State of Maryland, sc.
Anne-Arundel county Orphans C
Oct. 16th. 1827.

On application by petition of R. Garner, administrator with the will annexed of Elizabeth Welch, late of Anne-Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis.

Thomas H. Hall, Reg. of Wills
A. A. County.

Notice is hereby given,

That the subscriber of A. A. county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration with the will annexed, on the personal estate of Elizabeth Welch, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 20th day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 16th day of October 1827.

Robert Garner,
Adm'r with the will annexed.
Oct 18 w

A Law Library
FOR SALE, FOR CASH

The subscriber will sell his Law LIBRARY and will attend at his Office every Day, from Date hereof until the whole is sold.

Jeremiah Townley Chase.
Nov 1.

Public Sale,

By virtue of an order from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at Public Sale on Thursday the 29th November next at the late residence of Anthony Woodfield, near South River Bridge,

The residue of the Personal Estate

Of the said Anthony Woodfield consisting of several Negroes, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture, &c. Terms of sale—For all sums of twenty dollars or upwards a credit of six months will be allowed, the purchaser giving bond, with security, with interest from the date under twenty dollars the cash to be paid. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

Wm. H. Woodfield, Adm'r.
N. B.

State of Maryland, sc.

Anne Arundel county Orphans Court
Oct 13th. 1827.

On application by petition of Hamutal Shriver, administrator of Charles Shriver, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered, that she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Annapolis.

THOS. H. HALL
Reg. Wills A. A. County.

Notice is hereby Given,

That the subscriber of Anne Arundel County, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Charles Shriver, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned, to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 13th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of October 1827. Hamutal Shriver, Adm'r.
Oct. 18.

Notice

The Justices of the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, will be in session on every Tuesday, from this day until the meeting of the Court in April next, and every Saturday as heretofore, of which all persons having business to lay before them will please to take notice.

By order,
Thos. H Hall, Reg.
October 24, 1827.

Dancing School

MISS SUTHERLAND

From Baltimore, begs leave respectfully to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Annapolis, and the neighbourhood, that she has commenced a Dancing School at the Ball Room, for young Ladies and Boys. Miss Sutherland gives instruction also in Music on the Piano and Guitar, French and Drawing. Particulars and terms may be learned on application to Miss S. at the Ball Room every Tuesday and Wednesday, at the Miss Dorsey's Seminary, or at Mr. Williamson's Hotel.

Annapolis, Nov. 6.

Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXII. ANNAPOLIS, Thursday, December 6, 1827. No. 49

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
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Price—*Three Dollars per annum.*

From the London "Forget me Not" for 1828.

THE SABBATH BELL.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.
Author of "Astarte" and "Hours at Home."

Calm, that has meekly borne
The cold world's bitter scorn,
Sweeping through this vale of tears,
Seeing the promised land appears
Where the pure in heart shall dwell—
Oh dost bless the Sabbath Bell!

Care, following fashion's toys,
Seeking mid its empty joys,
Pleasures that must end in pain;
Shine that will turn to rain;
What does whisp'ring conscience tell,
When thou hear'st the Sabbath Bell?

Poet, dreaming o'er thy lyre,
Seeking health and youthful fire,
Pursuing still the phantom fame,
At best, a fleeting name;
Hast the chains of Fancy's spell—
Then—'tis the Sabbath Bell!

Peasant, on thy regal throne;
Before whom the nations own;
Slave, at thy prison grate,
Poor in heart and desolate;
Earth's minor cares far well—
All! it is the Sabbath Bell!

Yeoman, toiling in the mart,
Where ambition plays his part,
Peasant, bronzing 'neath the sun,
All thy six days' work is done;
Every thought of business quell,
When ye hear the Sabbath Bell!

Children, with thy brow so fair,
Blushing cheek and shining hair;
Girl, with bright and laughing eye,
Among the wing'd butterflies;
Listen, when o'er vale and dell,
Sounds the gathering Sabbath Bell!

Traveller, thou whom gain or taste
Leadeth through earth's weary waste;
Wanderer from thy native land,
Rein thy steed and slack thy hand,
When the seventh day's sun beams tell,
Where they wake the Sabbath Bell!

Warrior, who, on battle-plain,
Scarcely mayst mingle with the slain;
Warrior, on the dark blue sea
Where thy bark rides gallantly;
Pause and praise become ye well,
Though ye hear no Sabbath Bell.

Mother, that with tearful eye
Watchest to watch thy first-born die,
Smiling o'er his cradle-bed,
Where the last pure breath has fled;
Yet to thee of hope can tell
Like the solemn Sabbath Bell?

"Mourner," thus it seems to say,
"Weeping o'er this fragile clay,
Turn from earth thy streaming eyes,
Seek thy treasure in the skies,
Where the strains of angels swell
The eternal Sabbath Bell!"

The following beautiful compliment to a newly married pair is from the pen of Mr. C. C. Brainard, editor of the Connecticut Mirror.

"Saw two clouds at morning
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West.

Saw two Summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dippling eddies play'd between,

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat:
Like Summer's beam, and Summer's stream,
Float on in joy to meet
A calmer sea where storms shall cease—
A purer sky where all is peace.

NORTH AMERICAN FOREST.

We take the following wild and eloquent description of the autumnal scenery in America, from Neal's Brother Jonathan,' published in an English work entitled "Rejected Articles." The London writer, perhaps not knowing Neale to be an American, pronounces him to be the most original writer of his day, and the most extraordinary gifted, as far as mere natural faculties go.

"The autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggerated. It is like nothing else on earth—any a time have we gone through it; slowly tilting over a pretty blue lake here among the hills; our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle—the waters beneath us—all the mountain about—all—unknown to the world; in a solitude—a quiet profound as death—and bright as heaven; the shores overhung with autumnal foliage; and a sky so wonderful—so visionary that the clouds, and all the mountains were of a piece, in the clear waters and our boat was like a balloon.

"Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared with a scene of this kind—about an hour before the sunset—in the depth of a great North American solitude—a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock and mountain—after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies; of their hot bright East India skies; of the deep midnight blue of the South American skies. We have seen them all, slept under them all; slept under a sky, like one great moon; worshipped them all; seen them through all the changes of storm and sunshine, darkness and light; and we say, that in reality, they are dim, heavy—unclouded, uninterested compared with your North American skies, a little before and after sunset.

"And so too, of the garniture of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear, frosty nights. There is nothing to compare with it under heaven. The mountains——vallies, woods—all burst into flowers; all at once. Other countries are in a better state of cultivation. Their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery, less like a vegetable inundation over the land—covering every foot of the earth; or their changes of their colour, from season to season, are slow and gradual.

"It is not so in America; North America. There, the transformation is universal, instantaneous. A single night will do it. In the evening of a fine day perhaps, all the great woods will be green—with hardly a red or a brown, or a yellow leaf. A sharp frost will set in, at night. Before the sun rises again, the boundless verdure of the whole province; a whole empire, in truth, will be changed. In the morning, there will be hardly a green leaf to be found. Before the week is over, go where you may, through the superb wilderness, you will meet with nothing but gay, brilliant scarlet—purple, orange; with every possible variety of brown, light blue, vivid crimson or blood colour.—Of all the trees, none but the ever green tribe, will keep their integrity. They will show along the battlements of the mountain—darker than ever; more cloudy than ever; like so many architectural ruins, or surviving turrets—in the splendour of the surrounding landscape.

"No, no; it is not saying too much of all this beauty, of all this great magnificence, when the fresh, cold, brisk wind of the season, gets among the branches; after such a night; and blows up the superfluous leafing, to the warm sunshine, like a tempest, among the prodigious flowers—tearing up and scattering the tulip coloured foliage over all the earth, and over all the waters; no, it is not saying too much—merely to say—that under heaven—throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty, or show of richness, or grandeur—to be compared with it.—Imagine—we do not not mind appearing a little absurd, if, thereby, we may give the stranger a true idea of this appearance, imagine therefore, a great wilderness of poppies or tulips—outspreading it self on every side; reaching quite away to the horizon; over hill and over valley—or a wood, literally encumbered; heavy with great gorgeous live butterflies—forever in motion.

"We have been a traveller; we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods—their dull evergreens—towering up—into the sky—covering whole provinces; woods, too, of stupendous oak—each tree, if the soil were divided, overshadowing a man's inheritance, flourishing bravely through whole territories; more than one quiet, solitary; place entirely shut up in by the hills; flowering all over, all the year round. But we have never met with—never heard of—never looked upon elsewhere that profusion of the glorious vegetable beauty, which is to be seen every 'fall,' in the woods of North America, heaped up, on all the banks of the rivers—up—to the very skies—on the great mountains; or accumulated over the low countries—and weltering there, all the day day through, in the light or shadow: or wind, or sun-shine of the season."

From Paulson's American Daily Adv.

PRISONS IN VENICE.

By Dr. Mosely.

When I was in Venice, I descended into the cells of the Prizioni Publiche, or great common Prison. In the morning, when I sat out on this gloomy expedition, Dominicho Zucchi, my Venitian servant, who had attended Lord St. Asaph, Sir George Beaumont, and several other English travellers, during their residence at Venice, took his leave of me—this was on the 16th September, 1787. Dominicho thought that I would never return, or if I did, I might 'a tale unfold,' that would endanger my safety at Venice. But he said from what he had heard, that he did not think it possible for me to survive the foul and pestilential air I had to encounter.

It was with some difficulty that I obtained permission from the Inquisitors, which was granted me merely on account of my being an English Physician, a character much respected at that time in Venice. I wished to have seen the Setto Piombi, where the State prisoners were kept—but that was refused.

I was conducted through the Prison with one of its inferior dependants, who carried a torch. We crept along narrow passages, as dark as pitch, and in some of them two people could scarcely pass each other. The cells are made of massy marble; they are not only dark and black as ink, but being surrounded and confined with huge walls, the smallest breath of air can scarcely find circulation in them—They are about nine feet square on the floor, arched at the top, and between six and seven feet in the highest part. There is to each cell a round hole of eight inches in diameter, through which the prisoner's daily allowance of twelve ounces of bread and a pot of water is delivered. There is a small iron door to the cell. The furniture of the cell is a little straw and a small tub, nothing else. The straw is renewed and the tub emptied through the iron door occasionally.

The ditch is ingeniously contrived for the perduration of punishment—Animal food, or a cordial nutritious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venitian justice. Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest, from the admonition of her existence, by the gealer's daily return. I saw one man, who had been in a cell thirty years; two who had been twelve years, and several who had been eight and nine years in their respective cells. By my taper's light I could discover the prisoner's horrid countenances.—They were all naked. The man who had been there thirty years, his face and body was covered with long hair; he had lost the arrangement of words, and order of language. When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise, expressive of fear and surprise, and would have fled like lightning from me, if he could. One whose faculties were not so obliterated, and still recollected the difference between day and night, implored in the most piercing manner, that I would prevail on the gealer to murder him, or to give him some instrument that he might destroy himself, or use my influence with the Inquisition to get him hanged—death was a favour I had not interest enough to procure for him.

Before I left Venice, this kindness of death was granted to one man who had been thirty years in a cell: before he left his dungeon I had some conversation with him six days previous to his execution. His transport on the prospect of death, was surprising: he longed for the happy moment of being released from this life, and he hoped for the joys of a happy eternity.

Mirror, Vol. 1.

Swiftness, &c of the Rattlesnake.

Rattlesnakes hunt and secure for prey, with ease, grey squirrels that abound in our woods; therefore, they must be possessed of swiftness to obtain them. Having enjoyed the pleasure of beholding such a chase in full view, in the year 1821, I shall detail its circumstances.—Whilst lying on the ground to watch the habits of a bird which was new to me, previous to shooting it, I heard a smart rustling not far from me, and turning my head that way, saw, at the same moment, a grey squirrel, full grown, issuing from the thicket, & bouncing off in a straight direction, in leaps of several feet at a time, and not more than twenty feet behind, a rattle snake of ordinary size, pursuing, drawn out, apparently, to its full length, and sliding over the ground so rapidly, that, as they both moved away from me, I was at no loss to observe the snake gain upon the squirrel. The squirrel made for a tree, and ascended its topmost branches as nimbly as squirrels are known to do. The snake performed the same task considerably more slowly, yet so fast, that the squirrel never raised its tail nor barked, but eyed the enemy attentively as he mounted and approached.—When within a few yards, the squirrel leaped to another branch, and the snake followed by stretching out two thirds of his body, whilst the remainder held it securely from falling.—Passing thus from branch to branch, with a rapidity that astonished me, the squirrel went in and out of several holes, but remained in none, knowing well, that wherever his head could enter, the body of his antagonist would follow; and at last, much exhausted and terrified took a desperate leap and came to the ground with legs and tail spread to the utmost, to ease the fall. That instant the snake dropped also, and was within a few yards of the squirrel before it begun making off.—The chase on land again took place, and ere the squirrel could reach another tree, the snake had seized it by the back, near the occiput, and soon rolled itself about it in such a way, that, altho' I heard the cries of the victim, I scarcely saw any portion of its body. So full of its ultimate object was the snake, that it paid no attention to me, and I approached it to see in what manner it would dispose of its prey. A few minutes elapsed, when I saw the reptile loosening gradually and opening its folded coils, until the squirrel was entirely disengaged, having been killed by suffocation. The snake then raised its body from the ground, and passed its head over the dead animal in various ways, to assure itself that life had departed, it then took the end of the squirrel's tail, swallowed it gradually; bringing first one and then the other of the hind legs parallel with it, and sucked with difficulty, till for some time, its mouth and the ruins of the animal, until its jaws became so expanded, that after this, it swallowed the whole remaining parts with apparent ease. This mass of food was removed several inches from the head in the stomach of the snake and gave it the appearance of a roll-pan of money, brought both ends of a purse towards its centre, for, immediately after the operation of swallowing was completed, the jaws and neck resumed their former appearance. The snake then attempted to move off, but this was next to impossible; when, having cut a twig, I went up to it, and tapped it on the head, which it raised as well as its tail, and begun for the first time to rattle. I was satisfied that, for some lapse of time, it could not remove far, and that, the woods being here rather thin, it would soon become the victim of a vulture. I then killed it and cut it open, to see how the squirrel lay within. I had remarked that after the process of swallowing was completed, singular movements of the body had taken place, a kind of going to and fro for a while, not unlike the convulsive motions of a sick animal, as a dog for instance, going to vomit. I concluded that some internal and necessary operation was going on. This was proved, when I found the squirrel lying perfectly smooth, even to its hair, from its nose to the tip of its tail. I noted all this on the spot. This over, I sought my game again and obtained great satisfaction; but having met my friend, Mr. James Perry, on whose lands, in Louisiana, I was then hunting, and having related what had just happened, he laughingly said, 'Why, my dear sir I could have told you this long ago; it being nothing new to me.' These facts I trust, are quite sufficient to exemplify the faculties of swiftness, and the powers of extension and diminution, in the rattlesnake.—Mr. Audubon's Notes on the Rattlesnake.

THE OCEAN.

The ocean surrounds the earth on all sides, and penetrates into the interior parts of different countries, sometimes by large openings, and frequently by small straits. Could the eye take in this immense sheet of water at one view it would appear the most august object under the whole heavens. It occupies a space on the surface of the globe at least three times greater than that which is occupied by land; comprehending an extent of 148 millions of square miles. Though the ocean, strictly speaking, is but one immense body of waters extending in different directions, yet different names have been appropriated to different portions of its surface. That portion of its waters which rolls between the western coast of America, and the eastern shores of Asia, is called the Pacific ocean; and that portion which separates Europe & Africa from America, the Atlantic ocean. Other portions are termed the Northern, Southern and Indian oceans. When waters penetrate into the land, they form what are termed gulphs, and mediterranean seas. But without following it through all its windings and divisions, I shall simply state a few general facts.

With regard to the depth of this body of water, no certain conclusions have yet been formed. Beyond a certain depth, it has been hitherto unfathomable. We know, in general, that the depth of the sea increases gradually as we leave the shore; but we have reason to believe that this increase of depth continues only to a certain distance. The numerous islands scattered every where through the ocean, demonstrates that the bottom of the waters, so far from uniformly sinking, sometimes rises into lofty mountains. It is highly probable that the depth of the sea is somewhat in proportion to the elevation of the land; for there is some reason to conclude, that the present bed of the ocean formed the inhabited part of the ancient world previous to the general deluge, and that we are now occupying the bed of the former ocean; and if so, its great depth will not exceed four or five miles, for there is no mountain that rises higher above the level of the sea. But the sea has never actually been sounded to a greater depth than a mile and 66 feet. Along the coast its depth has always been found proportionate to the height of the shore; where the coast is high and mountainous, the sea that washes it is deep; but where the coast is low the water is shallow. To calculate the quantity of water it contains, we must therefore suppose a medium depth. If we reckon its average depth at two miles, it will contain 296 miles of the cubical miles of water. We shall have a more specific idea of this enormous mass if we consider that it is sufficient to cover the whole globe to the height of 8000 feet; and if this water was reduced to a spherical mass, it would form a globe of more than 800 miles in diameter.

With regard to its bottom.—As the sea covers a great portion of the globe, we should no doubt, by exploring its interior, discover a vast number of interesting objects. So far as the bed of the ocean has been explored it is found to bear a great resemblance to the dry land; being, like it, full of plains, caverns, rocks and mountains, some of which are abrupt and almost perpendicular, while others rise with a gentle acclivity, and sometimes tower above the water and form islands. The materials, too, which compose the bottom of the sea, are the same which form the basis of the dry land. It also resembles the land in another remarkable particular; many free springs, and even rivers, rise out of it: an instance of which occurs near Gor, on the western coast of Hindostan, and in the Mediterranean sea, not far from Marseilles. The sea sometimes assumes different colours. The materials which compose its bottom cause it to reflect different hues in different places; and its appearance is also affected by the winds and the sun, while the clouds that pass over it communicate all the varied fleeting colours. When the sun shines, it is green; when he gleams through a fog, it is yellow; near the poles it is black; while in the torrid zone, its colour is often brown; and on certain occasions, it assumes a luminous appearance, as if sparkling with fire.

The ocean has three kinds of motions. The first is that undulation which is produced by the wind, and which is entirely confined to its surface. It is now ascertained that this motion can be destroyed, and its surface rendered smooth, by throwing oil upon the waves. The second motion is that continual tendency which the whole water in the sea has towards the west, which is greater near the equator than the polis. It begins on the west side of America, where it is moderate, but, as the water advances westward, the motion is accelerated; and after having traversed the globe, they return and strike with great violence on the eastern shore of America. Being stopped by that continent, they rush with impetuosity into the Gulf of Mexico; thence they proceed along the coast of North America, till they come to the south side of the great bank of Newfoundland, where they turn off and run through the Western Isles. This motion is most probably owing to the diurnal revolution of the earth on its axis, which is in a direction contrary to the motion of the sea. The third motion of the sea is the tide, which is a regular swell of the ocean every twelve and a half hours. This motion is now ascertained to be owing to the attractive influence of the moon, & also parley to that of the sun. There is also a flux & reflux at the same time in two parts of the globe, and these are opposite to each other; so that when our antipodes have high water, we have the same. When the attractive powers of the sun and moon act in the same direction, which happens at the time of new and full moon, we have the highest or spring tides; but when the attraction is opposed to each other, which happens at the quarters, we have the lowest, or neap tides.

Such is the ocean, a most stupendous scene of Omnipotence, which forms the most magnificent feature of the globe we inhabit. When we stand on the sea shore, and cast our eyes over the expanse of its waters, till the sky and the waves seem to mingle, all that the eye can take in one survey, is but an inconsiderable speck, less than the one hundreth thousandth part of this vast abyss. If every drop of water can be divided into 80 millions of distinct parts, as some philosophers have demonstrated, what an immense assembly of watery particles must be contained in the unfathomable caverns of the ocean! Here the powers of calculation are completely set at defiance; and an image of infinite immensity, and endless duration is presented to the mind.—This mighty expanse of waters is the reservoir of nature, and the source of evaporation, which enriches the earth with fertility and verdure. Every cloud which floats in the atmosphere, and every fountain, and rivulet, and flowing stream, are indebted to this inexhaustible source for those watery treasures which they distribute through every region of the land. In fine weather we consider the ocean as rearing its tremendous billows in the midst of the tempest, or as stretching out into a smooth expanse, whether we consider its immeasurable extent, its mighty movements, or the innumerable beings which glide through its rolling waves, we cannot but be struck with astonishment of the Omnipotent Being who holds its waters "In the hollow of his hand," and who has said to its foaming surges, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

From the Delaware Gazette.

JACKSON'S AMBITION

The friends of the administration are continually talking about General Jackson's ambition and love of power: and that should he obtain possession of the Presidential chair, he will be likely to make use of undue means to retain it. What means it is supposed he will resort to in order to effect this object, we have not been permitted to hear, for none of them, we believe, have ever ventured to accuse him of having used or desiring to use the public money to subserve his individual purposes. The history of his life proves he has always been willing to make individual sacrifices, and has made such, for the interests of the country; and has in no instances taken, unjustly, a cent from the public curse, to put into his own pocket, or to pervert it to improper purposes: while Mr Adams has always grasped at all he could get, to put in his own pocket; and has basely made use of the public patronage and money to promote his own ends.

But how stands the matter with regard to Jackson's ambition, and love of power? By adverting to a few facts this matter may be placed in a proper light. General Jackson went into the western country poor; but his industry, talents and excellent deportment, soon raised him to eminence in the practice of law: was appointed Attorney-General by General Washington, and afterwards Chief Justice of one of the state courts.—This office he could have retained for life; but preferring the retirement of his farm, free from the noise and turmoil of public life, he resigned, and commenced the cultivation of the soil. Was this done like an ambitious man? Here he was found when an Indian war broke out; when at the call of his country, he left his plough, buckled on his armour, turned the share of it into a sword, and marched forth into the wilderness, to quell the foe, and give peace and security to our frontier inhabitants. This he effected: and again retired, like Cincinatus, to his farm. Was that done like an ambitious man? Here again he was found when our war with Great Britain broke out.—Hull had surrendered on our frontier, Washington had been sacked, Baltimore had been attacked, and defeat and dismay on every hand. The British flushed with their European victories, sent their conquerors of conquerors to attack New Orleans, and carry the war into our western country, when Jackson was again called to defend the country; and he obeyed the call. A few raw militia men were hastily assembled, and by forced marches they reached New Orleans just in time to save the city. The British had arrived in the vicinity, and were making preparation for an attack.—This was an awful moment. But a part of his undisciplined troops had arrived; treason was abroad in the city; the British flag was waiving at a short distance, over an army that had been accustomed to conquer, and dreamed not of defeat; and not a moment to be lost. Not a moment was lost. His arrangements were immediately made; and on the night of the 22d of December, he attacked the foe in his tent, with his whole force, so suddenly & with such skill and success, that the enemy, supposing that such an attack could not have been made by a body of men without being backed by a greater force, was driven back; and time was gained to throw up the works of defence, which enabled Jackson to gain the victory which is not surpassed, if indeed it is equalled, by any in the annals of our history. Our eagle, whose wings had drooped, raised her crest; and the names of Jackson and New Orleans were pronounced with joy and exultation, from Georgia to Maine, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the farthest verge of our frontier settlements. And how did Jackson afterwards conduct themself?—Did he march with his triumphant army to