# EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES. "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE." VOL. I.---No. 82.

EASTON, MARYLAND. SEMI-WEEKLY. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1835.



THE EASTERN SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE,

*Printed and published by*

RICHARD SPENCER,

PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

The semi-weekly, printed and published every Tuesday and Saturday morning, at four dollars per annum; if paid in advance, three dollars will discharge the debt, and, the weekly, on Tuesday morning, at two dollars and fifty cents; if paid in advance, two dollars will discharge the debt.

All payments for the half year, made during the first three months, will be deemed payments in advance; and all payments for the year, made during the first six months, will be deemed payments in advance

No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.


## PROSPECTUS OF A NEW PUBLICATION TO BE CALLED

### THE CATHOLIC PERIODICAL LIBRARY.

*Which is designed to be a reprint of all the best Catholic Works in the English Language, in the weekly numbers, at 8 cents each.*

THE dearth and scarcity of the best Catholic works must long have been a source of regret to every intelligent and observing Catholic in America. So limited has been the sale, and so great the expense of printing these books, that but few individuals in the country have been sufficiently enterprising to undertake their publication; and their publication; and their price, in consequence, has been more than portionably high. In fact, so dear have Catholic books in general been, that it has been entirely impossible for the poorer members of the Catholic community, who stand most in need of instruction, and for whom the Books have in general been compiled, to obtain copies, even of those works which are nearly essential to the practice of their religion.

The subscriber has long since observed this fact with the utmost regret, and may certainly say, that up to this time, he has at least done something to reduce the prices of the most necessary Catholic works. Our religious books are still, however, extremely dear, and the Subscriber, depending on the support of a liberal and enlightened Catholic community, has determined to issue a Periodical publication, which, by its cheapness, will place all the best Catholic works within the reach of the poorest individual, and from the neatness and elegance of its execution will be found worthy of a place in the libraries of the rich. Such a proposition as that which the subscriber proposes to issue, has long been called for by the exigencies of the Catholic community; and the rapidly increasing number of the members of our Holy Church seems fully to justify him in the expectation that it will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable him to conduct it successfully. He, therefore, notwithstanding the expense and risk attending it, and confiding entirely in the liberality and generosity of his fellow Catholics of the United States and the Canadas has resolved to put it to press forthwith; and he therefore throws himself on his Catholic brethren, and calls on them for their support and patronage.

In this undertaking he is principally encouraged by the hope that it will meet with the cordial approbation of the clergy in general, and that he will be aided by the powerful assistance of that learned and devoted body of men The undertaking is one which is eminently calculated to disseminate the principles of our holy religion widely throughout the community, and to assist the clergy in the discharge of their parochial duties by affording, at an uncommonly low rate, at all the necessary knowledge and instruction. The subscriber, therefore earnestly requests that the Bishops and Clergy in general will exert their powerful influence in order to increase the popularity of the work and to obtain a sufficient number of subscribers to enable him to carry it on with success. By these means they will augment the spiritual comforts of their charges, and contribute, in a great measure, to dispel the prejudices by which our brethren of the other denominations are unfortunately blinded.

TERMS.

The *The Catholic Periodical Library* will be published in Weekly numbers, of fifty pages each, duodecimo size, on fine royal paper and beautiful new type, stitched in handsome wrappers and will embrace the whole of the most celebrated Controversial and Devotional works, together with a large fund of ecclesiastical history. The first number will be issued on Saturday, November 7th.—Terms of subscription $4 Per Annum, or Eight Cents per Number, payable in advance.

Liberal commissions will be allowed to Agents. Any six persons, who may live at a distance, remitting a twenty dollar note, may have six copies of the work sent them for one year.

N. B. Postmasters throughout the country are requested to act as agents.

The following is a list of a few of the works which will be issued in this publication, and which will follow each other in rapid succession.

Moore's Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a religion; Bossuet's History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches; The Faith of Catholics, by Kirk and Berrington; Haywarden's True Church of Christ shown; Haywarden's Charity and Truth; Mores Catholic, or Ages of Faith; Mumford's Question of Questions; Mumford's Catholic Scripturist; Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church; Perpetuity of the Faith; Dr. M'Hale's Evidences of the Catholic Church; Fleury's Manners of the Israelites; Fleury's Manners of Christians; Lannegan's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland; Bishop Hay's Works; Prince Gallitzin's Controversial Writtings; Manning's Works; O'Leary's Tracts; St. Bonaventure's Life of Christ; Challoner's Meditations; Butler's Book of the Catholic Church; Butler's Festivals and Fasts; Butler's Lives of Saints; Dr. Lingard's edition of Ward's Errata.

The above is a collection of Standard Catholic Works, which could not be purchased for less than seventy dollars; and it would be almost impossible to obtain many of the works included in it at any price whatever. The collection can now be obtained in this cheap and elegant Periodical for the uncommonly low price of about Twenty Dollars.

All new Catholic Works will be published in the Periodical Library as soon as received; and able translators will be provided for all the European publications of peculiar excellence.

JOHN DOYLE, Bookseller, N. Y.

Oct. 31.

## CAREY'S LIBRARY.

### OF CHOICE LITERATURE.

To say that this is a reading age, implies a desire for instruction, and the means to gratify that desire. On the first point, all are agreed; on the second, there is diversity both of opinion and of practice. We have newspapers, magazines, reviews, in fine, pamphlets of all sizes, on nearly all subjects, which have severally their classes of readers and supporters. And yet, copious as are these means of intellectual supply, more are still needed. In addition to the reviews of the day, and passing notices of books, the people, in large numbers, in all parts of our great republic, crave the possession of the books themselves, and details, beyond mere passing allusion, of the progress of discovery in art and science. But though it be easy to ascertain and express their wants, it is not so easy to gratify them. Expense, distance from the emporium of literature, engrossing occupations which prevent personal application or even messages to libraries and booksellers, are so many causes to keep people away from the feast of reason, and the enjoyments of the coveted literary ailment. It is the aim of the publishers of the Library to obviate these difficulties, and enable every individual, at a small cost and without any personal effort, to obtain for his own use and that of his favored friends or family, valuable works complete, on all the branches of useful and popular literature, and that in a form well adapted to the comfort of the reader.

The charm of variety, as far as it is compatible with morality and good taste, will be held innstantly in view in conducting the Library, to fill the pages of which the current literature of Great Britain, in all its various departments of Biography, History, Travels, Novels and Poetry, shall be freely put under contribution With, perchance, occasional exceptions, it is intended to give entire the work which shall be selected for publication. When circumstances, authorize the measure, recourse will be had to the literary stores of Continental Europe, and translations made from French, Italian, or German, as the case may be.

Whilst the body of the work will be a reprint, or at times a translation of entire volumes, the cover, will exhibit the miscellaneous sketches of men and things, and notices of novelties in literature and the arts, throughout the civilized world. A full and regular supply of the literary monthly and hebdomadal journals of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to home periodicals of a similar character cannot fail to provide ample materials for his part of our work.

The resources and extensive correspondence of the publishers, are the best guarantee for the continuance of the enterprise in which they are now about to embark, as well as for the abundance of the materials to give it value in the eyes of the public. As far as judicious selections and arrangement are concerned, readers will, it is hoped, have reason to be fully satisfied, as the editor of the Library is not a stranger to them, but has more than once obtained their favourable suffrages for his past literary efforts.

TERMS.

The work will be published in weekly number containing *twenty imperial octavo pages*, with double columns, *making two volumes annually*, of more than 220 *octavo pages, each volume;* and at the expiration of every six months, subscribers will be furnished with a handsome title page and table of contents. The whole amount of matter furnished ina single year will be equal to more than *forty volumes* of the common sized English duodecimo books, the cost of which will bet at least *ten times* the price of a years subscription to the "*Library.*" The paper upon which the Library will be printed, will be of the finest quality used for book-work, and of a size admirably adopted for binding. As the type will be entirely new, and of a neat appearance, each volume, when bound, will furnish a handsome, as well as valuable, and not cumbrous addition to the libraries of those who patronise the work.

The price of the Library will be *five dollars per annum* payable in advance.

A commission of 20 per cents, will be allowed to agent, and any agent, or postmaster furnishing five subscribers and remitting the amount of subscription shall be entitled to the commission of 20 per cent or a copy of the work for one year.

A specimen of the work, or any information respecting it may be obtained by addressing the publishers post paid. Address,

E. L. CAREY & A. HART, Philad'a.

## TIN WARE.

THE subscriber informs his friends and customers that he still continues to repair and manufacture TIN WARE in all its varieties, at the old stand on Washington street, next door to Ozment & Shannahan's Cabinent Maker's Shop. He has employed an

**Experienced Workman,**

from Baltimore, who makes "auld things a'maist as gude as new," and at so low a price, that those who pay will never miss the amount.

Old pewter, copper, brass, and lead; muskrat, coon, rabbit, mink, and otter skins; geese, duck, and chicken feathers; sheep skins, wool, and old rags, purchased or taken in exchange at the highest cash prices.

Country merchants or others buying to sell again, will be furnished with any articles they may order, as low as they can be furnished in Baltimore. ARTHUR J. LOVEDAY.

jan 10 tf

## TEMPERANCE NOTICE.

A Quarterly Meeting of the Talbot county Temperance Society, will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, on Monday evening next, (2d November) at 7 o'clock. Members will please to be punctual.

N. G. SINGLETON, Sec.

## POETRY.

### THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

My Mother! look not on me now
With what sad earnest eye;

Blame me not, mother blame not thou
My heart's last wish—to die!
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to hear;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Now, weep not!—on my brow is set
The age of grief—not years;
Its furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears,
And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary even to sigh,
Oh, mother, mother! thou wouldst start,
And say, "Twere best to die!"

I know 'tis summer on the earth—
I hear a pleasant tone—
Of waters in their chiming mirth—
I feel the breath of June;
The roses through my lattice look,
The bee goes singing by,
The peasant takes his harvest-book—
Yet, mother, let me die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers
That hath a voice for me—
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free!
There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high!
Then, mother! when my heart's above,
Kind mother, let me die!

*N. Y. Paper.*

[From the Ladies Book.

### THE DYING PEASANT.

*By William Carey, Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of France.*

SCENE—An Irish cabin. *Dermod* stretched on a bed of straw.

DERMOD.—Oh! Cathleen, bring my little boy,
Who was, so late, my pride and joy;
That boy, who now must beg his bread,
When death has laid this weary head!

Oh! Cathleen, bring my daughter fair,
Whom I have pinch'd myself to rear—
Who, naked, hungry, cold, and poor,
Must stretch her hand from door to door!

Oh! quickly bring my last and best,
The babe, who suckles on your breast,
Who ne'er shall view this dying face,
Nor know a father's fond embrace!

The sun has sure forsook the sky,
For darkness settles on my eye!
Oh! kindle up a friendly light,
To bring my children to my sight.

CATHLEEN.—Oh! hour of wo! wo is me!
No comfort, Dermod, can I see;
No fire—nor rushes have we left;
Of food—of means—and hope bereft.

DERMOD.—May Heav'n forgive my last complaint,
With burning thirst, alas, I faint!
Some moisture to my lips apply,
Oh! hasten, Cathleen, or I die

CATHLEEN.—Alas, the hour that I was born,
Oh, Dermod—'twas this very morn—
The tax-man, whom we could not pay,
Stepp'd in, and swept our all away.

No vessel have I, now to bring
The wholesome water from the spring:
These walls are all the man of law
Has left you, and this bed of straw.

DERMOD.—Support me Patience, in my pains!
One source of comfort yet remains:
This cabin, shelter'd by the hill,
Will be my children's dwelling still.

CATHLEEN.—Oh! misery—what shall I say?
Even that, my Dermod, 's forced away;
Our cabin and the spot of ground,
With those that skirt the Common round.

You lay for dead; the rich* man came—
He seemed our friend—oh! sin and shame,—
Our lease within the drawer lay;
I gave it, on his word, away.

He promis'd a renewal soon,
Before the next to-morrow noon;
My children—oh! was I to blame?
Our luckless neighbors did the same.

With all our leases in his hand,
He met the owner of our land,
And took it all! the widow's curse
Pursue him still from bad to worse.

Where we have trimm'd our little fire:
Where you, my Dermod, now expire,
Where soon our cabin shall lie low,
The beast shall feed—the grass shall grow.

DERMOD.—Then all is gone—my children dear!
But this my last—my parting tear.
Alas! I needed not this stroke;
I feel my dying heart is broke.

To you I've nothing left to give,
But toil and trouble while you live,
With want and sorrow, to the grave;
These I have had, and these I leave.

The cruel man may start at death,
Grieve not that I resign my breath:
The days of misery I've known,
I hope will for my sins atone.

This load for ever leaves my breast,
Receive me, Lord!—*(He dies.)*

CATHLEEN—*(looking at the corpse)*
——————thy soul's at rest,
May Heaven a blest release, like thine,
Soon—soon bestow on me and mine.

*This story is founded on a fact, and is written without any attempt to embellish the circumstances or language.

*From the American Magazine.*

### THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY

Is one of thrilling interest, and admirably told. It is of the Revolution and its horrors One passage will speak for the rest. The scene is the Place de Gravel where the Guillotine was erected in permanence, with a wagon load of human beings about to be massacred. Among these, the most remarkable was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high wrinkled fore head, and withered complexion, and he never forgot for a moment the calm propriety of his demeanor. By his side stood a woman now no longer young but retaining much of the beauty, and all the graceful elegance of earlier days.—She stood erect and supported without effort the aged form of the old man, who leaned heavily on her. Her other hand rested on the neck of a fair young girl—a mere child—not apparently more than ten years old; whose tear swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face with the sad and imploring melancholy of childish grief. They spoke not much together, once, as the wagon stopped near where I stood I heard the man mutter some words of patience and encouragement to his companion, as he spoke she turned her eyes towards the child. She gazed on that fair young face and all a mother's love was in her eye.

[illegible] was almost too great for her, her lip quivered, her face grew more deadly pale, but the moment by strong effort she banished from her every appearance of weakness. She raised her eyes to Heven, her lips moved and then as if her prayer for fortitude had been instantly answered, she turned a bright, smiling look on the little innocent—smoothed back the curling hair that clustered round her forehead and the mother imprinted one long kiss on the brow of her child—The wagon passed on and I inquired the name of the victim whose appearance had so strongly interested me. It was Mallesherbes—the honest and able minister; the undaunted advocate; the kind and faithful friend of Louis Capet accompanied his daughter, the Marchioness of Rochelle, and her child, he was about to die on the morrow. But the child!—Surely they would not murder the child! And why not? The child was his innocence and purity of character, how could the child escape The wagon was drawn up beside the guillotine and all was ready for execution. Mallesherbes stood nearest the steps, and he was about to ascend when a savage voice cried out, "the child first!" The old man would have remonstrated, but his daughter checked him—"Stay but a moment, my father,' said she, "'tis but a moment." She raised the child in her arms, and herself handed it to the executioner—the little creature, frightened by the looks of the men screamed out, "[illegible] father—come with me!" "I will leave you my child—*I will be with you in a moment.*"

"The child was pacificed and the mother turned towards her aged parent, and buried her head in his neck, he too, bent forward till his white hairs flowed over her shoulders. They spoke nothing—yet they were so near they might have heard the jirk of the string, that loosed the ponderous axe—its clatter as it fell. A strong shudder shook the frame of the mother, but when the executioner called out, "now for the woman," she raised her placid face from her father's neck—looked fondly in his face; kissed his cheeks. "For a brief moment, farewell, my father." She stepped with a light step upon the wagon mounted the scaffold; and in a moment she was with her child.

"Mallesherbes came next; he had summoned all his energies for this last scene in his life's drama, and played nobly. Never in the prodest days of his power had the minister looked or moved with a loftier dignity. With a wave of the hand, he repulsed the advances of one of the guard, who would have assisted his descent from the wagon—Self sustained, in body as in mind, he advanced slowly to the scaffold, even the fiends who surrounded it were awed, they shrunk back and allowed the old man to place himself almost unassisted, on the platform. They would have bound him, but he gave a forbidding look; it was enough; the executioner retired; the plank was pushed forward, and for a moment the old man must have seen, in the basket below, the heads of his children.—This additional pang, if it was one was short; the executioner jerked the string and all was over."

We learn that General Duff Green is about to dispose of his printing establishment in this city, and proceed to Jersey city, New Jersey, there to compete as a publisher with the Harpers of New York. His late tour to the South, in quest of the needful, has been, it is said, a tolerably successful one, and that the Nullifiers, with the understanding that it is to be the last, last time, have come down pretty handsomely. We are much mistaken, however, knowing the Harpers as we do, if his present scheme will not turn out to be as visionary and profitless as all those in which he has been engaged of late years.—*Georgetown Metropolitan.*

OHIO ELECTION.—We have received an extra from the office of the Columbus Hemisphere, from which we learn the members of the Legislature, as far as the returns have been received, stand seven administration Senators, and three opposition; and 31 administration Representatives and 12 opposition. In the same counties last year they stood six opposition Senators, and four administration, and 22 opposition Representives and 21 administration; making a difference in joint ballot of 32 votes in our favour. It is certainly time for the opposition to drop Gen. Harrison and look out for another "available" candidate.—The General is a dull horse.—*Balt. Rep. 26th.*

TROUBLE IN BOSTON—*Seizure of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*—Great excitement prevailed in Boston during the last week, on account of the proceedings of the abolitionists placards were distributed throughout the city, calling for a meeting on Wednesday evening at the office where Garrison printed his paper, and threatening to tar and feather Tompson, (the foreign missionary.)

A large number of people consequently assembled and seized Garrison. Through the udicious measures adopted by the police, he was safely lodged in jail, and afterwards released and has fled the city. We have not room this morning for the particulars. At the last account quiet was restored.

*From the New York Evening Post.*

### THE JOHNSON DINNER.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES.

A large number of the Democracy of the City of New York celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of the Thames, on Monday last, the fifth instant, by a Public Dinner, given in honor of Col. RICHARD M. JOHNSON, to whose patriotism, gallantry, coolness and bravery, the victory in that important engagement is in a large degree to be attributed. The Dinner was given at TAMMANY HALL, the time honoured rallying place of the democracy of this metropolis. At six o'clock, between three and four hundred citizens, including a large number of distinguished guests, among whom were Lieutenant Governor Tracy, Governour Mason, of Michigan, Colonel B. Z. Canonge, of Louisiana, Colonel Smith, and Messrs. Fisk and Wright, delegates from the democracy of Boston, sat down to a most abundant and tasteful banquet. The Honorable CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE, Mayor of the City, presided, assisted by Garrit Gilbert, David Bryson, Dr. Philip E. Milledoler, William S. Coe, James Conner, and Gerardus Boyce, Esquires. After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were proposed, and severally drunk with enthusiastick applause.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. OUR COUNTRY—The citadel of the world's liberty.—Let those to whom its defence is entrusted be ever mindful of their duty to themselves, and of their deep responsibility to the human race.

Air—"Hail Columbia."

2. *The* UNITED *States*—The cherished and significant name of our country.—May the efforts of folly on the one hand, and treason on the other, never succeed in rendering it a "misnomer."

Air—"The Union March."

3. *The Constitution*—Strictly construed; rigidly adhered to; firmly enforced—It is our only bond of union, and "must be preserved."

Air—"Star Spangled Banner!"

4. *The President of the United States:* The sun of his public career, having cheered our land with its rising brightness and meridian splendour, is terminating its course full-orbed and glorious—the admiration of the people.

Air—"President's March."

5. *The Vice President of the United States:* His distinguished publick life, devoted to a consistent and effective support of the fundamental principles of our free government, is New York's pledge for her "favorite son," that he will not impair the virtues of the mantle which his countrymen have determined shall in due time fall upon him.

Air—"Jackson's Delight."

Before announcing the next toast, the Mayor rose, and addressed the assemblage in the following words:

you, gentlemen, is one that I feel assured will receive your cordial approbation. So little diversity of opinion, indeed, can exist as to the justness and propriety of the sentiments it expresses, that it will scarcely be expected I shall detain you with any dreparatory eulogy of the individual to whom it refers.

We have met, fellow citizens, upon the anniversary of one of those great occasions, which, while it has given a brilliant lustre to individual reputation, has also contributed to national renown, and to the preservation of our liberties as a people. We have but to turn back the pages of our national history, to that period when the gloom of defeat and disaster darkened for a time the character of our arms, and to realize the horrours of that system of warfare, which directed the weapon of the relentles savage against the breast of his disarmed victim, to know and appreciate the perils which surrounded those of our country's defenders who engaged in the contest of the last war on the western frontiers: To succeed in these conflicts, was indeed to triumph over a wily, dangerous, and not ignoble foe; but to fail, was in too many instances to become the sacrifice to an enemy that rioted in massacre and banquetted on blood.

Among the brave and hardy warriors who early and fearlessly entered upon the scenes of this border warfare, not one bore himself more proudly, nor contributed more directly to the eventual success of the American arms, than that distinguished son of Kentucky, in whose honour we are this day assembled High-minded, spirited; chivalrous by nature—burning to avenge his slaughtered countrymen and to uphold his country's rights wherever, and by whomsoever assailed—he surrendered the comforts and pleasures of retirement, sought the privations of the camp, and courted the dangers of the field.

The Battle of the Thames on the 5th of October 1813, was a decisive defeat to the allied Britian and Indian forces, and ensured permanent protection to the inhabitants of a vast extent of territory. The advantages of that brilliant victory were beyond computation in their effect upon the subsequent efforts of the savages. It was in that sanguinary conflict that the previously invincible warrior—he who fought with the confidence inspired by a long series of victories—surrendered his triumphs with his life. The records of that battle tell us, that the signal for flight to his followers, both white and red, was the fall of Tecumseh.

It would neither be just to ourselves, nor to the cause of truth, nor is it necessary to a proper appreciation of the distinguished merits of the subject of these remarks, to refuse our acknowledgement of the claims of others to a share in the gratitude of the American people, for honourable achievements in the trying scenes of our second war of Independence. Freely and gratefully should those claims be acknowledged and remembered. But in glancing over the long list of brave and successful warriors—so many of whom bear upon their persons the evidences of fierce encounters with the foe—it is scarcely possible that our attention should not be attracted to the name of JOHNSON In pronouncing a name thus identified with bravery and patriotism, I feel confident that your bosoms will glow with the recollections it is so well calculated to awaken, and that you will cheerfully unite with me in rendering honour to the *Hero of the Thames.*"

But, fellow citizens, there is another view in which the character of Colonel Johnson must be presented to your notice If as a brave and successful soldier, he first won the admiration of his countrymen, it is as an unshrinking, fearless and honest advocate of popular rights, that he has established himself permanently in the confidence and affection of the American people.

It cannot be necessary, gentlemen, that I should detain you by a minute examination of the cival career of this distinguished citizen. Throughout a period, almost unexampled for duration in our Congressional history, he has occupied a prominent position in the publick councils. Bringing to this department the same zealous and devoted patriotism which characterized his efforts in another sphere. he has always been conspicuous as an advocate of measures to preserve and extend the great principles of civil liberty. With a mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit which prevailed in the formation of our government, his whole legislative course has tended to strengthen and perpetuate that bond of union, which has so mainly contributed to render us a great and happy people.

It is as a faithful and long tried publick servants, without regard to party distinctions, that I have spoken of the character and services of Richard M. Johnson. May I not add the expression of my satisfaction; that after so large a portion of his life has been honourably spent in the publick service, during which period he has never swerved from the support of republican principles, he is now presented by the democracy of the Union for the support of his fellow citizens to one of the highest officers in the gift of a free people. The result I feel assured, will furnish another instance to disprove the axiom that Republicks are ungrateful.

I give you, Gentlemen,

6. *Colonel Richard M. Johnson:* The benefactor of his country as a legislator, and her gallant defenders on the field of battle. The weapons of the enemy have inflicted honorable, though painful, marks of patriotism on his person; the grateful republick will confer more acceptable and enduring marks, of distinction upon his character. Air—"Hail to the Chief."

The animated speech of the Mayor was frequently interrupted with hearty plaudits; and the toast which introduced, was received with the liveliest pleasure, demonstrated, loud and long, in all the usual modes of applause. After silence was at length restored, Mr. LAWRENCE again rose, and in a clear and sonorous voice read the following letter from Colonel JOHNSON:

GREAT CROSSINGS, 18th September, 1835.

*Gentlemen:*—I have received your communication, in which the several wards of the city of New York are represented as inviting me to partake of the public dinner on the 5th of October, in commemoration of the Battle of the Thames. I am also informed by your favor that the large and respectable meeting of the Democracy of New York city, who met cival to celebrate the 5th of October, expressed their satisfaction at the result of the Baltimore Convention in reference to my nomination for the Vice Presidency, and passed a resolution in approbation of my public services, &c. For this honour, permit me to express my grateful sensations. In a free [illegible] like ours, in [illegible] the discharge of a public trust so valuable as the approbation of his fellow citizens.

I have always [illegible] compensated, by my constituents, for all I have ever done or suffered for my country. But finding that my fellow citizens of New York are desirous to express publickly their confidence in me, and to give their approbation to the manner in which I have discharged my public duty, I feel a consolation which I shall not pretend to express, and a gratitude which I hope will abide with me as long as I live.

A public man should accept of no situation where he would not be perfectly willing to make any sacrifice which the happiness of his fellow citizens, the preservation of the Union, and the independence of his country may require of him. Whatever excitement may have prevailed in our country on political or other subjects; whatever irregularities of outrages may have been occasionally committed, and notwithstanding the untimely and misguided attempts to interfere with the sovereignity of the states in relation to matters exclusively, peculiarly and constitutionally belonging to the states, I have never for one moment of my life despaired of the Republic. Whenever false and dangerous principles were pushed to extremity, we have found, and shall always find, an intelligent, patriotick, and a saving a majority *combined and united* to destroy the evil spirit of whatever character, which may threaten the peace and harmony of the States or of the Union. Taking a full view of the past, the present, and the future, I think we have abundant cause for gratitude, and to rejoice at the spirit of unanimity which prevails among our fellow citizens and the prosperous condition of our happy country.

I regret extremely that it will not be in my power to be present at the celebration on the 5th, agreeably to your polite invitation. I have received so many proofs of kindness and confidence from the citizens of New York for years past, that this renewal of their approbation excites in me feelings which is not in my power to express.

With sentiments of great respect,
Your friend and fellow citizens,
RH. M. JOHNSON.

Messrs. Barnabas Bates, &c.

P. S. Allow me to offer the following sentiment:

THE GREAT STATE OF NEW YORK.—May her advancement in science, philosophy, and the mechanick arts, keep equal pace with the splendour of her internal improvements and the development of her natural resources.

CONTINUATION OF REGULAR TOASTS.

7. *The Governor of the State of New York,* and his Democratic sentiments:—"It is an essential principle of our Government, that burdens and benefits are to be shared equally by all;" and it is the solemn duty of legislators to give practical effect to this principle.

Air—"Governor's March."

8. *The Democratic Party:* organized to promote Democratic principles—Honesty and consistency are the foundations of its strength; if these be destroyed, the fabrick falls.

Air—"Jefferson and Liberty."

9. *The Virtue and Intelligence of the People:* chords attuned to the musick of patriotism; they vibrate and respond in harmony to the touch of truth.

Air—"Washington's Grand March."

10. *A Free Press:* The Palladium of Liberty—Whilst it carefully avoids becoming an instrument of discord, cruelty, or licentiousness—may it never hesitate to unsolve to the people those "solemn plausibilities" which hide

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