John Catrup

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1839. VOL. VI-NO 30.

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE
Is edited and published every
TUESDAY MORNING,
BY
GEO. W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

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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 very subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.
☞All communications to insure attention hould be *post paid*

THE STEAM BOAT
MARYLAND.

Will commence her accustomed rout to St. Michaels and Wye Landing on Monday the 6th of May. She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, touching at Annapolis, arrive at St. Michaels about 1 o'clock proceed to Wye Landing and return to Baltimore, direct, the same day. All baggage at the risk of its owners.
L G. TAYLOR, Capt.
April 30, 1839.

New Summer Goods.
John W. Cheezum,
Has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a fresh supply of
Summer Goods,
And respectfully invites his friends and the public generally to an inspection of the same,
June 11, 1839.—4t

THE ANTI SYPHILITIC SPECIFIC CURE WARRANTED.
DOCTOR SICARD, for the convenience of those afflicted, has been induced to deposite his *Anti Siphilitic* (French) *Specific* for the perfect cure of secondary Syphilis at the Drug store of Dr. E. Baker, North East corner Charles and Pratt streets, James H. Warner, North East corner Baltimore and Eutaw street, J. P. Williamson, North West corner of Gay and High sts. This Medicine stands in the highest estimation in France and generally used in Venerial hospitals of that country, and for many years successfully practised by Doctor S. in this & other countries. Doctor SICARD has also placed in the above stores his Specific for the speedy and effectual cure of recent cases, also, Specific for the cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Seminal Effusions, weakness of the Bladder and Kidneys
Persons purchasing his preparations, will have an advantage which no other advertised medicine possesses as the Doctor is at all times willing to give advice in obstinate cases occasioned by peculiarity of constitution and other circumstances.
His long standing as a practitioner in the City, and his success in the cure of diseases of the above nature renders it unnecessary to say more on the subject.—Doctor Sicard's office, N. W. corner of Liberty and Lexington sts, Baltimore.
N. B. As there are no doubt many persons, who will attempt to counterfeit the above medicines, in consequence of their great success, this is to warn the public not to purchase any medicines purporting to be his, except from the above named agents.
Dr. S will also attend to all in the various branches of his profession.
The above Medicines are sold by the following agents.
T. H. DAWSON & SONS, Easton.
W. J NEVITT, Centreville.
April 30 1839. 1y

Farm for Sale.
THE subscriber will sell at private Sale the farm situated near the Three Bridges, in Chappel District, and containing about four hundred acres of land, about 125 of the same is in good timber and now in the occupancy Mr. James Tolson—The terms of sale will require the payment of $900 to the Bank, and the balance to be paid in 9 & 18 months with interest. If it is not sold at private sale before the first Tuesday in September; it will be sold at public Sale on that day, at the hour of 3 o'clock.
CHARLES W. BENNY.
March 5, 1839. tf

WAS found on Poplar Island, on Sunday the 9th of June, a Canoe, 18 feet long, and 2 1-2 feet wide, and had been painted blue, sharp built, intended for sailing. The owners are requested to come forward, prove property, pay cost and charges, and take the said Canoe away.
WM. S. RIDGAWAY,
Poplar Island.
N. B. The said Canoe was brought to the Island by a runaway.
July 2 3t W. S. R.

Wool Carding.
The subscribers respectfully inform the citizens o Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties, that thei
CARDING MACHINE,
is in complete repair, and that they are now ready to receive all orders for Carding wool. The prices for Carding are once through six cents, twice through eight cents.—All orders left at the store of Mr. Cheezum, in Easton, or at the machine at Upper Hunting Creek, Caroline county will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.
The wool should be put in good order. Having employed an experienced carder they solicit a share of public patronage.
PATCHETT & MCNASH.
Upper Hunting Creek.
Caroline county Md. July 2d, 1839.

WANTED
At this office a youth to learn the printing business.—One that can read and write will be preferred.
July 30 1839. 3w

Farmers' Bank of Maryland
Branch Bank at Easton, July 13th, 1839.
Notice is hereby given to the stockholders in this institution, that an Election will be held at the Banking House in Easton, on the first Monday of August ensuing, between the hours 10 o'clock, A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M. for the purpose of choosing from among the stockholders twelve Directors for the Branch Bank at Easton, for the ensuing year.
JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH, Cash'r
July 16, 1838. 3w

CLARK'S
OLD ESTABLISHED LUCKY OFFICE
N. W. corner of Baltimore & Calvert sts.
(UNDER THE MUSEUM.)
WHERE HAVE BEEN SOLD
Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!!
Dollars—Millions of Dollars!
NOTICE.—Any person or persons, throughout the United States, who may desire to try their luck, either in the Maryland State Lotteries, or in authorised Lotteries of other States, some one of which are drawn daily—Tickets from $1 to $10, shares in proportion—are respectfully requested to forward their orders by mail (post paid) or otherwise, enclosing cash or prize tickets which will be thankfully received and executed by return mail, with the same prompt attention as if on personal application, & the result given (will if requested) immediately after the drawing.—Please address
JOHN CLARK.
Old established Prize Vender, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, under the Museum.
Dec. 4, 1838.

NOTICE
Of the Sale of valuable lands in
TALBOT COUNTY.
THE President, Directors and Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland by virtue of a power, contained in a deed of Mortgage, passed and executed to them by Wm. Hayward, deceased, bearing date the twenty fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty two, will offer for sale, at public auction on TUESDAY, the twenty fourth day of September next, between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, all and singular that farm and premises of him the said William Hayward, in his life time, lying and being in Talbot county aforesaid, consisting of the parcel of land, called Theobald's addition, and of part of the tract of land, called Sheepshead Point bounded on the east by the land of Abednego Botfield, deceased, on the south by the public road leading to the Bay Side, on the west by the lands, that belonged to Wm. W. Moore, and on the north west and north by the cove and St. Michaels river, and containing the quantity of one hundred and sixty two and a half acres of land, more or less, which the said William Hayward purchased at public sale of the Sheriff of the said county, and died possessed of—The land is leased for the present year, therefore, possession will not be delivered to the purchaser, until the end of the year; but he will have the privilege of seeding wheat on the premises in due season, and on the usual terms. This farm being deficient in wood and timber, the purchaser will have the opportunity of obtaining a reasonable portion of wood land, convenient to the farm, which will be sold by the Sheriff at the time and place aforesaid, appointed for the sale of the farm. There is an incumbrance on the lands of the widow's dower, which she will either sell for a reasonable price, or lease for a reasonable rent. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank for the sum of money due on the mortgage, with interest and costs.—The terms of payment, although cash, can be made easy to the purchaser by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved personal security, be offered.
THOS: I. BULLITT, Pres't.
of the Branch Bank,
at Easton
March 12 6m

☞"Matchless Sanative."☜
THE subscriber has been appointed Agent for the sale of this renowned medicine, celebrated for its wonderful cures of
CONSUMPTION,
and all affections of the lungs.
He has just received a supply, and offers it for sale. A further notice of this medicine will be given next week.
August 21, 1838 HENRY THOMAS

BLACKSMITHING.
THE subscriber again appears before the public to inform them that contrary to all reports he is still carrying on the
BLACKSMITHING
at his old stand, at Hook Town, where he is prepared to execute all kind of work in his line of business. Thankful for the liberal share of patronage extended to him, he respectfully solicits a continuance thereof, and pledges himself to use every exertion to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.
The subscriber is too well known he hopes, to be injured by any report gotten up merely to injure his business, and assures the public when he determines on doing [illegible] he will give the notice himself, *without troubling any one to do it for him*
He is prepared to execute all orders that may be entrusted to him, with punctuality, and at a reasonable charge.
The public's obedient servant,
EPHRAIM McQUAY.
may 28 tf

For Sale.
I will sell at private sale the Farm lately bought by me of Thomas S. Hayward, Trustee of Thomas Hayward, dec'd, containing
Four Hundred and twenty eight and a half acres.
A liberal credit will be given on a considerable part of the purchase money.
JOSEPH R. PRICE.
July 16, 1839.

POETRY.

WEDDED LOVE.

Addressed by a young wife to a desponding husband

Come, rouse thee dearest!—'tis not well
To let thy spirit brood
Thus darkly oe'r the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf, in which they fall,
Such thoughts by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now!—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble; ardent, kind—
Stranger thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee:
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife,
For deem'st thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a common mind
The eagle like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers:
And though at present seems so far
The wished for goal, the guiding star,
With peaceful ray, would light them on
Until its bounds be won,—
That quenchless ray, thou'lt ever prove,
Is fond, undying, WEDDED LOVE.

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

'Pique her and soothe by turns, soon passion crowns thy hopes."—BYRON.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then:
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.
I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to night with a growl,
But she answer'd she wasn't brought up in the woods,
To be scared with the shade of an owl.

I called her a baggage and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form,
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like the sea in a storm;
And then in a moment I turned and smil'd
And I call'd her my angel and all,
And she fell in my arms like a wearisome child,
And exclaim'd—"*We will marry next fall.*"

THE LAST NOTES.—Byron, as a poet gained the admiration which his ambition coveted—The following verses, amongst "the last notes of his dying muse," show how melancholy and wretched was his death:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

'O dear!' blubbered out an urchin who had just been suffering from the application of the birch. "O my! they tell me about 40 rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let um get such a plaguy licken as I've had, and they'll find out that *one rod makes an acher.*'

Women influence our young men, and Banks our old men.

A Whig down East, who had been in the habit of naming his children after the different cognomens of his party from Federal down to Whig, after being blessed with seven sons, was at length honored with a daughter. He called her "Conservative!"

A handsome Compliment—Among the regular toasts drank at the celebration of the Fourth at Ithaca, N. Y., we find the following very pretty compliment to the ladies:—

"*Woman.*—There's a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach sunny half to the globe, and a '*better half*' *to man*"

We know of no other portion of society who live more lonely than old bachelors. They eat alone, go to bed alone, rise alone, and go to the devil alone.

The word Devil, said a certain parson, is meant any way you can take it. Remove the d, and it is evil, remove the v, and it is il, and the l alone has the sound of hell.—Beware then of the devil, he is a mean rascal.

No man, women or child—black, white, or coloured—can now smoke in the streets of Savannah, Georgia, with subjecting themselves to fine and imprisonment, the mayor having issued a proclamation to that effect.

Dr. Franklin has said—"Where I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well informed children; but if there are no books and papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate.

"What's o'clock?" said a chap, poking his head into our office the other day, with an impertinent grin. "A thing yot keeps time, you lubber," replied our witty devil.

There's a man down South who celebrates his birth day by paying for all his newspapers. Let's make him President?

Was a printing office originally intended for a public reading room? or an editor's table for Tom, Dick and Harry to overhaul? It strikes us they were not, but we may be mistaken.—N. O. Pic.

THE REFERENCE CASE.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY

The outlines of the following sketch were related to me by an aged and honored member of a large family connexion; a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and comic tales are but recollections of past scenes, of which he can say, in the language of Æneas, "*quorum magna pars fui.*"

"Many years ago," said Mr. E——, "I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies.

His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and yet he came not, nor did any letters—those insufficient though welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave in the ocean.

"Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment, to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance, which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress. A merchant of New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidently became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship. After some months he offered her his hand and was accepted.

As the wife of a successful merchant she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married and by their stepfather were furnished with every comfort, requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days sickness, and from that time until the period of the trial, the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the FIRST husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture.

Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly any thing but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims.

He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law who are always to be found infesting the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

'It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, that we first met to hear this singular case.—The sun light streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant, while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary. The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have melted at his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall never forget my surprise at his appearance. Small in person, but remarkably well formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle's, and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed a very different being from the arch traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable. But there was one peculiarity about him that reminded me of the depths of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you that the only thing about him I disliked, was his step. He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement that involuntarily makes one think of treachery; and in the course of a long life, I never met with a frank and honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.

"Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in "the principal witness." We had scarcely finished the section that fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil discovered to us a face of surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened but yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present.

Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone, "Do you know this lady?"

"I do," was the answer.

"Will you swear to that?"

"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter"

"Can you swear to her identity?"

"I can," said the plaintiff.

"What is her age?" asked Burr.

"She was thirty years of age on the twentieth day of April."

"When did you last see her?"

"At her own house, about a fortnight since," replied the father.

"And when did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesited—a pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was, "on the fourteenth day of May, 17—."

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has plead most eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the dangers of the sea, and returned only to find his home desolate.—But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart sickness, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part—Whether it was of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern MEN.—Let us ask the witness—she now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask her which of these two have been to her a father."

Turning to the lady in a tone whose sweetness was a strange contrast with the scornful accents that had just characterised his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life.

A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied:

"My first recollections are of a small, ill finished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our only supper was a little bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not afford to purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father."—She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke—"You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently "The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father!—you, who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy, who was the sharer of my childish sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection and shares my home;—there is MY FATHER. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from the social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!"

She hastily drew her veil over her face, as she ceased speaking, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lip; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decrees of justice."

"I need scarcely to add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well merited shame."—Ladies' Companion.

From the Madisonian.

MONTICELLO.

Monticello, (pronounced Montichello, and signifying, "beautiful mountain,') is in sight of Charlottesville, about a mile distant in a straight line, but a mile and a half by the road, which descends into and winds among the hills, and along the skirts of the mountain woods. Monticello is elevated, perhaps 400 or 500 feet above the little stream that meanders at its base. It seems to be a secondary eminence of what is called the southwest mountain; to which it bears a relation similar to that which the lesser hunch of the dromedary's back bears to the larger one. Soon after passing the outside enclosure, & approaching the summit of the hill through a growth of oaks, we reach by the road side the humble resting place of Thomas Jefferson. Consecrated, as it is, by the choice and arrangement of the 'sage' himself, we are not disposed to question its taste. We may wonder, however, that while the remains of many men of less worth have been honored by sculptured marble and splendid mausoleums, all that was mortal of the author of the Declaration of American Independence, lies entombed in a rude and uninviting enclosure of a few yards square, without even a sod to check the drifting of its barren dust, and distinguished only by a plain unsculptured, mutilated granite obelisk. The few rods of rough wall by which it is surrounded is crumbling to the level of its parent earth; the gate that once guarded the entrance is swung from its hinges; the gnarled shrub oak is growing by the wall; the dead leaves are gathered in the sunken graves, the slab over the body of Mrs. Jefferson is mutilated and broken, and the whole scene is one of singular rudeness and desolation, unrelieved by any visible testimony that the memories of those who lay buried there, are held in more than the ordinary esteem cherished by the careless millions of the living for the innumerous dead.

The area of this little cemetry is but a few square yards, and contains about 15 graves, a few of which are of the family of Mr. Jefferson, and the rest of some of their friends.

The granite obelisk over Mr. Jefferson's remains, has been shamefully desecrated, the corners having been broken off for the sake of gratifying the vanity of exhibiting a relic from the "tomb of the prophet." The piece of white marble which had been let into the granite, and bearing the principle inscription, has fallen out, and is preserved at the house. The inscription which was prepared by Mr. Jefferson before his death is as follows.

"Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson,
Author
Of the Declaration of
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
of
The Statute of Virginia
For Religious Freedom and
Father of the University
Of Virginia."

The word "Father" seems to have been dwelt upon with peculiar pride and emphasis. Below is this:

"Born April 2d
1743 O. S.
Died July 4th, 1826."

Immediately by the side of the obelisk reposes the remains of Mr. Jefferson's wife. A plain white marble slab, much broken, lies upon the grave bearing the following inscription:

"To the memory of
Martha Jefferson,
daughter of John Wayles,
born Oct. 10, 1748 O S
Intermarried with Thomas Jefferson
Jan, 1, 1778,
torn from him by death
Sept. 6, 1782,
this monument of his love
is inscribed."

Then follows a Greek inscription from Homer, signifying, we believe, substantially, that, it is said we go after death to 'Haides' where we meet those we loved and remember their faces.

Near by, are also buried two daughters of Mr. Jefferson, viz. Mrs. Randolph, who was the wife of Thomas Mann Randolph, once Governor of Virginia, and mother of Thomas J. Randolph; and Mrs. Eppes, whose husband was formerly in Congress from this State. A grand daughter of Mr. Jefferson, the daughter of Gov. Randolph is also buried by the side of her grand parents, her grave being distinguished by a marble table bearing the following inscription:

"Mrs. A. C. Bankhead
Born Jan. 23, 1791,—Died Feb. 11, 1823.
Mourned, till on earth,
Meek piety cease to dwell,
With angel goodness,
From thine heaven forgive,
the sorrowing heart
that would still hold thee here."

In another part of the enclosure, a marble slab lies upon the grave of a lad who was drowned in 1812. It bears the following epitaph:

"This slab
is placed over the body
of
William Mortimer Harrison
by his weeping and afflicted parents,
a monument of bereaved affection
and blighted hope."

A few feet beyond,
"Two whitened flint stones mark the feet and head," of "Mrs. Mary Stewart." To the others who lie here "in cold obstruction," "low in the ground," there is no tribute paid; they "grovel in indistinct decay;" they are not even distinguished by

'A low green hillock, two small gray stones
Rising o'er the place which holds their bones;'

but the winds and rains and the equally rude feet of strangers have scattered the little heaps of dust by which mother earth, honoring them more than the living, once acknowledged the space they filled in her bosom,

Oh Grave!
How powerful is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters! Thou instruct'st the proud
That their vain pomp is an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind. The fair, the flowers they have
Fresh in their cheek, are strewed upon a grave.
Thou tell'st the rich, their idol is but earth;
The vainly pleased, that syren-like their mirth
Betrays to mischief;"

"Tyrants o'er tyrant," and over empires "whose graves heave but like the passing waves!" Time, only, despoils thee of thy trophies—the foot passenger and the chariot wheel trample thy monuments unheeded—religion, only, robs thee of the victory, and tells thee that the dead are not thy prisoners.

Passing on from this scene, we reach, after a few rods further ascent, the summit of Monticello, whose open lawn spreads before us like a table. We pass along a well beaten road under the shade of a row of mulberries, by the tottering remains of Mr. Jefferson's workshop, by one of the terraces appropriated to servants around to the northeastern front of the principal mansion. A line, passing through this building and its terraces, would describe sides of a parrallelogram, the main building occupying the centre of the longest line. The terraces are used for all the purposes usually answered by out-buildings, and