EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS THE PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

THE WALTZ.

What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste!
What! touched in the twirl by another man's knee!
What! panting recline on another than me!
Sir, she is yours! you've brushed from the grape
its soft blue,
From the rose-bud you've shaken the tremulous dew.
What you've touched, you may take; pretty waltzer—adieu.

THE SNUFF TAKER: A PARODY ON 'THE WOODPECKER.'

As I sat by the fire, in reflection profound,
I thought that my nose I would treat,
And I said, 'If there's snuff in the world to be found,
I shall get it in Lundyfoot's street'
'Twas late! not a sound but the striking of clocks,
And the Snuff-taker tapping—his favorite box.

So to Lundy's I went, tho' the weather was rough,
My sensations with scent to regale;
How busy the shopmen! some served out the snuff,
And some neatly roll'd up pigtail.
Not a sound! all the watchmen were silent as blocks,
But the snuff-taker tapping—his favorite box.

Then I took a long stroll in the silence of night,
And I cried, 'Fortune grant me but
A quid of tobacco my joy and delight
And snuff to
It was morn! not
cocks,
And the snuff-taker tapping—his favorite box.

Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.

CRITERION OF A GOOD COW.

She's long in her face, she's fair in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without care or corn,
She's clean in her jaws, and full in her chine
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin
She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump.
A straight and fat back without ever a hump,
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs,
She's light in the neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in the breast, ank good at the pail,
She's fine in her bones, and skill of skin—
She's grazier's without, and butcher's within

THE FUTURE.—The result of our Charter Election impels us to further exertion in behalf of the Democratic cause. We have laid the foundation of a lasting reform. Encouraged by this energy of our friends, we shall continue to push on until our adversaries are fairly driven from the field. The Opposition will shower upon us their choice phrases of "destructives," "agrarians" "infidels," "loco focos," until the vocabulary is exhausted; but if with no better success than hitherto they are welcome to employ them, without any fear on our part that they will have any other effect than to stir up the Democracy to still greater efforts.—

We are rapidly penetrating the mysteries of banking, and daily acquiring knowledge of "the system." The experience of one year more will, in all human probability, be sufficient to break down any party that may dare to suggest a renewal of the connection of the National Treasury with incorporated companies.—*Louisville Public Advertiser.*

Last of the Buffaloes.—The Missouri Watchman states that a dead buffalo, on a long tour from the head waters of Missouri, was discovered floating on the river, one day last week, and towed into the mouth of Wier's creek. Numbers were attracted to the spot by the novelty of the spectacle. Like the Indians, whose melancholy fate they have been doomed to share, these exiles of the prairie and strangers in the land which was but a few short years ago their undisturbed home.—*St. Louis Bul*

FRUITS OF IDLENESS.—The news of a shocking death has just come to our ears which happened last Thursday, at Lorens and Cuddy's Iron works. Some idle boys went upon the hill which overhangs those factories, and loosened a very large stone, which rolled down, broke through the roof, struck one of the hands on the head and killed him instantly. The name of the unfortunate individual, sent thus suddenly and unwarned out of the world, was Davis.—He was a young, unmarried man, lately from Wales, with no relative, we understand, in this place, but a sister-in-law, and having himself been labouring here but a few weeks.

It appears upon examination, that it was with considerable effort and perseverance that the boys succeeded in starting from its bed the rock.—*Pittsburg Vis.*

MISCELLANEOUS

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE LOST FLOWERS.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farmhouse of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair-haired children came bounding over a stile to her side, and clung affectionately around their late attendant. Oh, Jeanie, what for maun you gang away? Mamma wudna let us see you out on the road a bit, but we wan away to you by rinnin' round the stack yard.' Jeanie stood still, as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said, 'Marian, you should have mair sense than to come when your mother forbade you. Rin away back, like gude bairns,' continued she, caressing them kindly; 'rin away hame. I'll maybe come and see you again.' 'Oh, be sure and do that then, Jeanie,' said the eldest. 'Come back again, Jeanie,' cried the younger ones, as they turned sorrowfully away.

From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jeanie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more modest & kind hearted creature, perhaps, never drew the breath of life. Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the Cotter's Saturday Night—she had conducted herself, in the several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire uniformly their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant, and of this class was Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw, a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as but sordid workers for the penny fee. To such a person, the timidity and reserve which distinguished Jeanie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs. Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that Jeanie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.

Her destination, on departing from her late abode, was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Eslington, and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married—Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful

ces under which it was about to [illegible] to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair, but they combined prudence with love; and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple love vows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to ensure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long cherished wishes of their hearts. A *but-and-a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jeanie Gray on her way from the farm house of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the revivified trees cast their shades over her path, the merry lark rose leapingly from the fields, and the sparrow chirruped from the hedge at her side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into unison with the pleasing influences.—Yet ever and anon a flutter of inlescribable emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unseen, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed, 'Jeanie!' and a well known form started up from a seat on the wayside. It was William Ainsle. The converse which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we cannot, and shall not attempt to describe.

After Jeanie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding cap; an ornament regarding which, trifles among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jeanie's heart and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present! but let us not anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits.—Let the readers then suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner, on the following day. William had been at his work that morning as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh! how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression. 'I maun be a truant, Jeanie, to

night,' said the husband. 'My comrades in the shop maun hae a foy frae me, since I coulding ask them a' to the wedding, ye ken.' 'Surely,' said his wife, raising her timid, confiding eyes to his face, 'whatever you think right, William; I ken you are nae waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you.' 'I hope you'll find me nae waster,' returned her husband, smiling; 'nor am I fear'd for your turning out ane, either, Jeanie lass, though you was sae very braw about the head last night.' By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding cap, and which were lying on the top of the new stand of drawers at the moment, Jeanie saw to what her husband alluded. 'Oh, the flowers!' said she, blushing; 'they didna come muckle, William.'

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her goodman. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jeanie and William received her as became her rank and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to take a glass of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas, how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs! The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation, when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the boquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner. 'Jeanie,' said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, 'I did not expect to find my flowers lying there—say not a word—I see it all—you have been a *thief*—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house!'

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder stricken pair. Jeanie, as already mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly towards him, and a flood of tears gushed over her cheeks. What thought William of all this? His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's; and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and reproach and left the room. His wife—his bride—stood in the first flush of her maiden joy—in the [illegible] on his departure

lie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eye witness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady. 'Take care o' Jeanie, William,' said the sister-in-law; 'she is ill o' a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her.' This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumbering and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul. 'Oh, William, you believe it! But it's no true—its no true—it is false!' was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William that in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie—it was may call her by a name she was destined for short a time to bear—fell after two or three days' illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the 8th day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life, great firmness and self command, and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the person who had been instrumental through inconsiderate rashness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Jeanie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs Smith, of Drylaw, found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rose bud in the little garden nigh the farm house, had lighted upon the artificial boquet in her mother's dressing room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found, and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guiltless.—Ignorant of all that had passed at Elsington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Jeanie's death; and on Mrs. Smith's entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth, with his sister-in-law, and another kind neighbor, bearing him company. 'Oh—by the bye—those flowers!' said the unwelcome visiter, in a tone and in a manner which she

[illegible] condescending and insinuating, [illegible] I am for what happened about [illegible]. Where do you think I found [illegible]—in a rose bush in the garden, [illegible] had put them. And now I am [illegible] that I am sorry for it, and hope [illegible] be all over.'

Ainslie had risen slowly during [illegible] ordinary speech; and now raising his [illegible] towards his lips, he approached and took [illegible] by the hand, beckoning at the [illegible] to the two women who were seated [illegible] They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved towards [illegible] round which the curtains were closed. [illegible] William leading forward also the [illegible] and bewildered visiter. The women [illegible] the curtains aside, and William fixed his eyes on Mrs Smith, pointed silently [illegible] of his wife shrouded in the cerements of death, and lying with the pale unconscious [illegible] upturned to that heaven for which [illegible] had been a fitting preparation.—[illegible] and false accuser gazed with [illegible] color on the corpse of the dead in[illegible], turning her looks for a moment [illegible] faces around, that regarded her [illegible] sorrow than in anger, she uttered a [illegible] anguish as the truth broke on her: [illegible] from the hand which held her, [illegible] departed from the house.

[illegible] a little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily, is but too [illegible]. The little we have to add is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. [illegible] burial of his Jeanie, William Ainslie [illegible] from Eslington; and what were his [illegible] fortunes, no one can tell, for he never [illegible] or heard of again in his native place. [illegible] the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she still lives to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope the circumstances will have an influence on future conduct, and be not without its [illegible] efficacy on the minds of our readers.

PERRY'S VICTORY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

[illegible] morning of the 10th of September, at sunrise the enemy were discovered [illegible] down from Malden for the purpose of [illegible] our squadron then at anchor in Put-in-Bay. Not a moment was to be lost. Perry's squadron immediately got under way, and [illegible] to meet the weather gage. At 10 [illegible] and shifted from S. W. to S. E. [illegible] brought our squadron to winward. The [illegible] night, the day beautiful—not a cloud [illegible] horizon. The line was formed [illegible] and Commodore Perry caused an [illegible] flag, which he had privately prepared, to be hoisted at the mast head of the [illegible] on the flag was painted, characters

[illegible] of which so much depended. At [illegible] before 12, the *Detroit*, the head-[illegible] of the enemy, opened upon the Law-[illegible] for ten minutes was obliged to [illegible] well directed and heavy fire from the [illegible] two large ship without being able to [illegible] with cannonades; at 5 minutes be-[illegible] Lawrence opened upon the enemy; [illegible] vessels were ordered to support her [illegible] and was at this time too light to en[illegible] to come up.—Every brace and bow [illegible] Lawrence being soon shot away; [illegible] become unmanageable and in this situation sustained the action upwards of two [illegible] within canister distance, until every [illegible] was rendered useless, and but a small [illegible] of her crew left unhurt upon deck.

[illegible] half past two the wind increased and enabled the Niagara to come into close action; [illegible] boats took a nearer position. Commodore Perry left his ship in charge of Lieut. [illegible] and went on board the Niagara. Just [illegible] reached that vessel, the flag of the Law-[illegible] came down, the crisis had now arrived. [illegible] Elliott at this moment anticipated the [illegible] of the Commodore, by volunteering his [illegible] bringing the schooners into close [illegible]

[illegible] minutes past two the signal was [illegible] close action.

[illegible] gara being very little injured and [illegible] fresh, the Commodore determined to [illegible] enemy's lines; he accordingly bore up [illegible] ahead of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte, [illegible] Lady Provost, pouring a terrible [illegible] into them from the starboard guns [illegible] the Chippewa and Little Belt, [illegible] board side, and at half pistol shot [illegible]. The small vessels at this time having [illegible] within grape and canister distance, [illegible] well directed and destructive fire.—[illegible] now raged with the greatest fury; [illegible] Charlotte having lost her commander [illegible] several of her principal officers, [illegible] confusion got foul of the De[illegible] situation the enemy in their turn [illegible] to sustain a tremendous fire without the power of returning it with much effect; [illegible] carnage was horrible, the flags of the Detroit, Queen Charlotte and Lady Provost struck in rapid succession.—The Little Belt attempted to escape to Malden, but she was pursued by two of the gun-boats and surrendered about three miles distance from the scene of action.

The writer of this account in company with five others arrived at the head of Put-in-Bay island on the evening of the 9th, and had a view of the action at the distance of only ten miles. The spectacle was really grand and awful. The fire was incessant for the space of three hours and continued at short intervals 45 minutes longer. In less than one hour after the battle began, most of the vessels of both fleets were involved in a cloud of smoke which rendered the issue of the action uncertain till the next morning when we visited the fleet in harbor on the opposite side of the island: the reader will easily judge of our solicitude to learn the result.

There is no sentiment more painful than suspense when it is excited by the uncertain issue of an event like this.

If the wind had continued at S. W. it was the intention of admiral Barclay to have boarded our squadron; for this purpose he had taken on board his fleet about 200 of the famous 41st regiment; they acted as Marines and fought bravely, but nearly two thirds of them were killed or wounded.

The carnage on board the prizes was prodigious—they must have lost 200 killed be-

sides wounded. The side of the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, was shattered from bow to stern;—there was scarcely room to place one's hands on their larboard sides without touching the impression of a shot; a great many balls, canister and grape were found lodged in her bulwarks, which were too thick to be penetrated by our cannonade unless within pistol shot distance. Their masts were so much shattered that they fell overboard soon after they got into the bay.

The loss of the Americans was severe, particularly on board the Lawrence. Whether the flag was struck she had but nine on board fit for duty. Her sides were completely riddled by the shots from the long guns of the British ships. Her deck the morning after the conflict, when I first went on board, exhibited a scene which defies description, for it was literally covered with blood, which still adhered to the planks and cloths, brains, hair and fragments of bones were sticking to the rigging and sides. The surgeons were still busy with the wounded; enough! horror appalled all my senses.

Among the wounded were several brave fellows, each of whom had lost a leg or an arm—they appeared cheerful and expressed a wish that they had done their duty better.—Rome and Sparta would have been proud of these heroes.

It would be invidious to particularize instances of individual merit, where every one so boldly performed his part of the duty. Of the nine remaining unhurt at the time the Lawrence struck her flag, five were immediately promoted for their unshaken firmness in such a trying situation.—The most of these had been in the actions with the Guerriere and Java.

Every officer of the Lawrence, except the Commodore and his little brother, a promising youth, 13 years of age, were either killed or wounded.

The efficacy of the gun-boats was fully proved in this action, and the sterns of all the prizes, bear ample testimony of the fact. They took raking positions and galled the enemy severely. The Lady Provost lost twelve men before either of the brigs fired on her. Their fire was quick and precise. Let us hear the enemy. The general order of Gen. Adjutant Baynes contains the following words: "[illegible] (Perry's) numerous gun *boats* (our) which had proved the *greatest* annoyance during the *action*, were all uninjured."

The undaunted bravery of Admiral Barclay, entitled him to a better fate; to the loss of the day, grevious and dangerous wounds, he had before lost an arm, it was now his hard fortune to lose the use of his other, by a shot which carried away the blade of his right shoulder—a canister made a violent contusion in his li[illegible], his wounds were for some days considered mortal. Every possible attention was paid to his situation. When Commodore Perry sailed [illegible] recovered; that he [illegible] to their lodgings.

On board the Detroit, twenty four hours after her surrender, were found snugly stowed away in the hold two Indian chiefs who had the courage to go on board at Malden for the purpose of acting as sharp shooters to kill our officers. One had the courage to go into the round top and discharge his piece, but the whizzing of shot, and bits of rigging, soon made the place too warm for him, he descended faster than he went up, at the moment he reached the deck the fragments of a seaman's head struck his comrade's face and covered it with blood and brains. He vociferated the savage interjection 'quoh!' and both sought safety below.

The British officer had domesticated a bear at Malden. Brain accompanied his comrades to battle—was on the deck of the Detroit during the engagement, and escaped unhurt.

The killed of both fleets were thrown overboard as fast as they fell. Several were washed ashore upon the island and the mainland during the gales that succeeded the action.

Commodore Perry treated the prisoners with indulgence, several Canadians having wives at Malden, were permitted to visit their families on parole.

The day after the battle, the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers who had fallen in the action, were performed in an appropriate and affecting manner. An opening on the margin of the bay, was selected for the interment of the bodies. The crews of both fleets attended. The weather was fine.

From the New York Observer.

LOSS OF LIFE BY WAR.

Only a small part of the victims of war perish by the cannon and the sword. In France, the mortality among soldiers, generally in youth or middle life, was found to be even in peace nearly twice as great as among galley-slaves! In a time of war they live on an average about three years; and even in peace their life is probably shortenened fifteen or twenty years. Their exposures, hardships and diseases often sweep them away like dew before the sun,—in some cases one half, in others three-fourths, in another still nearly nine-tenths!

How it destroys even peaceful inhabitants! In the war of 1756, there were in one instance no less then 20 contiguous villages left without man or beast. An eye-witness of the French butcheries in Portugal says, "the ditches along the line of their march were offtimes filled with clotted congulated blood as with mire; the dead bodies of peasants, put to death like dogs, were lying there horribly mangled; little naked infants, of a year old or less, were found besmeared in the mud of the road, transfixed with bayonet-wounds; and in one instance I saw a child not more than a month old, with the bayonet still sticking in his neck!"

Look at the havoc of single battles—at Austerlitz, 20,000; at Dresden, 30,000; at Waterloo, 40,000; at Eylau, 50,000; at Borodino, 50,000. Still worse in ancient times—at Issus, 110,000; at Arbela 300,000; in one battle of Cesar, 363,000; and in another, 400,000 of the enemy alone; in the siege of Jerusalem more than a million; and in that of ancient Troy not less than a million! In the Russian campaign there perished in six months, more than half a million; and during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe, no less then 5,800,000! The army of Xerxes, probably more than 5,000,000, was reduced in less than two years, to a few thousands. Jenghizhan butchered in the district of Herat, 1,600,000; and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000; and the Chinese historians assure us that during the last 27 years of his reign, he massacred an average of half a million every year, and in the first 14 years, no less than eighteen millions; 31,500,000; those of the Crusades, 40,000,000; those of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; those of the Tartars, 80,000,000.—Dr. Dick reckons the sum total of its victims, since Cain, at no less than fourteen thousand millions, eighteen times as many as all the population now on the globe; and Burke conjectures the number to have been *twenty five thousand millions!!*

STATS.

AMERICAN GENIUS.—As Whitney's Cotton Gin made a revolution in that fabric by its simplicity of structure and expedition in movement, so Mr. Gay's Patent winders are likely to do the same for silk. They wind the fibres directly upon the spools from the cocoons, and then twist them into threads with the same remarkable rapidity and precision.—Star.

INDIAN RELICS.—A mound in this city has been partially opened this week, and our citizens are picking up beads, arrow points, stone knives, and various other instruments and ornaments. One skeleton has been discovered entire, and portions of others. On counting the grains of the stump of a tree that stands upon the top of the mound, it appears that this tree must have been about one hundred and fifty years old. It has been cut down about sixteen years. We suppose that this ancient receptacle of the dead must have been formed about two hundred years ago.—[*Ohio City Argus.*]

From the "Globe."

Popular Fallacies with the Opposition.—1. It is a gross fallacy to represent that the Administration wishes to prevent the banks from resuming specie payments, or intends to embarrass them after they have resumed, by any wanton or unreasonable demands.

This slander is one of the arts of the "great financier," who would have the public believe he stopped specie payments last spring not from the *weakness* of his bank.

2. It is another such fallacy to say that the Administration wishes a better currency for the Government than for the people, when it wishes a constitutional and hard money for all small payments by the people, and bank paper to be used by those who prefer it, and by none others. It is, like WASHINGTON, opposed to all paper tender laws for the people or the Government. This slander is another of the humbugs of the day, for which the public is indebted to certain gentlemen, whom we will not character[illegible]

[illegible] power to the Treasurer to [illegible] the Treasury Department, [illegible] has of necessity enjoyed [illegible] power to transfer the public money from the places where it was collected, to those where it was to be deposited for safety, or to be paid out conviently for the public creditors.

No fiscal operations could exist for a month without such a power.

This slander is one of the *able arts* of an able editor in this city.

4. It is another gross fallacy to suppose that the Reform bill—or, in other words, the Independent Treasury bill—gives, or in its shape before amended was intended to give, any new discretionary power to discriminate between the kinds of money to be received.

The power was exercised as to bank notes and between different bank notes, by Secretary HAMILTON, and by every one of his successors. It was practised under both banks of the United States, as well as before and since their incorporation, and in the intermediate period between the end of the first and beginning of the second charter. Without such a power it is impossible to prevent ruinous losses and irregularities, unless *specie* alone is allowed to be taken, and the laws on this point more strictly adhered to than they were in 1790.

WHIGGERY.

This young Prince of the rag barons is the illegitimate son of a well known deceiver by the name of Federalism, and a rich and profligate lady by the name of Banks, notorious for her intrigues to obtain an unawful connection with Uncle Sam. He was born in a panic and christened by one of the scribes of the money-changers, whose name, it is said, is James Watson Webb. Before he was a year old he had many followers, and the wise men from the East came to celebrate his advent by a grand jubilee at Powelton. He had been cradled in chartered monopoly, and was richly clad in ornamented pieces of paper furnished by his mother and has now become a child of Promise. He has many watchful guardians, who are to be found amongst the brokers and stock-jobbers.

Young Whiggery imagines himself heir to great power and influence, and destined to rule this vast Republic with his tokens of wealth or promises to pay. He seems to inherit the disposition of his mother, and is always grasping after money, which he considers as the only passport to respectability. He often becomes furious when opposed in his projects by the plain, honest, and industrious people, arrayed under the banner of Democracy and Equal Rights. These he denounces as jacobins, levellers, agrarians, loco focos, infidels, and offscourings of the earth. He seems to delight in broils, noise and smoke, and has caused much powder to be burnt in honor of some supposed symptoms of his future ascendancy. He shows a deadly hostility towards those individuals who manage the affairs of the Government, and has sometimes threatened them with extermination. He displays many singular freaks. Though very fond of brick houses and marble palaces, he has a great abhorrence for any thing like masonry. He sometimes expresses great fears that the laws will be violated by the rabble, as he calls the people; yet we not only hear, but see, his *notes of defiance* which he issued from his mother's strong edifices. He professes great regard for order and decency, and for proper distinctions in society, and would experience a holy horror at seeing an honest mechanic or farmer upon an equality with a rich bank director; yet he sometimes raises the Abolition flag, with the word Abolition on it, and would

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