his creditors, in the hands of a rich banker; brought his wife and three children (daughters, whom he educated well) to New York, where they married respectably, and still live. At this place his wife died after which he returned to London and claimed of his banker the fifty thousand pounds; who, after repeated applications, persisted in denying all knowledge of the matter. He presently met him at some distance from the metropolis, and stabbed him to the heart; the blood gushed from his bosom, and he dropped out of his carriage a corpse.—After this, Jones went to the seaboard, engaged in the naval service, excited the crew to mutiny, murdered every soul on board who refused to join his party, except the captain's wife, with whom he lived six or eight months, and afterwards murdered her.—He then took the ship and crew to Africa, took on board three hundred slaves, and steered for the West Indies, twenty-five or thirty of whom died soon after leaving the African coast; and being pursued by a British man-of-war, to escape detection, they drowned all the others. Jones landed at Charleston, South Carolina, murdered some man for his money, was thrown into jail where he lay fourteen months.

He went from thence to New Orleans, put up at the best hotel in the city, discovered some gentlemen boarding in the same house who had $7 000 murdered and robbed him in one of its passages, and remained, unsuspected in the same place for several days. He then took a steamboat and went to St. Louis; on his passage made acquaintance with Thompson, in connexion with whom he murdered and robbed a man at St. Louis, of $2000. Came to Louisville, watched William S Thomas for eight or ten days entered his house on 5th street, near Main, in the most public part of this city, at 9 o'clock in the morning, murdered him, but were intercepted in their intended robbery by Thomas's servant bursting open the door the moment they were rifling his drawers of their contents.

Jones was about forty five or fifty years old, six feet high, straight and slender, well educated, and uncommonly prepossessing in his manners. He was an infidel; declined all intercourse with our clergy, (most of whom called on him) and forbid their naming the subject of religion in his presence. So that he who has probably graced, by his presence, some of the first circles in London, and certainly possessed an intellect uncommonly brilliant, by a misdirection of his gifted powers, perished in a strange land—ignominously perished under the gallows.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 19.

THE EARTHQUAKE VOLUNTEERS.

This new and *highly interesting* corps had their first turn out on Saturday afternoon; and although not very numerous, (some few hundreds) yet such was the anxiety to behold them, in their *splendid* costumes, (every man according to his taste,) that the streets through which they passed were literally blocked by the crowd that accompanied them, whilst every window teemed with beauty, endeavoring to spy out some hidden beau among the fantastics that passed in review before them. Their equipments; their dresses; their armour; put all discription at defiance; for while your eye was caught by one, some twenty more would escape you, if possible more grotesque in their appearance, than he who had momentarily axed your attention. Their artillery brought up the rear consisting of the cast-off chimney of a steamboat, mounted and drawn by two pair of horses that looked as if they could furnish a good market for oats. Their bombardier was mounted on the vent, and cut a laughable figure. It was a most ridiculous affair throughout, well calculated for the purpose for which it was intended; and the first scene of the kind we ever witnessed. Some who had been present at similar turnouts in eastern cities pronounce this decidedly superior. We did not feel the earth shake, but we shook, ... many others shaking with ...

From the Baton Rouge Gazette.

... CIRCUMSTANCE.

... days since a stranger accosted a negro ... in the woods about seven miles ... this town and inquired the distance from St Augustine. The negro replied that he knew no place of the name, but that Baton Rouge was at a great distance. He was then asked the distance to the nearest physician and farm. The negro pointed out the road to Mr. Neilson's, where the stranger subsequently arrived. His denuded appearance and gentlemanly manners attracted the notice of Mr. Neilson, who with kindness and humanity bestowed upon him every attention that his situation required. From his conversation it was ascertained that he is an officer in the U. S. Army.—Lieutenant C. B. Chalmers, of the 1st Regiment Artillery, lately stationed at St. Augustine, Florida. He states that the last recollection he has, is of taking a ride (which he was in the habit of doing every morning) in the neighbourhood of St. Augustine.—It is supposed that he was thrown from his horse which caused a concussion of the brain producing insanity, and that in this state he crossed the peninsula of Florida and wandered thus far.

He states that when he found himself in the woods and met the negro, it appeared to him that he was waking from a disagreeable dream. He has some faint recollection of being on a rail road, (this is supposed to be the Ponchartrain rail road) but cannot account for his finding himself here. It is really wonderful that he should have escaped the tribes of hostile Indians in Florida, and sustained the privations of every kind which he must have encountered during his erratic wanderings until he reached this place. It will be gratifying to his friends and relatives to know that the officers at this post the moment they learned the circumstances, had him removed to the garrison, where medical attendance and every possible care has been extended to him.

A QUAKER IMPRISONED AS AN INCENDIARY.

We find it stated in some of the papers that Nathaniel Crenshaw a member of the society of Friends, has been indicted as an incendiary, and thrown into prison in Virginia, for having circulated some copies of the address of the Philadelphia yearly meeting, and it is added that the Governor to Virginia has made a requisition of the Governor of Pennsylvania to deliver up for trial in that State the clerks of the meeting, whose names are affixed to said address.

Humors of an Election—At the Dublin nomination last week, the following laughable scene occurred. Mr. West, the Tory candidate, in the course of his speech said; There is another charge made against me, which is ludicrous enough—(Hear, hear.) Mr. O'Connell has made a charge of personal ugliness against me; but I tell you, gentlemen what I will do Let Mr. O'Connell pull of his hat and wig, and stand up here beside me, and you will then be judges yourselves whether he ought to have made the charge or not. (Loud cheers and laughter, and cries from the Orangemen of 'Come forward, O'Connell, and pull off your wig, till we have a peep at you, that you may be seen in your true colours.') Mr. O'Connell, in the most good humored manner, pulled off his wig and exhibited a magnificent head, almost bald, but the little thin hair that was on it was perfectly grey. The shouts of laughter and the scene which followed defies description. As soon as silence was restored, Mr. West again continued as follows—I think I have now disposed of the charge, of personal ugliness, which is the last charge, & we may now advert to other and graver topics. (Hear, hear.

THE RACE AGAINST TIME.

Mr. Grant's famous match against time came off at the Hunting Park on Friday & Saturday last.—The purse was $1000 and the feat, to ride 285 miles in 24 successive hours. It was performed in 23 hours 33 minutes, leaving 27 minutes to spare. During the last part of the time Mr. Grant appeared greatly exhausted, and strong fears were entertained that he would not be able to accomplish his arduous undertaking. He is still suffering from the effects of his exertions. We hope that his health may not permanently suffer; and we trust that he will not again attempt a feat of so extraordinary and unprecedented a character.—*Philadelphia Weekly Messenger.*

Peach Trees.—A subscriber informs us, and wishes the fact made public, that Marl, put round the trunk of Peach Trees, say a bushel or half that measure to each tree, protects them from the attack of worms, preserves the trees in health, continues them in life beyond the time of ther ordinary existence, promotes the growth of the fruit to almost double its former size, and increases the richness of its flavor in like proportion. This is valuable information indeed, and our friend assures us it is not less true than valuable.—*Salem (N J) Banner.*

A Meteoric Stone—The Columbia Register says, that a meteoric stone, (500 lbs.) fell on the farm of Ezekiel Harrison, near Orangevill, Pa. on the night of the 6th inst. and smashed to death a valuable ox afterwards penetrating the earth about ten inches.

The prospect for our city next winter, is really frightful. Persons well acquainted with the subject estimate that 50.000 persons, (male and female) are out of employment, comprising mechanics of every discription, labourers; hat trimmers, book-binders, folders, tailoresses and seamstresses, &c. &c. Added to this, our provision and coal dealers show no disposition to lay up a store in advance of the close of river navigation—in fact but few have the means of doing so, and the necessaries of life will be scarce and high. Many persons, during the summer months, obtain sufficient to support life, among the farmers, but the harvest is over, and, no longer wanted, they try the fortunes again in the cities. What is to become of them God only knows. There is no ideal picture about this.—*N Y. Times*

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

A NEW TREASURY CIRCULAR.

The people of the United States will we are sure, believe, with hesitation and difficulty, that the annexed circular was issued, in serious and sober earnest, from the Treasury of the United States. We assure them, however, that such is the fact. The original, addressed to one of the first houses in this city, is now before us, signed with the name of Levi Woodbury, in his own proper hand writing.—As originally drawn it was designed to be addressed to the Banks, but, the purpose being changed, the words *'your Bank'* are erased and the word 'you' substituted.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
SEPTEMBER 19th, 1837.

Sir:—A bill is now before Congress to authorize the President of the United States to cause the issue of Treasury Notes for such sum or sums as he may think expedient; but not exceeding in the whole amount of notes issued, the sum of twelve millions of dollars and of denominations of not less than one hundred dollars for any one note, to be reimbursed at the Treasury of the United States, after the expiration of one year from the dates of the said notes respectively.

I will thank you to state whether, in the event of the passage of this bill, you will agree to take the said notes from the Government, and give the Treasurer of the United States a credit for the amount; to be drawn for as may be necessary, and payable in specie if required, and, if so, to state what amount you will receive, and the lowest rate of interest to be borne, by said notes.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant
LEVI WOODBURY.
Secretary of the Treasury.

It will not be difficult for any merchant or man of business to divine the reply which such a proposition received. The offer was, of course, declined. Any house who, in the present condition of affairs, will accept it, cannot but meditate fraud upon the Government or be willing to risk certain loss to itself. With specie at a premium of ten per cent, who but a madman could suppose that any man would be willing to come under an obligation to answer the drafts of the Treasury in that medium, merely for the honor of being made a depository of Treasury notes, which are not redeemable, at all, for twelve months, and which cannot, by law, bear an interest of more than six per cent. The proposition argues, on the part of the Secretary, the grossest ignorance of the plainest principles of business and finance.

But, this is not the only aspect in which this matter is to be viewed.—Suppose that the Secretary should find *some one sufficiently daring* to run the risk of accepting the proposition. He agrees to take half a million of Treasury notes, which he remits to Europe or otherwise disposes of. The Secretary makes a draft for one hundred thousand dollars in specie. That article has advanced and the demand occasioned by the wants of the Treasury agent causes a still further advance. He finds that he cannot meet the Treasury draft, without an enormous sacrifice. Is it improbable that he will adopt the course lately pursued by the Treasury itself, and postpone the day of payment to a more convenient season?

The experience of every day exhibits more clearly the deplorable shifts to which the Treasury is reduced. At one moment we find it boasting of its ability to pay in gold and silver—the next calling upon the Legislature for Treasury notes—and anon, sending its circulars abroad, huckstering the public credit, and asking the people, whether and upon what terms, they will trust the Government.

DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

INQUIRY ON THE FLORIDA WAR.

The House then passed to the unfinished business of yesterday morning, which was the consideration of Mr. Wise's resolution for the appointment of a select committee on the subject of the Florida war; and the immediate question being on an amendment offered yesterday by Mr. Cushing, of Mass.

Mr Cushing explained that what had been stated as his amendment had not been moved by him as such, but merely thrown out as a suggestion to be submitted for the adoption of the mover. [The journal was thereupon corrected accordingly.]

Mr. Glascock moved to amend the resolution by striking out all after the word *Resolved*, and inserting the following:

'That a select committee be appointed to inquire into the causes of the Florida war, and the causes of the extraordinary delays and failures, and the expenditures which have attended the prosecution of the same; and all the facts connected with its history generally; and that said committee have power to send for persons and papers.'

Mr. Howard of Maryland moved to amend the amendment, by striking out 'a select committee,' and insert 'the Committee on Military Affairs be instructed;' the effect of which would merely be to transfer the duty of investigation from a select to a standing committee of the House. Mr. H said that his opinion had been more than once expressed; that, as a general rule, it was proper to refer all matters which might come before them to some standing committee, whenever the subject was within the range of the duty which the rules of the House enjoined upon that committee to perform. During the last Congress he had moved to reconsider a vote by which a select committee had been ordered, for the purpose of referring the subject to one of the standing committees, and the House had concurred with him in opinion. Whenever no appropriate standing committee could be found, he admitted that it was correct to raise a special one, and if this were such a case, he would not now object to the adoption of this course of proceeding. But so far was this from being true, that if the House were to direct a special committee to be appointed, its duties would actually conflict with those of the Committee on Military Affairs, as he would presently show. What reason could be given, he asked, why there should be a select committee? Would the effect of such a measure be to impose duties upon members of this House who were not charged already with the execution of others? By no means. The members of a select committee were generally, if not necessarily, taken from other committees, and thus they were compelled either to discharge a double and burthensome duty, or to abstract a portion of their attention from subjects which were important enough to occupy their whole time.—During the last winter, the committee of which he had the honor of being a member, had been compelled twice to send for one of their associates, who was attending to the duties of one of the select committees, and, if his memory did not deceive him, one of the subjects upon which they were equally divided, was thus prevented from being brought before the House at all. Other committees, he presumed, had experienced similar inconvenience from the same cause.

But, in addition to this, one of the rules of the House would show the propriety of confiding this investigation to the Committee on Military Affairs, as must be manifest upon reading it.

The 72d rule was as follows:

'It shall be the duty of the Committee on Military Affairs to take into consideration all subjects relating to the military establishment and public defence, which may be referred to them by the House, and to report their opinion thereupon; *and also to report, from time to time, such measures as may contribute to economy and accountability in the said establishment.*'

It is made their duty, by this rule, to report such measures as may contribute to economy and accountability, without waiting to have the consideration of these topics especially referred to them by the House. Did gentlemen then wish to discharge that committee entirely, or to permit them to look into the best mode of promoting economy except as to that part of the army in Florida, and thus have two committees employed upon the same subjects, except that one would be occupied with a part of the army, and the other committee with the residue? What confusion must arise from such a proceeding! The resolution before the House proposed to inquire into the causes of the delay & expenditure of the Florida war, & both these duties were specifically provided for by the rule which he had read.

But there was another point in the case. If the proposed investigation should be made by a select committee, how could the House act upon the report, so as to remedy whatever evils there might be, except by referring the report to the Committee on Military Affairs, to frame the necessary bills? The resolution proposed merely a barren inquiry, unproductive of any practical results. If it should be contended that this special committee might report bills also, then the proposition amounted to superseding the standing committee entirely, by vesting another one with all their duties; because such bills could only be prepared after an intimate knowledge of the condition of the whole army.

Mr. H. said that he had read the proceedings of the Court which sat at Fredericks, and the correspondence between the late Secretary of War and Gen. Clinch, as well as all other papers within his reach, calculated to throw light upon the conduct of the Florida war. He dissented entirely from the opinion expressed by the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Cushing) that it was a disgrace to the country, nor could he understand the metaphysical distinction, that the arms of the country were disgraced, and the officers not. He thought that the causes of failure would be found to resolve themselves into two, viz: the extraordinary physical condition of Florida, as it had been correctly described by the gentleman from Georgia, Mr Haley) and the great distance of the directing power from the theatre of war. In all campaigns, of all ma-

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11031-0235.jpg