

**THE HERO OF ORLEANS.**  
"What do you think of the character and fame of Jackson?"—Letter from a Friend.

I am invited to record my opinion of one of the most illustrious characters which have ever adorned the western world. I am solicited to speak of the renown of a man whose name has long since been enrolled in the brilliant annals of fame, and whose deeds in burnished gold have long since been emblazoned by the pencil of immortality, on the temple of everlasting remembrance. To venerate the illustrious of the land—to bow down in homage before the grand and majestic characters of our country—to record the green and glorious deeds of the brave, and rob oblivion of its prey, and defeat the triumph of the march of years, is a pleasing task; but much I fear I shall fall far behind the power of doing justice to the greatness and grandeur of this colossal character.—Could my eloquence share the lofty flight of the eagle, and repose with the spirit of genius in her cradle of clouds, I might then attempt the solemnity of my theme—I might then attempt to portray that magnificent assemblage of virtues which have delighted and astonished mankind.

Man is truly a paradox. He comes forth from the womb of nature the most helpless, the most ignorant of all the animal kingdom. Devoid of reason, helpless, and denied the instinct of other animals, he possesses in a day when cut off from the fond assistance of his mother, the power of walking on his feet. He is lord of creation—he rules with despotic will all other creatures—he wields the destiny of kingdoms and empires—he waves a mighty sceptre over a subject world. Yet he seems almost immortal—his path is across the mighty, the stern and stormy ocean—he walks in majesty on the mountain amid the clouds, and commands the artillery of Heaven—he stands in his grandeur and glory, and looks down upon a world of insignificant beings. To what is man indebted for this superiority? It is to the spirit of genius. It is to that spark of deity which has been intruded in every lofty soul, and which gave a Franklin the magic power of snatching the lightning from the skies in the battle of the elements—it was this which pervaded the mighty soul of a Washington when the dark cloud of war burst upon our country, and the Lion of England rolled his red eyes in triumph. It was this which nerve the gigantic arm of Jackson when the red sons of the forest rushed down like a dislocated flood from the hills, and the black storm of England's vengeance hung heavy over Orleans.

Never was the mysterious fire of the human character so gloriously displayed than when Jackson arose in all his gloomy grandeur, and looking over the blue waves of the Atlantic, saw from afar the enemies of his native land. He arose like the sun of his own bright and beautiful clime; and went forth on the city like that brilliant luminary when he rolls up through the golden gates of Aurora in his flaming chariot, and illuminates the world. At England's legions he levelled his lightning bolts, and they were scattered; even as darkness is dissipated before the rising orb of day. The torch of war which flamed on that eventful day was extinguished by the superior achievement of a man who hath nobly been called the second saviour of his country. When the sun arose on that glorious morning the hero looked forth and beheld the proud Eagle of America glory, as she drooped her head on her cloudy pinnacle—the loud blast of the battle horn pierced his ear as he murmured over the sinking freedom of his country—for a moment he bowed his knee at the altar of expiring hope, bowed, and rushed to battle. Ere that glorious sun was harnessed in the morning, had glided the glittering spire, with his last rays, and sunk in the blue waves of the west, the glory of victory reeled from every hill, and mingled with every breeze—ere night threw her bonnet over the awful scene, many of the bravest sons of Britain lay weltering on the crimson field, and the proud banner of American freedom floated in triumph on the battlements of Orleans.

His mighty soul knew not the joy of fear—he was impetuous and irresistible as the whirlwind of the tempest, and in its paucity of storms when it rushes over the land, and leaves desolation in its path. But it was not the spirit of ambition that fired his mighty mind—it was not his own aggrandizement, it was the unquelled flame of high souled patriotism. It was to rescue his own loved, brilliant and beautiful land from the dominion of a tyrannical crown and crosser—it was to save a sinking city from the lighted torch of destruction—it was to defend the grey haired venerable sire from insult and abuse—it was to snatch the sword of the land, the dame and damsel, from the unhallowed arms of polygamy. The smiles of beauty have irradiated the fame of the hero, and the eyes of venerable age have embellished and adorned his brilliant page of history. The monument of his countrymen stands in the hearts of his countrymen, and the name of the hero is the name of the nation.

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Such I consider to be the nature of the noble soul of Jackson. Nature hath given him a genius that looks down with contempt on the study trappings of education. In the language of the immortal Pope, he detests the learned lumber of the senseless head. Like a Shakespeare, like a Washington, like a Franklin, he is the true child of nature, rising by the force of his own intuitive powers of mind. Like a Patrick Henry he is a prodigy. Like a majestic moon, the queen of night, and receives her silver radiance on the earth, the mammoth mind of Jackson has partaken of the true light of genius, and sheds its brilliance on the bosom of our land. No doubt but the shade of the venerable Washington beamed over the superlative vaults of Heaven, and watched with anxious solicitude the fate of the inheritor of his virtues. No doubt but his immortal spirit mounts, and soars in the wind, attendant on his country, while the lamp of glory still illumines his relics in the sepulchre of their repose. No doubt but the voice of his venerable shade is often heard in the morning breeze—no doubt but it rides with the whirlwind on the storm of night, "For millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, Both when we wake and when we sleep." Methinks I hear its murmurs lingering in my ear in eulogy of the great Jackson—methinks I see his gigantic shadowing over the destiny of the Hero of Orleans. Methinks I see his sacred spirit enter the temple of liberty, and name the scroll of fame, to add another contribute to the renown of him whose measure of glory is already full. O for the harp of Homer to sound the fame of the illustrious Hero of Orleans.

**MILFORD BARD.**  
*To the Editor of the M. Gazette.*  
Sir—You will oblige several of your subscribers by inserting the following in your paper:

**PROTEST.**  
Whereas the District Conference of the Baltimore District, convened in this city on the 26th inst. at the R. Joseph Frye, Presiding Elder of said District and President of the Conference, having opened the Conference, in the usual manner, by reading a chapter and prayer, a motion was made, that the Rev. J. S. Reese, who had acted as Secretary the two preceding years, should be again appointed to that office. Upon which, the Rev. John Chalmers, of Washington city, asked the President if the Preachers who had been suspended (in Baltimore) had a right to vote in the election. In reply, the President decided, that they had no right to vote in any case. An appeal from this decision was made to the Conference. A motion was then made that the Conference sustain the decision of the chair. At this stage of the business the Rev. John R.bb was appointed by the President, Secretary pro tem. A protracted debate on the motion to sustain the chair against the appeal, then followed. In the evening the vote was taken, and decided in the negative, twenty voting against the decision of the chair, and nineteen for it. The yeas and nays being called for, was recorded on the Journal, as follows, viz:

Yeas—John Daughdy, John Chalmers, Z. M. Combs, T. Perkins, L. Albert, J. Shave, S. Williams, D. M. Jilton, E. Hall, S. Gore, N. Har den, Jacob King, T. Bedford, J. Lazenby, J. W. Harris, George Sumners, T. E. Bond, J. Waters and G. Ruggley.  
Nays—S. K. Jennings, A. M. Caine, J. R. Williams, D. E. Reese, J. C. French, Wm. Kasley, J. J. Cox, T. M. Cormick, J. S. Reese, J. Robb, R. T. B. yd, Wm. Bawden, Singsby Litchman, L. Selby, B. Hood, J. Day, George Wells, N. Hoskisson, R. H. Morrien and John Sharpley. (Comprising nearly all the members of said conference in the Baltimore District.)

And whereas, on the following morning, the Presiding Elder repeated his declaration that the Preachers who had been suspended had no right to vote, notwithstanding the conference had decided otherwise by a vote, the previous evening. The Rev. John Chalmers, then offered a resolution, that the Conference be now adjourned and dissolved. On which motion, the Presiding Elder, peremptorily forbade discussion and arbitrarily put the question; while a number of the members were remonstrating against the injustice of the procedure, and received, and counted the votes of 9 coloured Preachers making twenty-eight votes in favour of the motion and twenty white votes against it, thus effecting the dissolution of the Conference, by means of the votes of coloured men.

And whereas the Discipline does not deprive a Local Preacher, who had been suspended by a Committee, in the interval of the District Conference, of his right to vote in the Conference, previously to the investigation of his case and there being no precedents in the Baltimore District Conference, to sanction such privation.

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**MODERN TRAVELS.**

From a gentleman employed in a Literary capacity on board of the U. S. Frigate Java.  
Mico, Aug. 2d, 1827.  
Dear Sir—Perhaps you will be pleased to receive some account of my visit to Tunis. We ran into the harbour the 28th of July. Dr. Heap, the American consul, came on board, accompanied by a Turk, his Dragoman, who was armed with pistols and a sabre, and they passed the night with us. Sabbath morning the Doctor invited us to his house. We were anchored 12 miles from the city, and 4 miles from the docks, where small vessels navigate and receive freight. Here is a narrow neck of land, separating the bay from a lake 8 miles wide, and 16 in length, which stretches itself before the city. This lake is only three or four feet deep, so that we often struck bottom with our boats. Two boats had been fitted out with about 20 officers. The power of evaporation is so great in this shallow lake that a strong current is so constantly pouring through the canal that unites it with the bay, by which means the waste of water is supplied. The water of this lake is saturated with salt. It is said, that Scipio anchored his fleet in this lake. Its depth has diminished one half, I am told, within the memory of those now living in Tunis. By a natural process, all this sheet of water will soon give place to a bed of salt, and Tunis become an inland town approached by a canal.— This will be preferable to the present state of things, because they are obliged now to clear a channel every year for boats to pass. From this lake the land rises gradually on every side, except towards the bay, and presents large orchards and olive trees. The sight from the lake must be beautiful in the spring, but now every thing is parched and dry except the olive trees. We had not reached the landing before large herds of camel and flocks of goats appeared, scattered along the beach. The novelty of the sight made it quite interesting to me, but as we approached the shore and while the living animals were delighting one sense, the dead addressed another with an odour that was not agreeable. At Tunis, if the dead be removed just within the walls, the people are satisfied; but as we entered, we found they did not in all cases succeed in dragging them out. Of all the filthy places I have ever seen this city is the capital. Instead of fine, spacious streets, nothing is seen but narrow, dirty avenues, just wide enough, generally, to pass in single files. At the first house we passed, about a dozen dogs sallied out and gave us the common salute. As it is here regarded as a sin to kill cats and dogs, they form a large part of the population of the town. The costume of the people—the method of transporting every thing—the style of the houses, and indeed every thing was so unlike an American city, that we almost seemed to be in a new world.—The Consul's dragoman, strongly armed, marched before us, clearing the way of man and beast.

All day we rode till from behind a company came on with great haste, having sabres with silver scabbards, and polished pistols by their sides, and large clubs resembling wicket-bats in their hands, and in all respects neatly dressed. Every body, and we among the rest, had to clear the way. We found they were the governor's guards. We passed the Minister of Marine, and were introduced to him by Dr. Heap. He is in importance next to the Bey—was sitting at the door under a cowrass screen, on a bench about four feet wide, with his feet and bare legs curled under him; had a long white beard, a ring with three large diamonds on his finger, and was neatly, but plainly, dressed in common Turkish style—gave his hand to the Consul when meeting and parting, and laid his hand on his breast when we were introduced and when we bid good bye.—We reached the house of Dr. Heap about 11 o'clock, clad of a shelter from the burning sun. Here all that kindness or hospitality could give us enjoyed.

There are few curiosities in Tunis. The most worthy objects of notice are the palace of the deceased Bey and the warm baths. We visited almost all parts of the palace, and its interior is the most splendid of any thing in architecture I have seen. For extent of surface and number of apartments it is like a small city.  
The bath are by steam. We passed by a long, dark avenue, into a spacious hall, so full of steam, that it felt like a suffocating. About twenty Turks were seated in their stony, from their feet double under them. With this we were conducted into a small apartment, where they dressed us in Turkish apparel, turban and all. On returning to the second room this dress was removed, after which we were led from room to room, the steam growing warmer and denser as we advanced, until in the extreme one they placed our feet in hot water. After a thorough preparation we were conducted back one or two rooms and there received such a brushing as nothing can describe, so well as the carrying of a severe room upon a dirty horse. Few of us, if any, came off with whole hair. It was in vain to remonstrate.

**Philadelphia, Dec. 28.**  
*The Usurper.*—We mentioned yesterday morning, that a numerous audience had assembled to witness the first performance of Dr. M. Henry's tragedy. From the difficulty attending first representations, we are not able to judge of the exact merits of the tragedy, as a "stage piece." It is evident, however, that two or three of the acts are quite too long, and some of the incidents are not managed with skill.  
At the fall of the curtain, there was a loud and unanimous call for the "Manager." Mr. Weimys at length appeared, and having ascertained that the will of the people was, that the Usurper should be repeated, he announced it for early in January, at the close of the present star engagements. Meantime, the author will have time, and the benefit of experience, to correct and prune.  
U. S. Gaz.  
Four houses were destroyed by fire in New York on the 26th ult.

**THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION BILL.**  
Extract from a letter to the Editor of the Virginian, dated Richmond, Dec. 23.  
The convention bill will certainly pass the Senate, though I think it probable that it will be so amended as to require the sheriffs to certify a return of all who do not vote on the question as well as those who do; and also to require a separate poll to be taken of the non-freeholders.—The House of Delegates, sooner than lose the bill, will take it in any shape.

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As I was passing a graveyard I saw half a dozen persons kneeling round graves engaged in singing. (We are grave in dies, males & females are in separate apartments, and prayers being said by the minister, the bodies are carried to the tomb by the men. They are out of the house in the morning being shut, the women set at work, and the men go to the mosque. There being no bells to call the people, a crier is stationed on the top of the dome; as their times of prayer near, he cries aloud. The three grades of Turks are distinguished by the colour of their turbans—the descendants of Mahomed—those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the common people. Idiots are regarded as saints—treated with reverence—do as they please without restraint, receive a special funeral at death, and a distinguished monument. The parents of an idiot child is regarded as greatly blessed.  
The population of Tunis at present is estimated at 150,000, but according to the late census, there are many Jews here, who are treated worse than the dogs, though some of them are rich.  
Though treated with great kindness in the Consul's family, we are regarded away from the town. Having secured mules, 700 s and two mules set off to visit the ruins of Carthage, 10 miles distant. Having proceeded about half way, great numbers of ruins appeared at our left stretching some miles ahead. We directed our course to the hill on which it is supposed to be the Citadel and some of the principal temples stood. Here we found a number of subterraneous arches, running parallel and intersected by dividing walls. It appeared to me that the buildings all had, arches, and are now still remain entire, and are now inhabited by a wretched set of Jews. We rode over these arches on a plain which only had to avoid the openings in the light. No man can fairly describe the emotions produced by standing in such a place. The objects most worthy notice are the immense cisterns which in the days of its prosperity, were supplied with water and still remain.

**MODERN TRAVELS.**

I shall not venture to give a full account of the whole of my journey, but I will mention a few particulars which were of great interest to me. We were gradually edged off by changes of dress. Turkish ladies are not seen in the streets, except by members of the family. They occasionally pass in the street to visit each other, but are so modest that it is absolutely impossible to tell whether they are rich or poor. They answered us in the most polite manner, and we were very well received. They were bound around their foreheads coming quite down over their eyes, and were surrounded with black. I met three women in the street, who were dressed in the most elegant manner. They were bound around their foreheads coming quite down over their eyes, and were surrounded with black. I met three women in the street, who were dressed in the most elegant manner. They were bound around their foreheads coming quite down over their eyes, and were surrounded with black.

It may be asked by the curious, how their courts are conducted? Men and women never see each other. Not at all, that word has no meaning. The Turk, the aged woman, the girl, the boy, never see each other. The ceremony of marriage is a written covenant. The Bey is allowed to see the bride till she is his wife. The marriage is then celebrated by feasting, music and dancing, males and females being assembled in separate apartments. Each man may apply and receive his wives if he can support so many. If any of them do not please, he may turn them away at pleasure. If a young child he claims them all as his property. The women never visit with their mothers and daughters. They have no servants the women as servants.

The Bey is absolute in the full sense of the term. The lives and property of all his subjects are at his control. He takes the whole produce of the country at his own pleasure, and does not pay a tax to any one. His revenue comes to him annually from this source. Besides this he collects an annuity in the following manner. A regiment of Moors is sent to make a demand upon all the people. These are succeeded by a regiment of Turks, and the rear is brought up by the Bey and a company of gunners gather a rich harvest as they go. The Bey has a love for building, and transporting marble in sound quantities and elsewhere to erect fortifications about his empire.

When at home, the Bey except Friday, which is the Sabbath in person sits in judgment on criminals. Each man pays his own costs as lawyers are not known here. What ever crime a Christian or Jew may have been guilty of, if he turn Mussulman he is at once at liberty.  
As I was passing a graveyard I saw half a dozen persons kneeling round graves engaged in singing. (We are grave in dies, males & females are in separate apartments, and prayers being said by the minister, the bodies are carried to the tomb by the men. They are out of the house in the morning being shut, the women set at work, and the men go to the mosque. There being no bells to call the people, a crier is stationed on the top of the dome; as their times of prayer near, he cries aloud. The three grades of Turks are distinguished by the colour of their turbans—the descendants of Mahomed—those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the common people. Idiots are regarded as saints—treated with reverence—do as they please without restraint, receive a special funeral at death, and a distinguished monument. The parents of an idiot child is regarded as greatly blessed.  
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