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Whole No. 145.

By George W. Sherwood.
Noticed, dear, as to issue it...
The one you wear?
I never flows any body to meddle with...
I've been in your shop, and I know it...
I'm sure to have the colic.

And his gals git into our orchard. Dad sets the dog after the sheep and me after the gals...
I never flows any body to meddle with...
I've been in your shop, and I know it...
I'm sure to have the colic.

THE BLACKSMITH AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.
And now I have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring among those high in station and renowned in fame.

coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another officer kissed the sod, the tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith...
General Jackson's Remarks of Mr. Slidell.

here let me permit to say, that I, for one, do not sympathize with what I consider a sickly affection of the day—the clamor against (to use the popular parlance) military chiefdoms. I consider that, to be a great soldier, requires a combination of all the highest qualities...
The British army of invasion was on the coast—an army composed of fifteen thousand veterans, flushed with a succession of victories recently achieved...

prolonged session, and appeared extremely desirous that they should adjourn. On the 14th December, the Governor proposed to the Legislature the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, which was refused...
Time will not permit me to enter into a critical examination of these proceedings. Irregularities and anomalies of every kind might be found in them; but let us recur to a few prominent points as landmarks in the discussion of the question...

course of Judge Hall, and, to account for his proceeding, it will be necessary to enter into an analysis of his character and history. In doing this, it will become necessary to disregard the somewhat trite and stale conceit of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and I do not acknowledge its general truth, for I see no good reason why, in an appreciation of character, the dead should enjoy greater immunities than the living. But it is especially unjust in its application, when living merit is to be ungenerously affected by its operation. *Nil de mortuis nisi verum*, say I; and to do justice to General Jackson, it is necessary to tell the truth of Judge Hall. He has been cited as a model of judicial firmness, dignity, and integrity. As to the last quality, I most cheerfully accord it truth. So far as the mere aspect of pecuniary bias or corruption goes, I believe him to have been blameless. So far as his characteristic qualities would permit the important to know the truth of his being an Englishman, I believe he had a right to be considered as such, and in that position, I believe him to have been admitted by every one. It is distinctly proved that it was so by Judge Hall.

ESTER COUNTY
MUSICAL SOCIETY

MISCELLANY.
A GENUINE YANKEE.
Some years since an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from the Eastern part of Massachusetts for the Green Mountains of Vermont. While travelling through the town of New Salem his road led into a piece of woods of some miles in length; and long before he got through he began to entertain doubts whether he should ever be best with the sight of a habitation; but as all things must have an end, so at last had the woods and the nut brown house of a farmer greeted his vision. Near the road was a tall, ravened, overgrown, lantern jawed boy, probably 17 or 18 years of age, digging potatoes. He was a curious figure to behold. What was lacking in the length of his bow breeches was amply made up for in width—his suspenders appeared to be composed of birch bark, grape vine and sheep skin; and as for his hat, which was of dingy white felt—poor thing! it had evidently seen better days—but now, alas! it was only the shadow of its glory. Whether the tempest of time had beaten the top in, or the lad's expanding genius had burst it out was difficult to tell: at any rate it was missing—and thro' the aperture red hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sunday. In short he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld. Our travelling friend feeling an itching to scrape acquaintance with the critter, drew up the reins of his horse and began:
"Hallo my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"
Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe handle—rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg and replied:
"Hullo yourself! how'd dew?—wall I guess I can. Taint near as far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then it was generally reckoned four mile, but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make more'n two. The fust house you come to though is a barn, and the next is a haystack; but old Hoskin's house is on byant. You'll be sure to meet his gals long before you git there; tarnal rompin' critters, they plague our folks more'n a little. His sheep git into our paster every

legitimate at his last session. The Senator whose term was about to expire was a gentleman of acknowledged ability and irreproachable character—a politician distinguished for his uncompromising party fidelity. He was a candidate for re-election; and yet in derogation of what may almost be considered an established usage, he was set aside, and another member of his party, equally uncompromising in his political principles, was chosen in his stead. And why? Because a considerable portion of his own party strongly disapproved of his course in relation to this bill. I make this statement in no unkind feeling—With both the gentlemen who then represented Louisiana in the Senate, I have been for many years on terms of friendship—I might say, of intimacy. I entertained for them the most unequalled respect; and my only objection, in these remarks, is to show that they were not sustained in this matter by their own party in the Legislature of Louisiana. The people of Louisiana have expressed their feelings in a tone equally unequivocal. The presence here of an undivided Democratic delegation is the most significant response that could be given to the question, Shall the fine imposed by D. A. Hall on Andrew Jackson be refunded?
I shall endeavor to be brief, and, consequently, shall not enter into an examination of the principles of martial law, or the law of contempt. In the autumn of 1814, General Andrew Jackson, from a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, which would almost seem to be providential, was appointed to the command of the 7th military district, in which Louisiana was comprised. He had first become known beyond the limits of Tennessee by his services at the head of the volunteer militia of that State, in the campaign of 1813-14, against the Creek Indians. Although much enfeebled by disease, he, by his unceasing activity and indomitable energy, under circumstances the most unfavorable by a succession of bold and rapid movements, had, in a few months, completely broken the spirit of that powerful and martial tribe, and reduced them to submission. He had manifested on a more obscure theatre, and against a barbarous foe, those great qualities which were to distinguish him in a conflict on which the eyes of all nations were turned. He was about to measure his strength with the most accomplished veteran generals of the age, at the head of the most numerous and best appointed regular army that ever was ranged in battle on this continent. He had no military experience. He had probably never perused a military treatise. He knew nothing of strategy, as an art, nor the division of a battle knew, more than a spinner. But he had that within him, by God's gift, which more than supplied the place of all that less favored mortals could only have acquired by years of study and practice. He was born a soldier, in the most comprehensive sense of the word. And

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