

**Tomb of Washington.**

Extract of a letter from a visitor to the City of Washington, to his friend in the city of Richmond, from the Richmond Enquirer.

Richmond, Dec. 5th, 1818.

I am invited to visit the tomb of Washington to-morrow, in the steam boat Washington with about forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen. We will go with us that excellent band of nervous music. The moment the boat moves, the band played Washington's march; on passing Alexandria, we were cheered by the shipping; and on passing down the Potomac, we landed on the left bank at Fort Washington, and were received in a very handsome style, by Col. Roger Jones, commandant there, and the Inspector, General Wood, who you recollect distinguished himself so handsomely at Queenstown. The garrison performed several evolutions. They appeared to be a body of fine looking men, and should the enemy visit the fort again, they will meet with a hearty reception. We next moved for Mount Vernon, and soon that beautiful promontory appeared to the view, on the Virginia shore. It commands a prospect of all the surrounding country. The steam boat could not get in less than a quarter of a mile of the shore; we were, therefore, obliged to be conveyed in a small boat. I was among the last that landed, the consequence of which was, that the company were returning from the tomb before I came up with them. I understood, while there, they were deeply affected. I joined them all at the house of Mount Vernon, after viewing the green house, the beautiful snubbery, where every one was desirous of taking the smallest relic. It were but a leaf, or bit of the bark of the trees, the company next went to the boat again, and as it was some time before they could get on board, I went with a gentleman to view the tomb in leisure. It is situated on the declivity of the river bank, and over it is a mound of earth, with trees growing on its sides, and on the top. It has a plain door. Here I lingered, the last of the company; and when I had paid my devotion to the tomb, my heart was smitten when I reflected I had been on a party of pleasure to the city of Washington, admiring the rising glory of my country, and its government, while he had the hero, the patriot, and the immortal Washington, who had a sacrificed his liberty and independence, and who had contributed more than any earthly being to its happiness and aggrandizement; the father and saviour of his country, and who was permitted to remain in obscurity and neglect, without a mausoleum, monument, inscription, stone, or any thing else to point where the hero and statesman reposes, or any evidence of his country's gratitude. The idea of ingratitude, rushing on my mind, was painful and sorrowful to my heart. I had seen General Washington twenty five years ago, in the city of Richmond, on his tour to the south, when President of the United States; the admiration of the world, and the admiration of his country; the most accomplished hero, patriot, statesman and gentleman that ever lived, and I found him here buried on his own estate; and that his country had not expended one single cent or even a tombstone!

Every thing great and good in America, is called Washington; its capital, its cities, towns, counties, and districts, all bear his name; the world is filled with the remembrance of his arms and virtues; but here is no mark, no inscription, not even a stone to tell where Washington lies. My mind was so fully affected on this occasion, that I determined, on my return to Washington, I would tell it to the people of the United States, publish it in the streets of Washington to Congress, and particularly to their predecessors, how earnestly they had neglected the remains of their once beloved Washington; and I am confident, if the people of the United States could see how they are disposed of, they would instantly compel Congress to do something that would wash out the stain of ingratitude, which, if not quickly removed, will be one fixed, and forever remain an indelible stain and disgrace to the nation.

I was viewing, a few days since, at the Capitol, in Washington, the statue of the genius of Liberty, &c. forming under the hands of an excellent artist from Italy, for the purpose of ornamenting the Hall of the House of Representatives, &c. I wished to see the statue of General Washington, which would not only be the most appropriate ornament for the Capitol of America, the celebration of the world; but there was none I could

exclaim, like the stranger described by a writer of feeling, on a visit to the city of Washington—'Saw me the statue of your Washington, that may contemplate the majestic form that encompassed his mighty soul, that I may gaze on those features, once lightened up by every virtue, that I may learn to love virtue as I behold them. Alas! there is no such statue. Lead me then, Americans, to the town your country has provided for her deliverer—to the everlasting monument they have erected to his fame. His grave is in the bosom of his own soil, and the order that was watered by his own hands, is all that rests on it. Tell me, whence is this inhumanity and supineness; is it envy, jealousy, or ingratitude? Or is it, that in the great struggle for power and place, every thing is forgotten, every noble, generous, national sentiment is disregarded and despised? What, however, but the cause of it, ingratitude is upon us, until it be removed. The former representatives of the people are to blame, and not the people themselves; although they suffer for the neglect of congress. It is true, that Congress some years past proposed to build a monument at Washington city, provided Judge Washington would consent to the removal of his uncle there; but Judge Washington could not with propriety, consent with propriety to the proposition, it being the will and desire of General Washington that he should be buried at Mount Vernon.—Now, under all circumstances, as Congress could not, with propriety, get the remains of General Washington removed to Washington city, they ought to have erected a monument at Mount Vernon—not to the tomb, but a plain and neat one, pointing to Heaven, where his spirit has certainly gone, and Mount Vernon, in my humble opinion, is the most proper place, on earth, for all his remains, for the erection of the monument; and from the favorable opinion I entertain of the present Congress, it is hoped something will be done the present session, on the occasion. On my return, I stated to all the members with whom I had the honor of an acquaintance, what I had seen and felt on the occasion. I went to congress hall on the next day, and saw members rise to make motions; and for the first time in my life wish'd sincerely that I was a Member of that honorable body, so that I might move a resolution, that something might be done relative to the tomb of Washington. After my return from the tomb, Congress did no charms for me; I soon left the hall, came to my room and determined that I would return home the next day; and derived great consolation, when I should leave my heart. Yours, respectfully.

From the National Intelligencer.

**CONGRESS.**

Wednesday, December 21, 1818.

**IN SENATE.**

Several bills from the other house, heretofore referred to various committees, were reported to the Senate.

On motion of Mr. Eaton, the committee of pensions were directed to enquire into the expediency of granting a pension to Martin Whitmore.

Mr. Dugget submitted a motion to instruct the committee on pensions to enquire into the expediency of so amending the act of the last session granting pensions to the soldiers of the revolutionary army, as that lieutenants of marines acting under a warrant, shall be considered as entitled to the same pension as those acting under commissions.

The bill to enable the people of Alabama to form a constitution, &c. was read the second time.

The President laid before the Senate a letter from the secretary of the Treasury, transmitting statements of the sales of the public lands.

Several bills received partial consideration, and were further postponed.

The Senate went into the consideration of Executive business; after which

The Senate adjourned.

**HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.**

December 18.

Mr. Robertson, from the select committee appointed on that subject, reported a bill establishing a separate territorial government for the southern part of the territory of Missouri; which was twice read and committed.

Mr. Johnson, of Ky. from the military committee, reported a bill, concerning the Military Establishment of the United States. [This bill proposes a modification of parts of the Staff of the Army, without reducing

The bill was twice read and committed.

The Speaker laid before the house a report from the secretary of the Treasury, transmitting a statement of the sales of public lands during the year 1817, and the three first quarters of the year 1818, which had been intended to accompany the annual report from the Treasury, but was not then prepared.

The bill from the Senate to extend the laws of the United States within the State of Illinois, was twice read and committed.

The verbal amendment made by the Senate to the bill granting a pension to Major Gen. John Stark, was agreed to.

The house then resolved itself into a committee of the whole, Mr. Holmes in the chair, on the bill making appropriations for the support of the Navy of the United States for the year 1819.

The bill was then reported to the house, and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

After spending a short time as in committee obtained leave to sit again thereon—

And the house adjourned.

**From the American Centinel.**

Messrs. Frick, & Co.—Since the committee appointed by the House of Representatives, for the inspection of accounts of the Bank of the United States have been here, not one word has been heard of the miss doings of institution nor has it been hinted that the committee have discovered anything which would be likely to impute in the slightest degree to the President, Directors or Cashier of that institution a violation of the charter.

The proceedings of the committee of course entirely secret, until their report is received by the House of Representatives, and every thing said upon them, with respect to the report can be little less than conjecture. The committee have been two or three weeks, and have not yet gone; it is hoped, therefore, that they have entered into a very strict examination of all those things which the resolution adopted by the house authorises them to do.—Much good will doubtless be the consequence of this legislative inquiry; and will either restore the Bank to its pristine popularity; or make the people more confident in the interference of their legislators.

The committee are composed of some of the most influential members of the House, among whom is Mr. Lowndes, so well known by every body as the former chairman of the committee of Ways and Means, and as an able supporter of the Bank of the U. States.

The Aurora would fain believe that Mr. Spencer is under the pay of the Bank. Such insinuations only serve to show the corruptness of the arguments (if such they can be called) that have found a place in the columns of that degenerated paper. Mr. Spencer must, no doubt, feel himself highly complimented in receiving the abuse of the editor of the Aurora.

It is hoped, however, that let the report of the committee be what it may, it will have the effect of silencing, in a great degree, those noisy declaimers against the Bank of the U. States.

**JUSTITIA.**

**Hydrophobia.**

Mr. Treat, of the city of Richmond, Va. has given a long statement of a distressing case of Hydrophobia, which had lately fallen under his observation. He concludes with giving the impressive evidence of the effect produced on observers, by cases of this description.

This is the fourth case of hydrophobia which has occurred here within eight months. They all end alike. In eighteen years' practice I have never seen or heard of a case in our city before. This case was the only one ever seen by me, and I hope will be the last, as it is painful in the extreme, to encounter a malady which makes every effort to develop its nature, or remedy its ills."

The following very extraordinary case of hydrophobia, is given in the Petersburg Intelligencer.

One of the most singular cases of hydrophobia is mentioned in a German publication on this disease by a Mr. Christian Augustus Strave.

A gentleman after having killed a mad dog with his sword, thoughtless returned it into the scabbard. Eight years after this circumstance having a quarrel with two gentlemen he wounded them both with the same sword. The wound were inconsiderable, and soon healed, as is frequently the case with those occasioned by the bite of a mad dog—but again opened after the lapse of three years, when the unfortunate men were seized with hydrophobia.

**AGRICULTURAL.**

From the Journal of the Times.

Winter now begins to display his heavy mantle; the season has arrived when we hover around our warm, insensible fires, and hear the rattle of blast, at the doors howling for entrance. In times like the present, opulence feels the full enjoyment of his treasures. He can look with satisfaction on the piles of his winter fuel yet unconsumed in the full conviction, that he has enough still remaining to outlast the horrors of the season; it is the calamity of cold more than of any other, that brings horrors to the heart of a poor man. He does not wish to participate in the luxurious and costly viands of the table of opulence; he does not wish to become the partner of the crowded assemblies or of the fashionable circles. He can read without a sigh of midnight balls and of fashionable routes; his ambition does not soar on so proud a wing. But when he looks around on his wife and children, and beholds the last remnant of his fuel expiring in embers on the hearth when he contemplates the approach of the succeeding day wrapt in tempests and in storms, he sits in the language of Nature's hard, sad and disconsolate, and only contemplates the morning's danger. What to him at such seasons are the varieties of fashion, the splendor of apparel, and all the petty jealousies excited by the pomp of dissipation? They pass by and leave not a pang behind in remembrance. This man is now abandoned, and perhaps slandered by many who are now floating above him, the quiet surges of opulence who if we wait but another revolution, will participate in all his sorrows and in all his sufferings. The son of opulence, will then feel all the severity of those calamities which he now scorns; and perhaps in the opulence of his good fortune derides. Many of those likewise who are doomed to encounter all the bitterness of the season, will at the end of one more annual revolution, exchange their condition with the sons of opulence who now deride the sufferings that they endure. These remarks, we trust in heaven, are not made from the by-stander's motives of envy.—From a wish to bring about those calamities on the sons of fortune which are visible in the shifting scenery of human prosperity, they are not only to remind those who have only imaginary gains—whose lives have been devoted to the pursuit of that truly insatiable pleasure—throughout all the rosyate bowers of dissipation, of the tremendous uncertainty of such infantile recreations. They will be called upon to feel what pain what sufferings, and its pungency; tears to respect those sorrows which they now deride, when they are brought home to their own family altars. We need not the language of inspiration to tell us, that riches take to themselves wings, and fly away. The various memoirs of insolvency with which our daily papers abound, exhibiting the names of men once as illustrious in the rolls of fortune, as those who are exult in the pride and pomp of that capricious goddess afford awful testimony of the truth of these remarks. It is a notorious fact, that the lists of insolvency, are not yet exhausted. A dark and turbid cloud lowers upon our horizon it is still uncertain what head will next become the victim of its arrowy radiance. This is not a season of trifling; of dark gloomy, and portentous, is the state of our prosperity; the noise of revelry and of cuts, is succeeded by groans of anguish, and by cries of despair. It is a tremendous fact, that so wide spreading is the calamity that now hovers over us; so complicated in all its bearings; and relations, involving the ruin of so many, so rapid to its approaches, that there is scarcely a choice to be made between the horrors of opulence and the horrors of penury and want. To those who are disposed to condemn this representation as an exaggerated picture, we can say let them wait, and they will find that time will very shortly testify, whether this is all fancy or fact.

From Poulson's Daily Advertiser.

**Talavera, Cape, and Arragon Wheat.**

The general spirit, now spreads throughout our country, for Agricultural improvements, will, in the end, produce the most valuable effects. There is no object in husbandry more important, than that of obtaining the best kinds of seeds; either of Grain, Grasses, roots, or other esculent products for man or beast. But great attention should be paid both to climate and soil, and to the local circumstances of every farm. I am led to these observations by the several experiments I have

noticed, on the Talavera wheat, which may turn out favorable when result are better known. A few failures in this or any other attempt at improvement should not discourage repetitions. Individuals soon become tired of failures; and seldom repeat unsuccessful experiments. This shows the use of, and necessity for, experimental forms, could such be established and conducted skillfully, as no doubt they may be, in due time, and with necessary assistance and experience. Losses, by failures in experiments can be sustained by associations of public spirited individuals, which no one of the members would encounter. Successful experiments on such farms would be more influential; because their accuracy and truth could not be doubted.

The Talavera wheat came into England from Spain; and was, in the first experiments, successful. It became celebrated as a Spring or Summer wheat; and was imported into our country as a valuable acquisition. It seems yet to retain its character; as being, in itself, an excellent Grain; but, in the progress of English experience, its fitness for the climate of England appears to be much doubted, nor are the times and modes of culture settled. Its success differs in different countries; and, no doubt, in the variety of soils; and some esteem it less sown as a winter grain. Most probably there are varieties of this wheat; requiring, respectively, different times of seeding and culture. Let experiments continue to be made, on a small scale; and results, either favorable or adverse, will be discovered, without any considerable loss or expense. It is now under experiment here, by some individuals, as a winter grain; i. e. as to crop sown in the autumn; but the seed appears to have arrived too late; and the trial may not turn out a fair one. Some wheat from Chili; and several kinds from England, are also under experiment; and it is to be wished that reports may be made of results. Wheat is the staple product of our state; and no pains should be spared in procuring the best kinds, and assiduously attending to their culture.

In the (British) Farmer's Journal, published in London, there is an account of the Cape wheat which had turned out very unfavorably. This grain has so been unsuccessful in this country. In the same paper, a farmer states, that his Cape wheat was not worth threshing; but his Talavera, some sown in the autumn, and some in the Spring, are both excellent. Another correspondent reports the Cape wheat—and of the Talavera, he says—'all I have seen is very inferior in quality; and if grown, and cultivated to any extent, I fear would be difficult to dispose of.' Another states, that he had sown, (in Jan.) some Talavera wheat, which has done well; and, I think, promises to be a considerable advantage to the agriculturists.

In the Farmer's Journal, Sept. 21st 1818, a farmer asserts, from actual experiment, that the Talavera is a winter grain. He sowed it on the 17th Sept. and it was ready to cut ten days sooner than other wheats; and was greater in quantity, and superior in quality, and would make, when ground, several pounds more flour per bushel, and of better quality, than the common sorts.' The same farmer cultivated it as a spring grain, and it turned out ill, though well attended, being blighted and light. He quotes the opinion and experience of another farmer, similar to his own.

Talavera lies in the heart of Spain, very far south west of any part of Arragon, which latter being bounded by the Pyrenees, and in a more northern climate, may furnish to us seed grain more congenial with our own, it being more a corn country, than most other parts of Spain. The Arragon wheat may have superior properties, but the change of seed constitutes much of the witchery of its productiveness.

These extracts are made with no view to discourage further experiments, but to state fairly the circumstances under which the Talavera wheat now appears in England; where it is yet in experiment; and its suitability for that country, by no means well ascertained. The correspondents of the editor of the Journal, dated from different shires; and probably cultivate different kinds of soils.

In the Journal of September 21st, Seed wheat is advertised, called Spanish Arragon Wheat; it is said to be the produce from one quarter, (i. e. 4 bushels) sent from thence, three seasons ago, to a