CREEK INDIANS.

It will be seen by the following letter to the editors, that the Creek Indians as a Nation, positively refuse to negotiate for an exchange of lands with the U. States, with a view to emigration beyond the Mississippi: [Nat. In.

FORT MITCHELL, Alab. Aug. 16.

Dear Sirs:—As considerable excitement exists at present, relative to the contemplated removal of the Indians from their lands, to others, West of Mississippi River, I have been induced to send you the following:

Agreeably to the request of their Agent, Col. John Crowell, a large number of Chiefs and inferior Indians of the Creek Nation, assembeld in Council on the 2nd inst. at the usual place, Wetumkee, about sixteen miles from the Agency.

On the third day of the session the Agent was invited into the Square, for the purpose of fulfilling what instructions he might have. The principal items embraced therein, were, to ascertain the disposition of the Indians to treat with the General Government for an exchange of lands, what number would emigrate, provided no treaty could be effected; and lastly, the determination that the annuity should be proportionably divided between those who have or will emigrate, and those who refuse to do so. The Agent also enforced upon their minds the impossibility of the Executive to prevent the State of Alabama extending her jurisdiction over the Nation.

A positive refusal was given to enter into any treaty; and also to accept the annuity on the terms alluded to. Nothing occurred at the Council to increase the belief, yet from circumstances daily arising, no doubt exists, that between three and four thousand will be willing to remove the ensuing Fall or Spring. I must here allude to the very animated manner in which the Council was addressed by two conspicuous Indians, who after referring to the benefit that would result from emigration, expressed their determination to avail themselves of it.

From a residence of more than two years in the Creek Nation, and possessing considerable knowledge of the country allotted to the Creeks West of the Mississippi River, I am a decided advocate for emigration. The Indians cannot remain subjected to the laws of Alabama; added to which, is the ill effect from a rapid encroachment of the whites on their limits. Should a party be removed the ensuing Fall or Spring the Agency will be transferred; as from the opposition manifested against the passage of the Indian appropriation bill, it is doubted whether a future one will be granted for their aid; it is matter of regret that the Indians should not avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

Though we may differ on the subject of emigration, (alluding to the Creeks only,) still I assure you that the opinion expressed, is the result of a firm conviction.

Yours, &c.

From the New York Evening Post.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

British Colonial Trade.—We do not find any confirmation of the fact of the reported opening of the British West India ports to the trade of the United States. In the British House of Commons on the 7th July, in reply to a question asked by Mr. Robinson relative to the state of the negotiations with the United States for throwing open the West India Trade, Sir Robert Peel stated that negotiations were in progress, but had not yet been brought to a final conclusion. The editor of the New York Albion thinks that this admission is the forerunner to an annunciation of an arrangement between the two Governments for the opening of the Colonial ports. The same journal, which has always been the steady advocate of the British Colonial interests, makes the following statements and admissions on the subject, all of which would seem to show that the final arrangements are near their completion.

'It has been recently stated, and upon the best authority, that the Agent for New Brunswick in London, Mr. Bliss, had communicated to his friends in that province his apprehensions that the ports would be opened in September next. We have also in our possession private information in relation to Mr. McLane's negotiations which lead us to the same conclusion.—Under all these circumstances, we should be wanting in duty, to our Colonial friends, if we did not distinctly intimate to them that the chances of this trade remaining closed are materially diminished. But most of the accounts, nevertheless, concur in affirming that whatever changes may take place in the shipping trade, the general interests of the northern provinces will be steadily kept in view by his Majesty's Government. For this purpose it is intended to impose what is termed a *protecting* duty on all articles which can be furnished by Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c., when taken into the West India ports from those of the United States. It is further stated that a requisition will be imposed obliging American vessels to take away the amount of their outward bound cargoes in the produce of the Islands. Such a regulation might possibly be of utility in enabling the West Indies to carry on a barter trade, and thereby relieving themselves of much of their superfluous produce in return for articles of the first necessity. We take leave of the subject now, expressing our belief that his Majesty's Ministers have acted with the best feelings towards the Colonies, and have been actuated by the paramount motive of protecting the interests of the empire at large. We do not think that the opposition to this measure exists to the extent that it did a few months since.'

The following extract from the circular letter of Bolton, Ogden & Co. of Liverpool, furnishes the most detailed notice which we have seen in relation to the English Harvest, the Bread-stuff market, &c.

LIVERPOOL, July 16.

From the middle of May until the present time the weather has been generally cold, wet and stormy, but in the present week it has become warmer and less rainy; in France and other parts of Europe an unusual quantity of rain appears to have fallen, which there, as well as in this country, has produced some anxiety for the result of of the harvest, and considerable speculations in Bonded Grain and Flour. From the middle of June until little more than a week ago, the price of American Flour in bond in this market remained at 26s to 28s per bbl. at which very extensive sales were effected; and as in the course of last week it was known, that the returns of the average prices of wheat were from many places 3s to 5s per qr. higher, hopes were entertained that the duty on wheat would be reduced in a few weeks to 10s 8d per quarter, and possibly to 1s only, which again put the speculators in motion, and in the last eight days they bought from 20 to 30 000 brls. of Flour at 29s to 33s per barrel in bond (1000 at 34s;) and Wheat, which a fortnight ago was selling at 6s to 7s 9d per 70lb. in bond, is now selling at 8s to 9s 6d; Wheat for home use is selling at 9s 10d to 11s 9d per 70lb; and American Flour at 39s to 40s per bbl. at which the consumption, although increased, is still upon a moderate scale; but in the course of next month when the duty will be lower, the consumption of it is expected to be greatly augmented. The present duty of Flour is 11s 2d per bbl. The stock in bond in this port is now about 150,000 bbls. The quantity of Wheat in bond in the various ports in this country is now about 350,000 quarters; of Oats, Barley, and other Grain, it is upwards of 500,000 quarters. The accounts of the growing crops are contradictory, but our impression is, that Wheat upon the whole will be an average one, or nearly so, should the weather for securing it be favourable.—Oats are expected to be a good crop, and Barley is a very unequal one. Potatoes will probably be abundant.—There is no Indian corn in this market.

GOV. POPE OF ARKANSAS.

The Lynchburg Virginian republishes from a Little Rock paper, a letter from Louisville, Ky. to the following purport:

'It seems that the day before leaving Louisville, for Arkansas, that he, (Gov. Pope) came out pretty openly and violently against the course of the present administration and extolled Mr. Clay's virtues and merits to the skies. General Hinds, of Mississippi, together with other members of Congress, and Penn, the great Jackson Editor of the west, were dining with the Governor at Allen's. It is said that Pope became quite excited with wine, and while in this situation, was more than severe upon the powers that be. He told Penn it would not do to blindfold themselves and follow any man; that Clay was the greatest man in the United States; that he had put him (Pope,) down once, and that he had helped to put Clay down, and that as they were now even, he was willing to rub out and commence anew. He declared that he had never any personal dislike to Clay, that they differed in politics, but that they were now coming nearer together in their views of policy, and that he could not subscribe to the doctrines of the present administration,' &c. &c.

Messrs. Clay and Pope were long rivals, and at one time we believe, personal antagonists, and much of the opposition which prevails in Kentucky to Mr. Clay, is to be traced to the unfriendly influence of Gov. Pope. Under these circumstances, and holding moreover, an office under President Jackson, the Governor's avowal of the opinions expressed above, is noble and magnanimous. Punishment no doubt awaits him. [Rich. Whig.

From the Chronicle.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The political fall racing, and chasing, for the year 1830 has commenced with a considerable degree of spirit.—About a dozen fleet coursers some old and some new, are now training for the Maryland Legislative Purse. Though from the excessive exercise in training from one end of the county to the other, for 8 or 9 weeks together, it is apprehended by judges, that some of the animals may be rendered too weak, too low in flesh, and let down rather too much in the back sinews, to bear severe whipping, spurring, cutting and slashing, on the day of final issue. For it seems that every wet groom who can raise a bucket of water, a jug, and two tumblers, (having solely the good of the state at heart) holds himself at full liberty, at least, if not in duty bound, to make private experiments of their speed and bottom before the day of final contest; hence we see at every corner, 'Public Notices' on such a day, there is to be a great political meeting at such a place, where it is *expected* that all the candidates for offices will attend,' (the bucket, jug and both tumblers being all ready for immediate use). On the same, or the next day, we behold another, or, two or three other, similar notices of meetings at the opposite extremities of the county, (all still having the jug, tumblers, and good of the state in view, and so on for 8 or 10 weeks in succession; so that the political nags are all foundered, crippled, and run down before the legal race commences.—Such a barefaced hoaxing imposition upon common sense, never met its parallel until the other day, when ten thousand necks, and twenty thousand eyes, were cricked and strained for several hours together, looking up to see a *fool fly* from the top of one Shot Tower to the other.—But to be serious, I think it strange that gentlemen of respectability would suffer themselves to be shamefully imposed upon by every interested whittler, who, 'without any authority,' may think proper to post up his NOTICE; for certainly it is attended with both much trouble and expense to obey the call of every such political jockey. The muster meetings, I should suppose, might be quite sufficient for the candidates to announce their intention, or their wish to serve the public; if not, let them unite and make their own appointments.—I really think it a duty they owe to their *convenience*, as well as to their *dignity*, to view with *silent contempt*, the spontaneous call of every interested person who may think proper to decoy and hoax them up to a friendly introduction with his bucket, jug and tumblers.

MONITORS.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21.

ELOPEMENT.—An elopement recently occurred in Philadelphia which caused some excitement among its inhabitants; and it is a pleasing symptom when such instances of depravity are viewed with astonishment by the people as that astonishment proves the unfrequency of the crime.

A respectable merchant who resides in the western part of the city was married to a lady for whom he had the most lively affection and believed his attachment was reciprocated. They lived together happily for several years, and a promising son cemented their union—But their paradise was poisoned by a serpent in the shape of a foreign consul who took up his residence in a house opposite to the dwelling of Mr. ——. This wretch, on whose countenance heaven had stamped a darkness corresponding with his character, insinuated himself into the affections of Mrs. —— and a criminal intercourse was for some time carried on between them, without any suspicion on the part of the husband or their acquaintance. Mr. —— observed with grief that the affections of his lady were alienated but he was wholly ignorant of the cause. At this time she proposed a visit to one of his relations, residing at an elegant villa in the neighbourhood of the city; as it was one of the chief objects of his life to contribute to her happiness, he readily consented to this visit. After remaining in the country for a short time, she desired their son might be left behind. However surprised at this request, he made no opposition, and the mother, with feelings scarcely to be conceived, took leave of her innocent son, on whom she was about to inflict an irreparable injury. She embraced him with maternal tenderness and, said, 'my dear child I shall never see you again.' Mr. —— and his lady returned to the city, and she shortly afterwards disappeared from her dwelling; no intelligence of the fugitive has since been received. The consul disappeared at the same time, and various other circumstances leave no doubt that they went off together.

What Philadelphian but must feel indignant at this Brazilian outrage; a foreigner, under the mask of peace, invades the sanctuary of domestic repose, and assassinates the happiness of one of our most valued citizens. Surely the stones of the streets would almost arise spontaneously to vindicate the wrong! The most sacred ties have been broken, the holiest institution of heaven corrupted by an unprincipled foreigner. For the woman who has participated in this crime, her offence will be its own punishment; abandoned by the man who has deceived her, her reputation lost, and the stings of remorse in her conscience, she will shortly become an object to be regarded only with pity or horror.

Mr. John Downing, of Newport, (R. I.) discovered and raised a few days since, by means of a diving bell, between Coasters Harbor and Rose Islands, a large anchor in good order, weighing as per mark sixty-six hundred weight. It is supposed to have belonged to the British 74 Victory, 1 of the fleet which lay in that place in the revolution, while the British were in possession of Rhode Island; which vessel it is stated by inhabitants of Newport, was captured by the French fleet under Admiral De Grasse, after slipping her cable and endeavoring to get to sea. [Providence Jour.

From the Richmond Whig.

THE WIDOW.

No object presents to the eye of benevolence more claims upon its sympathy than the widow. If death robs her early of the husband of her love, her young and ardent affections are withered, and a hopeless path of sorrow and misery open to her view. The bright anticipations of happiness in which her fancy has luxuriated in early life, the virtuous love that has warmed and animated her young heart, the rapturous glow that springs from requitted affection, all fade upon her sight, in the death of the object that inspired them, and despair spreads upon her desolate bosom the waveless calm of misery. If she seek in this season of sorrow for the world's sympathy and find it, her sorrows are soothed and allayed; but if she seek and find it not, her stricken heart shrinks back dismayed at the extent of her loss, and she is made to feel that, in her extremest need, she is left to stem the current of an unfeeling world, with no pilot but inexperience, no compass but despair. If, however, her fortitude bear her up and cause her to rise superior to misfortune, and if through the effects of a well regulated mind, she succeeds in restoring herself to calmness and serenity, there will not be wanting those who will trace it to forgotten affection of a desire for new conquest. If subdued in feeling, with a heart smitten too sorely by misfortune, she yields herself an unresisting victim to the storm, there will be found others who coldly chide her for indulging morbid sensibility and unavailing sorrow.

If she be blessed with fortune, she is pursued by every fortune hunter in the land, the sport of senseless jests or the subject of rude sarcasm and malicious phophecy.

If she be poor, she perhaps becomes the slavish dependant of some wealthy kinsman, who, making a compromise between his interest and his pride, gives her a place in his house as he would a useless piece of furniture; now freezing her with kindness or consuming her by neglect.—Who then can wonder, that amidst the troubles that surround and the sorrows that prey upon a mind and a heart thus afflicted and bereaved, we should find her seeking in gaiety and festivity the solace for her woes, that they were wont to furnish ere her heart had felt the sting of misfortune, or that failing, she looks with dread and loathing on scenes she once so loved, and seeks in gloomy seclusion that solace for her sorrows, which her wounded spirit so much needs.

Then blame her not if in her efforts to escape the ills that assail her in her perilous path, she wrecks her bark on the one or the other shore. It is only given to superior intelligence to navigate safely the ocean of life, when no storm shall sweep over its surface; and thrice blessed are they who overwhelmed by sorrows, perplexed by doubts and dismayed by dangers, pursue the even tenor of their way and at last anchor in a port of safety.

PLEASURES OF FAILING.

Some talk of the pleasures of trade; some of the pleasures of politics; others expatiate on the pleasures of law, physic, and divinity; many speak of the plesures of a married state, and others again on the pleasures of single blessedness; but as those are topics which have already become threadbare, by their constant use, I shall, for the sake of variety, speak of the pleasures of failing.

After (at least) twenty-one years had performed their regular revolution since my first appearance on the stage of life, full of high hopes and expectations as to the future, I launched forth into trade; and for a while,

Dame Fortune smiled and all was mild;
She frown'd, which brot me to the ground.

But I must stop and apologise for intruding on the muses' ground, and keep my place in the old prose road pretty well behind the multitude. The nearest I ever came in my life to being a poet, was at a dinner table with an uncle of mine, who could make the ends of every line jingle like two old tin kettles.

A sheriff one day popped into my store, and without stopping to enquire whether he intruded or not, monopolized at once every thing around him. I discharged my clerks, and in fact myself from business; and for a while employed myself in doing nothing; but, strange as it may appear, this business, as well as most others, is now completely overdone, owing to the great numbers going into it of late. Formerly, I laid awake half the night, contriving how to meet the payments of the next day; now I sleep sound, get up in the morning, read the news after breakfast, walk out, fall in, if possible, with one of the happy insolvent fraternity, talk about the proceedings of the Congress and the Legislature, dispute as to the merits of the presidential candidates, the utility of the safety fund, circulation of small bills, hear and tell stories about bursting steam boilers on the Missi-sippi and other rivers, contrive safety valves and bulkheads for the greater security of passengers—but all is project and no execution. To attempt to speak to a business man before three o'clock, would be almost useless, unless you have a pocket full of money to lend him. After three he is worn out by the fatigues of the day.

I hear of accidents, and losses of property by sea and land, entirely unconcerned who suffers? I see some so anxious for the arrival of a vessel, that they can scarcely contain themselves; others feel as though their fortune was depending on the rise or fall of cotton in some foreign market; one wants the wind changed; another wants fair weather, and another rain; none are exactly suited. I pass the fretting group entirely unconcerned, and think within myself, they are now wading through the tribulations of trade, and will soon find that ours is the only course of ease and comfort, notwithstanding the sneers of bankruptcy which they cast at our numerous, but respectable body.

Should there be a large fire, a failure of a bank, or any individual in extensive business, calamities more or less to be regretted by all, according to their respective business, the news, however, affects me as a mere circumstance, and I am sometimes constrained to break out with 'blessed be nothing, for I have not the least fear of losing any thing by sea or land!' in fact, we are in every respect safe characters, and from the picture I have drawn, no one can doubt the truth of the assertion, that 'a man's life consists not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.' I am now free from the noise and bustle of active life, no payments to make but my own personal expenses, and at present where bank notices cease from troubling, and where bill books are at rest.

N. Y. Daily Sen.

SCANDAL.—Reader, have you ever suffered in being made the mark of scandal! Is there a man or woman, old or young, in the town of Providence, who has not? And are there many, who have not, in their time, inflicted scandal? These are leading questions, and are more or less applicable to every community, and particularly so to the blessed community in which we live.

There are ten or fifteen men, in this town, who are without business of their own, and are continually meddling with that of other people. Are a lady and gentleman seen walking together in the street—they are engaged to be married, and they will go on and fix the day of your wedding, the color and shape of your dress, the parson, and all the particulars; and if the lady takes your arm, she is nothing less than your wife. By these means, the tongue of scandal will allot to a man more wives in one week, than Solomon had in the course of his life. Does a gentleman speak with a married lady,—there is intrigue and sin afoot & he husband must know it! Does a lady without a hundred thousand dollars presume to go into the street decently dressed,—she is bringing down ruin upon her family—she is making a great show to display her charms and captivate the men, while her unwashed kettles are tumbled together in the kitchen, and cobwebs fill every corner of the house. Is a man transiently embarrassed in his affairs,—he is in jail—he is dodging the constable at every corner—he has mortgaged all his property—he is living in a style he cannot afford—he gets too rich a steak for his dinner—he wears too fine a piece of cloth—and he never attends to his business. Does he hire a chaise to go out of town on his own affairs,—he has run away, and all his creditors were seen running after him. Besides these, there are a thousand and one stories daily hatched without the shadow of plausibilty—infamous lies, engendered whole, & set in motion for the purpose of creating an excitement. Miss So-and-so has swallowed poison, because her father wouldnt let her marry. Another has run away with her footman. Another was seen to kiss a gentleman in the street—and another has contracted more debts than her husband can ever pay. Mr. Sufferer was seen last night as drunk as a beetle, & he and his late partner laid drunk on ropewalk hill, all last afternoon, and in the evening they came down into the street, and frightened some little girls; when at last it is proved that Mr. Sufferer was out of town all the afternoon, on business. These are some of the ten millions of scandalous and lying reports which daily float through this community, as thick as the air we breathe. They meet us at every corner of the street; they cluster on every lip, and increase ten fold, in almost every brain. By night and day, the evil spirit is forth—old friends are parted, and old enmities excited afresh, and the very roots and springs of society are turned into bitterness. Who will set the example and reform? [Prov. Pat.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE MISERIES OF MUSIC.

'Music hath charms.—*Old Play.*

'That I deny.' I quote from Sterne. I do not love music: that is, I hate an eternal thrumming on some old piano, with a cracked sounding board, and three quarters of the keys dislocated. I wish from my soul such an *instrument* were not in existence. I live close by just such a one, and if you have an eye to pity, or heart to feel, I implore you to make my cause your own, and aid me in the means of relief from all this dreadful infliction.—This old piano belongs to a house, which is filled by that miscellaneous multitude which ordinarily fills a boarding house. Here are young and old of both sexes, and of all businesses—above all and in special, they are all to a man, woman, and child, *musical.* This might not distinguish them from the species. But they have some peculiarities which clearly distinguish them from our race. In the first place they have but a *single finger* on either hand; and I cannot but think they all belong to that miserable pauper who used to patrol our streets, and claim our charity by thrusting his one-fingered hands in our faces when we opened our door; I never could learn how he managed with the bell-pull. My reason for believing my *musical* neighbours belong to this family is, that they never touch but a *single key at a time.*—It is thump, thump, thump,—twang, twang, twang,—from morning to night. The only difference is, that there is a different degree of strength in the single finger of each individual, and it is this which makes me certain that the whole family has the specific peculiarity above decribed. I have another reason. The poor old piano is at work all day, it gets no rest, and is really getting asthmatic. I hear it in the otherwise quiet, happy morning. Before the blessed sun is awake; (and sometimes I cannot but think it is the piano which has roused him, and set him a shining before his time,)—through his whole course, till dewy eve,—nay, till midnight, does the piano keep the dreadful tenor of his way. It is this which makes me sure that no *single finger*, of a single pair of hands, can be at work with the *music* but that it is due to the whole house.

I have another reason for believing this race is a new species, or a new variety. They all sing. But not one of them can command more than a single note. I have never heard but a single sound from the throat of the same person,—no matter what the tune may be, the time only give any hint of that,—there is but one sound. This may have been the design of nature in their singular conformation. They have but one finger; why should they have a throat like other people? They have not, I am certain, and such *music* as theirs I never before heard of. Now, sir, I have stated my case. It is all true. I am dreadfully annoyed. I love to go to bed, and I always go there to sleep. But, alas! no sleep is there for me. I love the tranquil hour of early day,—but, alas! the hour of prime only renews my misery. I love study,—but alas! what can the mind do for itself, or for any one else, (for I am in a sense a public man,) in the midst of this whole atmosphere of music? I have hoped the wretched piano would die,—yes, I have wished its destruction,—but in vain was my wish. Then I thought this single fingered, single throated race, would become extinct, and there is something in the arrangements of a boarding house to encourage the thought, its inhabitants being a changeable race. But no. There they are as they were the first day the house was opened. The only explanation I can give of this phenomenon, is, that every new comer is at once changed into the species, with which accident has made him acquainted, and that he too becomes single fingered. I would not board in such a house for the world. I love my snuff; how could I get along with one finger? Again, I am a public sort of a man, have to talk now and then. What should I do; if I could utter but a single tone? I am a little uneasy at living so near this strange house, and were it not for my lease, I would be off in a hurry I assure you.

What makes this matter still more provoking is this: I was called upon lately to sympathise with some friends of mine who live in —— place, —— street, under the following circumstances: Very near them lives a man or a woman, they did not know which, who, as far as they can guess, is learning all sorts of music, on all sorts of instruments. He ushers in the day with the flute,—breakfasts upon the bugle,—lunches on the clarionet,—dines upon the bass viol.—his *siesta* is the fife,—his tea the piano,—and the drum rolls him to bed. An eternal melody pours from his single state of man, and drowns the very souls of all his neighbours. 'What can he be about?' said the elderly lady of the house I was visiting. 'Is he not crazy, or lazy, or what not? I do wish he would be still?'—I laughed heartily at my excellent old friend: advised her to sell her house—to go to Nahant, or to Dorchester, or to Worcester—adding that I would not bear it a moment longer. She called me an imprudent fellow for making light of what she thought a most serious matter, and only hoped I might suffer a day or two in the same way. My friend has her revenge completely. I am most sorely punished, and the worst of it all is, I see no end of it. Neither times, seasons, nor days, make any difference with my neighbours. The Sunday dawns no Sabbath day for me. The only change is from song to psalm, a distinction in this case truly without a difference.

An incident occurred the other day which struck me a little, and diverted me a good deal. I had left the *music*, which amounts to saying, I left my house to go to hear one of the lectures which are now giving to the Association of teachers—and a most valuable institution is this. The lecturer had entered fairly into his subject, and got into that division of it which ordinarily contains the more pleasant, entertaining portion of a lecture. This is about midway; and in the present instance some very numerous illustrations of the subject were given.—In the midst, the very midst of these, a grinder of a very large hand organ had planted himself at the window just behind the lecturer, and ground out one of the most lugubrious strains ever heard. The effect was instantaneous—the lecturer stopped at once—the audience shuffled, and rose—and a person was despatched to stop the melody; and some time elapsed before order was restored. To me this was, as they say, all Greek. I saw no cause for disturbance. Music is so common an annoyance, such an every day business where I live, that were I to give up my pursuits on its account, I should eat, sleep, nay breathe no more.

But the winter is coming, and thanks to its cold, it will shut up my neighbours' windows, and drive them all from the piano to the fire place. Till then I suppose I must submit to this dreadful infliction of music. But do, sir, give this a place in your paper, it may meet the eye of my tormentors, and may reach their hearts. With a hope they will have some mercy, I remain your constant reader.

From the National Philanthropist.

There is a class of gentry, in this country, who are most appropriately denominated *office seekers.* They have so long been in the habit of seeking, managing and looking for office, that they seem to understand no other business, and what is more they evidently wish no other. They have actually made a trade of office-seeking, and depend on it as their only means of support. It is, however, with them a good deal as it is with lottery adventurers. They draw more blanks than prizes, and another similarity is, a prize office is about as often a ruinous concern as a prize ticket. A man, who seeking and expecting office, will attend but poorly to any business, and after being once successful, however soon he may be deposed, he will not return with a good relish to business again. The 'Working Men's' cause appears to be advancing in some parts of the country, and will probably prevail throughout the country. If so, they will doubtless assert their rights, to have a representation in the respective offices, proportioned to their strength of numbers, which they ought to have. Now as these office-seekers are not Working Men, the query has arisen in our mind, what course they will take, in the event of the Working Men prevailing, in order to be eligible to office—whether they will actually turn Working Men. We apprehend, however, that such a change will not be so easily and promptly adopted as that of turning from one political party to another, to which they have been so much accustomed.

THE DECLINE OF NOBILITY.

There is in the March number of the (London) Quarterly Review, a long article on *English Peerage*, attributed to the pen of Capt. Basil Hall, in which it is feelingly lamented that the time has gone by when the 'restless ambition and vanity of every station, which is the fever of the present day, had not been excited,' when 'the dignity of the high was not assailed in every direction by the petulence of the low, and when the peasantry 'looked up contentedly to the long established families, sanctioned by rank, and rendered authoritative by ease and affluence.'

With such sentiments as these, it is not surprising that the Captain's feelings were 'pretty considerably' shocked in travelling through that great country where 'shoes are but imperfectly polished.' [Vide Capt. Hall's Travels in the U. S.] We presume this renowned traveller tho't the 'dignity of the high' terribly assailed by the 'petulence of the low,' when the Captain of the Waverly, which carried him from this place to Pittsburgh, threatened to put him on shore for his *insolence*, in attempting to take possession of the state-room appropriated to an accomplished lady of the latter city, because forsooth he considered it more comfortable than his own.—Cincinnati Chron.

The editor of the London Times closes a biographical sketch of his late Majesty with the following paragraph.

'We should fail in our duty if we did not suggest that from the precarious health of King William, to whom nevertheless we wish most heartily a long life and a prosperous reign, it becomes a matter of instantaneous prudence to take measures for meeting by a Regency Bill, the possible—though we hope not probable or speedy—emergencies of the kingdom. His Majesty has been subject to spasmodic attacks, extremely sudden, and at the time very doubtful in their consequences. If, therefore, which God avert, any one of these should prove fatal, what sort of condition would the empire be reduced to, without the enactment of some previous law, for committing to proper hands the guardianship of an infant Queen, and the administration of a widowed realm? Their object is of such prime and manifest importance, that we conceive there is no public business whatever to which it can be directly postponed.

The editor of the Richmond Compiler says that the search for gold still continues in Virginia, and that the gold found in that State is of the purest quality. He adds:—'Some gentlemen who have consulted the mineralogy of the State, have arranged it into various strata—the region of lime nearer to the mountains—then a much narrower region of gold; and below this, is the coal district. If this distribution be correct, we may scarcely expect to find gold in the lower country where we live, as it is a little to the east of the coal lands. We understand, that a very rich vein of gold has been discovered in the lower end of Fauquier county. It is said that in that portion of the country, the metal is found imbedded in a sort of porous quartz rock—and lower down, as in the Spottsylvania mines it is mixed with the sand, as if the rocks above had been worn and washed away, so as to throw the sands and particles of gold to a lower space. It is supposed that the belt of gold is from five to twelve miles wide—and extending, as far as we have ascertained, from the county of Fauquier to the county of Fluvanna.—We understand that indications of it have been traced on a tract of land belonging to a worthy citizen of our own town, in whose good fortune, if it could be confirmed by actual experience, we are sure that his numerous acquaintance would most cordially rejoice. These signs have been very recently traced, and the tract of land is in the very neighborhood of James river.'

LOTTERY SWINDLERS.

A gang of swindlers have recently been detected in one of the most bare-faced frauds upon the community that we have ever heard of. Spurious schemes of a lottery, denominated 'The Green Mountain Lottery of Vermont, classes No. 1 and 2, and extra class No. 1, *H. F. Sanders, & Co.* Managers; Office, Jersey City, New Jersey; the first class to be drawn at Arlington, July 14th, the second at Pownal, July 22d, and the last also at Pownal, July 29th' was got up by gentlemen H. F Sanders & Co. the tickets sold and class No. 1 drawn privately at a tavern near the New York line, by Sanders and one other. No grant of any such lottery is in force under the authority of this state. Sanders and his companion are arrested and are now confined in Bennington county jail. A printed statement that the drawing took place at Arlington on the 14th July, 1830, was made up and published in the City of New York, with names annexed as witnesses, not one of which, the inhabitants of Arlington certify, are known to them. They also certify that no such drawing took place. We trust the perons concerned in this high handed fraud will meet the punishment their 'management' deserves. [Vermont State Gaz.

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