

The Native

"OUR COUNTRY, ALWAYS RIGHT,"

Vol. IV.] CITY OF WASHINGTON,

POETRY.

FLOWERS.

Oh! they looked upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wand'ring by woods and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God.
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandering by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from his highest heaven,
And bless'd what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though oft the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then—
The bright, bright flowers.

The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as the proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home:
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE OCEAN WAVE.

AT—“Sweet Home.”

The pleasures and palaces are found on the shore,
Yet give me the charms of the wild ocean's roar,
Where the sky and the waters, limitless and grand,
Form a proud scene of glory n'er met with on land.
Blow! blow! breeze blow!
As over the wild wave still onward we go.

Ah, never on land have I felt the delight,
I have known on the sea in the storm of the night;
With the clouds from the sky, and the winds from their sleep,
And the waves rolling high, and the vessel plunging
Blow! blow! sea!
[deep]

And when the sun rose from his couch in the sea,
He gave his first smile to the ocean and me;
And when the moon lay fell over the deep,
In the foretop I lay to be cradled to sleep.
Blow! blow! sea!

I have seen the bright stars in the blue of the night
Reflecting below as faulless and bright;
And a wild wind disturbed my young bosom's rest
To dive in the deep for a star for my breast!
Blow! blow! sea!

I have clung to the mast when the storm was on high,
And the lightning came down from its cloud in the sky;
As the vessel rolled deep in the gap of the sea,
And mounted again, I have shouted with glee.
Blow! blow! sea!

O, the wild ocean wave is the war horse for me;
See him shake his white mane as he courses the sea,
O never on land give me coffin or grave,
O give me my rest 'neath the wild ocean wave!
Blow! blow! sea!
PHAZMA.

MISCELLANY.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.—Monday, the 19th inst., was the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to the combined American and French armies under Washington, at Yorktown, Va. In looking over the National Intelligencer of that day we perceive an extract from “the Custis recollections and private memoirs of the life and character of Washington,” giving some details of an event which gave the finishing touch to the heroic struggle of our patriotic forefathers. The following is a portion of the article:

“The day after the surrender, Earl Cornwallis repaired to head-quarters to pay his respects to the General and await his orders. The captive chief was received with all the courtesy due to a gallant and unfortunate foe. The elegant manners, together with the manly, frank, and soldierly bearing of Cornwallis, soon made him a prime favorite at head-quarters, and he often formed part of the suite of the Commander-in-chief in his rides to inspect the levelling of the works previous to the retirement of the combined armies from before Yorktown.

“At the grand dinner given at the headquarters to the officers of the three armies, Washington filled his glass, and, after his invariable toast, whether in peace or war, of ‘All our friends,’ gave ‘The British Army,’ with some complimentary remarks upon its chief, his proud career in arms, and his gallant defence of Yorktown. When it came to Cornwallis’ turn, he prefaced his toast by saying that the war was virtually at an end, and the contending parties would soon embrace as friends; there might be affairs of posts, but nothing on a more enlarged scale, as it was scarcely to be expected that the Ministry would send another army to America. Then turning to Washington, his lordship continued, ‘And when the illustrious part that your excellency has borne in this long and arduous contest becomes matter of history, fame will gather your highest laurels rather from the banks of

the Delaware than from those of the Chesapeake.” In this his lordship alluded to the memorable midnight march made by Washington on the shattered remains of the grand army, aided by the Pennsylvania militia, on the night of the 2d of January, 1777, which resulted in the surprise of the enemy in his rear, and the victory of Princeton, restoring hope to the American cause when it was almost sinking in despair.

“Col. Tarleton, alone of all the British officers of rank, was left out in the invitations to head-quarters. Gallant and high-spirited, the Colonel applied to the Marquis de Lafayette to know whether the neglect might not have been accidental? Lafayette well knew that accident had nothing to do with the matter, but referred the applicant to Lt. Col. Laurens, who as aide-de-camp to the Commander in chief, must of course be able to give the requisite explanation. Laurens at once said, No Col. Tarleton, no accident at all; intentional, I can assure you, and meant as a reproof for certain cruelties practised by the troops under your command in the campaigns of the Carolinas. What, sir, haughtily rejoined Tarleton, and is it for severities inseparable from war, which you are pleased to term cruelties, that I am to be disgraced before junior officers? Is it, sir, for a faithful discharge of my duty to my King and country that I am thus humiliated in the eyes of three armies? Pardon me, continued Colonel Laurens, there are modes, sir, of discharging a soldier's duty, and where mercy has a share in the mode, it renders the duty more acceptable to both friends and foes. Tarleton stalked gloomily away to his quarters, which he seldom left until his departure from Virginia.”

NAVAL MONUMENT.—The papers throughout the north are beginning to urge the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of the brave tars who have died in the service of our country. The idea is a good one, and should have been taken up long ago, not only from the obligations existing on the side of the citizens of the United States, but as a matter of pride, and as an incentive to the young sailors to deeds of glory, in order that his memory may be embalmed, and his name engraved on lasting stone that it may be read by posterity. The ladies have achieved the noble work planned by men years ago—the Bunker Hill Monument will be completed through their exertions. The project of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of deceased officers of our Navy who have distinguished themselves in the defence of our country, might be taken up by them and consummated. We are sure we are not asking what in the fulness of their patriotism they would not cheerfully undertake.—Who were, or who are more worthy of the smiles of the fair than our gallant seamen? Our infant navy in days gone by, won the admiration and respect of the world by its daring and brilliant victories over superior forces. It taught nations, schooled a maritime warfare, to honor our flag, and stamped the character of American seamen as skilful and brave men. Why then should not the memory of the departed naval hero be honored? Monuments are erected in every quarter to those who fell on land, but in showing our gratitude to them shall we forget Lawrence, Jones, Decatur, Perry, Bainbridge, McDonough, and many others, who fought and bled with our country's rainbow and stars floating over them?

The Army and Navy Chronicle broaches the subject manfully, and states that “the first objects which greet the eye of the British mariner when returning to his native land, are monuments upon various prominent portions of the coast, erected in memory of those who have most distinguished themselves in the naval service of that nation.—Could any sight be more grateful to the real hero, or could any thing encourage him to greater efforts or excite a higher emulation to sustain the honor of his country's flag? Who can tell how much of the reputation which England has acquired upon the seas may be owing to this very cause—the tribute of honor which she pays to the memory of those who distinguish themselves in her service.—Clipper.”

Naturalization Frauds.—Wm. B. Read, Esq. applied to the Judges of the General Sessions, and obtained a rule on Patrick Drain, Hugh Brennan, John B. Ken, Martin Moffat, James McNamee and Nicholas White, to show cause why their naturalization papers, recently obtained from this court, should not be vacated on the ground of fraud practised in granting them. Mr. Read read the affidavit of Oliver Evans, one of the Inspectors of South Ward, in which it is stated that sixty pages have been fraudulently interpolated in the book, containing the declarations of the intentions of foreigners to become citizens of the United States, kept by the clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and that among these false records are the names of the above persons.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—“A Postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself.”—Amos Kendall.

Some of our subscribers may not be aware that they may save the postage on subscription money, by requesting the Postmaster where they reside to frank their letters containing such money, he being able to satisfy himself before a letter is sealed, that it contains nothing but what refers to the subscription.—An. Farmer.

We hope our subscribers at a distance will take advantage of this mode of conveying their back dues to this paper; and, at the same time, of sending on a year's subscription in advance; for we will need all to enable us to keep pace with the times and our necessities.



DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE DANES.

There is certainly much reason to suppose that this continent had been visited by some of the Northern nations of Europe prior to the time of Columbus, and long before the revival of the subject by the Royal Danish Society, whose publications in relation to it are looked for with much interest. Many learned men had expressed their belief in such a circumstance. Dr. Franklin, in a letter to M. de Gebelin, says: “If any Phœnicians arrived in America, I should rather think it was not by the accident of a storm, but in the course of their long and adventurous voyages; and that they coasted from Denmark and Norway over to Greenland, and down southward by Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, &c. to New England, as the Danes themselves certainly did some ages before Columbus.”

I do not remember having seen this passage of Franklin's noticed in connection with this subject; and it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the National Intelligencer.

United States Army at Springfield, Mass.—There are in the United States only two establishments for the manufacture of small arms owned by the General Government. One of those is at Harper's Ferry, Va.—the other at Springfield, Mass. A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, in a letter dated 13th inst. gives some account of the latter.

The premises owned by the Government at Springfield include about 100 acres of land, divided into two parts; one of 60 acres, upon which the armories and part of the workshops and other public buildings are situated; and the other of 40 acres, lying on Mile River, three quarters of a mile distant, where the factories worked by water power are located. The two portions are connected by a street or avenue running from one to the other.

Springfield is situated on the Connecticut, twenty-six miles from Hartford, and contains six or seven thousand inhabitants. The Armory was established there in 1795—which event gave the first impulse to the prosperity of the place. The number of men employed by the Government is from 200 to 270. A good workman can earn from forty to sixty dollars per month, laboring ten hours a day.

During the year 1838 the amount of expenditure at Springfield was \$186,250.88, for which the Government manufactured 15,000 muskets with the necessary appendages, such as screw drivers, wipers, ball screws, &c. Each musket cost about \$11.84.

Since the establishment of the armory at Springfield in 1795, there have been manufactured there 436,460 muskets, consisting of 253,300 bright varnished pieces and 184,160 brown; besides which in former years a few short guns, carbines and pistols were made, and large quantities of muskets from time to time repaired.—Clipper.

TO THE PUBLIC!

We have been induced to make some little deduction to six, ten, and larger numbers of persons, who may club together and send us their names and the money for their subscriptions. We do this for the benefit principally of auxiliary societies, for two reasons—first, to enable them to distribute information cheap; and, secondly, to induce our friends to exert themselves to increase our circulation, thereby giving our principles a fair showing. We also offer the seventh copy gratis to any person who will send us six subscribers, and the money enclosed—all postage free. [See terms on the fourth page.]

We hope our business friends will remember us in the distribution of their favors. Our room is sufficient for all; and if it is not, we can make it so. Send in your advertisements, and we will insert them conspicuously, at low rates, and give them a large city circulation besides.

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AGRICULTURE.

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

ON THE FARM.

This month is one which the judicious and provident farmer should turn to his advantage. Now the woods are filled with fallen leaves, and it should be the business, as it is the duty, of the husbandman, to collect as many of them as he can, together with the mould on which they repose. Let this be carefully spread over your cow yard, taking care to give it a moderate basin form, and though you may put five hundred loads thereon, by spring you will find that the whole mass in your yard will be just as good as though it consisted of the manure of your cows alone. If you have pine woods on your place, don't forget that the pine-shatters, of all the leaves of the trees of the forest, is the best.

Apple Orchards.—Before the ground freezes, dig up the earth from around your apple trees, five or six inches deep, and as many feet from the trunks of the trees; take this to the middle of your rows of trees, and by means of dry brush or weeds burn the earth, and with it you will destroy the germ of the myriads of canker and other destructive insects which otherwise would prey upon your fruit next year. After the burnt earth is thoroughly cooled, mix a small portion of unslacked lime with it, and replace the earth around the tree.

Apples.—Hand-pick and put away all your apples, whether intended for the table or cider.

Cattle.—Your cattle should be fed with hay, and put into your cow-yard every night, unless your pastures are very good, which we do not expect is the case at this advanced period of the fall.

Your milk cows should if possible have rich slops or some nourishing succulent food given them, as also your heifers which may be forward in calf.

Hogs.—Your hogs intended for killing should be put up as soon as the acorns cease to be plentiful. If you wish your hogs to thrive with regularity, not more than a dozen should be put into one pen. Any pumpkins which you may feed to them will be greatly improved by being cooked, as by subjecting them to the operation of fire, the saccharine matter is diffused through the mass, and the vegetable principle which has a tendency to sour, will be deprived of that baneful quality.

Wheat.—If by any untoward circumstances, you have been prevented from getting in your wheat, or any portion of that quantity you allotted to sow, you may still sow—but push ahead and get it in as speedily as possible—don't delay it beyond the 10th of November.

Every spare moment and wet day, devote to getting out your small grain for market before the winter closes in upon you.

Full Ploughing.—Get as much of your stiff ground intended for spring culture, ploughed, as you can.

Corn.—Pull and house your corn as rapidly as you can.

Potatoes, Turnips, Beets, Carrots, and Parsnips, must all be got out of the ground, and put beyond the influence of frost.

Implements and Tools of all kinds must be overhauled; such as need it have repaired, and put the whole away in your tool house, under lock and key.—American Farmer.

FLOWER DEPARTMENT.

Dahlias will need attention this month. As soon as the first frost has killed the branches, the roots may be taken up, choosing a dry day to do so, and not immediately after a rain, as the soil would then adhere too closely to the roots. Place them in a dry shed or room for a few days, and then remove them to the cellar, where there will be no danger of frost, or under the stage of the green-house.

Tulip and hyacinth beds may be planted the latter part of this month; but the beds should be well dug over, and prepared early in the month.

Tiger Lily, white lily, and other similar hardy bulbs, may be planted this month.

Gladioluses and tuberose should be taken up after the first frost.

Amaryllises and tiger flowers should be also taken up, if there is danger of frost.

Oxalis may now be potted for flowering in winter.

Iris, sparaxis, &c. may be planted in pots this month.

Hardy perennial plants may now be removed with safety.

Paeonies should now be taken up, separated and replanted.

Chrysanthemums should be carefully watched, and not be allowed to stand out in a very severe frost, or the buds would be injured.

Camellias will need cleaning, top-dressing, &c., and if convenient, and it is desirable to have them look in fine order, the leaves should be washed.

American.

BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1840.

[No. 9.]

Mignonette, sown in pots in August, should be very carefully watered.

Verbenas that were layered off into pots, in August and September, may now be taken up.

Geraniums will need top-dressing, pruning, &c.; all cuttings that are well rooted should be potted off.

Roses of tender kinds, which have been planted out in the border, should be taken up and potted.

Ericas, eparises, &c., must be carefully looked over; and if they need repotting, they must be attended to.

Annual seeds, such as larkspurs, chryseis, clarkias, coreopsis, &c., may be planted in October.

Petunias, wanted for flowering in winter, should be taken up and potted.

Amaryllises should be potted this month.

Double perennial sun-flower roots should be taken up and protected in the same manner as dahlias.

Cactuses should now be very slightly watered, except *Epiphyllum truncatum*, which will need occasional supplies, as it will soon be flowering.

Pansies raised from seeds, planted in July or August, should be kept clear of weeds, and the soil hoed once or twice.—Magazine of Horticulture.

“No disturbance, in the least, occurred during the election; and every thing connected with it, was conducted in a manner creditable to the city. Faithful to their promises, keepers of taverns and coffee houses closed their doors during the whole day. Every friend of good order has cause to rejoice for the favorable termination of this election, for it has undoubtedly been conducted more harmoniously than any similar one for the last ten years.”

We clip the foregoing from the Cincinnati Spirit of the Times of Wednesday last, the day after the election. No disturbance occurred! every thing was quiet and orderly; and what caused this happy reform? The keepers of the taverns and coffee houses closed their doors for the day! The “fire water,” as the child of the forest called rum, was not placed to the lips of the voters to madden their brains and add flame to the excitement already too wild and ungovernable. The example of the tavern keepers of Ohio should be followed everywhere—the polls are too sacred to be contaminated by the fumes of Bacchus. Order cannot be preserved, when men have within their reach the poison whose exciting influence leads them to the commission of deeds, of which in their better senses, they become heartily ashamed. There probably never was in this country so great an excitement as at present—this temper should be allayed, and probably would be, were men to reflect calmly, and not allow themselves to be carried away by a whirlwind, or hurried into fighting and wrangling by too free a use of liquor. Political difference of opinion begets ill-will, which is only increased by argument; the feelings are wrought up by party rancor, and a resort to the bottle makes an otherwise exemplary and honorable citizen either a fool or a madman. In order that the evils arising out of the use of ardent spirits on the days of election may be remedied, would it not be well for the keepers of public houses in the neighborhood to close their doors? They will no doubt object to this, and say it is their harvest; but the few dollars that are lost by such a philanthropic act will not be as “bread cast upon the waters;” the immense good that will arise out of it will be cheering to their pride when they reflect that they were the means by which this great change was brought about.—Clipper.

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, & VESTINGS.—Gentlemen of Washington and vicinity are hereby respectfully informed that the subscribers have just opened—

Superfine wool and cloth dyed Blacks, Invisible Greens, Browns, Blues, and others Superior worst-dyed Black, Blue, Drab, Cadet, and steel-mixed plain Cassimeres Prince Albert ribbed and other fancy do English Silk and Satin Vestings Super Merino and Valencia do Beaver and Pilot Cloths 100 pieces Sattinets—blue, steel mixed, brown, drab, cadet, mixed, lavender, light blue, black, and all the intermediate shades, very cheap 15 pieces low priced Valenciennes, for boys and servants 50 pieces Kerseys and Jeans

ALSO, Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs, Italian Cravats, Stocks, Suspenders, Lambswool, Merino, and Cotton Shirts and Drawers, Hoskin Gloves—and long and short Hosiery, in worsted, lambswool, vicuña, silk knit, and cotton; and one case superior Silk Umbrellas. Which I will offer at such prices as cannot fail to please. Call early at No. 2 from 8th street, opposite Centre Market. JAS. B. CLARKE. N. B. The subscriber is receiving constant accessions to his stock.

FOR RENT.

A STORE on Pennsylvania avenue, between the Railroad Depot and the Capitol. Possession given immediately. Rent low. Enquire at this Office. Sept. 12—1f.

NATIVE AMERICAN.

THE APPEAL OF THE “GLOBE” AND THE ADMINISTRATION, TO THE IRISH.

The following is one of a series of violent essays, addressed by the party in power, to a separate portion of the foreign population, from which it will be seen that an attempt is made, not merely to brand Americans with infamy, but to rouse the Irish against them for a bloody defeat both in person and in politics.

The Native Americans are termed by this gentle writer “English blood hounds, who will be made to quail before the Irish wolf dog!—Irishmen.” It remains to be seen whether these revolutionists will be able to carry out their wishes and intentions; and while they are pondering upon the means and expediency of commencing, we will, in the name and in behalf of the Native American Associations of the United States, promise them or their doings, come when they may, speedy and just retribution.

From the Globe, of the 14th instant. TO IRISHMEN, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.—No. IV.

Having finished my dissection of the hydra of Federalism, and of the skulking badgers of “Native Americanism,” a task alike disgusting and difficult, I now enter upon a duty as grateful to my feelings as consoling to my heart; it is not the description of a despot, or the dissection of a monster; no, no, but the exhibition of a portrait, beaming with every moral excellence, and graced by every manly virtue, presenting the most amiable expression, and the softest tint—it is a living picture of exalted worth, and modest merit—such a picture as patriots love to paint, and Irishmen to look upon. Let me then, without further ceremony, introduce to you, one and all, Martin Van Buren, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency at the approaching election.

Mr. Van Buren, by enterprising industry, virtuous habits, and energy of mind, has elevated himself to a position which rejoices the heart of every honest man, and genuine patriot; he serves, in fact, as a beacon to the rising generation; many a Democratic parent will point with pride to Mr. Van Buren, as a model of virtue for the imitation of his child! Wonder what crazy Federalist will ever make Harrison an exemplar for his son!—a man who owes every thing to fortune, and nothing to personal merit. Harrison, poor man! is constantly boasting of his illustrious descent, his rank, and his riches. Well, who cares for himself, his rank, or his nonsense; he may abuse himself and his crackbrained followers as long as he likes with his stupid absurdities; but we beg of him, in the name of common sense, not to bore us with such drivelling balderdash. We tell Harrison and his Tory Federalists that the humility of Mr. Van Buren's birth is with us his highest recommendation, his greatest honor. He, the son of an industrious farmer—the noblest work of God! Look at the habits, the predilections, of the two men—how widely different, and yet how singularly illustrative of the education of each. Harrison is proud, arrogant, and presumptuous; with him wealth is every thing, and poverty a crime. On the contrary, Mr. Van Buren is modest, plain, and unpretending; estimating his fellow-citizen, not for his wealth, (mine to-day and Shylock's tomorrow), but for his virtues. He is emphatically the poor man's friend—his sympathies are with him. I rejoice exceedingly that I have it in my power to present to my countrymen a case perfectly in point, and, above all, proof pregnant of Mr. Van Buren's good feeling to Irishmen. About two years since a vacancy of 2d lieutenant occurred in the marine corps. There were several applicants for the appointment; some were supported by Congressional influence—others backed by powerful connexions. Among the number was an Irishman, who had, by a course of good conduct, by his intelligence and attention to his duties as a soldier, gradually risen in the corps, to the post of sergeant major. His expectations of success, you may be sure, were not very sanguine; he had prejudices to surmount, his Irish birth, he imagined, might be an objection—there he was mistaken. His position in the corps was, in fact, with him the principal difficulty. The officers, almost to a man, opposed his application. Services, however meritorious, were not, in their estimation, a sufficient passport to preferment. Here, then, he had to grapple with the hydra of aristocracy, that is, with the Federalism of the officers. Mark the consequence: one of the officers, the only Democrat, I believe, among them, communicated the circumstance to a Virginia gentleman, who was supposed to have no small influence with the President. This liberal-minded gentleman, with true southern generosity, volunteered his services in behalf of the Irish sergeant major. Feeling indignant at the aristocratic exclusiveness, which would frown on humble merit, he immediately repaired to the President, and impudently repaired to the President, and impudently repaired to the President. What did Mr. Van Buren do in this matter? Did he countenance the petulant exclusiveness of the officers? Not he; far from it. With an energy of manner, quite unusual to him, he instantly took up the pen, and signed the commission for the Irish sergeant major, observing at the same time, “THAT HE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY FOR-