

throughout the civilized world, as well as the high and gallant bearing of your sons. It is from within, among yourselves, from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition, and mordant thirst for power, that factions will be formed. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actors may assume, that you have especially to guard yourselves. You have the highest of human trusts committed to your care. Providence has shewed on this favored land blessings without number, and has chosen you as the guardians of freedom to preserve it for the benefit of the human race. May He, who holds in his hands the destinies of nations, make you worthy of the favors he has bestowed, and enable you, with pure hearts and pure hands, and sleepless vigilance, to guard and defend to the end of time the great charge he committed to your keeping.

My own race is nearly run; advanced age and failing health warn me that before long I must pass beyond the reach of human events, and cease to feel the vicissitudes of human affairs. I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty, and that he has given me a heart to love my country with the affection of a son. And filled with gratitude for your constant and unwavering kindness, I bid you a last and affectionate farewell.

ANDREW JACKSON.

#### Miscellaneous Articles.

From the N. Y. Morning Star.

##### PEACE.

Ah! what is peace? a treasure  
By mortals hardly known;  
'Tis like illusive pleasure,  
We look—and it has flown!

A distant ray pursued in vain—  
A meteor passing o'er the brain.

Where vice may live and flourish,  
And smile but to destroy,  
Oh who can hope to nourish  
The sweet repose of joy!  
Amid a scene of hourly care  
Can mental peace be ever there?

The heart that feels for others  
In vain for peace may seek;  
For all mankind are brothers,  
And all are frail and weak.  
Nature as one has formed us all—  
But where sin triumph man must fall.

Of every changing season  
The fruit is mental strife,  
And who can hope, with reason,  
For peace in humble life?  
This is a lesson from our birth  
True peace is never found on earth.

W. H.

##### THE QUEER LAWYER—A FACT.

Several years since there came a young Virginian into one of the villages of the West the country seat of a county—and announced himself to the citizens as a lawyer who intended pitching his tent among them. It was but a short time before the sitting of the court, and our young debutant had the mortification to enter upon this legal passover without a single case. This state of things would have been rather discouraging under any circumstances, but it was still more so since it was accompanied with an alarming emptiness in the region of the pocket. But our hero was not a man given to despondence; and he began forthwith to cast about him for the purpose of bettering his condition. Right over the way from his lodgings, there stood what is called, in the western parlance, a 'grocery,' aliter a grog-shop. I need not say that it had its full allowance of worshippers. From this delightful perleum, amidst the Bable-like concord of drunken jargon, the ears of the briefless lawyer were stuck with the notes of a violin.

He sauntered carelessly over, and entered this scene of roudie joviality. To possess himself of the fiddle, which was in the hands of a lusty wood-chopper, was the work of a moment; and it was but another moment before the throng was crowding around to listen. They perceived at once that the instrument was played by a master, and they all voted instantly that the Orpheus of the grog shop was perfectly eclipsed. They were delighted; but when their unknown visitor added his voice to the note, and burst into a comical negro song, the whole company were uporous in their raptures. I must except the musical wood-cutter: he took it in high dudgeon, that any person should presume to compete with him on his own dung-hill.

"Hearkee, sirrah," said he, going up to our hero in a threatening manner, "you may beat me on the fiddle, but I'll be d—d if I can't out-jump, out-wrestle, or if you come to that, out-light you."

"I accept the challenge," said the lawyer; and throwing down the violin, the company repaired to the front of the grocery. There, at the first effort, he distanced his antagonist some six inches. "He jumps like a greyhound," said he of the axe, scratching his head and somewhat mortified; "but if I can't throw him, I'll be shot."

But the success of the poor wood-chopper was as bad in this second trial as the first. He was perfectly enraged by his discomfites, and stripping off his coat, swore he would flog him at any rate. But the company, who had taken quite an affection to our hero, interferred, and they all adjourned to the grog-shop to drink each other's healths, and to smoke the calumet.

The lawyer in the meanwhile kept cracking his jokes, and singing his songs, and tel-

ling his stories, to the great diversion of the company.

It was not long before some of the toper began very naturally to talk about their cases in court. The lawyer then commenced giving them advice, and spoke very learnedly on the subject.

"You must be a lawyer said an old gentleman, who had been listening to him very intently.

He answered in the affirmative.

"Then I'll be—if you shan't plead my case to-morrow!"

"And mine," said another.

"And mine," said a third.

The fees were forthwith put into his hands—and our hero went to bed that night fifty dollars richer than he was in the morning.

The event proved that the confidence of his clients was not misplaced. The cases entrusted to him were mastered in a masterly manner; and he rose from that moment in rapid stride to the head of the bar. He afterwards filled many important offices in the state, and was in a fair way to have attained the highest in the gift of the people; but his unfortunate habits of dissipation undermined his constitution, and cut him off in the midst of his career. Such was the beginning and end of H. H. M.

From the Baltimore Patriot, Feb. 29.

##### ELOPMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The Norfolk Herald says—We witnessed a scene on Friday morning, which, if it could be stripped of its loathsome and degrading features, might have formed quite an interesting incident in a modern romance—being no less than the exhibition of a young country girl about 29 years of age, in male attire, in a crowded court room, whither she had been summoned to give an account of herself in consequence of a discovery that she had eloped from her relations, under the protection of a young negro fellow (slave) suspected to be the paramour, with whom she intended to go to the north. The following appear to be the facts of the case:

On Thursday evening, a sprightly youngster, whose smooth face and treble voice spoke him not out of his teens by several years—dressed in a home-spun trowsers and jacket and silk vest over which he wore a brown camlet cloak and a fur cap, drove up to the door of a public house at town bridge, in a one horse covered cart, and asked for accomodation "for a man and horse." He was attended by a sleek well-fed black fellow, apparently about 24 years of age, who passed as his servant.

He informed Mr. Cason, the landlord, that he was from North Carolina, traveling to see the world, and intended as soon as he could dispose of his horse and cart, to go to the north and buy goods.

"Don't you think you are too young and inexperienced to trust yourself so far from home on such an errand?" asked Mr. Cason.

"Oh no replied the youth with a self satisfied air; "I can see and learn as I go."

Both the master and man thought not disposed to be over communicative, readily answered the numerous questions which were asked them during the evening in the bar of the tavern; but they frequently varied and contradicted each other in their statements, and there was evidently some mystery about them. At bed-time, Mr. Cason took a candle and showed the young gentleman his bed, the negro following with a trunk and saddle bags.

"I wish you'd have some bedding got for my servant, too," said the youth, he always sleeps in the same room with me."

"Bedding for a negro fellow in one of my chambers!" exclaimed Mr. C. in astonishment.

"Yes to be sure. We will pay for it—we've got plenty of money."

"I can't stand that," said Mr. C. "if you had as much as you could shake a stick at, he shouldn't sleep in this house."

Mr. C. had previously some doubts in his mind, the nature of which we leave the reader to guess; and this freak of the youngster served to strengthen them. Setting down the candle, he said with a stern voice and look—

"Stranger, it's my belief you are a woman in man's clothes."

"I'm no such a thing!" was the angry reply of the youth.

But this did not satisfy Mr. C., who very soon ascertained, (in the most delicate way) that his surmises were correct, in a word she confessed to her womanhood, and that her name was Winnifred—; and thereupon Miss Winnifred was, with her dingy Othele, handed over to the custody of the police.

The next morning when brought before the mayor, she still wore her male dress, not having expressed a wish to change it, though it afterwards appeared, her trunk was filled with female clothing. Notwithstanding she was in the midst of a large crowd of people, who had followed her into the court room, laughing and jeering at her, she was not in the least daunted, or even embarrassed; nor did she once betray the slightest sensibility at her degradation—a proof of her utter unconsciousness of the decencies and proprieties of civilized society. Her story here was, that she came from Halifax county, North Carolina, where she lived with her aunt; her mother lived in the same neighborhood. Herable companion whose name is Richmond, belongs to her aunt. He went about the country doctoring people who have cancers, ulcers, &c., or who had spells put upon them by conjurers, and made a great many cures. His mistress permitted him to go where he pleased and have his own way pretty much, as she shared the emoluments of his practice! which was not inconsiderable. Richmond's fame as a negro doctor," indeed, was vouched by the contents of his saddle-

bags; which were produced in court, well stuffed with vials, roots, herbs, &c., and sundry papers containing powders and other undebatable preparations—possibly the "drugs and charms, and conjurations, and mighty magic he won (the lady) with."

She stated that it was at Richmond's instance that she left her aunt's, but that the plan of the elopement was agreed upon between them.—She obtained permission of her aunt, to visit her mother, and at her request Richmond was desired to attend her thither in the cart to bring it back. They accordingly set off last Monday, she taking her trunk with her wearing apparel, and his saddlebags and nostrums, &c., with which he always traveled. Instead of driving to her mother's, however, they took the route for Norfolk, crossing Edwards' ferry, and passing through Suffolk. On the third day of their journey, (Winnifred says) Richmond produced a suit of boys' clothes, and told her she must put them on; but this she reluctantly refused to do, until overcome at last by his repeated persuasions she consented, and accordingly dressed herself in them. She contradicted the story she told at Mr. Cason's so far as related to her intention of going to the north, stating that Richmond had told her from the first that he only wanted to go down to Norfolk to buy some things, and to sell his mistress' horse, which she had authorized him to do, and then return home.

They are both held in custody of the jailor,—the girl until she can find a conveyance home, and the negro as a runaway subject, to the order of his owner. The horse and cart are also taken care of.

The following conversation is said to have taken place between Mrs. —, of this city, and her maid.

"Leah, bring me some water, with the chill taken off."

"Yes ma'am, directly."

"Leah, what on earth keeps you?"

"I've been looking ever since, for the chill, ma'am and can't find it."

This reminds us of the boy sent to boil some eggs soft, when questioned what detained him, he answered.

"Rot the things, it aint no use, they won't boil, soft. I've been at them more nor an hour, and the more I boil 'em the harder they gets."—Sat. Nts.

A military Officer.—A lady who was unacquainted with military terms, asserted in company of gentleman, that her husband was an officer in the army.

"What is his situation, madam?"

"I don't recollect—but the word ends with rat," said she.

"You must mean a gene-ral, madam?"

"No, that is not the word."

"Perhaps—a corpo-ral?" said another.

"No sir."

"Well, madam, perhaps it is a d—d sound-ral?"

"Yes, yes, that is it she replied eagerly?"

Double Extende—A new married lady who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend: "What do you think? My husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other, "Well, it is just like him."

CONNERSVILLE, March 25th, 1837.

SUDEN DEATH.—Died suddenly, in this place, on the morning of Wednesday last, a female known by the name of Dutch Margaret. She had just eaten her breakfast and risen from the table, when she fell upon the floor & expired without a struggle or a groan. Either Appoplexy, or the bursting of some of the large blood vessels is supposed to have been the cause.

Money matters in New York.—The Philadelphia Herald of March 13, says:—

"We learn that the disappointment and consequent vexation has been such on the part of the New York Merchants, on account of not receiving their dues from the southern and western men, that many suits have been commenced, and the bodies of some forty and fifty have been taken, as the best security of what they owe that could be got.

"We regret this, as we fear it will increase the evil instead of remedying it; for if those who have not yet come on, learn what usage they are likely to be subjected to, in case they cannot come to come to the conclusion that they had better keep what they had and their personal liberty, than go to New York and take such fair as their brethren. We are happy to say that we do not believe there has been a single suit brought this season against a country merchant in this city. Our merchants rely upon the honor of those with whom they deal, and seek no customers who will not pay up, honorably, to the utmost of their ability."

CONVERSATION, March 25th, 1837.

SUDEN DEATH.—Died suddenly, in this place, on the morning of Wednesday last, a female known by the name of Dutch Margaret. She had just eaten her breakfast and risen from the table, when she fell upon the floor & expired without a struggle or a groan. Either Appoplexy, or the bursting of some of the large blood vessels is supposed to have been the cause.

Williams is in custody. The above we have

gleaned from the officers of justice who arrested Williams, and others whom we supposed conversant with the facts. Great ex-

citement is manifested by the citizens generally upon account of the commission of so

horrible an outrage, by one who should have been among the first to preserve inviolate those laws which he has so shamelessly set at defiance.

The culprit was examined yesterday before Justice Wiseman, and committed for trial.—Whig.

SINGULAR REVENGE.—Two workmen having quarreled in a sugar refiner's at Valenciennes, one of them threw his comrade into a copper of thick molasses. The latter

scrambled out, covered from head to foot with sugary stuff, and angry at his adversary,

rushed into the streets just as he was, to make his way to the King's Procurer to obtain legal redress.—It was freezing very hard at the time, and the sugar became so firm that when he arrived at the house of the Magistrate he looked like a substantial stick of barley sugar. His arms were glued to his side, and he was compelled to ask a bystander to ring the bell for him. This curious exhibition attracted crowds of spectators, and excited much merriment.—French Paper.

THE GENEALOGY OF AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

—Old Nick, many years ago, begat Laziness;

Laziness begat Idleness his first born and

Ignorance his brother; Idleness begat Mis-

chief; Mischief begat Card-playing in a gar-

ret with greasy cards, Swearing, Pilfering,

Lying, and their brethren; Card-playing beg-

at Gambling, Rapacity, Profusion, and their

brothers; Rapacity begat Stealing, Stealing

begat Highway-robbery and Burglary, his

brother; Burglary begat Murder and Arson;

all these together begat Intemperance, and

Intemperance begat an Evil Conscience, who

tried hard to drown himself in a cup of whisky; but he could not do it, stranger!—ANON.

The Frederick Times states that General

Jackson arrived in that city on Thursday, in

the cars, and took lodgings at Talbot's. He

was to be escorted to the Washington county

line by a cavalcade of his friends.

would have conferred on the community a great benefit, though the way in which they would have affected this object, could not be justified.

Under no circumstances whatever, can mobs be allowed, though in some cases their apparent results may be beneficial. The principle of mobism once admitted, and there is no setting bounds to its ravages. There is no safety to one's person or property. All is insecure.

But who can look upon these fifteen distilleries, without indignation? We cannot.

It is said that those engines of physical and moral death consume 10,000 bushel of grain daily. At this rate they will consume more than 3,000,000 yearly. And supposing N. Y. and vicinity to be guilty of only one tenth part of this work of death, carried on in the United States, and we may set down 30,000,000 bushels of grain consumed by the distilleries in our land annually, for which no equivalent is received. It is a total loss. Ye a more: It is worse than loss. The consequences are wretchedness, poverty, crime, debriptitude and death both of body and soul. Every man in community feels the consequence in the extraordinary price of bread-stuffs, which are designed by God to be the staff of life, but which these distilleries convert into the staff of death.

The friends of temperance will perceive in the foregoing facts reason for renewed efforts in the temperance reform. Now is the time to make a deep and lasting impression. If some men cannot be induced to abandon the use and traffic in what intoxicates, by moral and religious considerations, they may be those of self respect—of sympathy for those suffering around them—of pecuniary interests.—Ohio Observer.

Oldest Postmaster in the United States.—The Hon. Joshua Danforth, a distinguished citizen of Pittsfield, Massachusetts died on the 2d inst., aged 78. He was believed to be the oldest Post Master in the United States, having received his commission from General Washington, under whom he served through the whole of the revolutionary war. There were but then 280 Post Offices in the United States. Now there are 11,000.

CINCINNATI, March 25, 1837.</p