EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON MARYLAND, TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1840. VOL. VII-NO. 00

THE WHIG & ADVOCATE,

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY

TUESDAY MORNING

BY

GEORGE W. SHERWOOD,

(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

TERMS:—Two Dollars and fifty Cents per annum payable half yearly 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 every subsequent insertion—larger ones in the same proportion.

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

"The art of healing had its origin in the woods, and the forest is still the best Medical School."

BARON VON HUTCHELER'S

HERB PILLS.

THESE PILLS are composed of Herbs, which exert a specific action upon the heart, give an impulse or strength to the arterial system; the blood is quickened and equalized in its circulations through all the vessels, whether of the skin, the parts situated internally, or the extremities; and as all the secretions of the body are drawn from the blood there is a consequent increase of every secretion, and a quickened action of the absorbent and exhalent, or discharging vassels. Any morbid action which may have taken place is corrected, all obtructions are removed, the blood is purified, and the body resumes a healthful state.

These pills, after much anxious toil & research having been brought by the Proprietor to the present state of perfection, supers de the use of innumerable other medicines; and are so well adapted to the frame, that the use of them, by maintaining the body in the due performance of its functions, and preserving the vital stream in a pure and healthy state causes it to last many years longer than it otherwise would, and the mind to become so composed and tranquil, that old age when it arrives, will appear a blessing. and not (as too many who have neglected their constitutions or had them injured by medicines administered by ignorance,) a source of misery and abhorrence.

They are so compounded, that by strengthening and equalizing the action of the heart, liver, and other viscera they expel the bad, acrid or morbid matter which renders the blood impure, out of the circulation, through the excretory ducts into the passage of the bowels, so that by the brisk or slight evacuations which may be duly regulated by the doses of the Herb Pills, always remembering that while the evacuations from the bowels are kept up, the excretions from all the vessels of the body will also be going on in the same proportion by which means the blood invariably becomes purified.

Steady Perseverance in the use of the Herb Pill will undoubtedly effect a cure even in the most acute or obstinate diseases; but in such cases the dose may be augmented according to the inveteracy of the disease; these Pills being so admirably adapted to the constitution, that they may be taken at all times.

In all cases of Hypochondriacism LowSpirits Palpitations of the Heart, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Weakness, Fluor Albus, Seminal Weakness, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Heartburn, General Debility, Bodily Weakness, Chlorosis or Green Sickness, Flatulent of Hystorical Faintings, Hysterics Headaches, Hiccup, Sea Sickness Night Mare, Gout, Rheumatism, Asthma, Tic Douloureux, Cramp, Spasmodic Affections, and those who are victims to that most excruciating disorder, Gout, will find relief from their suffering, by a course of the Herb Pills.

Nausea, Vomiting pains in the Side, Limbs Head, Stomach or Back, Dimness or Confusion of Sight, Noises in the inside, alternate Flushes of Heat and Chillings, Tremors, Watchings Agitation Anxiety, Bad Dreames, Spasms, in every case be relieved py an occasional dose of the Herb Pills.

One of the moct dangerous epochs to females is at the change of life, and it is then they require a medicine which will so invigorate their circulation, and thus strengthen their constitutions, as may enable them to withstand the shock. That medicine is Baron Von Hutcheler's Herb Pills.

Those who have the care and education of females, wether the studious or the sedentary part of the community, should never be without a supply of the Herb Pills, which removes disorders in the head, invigorate the mind, strengthen the body improve the memory, and enliven the imagination.

When the Nervous System has been too largely drawn upon or overstrained, nothing is better to correct and invigorate the drooping constitution than these Pills.

For Sale by Thomos H. Dawson and Sons, Easton, Md.

New Drug Store.

THE Subscriber has opened at the corner of Washington and Dover streets, opposite the Market house, in the store room formerly occupied by Mr. Wm Jenkinson,

A Fresh and Complete Assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, Perfumery, Glass, Putty, Confectionary, &c.

which he offers to the public on very moderate terms. He is determined to keep up his stock of well selected articles, and every attention & care shall be bestowed in dispensing them. His brother, Solomon J. Lowe, will take exclusive charge of the *Medicinal* department, and Physicians and others may therefore be well assured of neatness, care and accuracy in filling their orders. If a fresh stock, moderate charges, and studious attention may merit support, the subscriber feels well assured of it.

SAMUEL A. LOWE.

N. B —A liberal discount will be allowed to physicians generally. S. A. L.

feb 11—1y

POETRY.

A young minstrel, while perambulating the margin of a beautiful lake, by the light of a silver moon, found a harp, and the following conversation may be supposed to have taken place between him and it.—*Clipper.*

MINSTREL AND HARP.

BY J. WILLIS.

MINSTREL.

Come, gentle harp, and let me sweep
My fingers o'er thy silent strings—
For why should tones so mutely sleep?
When music such enchantment brings.

I'll woo thee with a minstrel's hand,
And strike thy chords to tune and time,
The first shall be our Native Land,
To show thy magic power sublime.

HARP.

Hold, minstrel, hold, a moment yet—
The music of my soul is fled;
I sigh for one whose life is set—
Whose days are number'd with the dead.

A beauteous maiden, young and fair,
With dark blue eyes and ruby lips,
With crimson cheeks and golden hair,
Once woo'd me with her finger tips.

My strings obeyed her chaste command;
Swelled music soft, and sweet and free,
As that which murmurs by the strand,
Or rolls along the chrystal sea.

One moonlight night, when all was still,
She took me to a silver lake—
I there obeyed her modest will,
And bade my slumb'ring notes awake.

In cadence soft, each plaintive tone
Was echoed from the distant shore—
But soon the fair young *Evelone*
Was heard to sing and play no more.

Ælus, with one sudden blast,
Quick swept her beauty from my sight;
But oh! the memory of the past,
Would 'twere set in "starless night."

The lake, where glows yon gems of heaven,
Entombs beneath its glassy wave,
The maid to whom my notes were given,
And 'round her form its waters lave.

And now my tones are deeply shrined
In dark oblivion's mystic cell—
Like ruined hopes in sorrow's mind,
Too faint to welcome music's spell.

MINSTREL.

But, harp, why sigh ye thus so long,
For one whose beauty bloomed to die?
Time will quit the sweetest song,
And dim the brightest sparkling eye.

The best of friends must part forever—
The sweets of life will have their sour;
The mother too, and babe, must sever—
And death may blight the bridegroom's flower

HARP

'Tis known young minstrel, known full wel
That spring will go and come again;
That flowers may bloom where flow'rets fell
And friends may meet where friends have been.

But still there is a charm supreme,
Attached to those of early years,
Which lives, in memory's golden dream,
Till earth recedes, and heav'n appears.

Then let me sigh, 'tis nature's will
And law which cancels silent grief—
Deep stifled woes the pulse may still,
But tears will give the heart relief.

Absence of Mind.—A gentleman a few evenings since was roasting oysters. In a fit of abstraction he opened the tongs, swallowed them, and did not discover his mistake until he burnt his finger in taking an oyster from the fire.

A New Project.—Some wag recommends, as every other project has failed to subdue the Seminoles, that the Government plant the *morus multicaulis* all over Florida, as it has been ascertained that every branch contains two hundred and forty-two *shoots*.

Effects of Leap Year.—The fair sex in old Connecticut are availing themselves of their "leap year" privileges in a measure exceedingly alarming to the bachelors. Indeed, to so violent an extent do they carry their advances that these melancholy gentlemen have been forced to institute a "Bachelors' Society of Redress," for grievances of an amorous nature.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, says that M. Bodisco, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, whose contemplated marriage has set the *elite* of that city all agog, is an oddity. His intended is a charming little girl of sixteen, and the daughter of a Clerk in one of the Auditor's Offices. Bodisco himself is nearly *seventy*—is bald on his head, while his body is covered with hair all over two inches long; has one glass eye—and owing to some affection of the throat, breathes through a silver tube, inserted in his neck. Oh! what a lovely couple! How she will be able to fondle on him. His income is $30,000 per annum.

A Small Soul.—A biped who had grown to the stature of a man, was addressed in the following manner by a gentleman who had been transacting some business with him:

"*You* claim to be a *human* being! Why sir, if you *had* a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in the shell of a mustard seed than a frog in the Pacific Ocean. Nay, more, ten thousand of its size might colonize on the point of a cambric needle, and live for forty years increasing in ratio equal to the Irish peasants; and should they have a civil war, the vanquished party would have mountains and valleys to retreat to, ten days' journey off.—Why man, neighbor Gripes' soul is as much larger than yours, as a saw mill log is larger than the thread of a spider's web, and his can hardly be discerned by the aid of a microscope that magnifies a million of times!" Nonentity where are thy children?

A PAINFUL PICTURE.—A Mobile correspondent of the Norfolk Beacon gives a fearful picture of the calamities of that city. He says:

"First came the murders last winter, numbering about twenty, and among these some promising young men, stabbed at night by ruffians, and shot down in open day by enemies. Then came the fearful and malignant pestilence, poisoning the air, spreading disease thro' all the streets, sweeping hundreds into untimely graves, making the city one vast charnel house and stamping dread fear on every countenance—the pained ear catching no sound save the moan of the dying, the wild shriek of the bereaved, and the slow solemn roll of the hearse as it bore the victims to their long, long homes. Then, as if Death had not worked enough of woe and misery, the genius of destruction marched in flame over the city. The fierce roar of the raging fire, the crash of falling buildings, the shrill cry of alarm, again and again broke upon "the dull cold ear of night." When darkness had shut in upon her inhabitants, and the weary watchers slumbered by the beds of sickness, the huge "pillars of fire" shooting up amid the gloom, appalled the startled sleeper as it reared its blazing front and flung its hot breath into the dreary silent chamber. This, my friend, is no exaggerated picture. None but an eye witness can form any idea of our misery and distress."

HOW CHERRY ARE THE MARINERS.

By Park Benjamin.

How cherry are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves
As bounding and as free;
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast,
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before;
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low,
The vessels stout will ride it out,
Nor shrink when tempests blow.

With streamers down and canvass furl'd,
The gallant hull will float,
Securely as on inland lake,
A silken tassel'd boat;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes
Will fearless be of dangers dark,
That roll along the skies.

God keep these cherry mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shatter'd sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

ONE OF LOVE'S STRATAGEMS.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—In the month of December, 18--, a young man arrived from Paris at Dieppe, and took up his residence at *l'Hotel de l'Europe.* He was idle, had been fortunate, and the sole object of his stay was some little adventure, some ball-room conquest, wherewith to be employed, whereof to be vain. Well, in the hotel there lodged a lady, young, beautiful, and enveloped in all the undefinable attractions of mystery. No one knew her; she went neither to the baths nor to the balls; and she had not even a servant with her to be bribed. All in the hotel were raving about her beauty, her grace, and dignified manner. At night they would steal up stairs to catch the tones of her voice, for she sang exquisitely. Our young Parisian's head was completely turned. To have such a neighbor, with the face, he doubted not, of an angel,—he knew she had the voice of one, and yet neither, to be able to see her nor to speak to her—it was enough to drive him mad. He bought a guitar, and composed songs, where the word neighbor (*voisine*) served as a rhyme to the word unknown (*inconnue.*) It was quite in vain, song and guitar were equally wasted. At length he resolved on writing: a world of cupids, grapes, vasses and roses, adorned the border of the paper; the seal was azure blue wax, and bore a dove ready for flight. The whole staircase was perfumed as he bore the scented epistle to the servant he had paid to convey it. But the letter and its half dozen successors, brought no reply. Our Parisian was stupified with astonishment: what! had he, the utterly irresistible, remained a fortnight under the same roof with a young and beautiful woman, and only learnt that she went by the name of Madame Paul; a name, too, which was not supposed to be her own! Love has many stages, and the young Frenchman had arrived at one very unusual with him namely, melancholy.

One day he was roused from a disconsolate revery by one of the servants, whom he had bribed to observe the motions of Madame Paul, running in to inform him that she was just gone down to the quay, to see a packet which was endeavouring to enter the harbor in the teeth of a contrary wind. In an instant he was on his way to the quay. The sea was writhing under the influence of the stormy wind. The whole town was gathered on the heights which commanded the coast, watching the vessel, which seemed, in sheer madness, forcing its way despite the furious wind and the falling tide. The gale blew so strong, that the colossal crucifix of *Notre Dame de Bon Secours* bent like a hazel wand. 'Twas a thrilling sight; the noble ship painted with divers colours, lighted up by one of those chance rays which stray o'er barriers of immense black clouds. Now, the vessel seemed lost in air; as it rode the ridge of some enormous wave, and then again, seemed lost in the abyss of waters. "It is the Northumberland, an American packet," said an officer. "By our lady! she carries the stars and stripes aloft with gallant bearing. Yonder is her captain disputing with a tall man in a naval uniform. Faith! but the captain's right; it is madness to think of entering the harbor in this weather. Still, his tall companion insists; how can they risk such a noble vessel!"

In advance of the crowd, her feet on the wet and slippery rocks, stood a female, immovable, with her eye fixed on the naval officer, whom she could distinctly see by means of a small telescope. Her graceful form told the young Parisian it was his unknown. To catch a sight of her face, he went knee deep in the water; he stood directly before here; but intent was her gaze upon the vessel, she saw him not. Suddenly a dark shadow fell over him; the speculators warned him of his danger; the next moment a gigantic wave burst over his head. He sank, struggled, rose, all dizzy and dripping, scrambled to the shore and the laughter which his safety ensured. The first thing he he saw was the beautiful unknown, language too. He cast upon her a deprecating look of reproach. She extended her hand to him. "Ah, how I blame myself" said she to him, in a low sweet voice; "it is for my sake you came; is it not so? do forgive me." Our young Parisian was now fairly out of his senses. At this moment a general shout announced that the ship had tacked; away she bounded from the shore, like a seabird over the waters.

"Ah!" said Madam Paul, with a deep-drawn breath and a peculiar expression of countenance, "so much the better. I do not (turning to her companion) ask if you love me, I know it; I am sure of it. Come at five o'clock to my room; I will order dinner for two. Do not fail; I must speak to you; to-morrow it may be too late."

From that time till five o'clock, he was at his toilet. Five struck; he felt he was, as ever irresistable, and he hurried to his appointment. She was singing a wild sweet song as he entered; and her back turned to the door, gave him an opportunity of observing as she leaned over her guitar, the most exquisite shoulders, and the prettiest shape and head in the world. She rose gracefully and with a long eye lashes fell over her eyes; black as Guinare's when their light pierced the slumbers of the pirate. She was dressed in white, her rich dark hair was gathered up by combs of gold, her girdle was of gold, & so were the massive bracelets of her arms, whose symmentry a sculptor might have envied. They sat down to dinner, and all care floated away with the champaigne; the liquors and confidence came together. "My name is Allegra," said the beautiful stranger. "I was born at Naples, and the revolution which deprived Murat of his crown, deprived my father, also, of his country. He fled to America, carrying with him, however, the best part of his wealth, which from his soldier habits, accumulated from year to year." As my evil fate would have it, when I was on the verge of womanhood, he formed an acquaintance with a young Englishman, Sir George Walsingham, who soon acquired unbounded influence over him. My father died. God forgive my suspicions, it unjust, but his death was strange and sudden. On opening his will it was found that all his wealth was left to me, upon condition that I married Sir George Walsingham, who otherwise inherited to my detriment. I implored his mercy, told him I never could return his affection; and at last, finding refusals and reproaches in vain, I fled hither with what money and jewels I had. Alas! even here he has pursued me! Sir George Walsingham was the first officer who urged the Northumberland to the dangerous trial of to-day; in a few hours he will be here; he will claim me as his wife; and what resource have I! Will you save me from a fate more horrible than death?"

"With my life! only tell me what to do," said Eugene, gazing on a face lovely as a dream.

"You must stay here; I will go to meet him, and be the first to propose a reconciliation. We will send for the priest who will marry us"

"Marry you and Sir George?"

"Yes; you will follow us to church, and, as we come out, you will kill him."

"Kill him!"

"Well?"

"But it will be an absolute murder, an assassination."

"Murder, and him! it *is* a justice; a duty; are you a coward?"

She rose from the table, the veins darkened on her white brow, her cheeks coloring crimson, and her eyes flashing, as if she, at least, knew not the meaning of fear.

"But," said Eugene, pale with contending passions, "what needs this marriage?"

"What! let him revel in my father's wealth, which I can only inherit as his widow?"

He caught the earnest gaze of her large black eyes, the pleading of her beautiful lips: he caught her small white hands, and swore upon them to do her will.

"You must leave me now," said she, "it is late," and she led him to the door, and, as it closed, he again met those radiant eyes, and surely love was in their long and lingering look.

That night the hotel was disturbed by an arrival. The wind had changed and the packet entered the harbor Next morning Eugene learned that Sir George Walsingham had come; he learnt, too, that orders had been sent to prepare the chapel for a marriage. In vain he sought another interview with Allegra. A carriage, at length drove up to the door. Supported by a tall, dark, stern-looking man, Allegra was borne to the vehicle; Eugene followed it, arrived just as the ceremony was concluding.—Sir George held his victim by the arm, and fixed his keen eye upon her, with a cold and cruel expression; she was almost hidden by her veil; but she was trembling, and the little of her face that could be seen was white as the marble of the monuments around the chapel.

The ceremony was at an end, and they were departing. Instantly the young Parisian sprang forward and struck the bridegroom on the face.

"Liar, murder, and coward! do you dare follow me?"

The Englishman started, and struck him in return.

"For life or for death—yours or mine!" cried Eugene, offering him one of two pistols.

They retreated a few paces, fired, and both fell. Sir George was killed, the Parisian dangerously wounded. He was carried to his hotel, were he remained some hours insensible. At length he was able to speak. His last recollection was seeing Allegra faint in the arms of the attendants.

"Where is she?" exclaimed he, looking round the room eagerly.

"Who, sir?"

"Allegra—Lady Walsingham; Madam Paul—where is she?"

"She left town some hours since."

"Gone!" and he sank back on his pillow.

No message had been left, and no trace of her could be discovered; but one of the servants brought him a locket which he well remembered seeing her wear round her neck the fatal evening. He opened with a spring, and contained the iminiature of a singularly handsome young man; but it was neither Sir George's likeness, nor his own!

JONATHAN SILCK ESQ. AND MADAM CELESTE.

Jonathan, it appears from the New York Express, visited the Park Theatre, while Madam Celeste was playing her engagement and the unsophisticated young man's description of her performance is really amusing enough. We dare swear that he never saw any thing at all like it in Weatherfield in all his born days. The following is a part of his account of the evening's performances.

That minute a bell tinkled; the pictur rolled up agin and the fidlers begun to put on elbow grease till the music came out slick enough.

Instead of the garden there was a great long ball room with rows of great shiny pillers running all through it. It was a light as day, for there seemed to be candles out of sight among the pillers, besides a row of lamps that stood along the pen where the musicianers. I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head when the harnsomest critter I ever sot eyes on, cum flying into the middle of the room, and there she stood on one foot with her arms held out and her face turned towards us, looking as bold, and a smiling so soft as if she'd never done nothing else all her life. I was so scared when she first sprung in, that I raly didn't know which end my head was on. The darned critter was more than half naked—she was by golley! To save my life I could'nt look at her right strait with that blue-eyed gal a sitting close by me. At first I was so struck up that I could'nt see nothing but an allfired handsome face a smiling from under a wreath of flowers, and naked legs and arms and bosom a flying around like a live wind mill. I thought I should go off the handle at first,—I felt sort of dizzy, and as fil I was blushing all over. I dont think I ever was in such an eternal twitter in my holl life. I partly got up to go out and then I sot down agin as streaked as lean pork and covered my face with my yaller gloves, but somehow I could'nt hold my hands still all I could do,—the fingers would get apart so that I could'nt help but look through them at that plaguey darned handsome, undecent critter, as she jumped and whriled and stretched her naked arms out towards us, and stood a smiling and coaxing and looking to the fellers. It was enough to make a feller cuss his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there ever was a feller on arth that could help looking at the critter. I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing to this,—not a priming. One minute she'd kinder flutter round the room softly and still like a bird that's jist a begining to fly then she'd stand on one foot and twinkle tother out and in against the ankle so swift you could'nt but jist see it.

Then she'd hop forward and throw her arms upon her bosom and stick one leg out behind her and stand on one toe for ever so long, till all on us had a fair sight on her that way. Then she'd take another hop, and pint her right toe forward, and lift it higher and higher, till by-am by round she'd go like a top with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken wagon with a foot to it.

It raly did be all that ever I did see. When she stood up straight, her white frock was all spriged off with silver, and it looked like a cloud of snow, but it didn't reach half way to her knees, and stuck out dreadfully behind where her hump was. I hadn't dared to unkiver my face yit, and was sort o' itchin all over in a dreadful pucker, wondering what on arth she meant to do next, when she gave a whirl, kissed her hand and hopped away as spry as a cricket, jist as she came in. I swan if I didn't think I never should breathe strait again; I raly wouldn't a looked in that purty blue eyed gal's face for any thing; but somehow I happened to squint that way, for I felt kinder anxious to see how red a gal could blush, but there she sat smiling and looking as if she raly liked the fun. She was whispering to a young feller that set tother side, and sez she.

"Ain't it beautiful? Oh I hope they'll call her back!"

"She will cum I dare say," sez the feller a larfing, and begining to stomp and clap his hands with the rest of them that were a yelling and a hooting as if the devil had kicked 'em all on end. "She treats the Americans very much as a lover does his lady" "How so?" sez the gal, looking sort of puzzled. "Why, she can't leave them without coming back again and again to take *farewell*," sez he, a larfing, "but here she cums!"

True as a book there she did cum, and begun to sidle and whirl and cut up her crancum all over agin, by little and little. I let my hands slide down from my face, and when she give her prime whirl and stuck out her toe the last time, I sot a staring right straight at her so astonished I could'nt set still, for as true as you live, the nice little French gal that was so sweet and modest and the bold beautiful critter with her foot out—her arms a wavering around her head and her mouth jist open enough to show her teath, was the individual critter, and both on 'em were Madame Celeste.

I went hum. But I'll be cocked if them legs and arms and that fan with the flowers over it didn't whirl round in my head all night, and they aint fairly out yet

GENERALSHIP.

A tabular statement of the results of the battles during the last war, given by NILES in the 10th vol. of his Register, shows—

1. That Harrison had more men killed and wounded at Tippecanoe, (where according to his own statement, he had a superior force over the Indians) than Gen. Jackson lost in killed and wounded in either of his great battles of the 23d of December and 8th of January, at New Orleans.

2 That Harrison lost only thirteen less, killed and wounded at the battle of Tippecanoe than Gen. Jackson lost in both his battles at New Orleans.

3. The loss of the British in the last battle before New Orleans, was about four times as great as in all the battles fought under the orders of Harrison.

4. The Indians lost more men, killed and wounded, in the single battle of the Tallapoosa, fought by General Jackson, than in all the actions in which Harrison commanded.

5. Harrison lost within sixty-eight of, as many in the single battle of Tippecanoe, in which he gained nothing for the country, as General Jackson did in all his battles with the Indians, which made the conquest of the Southwest.

6. General Harrison lost more men in the single battle of the Rapids of Miami, than Gen. Jackson lost in all his battles with the Indians and British.

7. General Harrison lost more, in killed and wounded, in the battle of Fort Meigs, against a force of eight hundred British and Indians, than General Jackson lost in either of his battles before New Orleans, against the whole force of British regulars, exceeding ten thousand.

8. More men were lost in the massacre of the river Raisin, (produced by the failure of Harrison to send up a reinforcement, as Messrs. Madison and Garrard testify,) than in all the battles fought by General Jackson against the British and Indians during the last war.

In view of the state of the account ending with the second battle of French Town on the river Raisin, Niles concludes his tabular statement of the war, with the remark that—

"The first campaign, ending with the second battle at Frenchtown, was little else than a series of defeats and disgrace."

Of the second campaign, the Register says:

"In the second campaign our arms were, in a considerable degree, successful. But [mark the but] still the "Failure of the Northern division was disastrous."

This is history; (partial history to our country and its Generals,) setting down the truth just after the conclusion of the war; and it makes Harrison the hero of defeats and failures.

The Register speaks in a more exulting tone when it brings down the account to the battles fought "under that inimitable commander, General Jackson." He speaks of him as "the conqueror of the conquerors of Europe," as presenting "an impenetrable front to the invading army;" and he concludes his remarks with saying; "Thus the close of the war was more glorious to our arms than the commencement was disastrous." Harrison began it—Jackson ended it.—*Globe.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Republican.

WASHINGTON CITY Feb. 19, 1840.

"GREAT WHIG CONVENTION"—MR. CLAY—MR. WISE—MR PROFFIT—THE PENSION BILL—PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS, &c. &c.

There was an adjourned meeting of the "Great Whig Convention," for the District of Columbia, held last night at the old American Theatre. By dint of drumming up in the three cities of Alexandria, Washington and Georgetown, about four or five hundred—it may be there were a thousand—individuals who were induced to be attracted to the scene of "carousal" by their admiration of Whigs, Whig principles and broken banks; others by the love they bore for "liquor," and others by a disposition to gratify their curiosity. The Whigs say that there were two thousand persons present, all of whom were enthusiastic friends of Harrison, and as I am not all disposed to dispute their love for falsehood, I shall "let it go at that," and chalk down the largest number they insist on. They may set down twenty thousand if it pleases them to do so.

Who presided at the Theatre I do not know. I am told, however, that a Mr. Bradly, a respectable gentleman, who got out with the Administration because it got out with him—a natural and philosophical consequence—held the Whig mace over the assembly, and for a brief hour exercised the despotic functions of Doctor Franca, the Dictator of Paraguay.

The meeting was addressed by a Mr. Brent, and a Mr. Cox, respectable citizens of this city, who appeared to be of opinion that Mr. Proffit of Indianna, is accurate in all his prophetic predictions about setting fire to the Western Prairies, and that of course Mr. Tippecanoe will be elected President of this blessed Union. Other gentleman addressed the meeting, but who they were I cannot tell. Resolutions were adapted, proclamations were made, and after all the eloquence of the meeting had been exhausted, and all the liquor in the neighbourhood had been consumed, the Convention went into procession, and wallowed through the muddy streets of the Metropolis. It called at Mr. Clay's private Hotel, and after making all the odd noises and outcries that were issued from Bedlum, Mr. Clay made his appearance in night cap, night gown and slippers, holding a candle in his hand. Then he blew his nose with his fingers, and then demanded.

"What do ye want," you noble band of gentlemen?"

"Hurra for Clay," was the response to this noble sentiment.

"Gentlemen, I would invite you in," said Mr. Clay. "but for three reasons?"

"And what is they" demanded the group!

"The first," said Mr. Clay, "is that you are too numerous; the house would not hold you!"

"Good! hurra for Clay," responded the mob.

"And the second is," continued Mr. Clay, "I've got nothing to give you."

This was received somewhat coldly, with an occasional hiss.

"And the third is," exclaimed the "orator of the West," you are a noisy set of characters, and had better go home.

Having thus declared *his* sentiments, the "farmer of Ashland" turned upon the mob, and shut the door, muttering as he went in, the words of Coriolanus to the Voice of Rome.

"You common cry of curs! Whose *breath* I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose lives I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That dog the second is, continued Mr. Clay,
And here remain with you uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your heart!
Your *enemies* with nodding of their *plumes*
Fan you into despair."

The procession, then proceded to the lodgings of Mr. Henry A. Wise and called out that eminent patriot and hero of the day. Whether Mr. Wise, who is yet unwell, responded to the call, or whether he did not, is an important fact, that I cannot decide, and therefore must refer it to the impartial future historian, of the great events of the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty.

It next proceeded to the lodgings of the Hon. Mr. Proffit of Indiana. This gentleman is rapidly becomming one of the Whig sticks a