John Catmup Jr

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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Valuable Lands for Sale.

WILL be offered for sale at public auction, on the premises, on SATURDAY the 13th July next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. six hundred and twenty six acres of VALUABLE LAND, with a plenty of valuable timber, lying and being upon the Long Marsh, in Caroline county, within a few miles of the Beaver Dams and Keen's Cross Roads, and nine or ten miles from Greensborough, upon which is settled several farms, the late residence of the Rev. John Clements, dec'd. now in the tenure of Mr. Joel Clements, jr. and others. These lands will be sold upon one, two and three years credit, from the first day of January next; the present year's rent reserved, but the purchaser will be permitted to seed among the growing corn in due time, and the entire possession on the first day of January next:—Bond with approved security, will be required, bearing interest from the first day of January, 1834, payable in three equal annual payments, with interest upon the whole sum unpaid annually, with a privilege to make any payments at an earlier day. Upon the payment of the purchase money with interest thereon, a good and sufficient deed will be executed and delivered to the purchaser (at his expense.) The reputation of the lands on the Long Marsh are too well known to need any comment from me. The remote situation of these lands, and my multifarious concerns, induces me to be very desirous to make a sale, at a fair and reasonable price—to persons, desirous of purchasing lands, it is believed, it will give a good opportunity to make a profitable investment.

But if these lands are not sold, they will be offered for rent to a good tenant, or tenants, upon lease for seven years.

Attendance will be given by
WILLIAM HUGHLETT.
Galloway, Talbot county, June 25 3w

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of Talbot county Court, the undersigned commissioners will proceed to sell by public auction on *Wednesday*, the 10th day of July next, between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock, P.M. on the premises, the lands &c., of Thomas Perrin Smith, Esq. late of Talbot county, dec'd. on a credit of 12 months from the day of sale. The purchaser or purchasers to pay interest from the day of sale, on the purchase money, and to give bond or bonds to secure principal and interest, with approved security, to the persons entitled, bearing interest from the day of sale. The property referred to, consists of a large and valuable Brick Building and two small frame Houses, and Lots on Washington street, Easton; also, a lot of ground about one mile therefrom, on the road leading to Centreville containing six acres, and an undivided share in a small lot adjoining the town of Easton.

JAS. PARROTT,
WM H. GROOME,
SAM'L. T. KENNARD,
SAM'L. ROBERTS.
june 11 4w

NEW SPRING GOODS.

WILSON & TAYLOR

MOST respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore and are now opening at the store house lately occupied by William Clark, dec'd. and immediately opposite the Court House

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, HARD WARE, CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
all selected with great care from the latest importations; their friends and the public generally are invited to give them an early call.
Easton, April 30

NEW STORE.

Goldsmith and Hazle,

HAVE just opened at the stand formerly occupied by Mr. John T. Goldsmith, situate on Washington Street, in Easton, and next door to Mr. John Camper's Store, a general assortment of

DRY GOODS
AND GROCERIES.

consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Merino Cassimeres and Summer Cloths, Silks and Bombazines, Gauze and Crape Dechine Shawls. Also a handsome assortment of Calicoes and Painted Muslins, suited to the season; Jackonet, Mull, Swiss and Plain and Figured Book Muslins, Corded skirts, Bleached and unbleached muslins, &c. &c.

HARD-WARE, CUTLERY, CHINA & QUEEN'S WARE.

GROCERIES.

Brown Sugars, Loaf do. Coffee of the best qualities,
TEAS, &c. &c.

All of which they have recently purchased in the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, at the lowest market prices, and will sell on accommodating terms.

N. B. All kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange—they invite their friends and the public to give them a call.
may 28

From the New York American.

RANDOLPHIANIA—No. VI.

"Feb. 19, 1825.

"In return for your very agreeable letter 'of the 13th, I am almost ashamed to send you 'this costive reply; but my health is worse 'than ever, and I have suffered more within 'three days past from my accident at Stoney 'Stratford, than I did at the time when the injury was received.

"I have seen Mr. Robert Owen. He is in 'raptures with his new purchase. He says 'that although he has no concealments, and 'hates to have any thing to conceal, yet at 'Rapp's request he has not mentioned the 'price. It is certainly nothing like the sum 'mentioned in the papers. He has bought 'every thing, flocks, herds, &c. as it stands.

"Thanks for your Irish news. It always 'gives me pleasure to hear from that quarter, 'and of such men as Spring Rice and the 'Knight of Korry. Success to their schemes 'for they have the good of mankind in view.

"Believe me to be with the utmost respect 'and regard, truly yours, J. R. of R."

"*Christmas day*, 1826.

"Perhaps you will have thought it strange 'that no notice has been taken of your letter of 'the 19th inst.; but my excuse is that I have 'this moment found it among a mass of 'loose paper where some officious attendant 'had thrust it. Be assured that I retain a 'pleasing recollection, of the acquaintance that 'I had the good fortune to form with you on 'our passage to England, and of the agreeable 'hours that we have spent together.

"As you suppose, I did not visit Ireland this 'year neither was I so fortunate, as to meet 'with that exemplary son of hers, Mr. S. Rice. 'Lord L—— told me that he was in Ireland, 'engaged in his election.

"When you write to your friends in Ireland 'be so good as to mention me to you father 'and Mr. F—— not forgetting your brother 'also—as one who cherishes the remem'brance of their civilities and hospitality

J. R. of R"

April 25, 1828.

"I am bleeding at the lungs, and see no 'company—do not converse with my friends 'under this roof, and am incapable of conver'sation, or any thing else, except riding on 'horseback. You would hardly recognize 'your old acquaintance in my ghostly visage.

"Now Spring returns but not to me returns
"The vernal joy my better days have known;
"Dim in my breast Life's dying taper burns,
"And all the joys of life which health are flown!"

"Yrs. J. R. of R."

"*January* 21, 1829.

"I have seen with deep concern, the account 'of the failure of the house of Frys & Chap'man, London—Knowing, as I think you do, 'my high admiration of the character of Mrs. 'Elizabeth Fry, with whom I have the plea'sure of a personal acquaintance, you will rea'dily conceive the interest which I feel partic'ularly for her. I spent a delightful day at 'Mr. Fry's country house in Essex, somewhat 'more than two years ago, and passed the 'night there. This circumstance only renders 'more lively the regret that I feel at the 'late reverse of their fortune. I know that 'Mrs. Fry's brothers are men of opulent estate, 'and the connections of the family generally 'are wealthy. This gives me consolation on 'her account. The object of this letter is, as 'you will have perceived, to obtain any infor'mation that you may have on this subject.—'It will be gratifying also to hear of any other 'of our English or Irish friends.

J. R. of R.

January 30, 1829.

"I am indebted to you for two most obli'ging letters, which I am entirely at a loss how 'to repay, except by my poor but hearty 'thanks. Any intelligence which you can fur'nish me with respecting our English and I'rish friends, will at all times be highly wel'come.

"In excuse for not having congratulated you ('as I now do most cordially) on your recent 'change of state, I must beg to suggest how 'awkward would have been my predicament 'in case the Mr.—— whose marriage I saw 'announced in the newspapers should not have 'proved to be my old fellow passenger in the 'Amity, but another gentleman of the same 'name in the vast and populous city of New 'York, I am truly concerned to hear of the loss 'of Mr. F——. I have a lively recollection 'of the morning that I breakfasted with him 'on my way to O'Brien's Bridge and Loch 'Derg. Yet it must be a consolation to all 'who knew him that he died in the 'bles'sed' vocation of the 'Peacemaker.'

"I am sorry that I can give you no comfort 'on the subject of the Tariff. It will hardly 'be touched this Session.

"Writing being particularly injurious to my 'disorder, (of the chest) I must conclude with 'a not very modest request that you would let 'me hear from you frequently. With great 'respect and regard, I am yours,

J. R. of R."

Whilst Mr. Randolph was in Richmond, attending the State Convention for altering the Constitution of Virginia, I received the following letter from him:

November 27, 1829.

"Yesterday I had the pleasure to receive 'your letter of 21st, which reminds me that a 'former one has remained too long unacknow'ledged. In excuse, I may truly plead the 'wearisome nature of my present avocation—'age, disease, and worst of all, lassitude and 'languor, that cause even my small correspon'dence upon matters of business to accumulate 'upon me.

"A very lame and crippled report of me has 'gone forth in the Enquirer—one that I am 'ashamed to see, and which, in justice as well 'as mercy towards me, I hope my friends will 'not read. I have not had time, to do justice 'to myself in that particular.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear of our 'Irish and English friends, and when you 'write, I beg to be mentioned to them in terms 'of warm and grateful respect. I shall not 'fail to read the 'Collegians.' A 'County Limerick Man,' is to me a great recommendation.

"Our situation here is irksome to the most 'painful degree. Old ultra Federalists, *now* new ultra Jacobins, are tearing down all that is valuable and venerable in our institutions.

'Yours, faithfully, J. R. of R."

Mr. Randolph went to Russia and England the next year, and during his absence I received but one letter from him in London, which does not contain any matter of special interest.

No. VII.

Mr. Randolph returned from England for the last time in the fall of 1831. I called up on him immediately after his arrival, and was very much shocked at his emaciated appearance. In reply to my questions about his health he said in a melancholy tone of voice—"Ah "sir, I am going at last; the machine is worn "out—nature is exhausted, and I have tried in vain to restore her!" He then changed the conversation, and spoke with his usual animation of his late visit to England, and touched slightly upon his short sojourn at St. Petersburgh. He told me that his faithful Juba had a regular attack of *yellow fever* at the latter city, which induced him to hurry away the sooner!—besides which there was no business of importance to detain him there, and his own health was bad.

"Well, Mr Randolph," said I, "*great* events have occurred in Europe, since you 'left us!" "Yes sir, replied he, in his most 'sarcastic manner, *great* events have occurred '*abroad* and *very small* ones at home! They 'sent me the Washington papers, containing 'the letters, but I could not read them. I 'blushed for my country. The affair *told* badly in Europe, sir!"

I asked him whether he had attended the debates on the Reform Bill. He replied in the affirmative. I then inquired whom he considered the greatest orator in the House of Commons. "Your countryman O'Connell, 'sir, by all odds; he is a Giant among Pig'mies!" He then remarked what a dearth of good speakers there was in England, compared with the days of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, &c.

I asked him whether the reports which were then received relative to the dangerous state of the King's health were true. He replied, 'They are all d—d Tory lies, sir; he was in 'excellent health when I left London. I had 'the honor of breakfasting under a tent with 'his Majesty at the opening of the New Bridge, 'a short time ago, and he appeared to be as 'likely to live as any of the company—a much 'better life than myself, sir!"

After spending an hour or two most agreeably with him during which we talked of every thing and every body, I took my leave, under the impression that I had seen him for the last time; which has proved too true though his death was more remote then than I had imagined it to be. He was so feeble, and had such a dreadfully severe cough, I really almost expected to hear of his decease on the road, before he reached Virginia!

It is stated in the newspapers that he has made his slaves free by will, which I dare say will be found true, as he has frequently told me that he was a decided enemy to slavery in the abstract, and that he would have emancipated his slaves long ago, if he could have felt convinced that they would have been as happy and as comfortable elsewhere as they were at Roanoke.

I have often heard from other persons that he was a kind and affectionate master, and did every thing in his power to make his slaves happy.

As he has now passed away for ever from "the field of his glory," let us hope that the mantle of charity will be extended to his memory. Those who were warmly opposed to him, should now recollect that he is no longer present to reply to their attacks, and that "to err is human, to forgive divine."

No matter what difference of opinion there may be as to his political course, there can be none as to his extraordinary talents; on this ground, therefore, all parties can unite in paying the tribute of respect to departed greatness.

Those who have heard his most fascinating eloquence can never forget him; and it is only by them that the preceding anecdotes will be appreciated. His *manner* of speaking was so perfectly original, it always gave point to the most simple expressions, which, when merely *read*, may not appear very striking to those who did not know him.

His personal friends will faithfully cherish the remembrance of his friendship; and his native State, "old Virginia," will not forget that in John Randolph of Roanoke she has lost one of her brightest ornaments and most devoted children! Peace be to his ashes! may they rest undisturbed beneath his "patrimonial oaks!"

From the New York Mirror.

PATRONS AND CUSTOMERS.

Subscribers to periodicals are divided into two clases—customers and patrons. This, be it understood, is a distinction which we do not claim the merit of forming, as it is made by themselves; but since our worthy friends have, according to their different characters and pretensions, ranged themselves under these two different heads, it is very natural that we should be sensible of the distinctive peculiarities of each, and it may not be amiss to make them the subject of an article. Under the denomination of customers are included all those who, when they pay for a periodical, expect the worth of their money as promised in the terms of subscription. This obligation being fulfilled, they have no more idea that a favor is received on either side, than does the buyer of merchandise, who pays his bill and his parcel sent home. They are "honourable men," and though we flatter ourselves they are satisfied with what they receive from us through the pages of the Mirror, we are not too churlish to give them our thanks, and kind feelings to boot. It is to customers that the venders of books and newspapers, like all other sellers, owe their support. Patrons are a class of subscribers who make higher pretensions. They consider that by subscribing to a work, however its merit may answer or surpass their expectations, they confer on the publisher a favour too great to be easily repaid. Of this feeling and its results, we will give a few specimens. It is not unusual for a patron who has carelessly mislaid or destroyed his last number of the Mirror, to call for another copy; and though he acknowledges having already received one, he thinks it very unhandsome that payment for an extra copy should be required of a patron. What! ask of a patron the pitiful sum of ——! He forgets that the rule may work both ways, and it must be very poor patronage that can refuse to pay such a trifle for value received. This extra number, if needed to repair a set carelessly broken, is to the subscriber, worth an extra price, which he would gladly pay elsewhere could he not obtain it at the office. Not merely single numbers are sometimes claimed gratis, on the score of patronage; a subscriber lately called on us, and modestly asked for six or eight of the last number of the Mirror—the whole series that had been issued since his subscription commenced. He acknowledged that he had received all those numbers; but had given them to a friend who was about to leave town, having counted on our replacing them gratis, as a matter of course, because he was a patron. What a strange perversion of things to cry continually give! give! and call it patronage. Paying a subscription in advance is considered by many highly unreasonable.—Now, unless each number be paid for as it is received—a mode not the most convenient—either the price of the work or the work itself must be furnished in advance, and the latter alternative is much more against the publisher than the former inconvenient to the subscriber. Each subscriber can better afford to pay the sum of his subscription yearly in advance, than the proprietor can to credit a heavy amount to a host of scattered individuals, most of whom are, of course, unknown to him—Persons who have paid in advance—for one year, however distant their residence, or unknown their persons—are apt to take offence should their papers be stopped at the expiration of the term, even though they have given no intimation of a wish for its continuance.—In such cases, we have sometimes continued to send the numbers, and, after six or eight on the new year have gone, we have been notified by the postmaster of the place they were directed to, that the person they were intended for had refused to receive them. Yet this same *patron* would in all probability, have been highly offended had the paper been discontinued. The most extensively circulated of the English papers owe most or much of their prosperity to the plan of rigidly exacting payment before the papers leave their office, thereby securing the means of giving them ample support, and sustaining their character. Numbers of American periodicals, which, at their commencement, have bid fair to be an honour to the country, have, in a short time, dwindled and died. And why? Because from the insecure nature of the patronage on which they depended, they soon failed in the means of continuing the aid of that auxiliary talent from which their former tone and character were derived. It must not be supposed that we believe none ever contribute to the support of literature by truly liberal patronage; but this is merely an *aid*. Payment for value received must be the *support* of literature as well as of every thing else. Patrons may aid the starting of a paper; but customers must sustain it. Patrons are a vicillating description of people, who are constantly changing their support from one journal to another—customers are solid, steady friends, whom you find on your subscription list year after year, always with the word *paid* after their names, and who never think of discontinuing their paper while they can afford to take it. Patrons send you uncurrent notes, and *forget* to pay the postage—customers enclose good bills, and their letters are always *post paid*. Patrons will stop their subscription on the slightest provocation—customers will stick to you like wax. Patrons will expect you to open your columns to any communication they may send you—customers will expect you to be governed by your own judgment in all such matters. Patrons will quarrel with you for advocating or opposing any measure in which they may happen to be interested—customers will respect you for pursuing an independent course. The one class is a prop to the literature of the land—the other a mere *ignis fatuus*, which leads the unwary proprietor into difficulties, and leaves him there. We thank the fates that most of the subscribers to the Mirror are customers, not *patrons*—they are individuals whose support is an honour of which we have abundant reason to feel proud.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

In the volume of Discourses by G. C. Verplanck, just published, is one occasioned by the death of D. H. Barnes, a distinguished teacher of youth in the city of New York.—The conclusion is a just and appropriate encomium on the profession of which he was a member.—*Albany Argus.*

"At the recent general election in this State, the votes of above three hundred thousand persons were taken. In thirty years the great majority of these will have passed away; their rights will be exercised, and their duties assumed by those very children, whose minds are now open to receive their earliest and most durable impressions from the ten thousand schoolmasters of this State.

What else is there in the whole of our social system of such extensive and powerful operation on the national character? There is one other influence more powerful, and but one. It is that of the *Mother*. The forms of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with these. If the future citizens of our republic are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so principally through the virtue and intelligence of their Mothers. It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the Schoolmaster. It is powerful already. What would it be if in every one of those school districts which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honored in the discharge of its duties? How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men? Many such we have already among us—men humbly wise and obscurely useful, whom poverty cannot depress, nor neglect degrade.—But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and the dignity of the country demand, their labors must be fitly remunerated and themselves and their calling cherished and honored.

The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful, its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good, that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that too must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or wordly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy, he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirement, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labors have not been wasted; that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns, to be choked by the cares, the delusions or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers, amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness, still

——In prophetic dream he saw
The youth unborn, with pious awe,
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.

He must know and he must love to teach his pupils, not the meagre elements of knowledge, but the secret and the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the veil which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind fraught with mighty though, undeveloped energies and affections and mysterious and eternal destinies. Thence he must have learnt to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

If such are the difficulties, and the discouragements—such, the duties, the motives, and the consolations of teachers who are worthy of that name and trust, how imperious then the obligation upon every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men to aid them, to cheer them, and to honor them.

But let us not be content with barren honor to buried merit. Let us prove our gratitude to the dead by faithfully endeavoring to elevate the station, to enlarge the usefulness, and to raise the character of the Schoolmaster amongst us. Thus shall we best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus most effectually diffuse over our land light, and truth, and virtue."

MR. MADISON.—We acknowledge ourselves no little indebted to the highly respectable gentleman, from whose letter to us (dated 15th instant) we have permission to extract the following.—*Nat. Intel.*

"It will give you pleasure to hear that Mr. MADISON though still confined to his room by rheumatism and general debility, has improved lately in health, and that both his spirits and mental vigor are still unimpaired by age or disease.

"I lately made him a visit in company with Mr. R——, our late ——, and we both agreed that we had scarcely ever before seen his intellect so bright and clear, and had never found him so interesting. He was in a talking vain, and fully verified what Mr. JEFFERSON used to say of him, that his conversational powers were unrivalled. He amused us with anecdotes of his early contemporaries—answered our inquiries about the olden time—cleared up doubts in our domestic history—and occasionally intermingled reflections on the principles of our government, which were conceived in the spirit of true philosophy, and were expressed with a precision and propriety of language for which, on such subjects, he has no equal. He seldom descends to speak of party politics, and when he does it, it is never in a tone of asperity. The sneers of the political cygnets who have hitherto aimed their puny shafts at him because he would not sanction their false versions of his own text, are of course unheeded by him. His thoughts seem to run rather on principles than individuals—on the great national interests, present and future, rather than on this or that measure of policy. Some of these general remarks appeared to be as original as they were just. Thus he said that so far as the love of power and distinction influenced the feelings of our politicians towards the general government, it had produced contrary effects in the North and the South. In the North the leading men felt a jealousy or apprehension of that evelling, disorganizing spirit, which is impatient of all control, and in its excess threatens the sacredness of property; and that therefore they view the general government with favor and gratitude, and were disposed to enlarge its powers which defended them against the spirit of insubordination at home. But in the South, where there is no ground for such apprehensions—the class of persons without property being here filled by slaves—the leading men regarded the general government as diminishing their relative importance, and consequently were inclined to circumscribe its power within as narrow limits as possible.

"He also remarked that there were three circumstances which contributed to make the value of the Union less sensibly felt now than formerly. One was, the greater strength of the several States, arising from their great increase in population and wealth. Another was, the diminished danger from abroad; and the third was the increase of men of talented ambition—though he left it to us to trace the operation of these three changes in our situation, and to make their application. Nor did he venture to predict the future effects of the same circumstances, all of which will obviously continue to increase.* His conversation was throughout a high intellectual treat, and I know not when I have passed two days more delightfully. It is indeed a most gratifying spectacle to see that the luminous mind of this venerable sage and patriot sheds as clear and almost as brilliant a light as ever it did in its meridian, and that the envious clouds which would obscure its mild radiance serve but to make it more beautiful and interesting.

"Mr. MADISON will leave, when he shall be *inter astra relatus*, an invaluable legacy to posterity in his Debates of the Convention which formed the Federal Constitution; for, according to Mr. JEFFERSON, the only person perhaps to whom the author has ever shown them, never were the proceedings of a deliberative body reported with equal fidelity. But as nothing could induce him to publish them in his life time, I hope it will be many years before the Public has this gratification."

*It is to be hoped that we shall find in the growing intelligence of the people, a sufficient counteraction.

MEXICAN TREATMENT OF HORSES ON A JOURNEY.

Mr. Editor; In looking over a work called Sporting Anecdotes, I read some remarks from Cheteaubriand, on the subject of the Arabian mode of training horses, &c. This re-called to mind some observations I had long since committed to paper. I think some of the facts may not be entirely useless to the friends of that noblest of animals.

In my travels through the Indian country, beyond the frontiers, where there was no covering or stabling for myself and horse but the "canopy of Heaven," and no sustenance for either but the spontaneous abundance and luxuriance of nature. I have often noticed that my horses, after having been rode hard all day, would seldom or ever lie down to rest until an hour or two before day-break, and then would sleep soundly until day had fairly broken, or the sun risen and shone upon them.

I have frequently noticed the great difference in the life and spirits of a horse that was awoke before day, and those of one awoke after—the latter always travelling with more life and spirits than the former. Now why do gentlemen, when training for a race, rouse their horses at day break, and cause him to perform his exercise?—why not delay it until after sunrise?

I have observed that the Mexicans water their horses but twice a day; in the morning before they start and in the evening when they encamp—never in the middle of the day, but they dash through a stream or river without suffering them to drink. I am informed, that they always feed their best horses on clean barley and cut wheat straw; and that a horse under seven years old cannot be sold.—They consider them unfit for service until after that age. Indeed they are as careful to choose a horse over that age as we would under. Can this be entirely owing to the climate? I should think not. Some of these remarks will apply to the Spaniards, Portuguese, Turks and Arabians, in their mode of treatment.

The Mexican horses are, I am informed, as serviceable at 20 or 25, as ours at 10 or 12 years old.—*Skinner's Turf Register.*

PROGRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

From the Boston Courier, June 28.

We learn by a gentleman from Salem that the President was in much better health yesterday morning—that he was out in the morning early, and walked to the East India Museum. He afterwards rode through the streets, and was visited on his return to his lodgings by a great number of persons. He left Salem at nine o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, and Lowel.

ADDRESS

Of Mr. Edward Everett, to the President of the United States, on Bunker Hill, with the President's reply.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I have been directed, by the Committee of Arrangements, on behalf of themselves, of their fellow citizens, and of the vast multitude here assembled, to bid you welcome to the ancient town of Charlestown, and its famous heights.

The inhabitants of a small and frugal community, we cannot, like our brethren of the metropolis and of the other great cities, through which you have passed, receive you in splendid mansions and halls of state;—but here, Sir, upon the precious soil once moistened with the blest blood of New England; with nothing above us but the arch of Heaven, we tender you the united, respectful, and cordial salutations of our ancient town.

There are many interesting historical recollections, connected with this immediate neighborhood, which I will not take up your time in recounting. I will only say that on yonder gentle elevation, the first company of the settlers of this Commonwealth, a little more than two centuries ago, laid the foundations of the ancient colony of Massachusetts.—And upon the hill on which we are now assembled,—upon the very spot, on which we stand,—on the 17th of June, 1775, beneath the thunder of the batteries from the opposite heights of Boston, from the vessels of war on the bay beneath us, and from the head of the columns of the advancing army of five thousand chosen British troops;—(while the town of Charlestown was wrapped in flames, and every steeple, roof, and hill top of the surrounding country, was crowded with anxious spectators of the dreadful drama.)—Prescott, Putnam, Stark, and their gallant associates bravely fought, and Warren, with his heroic comrades, nobly fell, in the cause of American Independence.—You, Mr. Secretary Cass, may well cherish the memory of that day, for your father bore his share in its perils and its glory. Stark's regiment, where he fought, was stationed not far from the spot where you stand.

We bid you, Mr. President, who like those our fathers, have exposed your life in the cause of your country, and more favored than they, have been permitted to enjoy the fruit of your toils and dangers,—we bid you welcome to the precious spot. Most of those, who have preceded you in the chief magistracy,—Washington, Adams, Monroe, and your immediate predecessor have trod it before you—and but a few years since, the Nation's Guest, the great and good Lafayette, made his pilgrimage also to the same venerable precincts. To you, Sir, who, under Providence, conducted the banners of the country to victory, in the *last* great struggle of the American arms, it must be peculiarly grateful to stand upon the spot, immortalized as the scene of the *first* momentous conflict.

We have thought it might not be unwelcome to you, to possess some joint memorial of these two eventful days, and such a one I now hold in my hands;—a grape shot dug up from the sod beneath our feet, and a cannon ball from the battle field of new Orleans, brought from the enclosure within which your head quarters were established. They are preserved in one casket: and on behalf of the citizens of Charlestown, I now present them to you, in the hope that they will perpetuate in your mind, an acceptable association of the 17th of June, 1775, and the 8th of January, 1815;—the dates of the first and last great battles fought under the American standard.

To designate in all coming time, the place of the first of these eventful contests, the gratitude of this generation is rearing a majestic monument on the sacred spot. We invite you, Sir, to ascend it, and to behold from its elevation a lovely scene of town and country;—a specimen not unfavorable of this portion of the great republic, whose interests have been confided to your care, as chief Magistrate of the United States. We rejoice that you have taken an opportunity of acquiring a personal knowledge of its character. Less fertile than some other portions of the Union, its wealth is in its population, its institutions, its pursuits;—its schools and its churches.—We doubt not you will find, in your extensive journey, that the great springs of its prosperity are in harmony with the interests and welfare of every other part of our common country.

The spot on which we are gathered, is not the place for adulation. Standing over the ashes of men who died for liberty, we can speak no language but that of freemen. In an address to the Chief Magistrate of the United States, there is no room for one word of compliment or flattery. But with grateful remembrance of your services to the country;—with becoming respect for your station, the most exalted on earth;—and with UNANIMOUS

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