EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. III.---NO. 12. EASTON, MD.---TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1830. WHOLE NO. 116.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY
EDWARD MULLIKIN,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS
Are Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum payable half yearly in advance. Advertisements are inserted three times for One Dollar; and continued weekly for twenty-five cents per square.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of Caroline County Court, at October Term 1830, setting as a Court of Equity, the subscriber will offer at public sale all the real estate of Philemon Leary, late of said County, deceased, whereon William Blake now resides, adjoining the lands of Robert Orrell, Abraham Jump, Junior, and others, about one mile from Thomas Hopkins' mill, 4 miles from Denton, and about the same distance from Greensborough, and in as good neighbourhood as any other in the County; the soil good and susceptible of improvement; to be sold on the 10th day of December next, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M. and 2 o'clock, P. M. A Credit of twelve months will be given, with approved security on bond, with interest from the day of sale. All persons having claims against the said Philemon Leary, deceased, are hereby notified to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers to the Clerk of Caroline county Court, within six months from the said 10th day of December, 1830. Any person wishing to view the said land will call on the subscriber in Denton, or Mr. William Blake on the said premises.

JAMES SANGSTON, Trustee
for the sale of the real estate of
Philemon Leary, deceased.

nov 16 3w

Bill in Equity—Caroline County Court.

Ann Stockett, admx. of John Shaaf Stockett and Giles Hicks, *agt.* Daniel Dukes and Ann his wife, and James P. Plummer and others, children and heirs at law of Philemon Plummer, deceased.

The Bill in this cause states, that Philemon Plummer, late of Caroline county, dec'd. departed this life, possessed of a considerable real and personal estate. That the said Philemon Plummer, at the time of his death was indebted to one John Shaaf Stockett, in a large sum of money: that the personal estate of the said Philemon Plummer, has been found altogether insufficient for the payment of his debts, and that there still remains a considerable sum of money due from the said Philemon Plummer, to the above named Ann Stockett, as the administratrix of the said John Shaaf Stockett, and to other persons, which cannot be paid without a sale of the real estate, whereof the said Philemon Plummer died seized, or of some part thereof; the said complainants therefore pray the Court to decree such sale. The bill further states that the said Daniel Dukes and Ann his wife, and the said James P. Plummer reside out of this State and beyond the process of this Court.—It is therefore this day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty, ordered and directed by Caroline county Court, sitting as a Court of Chancery, (the former [order] of publication not having been complied with) that the said complainants by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the newspapers published at Easton, once a week for three weeks successively, at least four months prior to the second Monday of March next, do give notice to the said Daniel Dukes and Ann his wife, and to the said James P. Plummer, of the filing and objects of this Bill, and that they be and appear in Caroline County Court on the second Monday of March next, to shew cause if any they have, why the said decree should not be passed as prayed for.

WILLIAM B. MARTIN.
ARA SPENCE.

True Copy—Test,
nov 16 3w *Jos: Richardson, Clerk.*

Bill in Equity—Caroline County Court.

OCTOBER TERM, 1830.

Jacob Charles admr. of Brannock Smith. vs. Algenor Smith, William Smith, Mary Maria Smith, Ann Smith and Deveraux Smith, children and heirs at law of William Smith, otherwise called William G. Smith.

The Bill in this cause states that William Smith late of Caroline deceased, departed this life in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and one, having previously executed his last Will and Testament in due form of law, which after the death of the said William Smith, was duly proved as the law requires in the Orphans' Court of Caroline county; that the said William Smith in and by the said will devised unto his son one William Smith, otherwise called William G. Smith, all his the said Testator's dwelling plantation, upon condition that he the said William G. Smith, should pay unto the Testator's other son Brannock Smith, one hundred pounds. The bill further states that the said William G. Smith, hath departed this life without having paid the said legacy of one hundred pounds to his brother the said Brannock Smith, and also without having left any personal estate by which the same can be paid; that the said Brannock Smith is also dead, and that administration of his personal estate hath been granted to the complainant the said Jacob Charles by the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, by means whereof the said complainant is entitled to have and receive the said legacy of one hundred pounds, which cannot be had without a sale of the said Lands and Tenements so devised to the said Wm. G. Smith as aforesaid; the said complainant therefore prays the Court to decree such sale. The bill further states that Devereaux Smith resides out of this State, and beyond the process of this Court. It is therefore this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty, ordered and adjudged by Caroline county Court sitting as a Court of Chancery, that the said complainant by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in one of the newspapers published at Easton, once a week for three weeks successively, at least four months prior to the second Monday of March next, do give notice to the said Devereaux Smith, of the filing and objects of this bill, and that he be and appear in Caroline county Court, on the second Monday of March next, to shew cause if any he has, why the said decree should not be passed as prayed for.

WILLIAM B. MARTIN.
ARA SPENCE.

True Copy—Test
nov 16 3w *Jos: Richardson, Clerk.*

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.

The following fine verses are by Miss Landon, and are founded on the fact reported by Mr. Crofton Crocker, that "a person who died at Barnes, left an annual sum to be laid out in roses planted on his grave.

Oh! plant them above me, the soft, the bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light.
The warm with the earliest breath of spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's wing;
Let the green bough and the red leaf wave—
Plant the glad rose tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep
O'er the quiet rest of a dreamless sleep?
Weep for life; with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrow to bear;
Let tears and the sign of tears be shed
Over the living, not over the dead!

Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew;
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping, in faith and in love;
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid—
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er the calm repose;
Let my memory be like the odours they shed,
My hope like their promise of early red;
Let strangers, too, share in their breath and their bloom;
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb!

From the Columbian Centinel.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

The moon steals down to bless the lake
And bathe her in its leaping stream,
The glowing zephyr is awake,
And wandering in the pale beam:
The clustered leaves are stirring high and low,
As in their bow'rs the night-winds come and go.

The world is all asleep—though things
E'en lifeless seem to feel the grace
Of moon light:—folded are the wings
Of Summer birds—each in his place
Is slum'bring; even high browed manhood sleeps
Save where his vigil sad, some watcher keeps.

I cannot sleep—by yonder wave,
Beneath the trunks of twining trees,
Where willows o'er a loney grave,
Hang out their leaves to lure the breeze,
I'll listen to the moon-lit stream awhile,
And think of many a by-gone hour, and smile.

Melodious waters bring to me
The music sweet of other days,
And on the spell bound evening Sea,
It seems as if the long-lost raise
Their gentle notes—I fancy tones well known,
In the soft, breaking wave, or the wind's moan.

Its a blest belief to think
That friends are always watching near,
That they have crossed the grave's cold brink
And bowed them from the glowing sphere
Of seraphs—that the holy ties of earth,
Can stretch to worlds of more than mortal birth.

Yes—they are watching round us ever,
They weep for ev'ry deed of shame,
For all the reckless words that sever
Honor and brightness for a name,
One sacred, Yes—believe it, they are near,
Those are their tones that sometimes meet the ear.

In the lone wood, deep and far
We wander onward guided through
Remembered places, by the star
That glimmers faintly in the blue
Of distant Heaven—when we catch a tone
Among the leaves—an echo of our own:

Or seeming such. 'Tis not the sigh
Of struggling wind—good prisoned there,
It is not that the night-bird nigh
Wakes with his note the spell-hushed air,
But 'tis a voice—a scarce distinguished tone,
That minds us of pure days and thoughts new flown.

The feeling often comes to me
And brings glad peace upon its wings,
And often o'er the twilight sea
When the far bird his night hymn sings,
The echoes that he wakes among the caves
Seem tones that come to me from hidden graves.

And when a moaning chord is strung
Upon a harp, and wanders past
The flowers that have long o'erhung
In tenderness the waters cast
Beneath them, waken'd echo's welcome tread
Brings the responding voices of the dead.

F. A. D.

From the Hingham Gazette.

PEABODY'S LEAP:

A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Many are the places, scattered over the face of our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy of the painter's pencil, or the poet's pen. Some of them, which were once celebrated for their rich stories of 'legendary lore,' are now only sought to view their natural scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity, are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure,—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side, by a high and rocky, hill, which stretches itself some distance into the lake, terminating in a precipice, some thirty feet in height, and once known by the name of Peabody's Leap."

At the time of this adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only white man that lived within fifty miles of this place, and his was the daring spirit which achieved it. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements, his family had all been massacred by the merciless savages, and he had sworn that their death should be revenged. The better to accomplished this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary place, and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the homes of his fellow men, again to return and renew the contest, when the spring had awakened nature into life and beauty. He was a man who possessed much shrewd cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often, when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lures, and after destroying his hut, on their return homeward, some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim,—or, on arriving at their town, they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had been ambushed by him, and fallen a victim to his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them, that they had at last become weary of the pursuit, and for some time had left him unmolested.

About this time, a party of Indians made a descent on one of the small settlements, and had taken three men prisoners, whom they were conveying home to sacrifice, for the same number of their men that had been shot by Peabody. It was towards the close of the day, and they passed his abode, most of the party in advance of the prisoners, who, with their hands tied, and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost wearied out by their long march and but just able to crawl along. He had observed this advance guard, and suspecting there were prisoners in the rear, had let them pass unmolested, intending to try some 'yankee trick,' to effect their rescue. He accordingly followed on in the trail of the party, keeping among the thick trees which on either side skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short distance before he heard the sharp report a rifle, apparently very near him, and which he knew must be one of the Indians who had strolled from the main body, to procure some game for their evening meal. —From his acquaintance with their habits and language he only needed a disguise, to enable him to join the party if necessary, and aided by the darkness which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly formed, and as quickly put in operation, to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had gone but a few paces before he discovered his intended victum, who had just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him would give the savage an equal chance, and if Tim proved the best shot, the party, on hearing the report of two rifles at once would be alarmed, and commence a pursuit—The chance was therefore two to one against him and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian fire first. Planting himself, then behind a large tree, he took off his fox-skin cap, and placing it on the end of his rifle, began to move it to and fro. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to know the owner by the cap. Knowing how often he had eluded them he resolved to despatch him at once, and without giving him any notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contest were whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree, and pierced the cap, which rose suddenly, like the death spring of the beaver and then fell amidst the bushes. The Indian like a true sportsman, thinking himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had re-loaded his piece, and dropping it to the ground, he was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Timothy as calmly stepped from his hiding place, exclaiming—"Now you tarnal critter, say yer prayers as fast as ever you can."

This was a short notice for the poor Indian. —Before him, and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody motionless as a statue—his wife at his shoulder—his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim firmly fixed upon him. He was about to run, but he had no time to turn round ere the swift winged messenger had taken his flight; his first moment was his last,—the ball pierced his side he sprung six feet in the air, and fell lifeless on the ground.

No time was now to be lost. He immediatly proceeded to strip the dead body, and to array himself in the accoutrements, consisting of a hunting shirt, a pair of moccasins or leggings, and wampum belt and knife. A little of the blood besmeared on his sun-burnt countenance, served for the red paint, and it would have taken a keen eye in the grey twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest, to have detected the counterfeit Indian. Shouldering his rifle he again started in the pursuit, and followed them till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped, and began to make preparations for their expected supper, previous to their embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched and their baggage deposited in them. A fire was blazing brightly and the party were walking around impatiently awaiting the return of the hunter.

The body of Timothy was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion, and hear every word spoken in the circle.—Here he had been about half an hour. "Night had drawn her sable curtain around the scene," or in other words it was dark.—The moon shone fitfully through the clouds which almost covered the horizon, only serving occasionlly to render the "darkness visible." The indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of the whites had followed them, and taken him prisoner; and, at last resolved to go in search of him. The plan, which was fortunately overheard by Timothy, was to put the captives into one of the canoes, under the care of five of their number, who were to secret themselves in case of an attack, massacre the prisoners, and then to go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding place to the water, and sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed from these, and their powder horns emptied. He then went to the canoe in which the captives were placed, and gave them notice of their intended rescue, at the same time warning them not to show themselves above the gunwale, till they were in safety. He next with an Indian knife separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it, till he got far enough to avoid observation, then get in, and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected. All this was but the work of a moment, and he was slowly moving off from this side. But unfortunately, his rifle had been left behind, and he was resolved not to part with "Old Plumper," as he called it, without at least, one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the headland to approach as near as possible, and there await his coming.

The guard by this time had secreted themselves, and one of the number had chosen the same place which Timothy himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot, when the Indian discovered the rifle, grasped it, and springing upon his feet, gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Tim was upon him—seized the rifle, and wrenched it from him with such violence, as to throw him breathless on the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed, and sounding the war hoop, rushed on him.

It was a standard maxim with Timothy, that 'a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to,' and he now found that he should be under the necessity of suiting his practice to this theory. There was no time for deliberation; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his rifle, and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three remaining Indians made for the canoe in which the rifles were deposited, already rendered harmless by the precaution of Timothy. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his wet clothes, and before he reached the goal, he could hear them snapping the dry twigs, close behind him. The main body had likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him when he reached the headland. Those who were nearest he did not fear, unless they came to close action, and he resolved to send one or more of them to his long home, before he leaped from the precipice.

"Its a burning shame to wet so much powder," exclaimed he, "I'll have one more pop at the 'tarnal red skins." Tim's position was quickly arranged to put his threat in execution. His rifle was presented, his eye glanced along its barrel, and the first one that showed his head received its deadly contents.

In an instant Tim was in the water, making for the canoe. The whole party had by this time come up, and commenced a brisk fire upon the fugitives. Tim stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a Stentor, "Ye'd better take care, ye'll spile the skiff." "Old Plumper's safe, and you'll feel him yet, I tell ye!"

They were quickly lost in darkness, and taking a small circuit, effected a landing in safety. Many a man's life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends and neighbours the adventure which gave to this place the name of "Peabody's Leap."

From the Auburn Free Press.

The following is an account of one of those most distressing cases of disease, upon which it is impossible to reflect without a shudder—a case of Hydrophobia.

Mr Vale, of the town of Ovid, Seneca co. died of this awful and distressing disorder on Sunday, the 31st of October last, leaving a wife and one child to deplore his melancholy fate.

The particulars so far as I have been able to gather them, are as follows:—Nine or ten weeks previous to his death, Mr Vale discovered for the first time, that his dog exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia, and thinking it unsafe that he should run at large, confined him; but while in the act of chaining the dog he was bitten severely on the hand. The animal was immediately killed, and consequently did not live to prove the correctness or incorrectness of Mr. Vale's suspicions. But a cow, which had been bitten by the same dog, a short time previous to his confinement, died a few days after, with every symptom of hydrophobia, which was fearful evidence to the wretched man that he, too, had within him all the elements of a quick coming and most appalling death. Medical aid was immediately secured, and all known specifies for hydrophobia put in requisition.

Eight or nine weeks had passed, and he felt that he was out of danger, felt that the applications had had the desired effect; when he learned that the mysterious and maddening agent was at work within him—learned that he must die a *mad man!* On Thursday evening previous to his death while he was sitting before the fire, his mother had occasion to pour some water into a dish that stood before him, which caused him to shudder and catch his breath, something as a person does on being suddenly immersed in water. This was the first symptom he exhibited. Dr. Pearl, of Genoa, in this county was called on Friday, who says that he saw nothing unusual in the appearance of Mr. V. except in the eyes; which were considerably protruded out of the head—very glassy in their appearance, and the pupils of which were very much enlarged.

The patient continued in this situation free from pain, and well at heart, until one o'clock, on Sunday morning, when he suddenly sprang from his bed and exclaimed to the by-standers, (fifteen or sixteen in number, who from friendship or curiosity, remained with him through the night)—"Clear the room! clear the room!" They immediately withdrew, and he was confined in the room alone. Now commenced a struggle, which the pen cannot describe—the imagination cannot conceive. He raved and struggled—grated his teeth—frothed at the mouth—and yelled most distressingly. His distorted vissage, staring eyes, and furious gestures, presented a spectacle, which, by those who have witnessed it, can never be forgotten. The first attack continued but a short time when he became more calm, and asked his friends to come into the room where he was. "Now," said he "bind me, keep away from me!" Solemn and awful as was the duty, it was done as he requested, and the wretched man was bound hand and foot to his bed, where with agonies and groans, and shouts, too fearful to be told, and too dreadful ever to be forgotten, he died, at about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. W. G. B.

Genoa, Cayuga Co. Nov. 1, 1830.

Vexatious circumstance.—A gentleman, who has for many years been engaged in mercantile pursiuts in the South Seas, and who has been absent from this country since the year 1823, arrived in New York last week; and, as he learned that he could not proceed to Boston before the ensuing Monday, he wrote to his wife, and requested her to repair to New York, to receive the fond embraces of a long absent husband, who had just returned from a seven years voyage, with an ample fortune, the fruit of his labors and privations. A few hours after writing his letter to his wife, he found that it would not be necessary for him to make any delay in New York, and he accordingly took passage on board the Chancellor Livingston. The wife received the letter of the husband, in time to take the steam boat stage at Boston, and accordingly proceeded to this town and took passage on board the steamer Washington. About the time that the Washington departed, the Chancellor Livingston came into this port, bringing with her the happy husband who immediately proceeded to Boston, and on his arrival in that city learned that his wife had gone to New York to receive him. The husband immediately took private carriage for Providence, and arrived here in time to take passage in the Ben. Franklin, and on his arrival in New York was informed that his wife had proceeded to Boston in the steamer President. The husband, then took his "land tacks on board," and proceeded to Boton; but whether the husband and wife have yet come together, is a question we cannot answer. It is probable however that they have; and if they have, we wish them much joy, and all the happiness that so long a separation of their loves pre-eminently merits.

This incident, is but one of a thousand that grow out of the celerity that is afforded travellers by the introduction of steam navigation.—*Providence paper.*

Penitentiary Discipline.—Mr. Robert Vaux, of Philadelphia, has addressed a letter to Bishop White, Thomas Wistar, and Zachariah Poulson, on the subject of the effect of solitary confinement with labour. These venerable gentleman are the only survivors of thirty seven individuals who associated, almost half a century ago, for the beneficent and wise purpose of softening the needless rigours of imprisonment. Mr. Vaux says that, with a single exception, every sanguinary penalty, and all the less cruel but degrading inflictions of the ancient criminal law have been abolished in Pennsylvania, chiefly through the exertions of that society. It may be remembered that there was some correspondence between Mr. Roscoe and Mr. Vaux on the subject of solitary confinement, with labour. The latter remarks that none of its predicted consequences,—neither melancholy, nor madness, nor suicide, nor refined malignity, nor unyielding of stoinacy,—have appeared among the prisoners, nor has any epidemic disease assailed them. Opposite dispositions to these are manifested, nor has any disease incident to their mode of treatment, shown itself in the prison. The letter of Mr. Vaux is introductory to another from Dr. Franklin Bache, "the learned, skilful and conscientious physician of the Penitentiaries."

Dr. Bache states, on his part, that the gloomy forebodings of General Lafayette and Mr. Roscoe have not been realized. Their severe criticisms, however, "seemed to be levelled against *strict* solitary confinement without labour, and not against separate confinement with labour, which is solitary, so far only as to prevent all association between the criminals themselves, but not solitary with reference to all limited intercourse with moral and religious persons." Dr. B. proceeds to say that the number of prisoners sent to the Eastern Penitentiary, (where the new plan is in operation,) has gradually increased from the 25th of October, 1829, till it has risen to 44. The average for the last six months may be stated at 32. During this time no use has been made of the infirmary, so slight have the cases of indisposition been. No insanity has resulted from the experiment, and though confinement cannot be, and certainly is not, favourable to health, yet that of the prisoners has generally been better than when they were received. They are comfortable in their condition, and their employment beguiles tedium, while it gives them a habit of industry. The system of classification, and the prevention of all communication between them, can never be perfectly attained; and, on the other hand, the writer is satisfied that the *entire seclusion of criminals from all association with their fellow criminals, is altogether compatible with their profitable employment at useful trades, and with the preservation of their health.*

Ashes of Napoleon.—The following debate took place in the French Chamber of Deputies on the 4th of October last, on the proposition for the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to the Place de Vendome:—

Gen. Lemarque rose and said—Gentlemen: As a soldier of Austerlitz and Wagram, I have listened with deep emotion to the report just made to a magistrate who can feel and duly appreciate true glory. If I were in camp, surrounded by my companions in arms, I would exclaim, without hesitation, "Let us hasten to claim the remains of him who so long led us on to victory—a victim to treason, he sunk among us—a victim to his own confidence, instead of the asylum he sought among foreigners, he found a prison and a grave. If we have been unable to tear him from the rock to which he was enchained by the terror of his enemies, let us not at all events leave his ashes in captivity." But as a legislator, I do not feel myself at liberty to give way to the emotions of my heart without consideration, and suffer myself to be carried away by my recollections of past glory. Rational policy ought to be our guide, and the general interests our only end and aim. Let us then consider whether, in our present position, the measure proposed tends to the establishment of public security, and whether it may not involve it in some danger. Every thing that relates to Napoleon is of serious import; his name is a power in itself—his memory a worship—even death cannot cool his ashes—but a short time ago, if brought back to the soil of France, they would have sufficed to destroy the dynasty imposed upon us by foreigners.—Now all is changed—the right divine and right of the sword have equally disappeared before the rights of the people—the electoral urn has broken into pieces the holy ampulla, and, by the same shock, destroyed impressions less ancient. Raised to the throne, not by a body of soldiers, but by the united voice of the whole nation, a new dynasty reigns over us; planted but yesterday at the call of liberty, it has already spread deep and imperishable roots. Founding its legitimacy upon our rights, it cannot be attacked without disputing that which we are all ready to defend with our lives. We may, therefore, claim the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte, and accomplish his death bed request. Let Paris, like a new Athens, or a new Sicyon, receive the ashes of a new Thesus, or a new Aratus—escorted by his old companions in arms, let him be brought back in his coffin, who so often returned amongst us in a triumphal car, amidst the acclamations of all France, but let us at the same time remember well, that it is the great Captain whom Europe, Asia, and Africa, beheld covering our standard with immortal glory, we are thus honouring, and not the monarch, who, while seizing the sceptre of Charlemagne, and the crown of Didier, did not sufficiently feel that liberty is the most precious of our rights, as being the most indispensable of our possessions. I therefore vote for referring the petition to the Minister of the Interior.

M. de Lameth opposed the proposition of the General. He declared that he had no wish to detract from the glory of the great Captain of modern times; but this Captain had enslaved the nation—he had violated the Charter—[here a voice exclaimed the Charter!]—and every one of the national rights: he was the cause of the invasion of France—he sacrificed every thing to maintain his imperial Crown—he even committed the ridiculous excess of marrying himself to a Royal Princess. "Napoleon," continued the Hon. Deputy, "is dead—let his ashes rest in peace, for I am apprehensive that if they should be at this period brought into France they might give birth to fresh trouble. I therefore move the Order of the Day."

M. Jaqueminot said, that after the speech of Gen. Lamarque he should have abstained from delivering his sentiments, had not M. de Lameth moved the Order of the Day. The Charter had been mentioned, but Napoleon could not have violated that which was not in existence.—(The Constitution—The Constitution.)—Napoleon had not violated the Constitution. He re-established order, restored religion—rendered France the first among nations, as much by her civilization as by her victories. His ashes might be claimed without danger, now that all France had united in one sentiment. The Hon. Deputy declared that he abstained from enlarging on the exploits of the Emperor, which were amply proclaimed by the sculpture on the column.

The Order of the Day being put to the vote was adopted by a great majority, and consequently the petition was rejected.

We have heretofore laid before our readers, accounts of many of the most gross abuses committed in the Navy Department, copied from the United States Telegraph. After a short respite, that print has taken a peep into the Treasury department, and the public is presented with a short list of reformed heroes, whose defalcations amounted to the round little sum of TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FIGHTY NINE DOLLARS.

Here are the items.

Collector at Beaufort, N. C.		$6,862
do.	at Bath, Maine,	56,315
do.	at Penobscot, Maine,	3,549
do.	at Amboy, N. J.	87,928
do.	at Petersburg, Va.	24,857
do.	at Rappahannock, Va.	6,800
do.	at Vienna, Maryland,	1,150
do.	at Elizabeth city, N. C.	32,791
Receiver of public moneys, Jeffersonville, Ind.		6,919
do.	Edwardsville, Illinois.	32,932
do.	Washington, Miss.	9,536
Register of the Treasury,		11,250
		$280,983

This is only a portion of the frauds and shortcomings in the Treasury Department, during Mr. Adams' reign, and which have been detected and the delinquents dismissed, by the present administration.

It will be recollected that the frauds in the Navy department, whilst under the control of Mr Southard, amounted to ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR DOLLARS.

Thus showing, in these two departments alone, losses under Mr. Adams' administration, amounting to FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN THOUSAVD ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE DOLLARS. These facts need no comment. Every person reading them can put the proper estimate on an administration suffering such enormities to escape detection, or if detected, would fail to hurl the perpetrators, from office.

Koxville Reg.

Another vile fabrication unmasked!

EXTRACT *of a letter, dated*

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3d.

"You have seen the attack which has been made upon Mr. Randolph in a New York paper, and re-published here in the Intelligencer and Nat. Journal, purporting to give an account of his arrival at St. Petersburgh. I read yesterday a letter from one of the Officers belonging to the Vessel which took Mr. R. out to Russia, dated St. Petersburgh, 14th August, *two days after the Vessel arrived*, speaking in the warmest terms of Mr. Randolph's kind and courteous manners, during the voyage, and after their arrival at St. Petersburgh; and not even insinuating that there was any thing extraordinary in his conduct during this time. The writer states he had rented a house and furniture for $2000 a year, and had invited him to dine with him on the next day, &c.—*The whole piece published in the N. York paper is a fabrication, from beginning to end, as false and base as it is mean, and contemptible. It must excite the indignation of every honest man in the community who may read it.*"

Extract of a letter to the Editor, from a gentleman in Orange County, Virginia.

"Our county election is over—the votes stand thus: For the whole county, Davis 431, Barbour 416—Davis' Majority 15 voets; yet strange to tell, Barbour is returned by the High Sherif (who was a warm Adams man in the last Presidential election, and is now a warm Barbour man) elected with a majority of 92 votes. Barbour contends that the Commissioners were not sworn at the two precinct elections; when the law establishing precinct elections in the county of Orange, does not require that the Commissioners shall be sworn; nor does any law of Virginnia, that I know of, require the Commissioners to be sworn, except in Presidential elections—yet the Sheriff has rejected the votes taken at the two precincts, and returned Barbour elected upon the votes taken at the Court House. Barbour was present at the Stanardsville precinct, disputing every doubtful vote; and the Commissioners there were all Barbour men. I have heard that Barbour acknowledged that he had justice done him at Stanardsville; yet strange to tell, that is the precinct that elected Davis, whose majority was 123 at that place. Barbour contends that agreeable to law, the Commissioners must be sworn, and has made the Sheriff believe, or pretend to believe, that it is his duty to make his return upon the vote taken at the Court House. I have given you the above facts, that you might put the Orange election in your widely circulated paper in its true light, as I have no doubt it will be claimed as a tremendous victory by the papers opposed to the administration."

U. S. Tel.

The New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser of the 25th ult. makes a more favorable report of the health of that city. The interments during the week ending on that day were only twenty in number. It was supposed that in another week the epidemic would entirely cease.

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