

The anniversary of our Independence was not celebrated at the seat of government. This fact has given rise to the following just reflections in the Washington Telegraph:

"Shame—shame—while all around us, our brothers were glorying in the deeds of their ancestors, we were supine. Shame indeed, that the feeling should not exist at the seat of the government, which would prompt us to gather beneath the banner, and rejoice in the brilliancy of its stars. What will the people think of it? They will be surprised that under an administration which essentially has claimed to be the administration of republican principles, the Fourth of July should pass over without the sparkle of a toast, or the flash of a cannon. Yes, they will be surprised; but the truth of the case should be told in order that the fact may go forth in connection with the shame.

This city is filled with office-holders—men who have been forced to bend to but one shining—they are broken in spirit and independence; dare not lift her song of liberty amid our streets—a cloud of utter darkness lays like a coffin pall over the patriotism of other days; sedition and political degradation stand like statues at the corner of our avenue, and Amos Kendall stalks from his home to his office, a bluster and a blight to every emotion that would enkindle a desire to stand beneath the heavens and thank our Creator that we are free. The how string encircles the necks of his dependents, and a finger raised in warning will silence every word that would break the charm of despotism. We will write facts."

With regard to the independence of Texas however willing we may be to see it established, we foresee questions to arise out of it, which will be sufficiently perplexing. And, with regard to the annexation of Texas to the United States, which is perhaps at some time or other inevitable, we shall regard it, come when it may, as an inevitable evil. We have no desire to precipitate it, satisfied that, if this Union is to be dissolved, it will be by yielding to the promptings of ambition—by acquiring territory after territory, whether by purchase or by conquest, in addition to the vast region which it already occupies. After we shall have annexed Texas to the United States shall we stop there? Or, shall we not also seek to require, one after another, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Tamaulipas, and so on, until no foreign territory is left on this continent for us to long for? Who shall set a limit to the ambition of a republic, if it be but once indulged.

National Intelligencer.

The Hon. Chas. A. Wickliffe, in his speech at Covington, took occasion to notice the epithet of "Granny" sometimes applied to Gen. Harrison by his enemies, and those who were the enemies of the late war with Britain—"The old Hero" said Mr. Wickliffe, "is most efficient Granny—indeed I consider him the best midwife I ever knew, for I saw him deliver Gen. Proctor of the British Army of six hundred children in forty minutes.

Louisville Journal.

The office of Mr. M. O. Davis, money broker, was entered on Monday night, and his iron chest rifled of nearly \$6000. The thief entered the front door by means of a key, and opened a small money drawer, in which he found the key of the iron chest. Three persons have been apprehended on suspicion of having committed burglary. One of them leaped into the canal, either to evade his pursuers or to deposit the stolen money in the mud.

Lou. Jour.

A man we understand, was killed in the lower part of the city yesterday. Another was shot dead on the north side of Bear Grass Creek on Monday, and the slayer taken into custody.—*—*

The danger of a war with Mexico, which has, we confess, been to us, ever since the first outbreak of the revolt of Texas, and the strenuous and too often interested efforts made in the United States to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of our citizens in its behalf, a source of unfeigned apprehension, seems more imminent.

We fear war at any time, and with any people—but especially do we fear it when on our part causelessly, rashly, and wickedly provoked. We fear it from its tendency to demoralize and corrupt our citizens—turning them from the quiet pursuits and paths of peace, to the blood-stained and vain-glorious attractions of martial renown and deeds.

It is too a grieved reflection, that when all the tendencies of European politics and the humanizing influence of mutual intercourse, mutual wants, and mutual interests, are operating to keep down and subdue the war spirit, this chosen land of freedom, of equality, of the greatest good of the greatest number—to all which war is adverse—should seem emulous to court its horrors and rush into its desolating vortex.—*N. Y. American.*

The rev. Mr. N. —, of New Haven was appointed to preach before the association.—some circumstance prevented his attendance. He therefore thought it expedient to write an apology. While he was thus engaged, a messenger informed him that his bull had grown very surly. Mr. N. —, immediately wrote a few lines to the man who had his bull in pasturing, and by accident directed this letter to the association. It was opened by a moderator, when to his utter astonishment, he read as follows: "You may tie up the old bull for the present, and when I can attend to it I will come and take care of him."

"The received members were totally nonplussed, but at length an idea was started and adopted as explanatory—It was this—that by the old bull they must understand the devil, whom they were to secure till Mr. N. could come and take care of him.

CLOWN v. CLOWN.—The trial of Debureau, the far-famed clown at the Funambules, who unfortunately killed a young man named Vieulin, by striking him with a stick, came on before the court of Assizes on Saturday, and, as may be supposed, attracted a very numerous auditory. The prisoner stated, that having gone on April 18th, with his wife and family, to take a long country walk, he met the deceased at Romainville, who, recognizing him, cried after him in the most insulting language, and uttered outrageous expressions against his wife. He kept following them about, and two hours and a half afterwards, having reached Bagnolet, Vieulin, who was still at their heels, came forward and spat in his wife's face. He seemed to have been instigated by his master, by whom he was accompanied. After this long continued provocation, he (the prisoner) took his stick by the middle, and whirled it about, with intent to frighten him, but his wife interfering, the stick struck the deceased in the head. Leger, the master of Vieulin, and his wife, deposed that the blow given was not hard, and expressed their belief that it was occasioned by the interference of the prisoner's wife. The surgeons who examined the body, declared that, in consequence of scrofula, the skull of the deceased was remarkably thin. Several persons bore testimony to the mildness of Debureau's disposition, who after a short consultation called forth loud plaudits from the auditory.

The Countess of Harrington, as every body knows, or should know, was formerly Miss Foot, the actress, celebrated in her day as the chérie of colonel Berkeley, now Lord Seagrave, and renowned for the Pea-green Hayne affair. She has furnished paragraphs enough in her day for the English newspapers; but not long since one of our New York contemporaries took hold of her, and told a melancholy story of two or three of her children, by Lord Seagrave, being in New York in a state of deplorable destitution, supported by a poor female, who earned a precarious subsistence as a washerwoman. The story was good enough in its way; but it had the misfortune not to be true. A friend incidentally mentions in a letter from London that the children aforesaid are in Cheltenham, living with a Mrs. Mason. They are under the protection of their father, at whose expense they are handsomely supported, and liberally educated. The New York publication reached all the parties concerned, and caused no little annoyance, they having transgressions enough on their shoulders, without adding invention.

A civil fellow.—The jail in Nantucket is in such a deplorable state of dilapidation that the only person confined in it recently sent his compliments to the civic authorities, and informed them that, if the establishment was not effectually repaired, he should not be able to stay there in bad weather, much as he wished to oblige them. This fellow is probably akin to the jailor, who occasionally allowing a prisoner to go out for a walk in the evening, threatened to lock him out altogether if he didn't keep better hours, and come home sooner.

Mr. Isaac Ross of Mississippi, died last January, leaving one hundred and seventy slaves upon a large plantation. By his will the plantation will be managed as hitherto, during the life of his daughter Mrs. Reed.—At her death, it is to be decided by vote of all the slaves over twenty-one, whether they will remove to Liberia or remain in slavery. If the former is chosen, the plantation is to be applied to cover the outward expenses, settle them handsomely, and endow an institution of learning in some part of the colony. If they remain, the estate, slaves, &c. are to be sold, and the avails to be invested in funds under trustees for the said institution in Liberia.

Post office revenue.—The net amount of postage which accrued in the year 1835, in the United States was \$1,961,821.88. The net amount received in Indiana \$24,300.30.

Terrible affray.—The steamer Carrollton, arrived on Sunday last from Vicksburg, brings intelligence of a deadly affray which took place there previous to leaving, between a planter of the name of Randolph and a Dr. Watts; both citizens of the place. It originated from an old grudge, said to have existed between the parties for some time. It appears Dr. W. met Mr. R. on the morning of the 14th inst. when he drew from his breast a pistol which he fired at Randolph; but missing him, and perceiving that he was unarmed he ran up to him and inflicted several severe blows on his head with the butt end of the pistol. Some time after when Randolph had recovered from the blows inflicted on him, he armed himself with a brace of pistols, and meeting Watts at the Mansion house, where they both boarded, followed him and fired as he entered his own room, when in the act of seating himself alongside his lady. The ball passed through his right arm; with the other he made an effort to seize Randolph, but failing, R. fired a second pistol at him, the ball from which lodged in his side. The Doctor's brother on being informed of the rencontre, seized a rifle and made towards Randolph's apartment, threatening to break open the door and take his

life. The window happened to be open at the moment, R. fired from it with unerring aim, and shot W. through the heart. Both the Watts' were placed on the same bed; the dead and dying—a sight well calculated to check the uncontrolled and fiery passions of those around.

Randolph after the perpetration of the above, walked deliberately from the room into the street, amongst a crowd of spectators, with cocked pistols in each hand. No attempt was made to impede his progress, and he quietly proceeded to the ferry, which he crossed, seemingly under no apprehension of arrest.—*N. O. paper.*

The New Orleans Advertiser of the 19th states, that 2100 of the emigrating Creek Indians arrived in that city on the preceding day from Mobile, on their way to the place of their destination.—*Lou. Jour.*

FRAUDS.—The following is an extract of a letter in a late number, of the Frankfort Commonwealth. We do not wonder at the opposition made by Mr. Van Buren and others to the distribution of the surplus revenue, nor do we wonder, that, after the passage of the measure, he thought himself "in a bad box." Mr. V. B. and Col. Johnson, to say nothing of scores of their associates, have been using the public money for speculation in the public lands, amassing kingly fortunes out of capital not their own, and it is not surprising, that they start, tremble, and turn pale, when they find that the atrociousness of their conduct is about to be exposed, and the national revenue to be wrunged from their grasp:—*Lou. Jour.*

MOUNT VERNON, June 24, 1836.

Mr. Editor:—I saw a respectable gentleman one whose word cannot be doubted, who said that he visited Arkansas last fall, and he told me that he had seen a constitution which was called "The Constitution of the American company," and that Martin Van Buren was a member, with a capital \$1,000,000; the object of which was, to speculate in the public lands. That there is such a company there, there is no doubt, and that Van Buren is a member, I am prepared with proof to prove it."

FURTHER INDIAN MASSACRES.—The Charleston papers give further intelligence of Indian depredations in the South.—In Florida, the Seminoles have committed several murders and created considerable consternation among the people, not, it would seem, with any expectation of conquering the whites, but solely from feelings of desperation and revenge. The Georgia Standard of the Union of the 20th ult. contains a letter from Gen. Wilcox to the governor of the State, giving an account of an engagement between a corps of Georgia volunteers and a party of about 60 Indians at the head waters of the Suwannee in which all the Indians were either killed or taken prisoners.—*Lou. Jour.*

An earthquake was recently felt in Virginia and another in North Carolina. They were no doubt, shocking affairs.

Longevity of the Quakers.—The following is copied from the obituary of the Society of Friends, for the year 1833: "It is a remarkable feature in the present obituary, that, out of rather more than two hundred adults recorded in it, the ages of full one-third, or more than eighty persons, are from seventy to ninety-seven years of age, presenting an average of eighty-five years; full one-fifth of the two hundred being from eighty-one to ninety-seven years old.

A probable case.—We have heard the following story told of Chancellor Kent, whether its location is correct or not, it is a very good story. A lawyer once in addressing the chancellor, found it necessary to illustrate his argument by supposing a case. "Suppose," said the lawyer, "your honor should pick my pocket." "Not a supposable case," replied the chancellor, fidgetting on his seat, "not a supposable case sir." "I beg your pardon," returned the attorney. "We will alter the case; suppose I pick your pocket sir." "Aye, aye," replied his honor, "quite a probable case—quite probable—proceed, sir." *S. M. Mrs.*

A STARTLING INCIDENT.

An English lady, accompanied by her husband and a party of friends, was riding one day along a very ragged part of the coast. As she was only a temporary resident, she was mounted on a hired horse, the owner of the steed attending as usual, in the capacity of groom and guide. Near a very rugged part of the cliff the horse took fright and fell with her over the precipice, where both were immediately lost to sight amidst the trees and bushes. The entire party dismounted, and in dread dismay hurried after the unfortunate sufferer. The Italian, from knowing the road; was at the bottom, where the English on arriving, found him screaming and lamenting over the dying steed, abusing all the saints in the calendar for having killed the horse of a good Catholic, instead of breaking the necks of a party of arch heretics.

To all inquiries about the lady he was as deaf as a post, continuing only his Italian screams, prayers, and incantations; but no sooner had he been told that his horse should be paid for, than, thanking St. Januarius for his generosity, he very quietly turned round and pointing to the right, said with all the coolness in the world, "Oh if it is only the lady you are looking for, she is hanging in that tree; and so indeed she was. Her dress had got entangled in the branches of the tree, by which her life was preserved, though at the expense of some severe fractures, that for many months confined to a bed of sickness and danger.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

THE MORMONS.—A gentleman living in Lorraine county, Ohio, writes that a more extraordinary sect has never sprung up since the days of Mahomet. In the town of Kirtland they have erected a stone temple at an expense of \$40,000. It is sixty by eighty feet broad, and fifty feet high. It has two rows of gothic windows. The floor is the place of worship, with four rows of pulpits at each end, having three pulpits in a row. These twelve pulpits rise behind and above one another, and are assigned, the upper most row for the bishops and his counsellors, the third for the teachers, and the fourth or lowest for the deacons. Over the division between each of the rows of pulpits, is a painted canvas, rolled up to the ceiling, and to be let down at pleasure, so as to conceal the dignitaries from the audience. The area can be divided into four apartments so as to carry on the objects of instruction. The second and attic stories are for a theological and literary seminary, which is expected to have the manuel system attached to it. The Mormons are very eager to acquire an education. Men, women, and children are studying Hebrew. Some of the men, in the middle age, pursue their Hebrew till 12 o'clock at night, and attend to nothing else. They pretend to have remarkable revelations, work miracles, heal the sick, &c. &c.

There is a story recorded of an Indian who being tied to the stake was strongly pursued by a Franciscan friar to turn Christian, under an absolute promise of going to heaven. The unhappy wretch demanded of the father whether he should be likely to meet with Spaniards there! and being answered that it was full of them instantly refused the friar's council, declaring he had seen too much of them in this world, to wish to associate with them in the next.

Aversions to matrimony.—Many of the young females in Greenland have such a deep rooted abhorrence to matrimony, that when they are much importuned by suitors, and are afraid of the compulsory interference of their parents, they elope into the woods and cut off their hair. The disgrace attendant on the loss of this elegant ornament of the head, is so great in that island, that it effectually secures them from further importunity, by scaring away their lovers.

A Spanish merchant on the coast of Africa having been plundered by one of the late Muly Molach's Alcaydes, threatened to demand justice, but was obliged to take refuge among the woods. Some months after Muly passed that way with his court, the merchant went directly to the road, seized the bridle of Muly's horse, and demanded justice against the Alcayde that had wronged him. Molach, astonished at his boldness, asked him, "If he knew who he was?" "I know," said the Spaniard, "that thou art emperor of Morocco, and I know therefore that it becometh thee to do me right." Muly called for the Alcayde, and finding him guilty, commanded him instantly to be beheaded; ordering the merchant to receive a triple recompence out of his effects; and as he was withdrawing, the Prince preached the meanness of his Courier's spirits, by saying to them, "Behold a man!"

SINGULARITY IN DRESS.

A judicious person affirms that a singularity, or oddness of habit, generally discovers a wrong turn of head. He instances in one who wore a double cravat, curiously plaited, and a periwig of an uncommon size, who turned French prophet; another, who was fond of three buttons on his hat, at 79 married his maid of 18; a third, who wore a banya by his side, and a feather in his hat, who drowned himself for love of a widow. Believers in decomposures in Bedlam, may be traced in the same manner.

At Chancy in Champagne was found on a tree a wild girl, about eighteen years old, that feeds upon leaves and raw flesh; is as swift as a hare, and climbs like a cat.

In September [1731] the magazine of gunpowder, on Brimstone Hill in the Island of St. Christopher, of 150 barrels, was fired by lightning and blew up. About twenty-seven years before, the same accident happened there, by the same cause.

From Bohemia they write, that two ladies had fought a duel from an accomplished young Knight, in which one being dangerously wounded in the breast, resigned him to the sole possession of her victorious rival.

ELLEN JEWETT'S MOURNERS.

The Boston papers say that the notorious and extensive Chichester gang of bullies in the City of New York now pass under the above new title, and are distinguished by white hats with black ribbons, and black hats with white ribbons. We believe the latter distinction is the only one which the members of this banditti openly adopt, although we have heard it stated that they have lately assumed a new and highly polished white satin hat, with a narrow piece of crape. At least it is the wearers of this last flash invention, that are here known as "Ellen Jewett's Mourners."

Virtue is a treasure seek to obtain it.

From the Delaware [Delhi, N. Y.] Gazette.

We publish by request the following extracts from a letter from a gentleman formerly resident in Meredith, in this county, to a friend in that place, dated at Allenville, Switzerland county, Indiana May, 15, 1836.

DEAR SIR.—I will endeavor to give you a description of this region of country and the inhabitants as far as my observation and information extends. In doing which I shall neither extenuate nor set down aught in malice," said Othello, (a) but speak of it as it is.

You would not be much interested with the particulars of our journey even if I could give a faithful narrative,—how 70 of us were crammed into a little canal boat and how 500 of us were sea sick on Lake Erie for two days together. Suffice it to say, we arrived safe at a little village called the Rising Sun, on the north bank of the Ohio river and about 30 miles below Cincinnati on the 17th day after we left Meredith. (b) Here we remained about a week when we moved about nine miles in the county of Switzerland, Indiana, and took up our residence in a comfortable log house "surrounded by a very fine country, all settled by thriving farmers"—so we are told. (c)

Our first enquiry was for something to eat, not doubting we should find, if not milk and honey a plenty of good wheat and something in the likeness of meat. We called on the nearest farmer, a man who has a large farm, a very friendly man and one that I should think as well off as any of his neighbors.—

Can you let us have some flour? No. Can you let us have some corn? No. And thus went through with the whole list of eatables and drinkables and the answer was uniformly no, I have not enough for my own family. He finally concluded to spare us a peck or half bushel potatoes and three pints milk. It so happened we brought with us a cheese, part of a ham and two or three loaves of bread, (d) and with these and the half bushel potatoes we got along for two or three days. In the mean time we found another "large farmer" who let us have a second half bushel potatoes, another who let us have two chickens and an old rooster, and another who had killed a cow let us have a few pounds of beef. This is not fiction but facts. For four miles around among the inhabitants who had resided here from ten to eighteen years and almost every section inhabited by farmers, we found it impossible to get the necessities of life. (e) They had corn growing, but not fit to kill, and their crop of wheat almost entirely cut off.

Our interested friends and cousins here were very anxious to explain to us the cause of the scarcity of provisions; and when they recommended the country very highly for wheat I just barely asked them where they threshed their wheat? You may look for miles together and not find even an apology for a barn in this country. And the delusion was not dispelled until about the 20th of November, when our winter set in and with as much severity as you ever have a commencement in Meredith. But I may as well say something in regard to the weather.

From the time we arrived in this state till about the 20th November, it was quite warm and pleasant and some part of the time extremely hot, with an occasional rainy day, when our winter commenced in real earnest and continued for about a month, when the weather moderated down, the snow all went off and the frost came out of the ground. From about the middle of January till the close of winter, the weather was more variable but not as sudden changes as you experience at the east. The cold has held on later this season than usual here—so say the inhabitants. It was near the middle of April before we could plough, but at the date of this the farmers have their spring crops in and grass looks very well. You must know we are blessed with all the advantages of a stiff clay soil; and if you ever live on clay soil you know by experience how comfortable it is travelling in clay mud—if not it is out of my power to describe the horrors of it. As far as I can learn the land produces 20 to 25 bushels of corn to the acre; some of oats, and 5 to 15 wheat. (n) Apples flourish well here, and without exception the best apples I ever eat. The same kind of apples here are about as rich as at the east. Pears will flourish well if cultivated and also cherries. But almost for peaches, I find peach trees very plenty, here but few peaches. They do not have peaches often, than once in five or six years. The prospect is we shall have some this year if the frost does not kill them.

The region of country around where we are located is very poorly watered: (t) no permanent streams of water and very few springs. This I find to be a serious difficulty in all this part of the state. I have on my premises a living spring and I have been told there was not another as good, within five miles of me. All our permanent mills are propelled by steam.