

ROCHESTER GAZETTE.

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TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1820.

[WHOLE No. 193.]

TERMS OF THE ROCHESTER GAZETTE.

To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, the price will be Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. To village subscribers, and those who call for their papers, Two Dollars, payable half yearly.

Surrogate's Notice, 30 cents for the Mortgage, and first, and 15 cts. Sheriff's Sales, for every subsequent insertion of 7 words.

PRINTING.

Pamphlets, Books, Handbills, Cards, &c. executed with neatness and accuracy.

Caution.

ON the third day of April, 1820, in the town of York, Genesee County, Chandler Pearson, Merchant in Avon, Ontario County, did, on that date, with force and violence, assault Charles Fox Salisbury, in the said town of York, and forcibly took from his person a Trunk with property of a valuable amount there in. This is to notify the public that if Chandler Pearson, or any agent whom he may employ, should apply for any sums of money, or other properties, relative to C. F. Salisbury, by notes or hand, bills, orders, receipts, or letters of credit, they are forbid to accept or pay the same. C. F. SALISBURY. April 2, 1820.

Legal Advertisements.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain sum of money and the interest thereon, secured by mortgage of mortgage, executed by Thomas Menteth to William H. Hazard, bearing date the twenty third day of March, eighteen hundred and eighteen. Notice is therefore hereby given, that by virtue of a power in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, all that certain piece of parcel of land, lying and being in township No. one, first range of townships west of Genesee River, now included in the town of Saladonia, beginning at the southeast corner of land formerly owned by Jordan Cooks, now owned by Lever Cooks, on the line of lot No. ninety five, running thence westerly one half across the lot, and parallel to the eastern of lots No. ninety five and ninety four so far that a line from thence to the said east line, and from thence north to the place of beginning, will contain one hundred and fifty acres, will be sold at public auction at the house now occupied by Abel Eastworth in the village of Rochester, county of Genesee, on the nineteenth day of December next at one o'clock P. M. of that day. Dated June 20th 1820. WILLIAM H. HAZARD, By H. B. Decker Esq. Atty.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a part of a certain sum of money secured by an indenture of mortgage executed by Joshua C. Taylor to Amos Hovey, bearing date the sixteenth day of February, eighteen hundred and eight. Notice is therefore hereby given, that by virtue of a power contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, will be sold at public auction at the house of Abel Eastworth in the village of Rochester, Genesee County, on Thursday the twenty third day of November next at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, all that certain piece or parcel of land lying in the town of Paris in the county of Genesee, containing forty three acres, being the westerly part of the easterly part of lot No. forty nine, bounded northerly on part of lot No. fifty four, and southerly on lot No. forty six; and easterly by the westerly part of lot No. forty nine; and westerly by a lot of one hundred and twenty seven acres. Together with the hereditaments and appurtenances hereunto belonging to the said premises. Dated May 16, 1820.

ZEPH ELDREDGE, AME ELDREDGE.

By Roswell Babbin, their Atty.

BY order of John B. Jones Esq. Just Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the County of Genesee, Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of George Olds of the town of Parma, in said county, an insolvent debtor, to show cause if any they have, before the said Judge, at his office in the town of Leicester, in said county, on the thirty first day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, why an assignment of the said insolvent's estate should not be made, and his person be exempted from imprisonment pursuant to the act entitled "An Act to abolish imprisonment for debt in certain cases," passed April 7th 1819.—Dated June 12, 1820. GEORGE OLDS, Insolvent.

HAT STORE.



WM. HAYWOOD,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS his friends and the public, that he carries on the Hatting business in this village one door, south of Messrs. Abm. Plumb & Co's Store where he will keep on hand a good assortment of well-finished Hats, warranted equal in style and quality, to any manufactured in this state. He flatters himself that by industry and attention to business, he shall merit and receive a share of public patronage. CASH paid for all kinds of Hatting and Shipping Furs. Rochester, April 18, 1820. 24tf

A New Tailor's Shop.

ALPHEUS BINGHAM.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced business in the new shop, one door north of Hart & Saxton's Store, in Carroll's street, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS, in all its various branches. Gentlemen have now an opportunity of having their clothes made in a style of neatness, and elegance of fashion. All kinds of cutting done on the shortest notice.

Military Dresses, Ladies Habits,

of all kinds made in the best manner, made in the most fashionable style. N. B. He will receive from his correspondents, in New-York, patterns of the latest fashion every spring and fall. He hopes by particular attention to his business, to merit a share of public patronage. Rochester, April 14, 1820. 24tf

ROCHESTER HARD-WARE STORE. FRASER & SHELDON,

HAVE lately received at their Store opposite Messrs. I West & Co. in addition to their former stock of GOODS, the following articles which will be sold very low for cash at Wholesale & Retail:—Tons of Russia, Sweets & Jersey refined IRON from 1-4 to 3 inch assorted wagon and Cart Tire Square and Bolt Iron from 1-2 to 3 inch Hoop and Band Iron from 1 to 4 inch Plough Shares, Share Moulds and Land Sides, English (L) German, Crawley, Sweets, American and cast STEEL, crow bars, and drafts, axle tree, do. wagon and cart Boxes, Mill Gudgeons, Spindles and Screws, Saw and Felling Mill Cranks and Screws, saw mill, cross cut and tenant Saws, Smith's Anvils, Vices, Beck horns, Hammers, Screw plates, Bellows pipes &c. &c.

12,000 pounds of Cast and Wrought NAILS and Brads, assorted from 3d, to 20d. Carriers Knives and workers, bar and sheet Lead, Powder and Shot, Hollow-Ware, assorted, brass, copper and Russia sheet Iron Kettles of various sizes.

15 dozen of English and American Spades and Shovels—6 by 8, 7 by 9 and 8 by 10 Window Glass. Pot ash Kettles and Caldrons.

Dutch Bolting Cloths.

Distillers and Brewers Therinometers—with a general assortment of Hard-Ware and cutlery, plated and common Saddlery, carpenter, bench and moulding Tools. They also, carry on the Manufacturing of Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron, such as Copper Stills, Dyers and Hatter's Kettles, Copper and Sheet Iron Boilers, Cylinders, Worms and Heaters, &c. also, 20 dozen Copp's warranted grass and cradle Scythes.

Wheat, Rye, Oats, Butter, Cheese and Hams, will be received in payment for all kinds of manufactured Tin-Ware. April 24, 1820. 25tf

Cash paid for Rags at this Office.

TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

The following playful lines are the subject of a beautiful design by Stothard, prefixed to Mr. Moore's Musical Book, entitled "National Melodies."

"A temple to Friendship," said Laura enchanted.
"I'll build in this garden—the thought is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her,
A Friendship—the fairest his art could invent.
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

"O, never," she cried, "can I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But you little God, upon roses reclining—
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him!"

So the bargain was struck; with the little God laden,
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove.—
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden,
"Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love."

[From the Northern Whig.]

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

O mortal, come and dwell with me
Beneath the waves of the chrysal sea,
Where the staccato never falls—the winds ne'er sweep

The moanless calm of the water's sleep;
I'll bear thee away in my clasping arms
Afar from the freezing world's alarms—
From the frosts of wo—from the darkening cloud
Which wraps man's sky in a sable shroud;
I'll bear thee away to the mermaid's dome
Where a coral gem with the white sea foam
Flowers the arched roof its splendor sheds
And the sea flowers bloom on their mossy beds.

The heaven above thee is sweetly blue,
And winning the blush of the even's hue—
And sweet the charm of each distant light
That sparkles upon the arch of night—
Yes, dear thou art charming, but thou dost not know

How sweet, how bright is the magic glow
That ever belueths the coral cave,
Where dwell the maids of the ocean wave,
And time e'er hath under enraptured view
The forms that sport in the groves of green
Where the Tritons tune the enchanted shell
Till the echoes wake the mermaid's cell.

Oh thou hast culled the young rose of spring,
Thou hast heard her wild birds merrily sing
Thou fondly hast loved their light, some by
Whist life passed on as a sunny day;
Did not hope dream of a fairy land
Where all joys should spring at thy command—

And a joy that could not be expressed
Hath thrilled like lightning thro' thy breast,
Till thou hast felt there was only one
That thou couldst worship as thy sun:
Oh! was he bright as the summer's moon,
Was her maiden heart as undefiled
As the sweet white rose in a lonely wood;
Was her soul as chaste as the falling snow
Before it touches the earth below—
Her cheek as white as the lily fair
Which wafts the kiss of the western air—
Her lips as red as the ruby's dye,
And heaven's blue brightness in her eye—
Oh, then hath thy life-blood freely moved
When thou didst love, and was beloved;
Have thy heart's best feelings warmly played.

When thou hast knelt by thy own loved maid,
And this earth became a heaven to thee,
A sweet scene of luxury?
Hath the fair enchantment died away
Like bright sunbeams on a stormy day;
And hast thou wept that thy hope was vain,
A false creation of the brain—
When life's dark scenes came rushing on,
Hast thou not wept that thy dream was gone?

Thou hast, then come with the maid of the sea,
And that dream shall be fulfilled to thee!

If thy heart hath pined in life's distress—
If thy path be dark and pleasureless,
If thy dearest joys have felt decay;
And thy nearest friends have fled away;
Then fly with me from thy scene of pain
And no more shall cease to haunt thy brain;
Oh! fly with me from earth's joyless shore
And bliss shall dwell with thee, evermore.
FLORIO.

A man endowed with great perfections, without good breeding, is like one who has his pocket full of gold, but always wants change for ordinary occasions.

You may be sure a woman loves a man when she uses his expressions, tells his stories, or imitates his manner.—

This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the principle of self-love.

Give a man all that is in the power of the world to bestow, but leave him at the same time under some secret oppression or heaviness of heart; you bestow indeed the materials of enjoyment, but you deprive him of the ability to extract.

If a lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his parts in contending for justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honorable would his character be.—Steele.

Meekness and courtesy will always recommend the first address, but soon pall and nauseate unless they are associated with more sprightly and interesting qualities.

Clock and Women—Women, who are given to chattering, have been compared to clocks. Fontenelle being asked what difference there was between a clock and a woman, replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

The Graces.—As the poets represent the Graces under the figures of women, so the Furies too. Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art, and care of nature; yet if boldness be to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

Amusing fact respecting S. America.—From "A Statistical Commercial and Political Description of Venezuela, Trinidad, Margaritta, and Tobago," published in London.

Wild Horses and Asses.—There are the sun's of horses which are wild in the forests, and do not belong to any one. I was enabled to ascertain a fact, known to all who have travelled in this country. The horses live there in societies, generally to the number of five or six hundred, and even one thousand; they occupy immense savannas, where it is dangerous to disarch or try to catch them.

In the dry season they are sometimes obliged to go two or three leagues, and even more to find water. They set out in regular ranks of four abreast, and thus form a procession of an extent of a quarter of a league. There are always five or six scouts, who precede the troop by about fifty paces. If they perceive a man or jaguar (the American tiger) they neigh, and the troop stops; if avoided, they continue their march; but, if an attempt be made to pass by their squadron, they leap on the imprudent traveller, and crush them under their feet. The best way is always to avoid them, and let them continue their route; they have also a chief, who marches between the scouts and the squadron, and five or six other horses march on each side of the band—a kind of adjutants, whose duty consists in hindering any individual from quitting the rank. If any one attempts to straggle either from hunger or fatigue, he is bitten till he resumes his place, and the culprit obeys with his head hanging down. Three or four chiefs march as the rear guard, at five or six paces from the troop.

I had often heard at Trinidad, of this discipline among the wild horses, and confess that I could scarcely believe it; but what I have just stated is a fact which I have witnessed twice on the banks of the Guayricupe, where I encamped five days for the express purpose of seeing those organized troops pass. I have met on the shores of the Oronoco, herds of fifty to a hundred wild oxen; a chief always marched at the head, and another at the rear. The people of the country have assured me, that the wild asses, when they travel, observe the same discipline as the horses; but the mules, though they also live in troops, are continually fighting with each other, and it has not been observed that they have any chief. They however unite, at the appearance of a common enemy, and display still more trick, address than the horses, in avoiding the snares which are laid for catching them, and escape when taken.

Revolutionary War—Anecdote.—General Marion was a native of South Carolina, and the immediate theatre of his exploits was a large section of maritime district of that state. The peculiar hardihood of his constitution, and his being adapted to a warm climate, and a low marshy country, qualified him to endure hardships and submit to exposure, which in that sickly region, few other men would have been competent to sustain. With the small force he was enabled to embody, he was continually

annoying the enemy, cautious never to risk an engagement, till he could make victory certain. General Marion's person was uncommonly light, and he rode when in service; one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the South could produce:—when in fair pursuit nothing could escape, and when retreating nothing could overtake him. Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled for safety to pass into a cornfield, by leaping the fence—this field, marked with considerable descent of surface, had been in part a marsh; Marion entered it at the upper side, the dragoons in chase, leaped the fence also, and were but a short distance behind him. So completely was he now in their power, that his only mode of escape was to pass over the fence at the lower side. To drain the field of its superfluous water, a trench had been cut round this part of the field four feet wide, and of the same depth of the mud and clay removed in cutting it, a bank had been formed on its inner side, and on the top of this was erected the fence, the elevation amounting to nearly eight feet perpendicular height—a ditch four feet in width running parallel with it on the outer side, a foot or more intervening, between the fence & ditch.

The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of the obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pushed towards him with loud shouts of exultation and insult, and summoning him to surrender or perish by the sword; regardless of their rudeness and empty clamour, and inflexibly determined not to become their prisoner, Marion spurred his horse to the charge, the noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertions depended his safety, approached the barrier in his finest style, and with a bounce that was almost supernatural, cleared the fence and ditch completely, and recovered himself without loss of time on the opposite side—Marion instantly wheeled about and saw his pursuers unable to pass the ditch, discharged his pistol at them without effect, and then wheeling his horse, and bidding them good morning, departed. The dragoons, astonished at what they had witnessed, and scarcely believing their foe to be mortal, gave up the chase.

Louvel.—The earnestness which is displayed to connect the most minute circumstances respecting the infamous Louvel, is increased by the silent reserve still observed by those permitted to approach him. We have, notwithstanding, been enabled to acquire some particulars, which, being unconnected with the legal process, may safely be communicated to the public. He maintains an inflexible tranquility, which is neither to be ruffled by the terrors of a dungeon, where he is guarded by a couple of gendarmes, nor his frequent examinations, nor the certainty of his approaching fate. To the first refreshment he partook of in prison "That is excellent," said he; "I shall shortly eat it." Another time he complained that the extreme length of his beard stilled and fatigued him, and requested a razor to shave himself with, which was denied; but, seeing that his hands were confined by a straitcoat, it was agreed that no danger could ensue from permitting him to be shaved by the barber of the Conciergerie. One of the gendarmes now expressing his astonishment at the easiness and rapidity with which the shaver completed his task, "Never," observed this gendarme, "have I before seen a barber so workmanlike and expeditious. "Oh!" replied Louvel, laughing. "I know another who is more expeditious still. I mean Samson (the executioner) who takes but two strokes to shave his man!" It has been remarked more than once, that it is only when repressing all involuntary emotions, and collecting his ideas, that Louvel returns to his plan of denying the accusation of having had accomplices in this fatal crime. When he was first taken up, the chief officer of the gendarmes, after searching him, and finding the end of a shoemaker's awl fixed in a handle on him asked if it was with that instrument he had gored the unfortunate Prince.—"No," answered Louvel; "it was with a poignard." "What have you done with it?" rejoined the Commandant.—"I am not certain," answered Louvel, "whether I left it behind me, or threw it away." "But," added the Commandant, "you surely were not alone in perpetrating this crime." "There is," replied Louvel, "no want of comrades in France." "The others then?" said the Commandant. "The others!" retorted Louvel, "I only was concerned; I told you, already, I was alone in it." Drapeau Blanc

The acquisitions of literature far exceeds the acquisitions of fortune.

MISSOURI EXPEDITION.

Notes on the Missouri River, and some of its native tribes in its neighbourhood, by a Military Gentleman attached to the Yellow Stone Expedition, in 1819.

The Pawnee Loups occasionally burn their prisoners alive, as a sacrifice to the Great Star they worship. When a war party goes out, they sometimes make a vow that if they take any prisoners, they will sacrifice them to the Great Star, expecting it will tend to make success in war. The unfortunate victim, thus taken and destined to suffer, is delivered over to the priest and jugglers, who confine him to what they call the medicine lodge, where all the meditations and magic performances are executed; the victim is aware of the fate that awaits him, and during the time of confinement is feasted on the most delicious viands, to make him a fat, acceptable offering. He remains in this situation, until either the time of planting corn, or the going out of a war party. He is then brought out, amidst the shouts and screams of the whole village, and tied to a cross, with his arms extended; the old men, women and children, rush upon him, each armed with a firebrand, which they apply to the body of the sufferer, after enduring these torments for some time, the warriors draw their bows, and the sufferings of the unfortunate wretch are terminated by his being pierced with a hundred arrows. The body is torn to pieces by the crowd; the women and warriors cut off the fat, the former to grease their bones, the latter their tomahawks and arrows; the one believing that the corn will grow much better, in consequence, and the other that they will have more success in war, and more plenty of buffalo; the body of the prisoner is burnt, and the offering is completed. This shocking and barbarous custom is at variance with the usual practice of the Indians on the Missouri.— With most nations a prisoner is safe in their village, except from the occasional effervescence of the rage of individuals from which no person is secure. About five years since, a Spanish boy was taken prisoner, and condemned to be sacrificed. He was saved, however, by the greatest exertions of some traders, who chanced to be at the village; it was, however, effected with great difficulty, and a considerable expense in presents.

Among the Pawnees, and some other nations there is kept with great reverence and care, a certain bag, containing many things deemed by these superstitious people sacred; the fingers of their enemies, the rattle of the rattlesnake, claws of the white bear and of certain birds stuffed; they seldom open this bag but when they do so it is going to war; with the determination of not returning without shedding human blood—no warrior ventures to return without doing this. On one occasion, a warrior, who had opened his bag, was out for six months without meeting with an opportunity of spilling the blood of his enemies.— He determined to return and kill the first person he met; he returned accordingly, and the first person he met, happened to be his own mother, whom he immediately tomahawked and scalped.— No Indians that we have met, surrender the persons of their wives or daughters to the embraces of strangers.— Chastity is regarded as a virtue, or rather the inconveniences attending its violation, amount, among the unmarried, to a prohibition of the crime. Infidelity, among the married women, is an offence for which the husband inflicts punishment. Generally corporal castigation, with a club or whip; or it produces a separation of the parties. The temper of the husband is the tribunal, by which the extent or management of the punishment is regulated. A great warrior, who had once discovered that his wife was unfaithful, had his best horse saddled, put a fine buffalo skin over him, and ordered his wife to lead the horse to the lodge of her lover; when he came out, he told him to take his wife, his horse, and his buffalo skin; he gave them all to him. Such instances of generosity are believed by Indians (when they suppose fear has no influence) to make the great man. If a wife supposes she is ill treated, she can leave her husband, go to her relations, or marry another. The husband can also turn off his wife when he chooses; notwithstanding this, many instances of long continued association are by no means uncommon. There appears to be no particular matrimonial ceremony made use of; there are few unmarried men, and fewer unmarried women among Indians.

In communities, where commerce extends merely to an occasional barter, for the conveniences of life, where wealth gives no privileges, and confers no importance, and where the subsistence of every man is obtained, not by supplying the wants of others, but immediately from the forest, there can be but little necessity for municipal regulations, to settle disputes concerning property. No tribunals exist for the trial of crimes; their differences are generally settled by yielding to the interference of friends, or the voice of public opinion, as to what is proper to be done.

On the 16th of October, the Mahaw Indians arrived, having been sent for by

the agent of the Missouri Expedition, which he did in council on the next day.

At these councils a circle is formed, and the agent having delivered his sentiments, the chiefs rise in succession, & make their speeches: their gesture is frequently appropriate and sometimes their remarks indicate great shrewdness. Yet the general character of their eloquence is garrulous and colloquial, nor have we heard any thing from them superior to what we might expect from the most shrewd, among a body of uneducated white men.

After the council, the chiefs were invited to dine with the commanding officers; they behaved with great decorum. Two of the chiefs objected to eating the meat of a buck, which formed the principal dish of the entertainers; it was their medicine; it appears that when a man becomes of age, he selects a certain animal for his medicine, and studiously avoids killing it. We were told that in almost every tribe there are two or three men, who assume the dress and occupations of women; cut their hair like them associate with them, make mocasons, cook, carry wood, &c. and in some instances actually marry men. These people are regarded with a sort of respect, which Indians hold for every thing that relates to their superstitions; they think that the Great Spirit has ordered these things, and that they must treat them with respect.— Among the Osages, however, they lost the veneration in which they were once held. One of them was detected by a chief, in being guilty of an impropriety towards his wife. He immediately assembled some of his warriors, and put to death not only the man who had injured him, but all the men women in this tribe.

The village of the Mahaws is on the west side of the Missouri, about one hundred miles above our camp. They were formerly a powerful and military people but about eighteen years ago, they were very much reduced by the small pox.

On the 20th of October we visited the Mahaw camp; we reached it after dark in the evening, and were shown to the lodge of the principal chief, the Big Elk; a squaw saddled our horses, and took care of our baggage; and we entered the lodge. We were treated with great politeness; a seat was spread for us, and much diligence displayed in putting on the kettle, picking & cutting up a goose. (the only fresh meat in the village) for our supper. The lodges of the Mahaws are made of Buffalo hides, sewed together; and, when stretched on poles, have a conical figure, with a diameter of about fifteen feet at the base, and an aperture at the top, to permit the escape of the smoke, they are carried on their winter excursions, and form comfortable habitations, and secure protection from wind and rain.

The Mahaws possess better dispositions, and less ferocity of temper than most Indians. These characteristics have induced them to court the protection of the whites, and to listen to their advice, as to remaining at peace with their neighbors. They boast very much of their superior attachment to the whites; and that no white man has ever been killed by any of their nation. Depend upon it, (said their principal chief to us in council) that if any war take place between us, your people will be the aggressors. "Since I was a little boy, white men have come to our village, one or two at a time, and in small canoes. Did we insult, or kill them? no, we treated them with kindness and hospitality.— The blood of the white man has not yet stained the hands of a Mahaw; & shall we now, for the first time, become hostile, when the woods are filled with your brave soldiers?"

The principal chief of the tribe is the Big Elk, a very sensible Indian, but too much addicted to whiskey; we have found him too drunk to transact business. This tribe is very much divided into parties. One of these lately served from the nation, and now lives on the waters of the Big Horn river.

During our stay in the village, we were invited to many feasts; among others, to a lodge of a son of the celebrated chief, Blackbird.

Blackbird was a chief of great consideration, not only in his own tribe, but among other nations on the Missouri.— Like most ambitious men, he cared little about the means by which he should arrive at unlimited power; that made use of by Blackbird was of the most atrocious kind. He procured from a trader a considerable quantity of arsenic; with which he poisoned every man, who endeavored to curtail his authority, or who did not implicitly obey his commands.— It is said, he destroyed sixty of his tribe by means of this poison. Blackbird fell a victim to the small pox about eighteen years ago; when about to die he directed his friends to carry him to the top of a high hill, near the village, have a large pit dug to put his horse in, and place him on his back armed, and in his war dress, and to cover them over.— From there, said he, I will see the canoes of the white men, as they pass and repass on the river. I will see the war parties of my nation going out and returning; I shall hear your rejoicings for victory, and your sighs for disaster.— This injunction was faithfully executed; the hill was for some time regarded by

the name of Blackbird's hill.

[From Silliman's Journal.]

THE PRAIRIES OF THE WEST.

To the traveller, who for several days traversed the prairies and barrens, their appearance is quite uninviting, and even disagreeable. He may travel from morning until night, and make good speed, but on looking around him, he fancies himself at the very spot whence he started. No pleasant variety of hill and dale, no rapidly running brook delights the eye, and no sound of wind-land music strikes the ear; but, in their stead, a dull uniformity of prospect "spread out immense." Excepting here and there a tree, or a slight elevation of ground, it is otherwise a dead level, covered with tall weeds and coarse grass. The sluggish rivulets, of a reddish color, scarcely move perceptibly, and their appearance is as uninviting to the eye, as their taste is disgusting to the palate. Such are the prairies and barrens of the west; but, in order to make amends for my deficiency, nature has made them exuberantly fertile.— The farmer who settles upon them, by raising cattle, becomes rich with little labour. He ditches those which are too moist for grain; he ploughs and fences them, and raises from seventy to one hundred bushels of maize, or Indian Corn, to the acre, without ever hoeing it. The United States owns thousands and thousands of such land in the western States and Territories, which, if promptly purchased, may be purchased for one dollar and sixty-two and half cent an acre. One objection to these lands is, the want of timber for fuel and other purposes; and another is, that they are unhealthy; but in many places there is abundance of peat in the wet prairies, and cultivation will every year render them more and more healthy. Some of them have been cultivated for fifteen or twenty years past, with grain, and are as fertile as they ever were. As M. Volney says, "They are the Flanders of America."

New-York, July 4.

A robbery was curiously executed, aided by the powers of music, a few days since, at a boarding house, No. 4 Front street, kept by a respectable man, Mr. Decker. One of his boarders, a German, possessed 1500 dollars in gold— which, locked in a trunk, was given in charge to the landlord, and kept in his bed room, a front room in the third story,—having a door opening into the entry, and another which was not used opening into a back room, with a bed standing against the door—the one locked, the other bolted within. A boarder, William Cook, having learnt the situation of the money, conceived the design of making it his own. He employed a fellow boarder, (Ager) and two men from without, for the plot, which was handsomely executed as follows:— To draw away the bed, and break through the bolted door, would make a noise, and required that sounds of some kind should be devised to cover that operation. For this purpose Cook obtained a bag piper from a North river sloop, who arrived late in the evening. It was also necessary to keep the landlord and the woman of the house so occupied as not to interrupt the passage of the outsiders through the lower entry, up to the bed room aforesaid, thro' which the trunk was to be conveyed into an upper apartment where the lodgers slept. Cook's post was in the bar-room to superintend the piper, who commenced his unrelenting blast about 10 o'clock—and to keep the landlord occupied in the bar making slings and punch—as soon as one glass was made he called for another, and this prevented his debouchment from the bar. His fellow boarder, Ager, (a Dutchman from Albany) during this time occupied the attention of the woman of the house. The two outside men, (Smyth and Holden) fulfilled their part—riddled the trunk, which they left in the third story and departed.

The German, who had been enjoying Cook's hilarity, at last went with Ager to retire to rest. On his entering the room where his trunk was open and empty, he made many inexpressible German cries and exclamations. The watch was called, and the two boarders, with one other, (who was innocent) were confined, and arraigned before the police magistrates by day-light. There were hardly circumstances sufficient to justify the commitment of the two, but the bag-piper's part, by Cook's management while the bolted door was broken in, gave the magistrate a strong impression of the whole plot, and he committed these two.

Another Justice of the police, during Sunday, dispatched officers to search for the gold at Smyth's house in Banker street, where he lived with his woman a Mrs. Kirk. Messrs. Hays and Duzenbury, having first entered the house, found a few gold pieces in a box of sawdust, and by threatening Mrs. Kirk with a commitment, she indicated to them that a shovel had been taken into the cellar, where after much digging and pains they found, adroitly covered by the side of the foundation wall, the whole amount required. Unfortunately they

have not been able to apprehend Smyth and Holden.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

On Wednesday afternoon a party of gentlemen to the number of 37, going from New-Haven to the Light House in a pleasure boat, were met about half way down the harbor by the steam boat Fulton, captain Law, from New London, who was going up the harbor under full sail and a powerful steam. From some miscalculation on the part of the person who was steering the sail boat, in attempting to clear the steam boat the latter struck her in the middle, and passed instantly over her. Thirty of the persons in the boat caught hold of the steam boat's bowsprit and bows and saved themselves—seven of them passed directly under her bottom, and came up astern; but by the most extraordinary exertions from the steam boat, they were all saved, though some of them were much exhausted. One of the gentlemen had his hand broken, and one other was very much injured. A child of about 7 years of age was on board, who had presence of mind enough to seize hold of a rope, and in that way was preserved. No blame was imputable to captain Law for the accident, every exertion was made by him and his men for the preservation of the persons in the boat.

Daily Advertiser.

STAGE ACCIDENT.

and killed, which put a stop to its progress. Mr. H. Bradbury, a passenger in extricating himself from the carriage, while in its greatest speed, broke one of his legs and dislocated the ankle of the other; while one other passenger, who stuck by the stage, came out safe and sound.

The driver and passenger though in imminent danger, received little or no injury from the fall. The latter was entangled in the reins and drawn on the ground, with great violence two or three rods, when he was providentially disengaged.

Cochran, July 8.

Affection and sagacity of a Dog.

We have heard of many incidents characteristic of the singular attachment of dogs to their master, but none which recommends him to protection and kind treatment more than the following, which may be relied on as true. A person, living at the time in the neighbourhood of Pleasant-Valley, Dutchess county, became partially deranged, and during his fits of derangement, would seek every opportunity to take his own life. In consequence of this, every precaution was taken to prevent his being alone, or out of sight. But one morning he contrived to elude the watchful vigilance of his wife and family, and made his escape with a razor in his possession. As soon as he was missing, the family, with the dog, went in search of him. The dog soon separated from them, and no more was seen of him during the day.— The search proved ineffectual, and at the close of the day they all returned home sorrowful, not doubting but that he had effected his object, and that he then lay a lifeless corpse, on the cold ground, in some sequestered spot—but no, he shortly after returned, in company with his faithful friend—and frankly acknowledged to his wife, that the dog alone had prevented him from committing suicide—that he went out with a fixed determination to put a period to his existence before his return—but that when he had found a convenient spot, and on his knees, in the very act of lifting the razor to perform the deed, his watchful dog came running up, and clapping his paws upon the uplifted arm, irresistibly held it from this murderous purpose—that many times during the day he repeated the attempt, with as little success, the dog remained at his side, and jumping upon his arm at every motion; until at length he abandoned his purpose, and returned home, the dog sticking close by him and watching every movement during the day.

From the Western Reserve Chronicle, of June 1.

HORRID TRANSACTION.

The following was communicated by the Rev. Harvey Cox, pastor of the church in Vernon.

Philemon, William and Cyrus, the three sons only children of Mr. Zaphua and Mrs. Lois Stone, of Kilsman, Trumbull co, were drowned by the hand of their mother. The eldest was about four years and six months old, and the youngest about eleven months, and yet at the breast. These children were uncommonly bright and promising, and a fond father doted upon them with the most pleasing anticipations; but his hopes of a rising family, and his prospects of domestic enjoyment, were all blasted in one day, in the most unexpected manner, and by an act the most unnatural.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone were possessed of amiable dispositions; had lived together in great harmony, were respected and beloved by their acquaintance, and sustained un-

blemished characters. At the commencement of the late revival of religion in Kilsman, which was about the middle of February last, Mrs. Stone was deeply impressed with a sense of her ruined condition as a sinner, and after a few days, expressed some hope that she had experienced a change of heart. Soon, however, she relinquished all hope, became dejected, and said she had committed the unpardonable sin. From that time she has seemed to be in a settled melancholy; inclined to say but little and very timid. Her friends felt anxious respecting the final result of this state of mind, yet did not at all pretend that she would do violence to herself or others. Some circumstances, however, now render it probable, that this unnatural and horrid deed had previously occupied her mind.

Not many days before, she asked her father if he thought such children would be happy after death; and was answered in the affirmative; and it is believed she thought it would be a kindness to her children, and being impressed with the idea that she had committed the unpardonable sin, no injury to herself, to take their lives.

Mr. Stone is a mechanic, and necessarily called from home the most of the time. She had been much in the habit of being alone with her children; was during the day time the work immediately preceding their death, and attended to her domestic concerns as usual; Sabbath morning prepared breakfast for the family, was asked if she should not attend public worship, replied, "No, I cannot prepare myself and children in season;" and was left with her children without any suspicion. When Mr. Stone and his hireling returned, in the afternoon, accompanied by a friend, they found the breakfast table standing as they left it, and Mrs. Stone and the children absent. Knowing her state of mind, he was much alarmed till he enquired for her at the neighbors, supposing she had gone where she could have company. He returned accompanied by the neighbors, much alarmed, and soon found her secreted in the chamber, greatly frightened and agitated. He several times enquired of her for the children, and obtained no answer, but at every enquiry she would shudder. She became helpless, and was laid on a bed. Mr. Stone looked for his razor; it was missing, and afterwards found in her clothes. Search was then made in every direction for the children, who were soon discovered in a spring to which the water was about three feet deep. All exertions to resuscitate them proved vain.

The next day a jury of inquest was called upon the dead bodies. Their verdict was, that these children came to an untimely death by the hand of Mrs. Lois Stone, their mother, who in a fit of insanity, drowned them in a hollow log set in a spring.

The Tuesday following their funeral solemnities were attended by the most numerous concourse of people ever collected in this part of the county. The three were contained in one coffin, and deposited in one common grave. This appalling sight, together with the dreadful circumstances of this death—the anguish of a bereaved father, an aged grandmother, and a numerous circle of relatives—and the awful solemnity expressed in the countenances of every beholder, excited emotions not to be described.

Detroit, June 30.

We have (through the politeness of Captain Connor, of the schooner Monroe), been favored with a letter from a gentleman who is with Gov. Cass, which contains important information. It is dated "Saut of St. Mary, June 17th, 1820." We give the following extracts with pleasure.

"A treaty of cession, at this place, was yesterday concluded by the governor, with some of the chiefs of the Chippawa nation. The absolute necessity of this session, to the preservation of peace and friendship with the upper nations, renders it highly important and advantageous to our government.

"The facilities which this point has always afforded to men not well disposed towards the American government, to enter its territory, and disturb its tranquility, by poisoning the minds of the Indians with insidious counsels, and with presents, have been too long and advantageously made use of. By establishing a post at this place these facilities are entirely destroyed. This point may be considered the true key to the upper country. We shall guard the only channel of communication—protect our traders—give confidence to those savages favorably disposed, and intimidate and chastise those men who have not heretofore been affected by a distant force. For these reasons, the Saut of St. Mary must be considered a station quite as important as any outpost now established; and it is presumed government will soon realize every advantage expected from the occupation of this position.

"The lands around the Saut, appear to be susceptible of cultivation. I should think the soil well adapted to wheat and corn.

"The white fish taken at these rapids are delicious. Great quantities are caught daily—they are the chief food of the inhabitants.

"News was received yesterday of a peace having been concluded between the Sioux and Chippawa nations. It is hoped this information is correct.

"We shall leave the Saut this afternoon for Fond du Lac at which we may expect to arrive in about 13 or 20 days."

From East India Papers received at Providence.

The latest Peking Gazettes contain very little interest. The Emperor's visit to his father's tomb was attended with delay and disappointment, from the heavy rains which fell in Tartary during his absence from the capital.

The imperial kindred by sashes worn by distant red sashes, all by law confined to sent into Manchow by a red sash, in January to Canton, where by marriage, official Judge. His reason for it was extreme poverty his circumstances; he did not dare to receive him instantly in custody, and as soon as him off again under Peking. It is said his be perpetual confinement.

The Peking Gazette the end of December received. The late pro who was degraded, has been promoted Captain-General is subjected to imputation which has been through life—viz. laws "He is at present ing to obtain promotions who have been vice. His known vice great that buggars cling to his chair plicate aims. T said to worship his

Chang, the Judge the conductor of the bassy, when in the has been degraded to and severely censured for his incapacity. Choang formerly a fish, that the Emperor meaning that he he a distance. This case, for in his case mentions his being ad

Three hundred of gionists, whom the so, was a few years le, when S— was General; and were, dor his government, night. He has him disgrace since; his et and his only surviving so that his family tinct. This is by del as a judgement the needless slaughter, He, they peace the worth of bound liberty.— is a little money dispersed with deprived, which none can rest not be thus appeased.

THE GAZETTE

TUESDAY JULY

The anniversary of pence has been a usual eclat though Baltimore it receives interest from the Carroll of Carroll survivors of those, we laration of our freedom who had been appointed of independence from Mr. Carroll had borne in the performance of the by the following eleg marks:

"The committee of vng made it my to k occasion to read the pence, it was not proficed it, with a s under circumstances inspire a glow of ent dest bosom, and to g ings of this day an i not fail to be felt, at the end of our lives, for giving utterance which they excite.

"Few, very few, of swelled with the triu when this declaratio sanction of a nation to participate in the b creation. One of the sentative, silvered o e bling with age, but s heart the remember day, when his name the guardians of on dence, now sits in the same hand which fo traced upon this in name of CHARLES C ton, now presents it witness such a sen could stand in the p able patriot, and not of that holy flame, w ed, and inspired him,

"But I am trespass vice of one, whose eloquence, will do m the subject—I proceed task."

The Revolution Salem had an inter on the 25th ult. Th leut toasts were dran

1. Banker Hill— memory of Putnam, ren, and to the valio land Militia.
2. President Mon his country at Tren heart that can feed a

The imperial kindred are distinguished by sashes worn by them: the more distant red sashes. These persons are all by law confined to the capital, or are sent into Manchow Tartary. One wearing a red sash, in January last found his way to Canton, where he had a relation by marriage, and being a provincial Judge. His reason for quitting the capital was extreme poverty, as he deemed his circumstances; the Judge, however, did not dare to receive him, but gave him instantly in custody to the local magistrate, and as soon as possible packed him off again under military escort to Peking. It is said his punishment will be perpetual confinement.

The Peking Gazette, dated Court, in the end of December, 1818, has been received. The late premier Sung Fain, who was degraded some time since, has been promoted to the rank of a Captain-General in Tartary, and again subjected to imperial censure for the fault which has been attributed to him through life—viz. clemency beyond the laws. He is at present banished for trying to obtain pardon for some officials who have been dismissed the service. His known benevolence was so great that beggars have with impunity clung to his chair in the streets to solicit alms. The Tartar tribes are said to worship him.

Chang, the Judge of Shan-sung, and the conductor of the late English embassy, when in the province of Chih-le, has been degraded to a very low rank, and severely censured by the Emperor for his incapacity and bad government. Chang, formerly remarked to the English, that the Emperor had "long ears," meaning that he heard what was done at a distance. This appears true in Chang's case, for in his charge, the Emperor mentions his being addicted to opium.

Three hundred of those united religionists, who the Chinese call Hway-see, were a few years ago banished to Fole, when there was a Captain-General, and were on their arrival under his government all banished on one night. He has himself been much in disgrace since that time, and is now, and his only surviving son has no more, so that his family is to become extinct. This is by some in China regarded as a judgment from Heaven, for the needless slaughter of so many persons. He, they all, have tried to appease the wrath of Heaven by an unbridled liberality.—But what say they, if a little money dispensed in alms, compared with the great sea of that life which none can restore. Heaven will not be thus appeased.

THE GAZETTE.

TUESDAY JULY 3, 1820.

The anniversary of our national independence has been celebrated with unusual eclat throughout the Union. At Baltimore it received a high degree of interest from the presence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the four survivors of that, who signed the Declaration of our freedom; Dr. Watkins who had been appointed to read the declaration of independence, on receiving from Mr. Carroll the copy which he had borne in the procession, prefaced a performance of the part assigned him by the following elegant and feeling remarks:

"The committee of arrangements having made it my duty, upon this glorious occasion to read the declaration of independence, it was not my design to have preceded it with a single remark; but, under circumstances so well adapted to inspire a glow of enthusiasm in the coldest breast, and to give to the proceedings of this day an interest which cannot fail to be felt, and remembered, to the end of our lives: I must be pardoned for giving utterance to the emotions which they excite.

"Few, very few, of those whose hearts swelled with the triumph of patriotism, when this declaration first received the sanction of a nation's will, now survive to participate in the blessings of their own freedom. One of these few, our representatives, siveled over, indeed, and trembling with age, but still cherishing in his heart the remembrance of that proud day, when his name was enrolled among the guardians of our infant independence, now sits in the midst of us. The same hand which forty-four years ago, traced upon this immortal scroll the name of CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, now presents it to me. Who could witness such a scene unmoved? Who could stand in the presence of the venerable patriot, and not catch the influence of that holy flame, which, kindled, illumined, and inspired him, in 73?

"But I am trespassing upon the province of one, whose rich and animated eloquence, will do more ample justice to the subject—I proceed, therefore, to my duty."

The Revolutionary Prisoners at Salem had an interesting celebration on the 28th ult. The following excellent toasts were drunk on the occasion:

1. *Bunker Hill*—A monument to the memory of Putnam, Prescott, and Warren, and to the valor of the New-England Militia.

2. *President Monroe*—He bled for his country at Trenton, and he has a heart that can feel as well as bleed.

3. *The memory of Gen. Washington*—We claim no higher honour than to be called his fellow-soldiers.

4. *The "bloody 8th" Massachusetts Regiment*—In every battle the "first in, and the last out."

5. *Col. John Brooks of the 8th*—At Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Monmouth, he shewed himself as terrible in battle as he is beloved in peace.

6. *The memory of our Generals Knox and Lincoln*—worthy of Massachusetts.

7. *Our surviving selves*—We have lived to see posterity—may posterity not forget us.

8. *Yorktown and Saratoga*—The day has been when we could lead armies captive—we now surrender to the enemies none can resist—Palsy, Rheumatism, Asthma, Poverty, Lameness, Blindness, and a host of ills that beset us like armed men.

9. *The 27th of June 1773*—At Monmouth Court House we made our marks with our bayonets.—The 28th of June, 1720, at Salem Court House we handled a goose-quill to prove our poverty.

10. *The memory of Gen. Wayne*—The hero of Stony Point.

11. *Gen. Rufus Putnam of the 3d*—The soldier's friend—the pride of the army; may the rest of his days be happy.

12. *The memory of Generals Green and Morgan*—a match for Cornwallis and Tarleton.

13. *The evening of our days*—After our sleepless nights on the cold ground, our hard and toilsome marches, and our Valley Forge encampments, may the sunshine of public favor shed on our hoary locks till the end of Life's Campaign.

The day appointed for the execution of Hull and Hulton was the 14th inst. Great efforts were made to obtain a pardon for young Hull. More than 1000 Ladies joined in a petition to the Governor, for the commutation of his punishment—but their request could not be granted. "We feel deeply for the amiable, excellent and afflicted father of poor Hull—but justice has a right to the sacrifice. Both of the prisoners have manifested a spirit of piety and penitence. We hope it is sincere; and that the same Saviour who extended pardon to the malefactor upon the cross, will wash away their guilt and receive them to glory."

[From the National Advocate.]
WHAT'S TO BE DONE.
Since it has been ascertained that the old republican party so much abused by apostates, has a majority in both branches of the legislature, it is asked by many, "what will be done? There is a session in November, will you choose a council, electors, or what?" The reply to all this will be to go back and see what has been done in like cases, when honest men ruled and not speculators upon the people's power. In November, 1800 after the republicans had achieved a great victory over the federalists, we find by referring to the journals, that they adopted the following measures in the course of four days.

1st. They made choice of a republican speaker.

2d. Elected a republican senator of the U. States.

3d. Made a choice of republican electors for president and vice president.

4th. Made choice of a council of appointment, consisting of Clinton, Spencer, Sanders and Ross; at this sitting of the council, Clinton appointed himself mayor of this city, and then they nominated old George Clinton as governor and adjourned.

This was done with spirit & promptness. The republican party was situated then as it is now; they had a federal governor then, we have a federal governor now; the sovereign people elected a majority of republicans in both houses then, they have done the same now; and when the session of November took place, they did business as it might be done, with spirit and energy. We trust that the example will not be lost sight of! we have a speaker a senator, electors, and a council to choose; they can be all done in a short time; we hope that an act calling a convention will likewise be passed. When De Witt looks back ten years and sees in whose company and confidence he was, and casts his eyes upon his present friends, he must feel humiliated indeed. George Clinton, John Broome, Horatio Gates, Henry Rutgers, Brookholts Livingston, Smith Thompson, and other worthies of the republican party, all who are yet alive, have deserted him for his "unchastened ambition"; and with his present friends, Van Ness, Williams, Oakley Thomas, and men of like complexion, he divides his confidence and seeks for their support.—Principles are the same, men only change, Williams, the divisor general, then a member, did not vote for Clinton and Spencer, because they were called republicans; but he did in 1820, because they were no longer such.

The hope of being members is, we believe partly abandoned; but the effort will still be made, and every exertion used, between this and the ensuing November, to induce members to give Clinton again the staff of power; in the mean time they are openly denouncing each other, and are shook to pieces with quarrels and broils. The federalists have

Clinton completely in their power; they compel him to discard his old friends, & are making him pay dear for their 40,000 votes. So much the better.

[From the American.]

It would appear by the following that the Federalists in Pennsylvania have an intention to avail themselves of the schisms of the Republican party in that state, and attempt to elect a candidate of their own. This is plain dealing at least, and consistent with the principles which ought to characterize a party claiming any support from the honest portion of the community; somewhat different from the course through which our New-York Federalists (as they call themselves) have sneaked into power & office under a name they are ashamed to own, and a leader whom those among them who look to consequences & care for public good regard with dread, and those who know and can properly appreciate hold in contempt for his talents, while they look with apprehension to the power they have given him of doing evil.

Gettysburgh, [Penn.] June 23.

The Election.—The Federal Republicans of the County of Adams, are requested to meet in their respective townships, at the usual places of Township Elections, on Friday the 21st day of July next, to elect two Deputies from each Township, to meet at the Court house in the borough of Gettysburgh, on Saturday the 22d of July next, for the purpose of electing two Delegates, to meet similar Delegates from the several Counties of the State, in GENERAL CONVENTION, at Chambersburgh, on Tuesday the 25th of the same month, (or at such other time and place as may be agreed upon) to recommend some person to be supported for GOVERNOR. And also, if thought expedient, to settle a County Ticket, and elect Delegates to meet the other Delegates of the District, to settle the Congressional Nominations; and to transact such other business as may be thought proper when met. A punctual attendance from each Township is earnestly requested.

MANY.

Masonic.—On Wednesday evening, DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, Vice President of the United States, was inducted into the office of "Most Worshipful Grand Master of the state of New-York." The ceremony was performed by the Most Worshipful Past Grand Master of Masons, Gen. Jacob Morton.

Appointments by the Governor and Council of the state of Maine.—Prentiss Mellen, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. William Pitt Preble, and Nathan Weston, Associate Justices.

The expense of educating children at the Hartford Asylum, is \$200 a year, which includes board, washing and tuition.

Marine List.

PORT OF GENESEE

- ARRIVED July 9. Sch. Lady Washington, Reed, from S. Harbor.
- Mary, Vorce, F. Creek. Java. Cushman, do. Julia, York, do. John, Canton, C. Vincent. Sachem Rounds, Ogdensburgh. Defiance, Montague, do. Phoenix Lamb, do. Commodore Perry, Parker, S. Harbor, Steam Boat Ontario, Vaughan, do.
- 11—Sch. Triumph, McLean, do.—Farmers Daughter, Ingalls, Ogdensburgh. Gen. Brown, Davis, do.
- 12. Steam Boat Ontario, Vaughan, Lewiston. Sch. Genesee Packet, Pease, Ogdensburgh. Sally Ann, Rogers, Oswego.
- 13. Henrietta, Wymaz, do.
- SAILED.—July 10. Sch. John, Canton, for Niagara. Commodore Perry, Parker, do. Defiance, Montague, Oswego. Steam Boat Ontario, Vaughan, S. Harbor.
- 13. Sch. Genesee Packet, Pease, Ogdensburgh.
- 14. Triumph, McLean, Gallo Island.

Notice.

THE Inhabitants of the village of Rochester and of the towns friendly to a division of Ontario and Genesee counties, are requested to meet at A. Ensworth's Inn on Wednesday the 26th inst. at 2 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of adopting measures to petition the Legislature. July 18.

KINE POX.

THE Subscriber has procured some of the genuine Vaccine Infection, and will inoculate any persons who may apply to him. Its efficacy as a preventive against the Small-Pox is unquestionable. Its operation is mild and harmless, and none ought to neglect to avail themselves of the immense advantages it offers, at a moderate expense.

STEPHEN B. BARTLETT
Post-Rider.

N. B. A certificate from a respectable Physician can be procured, that the infection is genuine.
Rochester, July 11, 1820.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post-Office at Rochester, N. Y. 30th June, 1820.

- King, Allen, Mary Aldrich, Wm. Ashcraft, Ethan B. Alien.
- David Allen, Bazeleel Archer, Isaac Burrell, Hezekiah Bull, Lewis Bowtell, James Bates, Peter Celder, Joel Cass, Lemuel Castle, Almon Davis, Peter Dumont, Jehial Davis, John Elwell, John A. Fuller, Abm. Forbs, Ebner Frost, Patrick O'Flarty, John Gorton, Almon Griddings, E. Howland, Calvin G. Hills, Sallyann Hoikins, Enoch Hibbard, Newton Johnson, Peut Lowder, Ozias Lindsley, Thomas Kent, M. William Middleton, James Moore, Levi Moses, Ozni Miller, Polly Morrison, Henry S. Mead, George Olds, Ezeriah Parish, Selock Payne, John A. Rockwell, Polly Rhoads, Sarah M. Ripley, Moses Stephens, Asa Sprague, E. D. Smith, Timothy Stiles, Truman Stone, Luther Smith, Ezekiel Smith, Samuel Sample, James Thompson, Nathaniel Stubbs, Daniel Thair, Marshall J. Worden, Henry D. Williams, James Wilson, James Waugh.
- Abm. Grinds, Amelia Helm, I. Hemmingway, Nathan Hobbs, John Hagerman, William Jenkins, William Jenkins, Michael Lowder, Thomas Kent, M. James Moore, Sally Manning, Javus McClure, Thomas Morris, Ichabod Peterson, Mary Porter, Sprague Perkins, Jonathan Russell, Aaron Renick, Jedediah Safford, Benjamin Stocumb, Augustus Shaw, Edson Starkness, Daniel Shattuck, William Scott, Mathew Stuart, Theodore Smith, James Thompson, Nathan Stubbs, Daniel Thair, Marshall J. Worden, Henry D. Williams, James Wilson, James Waugh.

Rochester Hardware Store.

FRASER & SHELDON
ARE now receiving and intend to keep constantly on hand, a complete and general assortment of

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, Plated and Common Saddlery.

- 10 Tons Russia & Swedes Iron.
- 5 " Band and Hoop Iron.
- 1 " Share Moulds and Landsides.
- 1 " German (L) Swedes & Cast Steel
- 5 " Cut Nails assorted from 3 to 20d.
- 12 doz. English Spades and Shovels.
- 20 " Cobb's warranted Grass and Cradle Scythes.

Dutch Bolting Cloths, Tobacco, Snuff and Segars.

They also carry on the manufacturing of Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron; such as Copper Stills and Worms, Dyers' and Halters' Kettles, Copper Tea Kettles, Copper, and Sheet Iron Boilers, Cylinders, Heaters, &c. &c.

The above articles will be sold very low for Cash, wholesale and retail.
Rochester, June 27, 1820. 36tf

DYE-STUFF, PAINT AND OIL STORE.

S. MELANCTON SMITH

KEEPS on hand a constant supply of Dye-Stuffs of all kinds—Paints and Oils, which will be sold very low for Cash. Clothiers are respectfully invited to call. The articles are selected by gentlemen long acquainted with the business and are warranted good.

—ALSO—
Iron, Nails—White and Tarred Rope, all sizes. Blocks, Shoe, Whitewash, Clothings and Paint Brushes, Seize and wrapping Twine. Factory and Tonn Cloth. Tobacco, Pipes, Snuff, Powder Lead and Shot. Shaving and Bar Soap.

Albany Stone Ware, consisting of a variety of Jugs & Pots. A constant supply of common and basket Salt.—North Carolina Tar and Rosin, by the bbl. or less. A few Cow Bells, from 3 to 48 each. Salmon of a superior quality by the bbl. or less, which will be exchanged for Produce or Whiskey.—Spermaceti Oil, much used for Wool carding as well as lamps. Confectionary.

Also, [July 17.] a constant supply of

SALT,

by the barrel, hundred, or less, on liberal terms.

FORWARDING.

THE subscriber continues the Forwarding Business on the Genesee River, will take property at either of the Landings above Rochester and deliver the same at either of the Landings below;—will also contract for the Forwarding of Merchandise from Albany to any part of this district on reasonable terms.

S. MELANCTON SMITH.
Rochester, April 18, 1820. 24tf

Rochester Shoe Store.

Jacob Gould

HAS just received (at his Store in Carroll-street, two doors north of Messrs Hart and Saxton's)

1,000 pair coarse Shoes,

warranted to be of the first quality—and to accommodate the times, they are offered for one dollar and seventy five cents per pair. The above Shoes have been made by contract, and are far superior to any ever offered in this market. Those who purchase by whole sale, will receive a discount and credit by giving good security.

N. B. Ladies and Gentlemen's

Boots and Shoes

of the latest fashions constantly on hand and manufactured on the shortest notice. Also, kept constantly for sale, Cotton Goods, Yarn,—Hard-ware, &c.
Rochester, June 27, 1820. 34tf

GROUND PLASTER,

BY the Ebl. or smaller quantity for Sale, also, a few Bbls. Bennet's (Manlius) superior Ale, by
S. MELANCTON SMITH.
Rochester, May 29, 1820. 3w.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the Eastern and Western Mails, will close on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 9 o'clock P. M. The Moscow Mail, on the west side of the river, will close every Monday at 9 o'clock P. M. The Avon Mail on the east side of the River will close every Friday, at 1 o'clock P. M. All letters to be forwarded should be delivered at least half an hour before the time fixed for closing the Mail, otherwise they will lay over until the departure of the next mail.

A. REYNOLDS, P. M.
Rochester, June 11th 1820.

ROCHESTER NAIL FACTORY.

THE subscriber has established a Nail Factory a few rods south of Messrs Bissell & Ely's Red Mills, where Nails of all sizes from 3d to 20d will be kept constantly for sale, at as low prices for Cash as can be purchased in the Western District, and of a quality inferior to none which are manufactured in the United States. Merchants will be supplied on as good terms as in Albany or New-York, adding transportation.
THOMAS MORGAN.
Rochester, June 13, 1820. 33tf

SMALL POX.

AT this important period when one of our citizens is visited with the SMALL POX, notwithstanding the scarcity of the vaccine infection, and the great call that is made for it, Dr. VOGART still entreats the poor to call on him (four doors south of the Mansion House, in Carroll-street,) and partake, gratis, of the vaccine, that they may have an equal chance with the rich of escaping this foe to mankind.

N. B. Dr. VOGART returns his thanks to those of his friends that have thought proper to patronize him, and assures them his unremitting exertions will be continued to procure and preserve no other but the genuine Vaccine Matter, by which he hopes to merit a continuance of their favors. June 30, 1820.

Strayed or Stolen.

FROM the subscriber on the 25th of June, in the town of Mendon, out of the pasture of Martin Davis, a two year old Colt, two white hind feet, a brown colour, a star in his forehead and along tail. Whoever will give information where the said colt can be found, shall be handsomely rewarded.

MILO KINGSBURY.
Mendon, July 1st, 1820.

NOTICE.

THOSE of our friends who have been desirous that we should procure KINE POX infection, are informed that we have received from the agent appointed by government, a quantity in its pure and recent state, with which we offer, not beg, to vaccinate their families.
ELWOOD & COLEMAN.
Rochester, May 15, 1820. 30tf

Doctor Wm. L. Candee

HAVING removed to the village of Rochester, will be happy to attend to any calls in the line of his profession; and will endeavor by a diligent and successful attention to business, to insure the patronage and merit the approbation of the public.

He has taken a room in the Stone House kept by I. B. Palmer, on the east side of the River, where he may at all times be found when not engaged in professional business.

N. B. Dr. C. has just received a fresh supply of Kine Pox Infection, and will vaccinate those who may favor him with their calls.
Rochester, July 3, 1820. 36tf

JUSTICES' BLANKS,

For Sale at this Office.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

[The following striking narrative translated from the MS. Memoirs of the late Rev. Dr. Gotteleb Michari Gassen, a Catholic clergyman of great eminence in the city of Ratisbonne. It was the custom of this divine to preserve in the shape of a diary, a regular account of all the interesting particulars which fell in his way, during the exercise of his sacred profession. Two thick small quartos, filled with these strange materials, have been put into our hands by the kindness of Count Frederick Von Lindenhaumenbergh, to whom the worthy author bequeathed them. Many a dark story, well fitted to be the ground of a romance—many a tale of guilty love and repentance—many a fearful moment of remorse and horror, might we extract from this record of dungeons and confessional. We shall from time to time, do so, but sparingly, and what is more necessary, with selection.]

Never had a murder so agitated the inhabitants of this city, as that of Maria Von Richterstein. No heart could be pacified till the murderer was condemned. But no sooner was his doom sealed, and the day fixed for his execution, than a great change took place in the public feeling. The evidence though conclusive had been wholly circumstantial. And people who before his condemnation, were as assured of the murderer's guilt as if they had seen him with red hands, began now to conjure up the most absurd and contradictory reasons for believing in the possibility of his innocence. His own dark and sullen silence seemed to some, and indignant expression of that innocence which he was too proud to avow—some thought they saw in his imperturbable demeanor a resolution to court death, because his life was miserable & his reputation was blasted,—and others, the most numerous, without reason or reflection, felt such a sympathy with the criminal, as almost amounted to a negotiation of his crime. The man under condemnation of death was, in all the beauty of youth distinguished above his fellows for graceful accomplishments, and the last of a noble family. He had lain a month in his dungeon, heavily laden with irons.—Only the first week he had been visited by religionists, but he then fiercely ordered the jailor to admit no more "men of God," & till the eve of his execution he had lain in dark solitude, abandoned to his own soul.

It was near midnight when a message was sent me by a magistrate, that the murderer was desirous of seeing me.—I had been with many men in his unhappy situation, and in no case had I failed to calm the agonies of grief and the fears of the world to come. But I had known his youth—had sat down with him at his father's table—I knew also that there was in him a strange and fearful mixture of good and evil—I was aware that there were circumstances in the history of his progenitors not generally known—nay in his own life—that made him an object of awful commiseration—and I went to his cell with an agitating sense of the enormity of his guilt, but a still more agitating one of the sense of his misery, and the wildness of his misfortunes.

I entered his cell, and the phantom struck me with terror. He stood erect in his irons, like a corpse that had been risen from the grave. His face, once so beautiful, was pale as a shroud, and drawn into ghastly wrinkles. The black matted hair hung over it with a terrible expression of wrathful and savage misery. And his large eyes, which once were black, glared with a light in which all colour was lost, and seemed to fill the whole dungeon with their flashings. I saw his guilt, I saw what was more terrible than his guilt, his insanity, not in emaciation only, not in that more than death like silence of his face, but in all that stood before me, the figure, round which was gathered the agonies of many long days and nights of remorse and phrenzy, and a despair that had no fear of this world or of its terrors, but that was plunged in the abyss of eternity.

For a while the figure said nothing.—He then waved his arm, that made his irons clank, motioning me to sit down on the iron frame work of his bed; and when I did so, the murderer took his place by my side.

A lamp burned on a table before us—and on that table there had been drawn by the maniac, for I must indeed so call him, a decapitated human body, the neck as if streaming with gore, and the face wrinkled into horrible convulsions, but bearing a resemblance not to be mistaken to that of him who had traced the horrid picture. He saw that my eyes rested on his fearful mockery, and with a reckless fighting with despair, he burst out into a broken peal of laughter, and said, "to-morrow you will see that picture drawn in blood!"

He then grasped me violently by the arm, and told me to listen to his confession—and then to say what I thought of God and his eternal Providence.

"I have been assailed by ideots, fools and drivellers, who could understand nothing of the nature of my crime—men who came not here that I might confess myself before God but reveal my-

self to them—and I drove the tamperers with misery and guilt out of a cell sacred to insanity. But my hands have played in infancy, before I was a murderer, with thy grey hairs, and now even that I am a murderer, I can still touch them with love and with reverence. Therefore my lips, shut to all beside, shall be open to thee.

"I murdered her. Who else loved her so well as to shed her innocent blood? It was I that enjoyed her beauty—a beauty surpassing that of the daughters of men; it was I that filled her soul with bliss, and trouble, it was I that was privileged to take her life. I brought her into sin, I kept her in sin, and when she would have left her sin, it was fitting that I to whom her heart, her body and soul belonged, should suffer no divorce-ment of them from my bosom, as long as there was blood in hers, and when I saw that the poor, infatuated wretch was resolved, I slew her; yes, with this blessed hand I stabbed her to the heart.

"Do you think there was no pleasure in murdering her? I grasped her by that radiant, that golden hair, I bared those snow white breasts—I dragged her sweet body towards me, and, as God is my witness, I stabbed her with this very dagger, ten, twenty, forty times, thro' and thro' her heart. She never so much as gave one shriek, for she was dead in a moment, but she would not have shrieked had she endured pang after pang, for she saw my face of wrath turned upon her, she knew that my wrath was just, and that I did right to murder her who would have forsaken her lover in his insanity.

"I laid her down upon a bank of flowers, that soon were stained with her blood. I saw her dim blue eyes beneath the half closed lids, that face so change-ful in living beauty was now fixed as ice, and the balmy breath came from her sweet lips no more. My joy, my happiness was perfect. I took her into my arms, madly as I did on that night when first I robbed her of what fools call her innocence, but her innocence has gone with her to Heaven—and there I lay with her breasts pressed to my heart, and many were the thousand kisses that I gave those breasts cold & bloody as they were, which I had often kissed in all their loving loveliness, and which none were ever to kiss again but the husband who had murdered her.

"I looked up to the sky. There shone the moon & all her stars. Tranquillity, order, harmony and peace, glittered through the whole universe of God. "Look up, Maria, your favorite star has arisen." I gazed upon her, and death had begun to change her into something that was most terrible. Her features were hardened and sharp, her body as stiff as a frozen lump of clay, her fingers rigid and clenched, and her blood that was once so beautiful in her thin blue veins, was now hideously coagulated all over her corpse. I gazed on her one moment longer, and all at once, I recollected that we were a family of madmen. Did not my father perish by his own hand? Blood had before been shed in our house. Did not that warrior ancestor of ours die raving in chains? Were not those eyes of mine always unlike those of other men?—Wilder—at times fiercer—and oh!—father, saw you never there a melancholy too woeful for mortal man, a look sent up from the darkness of a soul that God never visited in his mercy?

"I knelt down beside my dear wife, but I knelt not down to pray. No I cried unto God, if God there be, 'Thou madest me a madman! Thou madest me a murderer! Thou foredoomest me to sin and to hell! Thou, thou the gracious God whom we mortals worship!—There is the sacrifice! I have done thy will—I have slain the most blissful of thy creatures; am I a holy and commissioned priest, or am I an accursed and infidel murderer?"

"Father, you start at such words!—You are not familiar with a madman's thoughts. Did I form this brain? Did I put that poison in my veins which flowed a hundred years since in the heart of my lunatic ancestor? Had I not my being imposed upon me, with all its rolling sea of dreams; and will you, a right holy and pious man, curse me because my soul was carried away by them as a ship is driven through the raging darkness of a storm? A thousand times even when she lay in resigned love upon my bosom something whispered to me, 'Murder her!' It may have been the voice of Satan—it may have been that of God! For who can tell the voice of Heaven from that of Hell? Look on this blood crusted dagger! Look on the hand that drove it through her heart! and then dare to judge of me and of my crimes, or comprehend God and all his terrible decrees!

"Look not away from me. Was I not once not confined in a madhouse? Are these the first chains I ever wore?—No, I remember things of old, that others may think I have forgotten.—Dreams will disappear for a long, long time, but they will return again. It may have been some one that I saw sitting chained in his black melancholly, in a mad house. I may have been only a stranger passing through that wild world. I know not. The sound of chains brings with it a crowd of thoughts, that come rushing on me from a dark and far off world. But if it, indeed, be true, that in

my boyhood I was not as other boys, and that even then the clouds of God's wrath hung round me, that God may not suffer my soul everlastingly to perish.

"I started up. I covered the dead body with bloody leaves, and turfs of grass and flowers, I washed my hands from blood, I went to bed, I slept, yes, I slept, for there is no hell like the hell of sleep, and into that hell God delivered me. I did not give myself up to judgement. I wished to walk about with the secret curse of murder on my soul. What could men do to me so cruel as to let me live? How could God curse me more in a black and fiery hell than on this green flowery earth? And what right had such men as those dull heavy eyed burghers to sit in judgment upon me, in whose face they were afraid to look for a moment, lest one gleam of them should frighten them into idiocy? What right have they, who are not as I am, to load me with their chains, or to let their villainous executioners spill my blood? If I deserve punishment, it must rise up in a blacker cloud under the hand of God in my soul.

"I will not kneel, a madman has no need of sacraments. I do not wish the forgiveness nor the mercy of God.—All that I wish is the forgiveness of her whom I slew; and well I know the death cannot so change that heart that once had life, as to obliterate from thine the merciful love of me? Spirits may in heaven have beautiful bosoms no more; but thou, who art a spirit, will save him from eternal perdition, whom thou knowest God created subject to a terrible disease. If there be mercy in heaven, it must be with thee. Thy path thither lay thro' blood; so will mine. Father thinkest thou we shall meet in heaven. Lay us at least in one grave upon earth."

In a moment he was dead at my feet. The stroke of the dagger was like lightning, and— * * * * *

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]
ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

It has been said by the civilization of a country fairly estimated by the degree of respect which is paid to its women.—The sentiment is not more gallant than it is just. Its truth has been demonstrated Messieurs Alexander, Thomas, Russell, and various other writers; who for this purpose have resorted, not to any abstracted enquiries into the characters of the sexes; but to a direct appeal to the experience of nations. They have shown, by a curious and most interesting investigation, that from the benighted and sensual savage of New-Zealand, or of Nootka Sound, through every gradation, up to the polished gentleman of Europe and America, an indifference and veneration for the female part of society, is exactly in proportion to the degree of refinement which each nation has attained. In a national point of view, Virginia need not shrink from the test of her refinement. In every social circle in which the sexes are included, we may observe a sanctity as well as a tenderness of attention to the fair which would not disgrace a knight in the proudest days of chivalry. But the moralist, who aims at the culture of his virtues, will direct his attention not so much to the manners of the drawing-room, as to those which may be observed in still more private life. He will look through the ceremonies which men may act from deference to their company, and by which indeed, they recognize and bow obedience to the sentiment above expressed; he will look through these blinds of state, into the bosom of the private family, and watch the manners of the husband and father when every restraint is removed. It will be by the discoveries which he shall make here, that he will direct his admonitions; and on this ground, I fear that the moralist, not of Virginia only but of all these states, which boast of their refinement, will find too much room for censure and admonition.

What is true of nations in this case, is, I presume equally true of individuals; or in other words, the civilization of the man, like that of the nation may be fairly estimated by the degree of respect which he pays to the fair. When I speak of civilization I do not mean science; since we have sometimes seen a very highly illuminated mind, connected with a cold, a malignant, or a ferocious heart; but by civilization, I mean that change which is wrought upon the savage man by the humanizing, softening, refining power of social virtue.—Neither by respect to the fair do I mean the bows and grinnace of a *petit maitre*, which a monkey might learn; nor the still more imposing exterior of elegance and sensibility which a Zeluca could assume; but, by respect to the fair, I mean a genuine and tender deference, which has not merely glanced upon the surface, but penetrated and pervaded every portion of the heart; I mean not an occasional show, but a sincere, a perennial, an habitual respect and affection, which renders a man involuntarily assiduous to the wants, and sympathetic with the minutest sufferings of the softer and gentler sex.

With these explanations I resume my position, and I beg my male reader to assure himself that whatever figure he may make in other respects: however brilliantly he may shine as a man of erudition, genius, wit, or humour, he is,

nevertheless, civilized or not, in proportion as he has learned to respect the fair; and more particularly that portion of them whose protection he may have assumed.

It is a monstrous truth, that the life of the finest girl among us, is too often a series of suffering and of sorrow. Too many of them pass on to death, without having once found the "sunny slope" of tranquillity, on which they could repose, and declare themselves for a moment, at ease. Their sufferings begin often with life. The restraints of their childhood, even when they are salutary, are sources of trouble: because their motive is not perceived by the young and inexperienced mind.

But not infrequently the restraints of childhood instead of being prompted by parental wisdom and tenderness, are the momentary dictates of head-long passion and brutal cruelty. This tyranny, commenced in their childhood is extended even to their maturer years; and it becomes the more severe as it is then inflicted on a mind capable of estimating its wrongs, and often exerted on those sensibilities of the heart which can least brook the curb and lash of authority. Marriage itself, too frequently, little more than a charge of tyrants; and the idol of the sighing and adoring lover, dwindled down into the neglected, oppressed, insulted drudge of an unprincipled and profligate husband. If the poor, lonely mourner, gives birth to sons, she looks on with remorse to the time when they, in their turn, armed with the authority of a husband, shall "play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as will make even angels weep"; if she gives birth to daughters—it would not be a subject of great wonder, if like the miserable mothers on the banks of the Oronoko, she should slay them out of compassion; and smother them in the hour of their birth.—How many women have here their history sketched? Look closely into the domestic movements of our people, and you will find that this sombre picture has too many originals. I am not accusing parents or husbands with the practice of savage violence on their daughters or their wives: to a generous woman there are many wrongs infinitely more humiliating and agonizing than the infliction of actual violence.

The destiny of poor Maria differed in some respects from the preceding sketch. Maria was among the fairest and sweetest girls that I have ever known. If the love of the fondest and best of parents—if the most enchanting grace and beauty—if the pure spirit and disposition of a seraph could have saved her from misery, Maria had been saved. My heart bleeds at the recollection of her. But let me try to command myself while I tell this tale of joy turned into sorrow; of the fairest hopes reversed and blasted—of the brightest lustre and beauty extinguished forever.

Her parents were not rich; but they were good. Although they had lived much in the world, they retained a simplicity of character which is now rarely encountered except in the description of poets. Their benevolent breasts were fraught with a tenderness of feeling whose luxury is known only to the poor and humble. The rich and the prosperous know it only by name.—Their simplicity, their benevolence, their sensibility, were concentrated in the bosom of the young Maria.—They gave an emphasis to her opening beauty—suffused her cheek with a richer hue,—and rode in triumph on the beams of her eyes, through the heart of every beholder. I remember Maria at her first appearance in the ball room. She was then about fourteen years of age. The enquiry ran—What rosebud of beauty is this? The epithet was applied with peculiar propriety; it depicted in one word her youth, her beauty, her innocence and sweetness.

She danced; when light and ethereal as a sylph, she surpassed whatever we have read of the wild, the striking, the captivating graces displayed by the rural beauties on the flowery side of *Aetna*. It was easy to read in the countenance of this gay and artless young creature the exulting expectations with which she was entering in life. Her childhood had passed away amid the blandishments and caresses of her fond parents; all had been ease, indulgence, and gratification; admired, applauded and beloved by every body who saw or knew her, every day, every hour, had been filled with animation, joy, and rapture.

As yet she had frolicked only on life's velvet lawn, covered with a canopy of blooming amaranth; and her young fancy was teeming with visions of bliss in bright and boundless prospects. Alas! poor Maria; How soon was this serene and joyous morning to be overcast! A lover presented himself. Like Maria, he was in the bloom of youth, and had every advantage of person and address; but his breast was not like Maria's the residence of pure and exalted virtue.—He loved her indeed; or rather he was infatuated by her beauty; but he was incapable of forming a correct estimate of the treasure which was lodged in her bosom; of that heart whose purity, delicacy, fidelity, generosity and sensibility, an angel might have avowed without a blush. The dupe, however, of fervent, and pathetic professions, she accepted this man; and Maria who was

formed to crown the happiness of a sensible and virtuous man, became the miserable wife of a weak and vicious one.

Merciful God! Must I remember the contrast which I so often witnessed, in agony! Poor Maria! Her velvet lawn was exchanged for a wilderness of briars and brambles; her amaranthine canopy for the keen and cutting blasts of a winter's sky. I have seen Maria in the thronged assembly-room when every eye was fixed upon her with delight, and followed her in speechless admiration thro' the mazes of the graceful dance, and I have seen the same Maria far removed from the world's society, and even yet in the bloom of youth, all lonely and drooping like a wounded flower. I have seen the lovely girl, presiding, like a bright propitious planet at her father's hospitable board, and I have seen her the solitary and menial drudge of her own gloomy and forsaken household. I have beheld her the animating soul of the polished circle, dispensing life and light by her smiles—& my own soul has sunk within me, to see her insulated from the world, and pierced and languishing under the neglect of her once ardent and assiduous husband. She had seen the time when every transitory dejection of countenance had been watched by him, its cause sedulously explored, and consolation administered with a tenderness which could not fail of its effect. But now without a single enquiry, without one touch of pity, he could see her pale with sorrow, and her once radiant eyes dim with weeping. At such a moment, instead of bending before her as he had once done, and pressing her hand to his sympathetic heart he could cast on her a look so cold and chilling as to freeze the vital stream of life even in its fountain, fling out of his house with contempt and disgust, and lavish on the vicious and impure those affectionate attentions which he had solemnly vowed to her alone. He might have been happy; and might have realized to his beautiful wife all those dreams of conjugal innocence and bliss with which her youthful fancy was wont to regale her. But instead of these pure and calm joys whose recollection might have glided even the moment of death, he chose riot, debauchery and guilt; to his own virtuous and celestial bed, he preferred habitual adultery and prostitution; and instead of perpetual spring which she had fondly anticipated, poor Maria experienced only perpetual winter. The blast was too keen for her tender frame. She is gone: and, with her sister angels, she has found that peace which her unfeeling husband refused to her on earth. Her death stunned him into his senses. In vain he hath endeavored to recall her fleeting breath; in vain he promised and vowed if she could be restored to him, to atone for his past neglect in future tenderness.—To him the resolution of amendment came too late: may it come in time to a portion of my readers. Y.

WONDERFUL!!

The seven wonders of the world, were lately exhibited at Washington City in a new museum of natural curiosities.

- 1st. A widow that at the age of 60 refused an offer of marriage.
- 2d. A dandy with only five cravats on his neck.
- 3d. A contented old maid.
- 4th. A lawyer of integrity.
- 5th. A moderate doctor's bill.
- 6th. A tailor that was never known to cabbage.
- 7th. A Congressman that wished to adjourn the session, when there was money in the treasury.

[From the Western Journal.]

CONGRESSIONAL "COMPOSITION."

A statement of the professions of members of the present Congress, made out by a member.

	Senate.	H. of R.	Total.
Lawyers,	23	100	123
Physicians,	9	13	22
Planters & Farmers,	0	52	71
Mechanics,	0	9	9
	1	2	3
186 Representatives,			
2 Delegates,			
42 Senators.			

230—whole number of members of Congress.

From New-England and New-York, in H. of Representatives—Lawyers, 40
Whole number of Rep's from do. 68
Do. & Lawyers, 40

Other professions, 28

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the footman's bed and told him, if he moved he was a dead man. That's a lie, cried the fellow, if I move I swear I'm alive.

A Frenchman, being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked what he could do as a slave? His answer was, he had been used to a sedentary employment. Well then, said the pirates, we will put on you a pair of feather breeches, and set you to hatch chickens.