something or other about a long tongs.* Phoo! to the divil I pitch yourself and your tongs, says I, I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raysun, says I. Parly voo Frongsay? We munseer. Then thundher and turf, will you lind me the loan of a gridiron—and howl'd your prate. Well, what would you think but he shook his ould noddle as much as to say he wouldn't and so says I, But luck to the likes o' that I ever seen—troth if you wor in my counthry it's not that away they'd use you; the curse of they crows an you, you ould sinner, says I, the devil a longer I'll darken your door. So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turning away, I seen him begin to rejint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin back, Well I'll give you one chance more, you ould thief; are you a Christhian at all at all; are you a turriner? says I, that all the world calls so polite? bad luck to you, do you understhand and your own language? Parly voo Frongsay, says I; We munseer, says he. Then blood and ouns, says I, will you lind me the loan of a gridiron? Well, sir, the divil receave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that the curse of the hungry an you, you ould negarly villian, says I; the back o' my hand and sowl o' my fut to you that you may want a gridiron yourself yet, says I, and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you says I; and with that I left them there sir, and kem away—and in troth it's often sence, that I thought that it was remarkable.

*Some mystification of Paddy's touching the French n'entends.

EXTRACT FROM GRIMKE'S ORATION.

The following eloquent passage is from the late oration of Mr. Grimke, of Charleston. This gentleman perceives, and ably shows, that after all a pure morality, correct habits, and a careful education, are the true sources of our national union and common liberty.

[N. Y. Amer.

'Whilst we thus remember our social and individual duties, we can never forget our common parentage. To consult the interest of this college as opportunity may serve, and other obligations permit; to watch over her fair fame, to honor the renowned of her sons, whether among the living or the dead; and above all, according to our years, to cherish with a brother's friendship, or venerate with filial love, the memory of her late illustrious President, will be at once honorable and delightful. And if, in aught that has been said, I have seemed to speak irreverently or unthankfully of the great and the good of my own or any other land, of the founders, and patrons, and instructors of this or of other institutions, I know that realities do not justify the appearance. I have, indeed, spoken with the sincerity of Christian candor, with the free spirit of an American, with the enthusiasm, if not with the judgment and taste, of an accomplished scholar. For all that has been done, by the eminent in talent, and learning, and virtue of former days, I have a heart that overflows with admiration and gratitude. And as to all that is now doing in our own country, and throughout the world, by the Statesman and the orator, by the Philosopher and the Philanthrophist, by the Patriot, the Christian, and the Scholar, I have a soul to realize the magnitude of our obligation, the dignity of their enterprize, and its glorious reward in time and eternity.

'Nor, Gentlemen, while we remember our fellowship and our common parentage, let us not forget our common inheritance: our country. We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose, or faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her vallies, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North with her thousand villages and her harvest home with her frontiers of lakes and the ocean. It is not the West with her forest, sea, and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in her verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field. What are these but the sister families of the greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY? I come not here to speak the dialect, or to give the counsels of the patriot statesman. But I come a patriot scholar, to vindicate the rights and to plead for the interests of American Literature. And be assured, gentlemen, that we cannot as patriot scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget, let us rather remember with a religious awe, that the union of these States is indispensible to our literature, as it is to our national independence and civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness and improvement. If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that, which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe; if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, the ruin of cities,—If we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their dens; if we desire, that the lake, the river, the ocean should blush with the blood of brothers; that the wind should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of the battle; that the very mountain tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers; if we desire that these, and such as these—the elements to an incredible extent, of the literature of the old world, should be the elements of our literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our union, and scatter its fragments all over the land. But if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind; a literature whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears 'would not stain an angel's cheek;' then let us cling to the union of these States, with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a christian's hope in her heavenly character, as a holy cause self-sacrificed in God at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people. 'American Literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that Union her garden of paradise.'

ANNE ROYALL TO THE COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

CANANDAIGUA, Nov. 1830.

Gentlemen—Where are the glittering ten thousand swords of gallantry which Edmund Burke talked of? Why do not the lazy scoundrels leap instantly from their scabbards and avenge the insults offered to a Lady Walter-Scott of the new world? The sufferings which Maria Antoinette bore are nothing to mine. She only had her head taken off by the gentlemanly guillotine, but I have forty heads taken off besides the pulling out of ninety horns. I have suffered as much as the celebrated Hortensia, the fair philosophes of Alexandria or some other heathen city, whom the rascally monks and anti-masons murdered on the banks of the Nile, and then flung into the river to make a breakfast to a crocodile.

I have scarcely slept a wink since I left Pittsburgh—that barbarous, ignorant, smoky, pitiful, rascally, dirty, dingy, silly, murderous, anti-masonic, vagabond village. Have you heard how I have been used there by the anti-masons? If there had been a spark of gallantry remaining, the carrier pigeons ought to have spread intelligence of the outrage from Maine to Georgia. A rascally Post Master refused to frank me a letter to you my honoured friends. I mean to have him removed *instanter*. I know he has been dealing in coffin hand bills. But the anti-masons! the anti-masons! 'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now;' if your heart ever bled, now let it pour forth its floods. I went into an an-masonic shop in Pittsburgh to sell a Black Book: the people in it had a very rascally, anti-masonic, down look. I told them, if they wanted to do any business they must get gentlemen behind the counter; that if they could beg or borrow or steal the tail of a monkey from any old Museum, and have it pinned to his coat tail, he might be carried through the country, and make a fortune by exhibiting an anti-masonic or Morgan rarity. What do you think he did? Why the fellow sneaked down stairs with a cowskin behind his back, and perpetrated an assault and battery on Mrs. Anne Royall. Oh! how my heart boiled! If I had not had a little fever on me at the time, I should have caught the villain & whipt him on the spot. He run, however, like a greyhound, into a dark chamber. What could I do with a leg which the Blue-skins in Vermont broke the other year, and which is not yet absolutely as good as new? I will not disgrace your paper by writing down his name; but he will be easily recognized. His countenance will bear witness—yes, his Cain-like face will furnish *prima facie* evidence against him for almost any crime, in any court of justice, from a simple larceny up to a respectable burglary. Oh! if I had only caught him how I should have nullified him, and disunioned every limb in his body. But these anti-masons have the longest legs in the world, and bless me, how they do use them!

We must have the world reformed. The rights of women are disregarded. If the nullifiers of South Carolina had any brains, which is rather doubtful, they would do something for the fair sex, instead of their stuff about the tariff and cotton bags. When I was last in New York, I mentioned the necessity of doing something for the recovery of the lost rights of women, to Russel Comstock. He agreed with me decidedly, and said he meant to look for them among the lost rights of the states. I have no doubt but both have been hid away by the nullifiers. Give my compliments to Russell, and tell him I shall be glad to hear that he prosecutes his patriotic course.

But of these anti-masons, they are the wickedest pack of rascals that ever crawled between heaven and earth—all but one. What one? you will ask with a smile. Why, then out it must come—my friend Frank Granger, who, contrary to my solemn advice, took their nomination and almost broke up the friendship, that, like a rose in the bud was just blushing into maturity between us. He has one of the most princely houses I ever saw, and then he is so hospitable, polite, kind, and chatty, besides doing dancing, carving and such like accomplishments, almost as good as an angel.

When I reached this place, he was in high spirits, about the election. 'I'm governor—I'm governor, Mrs. Royall,' cried Frank. 'You're a fool,' said I. The messengers were arriving every five minutes, with majorities from the 'infected districts.' 'Mr. Granger, says one, 'over 3000 from Genesee,'—'Mr. Granger,' says another scoundrel anti-mason, 1500 from Monroe—we have done wonders, must have a flour inspector's birth'—'Mr. Granger,' says another, 'a majority in Cayuga—Throop is dished—I should be pleased to be a canal collector.' Frank bowed, smiled, looked pleased and promised every think. Says I to him, 'Frank, do you believe these rascals, they tell you that you are elected—there is not one word of truth in them—you are no more elected than I am—they are deceiving you.' 'My dear madam,' said Frank, bowing low, 'these are very large majorities—I must think I'm elected'—and then he went to spouting Mr. Shakespeare's poetry about the crown, and all that.

Well, next day came, and up comes old Oneida like the rush of the Trenton Falls in a thunder storm—then Herkimer at its heels—then Montgomery—then Rensselaer—then Albany. 'Bring me no more reports,' said Frank, 'Mrs. Royall give me your hand—the anti-masons are all cheats—henceforth I turn my attention to philosophy and ruta baga—anti masonry I forswear,' and then covering himself with his mantle like the immortal Cæsar, he sat down to one of the fattest roast turkies, I think, I ever set my four old teeth upon. 'Frank,' said I, 'this turkey was never raised by an anti-mason.'—'Hang old Root!' said he. 'Take care how you touch old Root,' said I, 'he is my friend.'

So you will see I have saved my honored friend Frank from that desolating scourge of anti-masonry. I have snatched him like a burning brand out of the furnace. When I came through the Genesee country, I was told that my life was in danger. 'Let them try,' said I, like the immortal Stark. 'Phineas L. Tracy is on the look out for you,' said some one. 'Let him come' said I, 'I can thrash him any day—I have done it before in Washington, and I'll do it again.' Then there was a report that Fred Whittlesy was going to waylay me.—'He waylay me, said I,' the mean sneaking fellow—I am only afraid he will sue me for damages. Oh! if I only could get him to knock a chip off my shoulder, and so get round the law, I would give him one of the soundest thrashings he ever had.' Then came another rumour, that Bates Cooke and Thurlow Weed meant to make an anti-mason of me. 'If they do,' said I, 'I'll Tim-Monroe every hair on their heads—I'll Morganize them—I'll dish them.' So the anti-masons are down the Niagara, where they themselves put poor Morgan, for I have no doubt his blood is on their guilty heads—poor fellow!

My dear gentlemen, I shall be in New York soon.—Present my compliments to Mr. Charles King, who, I understand, has much improved of late—tell him to cut off his whiskers. Col. Stone, I suppose, is still sipping any body's wine, and smoking every body's segars. Secretary Dwight will be crawling out of his flannel, and organizing the Church-and-State-Blue-Burgundy party, to overwhelm me in New York. Let him look out for squalls.—I'm not afraid of the world in arms—provided the anti-masonic bears are tied up. Pray, how is 'good society' getting on? I have a few odd accounts to settle with them. What a glorious thing is the French revolution. I have some thoughts of going over to see Louis Philip, and putting him in my black book, Thine, for ever,

ANNE ROYALLE.

The editor of the Boston Centinel extracts from his memoranda, kept during a visit to Europe, the following notes respecting the Hague:

THE HAGUE, June 12.

Arrived here in a passage boat at 6 o'clock, yesterday. The boats, called by the natives *Trekschuits*, are similar to canal boats seen in America, but not so elegant nor commodious.—They are about thirty feet in length, and have two principal apartments, one near the stern and calculated for eight passengers, and the other at about half price, and capable of holding 30 or more. The first cabin is very comfortable, and indeed extremely agreeable, if one has time to travel slow. They advance at the rate of four miles an hour including stoppages, and are careful not to vary a minute either in the time of starting or arriving. They are drawn by one horse, and managed by a Steersman, one man to attend to the bridges, &c. forward, and a third to ride the horse as postillion. This is the regular complement. A small, brass pan containing a large live coal of turf, is an indispensable appendage of each cabin. The moment the boat starts every true Dutchman, boatmen and passengers, replenish their pipes, and take the coal in succession; in another moment they are shut out from the cares of the world, and completely enveloped in dense volumes of smoke and Dutch comfort. Indeed there seems to be such an unaccountable sympathy between the operation of the pipes and the motion of the boats, that it would seem to be impossible to separate them; and that should all the pipes at once by any mischance happen to be suspended, the boat also would inevitably stop at the same moment. The smoke is seen constantly rising in clouds like the vapor of a steamer, and from all appearances, one would be led to suppose that it was as essential to the motion of the one, as the steam is to the other. The average fare for the best cabin, is a stiver (about 2 cents) per mile. This is about one half of the rate of fare in the Dilligence.

The appearance of the country all along, is very agreeable. The land seems fertile or at least is in a high state of cultivation, and the canal is every where studded with cottages and large country seats, each of which has its summer house upon the very brink.—These last are very similar; they are of brick, and usually hexagonal, presenting a large Dutch window in front, and another on either side looking up and down the canal. They of course exhibit the perfection of cleanliness. The windows rival the transparency of crystals. Having large windows on the six sides, the whole interior is visible, and usually presented the females of the family, often a charming group of young ladies, diligently employed, either at their needlework, or drinking tea. Whether exercising other legitimate prerogatives of a *Tea Table Tribunal*, I had no means of ascertaining; for at the moment of passing by, the needle, the tea spoon, or the *inexorable sentence*, were suspended to catch a glance at the boat. So on we went, losing one but to see another in endless succession, and to our infinite amusement.

The grand feature of this country seems to be Plenty. Plenty of grass, of cattle, of grain, in short, a great abundance of every eatable.—No where have I seen bread, butter, and cheese equal to what is seen here; and the meat markets are equally well supplied. I cannot conceive of any country where one could live better or cheaper. The bread in particular is far superior to any I have met with elsewhere.

The Hague is one of the most beautiful cities in Holland; the streets are wide, and the houses elegant. The windows are peculiarly grand; they are composed of either six or eight panes of glass, but each pane is from 24 to 36 inches in length, and from 20 to 30 inches in breadth, thus presenting a window but two panes wide, and larger than the largest sized windows in the elegant houses in America. Not a particle of dust is allowed to remain on them, inside or out, and they resemble the glittering transparency of the clearest fountain. Glass is very cheap here, and of the best quality, and the houses are abundantly furnished with large and brilliant mirrors. And in this particular, the Dutch are very peculiar, they are not satisfied with having a profusion of looking glasses to reflect their pretty phizes within doors, but they have them placed by the windows outside, in such a manner as to command a view of the street, and people passing by. Almost every window has a mirror projecting outside, and as they sit in their rooms, they have only to cast their eyes upon the glass, and they can have a full view of every one who passes along. This is a most admirable kind of quizzing glass. The ladies thus have a fine opportunity to gaze at the dandies, without exposing their own heads at the windows, or even moving from their seats. By looking directly at these mirrors, one frequently sees a smiling face reflected from the room through the glass; the stranger may often detect their fingers, through their own mirrors, pointing him out and looking with eager curiosity. Every house is furnished with one or more of these *specula*, and the tenants appear to be very fond of looking through them.

Until lately we believe no body has thought of cultivating the Cranberry any more than the Whortleberry or the persimmon. It has been looked upon as the natural product of swamps which were good for nothing else, and though the fruit was a favorite in the markets, the gatherers trusted to nature alone to keep the supply equal to the demand. A gentleman in Barnstable, Massachusetts, has, however, discovered that it is as susceptible of cultivation and improvement as the Strawberry. On about an acre of ground he has raised for the last ten years an average of about seventy bushels a season, sometimes a hundred.—The following account of his cranberry yard is from the Barnstable Journal.—N. Y. Post.

Sandy bog land is the soil best adapted to the growth of the Cranberry plant, and it should be kept well drained. Capt. Hall has a tract of about four acres enclosed, which he calls his 'Cranberry Yard,' of a damp sandy soil, surface nearly level, and where not planted with Cranberries covered with rushes and swamp brush. The Cranberry vines were set around on the borders of the 'yard,' some on land elevated two or three feet above the general level of the surface. The vines grow most vigorously, and the berries are of a better quality and more abundant where the soil is most sandy and damp. In very dry seasons, the Cranberries are liable to be eaten and destroyed by worms; but, in general, they are, under skilfull management, as certain a crop as any kind of grain or garden vegetables.

The manner of transplanting is simple. Holes are dug four feet apart; only they are made deeper than for corn; into each of these, sods of vines are placed.—The Cranberry has creeping roots, spreads very rapidly, and in three years from the time of planting will entirely cover the ground. If the land is overgrown with bushes they must first be removed; but it is not necessary to destroy rushes, for the Cranberry vine will do it in a few years. When the land is very low, and covered with a thick growth of weeds and rushes, Capt. Hall practises spreading over it a quantity of beach sand before planting. The fall is the best season for transplanting. No other cultivation is performed or required, than to keep the land drained, and cattle from injuring the vines. The Cranberries sell from $1 00 to $1 50 per bushel, and the cost of picking is 20 cents per bushel.

THE SEASON.—We have mentioned several times the unusual mildness of the weather in this vicinity during the whole of the present autumn. We have the like accounts from various quarters. The Lynchburg Virginian states that ripe strawberries were gathered in an open field, in the neighboring county of Amherst. In some of the gardens of that town, plums of the second growth are nearly as large as when at maturity. The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer says in the usual language on such occasions, 'never within our remembrance, and we dare say we might add, in the recollection of that arbiter in all such matters, 'the oldest inhabitant of the community'—have we experienced so mild a fall as the present. The remark is made by every one we meet. It is now the 19th November, the temperature uncommonly uniform, the mercury seldom falling below 60°—nor has there been a frost to injure the most tender plant. Vegetation is as green as in Spring—the Tomato vines yet continue to bear—we have soft corn and garden peas (second crop.) Turnips grow to mammoth size; and Sweet Potatoes are so abundant that they sell in our market at twenty five cents per bushel!' As usual, however the farmers find reason to complain. The fly has begun to make great ravages. The same complaint is made in the neighborhood of Richmond and Fredericksburg. In some instances, near the latter, the fields have been ploughed up, and the wheat sown over again. The Rochmond Whig says:—'Yesterday, was unpleasantly, and almost oppressively, warm; and such has been the general character of nearly the entire season. The flowers of the field, tobacco suckers, and the tenderest vegetation are green and unscathed by the frost. The trees have parted generally with their leaves, but frost has had no agency in the divorcement. The health of the country as far as we know, has not been unfavorably affected by the unprecedented season.'

In Fredericksburg the lilacs are in bloom. There are ripe strawberries in the vicinity of Rockville, in this State; and a full grown, ripe pear, of the second crop, has been left at the office of the Village Herald, published at Princess Anne, Md. A ripe cherry, of the kind called 'May Duke,' was found on a tree as late as the 12th of November, and as far north as Reading, Pa.

Strawberries, as we mentioned, were brought to our office the other day, of unusual size and delicious flavour. There were many more in the open field from which they were gathered. The fields around this city are as green as in spring, and the temperature is pretty uniform at 60° in the shade, and is often somewhat higher. Much cannot be said, however, in praise of the weather, which has been damp, cloudy and rainy for a fortnight, and threatens to continue so. [Bal. Gaz.

At West Chester, Penn. on Monday last, a colored man, called Edward Williams, was sentenced to death, having been convicted last week of the murder of his wife, whom he poisoned in May last. The mode in which the act was committed, and the circumstances of its detection, are thus detailed in Tuesday's Republican:

'Williams, it seems, had formed an unlawful attachment to the daughter of the deceased wife—this, as would naturally be expected, gave rise to disagreement and frequent quarrels between them. Williams, to remove all obstacles from the gratifications of his unhallowed desires, resolved to get rid of his wife as the first and greatest. With this fell purpose in view he came to West Chester on the morning of his wife's death, and by false pretence obtained a quantity of arsenic. On his return, he administered the fatal portion in a glass of water, pretending that it was a wholesome medicine. His wife died in an hour or two afterwards, in the most violent agonies. Such was the adroitness with which this tragical affair was conducted, that the perpetrator of the foul deed had well nigh escaped with impunity. A circumstance, trifling in itself, led to the disclosure of the whole transaction, and the detection of the guilty.

The gentleman who attended at the funeral as undertaker, before the body was placed in the coffin, observed a movement under the winding sheet, occasioned most probably by the air; it however, forcibly arrested his attention—the corpse was buried—but so strong was the impression made by the above circumstance upon the mind of the person who witnessed it, that upon his return to town he inquired of the apothecary, whether such a person (describing Williams) had got any medicine there, supposing that she might have taken something that had brought on torpor without extinguishing vitality. From the druggist he learned that such a person had shortly before inquired there for arsenic. He then inquired of another druggist, where he was told that Williams had purchased a quantity of the same article the very morning of his wife's death. Curiosity now became suspicion—the body was disinterred and examined by several medical gentlemen. It exhibited the appearance of one who died in the full enjoyment of health, the stomach only being diseased. Upon examination of its contents by chemical process, it was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. The experiments were made by Doctors Worthington, Thomas and Parish, whose skill and scientific industry entitle them to much credit; also Dr. Hare, Professor of chemistry in the Pennsylvania University. They all procured arsenic in its pure metallic state.'

The Boston Statesman says, 'that the ship Fama, Captain Larkin Turner, from St. Petersburgh, arrived at that port on Saturday, the 6th inst. having on board part of Mr. Randolph's baggage, and one of his servants. We learn from Captain Turner, that the accounts which have recently been published in regard to Mr. Randolph, are materially incorrect. He represents the equipage and domestic arrangements of Mr. R. and his appearance, when abroad, to have been in a style becoming his character and station—that in due time, and with the customary forms, he was presented to the Emperor, and had repeated official interviews with the Prime Minister, &c. It is true, that Mr. R.'s distinguished reputation, united with his peculiarity of manners, attracted much notice—that in St. Petersburgh, as in other capitals, there is a certain class of gentry, who delight in Court scandal; which there, as elsewhere, passes away with the breath that gives it utterance. He represents Mr. R. to be in bad health—afflicted with a severe cough, and altogether unable to endure the shocks of a northern winter. This extreme debility confined him, for the most part, to his lodgings, rendered his official duties, and the etiquette of Court exceedingly irksome, and determined him, at once, to leave the country. But it is even doubtful whether he will be able to reach the United States.—This is the substance of the account given by Capt. Turner, who is a ship-master, and gentleman of the first respectability.'

The Marquis Marbois in the introduction to his history of Louisiana, speaks thus of the supreme tribunal of our country.

'There is at Washington a power, which has neither guards nor palaces nor treasures; it is neither surrounded by clerks nor overloaded with records. It has for its arms only truth and wisdom. Its magnificence consists in its justice and in the publicity of its acts. This power is called the Supreme Court of the United States.'

Speaking of the United States in his history, he says—

'No where else do we find so much ease and contentment, the fruits of industry, of discreet conduct, and good morals.'

'The emigrant is always kindly received, and has nothing to fear but his own faults. A good carpenter, an industrious mason, a clever mechanic, sees only the laws above him.'

THE X-KING.—The Atlas, after ridiculing several silly paragraphs that appeared in the newspapers during the week, says:

In exchange for these paragraphs, we give one absurd in another way, which our cotemporaries may retort upon us. We found it on our desk, and it is probably the work of some literal devil of the establishment, fired with a printer's ambition to *compose* himself.

'Charles X x-king, was xtravagantly xtolled, and is xecrated. He xhibited xtraordinary xcellence in xigency, xcessive xacerbation in xultation, xemplary in xternals, but xtrinsic on xamination; he was xtatic under xhortation, and xtreme in xcitement, and he xtinguished xtempore xpression. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, and, to xpiate his xtravagences, must xist and xpire in xile.

The case of the United States, *vs.* Joshua Sands, on account of an alleged trespass on lands near the Wallabout bridge, which were said to be comprised in the Navy Yard has been some days before the Circuit Court of the United States, in New York. The jury found a verdict for the United States.

OBITUARY—BY REQUEST.

Departed this transitory life, in the triumphs of Evangelical faith, after a short and severe illness of six days, on Friday morning, at his residence in Kent county, Md.; the Rev. *Charles Rigby*, an acceptable and useful Minister of the Gospel, in the Associated Methodist Churches.

Our beloved and much esteemed Brother Rigby, had been for many years, a useful and laborious member and Minister, in the Methodist Episcopal Church; but finding that after the labours of many years, by the friends of Reform, in expostulations and memorials to the General Conferences of that Church: no probability or hope remained of any important change being brought about in the exceptionable parts of her ecclesiastical polity: and finding that the great Head of the Church, had, in the order of his Divine Providence, set before him, an open door, that *no man can shut*: he seceded from her, and immediately united himself in christian fellowship with the Ministry and membership of the Associated Methodist Churches in the State of Maryland.

In this connexion he confidently anticipated a better state of things; in which the *whole of the legislative and executive power* should not rest in the *hands of the Ministry*, but where the ecclesiastical polity should approximate as nearly as practicable, to the usages of the primitive Churches; where the *Apostles* and *Elders*, and the *whole Church*, should participate, by a *fair and equitable representation* in the making of those prudential rules and regulations, which, in subserviency to the law of Christ, should be for the government of the Church. This he considered, not only in accordance with the whole tenor of the *New Testament*, but also entirely congenial with the civil polity and institutions of our happy America; the land of his nativity.

As a member and Minister in the Associated Methodist Churches, Brother Rigby was deservedly esteemed, and justly admired by all who knew him, for the many excellent virtues and christian graces, with which he was so eminently endowed by the God of nature and grace.—As a man, he was distinguished by a suavity of manners but seldom found, even among christian ministers themselves. As a christian, the patience, resignation and humility of Christ, were abundantly exemplified in him. As a Minister of Christ, he was unassuming and unostentatious. His appearance at the sacred desk was always marked with that serenity and innocence which can only emanate from a heart deeply imbued with the spirit of Him, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. He possessed no ordinary talents as a preacher. His expositions of the sacred text were lucid and perspicuous. His reasonings cogent and conclusive. His applications energetic and fervid.

As a husband, he was kind and affectionate. Long will his bereaved and disconsolate widow secretly mourn her irreparable loss. He was emphatically a *man of God*. In his neighborhood, where a man is best known he was greatly beloved, and deservedly esteemed and respected. The Church in which he was particularly a member and a minister, will long *submissively* mourn and lament the loss of their beloved Rigby: and feelingly exclaim in their hearts before God—a great man has fallen in Israel. But our loss is his infinite and eternal gain.

For a considerable time before his death he was sweetly drawn into nearer union and communion with God. His soul appeared to have caught fresh fire, from the holy altar. His closet, his class, and the Pulpit, all gave evidence of the sanctifying power and efficiency of Divine grace: as though God was preparing him for his approaching change. It appeared to the writer of this article, who was intimate with him, that his heart was divested of every thing but supreme love to God, and universal benevolence and love for his fellow men in general, and his fellow christians of all denominations.

But a few weeks before his death, having preached in the morning at Wesley Chapel: after he had returned home and dined, he said to his wife, My dear, I feel a desire to attend the prayer meeting of our Old side friends this afternoon at Rock Hall. I feel that I love every body in the world. I feel very happy in God, will you go? She unhesitatingly consented. They went accordingly—and *silently worshiped God*, together, with their Old side brethren, feeling nothing in his heart but love. Surely, God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in *God* and *God* in *him*. The above statement he gave me, with tears of joy and love bursting from his eyes now closed in death.

His brethren in the last annual Conference in Baltimore gave him the important appointment of Missionary for this state. In compliance with the wishes of his brethren, he pleasantly acquiesced. He labored, as generally and extensively as he could consistently with his secular concerns; which he was about so to arrange as to give himself wholly to the work. God however who is infinite in wisdom, and cannot err, had designed better things for our dear Brother, things pertaining to his eternal felicity. The Sabbath before his death he preached the word of life, to a listening assembly, at the above Chapel.

While engaged in this, his last ministerial effort, for the salvation of his fellow men, he was seized with a chill. He returned to his place of residence when violent fever ensued. The Physician was called; but medical aid could afford no relief. His disease progressed with unusual rapidity. The tears of an affectionate wife, mingled with the prayers of his beloved brethren; were not in the case, to athwart the purposes of heaven. Our heavenly Father had determined to remove our beloved Rigby, from his labours in the Church militant to his rewards in the Church triumphant! From the cross of a mortal, to the crown of a spiritual and eternal existence.

He was wonderfully favored with the exercise of his intellectual faculties to the last: and feeling conscious that the time of his departure was at hand; he urged his brethren forthwith, to draw out his will which being done, and read to him and acknowledged he appeared perfectly satisfied and happy in his mind for a few minutes. He then stated to his brethren, that he had one more request to make of them, and he should be done with this world. He desired that his body should be interred under the pulpit of our New Chapel, where he had preached the previous Sabbath. He was informed that his request should be fulfilled. He then stated that he had now closed his last earthly concern. He was now done with the world!—He now deliberately laid his finger on his artery, and perceiving that the pulse had retired, to dilate the heart for the last time, he faintly exclaimed, I shall soon be gone. Can this be what is meant by dying? If so it is nothing to die! I feel no pain! no sickness! and yet I know that I am dying!—All is calm, all is peace within—I see my way clear to glory!—Soon after this he lost the power of articulation entirely; and quietly breathed out his immortal spirit, by faith, on the bosom of his Lord and Saviour. How delightfully were the predictions of an inspired Prophet realized, in the last hours of this servant of Christ, and his Church. 'The work of the righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance forever.' Is. 32, 17. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' 'Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.'

A BROTHER
who loved him living, and submissively laments him dead.

August 24, 1330.

A Jackson Convention is to be held in Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 13th of next month. A Clay Convention was held recently in Louiville: and it has recommended the assemblage of a *National* Clay Convention at Washington.

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