the immense issues of paper money, that had swelled out and given an additional and fictitious value to every thing consumed or employed by Government—with hundreds, if not thousands, of other most satisfactory causes to any impartial, rational mind. But this was no time to go into detail in relation to those matters, and it would be out of order to do so upon this subject. He hoped the gentleman would, however, bring in some proposition upon this subject; and as a friend of reduction and reform, he would pledge himself to go with him to his heart's content.

This, however, the gentleman seemed studiously to avoid. Perhaps it was because nearly every similar attempt of special committees had never failed to cover their authors with shame and contempt, and end in the disgrace of their party. He hoped that the gentleman would not be discouraged, however, but would bring forward his proposition for a scaling committee, as he would most assuredly lend him his little aid in carrying it on.

SAILING-MATCH BETWEEN THE U. S. BRIG DOLPHIN AND H. B. M. WIZARD.

While the English are still exulting in the Pique's having beaten the Independence, under circumstances very unfavourable to the latter, a distance of one and a half miles in a run of a hundred from Spithead to Plymouth, we are very happy to be able to record the very different result of a race between vessels belonging to the two nations, on the coast of Brazil, in the following extract of a letter from an officer of the Dolphin.—N. Y. Amer.

We were to have sailed from Bahia for Rio, on the 15th of April, in company with the French corvette Sappho; but as we could not sail, on account of the letter-bag, earlier than the hour for which we had given notice for its removal on board, as it came on to blow very heavily from the South, it was determined to remain until the next day, the rather, that the Wizard was seen coming from Rio, and might be the bearer of despatches which would change the destination of the Dolphin. We soon learned that the Wizard had brought nothing that would, change our destination; and, also, that she was to sail the following, morning, on her return to Rio. Here, then, was to be an opportunity for trying the sailing of the two vessels, for which the officers of the Wizard had been long desirous.

On the morning of the 16th April, the Dolphin weighed at ten o'clock, with a fresh breeze from the southward and tide of ebb, and commenced beating out of the Bay of All Saints, 11, the Wizard was also under way. By this time all were out of the harbor, with the prospect of weathering the Shoal Antonio, being about five miles to windward of the Wizard. We were, however, headed off, and the ebb tide gradually yielded to a northerly current, occasioned by the southerly gale of the previous day. After losing ground in several ineffectual tacks, each of which brought us into shoaler water, we made a long stretch towards the Itaparica shore, to try our fortunes in that direction. The Wizard, bringing out the ebb tide had, in the mean time, reduced her distance to leeward to one and a half miles by three o'clock in the afternoon, when she also began to feel the increasing influence of the northerly current. The two vessels continued to occupy the same relative position until dark when they tacked their heads off shore to the eastward. The Dolphin gained when the breeze freshened, and in squalls, by out-carrying the Wizard, and only taking in her royals when the Wizard furled her topgallant sails, and the Wizard coming up in light breezes

This was owing to the little canvass the Dolphin is able to spread, being not more than twothirds of what she carrys with perfect safety, and would have, if squarred as our vessels of war generally are. At 7.30, the Wizard being on our lee bow, both vessels were taken aback by a squall from the eastward. Sail had been reduced on the Dolphin to top-sails; after bracing about on the larbord tack, the topsail and mainsail were reefed, and sail gradually made again as the squalls passed over. The Wizard not having shortened sail, had her jib split, and maintopgallant-yard disabled as was presumed from her showing no maintopgallant-sail the next morning This shift of wind, however, brought her to windward. As the wind became light, and the vessels were so close together as to hear the bells struck, and watch called at eight o'clock, it was deemed prudent to wear the Dolphin, and bring by the wind on the starboard tack, with the head to the eastward,—the Wizard being to windward, the wind too light for her to tack, and she of course, unable to increase the distance of the two vessels from each other, to that which safety in such light airs, attended with a heavy sea, required. The Dolphin thus past astern of the Wizard, placing her between himself and the port of destination. This was important in showing that, though the Dolphin had an hour's start of the Wizard, the latter was fairly ahead at the outset of the passage.

During the early part of the night, both vessels were so rapidly currented to the northward, that the light on St. Antonio Point was in sight at 10 o'clock, though the wether was thick and the light a very bad one —A light land breeze, however enabled them to make east-ing enough to drift clear of Itapoan: At sunrise the Wizard was about five miles off, on the weather quarter. During the day the Dolphin alternately gained and lost, as the wind freshened or grew light. At meridian, the Dolphin tacked to the SSW. The Wizard, which had hitherto followed our motions in tacking, kept on to the NE, and weat gradually out of sight, at which we were much delighted, as we wished that each should paddle his own canoe and work his own head work.

During two days the wind continued southerly, with squally weather and an heavy swell from the southward. We were each day currented twenty miles to the northward, and when three days out, had only gained one hundred miles to the S. E. We had however made no bad tacks, and had not lost an inch of ground. On the third day out we took the S. E. trade, with better weather and steadier winds, though it still continued squally.

On the 22d we had got to the latitude of Espirito Santo, and were a hundred miles to the eastward of it. Here we took a very strong breeze from the S. E. By carrying a very heavy press of sail, under which the little Dolphin behaved nobly, and carried herself as dry as a frigate, in her new trim of 3 feet 6 inches by the stern, we were able to luff clear of Cape St. Thomas and its shoals, and bear up gallantly on the evening of the 23d, for Cape Frio. At 4 A. M. we made Cape Frio light on the starboard bow, and at midnight of the 24th we were in harbor of Rio, and soon after at anchor above Fort Santa Cruz; being of course duly bellowed at in bad English from the same.

When morning came, we were a little anxious to see whether the harbor already contained our worthy friend the Wizard, though conscious that nothing short of a powerful exercise of has necromantic art could have brought him there before us. In towing into the harbor, for we had got our boats out, though working only with the watch, we had boarded a vessel, at anchor to learn if there were tidings of either the Wizard or the Sappho: but as our friend was also inward bound, we could glean nothing from him.

In removing into the inner harbor, we were some what terrified at finding there a "tenny," the very counterpart of the Wizard: but we were re-assured in seeing that she carried a fore trysail, while the Wizard has none. It proved to be the Britomart. There was no Wizard, no Sappho, no Regeneracion; the latter, a celebrated and very fast sailing corvette of 28 guns, formely the Robert Fulton steam-ship, which sailed 5 days before us from Bahia with the President of the province on board. To conclude, we had a passage of 8 days and some hours. The Sappho, having sailed 1 day before us, arrived 2 days after, us, in a passage of 11 days; the Regeneracion arrived the same day as the Soppho after a passage of 15 days; and the bedevilled Wizard 3 days after us, after being at sea 11 days and some hours. She is sorely chafed and strained, and how lies with her main-mast out; whether sprung, or with the step started, we have not had the malice to inquire. She is about 5 feet longer, and has 1 foot less beam than the Dolphin. She spread about 3 yards of canvass for every 2 of ours. If we had raced for an exchange of masts and yards, we should have got just what we wanted to make the Dolphin exactly what a man-of-war of this class should be staunch, handy, active and swift of foot; ready to perform quickly and respectably whatever service might be required; but alas! in the language of the commander-in chief, she is only a brigantine. As I do not believe that there will be any account of this race published, either in the United Service Journal, or even in the Hampshire Telegraph I hope you will take some means of making the circumstances attending it known as widely as possible: This time, at least, we shall have the laughers on our side.

From the New York Evening Post.

NEW YORK BIRD CATCHERS.—In the first volume of Hone's Table Book is an engraving of London Bird Catchers in the year 1827, and under it are printed the calls, or JERKS, as they are technically called —the peculiar sounds and articulations of voice, by which the people of this profession allure wild birds within their reach. Our readers will perhaps be amused with a sample of these JERKS.

"Tuck—Tuck—Fear.
Tuck, Tuck Fear—Ic, Ic, Ic.
Tuck, Tuck, Fear—Ic quak—e weet.
[This is a FINISHED JERK.]
Tolloc, Ejup, R—weet, weet, weet.
Tolloc, Tolloc, cha—Ic, Ic, Ic.
Lug, Lug, G—cha, cha.
Lug, Lug—Orchee, weet.

New York has its bird catchers as well as London. One of these goes under the name of THE EXPRESS. He has establised himself at the corner of Wall and Water streets, where he practises his jerks diligently every morning, for the catching of such foolish birds as he finds in that neighborhood. Here is a sample of his jerks:

"Slam Bang—Slam Bang—Slam Bang & Co.
Slam Bang—Slam Bang—Slam Bang Ming & Co.
This is a FINISHED JERK.
Loco foco, Loco foco—A quacky, mob.
Loco-foco, Loco foco—Revolution, Revolution—
Agrarians, Agrarians—Fanny Wright, Fanny Wright.
Levellers, Levellers, Levellers—Jack Cade, Jack Cade, &c. &c.

The birds allured and taken by means of these calls are chiefly of the kinds called gulls, bobbies, noodles, doddrels, and geese, which do most affect maritime places. Plenty of lame ducks, which haunt the neighborhood where the bird catcher has stationed himself, are also taken, being more easily made prisoners on account of their disabled state; and that fiercer fowl, that bird of prey, the kite, which delights to hover and swoop his victims in the atmosphere of Wall street, is often by those calls decayed into the net. When caught the birds are made to practise the jerks which we have given, until they become quite perfect in their parts, when you will hear the boobies, lame ducks, noodles, geese, kites, &c., call out "Slam Bang, Slam Bang—Jack Cade, Jack Cade," all at once, with astonishing energy and correctness of accent. A friend of ours heard the words Slam, Bang, Ming & Co, pronounced by one of these birds the other day in Broadway, not far from Leonard street, as distinctly as the bird catcher himself could have uttered it. A great black and white bird, called the JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, from its coming out every morning and hovering over the shipping, was once caught, and for two or three mornings together uttered the words Slam, Bang & Co. as distinctly as a human being, of which there are at present several living witnesses.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Republican.

"RESURRECTION NOTE" BILL—BIDDLE WHIGS DEFEATED—SPEAKING AGAINST TIME—OLD VETERANS AND PRIVATE CLAIMS NEGLECTED, &c. &c.

WASHINGTON, July 7 1838.

The "whigs" God save the mark are literally *hors du Combat!* They are writing and twisting, swearing and bellowing upon the unexpected and signal defeat which plain prudence and a righteous regard for the constitution of the country obliged the democracy to inflict upon them. They were literally drunken in their glory. They buried the Sub-Treasury and Mr. Wise as the Great High Priest of the faction declared the bill of Judge Grundy as a "resurrection,"—and it *was* a righteous Lazarus springing from the tomb; and *he yet lives*.

The bill provides by penal enactments against the further violation of law and decency, against the repeated and apparently never ending impudence of Mr. Biddle in bearding the American people by the re-issue of his notes, or in other words the notes of the defunct or any other retired institution, under the penalties of a heavy fine and imprisonment, and at once cripples the Banker, the Speculator the Broker, the Cotton shipper, the Caleb Quotem of "Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures," the man who had vainly hoped by an *ignorant* and imbecile aristocracy to fetter the "HUGE PAWS" of American patriotism.

When this bill was entertained by the House, and it was ascertrined that the subject would be treated with becoming respect, a clique of conspirators at once resolved to defeat it, *by speaking out the session*. Prentiss, Wise and Jenifer exhausted their efforts, and worried and tormented the House and the audience, until the patience even of their own friends became too manifest to be misunderstood. An adjournment was proposed. No! The previous question demanded a call of the House insisted upon—ayes and noes called upon that. Granted. Twenty minutes spent in that useless effort to delay times, as three fourths voted in the negative; the previous question was then sustained, and the vote taken which resulted so triumphantly in favor of the administration. Mr. Wise gave notice that he should the next day move a reconsideration of the question, having voted in the affirmative, but this shallow artifice of the demagogue availed him little, for a member immedeately rose and moved a reconsideration which was promptly and almost unanimously seconded by the House. Mr. Davee of Maine, here sprung the Previous Question which was sustained, and the Bill passed without a division. The conspirators were in amazement! It is said that some of them threatened to *gouge* out each other's peepers, and others proposed to go in search of the black coffin launched in the canal about the time the Adam's Judges were appointed at midnight in the reign of terror. Suffice it to say there is an awful stillness in the camp. The fires are all out. Whigs, Conservatives, Renegadoes, Decency, &c. &c. &c. &c., are *used up!*

And should it not be so? Biddle had 60 or 70 millions to discharge a small debt for which the United States as a partner was responsible. The partnership was dissolved by limitation. Uncle Sam entirely satisfied of the reckless and wretched and scandalous manner in which his affairs were managed, determined to close the establishment so far as he was concerned, and to stop this iniquitous business in order to prevent perils to others which his sagacity has fully established. But Biddle, regardless of the compact, refuses to refund his partner's share of either capital or profits, and actually speculates, and is even now speculating, upon the means of his retired partner against his consent and contrary to his wishes, bringing into activity retired paper, and, instead of cancelling notes redeemed, thrusts them into market upon the credit of the silent but responsible partner. Ruin and desolation as wide as the domain of this vast territory, have followed the wake of this monopoly, and while Mr. Biddle may regale Mr. Sergeant, Mr. Clay, Mr. Binney, &c. upon his princely plate, he is screwing down the honest tradesman and mechanic, aye, and farmer too, by the most abominable fraud which was ever practised upon the public. Trading and shaving upon that which did not belong to him. Using a half dozen or more millions of the returned issues of the defunct bank—re-issuing and speculating upon them in direct violation of law, and holding the entire banking institutions of the country under his iron—not golden rod.

For such offences he well deserves the censure of Congress—he richly merits the contempt of the American people. Let his punishment abide in the grandeur of his palace! and his plate!! and his conscience!!!

But if there is any thing calculated in this matter to excite the ire and disgust the feelings of the American people, it is the unparalleled and most wanton impudence of Wise and others to speak *against time* in order to defeat this measure. *He and his friends unhesitatingly declared that to be their object.* And the precious moments of the last night but one of the session, when so many deserving objects who had claims unquestioned upon the Government—families at home anxiously awaiting the old pensioner or other claimant; such men were found casting an anxious glance through the windows of the lobbies, or peeping round the pillars of the galleries, or promenading with feverish anxiety the outside of the bar, wondering when the *gentlemen would be done.* Alas! poor veteran—venerable father of a large but impoverished household, you have nothing to hope for here without you can wend your way home upon the frothy eloquence of a Wise, a Prentiss, or a Jenifer—men who SPEAK AGAINST TIME; and as the session is limited, your very true friends are those who despise alike them and their measures.

BE IT REMEMBERED,

By every Mechanic and Labouring Man

That the Federalists are in favor of making bank paper the acknowledged currency of the country.

That they want to force the Government to take the notes of every bank in the United States, when there is scarcely a bank note in the country that will pass current one hundred miles from the place where issued.

That they coalesced with the Bank of England to produce distress.

That they have determined to make the people suffer, because they are Democrats, and because they support democratic men.

That they have declared "*Free suffrage to be a curse to any people.*"

That they refused to grant aid to the Government, at the time of extreme emergency.

And that they have boldly declared "*the single end and aim of the Federal party is to get into power.*"

Let the people remember these things.—Keep them continually before you. They contain sentiments that should never be tolerated in a republican government—*Trenton Emporium.*

☞The Editor of the Civilian, in making the statement he did last week, relative to the political character of the Messrs Twiggs and Sharp, the persons lately reprieved from the gallows and penitentiary by the Whig Governor of the State, either exposes a great degree of ignorance or wilfully perverts the truth. He reports them to be Jackson men, which is not the fact, and which he might have learned from either of the Candidates of his party last fall. Or if he had referred to the testimony of one of the witnesses in the case of Simeon Twigg, he would there have found that he is a WHIG of the modern stamp, SWORN to. Is this sufficient.

This is a subject that we cared little about agitating in our paper, and surely would not have again referred to it, had it not been to correct the false impression likely to grow out of the article alluded to in the last Civilian. We care not if Governor Veazy, the tool of the Big whigs, releases all the convicts in the Penitentiary of the State in order to get their votes and smiles—it would not be more contrary to law and right than his paying the people's money out of the Treasury, on his own responsibility to partizan office holders and his partizan Printer at Annapolis. —Cumberland Advocate.

THE SILK CULTURE IN MARYLAND.

The Frederick Herald speaks in terms of high eulogium of the enterprize of Messrs. Jenks and Ramsburg of that place, who have a flourishing orchard of Italian (M. Alba) Mulberry trees and 100,000 worms. This year they calculate on making 30 or 40 lbs. of silk, the next year about 500 lbs. On the eastern shore, Maryland, much is doing with the Morus Multicaulis.

CONTRADICTION.—The Baltimore American of this morning says: "We are happy to contradict, on the authority of an U. S. officer who is direct from the Cherokee Agency in the South West, the painful rumor which was published a few days ago, respecting the alleged explosion of the steamboat Knoxville, and the loss of the lives of 500 Cherokee Indians. It appears that one of the cylinders of the boat exploded, but no personal injury was sustained by any one on board.

MR. PAPINEAU, the Canadian patriot, and the Rev *Etienne Gortier*, a Catholic priest, also concerned in the late movements in Lower Canada, are now in Philadelphia.

THE ODD FELLOWS.—The Grand Lodge of the Order of Independent Odd Fellows yesterday celebrated their first anniversary, in this city, by a procession, oration, and other exercises. They marched through the principal streets, with their attractive insignia, banners, &c., and made a very imposing appearance: The oration was delivered in the Unitarian Church, by the Rev. James D. McCabe, and was well received as an eloquent and satisfactory exposition of the character and principles of the order. Brethren were in attendance from Winchester, Harper's Ferry, Pourtsmouth and Petersburg.

From the Richmond Whig.

From the Harford Republican.

THE GREAT WHIG BARBECUE.

On Tuesday at Havre-de-Grace, this meeting of the whigs took place. The flourish of trumpets and dreadful note of preparation which preceded it, prepared us to expect a multitudinous assemblage. About 12 o'clock, a steamboat from Baltimore arrived with a cargo of Lawyers and others and a band of music. The cars also furnished a goodly number. Those foreigners with the people of Havre-de-Grace, and a few from different parts of the county, made up the party.—The Baltimoreans were so numerous that the few of our people that were there were lost in the crowd.

They had mutton and ham, and a plenty of drink, that was good; after filling their skins wih sheep hnd whiskey, Wise, Prentiss, Johnson and others gave us some vituperative speeches against the Democratic party, and Johnson seemed as much in earnest as if he had never made speeches on the other side.

The whole affair was perfectly harmless. It was understood that the thing was concocted in Baltimore to influence our county election, and to conceal its object, it was to appear as a whig rejoicing over the defeat of the sub-treasury. But it is known where it came from, and who are its authors, and our people have too much manly pride and independence of spirit to suffer foreigners to influence their election. We have intelligence enough to regulate our political affairs, and the last persons to whom we would apply, if we had not, is that squad of Baltimore lawyers, who now misrule this state, and are the authors of all the corruption in the government. We rejoice that we have a people that will not bear dictation, no matter how softly it may be communicated. The smiles of Indemnity gentry, or a shake of the blood stained hand of Wise has but little effect here.

We expected more of our country people would have attended; great industry has been used by the whigs in advertising that Wise and other animals would be exhibited there, and we supposed that the agency of Wise in the murder of Cilley would have brought people to see him, with that kind of curiosity which carries persons to see a man hung; but all the inducements could not congregate many of the voters of this Democratic county.

A SENSIBLE REMARK.—The New York Gazette, and whig paper thus expresses itself in regard to the slang document of Governor Ritner, misnamed "a proclamation."

"The manner, is exceedingly objectionable. There is not a word contained in the paper that is not perfectly true, nor an expression that might well be used in a newspaper essay on the same subject, but, well as we like the spirit and general character of the proclamation, we have no disposition to withhold the opinion—certainly entertained—that such language as is used in reference to the acts of the general Government and certain other expressions on other matters, is shockingly unbecoming and out of place in an official paper from the Chief Magistrate of the State of Pennsylvania."

WHIG CATECHISM.

Who was the *first* man?—Anna Royal!
Who was the *wisest* man?—Nicholas Biddle.
Who was the *meekest* man?—John Bell.
Who was the *greatest* man?—Daniel Webster.
Who was the *best* man?—Henry A. Wise.
Who was the wickedest man?—Andrew Jackson.
Who was the most *patriotic* man?—Benedict Arnold.
Who was the first *traitor*?—Thomas Jefferson.
Why was Jefferson a traitor?—Because he opposed the United States Bank.
Who killed cock robbin?—The Boston Atlas.
Where was the Whig place of worship?—At their Sanctum Sanctorum.
What was the Sanctum Sanctorum?—The U. S. Bank.
Where did the Chief Priests and Elders meet in convention?—At Hartford.
Who tinkered the currency?—Joseph Tinker Buckingham.
Who betrayed his master for 30 pieces of silver?—James Watson Webb.
Who was the *first* murderer?—Wm. J. Graves.
Who was the last martyr?—Jonathan Cilley.
Who was the first blasphemer?—Henry Clay.
What are the most convincing arguments?—Fisticuffs.
Who adopts this system of reasoning?—Bell of Tennessee.
Who killed the Great Dragon?—The Hero of New Orleans.
Who dug his grave?—Thomas H. Benton.
Who tanned its hide?—Martin Van Buren.
Who said *Amen?*—John C. Calhoun.
[Boston Reformer.

We think it very probable the Whig papers at the North will elect Edwin Forrest, the Tragedian, to Congress. In our humble opinion, they have made entirely too much of the circumstance of his being selected to delived a Loco Foco lecture on the 4th of July A part from his error in politics, we can see nothing particularly exceptionable in the idea of this taking a part on the political stage. Half the men in Congres have no half the talent possessed by Forrest. *Richmond Whig.*

The whig papers lie so much, that people don't believe the Deaths or the Marriages they publish.

THE WHIG.

EASTON, MD.

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1838.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR,

WILLIAM GRASON,

OF QUEEN ANN'S.

Day of Election, First Wednesday in October

☞The style in which an article is written will sometimes betray its authorship; for instance, a man whose daily avocation is to speak of "bile" and "feted discharges," is very apt to use them when he steps out of his immediate professional sphere to assume another.

☞Our remarks on Tuesday last appear to have ruffled the lowly tempers of the writing "pedants" who hang about the blue-light concern over the way. In their last paper they still harp upon what they elegantly style a 'calumny,' and with a superabundance of words soliloquize over some very queer *notions* of right and wrong. We congratulate our neighbor upon the very *rare* professional aid he has of late evidently obtained to his corps of editorial scribblers, and we hope he may succeed in convincing his readers of what he appears very desirous, that "the moon is made of green cheese," and that all his devotees, for being passive believers in what he says, may have a slice thereof as the reward of their credulity. But we don't blame him for resorting to any stratagem—something is better than nothing, as Pindar would say, "to help a *lame dog* over a style."

The writer for the Gazette says, his information of our 'nightly assemblages' was communicated by a respectable young gentleman! We sincerely *pity* the young man, and would now caution him to be more careful in future, or else his respectability might be called in question. For he should know that to become the *jackall* of such a concern is proof positive that he is ready to abandon all that is commendable in society for the smiles of a set of crafty politicians whose integrity of principle goes not beyond the promotion of their own selfish and sinister objects.

Knowing as we do the settled policy of that print towards us, we would not descend so low as to give it even a passing notice, if it were not to check its insolence and expose its ignorance. We neither dread its motives nor shrink from its petty malice, nor do we suffer ourself to be driven from our duty as a public journalist—wearing no man's collar, nor succumbing to no man's dictation—we are resolved to pursue a fearless and independent course, though it may offend the *vain* and *arrogant*, and bring upon us the surly displeasure of the professional gentlemen who assume the guardianship of the Gazette's editorials.—We regret one thing at least:—when a certain clique of hungry politicians, for the purpose of carrying out their heterodox notions, make a pack-horse of a man, and a silly echo of his press, we regret there is no manner of means of getting *directly* at these worthies and holding *them* up to public gaze, but by attacking them over the shoulders of the luckless wight who they so shamefully use in the person of the Gazette man But if he is content to be the mere pander of such men's worst passions, we need not complain.

☞Some of the Whig editors are imitating Mr. Twenty-four-thousand-dollar Bond, and are lustily decrying Mr. Van Buren for the extravagancies of Congress. They had better acquaint their readers how much time has been uselessly wasted by their party leaders in Congress and at what expense to the people

We wonder what Mr. Van Buren had to do with erecting an 'ornamental water-spout' at the capitol?

NEW PAPER.—We have received several numbers of the Philadelphia "Spirit of the Times," a new daily recently commenced in that city. It is of the right kind of politics; edited with much spirit, and very neat in its typographical appearance. Go on and prosper.

☞The July No. of the Lady's Book has been received. It is, as usual, very elegantly embellished with engravings.

☞The North Carolina elections 'come off' early next month. Politics appear cool—the weather hot!

The 'godlike Webster' is to do eating to-day at Boston. Who says grace—Wise or Bell?

☞Bromwel left Mobile for Baltimore on the 10th inst. in the custody of officers.

☞The watering places are said to be unusually thronged with visiters this season. Is this the misery and wretchedness predicted by the Whigs?

☞We assure our friend of the 'Baltimore Herald' that our paper is regularly forwarded to him—the fault is not with us.

☞The Western Mail arrived last night about half past ten o'clock, but we were unable to procure any papers, and consequently debarred of the priviledge of laying before our readers later intelligence than what we do.

☞The loco-focos are sending out missionaries in every part of the country to make converts of whig freemen.—*Federal paper.*

It is generally thought praise worthy to send out missionaries to convert the *heathen.*

When dunces call us fools without proving us to be so our best retort is to prove them to be fools without descending to call them so.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The Boston Advocate says that Daniel Jackson of New York, who was one of the Commissioners for building the Custom House in that city, and was associated with Webb and Morrill, in the attempt to assault the lamented Cilley, *has been removed.*

☞Why are ladies' gowns about the region of the waist, like a camp meeting? Because there is a *great gathering* there.

A NEW LOAN.—"I say Jack," said a Smithfield drover the other day, to his pal, "these cursed sheep won't move in this veather; lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

☞At a Fourth of July dinner at Boston, John Barney toasted Daniel Webster as a great northern light;—he meant *Blue Light*, of course.

Professor Bascom is lecturing in New York and with great success. He is perhaps, one of the most celebrated pulpit orators of the age and competent both to touch the heart and excite the imagination.

Gen. Atkinson declined accepting the office of Governor of the new Territory of Iowa, and Robert Lucas, former Governor of Ohio, has been appointed in his stead.

The late federal legislature appointed two convicted felons, in a town in the western part of the state, Justices of the Peace.—This is undoubtedly "regulating exchanges," and destroying the effects of "visionary legislation." —*Win. Co. Gaz.*

Valuable depositaries of marble have been discovered in the vicinity of Cumberland, which the completion of the canal to that point will bring into advantageous use.

THE ARMY.—The bill for the increase of the army of the United States, provides that the Artillery shall be increased 830 men, with the reduction of 20 lieutenants, one in each company. The Infantry is to be increased 3670 men, with an increase of the compliment of commissioned officers, of 13.

MR. GRASON.

☞Some of the unscrupulous Opposition papers of this State, are laboring hard to impair the confidence of the people in our worthy candidate for Governor, by representing him as a Federalist. Knowing the high moral and political character of Mr. Grason, they regard his name as a strong-hold for the principles of his party,—and they assail him in the same spirit a besieging enemy opens its batteries on the strongest fortifications. If Mr. Grason was raised among Federalists, the sin was certainly not his. If, whilst he was a young man, he was at any time an advocate of any of the measures, of the old Federal party, it was not (as his political life fully proves) because he entertained any *anti*-democratical principle. If, in consequence of his peculiar opinions with regard to certain measures, he was called a Federalist, does that effect the genuine democracy of the man! We should think not. "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet." And we venture to say, that deeply and enthusiastically imbued, as Mr. Grason is with the vital principles of democracy he may have been as good a Democrat by the name which his enemies give him, to render him odious, as by any other name. Though some of the Whigs seem to reverse this maxim, and believe that they can make themselves sweet by the happy selection of a name, however corrupt may be the body of their party, they can never make their perverted principles taint the reputation of a true patriot.

A true Democrat is one who venerates the government which secures the greatest liberty of the people; who is the friend of equal laws and equal privileges; who acknowledges no distinctions among men, but the distinctions which God has given—the just from the unjust, and who swears eternal enmity to all restraints upon the freedom of conscience and of mind, and to the domineering rule of the high born and wealthy, who are frequently among the worst of mankind. Such a democrat, we are assured, is our worthy candidate. As furiously as the whigs may throw the malignant shafts of calumny, they cannot reach him.—We venture the assertion, that he has never, at any time, expressed one *anti*-democratical sentiment. His enemies have made their assertions, and with them lies the burthen of the proof. When they call him Federalist, they intend to insinuate that he is not a good Democrat. Let them prove the *anti*-democratical principles of Mr. Grason, or they must stand convicted of calumny.—*Hag Mail.*

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—We learn from the Wheeling Times that the President and Committee of Directors, who have been recently in that city, have determined to commence operations on the Western termination of this road without delay. A corps of Engineers will commence this week to stake out the route from Wheeling Eastward preparatory to letting contracts. The amount subscribed by the legislature of Virginia can probably be made at once available. It subscribed to twofifths of the stock of that portion of the road running through the state, to be paid when the remaining three-fifths were subscribed and paid. The subscription of one million by the city of Wheeling makes up that three fifths, so that there appears to be nothing in the way of a vigorous prosecution and completion of the work from the Maryland line to the city of Wheeling.

COMPACT COMFORT.—A gentleman having heard that a bachelor Editor of an evening paper, was about to change his quarters, said to him, "Is it possible that your folks think of moving." Our cotemporary replied—"When I move, my family moves; and when my hat is on, my house is shingled."

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness for an assault, one of the counsel, who was very much given to browbeat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the defendant struck the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "just four feet five inches and a half." "Pray thee fellow," says the counsel "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to distance?" "I thought," says the carpenter, "that some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it."

CLOSING SCENE.

It is our duty to inform the public, that the men who, at the late session, violated the hitherto undefiled Hall of National Legislation, and made it the scene of blows and bloodshed, belong to the ranks of whiggery exclusively.

From the moment that Mr. Clay entered the Hall of the House of Representatives, flushed with rage, and in his sonorous voice uttered his malediction, "*G—d damn you go home, where you belong,*" his eager followers seem to have felt that it was a sort of order to carry things *vi et armis*, and trust no longer to argument. The public know how Mr. Cilley was selected and hunted down by the

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