General Advertiser

REPUBLICAN STAR AND

VOL. XXIV. EASTON, (MD.) TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1823. NO. 45....1233.

Printed and published, every Tuesday Morning

BY THOMAS PERRIN SMITH,

Publisher of the Laws of the Union.

TERMS.

The terms are *Two Dollars* and *Fifty Cents* per Annum, payable half yearly, in advance.—No paper can be discontinued, until the same is paid for.

Advertisements are inserted three weeks for One Dollar, and continued weekly for Twenty five Cents per square.

Valuable Land for sale.

By virtue of an order of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Columbia and county of Washington, sitting in Chancery, will be sold by public auction on the premises,

On Thursday, the 17th day of July next,

at 12 o'clock (if fair, and if not, on the next fair day at the same hour) a handsome FARM, situate on Choptank river, in Banbury, in Talbot county, consisting of those parts of the tracts of land called 'Hogsdon,' 'Thief Keep Out,' 'Peake's Marsh,' and 'Marshy Peake,' that were allotted to John Ott, as grantee of Charles W. Goldsborough, Esq. of Washington: and laid off as his moiety thereof, under and in virtue of a writ of partition, issued out of Talbot county court, containing by estimation 415 3-4 acres more or less; about 127 1-2 acres thereof being marsh and affording a great deal of grass for cattle, about 144 acres thereof being arable land and affording several handsome situations for buildings, and the residue in excellent woodland. Also, at the same time and place, all the right and title, or undivided moiety, in and to two other tracts of land called 'Goldsbosough's Choice,' and 'Goldsborough's Reserve,' also situate on Choptank river, near the lands aforesaid, the one containing 100 1-2 acres of marsh land and the other 42 acres, more or less.

Those who are disposed to purchase, are invited to take a view of the premises previous to the day of sale.

A credit of one, two and three years will be given, upon the purchaser giving bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money, with interest from the day of sale, to

RICHARD T. LOWNDES, Trustee.

may 20 9w

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of a venditioni exponas to me directed, against Thomas Wrightson, at the suit of James McDaniel, will be sold in the town of St. Michaels, on Saturday the 26th of July next, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock of the same day, the following property, to wit: all the right and title of said Wrightson, of, in and to the HOUSE AND LOT, situate in the town of St. Michaels, where he at present resides; also all his right and title to four other undivided Lots, lying and being in the town of St. Michaels—two walnut Tables, one Bureau, half dozen Chairs, one large Teaboard, one pair Fire-Tongs, one Shovel, one pair brass Andirons, one Pot, one Dutch Oven, one Grindstone, and two beds.

Taken and will be sold to satisfy the debt, interest and cost of the above named venditioni.

E. N. HAMBLETON, Shff.

june 24 5w

Notice.

BY virtue of a covenant in a deed of indenture made and executed by Levin Farrington, to the President, Directors and Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, will be sold on Monday the eighteenth day of August next for cash, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M. at the house of Dr. Sam'l. James, in Somerset county, the following tracts and parts of tracts of lands in said county, or so much thereof as will satisfy a claim held by the said Farmers' Bank of Maryland against said lands, viz: part of a tract called Weatherly's purchase, part of a tract called Wilton, part of a tract called Salisbury Plains, a tract called Train's Lot, a tract called Farrington's Adventure, & part of a tract called Morris's Lot. The said lands formerly belonged to the said Levin Farrington, dec'd. and were deeded by him to the said Bank to secure the said claim. The President, Directors and Company of said Bank will therefore give the purchaser or porchasers a good title to the said lands, or so much as shall be sold.

By order of the President, Directors & Company of the said Bank.

EDWARD AUSTIN,
Agent and Assignee.

june 17 2m

Lands for Rent or Sale.

To be rented for the ensuing year, the several plantations belonging to the subscriber, in Hunting Creek and Poplar Neck in Caroline county. Such of the present tenants as wish to continue on their farms are requested to apply for the same by the 10th of July, after which they will be let, without reserve, to the first approved applicants.

The Subscriber offers this body of Land for Sale.—It contains upwards of four thousand acres, has an abundant proportion of very fine Timber, and is beautifully situated on Choptank River, a few miles below Dover Bridge, by the shore of which River it is bounded about two miles.—A very advantageous bargain, and a long credit will be given to any one or more persons, who would purchase the whole of this Land in one contract.

Also to be rented a part of my farm at Shoal-Creek, to be laid off so as to contain fron 150 to 250 acres of cleared Land, as may best suit the tenant.

C. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Shoal-Creek, near Cambridge
june 24 10w

For Rent,

The house and lot at present occupied by Mrs. Loveday, on Harrison street, and possession given on the first of January next. For terms apply at the Star office.

june 10 w

FROM THE NASHVILLE GAZETTE.

POLITICAL HORSE RACING.

AND PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

As racing has become a fashionable amusement of the day—whether it be the racing of grooms, or of politicians, I have here undertaken to amuse the lovers of sport with the details of a splendid political sweepstakes, which I recently witnessed.

It had been announced by the stewards of the turf that agreeably to the provisions of the constitution of the Jocky Club, on a certain day a jocky club race would be run over the United States' track, free for the entrance of any horse or gelding, mares being excepted; said horse or gelding being a native of these United States, and aged thirty-five years or over. The distance, once round the turf—the course embracing the whole twenty-four United States of America. The weight to be carried by the horses, nothing more than the obloquy which the respective riders of each could throw upon the nags of the others. The entrance, gratis. The purse, the reward of speed and bottom, furnished by the jocky club, was a liberty cap, which invested the successful candidate with the Presidency of the United States for the term of four years, from and after the 4th day of March, 1825.

The magnificence of the prize produced great interest and excitement; and it was supposed the turf would be crowded with the distinguished racers of the continent. Indeed for a long time previous to the day of trial the public prints were incessant in their annunciations of celebrated coursers, who would be competitors in this contest. But when the day of entrance came, and the books were closed, the following five candidates were alone placed on the list—to wit: the Adams, the Jackson, the Clay, the Calhoun, and the Crawford. (N. B. It is said the Dewitt Clinton of New York, a steed of no small celebrity, would also have entered, had not some of the jockies of that state, last fall, wilfully lamed him.)

But to enable the reader to enter fully into the interest which this contest excited, I will add a brief sketch of the pedigree and performances of the five nags which were entered.

The Adams is a horse of illustrious ancestry. He was begotten by the celebrated John Adams who ran with such distinguished applause during the revolutionary war; and although his performances, in the latter part of his life, detracted much from that high and deserved reputation which his early success had acquired for him—having been in old age, beaten and distanced by the pride of Virginia—that matchless courser, the Jefferson—still he was unquestionably a horse of no mean process.—The friends of the old Adams however, attributed the defeat which he received at the hands of the Jefferson, to bad keeping; and threw the blame upon one of his grooms, named Hamilton; but wholly without authority; for the Jefferson was evidently his superior. But jockies, you know, are fruitful in excuses when ill fortune attends their nags. The high blood of the Adams seems to have been more sanguinely relied on than either his figure or his previous performances; for he is an obese, stout buttocked annimal, and his excellence in racing partakes not of downright turf running, such as we now speak of, but rather of the light airy ambling of the Pegasus breed. It is with difficulty he can be kept in the track, so much is he addicted to bolting. He displayed his propensity in this way in 1807. When running against some horses called the republicans over the course called the senate, he suddenly reared, plunged and kicked up—threw off his rider, one Otis, whom he repeatedly stamped, and forthwith dashed into a rich green clover field that bordered the margin of the course, where he has ever since remained, grazing on the fat of the land. His sire was also vehemently addicted to this practice of bolting. The Adams has been frequently sent to Europe by the American jockies; but it is said the expenses attending the outfits, &c. always amounted to more than his winnings. He was raised in Massachusetts; or rather he was born there, for he was trained in Europe, having gone to that country when but eleven years old, and remained there many years, under the guidance of some royal grooms.

The Jackson is a tall, slim horse; but "of mighty bone and bold emprise"—He is moreover, exceedingly spirited, and high mettled. In his own state (Tennessee,) he has ran with wonderful success; never having lost a race there or elsewhere—but it is the splendid victory which he obtained over the noted British horse, the Packenham, on the Orleans turf, on the 8th of January, 1815, which has given him such distinguished reputation. The Packenham was a full blooded courser—akin to the invincible Wellington, who beat the far famed Napoleon on the field of Waterloo. The Packenham was expressly picked by the British King, from amongst his whole stud, and sent to the Orleans turf expressly to encounter an American horse; yet the Jackson distanced him the first round. It is universally admitted, even by the knowing ones of England, that the Jackson ran that race in exceeding quick time! The Jackson has also beaten the Creek, the Seminole and the Florida horses of some note.

As to the Colhoun, he is a mere colt,—scarcely bridlewise. His former performances had given him no reputation,—& the knowing ones were astonished at the rashness of his keepers in placing him in competition with such tried speed and bottom.

He is, 'tis true, a sprightly, lively looking colt, but, he has not one of the marks or points of a first rate. His backers frequently indicated a disposition to withdraw him, and venture their funds on the Adams; but in their councils, "madness ruled the hour," and he appeared upon the course a candidate for domination.

The Clay is an airy supple jointed fellow, of bright and cheerful countenance. He comes from the backwoods of Kentucky, where he has run with such success at country gatherings, that in that state he has no competitor. In 1814 he ran at Ghent, where some American horses, and amongst others the Adams, were matched against the steeds of old England; and success crowned the heels of the Americans. It is thought by some that the Adams did not on that occasion maintain the interests of the whole American sportsmen; but that he ran only for the Cape Cod jockies. The western sportsmen had like to have lost their all by him; and would, but for the Clay.

The Crawford is a tall, majestic figure, with wonderful bone, muscle and sinew. His tread firm and indicative of great strength and activity. He sprung from the old Virginia stock of racers; one of the best strains in these United States. (Vide the American racing calendar, titles, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.) When young he was taken to Georgia, and there occasionally ran a few cider races successfully; when his owners, emboldened at his success, ventured to enter him in the state jockey club, where he defeated the favorite horse of Georgia, although often opposed by that dare devil the John Clark, a nag of some distinction in that quarter; who has lately, however, become spavined, splintered and string-halted. It is singular that the supporters of all the other nags vied in their abuse of this horse and his performances.

Such are the characters of the horses which paraded on the day of trial. All of them had acquired reputation in their provincial racing, but how they would play their parts when opposed to each other on the great theatre of the national turf, was all "doubt and darkness." Bets were various—and the vociferations of praise by the friends of the respective nags were boisterous and constant. The shrewd Yankee was ready to risk his whole crop of Onions, together with the fruits of his years toil in the Cod fishery, on their favorite Adams.—Hundreds of the sons of *old Kentuck* were 'around the *Clay*, who made the "welkin ring" with their shouts.—They said "he was half Horse—half Alligator, and tipped with the snapping Turtle." Nay, they avowed "he was a very Steam Boat!—a Mississippi Sawyer!" They swore he was the best horse on the turf, and that they could out run, out jump, out shoot, throw down or whip any man or set of men who dared to contradict them!

A faint uproar of approbation was occasionally heard from the friends of the *Calhoun*, but it was, a dying sound.

The Georgians and Virginians were loud in their plaudits—They offered to stake piles of old Virginian sweet scented and Georgia uplands on the *Crawford*. The Yankees looked with a yearning eye at the hogsheads and bales and sinned most heinously, in their hearts, against that commandment, which "forbids the coveting of thy neighbour's property."

The *Jackson* had about him some staunch friends though few in number. They talked of the ever glorious eighth, and swore "by the deeds he had done," that he was "the horse of horses!"

The *Adams* had been long in training. He had been long under the care of two famous sporting associations, called the "Essex Junto." and "Hartford Convention," whose system of training was fashioned after the English plan.

The *Clay* was trained chiefly in Kentucky, amongst the people, and rubbed down occasionally by the friends of South American independence and the Mississippi boatmen.

Some Dutch waggoners in Pennsylvania had the keeping of the Calhoun, who stuffed him with rye straw and wheat bran; a sort of food that merely tended to puff him up, without invigorating him with any real strength.

The Jackson might he said to be without keepers: at least he had none of experienced professional skill. His backers said he was always at the service of the jocky club—that he required no keeping, and that he was always ready if the people should think fit to start him.—No studied preparation had therefore been made, and he came upon the ground full and rough—relying on his native strength unaided by the skill of the jockies.

The Crawford was in famous plight. He was at first managed by some Georgian jockies. He was thence taken to the old dominion, where he was again looked after by some of the old grooms of 'ninety eight: the same who had trained the Jefferson, when he beat "t'other Adams." Mordeica Noah of New York also "ever and anon" took him through a course of exercise.

The State of Maine was selected as the starting post. There, on the appointed day the candidates met; and from thence they were to run throughout the whole twenty-four States.

The beating of the drums announced that the hour for the riders to mount had arrived. The rattling of this instrument of war electrified Old Hickory. It was to the same music he ran when he tried his speed with the Packenham. He pricked up his ears, bowed his neck, champed his bit, and carried lofty. But this note of war greatly affrighted the Adams, whose spirits are always startled at "wild wars deadly blasts;" and his friends were greatly shocked at sounds so offensive to the feelings of a peaceable and religious people.

The Editor of the National Gazette was selected as the rider of the Adams, who has acquired some distinction both in this country and in Britain, as a rider. His system of political horsemanship partakes more of the English, than of the American mode. And it is moreover said he is quite capricious in relation to his tenets, alternately the votary of "doctrines fashioned to the varying hour" He mounted his candidate for dominion: and the richness and gaudiness of his dress filled the people with amazement. He was clothed in purple: and on his head he wore a cap shaped like a crown: and attached to this crown, floated in the air two ensigns, impressed with appropriate mottos. The one however, was speedily tied up; the other rattled in the wind, and displayed this inscription. "We are all Federalists—We are all Republicans!"—It was, however, whispered about, that this was the same flag which the Adams carried when he ran in Massachusetts under the fictitious name of Publicola; and it was apparent that the ground of the ensign had been newly repainted; that the old inscription had been brushed out, and this new one substituted in its stead.

Noah, one of the Crawford Jockies, a keen lynx-eyed fellow, was seen to gaze slyly, yet intently, at this ancient banner, and hinted that vestiges of the ancient writings were visible; a transcript of which being submitted to that burrower after antiquities, Dr. Mitchell, he produced the true and original reading to be thus: "Huzza for the Alien and Sedition Laws!—Standing Armies and Direct Taxes!"—The rider carried in his hand a whip, made of a certain timber called "direct taxes," admirably calculated for scourging. The Adams carried heavy weight, fastened upon him by the opposing grooms, consisting of huge masses of Federalism and Aristocracy. It was thought those burdens would not greatly impede his progress in passing over the dry sandy soil of the New England States; but it was believed they would cause him to stick fast in the deep, rich and loamy grounds of the West.

He was led to the starting post by a federalist of the Boston turf.

The Clay was mounted by one of the people; a rough hardy Kentuckian, dressed in a linsy-woolsy hunting shirt fastened around him, by a coarse leathern belt, with deer skin mockasons, with "a blue and white cotton handkerchief" tied round his head. He carried a whip, a mere twig, cut from the tree persuasion.—His bridle reins were made of the people's will. He too unfurled an ensign, which bore "The Western States and the Mississippi!" The only extra weight which the Clay carried consisted in an old dirty pack of cards, heretofore much used, but apparently long since thrown by, which the Adams jockies sneakingly thrust into the gridle of his rider.

A "Western Citizen" conducted the Clay to the polls, who merrily chanted as he led him up.

My bonny brave Horse has come out of the West,
And in all the great *valley* this steed is the best.

A square built mynheer of Pennsylvania, led the Calhoun to the charge, who pitched upon his back a mere catch, (the Editor of the Franklin Gazette) as his rider. The little groom was almost weighed down with epaulets, sashes, lace, buttons, embroidery and plumes. He wore a fierce chapeau to which was affixed a golden plate with this inscription, "The army Candidate." 'Twas cruel to oppress this yearling with additional weight; but an unfeeling Crawford jocky thrust into the knapsack of the rider a huge Rip Rap Rock, which almost prostrated the frisky racer.

The Gallant War Horse Jackson was led to the poles.—The Editor of the Columbian Observer officiated as his principal attendant, though his assistance had previously been given to the Clay. He was rode by the Editor of the Nashville Gazette, who owing to the spirit of his steed, was mounted without whip or spur. He wore an old continental three cornered cocked hat, with ensigns pendant, in which were inscribed "Camden, Tahoopka, New Orleans." The Clay folks ungenerously endeavoured to fasten to his croup a heavy southern mineral called Arbuthnot, which however the noble animal shook off entirely, before he started.

Next "in gallant trim" was marshalled at the polls the lofty Crawford—His undaunted air, perfect figure, and agile tread, called forth the plaudits of the great assemblage—The Editor of the National Advocate, the fomous N. York keeper, the same who last year lamed and pricked the Clinton, led the Crawford to the polls—The Editor of the Enquirer, a lad bred in the best Virginia stables, was seated on his back. In his dress were blended the fashions of the white man and of the Indian. On his flag glared in large capitals, "STATE RIGHTS."—"ŒCONOMY"——"REPULICANISM OF NINETY-EIGHT"—and in the back ground a painting; a representatation of an encounter, in which the bow of Cupid overcomes the scalping-knife of the Savage, designed as an emblem of the new mode of inculcating civilization by means of the pleasant process of intermarriages.

He carried neither scourge or goad. His enemies thrust under his saddle large bundles of mis-stated Treasury Reports—Suppressed Documents, &c. but his rider, with the slight of hocus pocus, freed himself from these encumbrances. They attempted too to point out a speck of Federalism, which they said had attached itself to him, but it was bedizzened by the resplendent dapples of Republicanism which pervaded his whole body.

The competitors were at length marshalled at the post. The Judges gave the word GO! a hurra! was shouted by the multitude & off dashed the gallants; an empire the prize.

They started in the State of Maine, through which state there were two tracts, viz. the Missouri Tract and the Maine Tract. The Crawford promptly selected the Missouri route, which he steadily pursued, & at the onset ran far ahead of the Adams, who lost much time in temporising, in first trying the advantages of one tack, and then of the other, to catch the most popular breeze. At length having gotton into the current, he spread all his canvass, and then ensued a vigorous contest between the Crawford and the Adams, which however resulted in the supremacy of the latter. Throughout New-Hampshire the Adams continued to lead the van. The same success continued to attend him as he onwards passed over Vermont; but as they dashed along the Green Mountains, the old Warriors of the Revolution shouted zealously for Old Hickory, who made a run at the Adams under this cheering, but uneffectually. Massachusetts was next entered, the Adams far ahead. Here the rider of the Adams unfurled his heretofore concealed banner, which displayed "The Hartford Convention," and the "Universal Yankee Nation!" & amongst those people who have so long cried "England is the Bulwark of our Religion," the effect which these talismanic words produced was prodigious. Faneuil Hall resounded with cheers. Throughout the Adams led the way.

Once, however he was suddenly checked in his career, on the plains of Lexington, by the shades of those whigs, whose bones are bleaching on those fields. They essayed to tear from the brow of his rider the traitorous ensign which he had just unfurled.

The state of the turf in this State seemed happily fitted for the successful progress of the Adams; whilst the other nags trode on a soil peculiarly heavy to republican hoofs.

No change was noticed in their progress through Rhode Island; but as they reached the confines of Connecticut, the Adams evidently flagged notwithstanding the most vehement application of the spur, whilst the others seemed to acquire new vigour.

At Stonington the whole field passed the Adams, who was at that period terribly frightened at the carousals of the people of that village who were just then celebrating the anniversary of their victory over Commodore Hardy. "The Gentleman of Philadelphia," who rode the Adams, was much vexed at this accident, and declared it "unbecoming a religious and moral people to rejoice at their victories over their enemies."

This accident brought the competitors together, and in a pretty weh started line they all entered the State of New York. In this state there was no sham riding. It was deemed by all an important stage in the contest. The struggle was vehement on the part of each. The Crawford led the way, pressed however frequently, up to the girth, by the Adams. In this state the rider of the Adams douced his "Hartford Convention" flag; but not so completely as to obscure entirely a glimmering of the ancient inscription. The times had changed—New York "was herself again." The rider of the Adams tried each art to urge the dull delay of his beast. A volatile genius, he had been "every thing by starts and nothing long." He rode sometimes in federal style, sometimes in English style, and sometimes in the republican way, tho' awkwardly enough 'tis true, but to no advantageous end. The Crawford led the way; and this excited no astonishment in those who were apprized that Noah had taught Ritche how to avail himself of all the near cuts in that mighty state. The course of the Adams in that state, was too devious for one who had but little time to spare, The poor Calhoun was greatly distressed. The Clay made a vigorous, but unsuccessful effort.—The Jackson was doing well, but when he leaped across the great canal his rider shouted, "Huzza for Dewit Clinton," which so vexed the Tammanies that they threw every sort of rubbish and obstruction in his path. New Jersey also became the arena of a vigorous contest, and it is difficult to say which acquired the victory. But is believed the Adams maintained a general superiority in that state; though as they bounded across the fields of Princeton and Trenton the Jackson gained the front, and was the first to enter the frontier of Pennsylvania.—In this state the success of each was various and alternate. Much fine running was displayed at this stage, and a variety of dexterous feats were performed by the riders; chiefly by those of the Adams, the Calhoun and the Jackson—accompanied with a Billingsgate altercation but little creditable to the parties. But so soon as they entered the confines of Maryland the Crawford whipt ahead and dashed throughout the state acknowledged victor. Near Baltimore another accident befel the Adams. He bolted at the sight of the star spangled banner which, floated "like streamer long & gay," triumphantly on the ramparts of Fort McHenry. In Virginia though held hard in hand, the Crawford ran far ahead. His antagonists could scarcely keep within sight of him. He seemed to be wafted on the wings of the wind,

"——————— and as he flew,
Left all the world behind."

At Richmond the Adams again flew the track such was his horror at the "Prospect before us!" Pursuing his unchecked career the Crawford rushed triumphant across the state of North Carolina.—On entering the borders of South Carolina the progress of the Crawford was marked with less velocity; for he was speedily overhauled by the Calhoun.—But he did not tamely yield to the latter, for a warm disputation ensued, which attracted the curiosity of one Mr. Senator Smith to such a degree that in attempting to cross the path of the Calhoun, he was shockingly trampled upon. Since the occurrence, he has spoken two or three times to the people, but it is believed such is the nature of his bruises, that he will never entirely recover from their effects. The Calhoun prevailed in South Carolina; but just as he had placed himself in a jumping position, to leap across the Savannah river into the State of Georgia, one Cumming, a noted shooter in that quarter, who had taken a sly squatting position on the Georgia bank, fired a huge blunderbuss, charged up to the muzzle with Cologne water, direct into his face, which being neither covered with silk or oak bark, was not impervious to the touch of this sensitive load of the assailant, & the consequence was that the Calhoun twisted, wheeled and fell——to run no more.

Over the sands of Georgia the Crawford bounded with the swiftness of the Antelope; and as he passed through Augusta, a zealot fired at him a squib, charged with federalism, but if the contents even scratched him, the wound was instantly healed by one Doctor Abbot a noted farrier. To reach the state of Tennessee the Indian territory had to be crossed, and the whitemen who had settled there purely however to teach the aborigines the art of civilization by means of the process of matrimony greeted him with the yells of victory. The parties militant next struck the soil of Tennessee, then it was that the Jackson flew

"——— like an arrow ———,
Shot by an archer strong."

He rushed with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent; the Clay next, then the Adams—the Crawford falling far in the rear, overcome with the efforts he had made in the Southern states. But the Jackson's triumph was but short lived. —He yielded the van, as the last shouts of the Tennessee volunteers died in his ears—as they entered the borders of Kentucky. The Clay, who had heretofore leisurely trained in the rear, save a spurt or two he made in N. York and Pennsylvania, seemed as fresh as when he started, such was the ease with which he passed every thing in Kentucky. He penetrated Ohio still distancing his rivals. The rider of the Adams saw that the day was against him, and that as speed and bottom had failed him, he must resort to skill. He threw out his "Universal Yankee nation" banner and adroitly displayed it to the people as he rushed along; but to no purpose; the charm was gone. Indiana was another theatre of the triumph of the Clay; but when the state of Illinois appeared to their view the Crawford, somewhat reflushed, essayed to pass him, and made a splendid run, notwithstanding an ill natured Cook threw at him a mangled carcase cooked with his own hands as a terrible raw head and bloody bones, to affright him. In Missouri the contest was interesting for a while—the Crawford nearing the Clay up to the shoulders.

In this state was seen the last of the Adams. A cruel master was in the very act of scourging his naked manacled slave, on the margin of the tract, just at the moment when the Adams passed along. A scene so shocking to the feeling of this sensitive horse, so frightful to his vision, overcame him, and he snorted, reared and bounded across a certain degree of North Latitude, beyond which the cries of the bondmen are never to be heard; and sought an exclusion from deeds so revolting to his nature, carrying with him his rider, the Mazeppa of modern times Adown the state of Louisiana the Clay led the way—But when the plains of Orleans burst upon the sight of the Jackson, the recollection of times gone by, impelled him to an exercise of his mightiest efforts. He was just in the act of passing the Clay, and when he thought "his fortunes were a ripening fast," he suddenly found his career checked by barriers, formed of a timber called the "*habeas corpus suspended*" extending athwart his path, and reared by a crowd of little noisy chaffering Frenchmen. Amazement possessed him! "You too, Brutus?" exclaimed his rider. The noble animal stopped—his energies relaxed—the rider dropped his rein and uttered INGRATITUDE! It was a shameful act. The people of Louisiana had ventured their lands and houses—their domicil, their wives and their daughters, on this same Jackson,

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3923_scm2843-0334.jpg