EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEO[illegible]

VOL. V.---No. 6. EASTON, MD.---TUESDAY MORN[illegible]NG, OCTOBER 16, 1832. [illegible]E No. 214.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of [illegible] fieri facias, issued [illegible] court, to me direc[illegible] hereof, at [illegible] Com[illegible]

A CARD.

A. WOOLFOLK wishes [illegible] owners of negroes, in [illegible]ia, and N. Carolina, that [illegible] has been artfully represent[illegible] but that he still lives, [illegible] the highest prices fo[illegible]

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POETRY.

From the National Intelligencer.

[When the following poem—if it merit the name—was written, the author was continually apprehensive of the death of some of his relatives, most of whom reside in a city that was then suffering under an awful visitation of the Cholera. During days and weeks of suspense, the privileges and promises of the Bible afforded the purest and richest consolation.]

The grateful utterance of a glowing heart
Accept, O God! My spirit burns to tell
Its debt of love.

Oh, all-surpassing Book!
A gift that worlds were far too poor to buy.
The very hand that holds it thrills with joy;—
The ardent eye is gladden'd by each page;—
And when I press the treasure to my breast,
The deep pulsations quicken at the touch,
While, looking upward to the beaming sky,
And glancing at each star that sparkles there,
I feel my immortality; and call
The Earth a moment's stopping-place—my home
The central Heaven—the Universe my range!

Father! I thank thee. Heart, and voice, and harp,
With feeling, word, and music, yield thee praise!

What though the mighty Angel spread his wings
O'er hill and dale, and in the fatal shade
Thousands lie down and perish, and the wail
Of kindred thousands, weeping o'er the dead
Alarm the land; still may my soul obtain
A short relief from sympathetic tears,
And, musing on thy promises, grow calm
As saint who rests in Heaven. Ay, should my friends—
They who would be, but for thy warning voice,
The idols in the temple of my love—
Fall, one by one, till the grave held the last,
Still—Oh! forbid my holy faith should fail!
Still—Ah, my God! stay, stay my fainting soul!
Still, still, triumphant o'er vain fears—my heart,
My wounded heart, would leap with new delight!
And I would stand upon their tombs and shout,
In hope of everlasting fellowship!

My mother is in Heaven. The golden streets
Of thine eternal city—and the plains
That ever bloom around it—and the [illegible]
That close the vast horizon, all adorn'd
With thine effulgent glory, never saw
The passing shadow of o'erlying death.
My mother hath no fear. There, at her side,
Three children cherubs, glad and beautiful,
Forever walk and other kindred saints
Commune with her rapt spirit.

But on earth
A throng of lov'd ones breathe the tainted air;—
From some, around whose wrinkled temples shine
Locks white as silver, to the new-born babe,
Lying in snowy raiment on the lap,
And wond'ring at his mother's earnest eyes.
And one, to whom my spirit can but cling
With most intense affection, walks the wards
Of a vast crowded mansion where the poor,
Rack'd by a hundred vices, daily fall,
And in their dying agony behold
Coffin and corpse, and know their fate the same!
Ah! shall my father—can I say it—die?
I yet receive his frequent letters, fraught
With fondest love and pious confidence.
And shall the hand that writes them, write no more?
Shall others send the black-sealed note, to tell
His eyes are closed—his body in the grave?
And I be parentless? How nature mourns!
How would I love to break all bonds and rave—
Rave like a maniac, at a lot like this!
But grace—all powerful grace—e'en then could swell
My soul with rich enthusiastic hope,
And lead me through this distant stranger-land
Light-footed, in expectance of my home!

September 24, 1832.

LINES ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

Oh! child that to this evil world art come,
Led by the unseen hand of him who guards thee;
Welcome, unto this dungeon house thy home,
Welcome, to all the woe this life affords thee.

Upon thy forehead yet, the badge of sin
Hath worn no trace, thou look'st as tho' from heav'n:
But pain, and guilt, and misery, lie within,
Poor exile! from thy happy birth-land driven.

Thine eyes are seal'd by the soft hand of sleep,
And like unrippled waves thy slumber seems;
The time's at hand when thou must wake to weep,
Or sleeping, walk a restless world of dreams.

How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies,
Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,
Wilt thou towards heaven turn thy weary eyes,
And long in bitterness to reach the goal.

How oft wilt thou, upon time's dreary road,
Gaze at thy early far off days, in vain,
Weeping, how oft will thou cast down thy load,
And curse—and pray—then take it up again.

How many times shall hope, that fiend, extend
Her poison'd chalice to thy thirsty lips;
How oft shall love its withering sunshine lend,
To leave thee only a more dense eclipse.

How oft shall sorrow strain thee in her grasp,
How oft shall sin laugh at thine overthrow;
How oft shall doubt, despair, and anguish clasp,
Their knotted arms around thy aching brow.

Oh bird of light! hail to thy narrow cage.
Oh living soul! hail to thy gloomy cave;
Welcome to longing youth, to loathing age,
Welcome immortal, to the grave.

From the New England Magazine for September.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD ALMANAC.

The father of the late Fisher Ames, it is generally known, published an almanac for a long series of years, which in its day was highly appreciated and extensively circulated. A mutilated file of this annual was lately found among a bundle of rags, and rescued from the devouring maw of the paper mill. It affords, if not a feast, a comfortable luncheon or tit bit to an antiquarian appetite.—The contents of one leaf are worthy of preservation. It has already escaped the conflagration, dreaded by its publisher, for almost three quarters of a century; and should it be republished, *verbatim et literatim*, some future antiquarian may be pleased to find it, as long hence, and pass it on to still future generations. According to all present appearances, the dream of the Almanac Maker seems likely "to come to pass."

"AMERICA is a subject which daily becomes more and more interesting.—I shall therefore fill these pages with a word upon its Past, Present, and Future State:

I. First of its Past State: Time has cast a shade upon this Scene. Since the Creation innumerable Accidents have happened here, the bare mention of which would create wonder and surprise; but they are all lost in oblivion. The ignorant natives for want of letters have forgot their Stock; and know not from whence they came, or how, or when they arrived here, or what has happened since;—who can tell what wonderful changes have happened by the mighty operations of nature, such as deluges, volcanoes, earthquakes, &c!—Or whether great tracts of land were not absorbed into those vast lakes or inland seas which occupy so much space to the west of us. But to leave the natural, and come to the political state. We know how the French have erected a line of forts from the Ohio to Novia Scotia, including all the inestimable country to the west of us, into to their exorbitant claim. This with infinite justice, the English resented; and in this cause our blood has been spill'd; which brings to our consideration.

II. Secondly. The present state of North America. A writer upon this present time says, "the parts of North America which may be claimed by Great Britain or France are of as much worth as either kingdom. That fertile country to the west of the Appalachian Mountains (a string of 8 or 900 miles in length) between, Canada and the Mississippi, is of larger extent than all France, Germany, and Poland; and all well provided with rivers, a very fine, wholesome air, a rich soil, capable of producing food and physick, and all things necessary for the conveniency and delight of life. In fine, the garden of the world!"—Time was we might have been possessed of it; at this time two mighty Kings contend for this inestimable prize: Their respective claims are to be measured by the length of their swords.—The Post says, the Gods and Opportunity ride post; that you must take her by the forelock being bald behind.—Have we not too fondly depended upon our numbers?—Sir Francis Bacon says, 'the wolf careth not how many the sheep be:—But numbers well spirited, with the blessing of Heaven will do wonders, when by Military skill and discipline, the commanders can actuate (as by one soul) the most numerous bodies of armed people.—Our numbers will not avail till the Colonies are united; for whilst divided, the strength of the inhabitants is broken like the petty Kingdoms in Africa.—If we do not join heart and hand in the common cause against our exulting foes, but to fall disputing amonst ourselves, it may really happen as the Governor of Pennsylvania told his Assembly, "We shall have no privilege to dispute about, nor country to dispute in."

III. Thirdly, of the future state of North America. Here we find a vast stock of proper materials for the art and ingenuity of man to work upon;—Treasures of immense worth; concealed from the poor ignorant aboriginal! The curious have observed thus the progress of human literature (like the Sun) is from East to West; thus has it travelled through Asia and Europe; and now is arrived at the Eastern Shore of America. As the celestial light of the gospel was directed here by the finger of GOD, it will doubtless, finally drive the long! long! night of the heathenish darkness from America:—So arts and Sciences will change the face of nature in their tour from hence over the Appalachain mountains to the Western Ocean; and as they march thro' the vast desert, the residence of wild beasts will be broken up, and their obscene howl cease forever;—instead of which the stones and trees will dance together at the music of Orpheus,—the rocks will disclose their hidden gems, and the inestimable treasures of gold and silver be broken up. Huge mountains of iron ore are already discovered; and vast stores are reserved for future generations. This metal more useful than gold and silver, will employ millions of hands, not only to form the sword, and peaceful share, alternately; but an infinity of utensils improved in the exercise of art, and handicraft among men. Nature thro' all her works has stamped authority on this law, namely, "That all fit matter shall be improved to its best purposes." Shall not then those vast quarries, that teem with mechanic stone, those for structures be piled into great cities; and those for sculpture into statues to perpetuate the honor of renowned heroes; even those who shall now save their country. O! ye unborn inhabitants of America! should this page escape its destined conflagration at the years end, and these alphabetical letters remain legible—when your eyes behold the sun, after he has rolled the seasons round for two or three centuries more, you will know that in Anno Domini 1783, we dream'd of your times.

Nath. Ames."

THE IRISH TENANT.

The following remarkable fact furnishes an instance of the oppression and cruelty to which the tenantry of Ireland are subject, by the continuance of the system so long and deeply lamented and remonstrated against.

A small farmer, in the south of Ireland, upon one of the Duke of Devonshire's estates, received notice, about twelve months ago, to quit his farm, the lease of which was about to expire. As he and his father before him had resided on the farm for many years, and knew the Duke's amiable character, he was not only reluctant to quit, but was astonished at the order. He represented to his grace's agent, the extreme hardship of turning him out; but all the satisfaction he received, was, that he must move off bag and baggage by his grace's command, before a specified day.—"Well Sir," said the farmer, "I hope you won't prevent me from getting a farm from some other landlord at any rate, and that you will have no objection to give me a certificate to show that I'm an honest, sober, and industrious man, and that I an't turned off the ground because I don't pay my rent." "No man," replied the agent, "who was not a rascal, could refuse you what is so justly your due. I shall certainly state what you are—as good a tenant as ever landlord had."

The farmer thankfully received the certificate, told his wife and family not to expect to see him for a few days, went on board a steamer at Cork, landed at Bristol, and no long afterwards found himself at the gate of the Duke of Devonshire's mansion in London and without, as he said, the knowledge of any fellow creature in the world but himself. The Duke refused at first to receive him, but the farmer said that he had nothing else to do in London, and that he would wait about the street till it was convenient to his grace to listen to a few words. At last the servants told the Duke that the Irishman minded neither excuse nor delay, and in they walked him before their master.

"I am astonished" cried the Duke, the moment the farmer entered, "that so profligate a fellow as you, who have given yourself up to drink, and neglected your poor wife and family, should have the impudence to come to me to ask for a new lease, or that you should dare to appear at all in my presence." "Given myself up to drink, and neglected my family! please your honor," said the farmer, "who says so?" "Who says so?" repeated the duke, and with great indignation threw down a letter: "there read what that says of you." The farmer took up the letter, and read it, then looked at the Duke, and then at the letter, and at last burst out laughing. "Oh!" said his grace, "that is the manner in which so serious a charge affects you, is it? I see my agent was right in saying that you were a hardened reprobate." "Please your honor" cried the farmer, "I beg your pardon for laughing, but I could not help it when I was thinking that I had a bit of writing about me from the same hand that goes nearer the truth. Will your honor be just after throwing your eye over that paper?" and he respectfully handed the certificate of his character, signed by the Duke's agent.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of the Duke of Devonshire to find, that the poor farmer was painted both devil and angel by the same artist.—He ordered, that his tenant should be made as comfortable as possible,—renewed the leases on the most desirable terms to the farmer, insisted upon paying all the expenses incurred in consequence of the proceeding, and said to his tenant, "Now, my friend, don't you say one word to any body about what you have done until the sheriff goes to turn you out of your farm; but the moment he does, show him these leases, and give this letter to my agent, whom I request in it not to annoy you any more."

The farmer, after a hearty blessing upon his honor's head, showed London and Bristol too, his back in a very short time, and he appeared amongst his family and neighbors as if it had been just after shipping a few dozen of pigs. When he received the notice to quit, he tranquilly lighted his pipe with it; and when, at the expected time, the agent and the sheriff appeared, he was amusing himself with his children.

"Holloa!" said the agent, "you must turn out; you have had due notice, and out you must go this instant." "Arrah, then, you wouldn't be so cruel as to put out all the childer?" blubbered the farmer. "That I will," replied the agent; "Sheriff, do your duty." "Well, stay a bit," said the farmer; "don't be in such a d—l of a hurry; the Duke told me that you were over anxious to serve him." "The Duke! What Duke?" cried the terrified agent. "Why, his honor the Duke of Devonshire, to be sure. By the same token he told me to give you this bit of a note."

It would be hard to describe the condition of the agent upon reading the communication.—"Oh," said the farmer, if you doubt the writing, here's the new lease which his honor put into my own hands, God bless him! signed by himself. I can tell you, that he knew your writing, for he compared the two characters you were so good as to give me."

The letter for the agent, who was, we understand, one employed under the principal agent of the Duke on the southern Irish estates, was a dismissal. He had intended the farm, which is a very snug one, for his brother.

From the London Literary Gaz. of Aug. 4.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The following particulars relative to the Liverpool expedition for the interior of Africa are copied from a Cork journal.—

"Its first destination is to the mouth of the river Quorra, forty miles to the leeward of Cape Formosa. The larger steamer is computed to be 145 tons burden, and propelled by a fifty horse engine. Her sides are pierced and mounted with ten six pounders. Forward, a very formidable display is made by a twenty-pound swivel gun, whilst a long swivel eighteen pound carronade astern seems to threaten destruction to every foe. In addition to these precautions against the Spanish pirates who infest the coast, and also such of the native tribes as might prove hostile to the expedition, she is completely surrounded by *chevaux de frise*, and amply provided with small arms and boarding pikes for forty persons, which will compose the crew, &c. This steamer is named after the river she is intended to ascend, namely, the *Quorra*, which is the Arabic for Shining River. Her present draft of water is easy, and in her ascent will not be more than two feet six inches, which is very small considering that no sacrifice has been made of those operations which constitute the *beau ideal* of a steamer, which the Quorra certainly is. The construction of the paddles is such that, should favorable winds occur, they can be removed in such a manner that she can use sails in place of steam, and receive no impediment to her progress by their immersion in the water.

She is schooner rigged and rather lofty. The Quorra is intended to ascend the principal stream, and the lesser, which is built entirely of wrought iron, and of a draught only eighteen inches, is intended to explore all the tributary streams, and likewise visit Imoutoo, Warree, Sockatoo, &c. &c. The latter boat is fifty-five tons burden, and called the *Alburka*, which is the Arabic for blessing. The brig Columbine, which accompanies the expedition as far as possible, is principally laden with fuel and other articles for the use of the two steamers. It is expected that a sufficiency of wood will be found on the banks of the river to generate steam, when the supply coal is finished, or not easily to be procured. The whole squadron is under the command of J. L. Harris, Esq. R. N. whose experience on the coast during a period of six years, entitles him to the confidence of the promoters of the expedition. The elder Lander, the companion of Clapperton, Macgreggor Laird, Esquire, and Doctor Briggs of Liverpool, accompany it; the latter as the medical botanist and botanist.—Mr. Harris will act as topographical surveyor on the part of the company and government by permission, and as naval officer on their part, for a like purpose. By the ample provision made, it would almost seem that every difficulty was anticipated; every thing that could be procured for a success, safety, comfort, and happiness of the adventurous countrymen has been procured, nor should the fact be omitted, that an abundance of trinkets, &c. &c has been procured to conciliate the good will of the natives.

No correct estimate can be formed of the length of the absence of the expedition. It may, however, be naturally inferred that it will not be great, as the steamers will present facility hitherto unknown in exploring the African rivers, and that the progress thus obtained will in no way be impeded by the caprice of any of the African chiefs in obtaining leave to proceed, or paying compulsory tributes, &c. for such a favor. A glance at the Quorra will almost convince any one that her implements of destruction are such as to defy the whole condensed bow and arrow force of Africa."

The *Cambrian* newspaper says, "the Quorra and Alburkha steamers arrived at Milford on Saturday last, from Liverpool, to wait for porters and the African traveller Lander, who is expected over land to join, as well as to get clean bills of health. The sailing brig Columbine, 170 tons, Captain Miller, arrived on Sunday, being furnished with a supply of coals for the steamers, a variety of articles for presents, trade, and barter, and a few passengers.—These vessels possess all the requisite qualities for such a voyage, comprehending every comfort, as well as fitted for defence against any attack of the natives on the rivers and coast.—The Alburkha, Captain Hill, is a beautiful little iron steamer, the hull, except decks, being wholly of that material; and measures exclusive of the engine room, only 35 tons; and with the crew, fourteen in number, coals, baggage, and articles for trade, draws only [illegible] feet water; when divested of those materials, can be made to sail on an even keel in [illegible] feet water. This little vessel, and the brig Columbine, were towed out to sea, on Tuesday evening last, by the Quorra, which vessel returned again, and now waits the arrival of Mr. Lander, to sail immediately for Santo Praya, on the African coast, the place of rendezvous. It is to be hoped, as the voyage is of a trading description, conducted at the entire expense of a body of Liverpool merchants, that the speculations will be attended with profitable results to them in a commercial point of view; and finally, with great advantages to open a trade between this country and the whole of Western Africa."

THE MIDNIGHT BAND.

The influence of instrumental music on the mind is heightened by the stillness and solitude of night. The strains of a midnight band are scarcely to be ranked among earthly sounds. More like the harmonies of a celestial world than of this lower sphere, they charm the ear of night with strange ecstacy, and rouse the full tide of glorious and impassioned thoughts in the soul of the listener.

The night of the seventh of January, 1811 was one of contrasts and conflicting emotions. In the early watches, the ear could only distinguish dull, heavy echoes—such as might have been caused by the strokes of the pioneer's trenching tools, or have arisen from the low, crushing sound of artillery wheels, or the abrupt grounding of a sentinel's musket.—Dead silence succeeded; and the midnight hour stole like a thief upon the world. Just at that moment, a prelude awoke softly and sweetly in the hushed and listening atmosphere. A wave of symphony was incorporated with the vibrating air and filled it with a thousand reverberations rolling out as from a gushing fount of melody. The curtain of night was thick and unpierced by the starry eyes of heaven, one sense alone was open—an avenue to the soul—it was that of hearing.

The mingled sounds of the various instruments composing a military band of music became at length disentangled or detached, so that the practised ear could detect the cause of the strange harmony. Yet the time, midnight—and the place, the environs of a beleaguered city—all combined to make this one of the most impressive exhibitions of the power of melody.

The band were rendered invisible by the gloom of night. Not a breath of harshness trembled on the chord of song. The lofty thoughts of patriotism—of ones dying for his country and laying down his honored head on the turf that should be moistened with the tears of beauty, and wrapping his lifeless form in the starry shroud of his country's banner, thrilled through the soul of the listener. Far wandering memories were called home laden with the choicest tokens of absent love and friendship. Anon the soul shot forward, under the absorbing influence of some grand and touching tone to the heaven of heavens and explored the realms of eternity.

Thousands of hearts were beating—swelling—throbbing—fluttering to this midnight minstrelsy, which filled up its hour of gladness—and then died away, as the hymn of a departing angel would have dwindled to its last æolian note in the fragrant clouds.

An hour of silence succeeded. Soon the gay streak of morning dawn was pencilled in the earthen horizon:—but a sudden flash arrests the eye of the sentinel! Far to the right a single rocket shot its curve towards the heavens—and another rose far to the left. The word—to arms—was whispered along the lines. Suddenly a shock as of an earthquake struck, or rather broke in thunder upon the plain before the redoubts. It was the deployed of the red columns of war skirting themselves in fire and breaking like furious waves upon an iron bound coast. Flame met flame, steel repelled steel—but poor, frail men sunk like mushrooms before the winged hail. Beauty, strength or renown availed not in that tremendous hour. Death, wrapped in his bloodiest war cloak, walked the plain in horrible triumph.—The eighth of January—New Orleans.

This letter shows the honesty of the party who exclaimed against the distribution of the Extra Globe as criminal. The reader will observe, the place so overrun with extra telegraphs, is the famous manufacturing village of Lowell. This is, no doubt, the result of Redwood Fisher's patriotic efforts among the Joint Stock companies, and is designed to reconcile those interested in them to nullification, as a means of getting rid of South Carolina opposition to the tariff, in a peaceable secession from the Union.—*Ed. Globe.*

Lowell, Mass., 27th Sept. 1832.

Mr. Blair; I don't remember, since the days of the Coffin Handbills and the six militia men, a more pitiful trick of the opposition, than the recent attempts to induce a belief that there is unfairness in the Post Office Department, in the transmission of the newspapers in the interest of Clay and Wirt.—Why, sir, the mails here are literally crammed with Extra Telegraphs. Persons who daily visit our post office, go away with their hands full, and, if they desire it, their hats full, of General Duff's lucubrations. And yet we hear it from the graceless editors of many of their newspapers, that they are crowded out of the bags. By the way, sir, pray suggest to your neighbor of the Telegraph, that his efforts at the North are likely to prove miserably ineffectual, in making proselytes of us to his new faith. He is strongly suspected of *treachery to old friends* here—a trait which is not generally very much admired.—Besides, his late prognostications, as to the approaching electoral vote in November, in Maine and New Hampshire, are too gross even for Massachusetts readers. I will venture a prediction in relation to those States myself, with your leave; (and I believe I know something of the political feeling there).—I have no sort of doubt that the joint majority for the Jackson ticket in both States, will be more than *seventeen thousand*. I put Newhampshire down at eleven, and Maine at six thousand, though I verily believe that, in both estimates, I am too low. I can assure the General, that the Jackson ranks here are daily increasing in numbers. And it is the opinion here, of wiser men than the advocates of nullification, that, following the example of the county of Windham, in Connecticut, even old Massachusetts is in a fair way of turning from the error of her ways. In short, sir, there never was a moment that General Jackson had so many friends as he now has in New England. Intelligent men are fast disserting Clay. The *character of the delegates elect* for the Worcester Convention, has opened the eyes of that portion of the old Republican party who have hitherto advocated the pretensions of Henry Clay. They are not willing to be kept *in the market*, and offered to the highest bidders by such men as Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, and Harrison Gray Otis. Mark my words, old Massachusetts must have a federal Governor, federal in the strickest sense of the word, and elected by the aid of the Anti Masons, in pursuance of a contract made with that sect, for a valuable consideration, or in two years we will have a friend of President Jackson at the head of our executive department. *The Clay republicans of Massachusetts must be sold*—Webster & Co. now probably in negotiation for the price. It is for them to answer, whether they willingly submit to their new masters or not.—The bargain is now being made for their transfer.—If the preliminaries will be completed at Worcester, in October next; if not, Lincoln will be *used* one year more for Governor.

Princeton College.—The Commencement of the College of New Jersey was held at Princeton last week. The Latin Salutatory was delivered by G. Burrowes, of Trenton, N. J. the English Salutatory by Wm. Elmer, of Bridgetown, N. J. and the Valedictory by John Forsyth, of Augusta, Geo. The number of the class who received the degree of A. M. was 22. The degree of A. M. was conferred on a number of the Alumni of the College in course. Honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on several gentlemen. The Honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Benj. H. Rice of N. Y. and the Rev. Jonas King, of Athens, Greece. The prospects of the College are highly encouraging. The vacancy in the Faculty occasioned by the resignation of Prof. Vethake, who has accepted an invitation to the University of New York, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Joseph Henry, of Albany, whose recommendations are very satisfactory and ample.

Three new Trustees were appointed, viz. John S. Henry, Esq. of Philadelphia, in the room of Andrew Bayard, Esq. deceased.—James Lenox, Esq. of New York in the room of the Hon. Charles Ewing, deceased, and Roswell L. Colt, Esq. of Baltimore, in the room of the Hon. Silas Condit, resigned.

At one o'clock the Alumni Association assembled in the Church, and listened to a highly eloquent and impressive address from the Hon. Samuel L. Southard. Mr. S. has never been surpassed, if ever equalled by any of the able and eloquent men, who have taken part in the anniversaries of this institution.—The effect of the address upon the Alumni was thrilling, and they unanimously resolved to adopt efficient measures, to make the Alumni Association of essential service to the college. The Rev. Dr. John M'Dowell of Elizabethtown, was appointed agent of the Alumni, to prosecute the objects of the association, especially the endowments of the professorship resolved upon by the trustees, and for the endowment, of which nearly $11,000 have already been subscribed, and a committee charged with the care of the general concerns of the association was also appointed. The committee consists of the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, Hon. Benjamin Richards, Rev. Mr. Tyler, Rev. Dr. Miller, Rev. John Breckenridge, Rev. Dr. Carnahan, Professor Maclean, Professor Dodd, and Wm. C. Alexander, Esq.

MARRIAGE.

We have often wondered why custom should make it tolerable, that the lightest levities of life should be associated with the grave solemnities of marriage. It is a little remarkable that the incident, which of all others brings with it the dearest sorrows of mortal being, should be treated with the least sobriety of feeling, and with the greatest vacuity of thought. But however it may come and go, this ceremony forms a new era in the human existence, and the only one, which need not be transferred to the written record. The impressions of childhood may be obliterated and lost, amid the numerous vocations of middle life, and old age may throw its veil of indistinct recollection over all the past; but we can never forget the period nor lose its attendant emotions, when we yielded our affections at the altar of Hymen. It is remembered by the caresses of endearment, or by the calamities of unhappy union. When afflictions "come apace," the kindest sympathies of that better one, but the more deeply impress it. "Prosperity surrounds us, the fond buoyancies of the heart still keep it in recollection;—and perhaps the bridal hour, with all its subsequent and happiest scenes, is the last green spot that withers on the memory, in the moment of final separation.—*Western Times.*

The Salem Gazette furnishes the following tables of votes given for President and Vice President at the elections since Washington's retirement.

1796. President Adams 71, Jefferson 68. Vice President T. Pinckney 58, A. Burr 50.

1800 President Jefferson 73, Adams 64. Vice President A. Burr 73, T. Pinckney 58.

1804 President Jefferson 162, C. C. Pinckney 14. Vice President, G. Clinton 162, Rufus King 14.

1808 President, Madison 122, C. C. Pinckney 47. Vice President, G. Clinton 113, Rufus King 47.

1812 President, Madison 127, De Witt Clinton 89. Vice President, E. Gerry 128, Ingersoll 53.

1816 President, Monroe 183, Rufus King 34. Vice President, Tompkins 113, opposition scattering.

1820 President, Monroe 218, no opposition except one vote given from New Hampshire. Vice President, Tompkins 212, opposition divided.

1824 President, Andrew Jackson 99, J. Q. Adams 84, Wm. H. Crawford 41, Henry Clay 37.

1828 President, Andrew Jackson 178, J. Q. Adams 83. Vice President, J. C. Calhoun 173, Richard Rush 83.

From the Albany Argus.

The friends of the democracy every where in this State must expect to encounter the *Gold of the mammoth Bank*. It was resolved to veto the President of this free republic by the purchase of the people. Such is the estimate it puts upon their honesty and integrity, and it acts accordingly. It counts with confidence upon its ability to BUY the suffrages of freemen, by the lavish use of money. With an audacity unparalelled in our history since the corruptions of the Bank of America, its agents are abroad in the State, scattering its gold. Matthew L. Davis, Joseph Plount and John W. Taylor, know when and where, and how the corrupt appliances of the Bank are intended to reach the elector. "Give me money," said one of the feed attorneys of the Bank, and its present candidate for the Presidency, "and I will make myself popular."—Such are the avowed principles upon which the Bank and its corrupt agents and candidates act. Such is the spectacle which this dangerous and profligate institution and its minions, presents for the consideration of a free and honest people. We shall see whether that people can be seduced or bribed from their attachment to the Patriot Defender of his country. We shall see if they do not reject with scorn, the proffered bribe.

FALSEHOOD ON FALSEHOOD.

The last New York Commercial Advertiser contains the following:

"PENNSYLVANIA!!!

"A slip from the office of the United States Gazette informs us that Lancaster City gave a majority at the election on Friday, of 840 for the anti Jackson ticket;—that there was no opposition to the anti Jackson ticket in Bucks County; that Harrisburg and Reading have both given anti Jackson majorities, and that no township in Lebanon county had given a Jackson majority. So far as had been heard the opposition tickets to "Jackson and misrule" had been sustained throughout the State, as soundly and effectually as in Philadelphia."

Now, the plain truth was, that while the old Tory Gazette was circulating such false "slips" for political effect, the democratic Jackson ticket in Lancaster had succeeded by several hundred—and that the ticket of the same character had succeeded in two wards in Harrisburg by nearly 100 majority.

Our friends must expect, from this time, until the election is over, a series of these false "slips" from the opposition. It seems another "slip" was sent at the same time to the New York Courier & Enquirer, a newspaper on their side now, which they used to say held, that "the end sanctified the means"—and they seem to have got the principle with the paper—but in fact this principle is no new acquisition to the Nationals.

James Talmadge, late Lieut. Governor of the State of New York, who was in 1824 and 1828 one of the firmest supporters of Adams and Clay in the empire State, and who probably brought more strength to Mr. Adams than any man, has in a letter dated September 6th, 1832, announced his determination to abandon Clay and support Jackson. The great measures of the present administration, its republican character, and the high minded patriotism of the President, have drawn forth the eulogiums of thousands and tens of thousands who did not support his election, and among others Gov. Talmadge. If we cast our eyes around the country, we see many as disinterested, although they may not be as influential and conspicuous men, who have avowed their determination to vote for the re-election of the patriot President. Magnanimous and candid minds will ever be ready to do justice to those from whom they have differed.—*Hartford Times.*

The exercises of St. Mary's College in Baltimore, were commenced for this session on the second Monday of the present month.—The excellence of that institution is now too well and widely known to require any emblazoning. So trifling has the danger from Cholera become in Baltimore, that no apprehension of going thither need any longer be entertained. Throughout the whole season of sickness, the College continued perfectly healthy.—*Nat. Gaz.*

We are happy to have it in our power to announce, that the second mission from Mexico to Mr. Pedraza, to urge him to return to his country in the character of President of the Republic, has been successful. He is to set off for Mexico, on the 2d of October, and embarking on the Ohio, will take passage at New Orleans in the Mexican government's vessel Bello India, which awaits his orders.

The St. Louis Times of Sept. 15, announces the arrival of Washington Irving in that city.

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