ed from springs in the neighboring hills, at comparatively small expense; and this method would doubtless be found beneficial in most ordinary seasons.

These methods are resorted to in many parts of Europe. In Italy, one writer tells us, there is scarcely a field or garden which is not furnished with the means of artificial watering. The Milanese Territory exhibits the great expanse of irrigation known in Europe. In that country are to be seen noble canals, running in every direction for this purpose. They are under the authority and protection of the government, which lets out the water to the various occupiers of meadows, at a fixed rate, according to the quantity applied.—Sometimes these canals are farmed out, by putting up the several sluices at auction, in other instances the canals go with the lands.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

A SHORT STATEMENT OF FACTS

Having just returned to this city, I deem it my duty, though a most disagreeable one, to make a concise statement of an attack upon me in the presence of my family and of innumerable women and children, and to whom I had just granted the boon of life as a charitable and earnestly solicited donation, should send such a message to me, and, that a gentleman who had asked his life for him should be the bearer of the message, filled me with feelings to which I could give no adequate expression. My answer was in these words—'I look upon T. P. Moore as a disgraced coward. I send him no messages. I enter into no negotiations with him. I neither know nor recognize him. I am here on no business connected with him, and I shall remain here as long as I please, walking wherever I think proper, and if he cross my path again with a menacing look or gesture, it will be at his peril.' This was the reply, which at once suggested itself and, notwithstanding its notoriety, I have not heard its propriety questioned by any one.

During the whole of Tuesday, Moore did not make his appearance in the yard, but he sent a handbill upon the ground, the same that appeared in the Louisville Advertiser of Saturday, in which he made a pitiful and futile attempt to mitigate the indignation and contempt of the hundreds who had been the witness of his infamous atrocity and his still more infamous cowardice. Feeling, that it was necessary for him to come again into the yard, and not daring to cross my path without some previous explanation, he sent Maj D Thompson, a highly respectable citizen of Harrodsburg, to a friend of mine on Tuesday evening, to let me know that he designed visiting the Hotel in company with Maj. T. on the following day, but authorising that gentleman to pledge honor and life and every thing else that he should come with perfectly pacific intentions, and, that, however often he might pass me, he would scrupulously abstain from offering me either molestation or insult. To this I made no reply, for I disdained to send any message to Moore. Dr. Graham, the estimable proprietor of the Springs, afterwards came to me, and I said to him for his own satisfaction, that, if Moore came there and deported himself like a gentleman I should certainly commit no violence within the yard. I subsequently saw M. several times, and he seemed to have as little blood-thirstness as if he were an honorary member of the Massachusetts Peace Society. I occasionally heard of his spies and bullies stationed at different points, but although I visited the Mineral Spring, his proposed fighting ground, two or three times a day, and went into the town when my business required it, he thrust on me no second opportunity of conferring upon him the boon of his forfeited life.

Mr. G. W. Ward, in a note published in Moore's handbill, alleges, that, on Monday, he was requested by M. to say to me, that he would not attack me in the yard, but that he would attack me if I should show myself at any other point. Mr. W., however, alleges, that he had no opportunity of communicating the message to me before the encounter. He forgets the facts. He certainly did have an opportunity of communicating the message. He saw me repeatedly not more than half an hour before the affray and pointed me out to Moore. And, if M. did not contemplate an attack upon me in the yard, why did he make it? Does he profess to be under any apprehension of my attacking him? Audacious as he is, he has not the audacity to set up any such plea as that. His actual attack upon me in the yard is proof that he intended to attack me there, unless indeed he was so badly frightened as to have no idea of what he was doing.

Whether Moore, after firing his first pistol, was or was not unarmed, is to me a matter of doubt. Those who know him are entirely confident that he had other weapons, but wanted the courage to use them. One thing is very certain—he habitually carries other arms than a single pistol, and, if he did not have them at that time, he had put them off expressly for the occasion, intending to make one shot at me in the midst of a large crowd, and, if he missed, to escape with his life under the abject plea of defencelessness, or through the interference of the surrounding multitude. If such were his views, they were well worthy of the individual, who, after his first escape, made a public proposal for a meeting at the mineral spring, intending that not only the hundreds of visitors but the whole town and county should be present so that the fight should either be prevented altogether or taken off his hands by an infuriated mob.

I have stated, in these few remarks, only what I can prove by some of the most respectable men in this city and by scores of witnesses elsewhere, who have voluntarily proffered me their testimony. I sincerely hope, however, that I shall have no future occasion to allude to the revolting subject. I disdain the reputation of a bully or a bravo. I want no man's blood upon my hands. I make no pretentions to extraordinary courage.—My only boast is, that I dare to state, both in my public and private capacity, whatever I believe to be true, and that I am not to be turned from my course, either as an editor or a man, by all the blusterers and assassins in Christendom.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

"Free Tom Moore."—The editor of the New York Commercial appends the following remarks on publishing the statements of Messrs. Moore and Prentice, in reference to the late Harrodsburgh affair:

We should have published Mr. Moore's statement at an early day, with some fitting comments, but that we thought it better to wait awhile, for the indignant rebukes of those administration presses which were so grievously shocked & horrified, last winter, when a case, certainly not more atrocious in character, although more fatal in result, was developed in the affair of Mr. Cilley. On that occasion—and it is still a theme of virtuous indignation—nothing could be more emphatic than the condemnations of the Argus, the Evening Post, the Globe, *et id genus omne*, fulminated against Mr. Graves, Mr. Wise, and every other person—*being an opponent of the administration*—who had any connexion, immediate or remote, with the death of the Representative from Maine, or with certain other barbarous and indefensible preparations made either to disable Mr. Cilley from using his rifle, or to break in upon his arrangements for shooting Mr. Graves while upon the ground. Every one of them was a ruffian, a murderer, an assassin; and language was too feeble to express the enormity of their conduct.

But they are silent now as sucking doves. Mr. Moore very coolly tells his fellow citizens that he held and still holds himself perfectly justifiable in 'shooting down' a man who had offended him;—goes armed with a pistol for the purpose—seeks his enemy in a public street, and when he meets him proceeds at once to level his weapon, attempt a murder of the most deliberate an Sendish type, and only fails because his firmness of nerve was not equal to his malignity of purpose. Nay, more than this; he gravely assumes that censure of such wickedness could only spring from the *scruples*—the idle scruples, of education, conscience or religion! Scruples which he holds in mere contempt, as beneath the dignity of a free-born republican!

Such is the conduct, and such are the avowed principles of this 'distinguished citizen;' a bosom friend of Gen. Jackson, and one of his foreign ambassadors. And are they condemned by the editorial organs of his party? Not by a word—not with the gentlest, faintest whisper of disapprobation. The duellist who votes against the administration is hunted down by the whole pack of administration papers as a murderer but the cool [illegible] murderer who votes with the administration escapes unstartled even by a solitary bark or growl.

From the Richmond Whig.

HON. J. K. PAULDING, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—No. 5.

Sir—I have demonstrated to you that the officers of the Navy are in the condition of the crew of a man-of-war without discipline. That they have been brought to this pass, is no more their fault than it is the fault of the ship that she will not steer while the men at the helm have been sleeping.

The officers have made frequent and earnest complaints of their condition. Their feelings have been trifled with—their dearest rights have been invaded—and they have seen the best interests of the Navy trampled under foot. Insult has been added to injury. Unheeded, the cause of their complaints have been left festering on the service, and with patience they have borne the misrule and folly of the Department. But there is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue; and they are now wrought up to that state in which, unless their complaints be speedily heard, they will adopt a style of remonstrance far different from the humility of complaint.

Union down, and colours shall be hoist in signal of distress. The report of the first minute gun at sea, fired by the Navy of the U. S., will bring millions of freemen to our relief. The sound will be heard in every valley, and, reverberating among the mountains, it will produce a concussion in the political atmosphere of this nation, that will cause the PILOT to tremble for his launch. The American people will not be appealed to in vain. The Navy is their pride, and they will not suffer its fair proportions torn away with impunity.

Without being responsible for the situation in which you have found the Navy, you have come to take your trial at the helm at a critical moment—and if you mistake the breeze of popular favour and attempt to shape your course by the cat's paws of party that are making ripples around you, you will find yourself *flat aback* in the midst of breakers.

Let me entreat you to consider well the course you will steer. Compare the conduct which becomes the dignity of your office, with that which serves only to promote the temporary interests or the miserable ambition of a party, and mark the difference. The Navy acknowledges no party. It is the nation's. Upon the water, it has nothing to do with the family feuds on land. There the political strifes of party dwindle into the insignificance of petty broils, in which the Navy is in no wise concerned.

The Navy welcomed you into your present office, not that you were the man of their choice. They made a virtue of necessity, and appeared pleased that they might persuade you to rebuke the sinister influence of those around you, and to act according to your own understanding. You have even received letters of congratulation and encouragement from the officers. By saying that the Navy expects much from you, they hoped to afford you an incentive to do your duty, and to excite in you an honest pride, by telling you what is expected from a competent Secretary.

But, nevertheless, there was a feeling of fear among them, whispered by some, and entertained by the most, that your long servitude and habits of obedience to certain officers high in authority, had given them an influence over you, which you would not have the spirit to control. We have looked to you for some regulations, some step, some earnest of a wholesome administration for the Navy. But we have looked in vain. All that we have seen, is an official declaration in the Globe, that neither the country, nor the Navy is to expect any thing from Mr. Paulding: 'that no man living can bring the Navy back to the high-water mark of glory.' And your administration affords no act in contradiction of this assertion.

You have come into a Department officially acknowledged to be in a deranged and an inefficient condition. And what, let me ask, would be the first act of an officer who would go seriously to work with the intention of setting every thing to rights? Would it not be to establish rules of conduct, and to let each one know how he is to deport himself, and what he is to expect under this new order of things? I promised to give you some hints on the management of the Navy. But for my word's sake I should not do it, for your unmanly course with regard to the official attack on the Navy, and your obstinate silence to the numerous and respectful calls made on you through the public prints, in relation to that libel, have shown you to be incapable of doing one high minded and generous act. I take it as an earnest of the truth of what is ventured for you in the Globe, viz: 'the condition of the Navy is not to be improved by you.'

Refer back to Mr. Southard's time, and you may get many useful hints from the system pursued by him. FARE YE And as Junius said to the king, of his subjects, speak to the officers in the spirit of a man, and with the language of a gentleman. Inform them that they have certain rights & privileges which you will not suffer to be invaded. That among these are the rights of rank and the privileges of long and faithful services.

Establish the regulation, that all communications with the Navy Department must be made to you. That the intervention of clerks, friends and politicians is no longer necessary, but will be considered by you as disrespectful, and that no communications through such channels will receive any attention from the Department. Break up the practice of allowing commanders to select their officers. Make it a rule that all duty shall be performed by the officers to whose grade it properly belongs. Then we shall not see Lieutenants and Passed Midshipmen performing the duties of Commodore, Captain, and all the grades in the service. Let it be understood that your orders are given to be obeyed, and not to try what political influence the officer can muster to have them revoked.

When an officer sends you a communication, states a grievance, or applies to you on any matter of duty, attend to it at once, and inform him by return of mail, if practicable, of your action on the subject; and when one has disgraced himself, been tried by a Court Martial, and cashiered, let the officers know that it is useless for them to remonstrate with the President, and to petition the Senate against the re-appointment of such in the Navy; for that, no political or any other influence shall induce you to send in for reinstatement, the name of an officer who has been once disgraced.

Divide the duty among the officers, and see that each one performs his quota of service. Do not keep one continually on the go because he has no friends, or too much pride to beg off, or because he happens to be convenient; nor another in the bush because he has had a furlough, or because his travelling expenses will cost the Government ten cents a mile.

Make it a rule that only Lieutenants of —— years standing, and upwards, shall do the duty of Lieut. Commanding, and be first of ships of the line; those of not less than —— years to be first of Frigates; and those of not less than —— years to be first of Sloops of War.

Commending these matters to your serious consideration, I shall take my leave of you for the present.

HARRY BLUFF,
U. S. Navy.

Scarcity of wives in texas.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from Texas under date of 25th July, says:—

Our Congress has passed a law, granting a bonus of two thirds of a league, or 2,962 acres of good land, to every woman who will marry, during the present year, and citizen of this republic who was such at the time of our declaration of independence. The consequence you may easily imagine. Every single lady, young or old, good looking or ugly, has been sought out and led to the alter, and yet nineteen out of twenty of our bachelors are not only unmarried but unengaged, although their dispositions are the best that can be imagined, and their efforts corresponding.

A few weeks since a family arrived from Ohio, bringing with them a young woman as a servant.—Our young men took it very much in dudgeon that so precious a commodity should remain in a situation so unbecoming and unprofitable, and accordingly held a meeting, at which a considerable sum of money was raised by subscription, with which the young damsel was placed as a boarder in a respectable family. Then they clubbed together and bought a young man's head right of 1481 acres, which they presented to her as a dower; and this evening she was married to a respectable planter, who receives with her the 2962 acres in addition, from the government.

M. de Tocqueville in his work on America gives the following prophetic paragraph: 'It is my opinion that nations, like man, indicate almost always from their early age the principal traits of their destiny. When I see with what spirit the Anglo-Americans carry on commerce,* the facilities they find, and the success which they obtain, I cannot withhold the belief that they will one day become the first maritime power upon the Globe. They are pressed onward to possess the seas, as were the Romans to conquer the world.'

*He says elsewhere, 'I cannot better express my thoughts than by saying that the Americans incorporate a certain heroism into their manner of conducting commerce.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

The remains of the venerable Charles Thomson, having been removed by his nephew, from a private burying ground in Lower Merion, where they have lain unhonored for fourteen years, to the beautiful Cemetery at Laurel Hill, a monument of granite was erected over them last week, a little below the highest summit of the grounds, and near a remarkable point of rock.

The monument will bear the following inscription:

This Monument
Covers the Remains of the
Honorable
CHARLES THOMSON,
The first and long
The Confidential Secretary of the
Continental Congress,
And the
Enlightened Benefactor of his Country
In its day of peril and need.
Born, November, 1729.
Died, August 16, 1824.
Full of honors and of years.
As a Patriot,
His memorial and just honors
Are inscribed on the pages
Of his Country's History.
As a Christian,
His piety was sincere and enduring,
His Biblical learning was profound,
As is shown by his translation of the
Septuagint.
As a Man.
He was Honored, Loved and Wept.

Erected
To the Memory of an honored
Uncle and Benefactor,
By his Nephew,
John Thomson of Delaware.
Hic jacet,
Homo Veritatis et Gratiæ.

The style of this monument will attract general admiration. It is in the form of Cleopatra's Needle, the shaft reduced from the original height of sixty-four feet to sixteen, or one-fourth; the whole height including the base is twenty-one feet, and the entire weight of stone about five tons.

Its size, manifold and severe simplicity, together with its consecration on the banks of the Schuylkill, render it peculiarly suitable to commemorate such a character as that of Charles Thomson. He was active when the claims of his country demanded his attention, and retired to the shades of private life as soon as those duties were fulfilled. He differed somewhat from many of the politicians of a latter era in being a man of deep and heartfelt religion and piety. His Bible was his book of books, and very many of his years were spent on his original translation of the New Testament: his version is held in high esteem by biblical scholars.

Identified as his name was with every principal event of the Revolution, it is a matter for public congratulation that his name and deeds are inscribed on a suitable tablet, and in a situation where it will be permanently conspicuous. Would that all the great and good men of that day were similarly and suitably remembered.—[Nat. Gazette.

Rules, for makyng, cooking, and eatyng Corne Puddyng.—Gather ye corne in ye milke, when neither too younge nor too ripe. Shell, cut, or scrape ye corne from ye cob, and pound it fine with a heavye pessle. To the corne of foure dozen eares, add one pint of milke, and half a pounde of sugar—the whole to be well mixt together, and baked about two houres, till ye crust shall showe a dark browne complexyon. It is to be eaten with fresh butter laide thereon—to the which some adde a sprinkling of pepper. The addition of eggs doth not help ye puddyng. Boyled corne piddins are softer, but not so goode.

The Treasury Monster.—When Mr. Gordon broached the Sub Treasury scheme, the Deposite Bank system being then a favorite with the Administration, the Globe exclaimed

"*If Gen. Jackson had suggested such a system, what peals of patriotic indignation would have burst from eloquent Senators against the Usurper and Tyrant, who desired to get the millions of the Treasury into the very hands of* HIS PARTISANS AND PARASITES."

Four years have not passed since the above sentence was promulged, and we now see this same Globe aiding the Administration in a thrice baffled effort to *get the millions of the Treasury into* THE VERY HANDS *of his partisans and parasites!*" May the righteous indignation of an insulted and abused People forever blast the political prospects of the 'usurpers and tyrants"!—*Ohio Journal.*

Florida.—The Indians lurking in the Okefonokee Swamp continue to make successful attacks upon the whites. Their last movement, it will be seen by the annexed account, has resulted in the capture of three provision wagons and the death of two of the men appointed to guard them:

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Savannah Georgian, dated.

St. Mary's, Aug. 19, 1838.

'A Union meeting had been notified, and would have taken place yesterday at Jefferson, but for a recent attack made by a body of Indians on a baggage train, on its way from Kettle creek, Ware co., to Trader's Hill, (the depot of provisions.) The facts, as far as they have reached us appear to be these:

"The train had left Kettle creek, the encampment of the Dragoons, for Trader's Hill—4 wagons with a guard of 16—and had advanced within 18 miles of Centreville and probably not more from Trader's Hill; at Carter's, a place immediately on the road, Indians to the number of 60 to 70 had taken possession of the cabin and other houses, and were engaged digging potatoes and *plundering* other articles. When the advance wagon got in front or near the dwelling—the Indians rose from their ambush and commenced a general fire. The corporal of the guard was shot down—and two other wagoners desperately wounded, who succeeded in making their escape, and are now lying dangerously ill within a few miles of Centreville. The wagon in the rear succeeded in wheeling about and returning to Kettle creek. Loss sustained—one corporal killed, two privates supposed mortally wounded, three baggage wagons left on the road, and 5 mules killed.—The wagon master, it is said, behaved most gallantly, and saved from inevitable death one of the teamsters, who having his team crippled attempted his escape, and but for the bravery of Mr. Branch, the wagon master, who was on horseback, and seeing the perilous situation of the wagoner, whilst pursued by six indians—charged and fired upon them—this brought them to a momentary halt—he then followed after, and by dint of daring bravery, succeeded, in the *face* of the enemy, to take him up behind and make his escape. He represents that there could not have been less than from 50 to 70 Indians.

"Major Dearborn, with a detachment of horse, departed from "Trader's Hill" next morning for the spot. He has since returned, and reported as I have above stated—and buried the corporal.

Death of Robert Porter.

☞ It is with no ordinary feelings of regret that we are called upon to announce the death of our esteemed fellow laborer, Robert Porter, Esq. the senior proprietor of the Delaware State Journal, who departed this life yesterday morning, after a protracted illness of dropsy in the chest, in the 62 year of his age. Mr. Porter was a native of Wilmington, the oldest Printer in the state, and has ever been esteemed as one of our most useful and enterprising citizens. He has been a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church for many years, and in all his dealings with his fellow men has ever been found one of the noblest works of God, an honest man; and his death will be deeply deplored by the whole community. He has frequently been elevated to high and responsible posts, and every station which he has filled, either of a public or private nature, has given entire satisfaction to his fellow citizens; and after a long and useful life has at length gone down to the tomb lamented by all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. We have known him long and known him well, and notwithstanding we have frequently had occasion to differ with him on political questions, there is no one for whom we have at all times entertained a higher regard; and for his many acts of kindness toward us we have had full assurance that this regard has been duly appreciated, and cheerfully reciprocated on his part. We sincerely sympathize with his afflicted family in this dispensation of Divine Providence, but we have reason to indulge the hope that their loss is his eternal gain.

We have been requested to state that in consequence of the death of Mr. Porter, no paper will be issued from the office of the Journal until Tuesday next.

Delaware Gazette.

The following instigation to cannibalism is from the Providence Journal: a paper of which we hoped better things, in the nineteenth century.

Dr. Brandreth recommends the use of broth made of sheep or calves' heads, while taking his pills. His patients in order to follow his prescriptions, will only have to boil each other.

The Richmond Enquirer continues its nonsense about the President's conduct at the springs and mode of travelling. Among other things we are told that his luggage is strapped on *behind* the coach, that he dines at an ordinary, is affable, and so forth. How is it that a leading press of proud old Virginia can make it a subject of repeated and ardent admiration that a temporary public officer behaves with requisite modesty and good manners towards his fellow citizens and social equals? Formerly such parasitical folly would have been considered too degrading even for party ends.

Nat. Gaz.

New alliance.—The Richmond Whig of yesterday, says, in speaking of the South Carolina elections:—'Since the givings-out by the Washington Chronicle, Charleston Mercury, Mr. Rhett and others, we have felt compelled to class South Carolina with New Hampshire, and Missouri, and Mr. Calhoun with Van Buren, Benton Kendall & Co. We have had no alternative.—We find him warring without mercy against all who have heretofore been his friends, who will not assist to keep those

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