

OUR COUNTRY—ALWAYS RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY.

TO THE NATIVE AMERICANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY:

Fellow Citizens, I am directed by the President and Council of the Native American Association of the U. S. at Washington City, to invite you to form in the different counties and cities of the several states, auxiliary native associations to be united with us, in this cause.

I am also instructed to call your attention to the necessity of authorising a committee of each of such societies, as may be formed, in your name, memorials to Congress; to be presented at the early part of the ensuing regular session, praying for a repeal of the laws of naturalization.

Your fellow countryman, HENRY J. BRENT.

Corresponding Secy. of the Native Am. Association of the U. S. Wash. City.

We throw ourselves upon the patience of the reader, in the discussion we are about to commence. We may feel ourselves obliged to travel over extensive fields of argument and quotation, before we can accomplish the end we have in view.

We have contended, here and elsewhere, that the principles of our pure republican form of government were liable to great changes by the influx of foreigners. This assertion has been contradicted by certain presses, and the patriotism, virtue, honesty, moderation of the emigrants lauded to the skies, and in many instances, placed far above the same qualifications in the native-born.

The stream of emigration has been setting in upon us now for many years. Ever since Buonaparte's over throw on the field of Waterloo, (we like to date from an era in the world's annals, the population of the various kingdoms of Europe has been increasing with rapidity. In former days, the bullet and the bayonet depopulated the continent and England; but now the poor rate laws, established upon the policy of resuscitation, have produced an immense surplus in untaxable—tax-exacting people.

The poor rate laws have overdone their work—they have fed the pauper until he has grown fat, while they have stripped the industrious tax-payer, the laboring man, and converted him into a skeleton, the latter runs in debt to pay the expenses of his own family, and sustain in proper elegance the "delightful retreat," alias the poor house. Consequently, the poor man, too proud to seek refuge in the poor house, is driven to the jails of England, and the pauper to the shores of the United States.

We have all seen of what manner of men these pauper prices are—we have seen them sleeping on the pavements of New York—the curb stones their pillows—the sky their canopy—and yet these people have been said to be the owners of great bags of gold! We have seen them drunken, worthless, diseased—tottering by the hundreds and thousands to our poor houses, (shame that we have such things!) or spreading themselves like the locusts of Egypt, we them fattening upon all our offices, and batten upon the Treasury of a sober, free, and independent nation.

We will merely give a graphic picture, taken by an English writer, of the interior of one of the rooms of an English poor house, in Kent county.

On descending the stair case, the next scene was a room full of sturdy laborers out of work. In hob nailed full boots, and dirty smock frocks, they were generally setting around a stove, with their faces scorched and half roasted. As we passed there they never rose from their seats, and had generally an over fed, a mutinous and an insubordinate appearance.

Here is indeed a picture, and how well described, are the very persons who come to this country bawling for liberty—freedom—equality, &c. We the equals of such an idle, indolent race—we, whose fathers knew nothing of poor houses until European emigrants, hardy, bloated men, came to our lands, and demanded to be shown to the poor house. We will hereafter give our readers a more perfect insight into these palaces of the pauper. Our object now is to draw a parallel which we hope will be remembered by our enemies.

We have seen the account of a meeting of people in the city of New York, styling themselves Loco Focers; who broke into the doors of Tammany hall, and headed by a foreigner, drove the natives from the room, where they were forming political plans to advance their peculiar, but still American cause. This we noticed at the time with proper comment, but we have been shocked at the spectacle of a party of men leaguely together to overthrow all the guards established by man in his free state, around the temple of his hope, and to break down the barriers that protect our females from the assaults of barbarous and incarnate devils. We have shuddered at this dark spectacle—we gazed upon it, and thought of the rapid and wonderful change that had overspread the face of this country since the systematized introduction of foreigners by the thousand. We quote the resolution with undisguised disgust.

"That all debts be declared to be debts of honor; that the judiciary be returned, and precedents abolished; that the public domain be free to actual settlers, and that a state convention be held in Utica, on the second Monday in September next, to devise a new constitution, which shall be based solely upon a principle of right of conscience, and which shall recognize neither law nor the legal protection of life and property."

Here is a cabal formed to put themselves above the law—to make our courts of justice a mockery—murder a joke—and property their own—to reduce all to one standard, that of blood—ruin and desolation—to turn our slaves in upon the social bond around which have gathered our families. Horrible! Horrible! We hear the shouts of the infuriated negro—we see the dirk gleam of the foreigner—blood and carnage fill up the fore grounds of the dreadful picture, and amid crushed edifices and ensanguined plains, the proud statue of liberty crumbles from its lofty pedestal. But are these the resolutions of native American citizens? No! It is impossible. And to prove that we do not make the negative reply to our own question without due reflection, we will quote from the same British writer an account of the proceedings in one of the principal poor houses in England, the pauper inmates of which had determined to set aside a law, and make themselves the parliament of the land.

"An association is at this moment forming among them to resist the poor law amendment act, and in fact, all other acts and deeds, as will appear by the following extract from a communication recently sent to London,

(this was in 1835—marked thus) "by the rector, church wardens, and overseers of Withersham." After stating that "the Unions are in the habit of holding their meetings very frequently, at various places in the neighborhood," they proceed to detail the following evidence, which a laborer had just given to his master:

"He says, two men stand, one on each side of the door, with drawn swords in their hands; they that intend to be members are sworn in, blindfolded, to fight if they are wanted, and that two of the greatest men in London, are at the head, and they send others into the country, and they say, they have brought men to crush all the rest, now if they like to do it. The man says, that they intend that the King should have less, the parsons less, and the poor people more to live on." (meaning the paupers of the Alms House.) "I asked the man if he thought they would take in any of the farmers as members of the Union, he said, they would not admit farmers into the room, for they were against farmers," of course for they intended to rob the farmers of their lands, and divide them as Caesar did, the lands of Italy, among his soldiers. We now put it to our readers, if they do not see a strong family resemblance, between the proclamation of the foreigners of New York, and the manifesto of the inmates of this English Alms House! In 1835, the foregoing was promulgated, and who doubts, but that in the interval, the English Government, seeing with its peculiar sagacity, the danger of permitting the existence of such materials in its bosom, ordered their shipment to this country of Equal rights," and that we are now reaping or about to reap the benefit of the parcelled donation. Men of the South, look to your peculiar rights. The Emigrant has raised his flag, and Genius and Brute Force have united with him. Plunder, unbridled liberty, destruction of law are their objects, and the day will come, unless you rally to the rescue, when they will become too potent to be arrested.

The spirit of unbridled liberty proclaimed by the presses, that advocate the emancipation of the slaves, (for they will league with the foreigner, or the devil to accomplish their object) will be the cause of bastard alien democracy, and philanthropy. The flag of the Union will be overshadowed by the dark banners of these frantic people, advocating the doctrine of equal right in our large cities, preaching abolition, on the fields of the north, the mania and the foreigner, will thunder at our offices, the inmates who are principally foreigners, some alien will of course unite, and the character of Americans as a separate, free and independent people will go down, beneath the contemptuous shout of this successful and brutal array.

Hereafter we will resume this thrilling subject. Its magnitude has already led us to an unusual length, but we hope the proximity of our article will be overlooked, in the deep and horrid questions we have reached.

SYNOPSIS OF CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

In the Senate, nothing of general importance to the country at large. The Bankruptcy law is still in discussion.

Mrs Madison has been allowed by the Senate resolution, to dispose of her illustrious husband's works in foreign countries.

With regard to the District; the Senate has passed a bill making it penal, after the expiration of thirty days, for an individual to pass a note of less denomination than five dollars. Thus we are slaves—the truth is told to us at last, and we are to be hissed by the rest of our fellow citizens. Bondage—mean, despicable bondage, is written on our foreheads, and while our fellow citizens, throughout the Union, are enjoying the privilege of dealing as they like with each other, we are crushed beneath the legislative tyranny. The times are not as yet ripe for a full expression of feeling.

Congress is protected in its action by the District—we are the sacred spot of ground, on which no frowning state can plant its foot, to threaten the representatives of the people—and yet the very altar of liberty is profaned by the first whole burnt offering, to despotism—shame—shame—shame. We can now shake our chains about the streets, and kneel like galley slaves, whenever our godly, and kind tyrants pass by. Despotism, so far as this poor ten miles square is concerned, is enthroned in all the bitterness and malice of its power, in the Capitol.

ITEMS, SCRAPS, &c.

Congress is to adjourn on Monday next—the flags are to come down from the Capitol, and our city resume its old and every day dress. Many members will continue at their present boarding houses until the regular session. There is no more pleasant place than Washington in the "sunny and golden autumn."

The Indian Councils, after having eclipsed the debates in Congress, are now growing stale. An Indian drinking whiskey all day—parading about our streets half drunk—dressed in his wild and splendid costume, is a painful thing to think on. Keep the poor fellows in their woods and by their rivers, and for mercy's sake, do not bring them here. While Congress passes a law to prevent the selling of brandy and whiskey in the Capitol, the Departments are encouraging, nay paying, for the demoralization of the Indian, at a low tavern at the other end of the Avenue.—Shame! shame!

The likeness of Nicholas Biddle, Esquire, is a beautiful affair; for sale at Kennedy and Elliott's book store. He must indeed be an astonishing man—there is not a wrinkle on his beautiful and intellectual face—his curls fall around his temples in graceful flow—his eyes are bright, and altogether he looks the last man to be learned in dollars and cents, compound interest &c.—he surely looks the poet better.

Our city has been infested with rogues of late—for farther particulars inquire at the City Jail.

Autumn!—poets, philosophers, painters, too, with their oily brushes and glowing tints, have sung of thee. A western Editor and an American bard have lately made thee fashionable—but not with us—thou hast ever been the same to our mind, and our corporal eyes!

They have sung of thee with thy golden suns and leaves—thy rich fruit pendant from the sombre limbs—the grass glowing in the evening beams of the western Sol—who, amid a world of purple and crimson clouds, goes down upon his royal knees to worship his Creator in other climes.

How beautiful is the season of the poets in this particular spot of earth! The weather now is calm and balmy, and the horizon is white with the gossamer veils of the Indian wool—but fall from the light clouds, like the veils of beauty in a Paradise of love. The river seems to feel the warming influence—the gentle wind whistles like a merry school-boy in the old overshadowing elms, and carries far out upon the stream a few crisp and variegated leaves—like golden cups, embroidered with wreaths of wires diamond

gemmed, they skim down the rippling waves, and are lost upon the undulating horizon of the river. The trees around the city, upon the grand old hills, are trembling with a new and momentary pulse—their blood mounts to the branches—to the leaves, and through their delicate fibres, rushes a thousand tints, coloring every leaf with the hues of heaven, with every splendor of a rainbow.

We are not sportsmen wise, and therefore we have not seen the frolic-loving squirrel mounted far out of gun-shot, in his leafy fortress; but we hear him chirping like a happy fellow, as he capers along with his long tail quivering over his back, to steal the corn from the yellow husk. Autumn is to us a season of joy—not of sorrow, as it is to most folk of a sanguine temperament—it preaches no parable of death to our ears—but sings a gladdening song—a song of glory to our hearts—therefore, we have yielded so much type and sentiment in its behalf.

Mr. Webster has bought a farm in Illinois—a fine estate it is said to be, and his son is to take charge of it. There is an old story, which we shall not repeat, about Mr. Webster on his father's farm.

A butler of England, late of the President's House has received an appointment in the War Office.

We know of a poor, honest, industrious native—indeed, of a score of them, who have sought for such a place but never could procure it—to be born a Roman citizen, in the time of the Conquerors, was considered an honor; but to be natives of the United States is now a days high treason and felony, and a man is punished for it. This is verifying scripture at least—"The sins of the father shall be visited on the heads of the children, &c."

We would suggest to the Editors of the National Intelligencer, to pruned the letters of their New York Correspondent of the many vulgarisms that adorn his style. "Slam Bang &c."—To n, Dick, and Harry, &c. &c. form the sum total of his rhetoric.

MEETING OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to public notice, a meeting of the Native American Association, was held on Thursday last, the 12th instant, at the American Theatre, Louisiana Avenue. The weather was propitious, and at early candle-light, at least, six hundred and fifty persons had assembled.

The President presided, assisted by the Corresponding Secretary.

In compliance with a resolution passed at the last meeting, appointing Messrs. Joseph H. Bradley, A. Rothwell, T. C. D. M. Richard Butt, and R. G. Campbell, a committee to devise the ways and means to continue the publication of the Native American newspaper. The committee through Mr. Bradley, made a report. (For want of room we defer the publication of the report to the next paper.)

After the reading, Mr. John Carrol Brent, rose and after expressing his opinions of the necessity of keeping alive the engine of our creed and opinions, proposed to amend the 5th Section of the Report by substituting the following: "Resolved, that a committee of three be appointed by the President and Council to negotiate and settle with some experienced and practical printer to print and distribute the Native American regularly."

Some debate arose between Mr. Witt, Mr. Sweeney and Mr. Clarke upon this question, each manifesting the most ardent desire to have the paper placed upon fine and substantial ground, when finally the substitute of Mr. J. C. Brent's was adopted. The committee raised by this substitute was appointed by the President, and is to consist of Messrs. Rothwell, J. C. Brent and Witt.

The subsequent sections and the whole report were afterwards subsequently adopted by a unanimous vote. Great enthusiasm and firmness of purpose distinguished the meeting. Many gentlemen stepped forward and guaranteed subscribers, to the amount of one hundred dollars, others for fifty, and ten dollars.

Mr. Rothwell, offered the following resolution, in compliance with the requisition of the report that the editor of the paper should be appointed by the Association.

Resolved, That the Association approve of the editorial management of the "Native American," by Mr. Henry J. Brent.

Resolved, That Mr. Henry J. Brent, be appointed by this Association, Editor of the Native American, according to the terms recommended by the report of the committee, just adopted.

These were unanimously adopted.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Witt, and adopted.

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to make quarterly returns of the state of the finances, to the Association.

The subject of the procession, was warmly and eloquently discussed, by several gentlemen, but as the hour was late, and it would require considerable deliberation, before a favorable and suitable day could be fixed upon; the subject was by the consent of its friends, ordered to lie over in the hands of the President, for the present.

At ten o'clock, upon motion, the meeting adjourned.

H. M. MORFITT, President.

HENRY J. BRENT, Corresponding Secretary.

The following gentlemen are hereby notified that they have been appointed to collect subscriptions and advertisements from the members for the "Native American" Newspaper, and also to collect the monthly contributions, as required under the adopted report of the committee of ways and means. The first monthly dues to begin from this date.

- 1st ward, J. W. Cross.
2d ward, John Waters.
3d ward, Michael Reardon.
4th ward, John L. Clubb.
5th ward, Thos. Howard.
6th ward, Jas. Marshall.

The sums collected by the above agents of the association are to be paid over to the treasurer.

By order, EDWARD INGLE Recording Secy.

From the Red River Gazette, September 2.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—A gentleman direct from Houston, the capital of Texas, states that news had been received there that General Montezuma, who headed the rebellion in the interior, and was reported to have been killed, and his troops put to rout by the government forces, is not dead, but now at the head of some four or five thousand men against Bastamonte, who is making every exertion in his power to repel them; and further, that Gen. Houston has issued an order for the meeting of Congress on the 20th of Sept. and intends to resign the Presidency, and accept the command of the Texian army, with the intention of immediately invading Mexico. We give the statement as we heard it, without comment, leaving our readers to decide, with their knowledge of prevailing events, upon the probability of the rumor. By the invasion of Mexico, however, we apprehend nothing further is intended than a descent upon Matamoras.

Extract of a letter dated Matamoras, August 21.—There are strong indications of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, the latter refusing to satisfy any demands which the former has made. Mr. W. H. Wharton, the late Texas Minister to the United States, who was taken on board the Texas schooner of war Independence, and confined in prison in this place was fortunate enough to elude the vigilance of his sailors and escape to Texas. Several Americans have been arrested and imprisoned in the Cuartel, and refused all communication, on suspicion of having aided and abetted him in his flight; among them are James Gourlay and G. T. Barrett. A vessel arrived here yesterday from Texas, bringing 75 Mexican prisoners, which were liberated by the Texan government. Mexico still holds on her Texas prisoners, about 74, and I believe there is no prospect of their being put at liberty shortly."—New York Mercantile Advertiser.

NOTICES OF MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.

We have received from a complimentary correspondent, the lines written by a Western bard, and entitled "The Burning Ship."

The allusion made to our critical judgment, we are grateful for—we always endeavor to be just at least in our necessary rapid reviews; and for that purpose, make it a point to read all the articles that we possibly can, in the various magazines, &c., presented to us for inspection.

We cannot let this brief and literary moment pass without advancing a word in justification of this paper. Comp aints have been justly made of the many tyographical errors which, from time to time, have appeared in our editorials, and the communications of our friends. In explanation and apology, we would beg leave to say, that the printers of this establishment are not culpable. We ourselves who, from a combination of circumstances, have been obliged to revise the proofs, are unlearned in the mystic art of "printers marks," to be used in proof reading. When the first proofs are brought in, we go to work, correcting in our own way, and the poor printers are more puzzled than ever—our marks are enigmas—our proofs a mystery—thus it has happened, that frequently odd errors and grammatical capabilities have appeared in the Native American—besides, we do not write the best hand in the world.

The Knickerbocker for October has come to hand, and we have read its various articles with interest.

Number three, of American Antiquities, abounds with solemn and beautiful investigations—the writer, who is a ripe American scholar, has devoted himself to a subject which is destined to crown him with a wreath of laurel. We would suggest to the publishers of the Knickerbocker to keep his "matter standing," and hereafter, when the trade of letters (alas that it is so dull) is brisk, to republish these papers in book form. The Knickerbocker has already rescued, in part, the glorious monuments of Palmyra from an enduring respect, by the beautiful letters of a classical correspondent.

Notes of a Surgeon—Number two.—The Incendiaries—is an able and thrilling, but harrowing tale—the blood freezes towards the conclusion—the writer should, however, give up his attempts at punning.

The Birchen Cause—Poetry—is not to our taste—H. R. S. must do better.

Mark!—is a unique collection of quizzical solemnities—let the writer go on in his curious undertaking—he is a preacher in p. int.

Lines—"Neat not gaudy."

Stanzas—By G. B. Fingleton, alias Semmes, the Southern Novelist.—This popular writer must pardon a poor weekly editor for finding fault with his numbers—Mr. Semmes is on a beaten track, when he spurs his Pegasus on this sentimental course.

The Foster Child.—We really have not read this story, but see that it has been republished in some of the northern papers—evidence at least of its briefness and its beauty—Editors are so apt to select short stories for the "out side" of their papers—we cannot however omit expressing our high opinion of the graphic description of the boys likeness—the touches are inimitable.

Stanzas—There is a tameness and a sameness in stanzas generally, that we cannot account for, unless it is, that lines that cannot command a specific title are of course but meagre in distinct and striking beauty.

Ornamental Gardening.—The writer must go on in his good work—may his path be strewn with flowers.

The Sea—Verses.—The title fills us with the sound of many waters—the poetry with all the images of this great subject for bards.

Exquisite—The genus "Eore."—We have not read this short but pithily entitled paper.

Slavery in the United States.—Touch not ye uninitiated this terrible subject—you know it not, and this writer has uttered a vile slander against the females of the south, in the seventh page of his article—we know he has uttered a slander. But again we say, touch not the subject.

The Times—Verses.—Did the author ever come across a literary paper, edited some years ago in Baltimore by Rufus Dawes, Esquire? If he has, let him turn back to "The Times," a poem in many cantos, by that fine poet and noble fellow, and learn wisdom, if he cannot catch inspiration.

Random Passage, by a Traveller.—Interesting reading—excellent matter for a magazine.

Fatal Balloon Adventure.—We published an account of this terrific accident in one of our late papers. Here the story is renewed, with two wood cuts of the parachute and the balloon—the first the balloon in its ascent with the parachute attached to it—the second, the appearance of the parachute on its fall from the clouds with its unfortunate inventor.

The Literary Notices of the Knickerbocker are not as good as they should be—there is an adoration which amounts to cant in some of the reviews. This, however, is applicable only to the reviews of one of the Editors—for we think that there must be two—if not why does the "solitary and alone" perpetrate two styles, and take us critics in!

What business has the senior editor of the Knickerbocker to coin the word "newsaperial?"—shame of Johnson, &c.!

We have received "The poetical contribution of Black Hawk," and shall give it our attention—we like the fine argument and peroration of the poem at least.

Baltimore, Oct. 7.—ACCIDENT.—A serious accident occurred yesterday morning, at the ship yard of Messrs. Rogers, Brown & Cully, on the south side of the basin, by which a number of persons were injured, several of them severely, and one of them so as to endanger his life. It appears that while a large party, say thirty or more, of the workmen employed on the steam ship Natchez, were engaged in raising a heavy piece of timber, for the bow of the vessel, just as they were in the act of placing it in its proper position, the scaffolding on which they were standing gave way and eighteen of them were precipitated to the ground, with the ruins of the scaffolding, from a height of nearly thirty feet. Of the whole number who fell, only two or three escaped injury. Some of the workmen were very seriously injured, and one of them, Mr. Howard White, received so severe a hurt in the back, that his recovery is considered doubtful. One of the colored men, assistants, had his leg broken. All the others, who were more or less injured by the accident, are doing well, and are expected to be ere long, again in a condition to resume their occupation. The following are the names of the persons who fell, of whom ten were journeyman ship carpenters, and four apprentices to the business:—William Kirkwood, William Wright, John Bromley, Thomas Sinclair, John Sinclair, Thomas Todd, John Hopkins, Charles, (a German), Thomas Cliff, Howard White, Edwin Wilkins, George Toppin, Philip Auld. There were besides these, four colored persons, sawyers, whose names are not given.

HEROISM OF A BOY.

Captain Armstrong had concentrated the five thousand colored settlers at Kat River in a rocky penin-

sula, which was named Camp Adelaide. By his great exertions and judicious management, he had caused a complete breach between those Hottentots who were wavering in their allegiance, and the Caffres; and the enemy at last fell on the settlement, and burnt and destroyed what they could not carry off. A noble instance of courage, worthy of the best times of the Romans, was displayed by a youth, the son of a field-commandant Groep—one of the most loyal and trustworthy men of colour on the frontiers. Young Groep went out with his uncle to look after some of his father's cattle, and prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. They had gone four or five miles from Camp Adelaide when it began to rain; which prevented their seeing far, they therefore unsaddled, and, sitting under shelter, allowed their horses to graze in an open spot, surrounded with bush. They had not some time conversing, and then rose to "saddle up," when in an instant twenty Caffres who had been watching them, appeared from the bushes round them. "Now," said young Groep to his uncle, "we must stand back to back, and reserve our fire." They did so, and retreated. The Caffres hesitated a little; but at last one sprang forward and launched an assegai through the lungs of Groep, who immediately fired and the Caffre fell. Groep cried to his uncle, "Now fire, and escape; save the cattle, if possible; and don't let my uncle or me them and his son on the same day; never mind!" The uncle accordingly fired; and jumped through an opening made among the Caffres. Their party then divided, half going after the uncle, who escaped, and half pursuing young Groep. He presented his empty gun; they skulked aside, but continued to dog him; he tried to pull out the assegai which had passed through his right breast; but could not succeed; and in the act of putting the powder-horn to the muzzle of his gun to load, another assegai passed through his left arm, and one through his leg. He pulled these out and hurled them at his assailants; and then, exhausted with loss of blood, he staggered on till he got near to his father's herdsmen driving off the cattle. The Caffres then retired, and Groep sank down beside a rock facing the enemy, and entreated the herdsmen to leave him to his fate, but to save themselves and his father's property. They drew the assegai completely through him, and carried him into Camp Adelaide. I saw him some time after, recovering slowly; though the air was still passing out from the lungs, between his shoulders.—The governor presented him with a handsome double-barrelled gun, and a Dutch Bible, for his heroism.

BY THE EXPRESS MAIL.

From the New Orleans True American, October 6.

On Monday night last a most wanton and diabolical murder was committed at a grog shop at the corner of Lacourse street and the Carrollton Rail Road, kept by the assassin and his father-in-law Paul Mouchon. An affray occurred in or about this shop, and Mr. George Olden, a respectable citizen of New Orleans who was returning to town in one of the cars from Lafayette with some friends, was attracted towards the house whilst the horse was changing, and was deliberately shot by one Ursin Chappieux, who effected his escape. The Council have ordered a reward of five hundred dollars to be offered for his apprehension.

George Olden was an amiable and worthy citizen, surrounded by a very large circle of friends, who appreciated his virtues, and followed his remains to their last resting place, with hearts filled with grief. The reputation of our city is involved in his escape. It is time that the approbium cast upon us; that assassinations go unpunished here, should be washed out. It is the duty of every good and honest citizen to ferret out, and bring to justice this wretch who has liberally and wantonly deprived society of one of its useful and honorable members.

UNITED STATES COURT.—

We are happy for the sake of all suitors in the District Court of the United States, that the sessions of that tribunal are now resumed. Many cases, which, on account of the protracted illness which preceded the death of the late judge, have been in statu quo for many months, on the docket of the court, will now be promptly decided. We have every reason to believe that the new incumbent will be industrious and impartial in the discharge of his duty. His amiable and upright character as a man, his talents as a scholar, and his ability as a lawyer, have long been highly appreciated by a large portion of his fellow-citizens. Judge Lawrence entered on his duty on Monday last. A number of sailors were brought before him accused of attempting a revolt on board of the American barque Ophir, when on her last voyage. After a long examination, which lasted until last evening, the men have been committed.

THE DUTY OF A WIFE.

Who does not honor the woman that sustains the responsibilities and discharges the duties of a faithful wife? "Whoso findeth her, findeth a good thing; she is prudent; she is from the Lord." "She is in subjection unto her own husband." "She wins him by her conversation." Whose adoring is not that outward adoring of plaiting the hair, and of wearing gold, and of putting on of apparel, but is the hidden manner of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." "She is sober, loves reverence, obeys her husband, loves her children, discreet, a keeper at home, good in behaviour, as becometh holiness."

DESPOTISM.

A slave in the presence of his tyrant had no opinion and no character. Kouli Khan sipped with a favorite who ordered a new kind of pulse to be served up.—"There is nothing more pleasant and wholesome than this pulse," said it monarch. "Nothing more pleasant and wholesome," replied the courier. After supper Kouli Khan found himself much indisposed, and he could not sleep. When he awoke the next morning, he said, "Nothing can be more detestable and unwholesome than this pulse." "Nothing more detestable and unwholesome," said the courier. "But you did not think so last night," observed the prince; "what has made you change your opinion?" "My respect and my dread," answered the courier; "I can respect the food with impunity; I am the slave of your highness, and not of the pulse." "Thus we see that the despot is more horrible than the Gorgon; he petrifies a man even to his thoughts."—Reluctus.

MEUNIER.—

This rascal, it appears by the Mobile Examiner, is but a poor piece of stuff to make a hero out of. Speaking of his arrival in that city, it says: "He is an unintelligent, vulgar looking lump of humanity—altogether unworthy the vengeance of a King," and of course, we suppose, of the admiration of a free people.

The St. Louis Republican of the 26th ult. states that Colonel Twigg, of the 2d regiment dragoons, was lying dangerously ill at Hopkinsville, Missouri.

NOTICE. J. Perkins, house, sign and ornamental painter, has removed from his old stand, to the east end of the Native American Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favour him with their custom. He has employed experienced hands to do British style, looking-glasses, picture frames, &c. in fashionable European style and workmanship, old frames regit, as when new, all of which will be applied to order, at lower prices than can be elsewhere else where.

DANIEL PIERCE, respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his Umbrella Manufactory, to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to cover, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names, by remaining in the owners' hands, who would cause said names to be designated their Umbrellas.

Sept. 23—5m

NATIVE AMERICAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.—The above establishment is on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Railroad, between 3d and 4th streets, in Elliot's building. The house is large and airy, and furnished in a neat style. The establishment is now open for the accommodation of those who will favor it with their custom. The proprietor asks no more than the usual rates for Boarding by the day, week, or year.

ISAAC REEPE, Proprietor.

D. B. WELLS, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed his office to his residence, to the house over Mr. Slade's hardware store on Pennsylvania Avenue, east of 9th street. Aug. 19—5*