EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1837 VOL. III.-No. 31

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE
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Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

☞ All communications to insure attention should be *post paid*

Supplement to the Globe.

PROSPECTUS

For the Congressional Globe and Appendix.

SENSIBLE of the deep interest which must be felt throughout the Union in the proceedings of a new Congress, convoked by the new administration, to meet the extraordinary emergencies which have arisen since the close of General JACKSON's term of service, the undersigned have already made preparations to furnish their annual report in the form of a CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE. As these successive publications comprise a full and faithful record of all that is done in Congress—sketches of attendant discussions, with an APPENDIX containing the finished speeches prepared by the members themselves—they are suited not only to gratify the curiosity of the hour, to inform the distant constituency of the part performed by their immediate representatives, and of the result of the labors of all; but, we doubt not, they will be found permanently useful as the most authentic, complete, and convenient parliamentary record of our times. This undertaking having, with these views, been liberally patronized by the public it is our purpose to justify this early and continued favor, by increasing the strength of our corps of Reporters at the next fall and winter Sessions. The Fall Session will be looked to by the country to settle all that has been unsettled by the overthrow of the system of Deposites as established by Congress—the overthrow of the currency as established by the Constitution—and the overthrow of the system of revenue, both as a means of adequate supply for present demands, the maintenance of manufactures, and the regulation of commerce. Every thing of pecuniary interest to the Government and the nation will be involved in the discussions of the next Congress; and it was because the President would not have those all-important subjects left to Executive discretion a moment beyond the time when a full Congress could be summoned that the September session was convoked. The machinery of government, even when thrown out of geer, must continue to work; but when so disordered, its movement may be driven in a wrong direction. The Representatives of the people are alone competent to set all to rights. No Democratic Chief Magistrate would continue, in the condition of things at present existing, to substitute Executive expedients for clearly defined law springing from the public will.

TERMS.

For the CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, during the first two sessions of the 25th Congress $2 00

For the APPENDIX to the Congressional Globe, during the first two sessions of the 25th Congress $2 00

Any person sending us the money for five copies of either of the above publications, will be entitled to a copy.

Payments may be transmitted by mail, postage paid, at our risk The notes of any incorporated Bank in the United States, which did not suspend specie payments before the 1st of May, 1837, will be received But when subscribers can procure the notes of Banks in the Northern and Middle States, they will please send them.

To insure all the numbers, the money must be here by the first Monday in September next

The Congressional Globe will be sent to those papers that copy this Prospectus, if our attention shall be directed to it by a mark with a pen. Our Exchange List is so large that we would not observe it, probably, unless this be done,

☞ No attention will be paid to any order, unless the money accompany it, or unless some responsible person, known to us to be so, shall agree to pay it before the session expires.

BLAIR & RIVES.

August 1

BOOKS, BOOKS.

SCHOOL Books of every description used in the County Schools will be supplied to the Trustees at a moderate advance; also, Paper, Ink Powder, Slates, &c. and payment taken by orders upon the County. Also a variety of new publications, Family Bibles, Testaments, Albums, &c. &c.

J. H. McNEAL.

July 11 3t

DISSOLUTION.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Ozmon and Shanahan is this day dissolved. All persons indebted to the above firm, will confer a great favor, by calling and settling their accounts, as the Subscribers wish to close the business of the firm, as speedy as possible.

OZMON & SHANAHAN.

April 18th, 1837.

N. B. The business will hereafter be conducted by Samuel Ozmon, at the same stand, directly opposite Mr. Charles Robinson's store. The subscriber feels thankful for the liberal support he has received, and now begs leave to inform them that he is ready to meet all orders in his line, that may be directed to him, with neatness and dispatch.—The Subscriber has a first rate Hearse, and no pains will be spared in rendering general satisfaction to that part of his business, as he intends in all cases to discharge his duty as an undertaker.

S. O

POETRY.

From the Cambridge Aurora.

ODD FELLOWS PROCESSION.

I saw a band of brothers move
With slow and solemn tread,
Their hearts were joined by ties of Love,
In Charity were wed;
And Types of light's immortal ray
Shone on the chastening rod,
And in the midst wide open lay
The gospel of our God.

I ask'd a man of fourscore years,
Why after them he ran;
He said—and melted into tears,
They fed the poor old man.
He said—I once was sick and sad,
My limbs were rack'd with pain,
They came, they comforted and clad;
The old man rose again.

I ask'd a weeping widow why
She followed those before;
She said—and wip'd her weeping eye,
They came unto my door—
They came when all the world beside
Had turned from me and fled—
They came my wants and woes to hide,
They gave my children bread.

I ask'd an orphan boy why he,
His eager footstep bends;
He said—they smile on all like me—
They were my father's friend.
Before he died they clothed and fed,
And all our gifts they gave;
And when we wept for father dead
They then threw gifts into his grave.

P. H. G.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

It was in the middle of Winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold, it neither decidedly froze, nor yet did it thaw; but, between the two, it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire which was burning comfortlessly. The baby lay in a wooden Cradle on one corner of the hearth The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled an iron pot of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of house wifery.

May I stir the fire? asked David, the eldest boy. 'No, no,' replied the mother, 'it burns away too fast if it is stirred.' 'I wish we had a good fire!' sighed Judith, the second girl. 'Bless me!' said the mother, 'it is a good fire! Why, there's Dame Grundy and her grand children gone to bed because they had no fire at all.' 'I should like some more salt on my potatoes,' said little Bessy, 'may I have some, mother?' 'There is none, child,' she replied, 'I put the last in the pot.' 'Oh dear!' cried out little Joey, 'my feet are so bad.—They get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly.' 'Poor thing,' sighed the mother, 'I wish you had better shoes.'—'There's a pair,' said Joey, briskly, 'at Timmy Nixon's for fourteen pence.' Fourteen pence!' repeated the mother; 'it would take a long time to get fourteen pence.' 'Mat Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots,' replied Joey, experimentally. 'We will not beg,' said the mother, 'if we can help it; but let me see the shoes;' and Joey put up one of his miserably frost-bitten feet upon his mother's knee. 'Bless thee! my poor lad,' said his mother, 'thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer.' 'Mother,' interrupted little Susan, 'may I have some more?' 'There is no more,' said the mother, 'but I have a whole loaf yet.' 'Oh dear! oh dear! how nice!' cried the children, clapping their hands, 'and give Joey the bottom crust,' said one, 'because of his poor feet.' 'And give me a big bit,' cried Susan, holding out a fat little hand.

The mother divided the loaf—setting aside a piece for her husband—and presently the husband came. 'It rains, and is very cold,' said he, shivering 'Please God,' rejoined the wife, it will be warmer after the rain.'

David Baird was a tall, thin man, with an uneasy look—not that he had any fresh cause for uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered—his hours of work had not increased—nor had he quarrelled with his master. But the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness, and never ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire. Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees and his wife handed him a portion of a supper which had been set aside for him. Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding a squirrel with the bread which her mother had given She was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times. Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

"Nobody has inquired after that squirrel,' said the father, looking at them. 'No,' replied Mary, 'and I hope nobody will.' 'They will not now,' said the younger Davie, 'for it is three months since we found it.' 'We might sell it for half a crown,' said the father.

Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom.

'Joey's feet are very bad,' remarked the mother. 'And that doctor's bill has never been paid,' said the father, 'seventeen shillings and six-pence.' 'It is more money than we get a week,' sighed the mother. 'I go round by the back lane, to avoid passing the door,' said the father, 'and he has asked me for it three times.' 'We will get it paid in the summer,' rejoined the mother, hopefully; 'but now coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before a week.' 'Lord help us!' sighed David Baird, and two of the children coughed. 'Those children's coughs are no better,' remarked the father, somewhat impatiently. And then the baby awoke—and so did little Bessy, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying 'I am so cold, mother I am so cold.' 'Go to bed with her, Mary,' said the mother, 'for you were up betimes this morning, washing—put your clothes on the bed and keep warm.' Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant. David was cold, hungry, weary; and in gloom. Eight children, whom he loved, were about him, but he thought of them as born to poverty, uneasiness and care, like himself—he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry.

Cheer up David—honest man there is that coming even now—coming within three streets. length of thee—which shall raise thee above want for ever! Cheer up!—this is the last hour any of you shall want for fire—the last hour you shall want for candle light. Thou shalt keep the squirrel, Mary! Bessy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor, David Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by back ways to thy work to avoid an importunate creditor! Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woollen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings the pair! You shall no more want salt to your potatoes, nor shall Susan again go short of her supper! But of all this, as yet, you know nothing, good people; and there you sit, hopeless and comfortless, and know nothing about the relief—and splendid relief too—that, even now, is approaching your door. Wait, little boy, and thou wilt nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire;—and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet a few moments longer; it can do you no harm, for the good news is, even now, turning the corner of your streets!

Knock! knock! knock!—David started from his reverie!

'Some one is at the door!' said the wife; and up jumped little David. 'If it is neighbor Wood come to borrow meal, you can get her a cup full,' added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily

Up rose David Baird, and, thinking of the apothecary's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

'Are you David Baird?' asked the letter carrier who had knocked. 'I am,' said David. —This, then, is for you, and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it,' said the man, holding forth a large letter. 'Is it a summons?' cried the wife, in dismay; 'for what, is David Baird summoned?' and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms. 'It is no summons,' replied the man, 'but a money letter, I take it.' 'It is not for me,' said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two and twenty pence. 'But are you not David Baird, the weaver?' 'I am,' said David: 'Then,' continued the letter carrier, 'pay me the twenty-two pence, and if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post-office.' 'Twenty-two pence!' repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty. 'One shilling and ten pence,' said the wife, 'we have not so much money by us, good man.' 'Light a candle,' said the letter-carrier, bustling into the house, 'and hunt up what you have.' David was pushed to an extremity. 'We have none—we have not money to buy a candle!' 'Lord bless me!' said the letter-carrier, and he gave David the younger four pence, to fetch half a pound of candles.

David and his wife knew not what to think—and the letter man shook the wet from his hat.

In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hands. 'Open it! can't you?' said the letter man. 'Is it for me?' inquired David again. 'It is,' replied the other, impatiently—'what a fuss is here about opening a letter!' 'What is this?' exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds. 'Oh!' sighed the wife, 'if after all,' it should not be for us! but read the letter, David,' and David read it.

"Sir,—You, David Baird, weaver, of——' and son of the late David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, of Mokshauthlen Castle, county of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monshaughton aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and to cover traveling and other expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honor to be, sir, your humble serv't

J. SMITH, for Mr. Dennis."

'Sure enough!' said David. 'David Baird of Marden-on-Wear, was my father.' 'Oh! oh! oh!' chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, 'a hundred pounds and a castle!' Heaven be praised!' ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the infant in her arms. 'And,' continued David, 'the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for any thing from that quarter.' Then the letter is for you' asked the man. 'It is, please Heaven to make us thankful for it; said David, seriously, 'but,' hesitated he, 'you want the money.' 'I do,' said the letter carrier; 'but, no matter, I'll call for that to-morrow.' 'Bolt the door, wife,' said David, as she shut the door after the man, 'this money requires our safe keeping.' 'Mend the fire!' said the mother; and her son David put on a shovel full of coal, and stirred out the ashes.'—'Kiss me, my children, exclaimed the father, with emotion, 'and bless God that we shall never want bread again.' 'is the house on fire?' screamed Mary, at the top of the Stairs, 'for there is such a blaze!' We are burning a mould candle!' said Judith, 'and have such a big fire!'—'Come here Mary, said the father; and Mary sid down stairs, wrapped in an old cloak. 'Father's a rich man—we are all rich—and shall live in a grand castle!' laughed out young David. 'We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes!' cried Joey all alert—yet still remembering his poor frost-bitten feet. 'We shall have roast beef and plumb pudding!' said Susan. 'We shall have rice pudding every day!' cried Nedd. 'And let me have a horse, father, said young David.

David Baird was again distracted, but now different were his feelings!

He could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay, rolled on the floor for joy—but he did none of these, he sat calm, and looked almost grave. At length he said, 'Wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together.' 'You shall all have your Sunday clothes to-morrow,' said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs.

To bed they went;—awhile laughed and talked themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.

The Upper Marlborough Gazette says that the crops in Prince George's county will be much more abundant than was anticipated. The Tobacco plants are in a flourishing condition.

From the (British) United Service Journal.

FIRST PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT BOSTON.

Extract from the Narrative of a British officer who was captured on board a transport in Massachusetts Bay, in June 1776, while a prisoner in Boston.

The manner in which my days were spent during many weeks of compulsory inaction, I keep no record. A captive among entire strangers, to whose habits and notions I found it impossible to assimilate my own, time rolled over my head as unsatisfactorily as possible; indeed there were moments when I heartily repented that I had been cajoled into the acceptance of my parole, and pondered upon the best method of having the indulgence withdrawn. But my comrades, on all such occasions, withstood me, while they argued with great justice, that the measure could only bring down harsh usage, upon the whole body of prisoners. Meanwhile we found what amusement we could in wandering over the town, and visiting the positions of Bunker's Hill, Breed's Hill, Dorchester, Charleston, and other points rendered memorable as the scene of recent operations. Among these, nothing struck us more forcibly than the site of the encampment which the Americans first occupied after the skirmish of Lexington.—Many huts were yet standing in regular lines or streets which crossed one another at right angles, and it was easy to perceive, that the same ingenuity which they were in the habit of exercising in the construction of their rude dwellings in the woods had been applied by the rebel heroes to the formation of the bivouac. We were forced to admit, while examining their lines, that in the use of the spade and the pickaxe—implements of war not less formidable than the musket and the cannon—our men would be no match for an enemy so skilful.

In this manner a whole month wore itself out, and listless indifference was beginning to mark the bearing of some, when an event befel which so far stood us instead, that it furnished us for a while, with a subject of conversation. On the 17th of July, the British officers in parade received each a card from the Governor, requesting the honor of his attendance at a specified hour on the morrow, in the Town Hall. As rumors were already afloat touching the decided step that had been taken at Philadelphia, we were not without a suspicion as to the purport of this meeting; and we hesitated for a while as to the propriety of giving the sanction of our countenance to a proceeding which we could not but regard as traitorous. Curiosity, however got the better of scruples which, to say the truth, were not very well founded; and it was resolved, after a brief consultation, that the invitation ought to be accepted. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, we set out, arrayed in the full dress uniform of our corps, and became witnesses to a spectacle which excited even in us feelings it would not, perhaps, be very easy to be defined. As we passed through the town, we found it thronged in all quarters with persons of every age, and both sexes. All were in their holiday suits, every eye beamed with delight, and every tongue was in rapid motion. King street, Queen street, and the other streets adjoining the Council Chamber, were lined with detachments from two battalions of infantry, tolerably well equipped; while in front of the hall, a brigade of artillery was drawn up, the gunners standing by their pieces with lighted matches; nor, to do them justice, was there any admixture of insolence in the joy which seemed to pervade all classes. Whether our lengthened residence among them, and the anxiety which we displayed never wantonly to offend their prejudices, had secured their esteem, or whether they considered us beneath the dignity of a grave people, standing in a position so critical, to vent their spleen upon individuals entirely at their mercy, I do not know; but the marked respect with which we were treated, both by soldiers and civilians could not be misunderstood. The very crowd opened a lane for us to the door of the Hall, and the troops gave us, as we mounted the steps, the salute due to officers of our rank

On entering the Hall we found it occupied by functionaries, military, civil, and ecclesiastical; among whom the same good humor and excitement prevailed, as among the people out of doors. They received us with great frankness and cordiality, and allotted to us such stations as enabled us to witness the whole of the ceremony, which was as simple as the most republican taste could have desired. Exactly as the clock struck one, Colonel Crafts, who occupied the chair, rose, and silence being obtained, read aloud the celebrated Declaration, which announced to the world that the tie of allegiance and protection which had so long held Britian and her North American colonies together, was forever separated. This being finished, the gentlemen stood up, and each repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold, at the sacrifice of life, the rights of his country. Meanwhile, the town clerk read from a balcony the Declaration of Independence to the crowd; at the close of which, a shout, begun in the Hall, passed like an electric spark to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry. The batteries on Fort Hill, Dorchester Neck, the Castle, Nantasket, and Long Island, each saluted with thirteen guns—the artillery in the town fired thirteen rounds, and the infantry, scattered into thirteen divisions, poured forth thirteen volleys—all corresponding to the number of States which formed the Union. What followed may be described in a few words. There was a banquet in the Council Chamber, where all the richer citizens appeared—where much wine was drunk, and many appropriate toasts given. Large quantities of liquor were distributed among the mob, whose patriotism, of course, grew more and more warm at every draught; and when night closed in, the darkness was effectually dispelled by a general and what was termed then, a splendid illumination. I need not say that we neither joined, nor were expected to join in any of the festivities. Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we returned to our lodgings, and passed the remainder of the evening in a frame of mind, such as our humiliating and irksome situation might be expected to produce.

Sixteen couples, chosen from the poorer classes, are to be married and receive dowries, on occasion of the Duke of Orleans' marriage.

"ALL THE DECENCY."

Noah copies a letter written by the Postmaster General to a Philadelphia committee, on occasion of the late 4th of July celebration, calls the author "*a miscreant*," and says:

"What must the people of England, nay, of all Europe, think of the Americans and their Government, when a cabinet minister, holding a most important and influential office, the friend and counsellor of the President of the United States, endeavers to stir up the country to wage war with a Power not only in amity with us, not only giving us constant evidence of national friendship, but a Power against which not a solitary complaint is preferred? What must foreign Powers generally think of us, when a cabinet minister, in plain terms, advises the people *to swindle their foreign creditors out of their just and fair demands!!*"

The letter which has called forth this tirade is as follows, viz:

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1837.

GENTLEMEN, I have received your flattering invitation to dinner on the 4th instant, with the democracy of the First and Second Congressional Districts of Pennsylvania.

Public and private duties unite in forbidding an acceptance of your invitation.

It is a glorious day, but the joys of its advent are dashed a little by the relation in which we are now placed by the acts of our own citizens, to the kingdom from which we were then severed. A paltry tax on tea broke the political bond; but now, every man, woman and child in this vast Republic is taxed in his lands, his bread, and his labor, to pay off the debts of banks, brokers, and merchants to that proud isle. Our money is reduced to rags, every day becoming more worthless, that a few may maintain their credit abroad by snipping our silver and gold, having forced it out of its legitimate use as a currency, by depreciating its paper associate from ten to forty per cent almost at a blow. Who shall calculate the vast tax thus exacted from our own people, and where shall they look for deliverance from this degrading thraldom? If freemen do not think of a remedy on the 4th of July, it will never be devised—I shall look with intense interest at the proceedings on that day in Philadelphia and elsewhere, for those bursts of patriotism, those suggestions of wisdom, and those evidences of firm resolve, which will conduct us to another era of independence, not of a foreign kingdom only, but of those principalities and powers at home, which, looking with contempt upon the mass of the people, are ever ready to degrade and oppress their own country, to preserve their faith in foreign alliances with similar powers.

In haste, your friend and fellow citizen,

AMOS KENDALL.

To JOHN THOMPSON, Esq. and others, Committee.

Now, is there one word "*stirring up the country to wage war*" in this letter? Is there one word "*advising the people to swindle their foreign creditors out of their just demands?*" It says, in substance, let "the banks, brokers, and merchants," pay their own debts *at home* as well as abroad It protests against "every man, woman, and child in the United States" being taxed, (or *swindled*, as Noah likes the term,) to enable these people to pay their foreign debt *at the expense of others*. And it looks for such a reform in our institutions as will *leave every man to pay his own debts*, at home and abroad, and protect the people from being so taxed hereafter. For this the Postmaster General is called "a miscreant!"

Why, it is but a day or two since Noah advised that no jury in New York should find a verdict against a bank in a suit for debt, the laws and their oaths notwithstanding!!

It need only be remembered, that this is the man who, in *his gratitude for "bank facilities,"* abandoned his principles, his friends, and his party, and for $52,000 went over to the support of a bank which he had always denounced as inexpedient and unconstitutional.—Globe.

The difference between the constitutional currency of specie, and the shin-plasters, which have been so readily adopted by many people as a substitute for it, is every day becoming more apparent.—The traders in the large cities—so palpable and immediate is the value which specie has acquired—have been compelled to affix two prices to every article, as in the "continental" times,—a *specie* price, and a paper price—and this result of necessity will soon become universal. It has already obtained in this district to such an extent that the Steamer for Alexandria which plies for a fare of twelve and a half cents in silver, requires twenty-five cents in rag money—making a clear difference of *Fifty Per Cent* in value, between the actual and depreciated currency; and so convinced are the public of the propriety of this enormous difference in the standard of value, that they cheerfully submit to "pay the difference" The same system indeed prevails more or less, in every transaction of buying and selling and the alacrity and good humor with which specie is received in payment of the most trifling purchase, attaches already, in this early period of suspension, an importance to its possession which is quite painful.

What will it be in the latter days if such is the case at present?—Metropolitan.

ANOTHER OPPISITION HUMBUG.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.—Frequent inquiries are made where is the people's money—where the United States Treasury? The following from the Detroit Advertiser may throw light on the subject:

Nelson Cochran, late collector of Dearbon, the Spy informs us, has absconded with $260 of the public money. Heigho!—N. Y. Star.

NOTE BY THE GLOBE.—We have inquired and find that there is no such collector of customs—no such port of entry—no such default—and consequently, no such loss of the people's money.

When will opposition falsehood's cease?

Answer by M. M. Noah.—When the United States Bank charter is renewed.

GOLD!—The mines are still sending in their weekly products. We saw three beautiful bars from the Walton mine yesterday, containing seven or eight hundred dollars, in a day or two previous a lump containing somewhat over that amount. Other mines are making their deposites with great regularity.—Rich. Compiler.

The crops in Indiana promise to yield a full average this year.

ANOTHER CORRECTION OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.—The assertion that Major Brant and Mr. Wm. C. Anderson have been appointed to receive and disburse the public moneys, is untrue. The article in relation to it in the federal organ in this city, will be attended to in our next.—Missouri Argus,

Note by the Globe.—Since writing our article to show the blunders and misrepresentations of the opposition press concerning the course of the Treasury Department on the above subject, we have seen the Missouri Argus, which is published on the spot, and from which we cut the above extract, in order to nail the base federal coin to the counter.

OPPOSITION DOCTRINE.

A small National debt is the thing for this country, and we hope that the Government, by the aid of the Florida war, and other expenses, will soon be compelled to contract one.—Sunday Morning News.

NOTE BY THE GLOBE.—What do the farmers and mechanics say to such a Webster and Harrison creed?

ROBERT EMMETT, Esq. of New York, son of the late Thomas Addis Emmet, and nephew to the well known martyr in the cause of Irish liberty, Robert Emmett, has been turned by the anti democratic party out of some situation he held under the New York Corporation. This is always the way true hearted Irishmen and their descendants are treated by the haters of democracy.—Montreal Vindicator.

Bank of England.—The total number of persons employed by the bank in 1832 was as follows—820 clerks and porters; 36 printers and engravers; 82 clerks and porters at the branches; 940 total—average salary, $225 each.

It is alleged that the Bank of the U. S. is able to redeem its notes upon presentation. Why then is specie payment not resumed immediately? We say that the bank does not possess the ability. She finds it quite profitable however to share the "spoils" with those brokers who are purchasing her notes at a discount of ten per cent.—Pitts. Bulletin.

THE MECHANIC.—If there is any man in society upon whom we look with esteem and admiration, it is the honest and industrious mechanic, who, by his own unaided exertion has established for himself a respectable station in society; who, commencing in poverty by his skill and assiduity, surmounts every obstacle, overcomes every prejudice, and succeeds in establishing for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced for those who come after him. Such a man we prize as the noblest work of which human nature is capable, the highest production she can boast. And let it ever be borne in mind by the young mechanic just entiring on the stage of active life—let it ever lie at the foundation, and be the moving spring to all his efforts, that this situation he must strive to attain. It can be attained by all. Untiring industry and a virtuous ambition never fail of their reward. They never yet were exerted in vain, and never will be, while honesty and justice are left in the human heart. It was well remarked, by an eloquent writer, that, the Mechanic, who had no inheritance but health, no riches but virtue, is the sole king among men, and the only man among kings.

Beware of Counterfeits—We have been shown a counterfeit $10 note on the Bank of Baltimore, marked letter A. No. 1250, payable to G. Keerl, dated 12th January, 1835. James Cox, Cashier, W. Lorman. President. The engraving is course, but calculated to deceive, unless closely examined, when it will be perceived that the face of the female [male] fingers is exceedingly rough. There are several others in town, and we expect that the rogues have made a large issue.

NEW DIME.—The United States Gazette of yesterday, says—'A friend showed to us on Saturday a ten cent piece of the new coinage; it is smaller in circumference than those formely emitted; on one side are the words ONE DIME, encircled with a meath, on the other is a finely cut figure of liberty—not the old head and trunk, that once looked so flaring out from our coin—but a neat tidy female figure, sufficiently dressed, holding in one hand a staff, surmounted with a liberty cap; the other hand sustains a shield, inscribed with the word LIBERTY. The figure is in a sitting posture, and resembles, generally, the representation of Britannia on the English coins.

A RECIPE—To find when the teakettle boils.—Put a marble (toy) into the teakettle, and keep it there. When the steam begins to form, the marble begins to rattle—when the water boils it will create quite a racket, and may be heard all over the room. If the water all boils away, and the kettle gets red hot, the marble will explode with noise enough to alarm the neighborhood. This is a convenient signal, and in the reach of every body. The worst trouble is the fear that some curious folk may boil away the water for the sake of the fun of the explosion—and then—take care kettle!—*N. Y. Sun.*

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE TRIBES OF THE DEEP. The Nantucket Inquirer has an article on this subject, in which it states, that the blue-fish, bad, for the space of about half a century, disappeared entirely, from the waters in that neighborhood, and had only returned to their once favorite haunt, within these five or six years. That paper finds fault, and very justly, with the destructive mode employed in taking fish—namely, by 'extensive seines,' whereby thousands of the small fry are destroyed, before they are large enough to be of any service for the table.

Little people—The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heeled boots, and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man every inch of him. [*Sam Slick.*

The best cure for a burn will be found to wrap the part immediately in a cloth wet with cold water. If the burn is a serious one adopt the same course and give the patient warm medicine—hot herb tea &c

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