ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE AND VIRGINIA ADVERTISER

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EDGAR SNOWDEN.

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MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21.

Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug 4, 1843.

I have been stretching my legs and resting my brain, for the last week, by a rustication. Throwing myself carelessly into the current of travel, the tide has landed me, after one or two gurgles and eddies, by the way, high and dry, in Congress Hall, Saratoga. It has been high and dry literally; high—because the place is so crowded that one can get a sleeping place only in the tenth story, or rather only above the tenth layer of human strata which constitutes a story at the hotel Spa; dry, although a watering place, because there has been no rain for two weeks or more. If you ever saw a cornerib of one of our Jersey or Dutchess County farmers, during harvest, you can have some idea of the manner in which people are stowed away in the Congress Hall caravan or the United States menagerie. Men and women are actually bursting out of windows and doors, as cotton will sometimes burst out of the seams and holes of an overstuffed bale. There are said to be no less than four thousand strangers in the village at the present moment. These visiters come from all parts of the United States, and indeed of the civilized world; they embrace men of every character and profession; they are all full of love of excitement and pleasure. Some have been drawn hither by the famous virtues of the medicinal waters, to attempt to recover health; some come to display their persons and their wealth; some to attend the State courts which are in session; some to attend the temperance convention, which is also in session; some to get husbands and wives; some, professional people and gamblers, to make money; and some,—because they have nothing else to do. The variety of character and conduct is therefore immense, and furnishes a prodigious fine opportunity to those comical or satirical gentlemen who delight in the observation of human nature.

Among the more distinguished visiters here is Mr. Van Buren, late President of the United States. He lodges at the United States Hotel, and looks as fat as a buck in the beginning of the hunting season. His retirement certainly agrees with him marvellously—so much so, that a wag not very friendly to him as a politician, says that it is a pity he should ever leave it. Of course, we all speculate as to the objects that may have brought him here—a politician, you know, never being able to move, or even tie his shoe, without having some sinister and personal design. One says that he is arranging the board for the next political campaign; another, that he is in search of a wife; and a third, that, being tired of the dull routine of a farm, he wishes to break the monotony of his late life by a little dissipation. Perhaps they are all right. Nobody has a better right to either, or is more likely to succeed in either, than the ex-President. The mere whisper that he has an eye to the sex, has, of course, set the women (the irrigable ones, I mean) all in love with him, so that the very dandies hang their heads with shame and envy.

Mr. N. P. Willis is another of our notable persons. He seems to stand on the lead of those loungers who combine the literary with the fashionable, he being quite as remarkable an *arbiter elegantiarum* in waistcoats and ribands as he is in tresses and smiles. He is also a delightful talker, and always manages to surround himself with a crowd of attentive admirers and hearers.

As to our entertainments in the musical way, have we not the Castellans and is not that glory enough for one place? It is astonishing how popular she is in more report. All the way coming here, I am told that the people of the towns and stopping-places on the line of the railroads rushed to get a sight of her. At Ballston, the beaux literally covered her with bouquets and wreathes. She sings to-morrow night, and everybody thinks the time moves slow, so eager is the expectation of hearing her. It will be another two thousand dollar job! Her notes are quite as valuable as any ever uttered in Wall street. What a lucky old fellow that ugly husband of the charming creature!

In the theatrical line, the chief representative is that exquisite performer Mr. Henry Placide—who is not here, however, professionally, but as a private gentleman. An actor of so much talent, and a man of such sterling worth, attracts no small share of our regards.

The clergy, too, have their representatives in the Rev. George Bethune, of Philadelphia, as witty and agreeable a companion as he is a fervent and eloquent preacher; and the venerable Dr Rice, of Princeton, N. J. I should, perhaps, refer in the same category to prophet Geo. Munday, of Philadelphia, who is here discoursing of 'kingdom come,' and selling newspapers. George is about three feet high, has long hair, and wears no hat. His beard reaches down to his breast; and his doctrines are of the strictest sort of the anchorites. He not only does not shave his chin; but he eats no meat, drinks no wine, sleeps with no wife, lies upon a hard bed, and reasons of righteousness and judgment. What is a little remarkable about so rigid an ascetic, he is always cheerful—cracks his joke, if he cracks no bottles; and while stiff as a poker against all manner of sin, is soft and tender as a child towards all living creatures. He steps out of the way of the worm in his path.

In contrast with George and his simple habits and strict notions, are the lots of dandies who throng these nests. This species of animal is so common, and the varieties of the species are so much alike all over the globe, that you need no description of them: suffice it to say, there is a master specimen of this sort here, who is a novelty in his way. One feature will do for your readers—and that is that he sleeps all night with gloves on, and with leeches applied to the ends of his fingers, to make his hands delicate and white!

There are fewer Southeners here than have been customary in former years. What is the reason? Have you found better places of entertainment? or have you grown wise enough to spend your surplus cash among your own people? If the latter let me congratulate you upon the acquisition. Depend upon it, that *absenteeism* of any kind is not the best way of promoting prosperity. The thousands of dollars which your rich men have been in the habit of spending at the North, will be much more usefully employed at home.

THE NEXT STEAMER.—The small amount of domestic news which has been current for some weeks past, has made the public impatient for the arrival of the next steamer. The Hibernia is now in the 12th day of her voyage, and her arrival in our port may be expected in a day or two more. She may perhaps bring the contents of another overland mail from India, and will doubtless bring a volume of news of insurrections and treasons in Spain—reports of immense repeal agitation meetings in Ireland—and a mass of miscellaneous news of greater or less interest, the nature of which of course cannot be foreseen.—*Boston Advertiser.*

HORACE WALPOLE.—A new series of the letters of this amusing gossiper has made its appearance in England, reaching down to 1776.—We find some extracts in the London Spectator, which we transfer to our columns.

Of Walpole himself, that paper draws this discriminating character:

If Walpole had a genius at all, it was the genius of a penny-a-liner, elevated by education, fortune, and position, and expanded by a knowledge of the world and of books; but instinctively revelling in an "awful event" or a "melancholy incident," a "sight" of any kind, and above all in a tale of scandal; all which, to do him justice, he was unrivalled in telling; the circumstances that gave character, life and interest to the story, are preserved as by our best reporters, but in far better style; whilst all their prolixity, minuteness, frivolity, and vulgarity are discarded. Yet was not the journalist Walpole a mere newsmonger. And his sheet had these great advantages—he was mostly terse, often elegant, always genteel, and always readable. At this point of time, the matter does not always repay the perusal; but there is nothing which obviously says upon its face—"to be skipped by the general reader."

From the New Series of Letters.

THE ARRIVAL AND THE WEDDING OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

She arrived at St. James's a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale: the Dutchess, of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Dutchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Is this a bad proof her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. "No, indeed," said she; "I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me: if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone." The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate: her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her: she would have fallen at his feet: he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta: these three Princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of Peers and Peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William; the Archbishop married them: the King talked to her the whole time with great good humor; and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin; but looks sensible and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low; her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-colored velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes half-way down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds, a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three scorce thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the coronation too.

As the supper was not ready the Queen sat down, sang, and played on the harpsicord to the Royal Family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects: the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure. "Oh, no, sir," said the Queen, "it is the worst of all." She will not be unpopular.

The Duke of Cumberland told the King that himself and Lady Augusta were sleepy. The Queen was very averse to leave the company; and at last articled that nobody should accompany her but the Princess of Wales and her own two German women, and that nobody should be admitted afterwards but the King. They did not retire till between two and three.

A TRAIT OF FALTENEY, LORD BATH.

Lord Bath's extravagant avarice and unfeelingness on his son's death rather increases. Lord Faltency left a kind of will, saying he had nothing to give, but made it his request to his father to give his post chaise and one hundred pounds to his cousin Colman; the same sum and his pictures to another cousin; and recommended the Lakes, his other cousins, to him. Lord Bath sent Colman and Leckman word they might get their hundred pounds as they could; and for the chaise and pictures they might buy them if they pleased, for they would be sold for his son's debts; and he expressed great anger at the last article, saying that he did not know what business it was of his son to recommend heirs to him.

WALPOLE ON WILKES.

This hero is as bad a fellow as ever hero was; abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honor of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Wilkes fought Lord Talbot in the autumn, whom he had abused, and lately in Calais, when the Prince de Croy, the Governor, asked him how far the liberty of the press extended in England, replied, I cannot tell, but I am trying to know.

The Whig aristocrat peeps out in the following well-bred contemptuous notices of Garrick; which Walpole might not have liked the player to have known.

"We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick and his once famous wife. He will make you laugh as a mimic; and as he knows we are great friends, he will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*."

* * * *

"If the honors I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine conversazione, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him; he is not worth that."

This is a neat characteristic of Richardson—

"There is a Madame de Beaumont who has lately written a very pretty novel, called "Lettres du Marquis du Rossolie." It is imitated, too, from an English standard, and in my opinion a most woful one; I mean the works of Richardson, who wrote those deplorable tedious lamentations, Clarissa and Sir Chas. Grandison, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher."

The name, family, and event, which Walpole so contemptuously dismisses in the following extract, has since acquired an interest from its connexion with another Lord Byron, and its fancied influence upon his fate.

THE BYRON DUEL.

We are likely to have another solemn puppet-show, the trial of a Peer. Lord Byron has killed a Mr. Chaworth in a duel at a tavern. I, who should like the trial of a Laud or a Strafford, as a wholesome spectacle now and then, am not interested about an obscure Lord, whose birth alone procures his being treated like an overgrown criminal. This quarrel was about game; and the very topic should send it to the Quarter-sessions.

For some time I had nothing to tell you; but the trial of Lord Byron, a solemn scene for a worthless man, but whose former faults had given handle to ill nature to represent him as guilty of an event which truly it had been very difficult for him to avoid. He escaped with life; and recovered some portion of honor, if that can comfort him after the publicity made of his character, and the misfortune of killing an amiable man, but one not blameless in the late instance.

AN EARLY APPEARANCE OF COLONEL BARRE.

The hero of the day was the famous Colonel Barre—a man, or I am mistaken, whose fame will not stop here. He spoke with infinite wit and humor, and with that first of merits to me, novelty: his manner is original. He spoke too with extreme bitterness; which is almost new again, so civil have Parliaments been of late. He commended the present Secretaries of State, but foresaw it possible that, if one of them should die, his successor might be the most dissolute and abandoned sad dog in the kingdom. There sat Sandwich under the gallery, while the whole House applied the picture to him! Not a word was offered in his defence. You will ask if he was thunderstruck? yes, say those who were near him. Yet so well did he recover the blow, that at three in the morning he commenced an intrigue with a coffee girl, who attends in the Speaker's chambers.

BARRE AND WILKES IN PRIVATE.

Colonel Barre arrived last night, but had sent a refusal before him to England of the place of Irish Vice Treasurer. I dined where he did today, and thought he was not quite so determined as he had imagined. I never was in a room with him before. His style is vulgar: but that did not surprise me. Wilkes is here too; in the same tone, and with less parts. One likes to see men that posterity will wish to have seen: bate that curiosity, and they are commonly not just the men you would wish to see much. Wilkes's day is over; Barre's, I think, to come.

FOREIGN FEAR OF PITT.

On every occasion I beg you to be as haughty as may be: you no longer represent the King, but Mr. Pitt; and pray keep up all the dignity of his crown. It will be your own fault if you don't huff yourself into a red riband. This is my serious advice; as well as my temper. You know I love to have the majesty of the people of England dictate to all Europe. Nothing would have diverted me more than to have been at Paris at this moment. Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop, as by chance, that he would be Minister in a few days; and it never failed to occasion a dead silence.

A FEW GOOD THINGS.

We have an instance in our family of real dignity of mind, and I set it down as the most honorable alliance in the pedigree. The Dowager Lady Walpole, you know, was a French stay-maker's daughter. When Ambassadress in France the Queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a French woman. "Francaise!" replied the queen: "Vous Francaise, Madame! et de quelle famille?" "D'aucune, Madame," answered my aunt. Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* family; which is not necessary to be a Howard.

Some truth there was, I am assured by a person just returned from France, in the Prince of Conti's story. M. de Sartine, Lieutenant de Police, went with his officers to the Temple to search for libels: the Prince immediately stripped stark, and showed he had not a rag of paper about him. He told M. de Sartine, that knowing him for a man of honor, he would dispense with his stripping: he believed the other gentlemen were also men of honor; but not being acquainted with them, and having heard of officers of justice, who, being sent to houses of obnoxious persons to search for libels, had contrived to find libels which they had brought with them on purpose, he insisted on their stripping to the skin likewise, and when they had done so he bade them go and search wherever they pleased. For my part I did not expect so much cleverness from his Highness.

Lady Gertrude Hotham, (Lord Chesterfield's sister,) one of the few whom perhaps you remember, is dead; she set her ruffle and thence the rest of her dress on fire, and died of it in ten days. She had wit, like all her brothers, but for many years had been a Methodist. About two years ago, as the Earl was ill, she went with her Primate, Lady Huntingdon, to try to tempt him to one of their seminaries in Wales, hoping to get to his soul by a cranny in his health. They extolled the prospects, and then there were such charming mountains! "Hold, ladies, said he; I don't love mountains: when your Ladyships' faith has removed the mountains, I will go thither with all my heart!"

A POLITICAL MAXIM: TENT, WILKES.

I was not mistaken in announcing to you the approaching expulsion of Wilkes. It passed on Friday night, or rather at three on Saturday morning, by a majority of 219 against 137, after four days of such fatigue and long sittings as never were known together. His behavior, in every respect but confidence, was so poor, that it confirmed what I have long thought, that he would lose himself sooner in the House of Commons than he can be crushed any where else. He has so little quickness or talent for public speaking, that he would not be heard with patience. Now he has all the eclat that sufferings, boldness, or his writings can give him: not that I think the latter have other merit than being calculated for the mob and the moment. He stands again for Middlesex, to be again expelled; yet nobody dares oppose him; and he is as sure of recommending his successor. Still there are people so wild and blind as not to see that every triumph against him is followed by mortification and disgrace. In this country every violence turns back upon its authors. My father, who governed for the longest time, and Mr. Pelham, who enjoyed the quietest administration, always leaned to lenient measures. They who think themselves wiser, have not met with equal success. As worthless a fellow as Wilkes is, the rigors exercised towards him have raised a spirit that will require still wiser heads to allay. Men have again turned seriously to the study of those controversies that agitated this country an hundred years ago; and instead of dipping in Roman and Greek histories for flowers to decorate the speeches of false patriotism, principles are revived that have taken deeper root; and I hope we may not see quarrels of a graver complexion than the dirty squabbles for places and profit. Persecution for politics has just the same issue as for religion; it spreads the oppressed doctrine; and though I think Wilkes as bad a man as if he were a saint, he will every day get disciples who will profit by his martyrdom. Thank God that he has not turned Methodist!

ROADS AND POLICE IN 1774.

In the midst of this combustion, we are in perils by land and water. It has rained for this month without intermission: there is a sea between me and Richmond; and Sunday was sennight I was hurried down to Islewerth in the ferry-boat by the violence of the current, and had great difficulty to get to shore. Our roads are so infested by highwaymen, that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day. Lady Hertford was attacked on Hounslow Heath at three in the afternoon. Dr. Eliot was shot at three days ago, without having resisted; and the day before yesterday, we were near losing our Prime Minister, Lord North: the robbers shot at the Postilion, and wounded the latter. In short, all the freebooters that are not in India have taken to the highway. The Ladies of the Bedchamber dare not go to the Queen at Kew in an evening. The lane between me and the Thames is the only safe road I know at present, for it is up to the middle of the horses in water.

It is curious to read such complaints as the following about the size of London, when London was bounded by Oxford street on the North and the streets and squares of Bond street on the West.

"London increases every day: I believe there will soon be no other town left in England, for migrations increase as fast as buildings. All the Scotch and Irish that don't come to London go to America. If you ever return, as I devoutly wish, you will find a larger city than Florence, of which you never saw a street; without including half the adjacent villages, which the town has surrounded or joined. Perhaps it will be at last like Palmyra, in the midst of a vast desert.

* * I remember when my father went out of place, and was to return visits, which Ministers are excused from doing, he could not guess where he was, finding himself in so many new streets and squares. This was thirty years ago. They have been building ever since, and one would think had imported two or three capitals. London could put Florence into its fob-pocket: but as they build so slightly, if they did not rebuild, it would be just the reverse of Rome, a vast circumference of city surrounding an area of ruins. As its present progress is chiefly North, and Southwark marches South, the metropolis promises to be as broad as long. Rows of houses shoot out every way like a polypus: and so great is the rage of building everywhere, that, if I stay here a fortnight without going to town, I look about to see if no new house is built since I went last."

THE ARTS.—The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes—

The annual engraving of the picture selected for this honor by the Apollo Association is to be published in a few days. It is said to be unsurpassed even by Durand's engraving of Vanderlyn's Ariadne.

Weir, the painter, is moving his glorious picture to Boston for exhibition. It will be open to visiters there by the first of September. It is to be exhibited afterwards at the National Academy in New York—the first home of the pilgrims having very properly the honor of the first sight of it. Weir will steep himself in his countrymen's heart, as his picture shows them how honestly, as well as with what splendor of genius, he has executed their commission. I understand that Vanderlyn's picture is very fine. There are several persons employed in filling up his design, but Mr. Vanderlyn's own pencil is to harmonize and finish it. Mr. Morse has given up his pallette and brushes to devote himself to his electro galvanic telegraph which is now being laid down. The visit of Inman the painter, to England, is partly an errand for the study of costume and data required for his picture for the Rotunda.

POTATOES.—The town of Montdidier, in the Department of Somme, in France, is about erecting a bronze statue in honor of the philosopher and philanthropist, Parmentier, who introduced into France the culture of Potatoes. It was to him and in reference to his introduction of the potato, that Louis the 16th, once said—"France will one day thank you for having found bread for her poor."

The subscription for the statue is headed by Louis Phillippe, and is circulating throughout France.

This reference to Parmentier, recalls the name of the celebrated American, Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, who introduced the potato into Bavaria, toward the close of the last century, not far, if we mistake not, from 1790. For this and other important services at Munich, whither he had been invited by the Elector of Bavaria, he was created by that Prince a Count of the Empire, selecting for his title the name of the town of Rumford, now Concord, N. H., where he had in early life been employed as a Teacher. He was born at Woburn, Mass., in 1753; and died at Autreuill, in France, in 1814.

Albany Daily Advertiser.

AN HONEST BOY.—That "honesty is the best policy" was illustrated some years since under the following circumstances, detailed by the Rochester Democrat: "A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for his sick sister and her children, when he found a pocket-wallet containing $50. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money.—His mother confirmed his good resolution; the pocket-book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of he family, he presented the $50 to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind, if not to the pocket."

From the Middletown (Or. Co.) N. Y. Courier.

While some men were engaged in a marl bed near Scotchtown, in this county, they found an immensely large skull, which has proved to be that of a mammoth or mastedon. The tusks, which were broken off in the act of exhumation, are of ivory, and about five feet in length. The whole of the head is said to be as much as three men can carry. We saw one of the ribs, which is four feet long, and somewhat decayed at the lower extremity. It is confidently believed that the whole skeleton can be taken from the ground.

Since writing the above, an attentive correspondent has favored us with the following:

"The skeleton of a huge animal, supposed to be a mammoth, is being exhumed on the farm of Mr. W. Connor, a quarter of a mile east of this village. As few of the bones, except the head, have been brought to light, my description must therefore be limited.—for the information of your readers I subjoin the following:—Length of tusks 4 ft. 9 in.; circumference of tusk at the root 22 in; length of skull including tusks 7 ft. 9 in; length between the eyes 2 ft; across the cavity of the eye 17 in; lengthwise cavity of the eye 22 in; length of principal grinder 3½ in; length of under jaw between the sockets 2 ft; girt of skull over the eyes including under jaw 8 ft. 5 in.

The above was found embedded in marl from 5 to 7 feet below the surface. The dimensions of the remaining parts will be furnished when they are brought to light. Yours,

D. W. SMITH, P. M.

Scotchtown, N. Y. August 7, 1843."

FOOD OF THE CHINESE.—Monyon's 'Voyage round the World,' furnishes the following paragraph: "The Chinese eat almost every thing that comes to hand. Upon the streets of the city, but particularly on the large square before the factories, a number of birds are daily exposed for sale, which amongst us, have not yet gained much repute for flavor; among others, hawks, owls, eagles, and storks. To a European, nothing can have a more laughable effect than to see the Chinese arrive with a carrying pole, supporting two bird-cages, which contain dogs and cats, instead of birds. A small, thin sort of a spaniel, appeared to us to be most in request; they sit quite downcast in their temporary dwellings when they are brought to market; while the cats make a dreadful squalling, as if conscious of their fate. The flesh of these last, when they are well fed, is much esteemed in China, and they are often seen on the tables of the rich. Other Chinese bring upon their carrying-pole many dozen of rats, which are drawn quite clean; and, like pigs in our country, when they have been opened, are hung up by means of a cross piece of wood, through the hind legs. The rows of rats look very nice, but they are only eaten by the poor."

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF COAL.—The following statement, on good authority, of a case of spontaneous combustion of bituminous coal, after being exposed to wet weather, is deserving of notice. It is contained in a note from George Darracott, Esq, Superintendent of the Gas Works in Boston.

Dear Sirs—The alarm of fire, yesterday morning, did not proceed from the Gas Works, as stated in your paper of this day; but from a shed adjoining the Works, occupied for the storing of coal, owned by Mr. Tirrell. The roof of the shed being defective, the late heavy rains penetrated the mass, and combustion commenced in the lower part of the heap. Coal dealers should be aware of this, for most kinds of bituminous coal will ignite spontaneously, if in large masses, and exposed to the weather, or if very damp when stored. I notice this that additional caution may be used and danger prevented.

A man was tried in the West Chester (Penn.) Court on Monday for cruelly beating a horse.—It appeared that the miscreant, on the occasion of perpetrating the offence, was harrowing corn with the animal, which he beat in an unmerciful manner, and put out one of its eyes, though the testimony showed that the animal was a tractable and good worker. Verdict, Guilty. Sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the jail of Chester county. "In administering this verdict (says the Village Record) the Court remarked that regard had been had as well to the enormity of the crime, the reform of the evil passions of the defendant, as to the wholesome influence which the example would have in deterring thoughless and vicious persons from similar offences."

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at the Alexandria Gazette Office

ALEXANDRIA AND WINCHESTER.—We are truly gratified in believing that a revival of the former business and social intercourse between these two places is not very distant. The fact of several Merchants from Alexandria having paid our town a visit, within a week or ten days past, and exchanged intercourse upon business matters with our merchants, is a good sign. The liveliest interest appears to be manifested upon all hands, and from what we are able to judge, we think the interests of both places will be ere long mutually identified. In a letter from a commercial house of Alexandria, we find the following extract in regard to supplies of Groceries, &c.

"We know merchants can get their supplies of Groceries, &c., here, on as good terms as in any other market."

See advertisement in another column, of the great sale of Liverpool Salt on the 30th instant.

Winchester Republican.

THE CANVASS IN MARYLAND.—We are pleased to find by our exchanges and from private correspondence, that the Whigs have begun to organize in several of the counties of Maryland; and while we congratulate our friends abroad on the fact, we deem it but justice to the cause to state, THAT IT IS TIME THAT THE WHIGS IN EVERY COUNTY OF MARYLAND HAD FULLY ORGANIZED.—Our opponents, with commendable zeal, are always ready for action; but we regret that we cannot pay the same compliment to our own party, who appear only to be impelled by great occasions to the fullest exertion of their strength.

As the election of the ensuing fall involves an occasion of the kind—as it may depend upon Maryland, to determine whether the United States Senate be Whig or Locofoco—we sincerely trust that every member of our party who has influence will exert it. Should the Locofocos gain the ascendancy in the Senate of the United States, as they have it already in the House of Representatives, all the bad measures of Mr. Van Buren's administration would be re-enacted, to the utter prostration of business and the ruin of the country.

As the next Legislature will have to lay off the State into Congressional districts, this circumstance should act as an additional inducement, to arouse every man who claims to be a Whig to prompt and vigorous action, for, placed as Maryland now is, we may rest assured that the eyes of our political brethren throughout the Republic are fixed upon us with an intensity of gaze. Let, as then, Whigs of Maryland, one and all, act in a way to prove that we still cling to the spirit and patriotism, the principles and generous bearings, of the Whigs of 1776.—*American Whig.*

The Van Buren men, looking to the ultimate prospect of defeat in Tennessee by the non-election of Mr. Polk, it is said, will propose a reconciliation to Col. Johnson, and insist upon his running as Vice to Mr. Van Buren. This is deemed absolutely necessary by a portion of the Van Buren interest, but another, and no inconsiderable interest, positively refuse to touch him, for that or any other use, because it would put him, once more, in the direct line of succession. This they will not consent to do. The nomination, of Col. Johnson, as Vice President, by a portion of the Missouri Legislature, at a Caucus last year, originated in the absolute necessity of a compromise, in order to secure the nomination of Mr. Van Buren at all! It was a *concession* to a party which threatened to set Mr. Van Buren aside altogether. They had to accept the terms, or fail of their object; but, if time had been afforded to consult Col Benton, he never would have advised, and would have bitterly opposed, Col. Johnson's nomination for the Vice Presidency. As it is, he is silencing the Johnson *brawlers* all over the State, and he will not, if he can help it, suffer his name to be run with that of Mr. Van Buren.—*St. Louis New Era.*

There is a dearth of news just now, so that it may not be uninteresting to learn from the "Madisonian," that, within the last twelve months, there have been "forty meetings" in various parts of the Union friendly to John Tyler, and that one of these numbered 7000 people! The when and where is not stated, but the story is certainly what may be called a "tremendous John"—John Jones and John Tyler. "My grandfather drew a long bow at Hastings," quoth Hubert, and he might have added that direful was the twang thereof.

This same cabalistic number, forty, is a favorite with the "Madisonian." It told us once that "forty" democratic journals in Pennsylvania had declared in favor of James Madison Porter's appointment, and now "forty" meetings are out for Tyler. The newspapers speak of a little boy—was he in any way related to the editor of the "Madisonian"—who came quite breathless to his mother one day, and announced that there were "forty cats" in the yard. On cross examination, however, the lad conceded that his "forty cats" consisted only of "our cat and another one." The use of the word "forty" was with him a fashion of speech meaning no particular number. It is likely, therefore, that with the "Madisonian" itself, this "forty" is not an arithmetical quantity but merely—"our cat and another one."—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Great Western has a full cargo of goods. All her space was engaged before the first of July.—She must of course take a larger supply of coal than usual, and will be so deep that her voyage may reasonably be expected to be a little prolonged. As the Boston boat started first by one day, and has no cargo, she will probably arrive first.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A WILD BOY.—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in the Toronto Christian Guardian of the 12th ultimo: "A reward of fifty dollars will be given to any person or persons who will find Thomas Spears, son of William Spears, who was lost in the township of Caledon, in the 4th concession, East of the Centre road, on lot number 20, on the night of the 30th September, 1841. The boy was seen on the 4th of June 1843, by two sons of Daniel McLaughlin, on the town line between Caledon and Albion, within half a mile of Mono Mills. He was sitting on a stone, looking at his feet which were sore; he was quite naked, excepting the waistband of a pair of trousers, of a dark color, and about four inches on the one thigh, in rags, corresponding with the same he wore when lost.

He was seen again on Wednesday, the 14th of June last, having on the part of clothing last described, by Mrs. Howard, wife of Edward Howard, on the base line between Mono and Caledon, about the 3d concession number 27, in the head of Caledon, which is less than three miles from where he was lost; and the place where he was first seen did not exceed three miles from the place where he was lost. Mrs. Howard came close up to him and was not perceived until she came as near that she might have put her hand upon him; she was frightened, and she stood to look at him, and he stood in the same manner gazing at her.

Mrs. Howard, on observing such a fearful sight started back, and then the boy started into the woods; she then went to the place where her husband had some men logging, and they all left work, and went in search of him; but they only found his track in the swamp. The boy had dark brown eyes, coarse black hair, two broad teeth in front, large bones, long fingers and feet, and the mark of the cut of an axe under one of his knees, and he was hard of hearing. Mrs. H. says that when he turned to run away from her, he had a mane of hair growing down his back."

We understand that a genteely dressed and good looking young stranger, tall in person, made his appearance in this place on Saturday last, and succeeded in palming off upon some of our citizens several $5 notes on the Bank of Maryland, which Bank has long since failed. This young man would go into a store to purchase a quarter or half dollar's worth of something, and receive in exchange for his broken bank notes good Virginia money. The fraud was not discovered till he had decamped to parts unknown. We advise persons to be on the look out, and try to put an end to his operations. He is probably wending his way westwardly.—*Winchester Republican.*

From the Buffalo Commercial of Monday.

OFFICIAL OUTRAGE.—We have had repeated occasion to comment upon the petty outrages and insults offered American citizens by Major Kirby, collector of the port of Waterloo in Canada, and we have to-day a fresh instance of like acts to record. Yesterday Captains Blake of the steamboat Illinois, and Wilkinson, of the steamboat Perry, who served in the 9th and 11th regiments at Fort Erie during the last war, accompanied by Hon. M. H. Tilden of Toledo, Judge Forsyth of Maumee, and a few other friends, took the yawl boat of the Wayne with the intention of visiting and pointing out to their friends the ruins of the old fort, which they had not visited for many years. The steward of the Wayne threw into the boat some slight refreshments for the party and they set off.

Arrived at the landing, they left one man in charge of the boat, and went up to the fort, spending the time pleasantly in pointing out the scenes of the most striking events of the siege. While thus employed, the deputy of Major Kirby seized the boat and took it down to Waterloo, leaving the party to get back as they could. They went down to the village, called on Major Kirby, and represented the facts to him, that they had come over simply to gratify their curiosity, that they had nothing contraband aboard, and that they had landed nothing but themselves, supposing of course that he would order the boat to be returned, with a sharp rebuke to his deputy for his officiousness. In reply, Major Kirby justified his deputy, and said the boat would be appraised Monday morning, and that the party could have it at the appraised value, or attend the sale at Niagara.

With this answer they were dismissed, and, crossing the ferry to Black Rock, returned home. These are the simple facts in the case. It is a gross and wanton outrage. All who have had the misfortune to hold any intercourse with Major Kirby, have ceased to expect anything like courtesy or gentlemanly treatment from him; but when he so far transcends his official powers, the act calls for the attention of his superiors. His acts have, more than anything else, been the cause of much ill blood between our people and the Canadians, and a man who will thus abuse his authority should no longer be continued in power. His removal would be hailed with joy by all decent men on both sides of the river.

It is a matter of deep regret that Major Kirby exhibits so little courtesy to visitors from the United States who occasionally cross the Niagara to visit the Canada frontier. It is not soon this side of the line. So far as our knowledge extends, the utmost attention is shown to pleasure parties from the British side, and the same urbanity should be extended to those who go from the United States. If persons who are in office on the frontier continue to manifest such hostility as is presented by us in the case stated by the Buffalo Commercial, there will soon be an end of all neighborly intercourse.

From our personal knowledge of the Inspector-General we are persuaded he will never sanction such a course of conduct as that of which the collector at Waterloo has been guilty.

The above was in type yesterday, but with several other articles crowded out for want of room. The Buffalo Gazette received this morning adds the following:—

A few ladies and gentlemen of this place went over to Fort Erie on a pleasure excursion, taking with them refreshments for the purpose of enjoying a *picnic*. They had not been long landed, when this deputy observed them, and coming up, was on the point of seizing their boat, when a citizen of Waterloo, a stranger, out of kindness to them, pretended that there was another boat landing below, and directed the deputy's attention to it. Like the dog in the fable, he dropped the substance and pursued the shadow. In the meantime, the party tumbled themselves into the boat as speedily as possible, and pushed off, the deputy returning just in time to see the trick that was played upon him. As it happened this case ended very well, and was to the parties something of an adventure, especially to the ladies, who enjoyed it well, after they were out of difficulty.

DRAWS THIS DAY.

Alexandria Lottery.—Extra Class No. 196, To be determined by the drawing of the Md Consol'd. Ly.—Class 121, To be drawn in Baltimore, on Monday, August 21, 1843.

78 numbers—15 drawn ballots.

HIGHEST PRIZE $17,500.

Tickets $5,—shares in proportion.

For sale in great variety, by JOHN CORSE

Drawn Nos. of the Alex'a Ly—Extra Class 19 28 65 18 25 42 72 53 71 47 33 70 32 56 51 1

Drawn Numbers of Alexandria Ly, Class 41 37 25 46 7 16 33 27 59 11 51 29 12 8

☞ Combination Nos. 37, 55, 81, a Prize of $250, was returned to the Managers from CORSE'S.

DRAWS THIS DAY.

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78 numbers—15 drawn ballots.

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HIGHEST PRIZE, $17,500.

Tickets $5,—shares in proportion.

For sale in great variety, by EDW. SHEDD

WANTED.—A situation as Nurse, or Seamstress, in a respectable family. The best references given: apply at this office. aug 14—eod

A FIRST RATE CHANCE.—The subscriber being anxious to close up his business in this place, will sell his stock of Segars, Leaf and Chewing Tobacco, and fixtures for manufacturing segars, very low. To a person of energy and enterprise, a good opening is now offered.

aug 8—eod CHAS. P. SHAW

MARGARET DAVIDSON.—Selections from the writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson, the mother of Lucretia, and Margaret M. Davidson, with a preface, by Miss C. M. Sedgwick. Just published in a handsome volume, price $1, and for sale by

au 15 BELL & ENTWISLE

WHISKEY.—15 bbls. of Pennsylvania Whiskey, Cool Spring brand; 8 bbls of Baltimore Whiskey; all of which I will sell at Baltimore prices. Those who want the article, would do well by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere. WM. F. McLEAN,

aug 14 McVeigh's wharf.

MUSGRAVE ON METHODISM.—The Polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States exposed, by Rev. G. W. Musgrave, Bishop of the Third Presbyterian Church, Baltimore. Just published and for sale, price $1 by [aug 14] BELL & ENTWISLE

SUGARS, MOLASSES, COFFEE, &c. &c.

10 hhds. P. R. Sugar—part prime

25 bbls. } N. Orleans and W. I. Molasses
5 hhds. }

5 boxes Family and single Loaf Sugar

35 bags St. Domingo Coffee

20 " superior Green Laguayra do.

25 " old white Angostura do.

15 " Green Rio do.

10 " Government Java do.

25 sacks factory filled fine Salt

20 boxes superior Cavendish and small Leaf Tobaccoes

15 M. Havana and Principe Segars

30 chests and half chests Gunpowder, Imperial, Young Hyson, and Pouchong Teas, part superior, for family use, with many other articles too numerous to mention, all for sale, on reasonable terms, by [aug 14] A. J. FLEMING

CAMP MEETING.—A camp meeting will be held under the direction of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church