John Eaubrey Jr

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THE TERMS

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POETRY.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh! tell not me of fairer lands,
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be;
An! scant and cold thy summer smiles,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

The flower that on thy mountains' brow
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil,—

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will drop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail, I feel,
My father's fathers' resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And oh! the flowret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part—
To sink in sickening slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys;
My native isle are thine!

If all were gone like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends, that pass not, I should view,
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists, by mine!
And the sun that saw my morning rise,
Gleam on my day's decline!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be;
And scant and cold thy [illegible]
Thou'rt all the world to me!

OUR LORD'S FIRST MIRACLE.

(From the Messiah—By Robert Montgomery.)

But now the banquet; such a lowly roof
Demanded and with simple manners claimed,
O'er milk and honey, rice and kneaded flour,
And water, cool as mountain-well contained,
When consecrating prayer arose, from Heaven's
High Blessing—then the marriage feast began.
But soon to Jesus, Mary's asking eye
Was turned, and meekly for the aidless want
Of friends beloved, a miracle she hoped;
But thus was answered. "Woman!—unarrived
My dawn of glory! what have I to do
With thee?"—Oh! think not from that sinless mouth,
Annihilating words of harshness come,
The pity, not the anger of rebuke
Was there!—Six stony water-pots antique,
For pure lavation, such as holy rite
Demanded, in the nuptial chamber stood;
And each, obedient of Messiah's voice,
With gushing water to the brim was filled,
When lo! the element by power subdued,
Blushed into wine, and glowed beneath its God!
And when the ruler of the rustic feast
Admiring, drank his new created wine,
A miracle stood forth!—as shines a star
Clear, round, and large, the only one in Heaven;
Each heart beat louder, on the lifted brow
Of mute-struck guests, divine amazement sat:
And from the eyes of new disciples flashed
The fire of faith! that eloquence of soul,
While ecstacy is dumb. And when at night,
By torch and timbrel home the vestal train
Returned, amid the hymenial song
Of sweetest rapture, which each bridal robe
Like snow in moonlight glitteringly shone
The only mildness of the deep-toned voice,
Redeemer! still in hearts the echo rang.—
Though vaster miracles Thy name enthrone,
In this omnipotently tender shine
The rays of love; concentrated, calm, and bright,
They dazzle not, but still Thy power declare.

Neatness in Speaking.—The nose and roof of the mouth may be regarded as the sound-board of the voice. The teeth form a bridge or barrier upon which the lips and tongue are constantly playing; and their beauty and regularity contribute much to the neatness of speech. The action of the tongue is susceptible of high cultivation, and upon its activity depends much of that silvery tone of voice which delights us. With many, it lies a sluggish lump in the mouth; as, when pronouncing the letter L, it so blocks up the passage that the voice escapes with difficulty. The lips are employed in the softer tones and are chargeable with the same lassitude of expression. The chin has an important office to perform, which is, to operate upon the hinge which opens and shuts the mouth; for, upon its activity, we either disclose a polite or vulgar pronunciation. Every one must have noticed, in lazy speakers, how the words are drawled out of their mouths; as Nee-o for No. Others begin to talk before their mouths are open, affixing the mouth closing M to most of their words; as M-yes for Yes—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

FOR RENT,

AND possession either immediately or at the commencement of the next year,

That commodious house and garden, on Dover street, lately occupied by Dr. Worrell. The whole premises will be put in good repair.

JOHN LEEDS KERR.

Easton, Sept. 11

REVOLUTIONARY EVENTS.

DEATH OF BARON DE KALB.

Immediately on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old De Kalb to take leave and to express our deep regret at parting with him. "It was with great regret, my dear sir, that I part with you," said he, "because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more." We told him we hoped better things.

"Oh no," replied he, "it is impossible. War is a kind of game, that has its fixed rules, whereby, when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. To morrow, it seems, that the die is to be cast; and in my judgment, without the least chance on our side.—The militia, I suppose, will as usual, play the *back game;* that is, get out of battle as fast as their legs will carry them. But that, you know, wont do for me. I am an *old soldier*, and cannot run; and I believe I have some brave fellows who will stand by me to the last. So when you hear of our battle, you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalb is at rest."

I never was more affected in my life; and I perceived tears in the eyes of Gen. Marion. De Kalb saw them too; and taking us by the hand, he said, with a firm tone and animated look, "No, no gentlemen; no emotion for me, but those of congratulation. I am happy. To die is the irreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joy to lie able to meet death without dismay! Thank God, this is my case. The happiness of man is my wish; that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever."

As he spoke this a fire flashed from his eyes, which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which I can never forget, while memory retains her seat in my brain.

It was on the morning of August, 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugely's Mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. At ten that night, orders were given to march and surprise the Americans. To their astonishment the advance of the two armies met at two o'clock, and began firing at each other. It was soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared willing to leave the matter to be decided by day light. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugely's Mills, and wait to be attacked. Gen. Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel but threw out an insinuation that it originated in fear. Upon this the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As day-light increased, the frightened militia began to discover the woods reddened all over with the scarlet coats of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge; and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke, and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse as he said, "to bring the rascals back." However, he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop until he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two-thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortunes of the day. More determined valour was never displayed; for though out numbered more than two to one, they sustained the attack of the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But alas! what can valor do against equal valor aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds.—Fainting from the loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him as they strove to destroy or defend. In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Colonel De Buryssou, stretched his arms over the fallen hero, and called out, "save the Baron De Kalb." The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When the English officer condoled with him for his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous simpathy; but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." He survived but a few hours, and was buried in the plains of Camden, near which his battle was fought.

Many years after, when Washington visited Camden, he inquired for the grave of De Kalb.—It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "So here lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty.—Would to God he had lived to share its fruits."

FREDERICK W. AUGUSTUS, BARON DE STEUBEN.

After General Arnold treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron de Steuben never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character; and while inspecting Col. Sheldon's regiment of light horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear. The soldier was ordered to the front. He was a fine looking fellow, with horse and equipments in excellent order. "Change your name, brother soldier," said General Steuben, "you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor."

"What name shall I take, General?"

"Take any other name. Mine is at your service."

Most cheerfully was the offer accepted; and his name was entered on the rolls as Steuben. He or his children now enjoy lands given to him in the town of Steuben by the baron. This brave soldier met him after the war. "I am well settled, General," said he, "and have a wife and son. I have called my son after you, sir."

"I thank you, my friend. What name have you given the boy?"

"I called him Baron. What else could I call him?"

Baron de Steuben's honourable conduct.—The Baron was as rough as the ocean in a storm, when great faults were committed; but if in a sudden gust of passion he had injured any one, the redress was ample. At a review near Morristown, Lieutenant Gibbons, a brave and good officer was arrested on the spot and ordered into the rear, for a fault which it afterwards appeared, another had committed.

At a proper moment the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the Baron of Mr. Gibbon's innocence, of his worth, and of his acute feelings under this disgrace.

"Desire Lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front, Colonel."

"Sir" said the Baron to the Lieutenant, "the mistake which was made, might, by throwing the line into confusion, have been fatal in the presence of an enemy. I arrested you as its author, but I have reason to believe I was mistaken, and, that in this instance, you are blameless. I ask your pardon. Return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any, much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable."

All this passed with the Baron, hat off—the rain pouring on his venerable head! Do you think there was an officer or soldier who saw it, unmoved by affection and respect? Not one.

Ready Wit.—When the Baron was at the head of his division at Yorktown, waiting for the striking of the British flag, he perceived himself in danger from a shell thrown by the enemy, and suddenly threw himself into the trench. Gen. Wayne in the jeopardy and hurry of the moment, fell upon him. The Baron turning his eye saw it was his brigadier.

"I always knew you were brave, General," said he; "but I did not know you were so perfect in every respect of duty. You cover your General's retreat in the best manner possible."

GENERAL WALSTEIN.

This veteran was intrepid in the field of battle, but he was singularly superstitious, as the following story shows:

He was at Cross Mestritch in Moravia, in 1625, and completely absorbed in laying the plan of the ensuing campaign; his custom was to pass part of the night in consulting the stars. One of those nights, being at his window, lost in contemplation, he felt himself violently struck on the back, he turned himself round instantly, and knowing that he was alone, this warrior, bold as he was in battle, was seized with fright. He did not doubt that this blow was a sign from heaven, to warn him of impending danger. He fell into a deep melancholy, nor could any of his friends obtain his secret from him. His confessor undertook to discover it, and had art enough to induce one of the pages of the Generalissimo to acknowledge, that he being intent on playing one of his comrades a trick, had himself went in the apartment to which Walstein retired, and mistaking him for his object, had struck him with all his might; but having found his error, while his master was examining the room, he jumped out of his window. The confessor pledged his word of honour to the page that no evil should befal him on this account; and he thought himself happy in being able to quiet the trepidations of the general. But what was his dismay when he heard Walstein order the immediate hanging of this mistaken youth.

His orders were absolute; the gibbet was ready; the page delivered to the executioner in the presence of the general. The principal officers of the army were seized with indignation; the lower classes exclaimed against such barbarity; the miserable confessor threw himself repeatedly at the feet of the inexorable commander. The page had mounted the ladder, when suddenly the commander cried out, Stop! Then with a voice like thunder he said to the page: "well, young man, have you now experienced what the terrors of death are? I have served you as you served me: now we are quit.

From Willis' Letters from Europe.

Florence.—It is among the pleasantest things in this very pleasant world, to find ones self for the first time in a famous city. We sallied from the hotel this morning an hour after our arrival, and stopped at the first corner to debate where we should go. I could not help smiling at the magnificence of the alternatives. "To the gallery, of course," said I, "to see the Venus de Medicis." "To Santa Croce," said one, "to see the tombs of Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli." "To the Palazzo Pitti," said another, "the Grand Duke's Palace, and the choicest collection of pictures in the world." The embarrassment alone was quite a sensation.

The Venus carried the day. We crossed the Plazza del Granduer, and inquired for the gallery. A fine court was shown us, opening out from the square, around three sides of which stood a fine structure, with a colonnade the lower story occupied by shops and crowded with people. We mounted a broad stair case, and requested of the soldier at the door to be directed to the presence of the Venus without delay. Passing through one of the long wings of the gallery, without even a glance at the statues, pictures, and bronzes that lined the walls, we arrived at the door of a cabinet, and putting aside the large crimson curtain at the entrance, stood before the enchantress. I must defer a description of her. We spent an hour there, but, except that her divine beauty filled and satisfied my eye, I nothing else ever did, and that the statue is as unlike a thing to the casts one sees of it as one thing could well be unlike another, I made no criticism. There is an atmosphere of fame and circumstantial interest about the Venus which bewilders the fancy almost as much as her loveliness does the eye. She has been gazed upon and admired by troops of pilgrims each of whom it were worth half a life to have met at her pedestal. The painters, the poets, the talent and beauty that have come there from every country under the sun, and the single feeling of love and admiration that she has breathed alike into all, consecrate her mere presence as a place for reverie and speculation.

Childe Harold has been here, I thought and Shelly and Wordsworth and Moore; and rather removed from our sympathies, but interesting still, the poets and sculptors of another age, Michael Angelo and Alfieri, the men of genius of all nations and times; and to stand in the same spot, and experience the same feeling with them is an imaginative pleasure it is true, but truly a deep and real one. Exceeding, as the Venus does beyond all competition, every image of loveliness painted or sculptured that one has ever before seen, the fancy leaves the eye gazing upon it, and busies itself irresistibly with its pregnant atmosphere of recollections. At least I found it so, and I must go there again and again before I can look at the marble separately, and with a merely admiring attention.

Three or four days have stolen away, I scarce know how. I have seen but one or two things, yet have felt so unequal to the description, that but for my promise I should never write a line about them. Really, to sit down and gaze into one of Titian's faces for an hour, and then go away and dream of putting into language its color and expression, seems to me little short of superlative madness. I only wonder at the divine faculty of light. The draught of pleasure seems to me immortal, and the eye the only Ganymede that can carry the cup steadily to the mind. How shall I begin to give you an idea of the Fornarina? What can I tell you of the St. John in the desert, that can afford you a glimpse even of Rapael's inspired creations?

From the Globe.

PROFLIGACY UNMASKED!!

The annexed letter is from a gentleman of standing in the State of Indiana, whose name and residence are left in our possession. *We have not a doubt of the truth of his statement.*

Our readers may recollect, that we considered the nomination of Mr. Wirt, an adhering Mason, at the time it was made, a mere device to *hoodwink* the Anti-Masons and lead them, as with a *cable tow*, over to the support of Mr. Clay.

This letter discloses at once the whole object of the coalition and the means by which they are attempting to operate.

The Anti-masons are to be misled by a few of their ambitious leaders and used to secure the elevation of a *Grand Royal Arch Mason.*

Mr. Van Buren was to be rejected to bring in Mr. Calhoun to the support of Mr. Clay.

The Bank Bill was to be passed avowedly that it might be vetoed, thus securing the *money* and *power* of that tremendous engine.

If, by all these expedients, Mr. Clay could not be elected, the re-election of Gen. Jackson, it was thought, could be defeated, and the elevation of Mr. Clay finally secured *by corrupting a few members of the House of Representatives!!*

The machinery of this *corrupt coalition* is now every where in operation; and it is with the people to determine, whether General Jackson is the LAST PATRIOT and HONEST MAN, who is to be President of these United States.

THE LETTER.

INDIANA, Sept. 24, 1832.

DEAR SIR—Your kind note of the 15th, in answer to mine of the 10th, has been received. The information from the East is cheering indeed. The commotions in New York and Pennsylvania, growing out of the excitement among the Anties and Clay men, by an attempt made by the artful and profligate leaders of each party, to transfer them, through the medium of Mr. Wirt, a moderate mason, to Sendum Clay, a full clad Royal Arch Mason, is a political manœuvre in unison with the conduct of the opposition, and especially of its ambitious leader; having for its object, to disgrace Anti-Masons as men, annihilate them as a party, elevate masonry, upon the ground of its having withstood so severe a shock, and place Mr. Clay, as the attorney in fact of the Bank of the United States, in the Presidential chair. Had this bold and hazardous game been played off successfully, the two former would have been accomplished if not the latter.

That these were and are their objects, and Senator Clay an active and original agent in the commencement and management of these artful and deceptive plans, for his own elevation, I have no doubt. In speaking upon these subjects, I am not giving alone my own impressions, from what has and is hourly passing in review before the political world, *but speak more knowingly.*

A few weeks before the meeting of the Anti Masonic convention that nominated Mr. Wirt, the writer fell in company with D., a gentleman, a mason, and a warm friend and confident of Mr. Clay. The conversation turned upon the re-election of Gen. Jackson. The writer gave it as his opinion, his friends have nothing to fear but his death; with which D. agreed, unless some extraordinary means should be taken against him. The opinion of the writer was then asked, as to the prospects of Judge M'Lean, should he be nominated by the Clay party. It was replied the judge is a strong man, and a favorite of the west; but should the Clay party put him in nomination against Gen. Jackson, a weak one, D. then inquired if the prospects of General Jackson would not be rendered doubtful, provided the Anti Masons, as a party, should be identified with those of Mr. Clay, and the interests of Mr. *Calhoun* brought over to his support. The writer assured Mr. D. that he was well acquainted with the motives and objects of the Anti-Masons; that, as a body, they were honest and intelligent, acting from a deep and sincere conviction, that masonry and all secret societies were dangerous to personal liberty; that their numbers had increased beyond their own expectations; that the accomplishment of their object depended entirely upon their maintaining a distinct political party, confined to its original object; that at the moment they suffered themselves to become identified with any other party, or known by any other name than Anti-Masons—become a tool or instrument in the hands of any men or set of men, to accomplish any other object than that of putting down free-masonry—the name of Anti Masons, with all its charms and novelty, would vanish, and, as a party, they would stand annihilated; that no political management, however artful, could induce the Anties as a party, to sustain, Mr Clay, who was a Royal Arch mason, and an enthusiastic admirer of the craft; that Mr Calhoun was a highly talented, bold, original, proud, and lofty statesman, whose constitutional opinions and political principles were all alien to those entertained by Mr. Clay; that, to him, Gen. Jackson would soon cease to be a rival, while Mr. Clay's elevation would postpone his claims forever.

Mr D stated his confidence in the probability of such a coalition and result, and proceeded to state his conviction that such an understanding *then existed* between the leaders of the Anties and Mr. Clay, and some of his friends. He then took from his pocket a letter, which he stated, he had just received from a distinguished politician and leader in the Clay ranks, whose opportunity to judge and know the political movements and wishes of all parties, was equal if not superior, to any one in the west. He then read a considerable portion of the letter, in confirmation of his own repeated opinions. The Sentiments being of so extraordinary a character, and proof of so much political depravity, the writer inquired the name of the author, which Mr. D. declined giving, saying the letter was confidential.

The writer is not only able to give the substance but nearly the language of that portion of the letter read, from the fact of having noted it down, in a few hours after with his pencil. It was to this effect. "Mr. Clay has consented to have his name placed before the American people, against the *Chieftain* as a candidate for the Presidency, with a full belief that nothing short of the most extraordinary efforts or the timely interference of providence can secure success. He and his friends feel satisfied in the employment of any and every means, to defeat the re-election of Gen. Jackson. The object of this letter is to apprize you, and through you a suitable number of Mr. Clay's confidential friends, of the means supposed necessary for the end. Gen. Jackson stands committed upon the subject of the recharter of the United States Bank. An attempt at that object will be made the next session, and if skillfully managed, that institution, with all its *means* may be brought to bear upon the election, the whole weight of the Anti-masons and the entire influence of the Vice President. These, added to the friends of Mr. Clay, are deemed competent to put down the Chief, in defiance of the strong hold he has upon the affections of the common people."

"To manage all this successfully will require all the integrity, talents and skill of the leaders of these several interests."

"The Anties, as a party, have no settled political principles, either local or general, connected with the honor or interest of the country. Their only creed is a universal proscription of all men who are not Anti masons. But they have ambitious and talented leaders, ready to join any party that will insure to them a participation in the patronage of the government. They cannot, it is believed, in any one State, carry an Electoral ticket; however powerful they may be in several. They are about to hold a convention to put in nomination an Anti-Masonic candidate for President. Many of their active and influential leaders are friendly to both Masonry and Clay. An effort will be made to have them select a firm friend of Mr. Clay. *Mr. Wirt has been privately consulted by the friends of both parties,* and if nominated, will accept and *partially renounce Masonry.* They will then be permitted to take the lead in the nomination of Electoral tickets in each state where they have obtained influence. Mr. Clay will then be put in nomination, and in all States having Anti Electoral tickets, the Clay convention will adopt them. This will conciliate and flatter them as a party; and it is believed, the Electoral colleges, thus elected, by the influence of their *own leaders and the wish of Mr. Wirt,* may be brought to vote for Mr. Clay.

"Mr Calhoun has nothing to expect from Gen. Jackson or his friends. While it is believed the rejection of Van Buren's nomination will be a favorite object, and by the friends of all parties opposed to Gen Jackson, can and will be accomplished through the influence of Mr. Clay, who will be in the Senate next winter. This, it is supposed, will not only conciliate the Vice President, but bring him to a full participation of all our views.

"There will be an attempt to recharter the Bank of the United States, and it is confidently expected, by a coalition of parties, a bill of such questionable shape can be forced upon the old Hero, that he will of necessity, be called upon by duty and oath to veto it. This will justify, in the eyes of the people, the Bank and all its friends, to bring its influence upon the election,—and with new temporary sacrifices, the Institution will be able to wield an overwhelming influence.

"One thing is certain—whether they shall vote for Clay or Wirt, it cannot fail to defeat a choice by the people, which will throw the Election upon the House of Representatives, where Mr. Clay is confident of success."

The notes of this conversation and letter, were laid aside under the hope that no man or set of men, could be found so lost to every principle of honor, as to even attempt the adoption of such principles; but the events of the past winter, and what is now passing before me, brought both to my recollection, and lead to an examination of the memorandum, which has turned out to not only have been true as stated, but so far, successfully accomplished, *to the letter.* Of the truth of this statement, you need not doubt. I have deemed it a duty to communicate it, and leave it to your judgment and discretion, as to its importance and the use, if any, to be made of it.

WEBB'S CHARACTER OF HIMSELF.

Extracts from the New York Courier and Enquirer of the 25th Sept.

"On our first page will be found a *correspondence between ourselves and Judge* CLAYTON, which we copy from the Milledgeville Journal, where it appears with a short introductory note from Judge C."

We now leave A. S. CLAYTON with all his well merited fame, to the judgment of the public. * * * * They will say that all these things prove A. S. CLAYTON to be a worthless *poltroon* and as unworthy a seat in Congress as he is of the title of gentleman. At all events we say all these complimentary things of this man, *and they are* EQUALLY APPLICABLE *to those who have* REPUBLISHED *the private correspondence.*

From the Weshington City Chronicle.

DISINTERMENT.—Agreeably to an act of Congress, passed at the last session, the bodies of three members, who have died some [nearly thirty] years ago, were, on the 10th and 11th inst. taken up and removed to the Congressional burial ground of this city, and reinterred. Two of these, one the body of James Jones, a Representative from Georgia, and the other that of General James Jackson, a Senator from the same State, who were buried, the former in 1801, and the latter in 1806, in the Rock Creek Church grave yard, were first disinterred. Mr. Jones, it appears, was 32 years, and Gen. Jackson 49 years of age at the period of their respective deaths. They had been buried side by side in the rural burial ground above mentioned, about three miles from Washington in consequence of the want of such a repository, at that time, in this city, or from a wish that they might be interred at that spot. The body of Mr. Jones was found to be in a much better state of preservation than that of his associate, Gen. Jackson. His frame was gigantic measuring about six feet three inches in height, with a full set of large white teeth and a complete suit of hair; that of Gen. Jackson was almost entirely decayed, though he had been buried five years afterwards. The coffins of both had mouldered into dust, and nothing remained but the bones of the dead, and some of these as we have stated were much decayed.

On the following day the remains of Gen. Levi Gasey, who had been a Representative in Congress, in South Carolina, and who died on the 3d of February, 1807, and had been buried in the grave yard of the new Presbyterian Church, in Georgetown, were also taken up and reinterred with the others, in the Congressional Cemetery, in this city. The remains of these men were put in separate coffins and deposited along side of each other, and in a line with the late one buried, Col. G. E. Mitchell, of Maryland; and over each of them will be erected a plain tomb of free stone, corresponding in a shape and size with those already erected to the memory of such of our National Legislators as have found a last resting place in that repository of the dead.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

One other member it is said, lies buried in the grave yard of the old Presbyterian Church, in Georgetown, but his body has not yet been found. The church having since been enlarged, and the grave not having been marked, it will be, perhaps, impossible to trace it. During the last session two small appropriations were made for the construction of a vault and the improvement of the Congressional Burial Ground, by graduating and gravelling its walks, and ornamenting it with funeral trees and shrubbery. These are now in progress, and when completed, will present a spectacle of melancholy beauty, and finally be, perhaps, like the Perela Chaise of Paris, a "romantic garden of graves."

Population of Prussia.—By the triennial census of the population of Prussia, made up to the close of 1831, it appears that since the year 1828, when the amount of the population was 12,726,110, there has been an increase by excess of births (in 1829, 1830, and 1831) of 241,699, and by emigration of 17,151; making together 312,850, and increasing the whole population to 13,038,950. There has been a considerable decrease in the increase of births, but an increase with regard to emigration.

From the London Morning Chronicle:

Constituency of England and Wales.—The following classes of persons are excluded from the elective franchise, and not to be registered:—

"Aliens, idiots, lunatics, minors, and females. British Peers, Ministers of State, Lords Lieutenant and Governors of Counties. Persons convicted of perjury and bribery, or subornation of perjury. Felons, convicts under sentence of punishment. Persons excommunicated in the Ecclesiastical Courts. Outlaws in criminal proceedings. Persons holding no religious belief. Bankrupts and insolvents, in certain circumstances. Receivers of alms, within a year, in cities and boroughs.—Persons who receive parochial relief.—Commissioners, collectors, supervisors, gaugers, or other officers employed in collecting the excise duties. Commissioners, collectors, comptrollers, searchers, or other officers employed in collecting the Custom duties. Commissioners, officers, distributors, or other persons employed in collecting the Stamp duties. Commissioners officers or other persons employed in collecting the duties on Sales by auction, on the Assessed taxes, house, window and House duties. Postmasters General, postmasters or deputies, or other persons employed in collecting the Post Office revenue. Captains, masters, or mates of ships or packets employed by the Postmasters in conveying the mails. Justices and all other persons belonging to the London Police, are excluded from the franchise in the counties of Kent; and from Westminster, Southwark, and the new Boroughs in the Metropolitan Districts. Counsel and all agents of candidates at elections, for fee or reward are excluded from voting, but not from being registered. Mortgagees and trustees, not in possession of the estate, or in receipt of the rents and profits."

All these, and such others as were excluded by the former laws, are excluded under the new Act, the 75th section of which declares all former election laws to be in full force, and applicable to all cases, except where, they are repealed or superseded by that act.

LOOK HERE.

THE season has again arrived when those persons indebted for Officer's Fees have promised payment of the same, but finding very little exertions on their part made to comply with their promises, I am induced to notice them, through the medium of the newspapers, that unless punctual payments are made, and that speedily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of collecting by execution, especially of those persons who have failed to pay their last year's fees as well as the present.

I will also say to those persons who have repeatedly promised to pay off executions heretofore, and have neglected so to do, that if the settlement of such cases are not made punctually, they will ere long find their names held up to the gaze of the public, as I am determined to close up my business as I go; my deputies have their orders to be punctual in calling for settlements, and punctuality will be expected.

The public's humble servant,

J. M. FAULKNER, Shff.

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THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND.

The Steam boat Maryland will, till the 15th of October, come only once a week from Baltimore to Easton, to wit, on FRIDAY in each week; leave Easton for Baltimore on next morning at the usual hour, 7 o'clock.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.

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NOTICE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Queen Anns county, will be offered at Public Sale on the first Tuesday in October next, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. at the Court House door in Denton, (if not sold before at private sale) 200 shares of stock in the Bank of Caroline, belonging to the estate of Elizabeth Maxwell, deceased.

JOHN A. SANGSTON & MARY F. GIBSON, Executors.

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