

and we have given over talking of these little absurdities. Come, that's a good girl, don't spoil those divine eyes by useless tears. Let me read you a letter I have just received from Grisel, in which she gives me all the gossip of Paris—plenty of scandal of every body no doubt—but that is only fair, for every body speaks scandal of her.

The marriage was celebrated in the chateau with all feudal pomp. The families of the country attended, looking solemnly and important, as provincial nobles generally do, and accordingly they diverted the Marquis, who vowed, that on his return to Paris, he would write a farce, to be called *Le Mariage du Chateau*, on *Le Parisien entre les Ours*. He was gay, polite, attentive to his wife; his calm, and quite resigned to him. Her corbelle and trosses were of the most magnificent description; in fact, he had done every thing that expense could command, or gallantry dictate. A splendid ball of course concluded the evening, and the Marquis gaily dancing with his lovely bride cast a glow of grace and hilarity over the room. The young demoiselles of Navarre could only console themselves by observing, that Jacqueline looked certainly rather pretty, but very melancholy while the elder ladies, admitting that the Marquis was handsome, rich and noble, whispered that he was the most depraved of men in Paris, and one to whom they would never have thought of giving a daughter of theirs. The festival lasted a fortnight, after which the Marquis whirled away his handsome wife to the metropolis, where he speedily immersed himself, and dragged her as much as possible along with him in all the gaieties and dissipations of the luxurious society of his devoted order, just then, unconsciously, hovering on the brink of destruction.

And where was Louis Regnault in the mean time?

After having parted from the General in the garden, he went into the town of Perpignan, and quite regardless of the objection of his footsteps, entered a cabinet, where some soldiers happened to be carousing. The leader of the party observing Regnault's thoughtful and absent air, took the military liberty of joking him upon it.

"I venture to say," said the sergeant, "that there is some girl of the village at the bottom of your black looks. Never mind her, if you take my advice. Pish! a tall fellow, and pine after a black eye, when there are the lillies of France winking in the neighbourhood. Join us many join us, and I warrant you will have many a score of black eyes at your service, in lieu of the pair that are now causing you to look like a winter midnight."

Louis was at first inclined to be angry with this soldier-like ribaldry; but on a sudden, the thought of enlisting seriously entered his mind. It would take him at once away from scenes now grown painful—it would at once remove him from all chance of encountering any of his old friends.

"I am not one of their accursed no blesse," said he, "and have therefore no chance of rising further than some paltry rank; but then I am cut off from all possibility of seeing Jacqueline. If I went to Paris, as I once thought, and attempted to procure a precarious livelihood by my pen, I might perhaps have to endure the patronage of the Marquis—aye, of the Marchioness of Valriviere. It is better to be a private soldier; and then if there be a war, I shall have an opportunity of being shot."

Influenced by these considerations, he joined the party, and was speedily enrolled as a private soldier.

The regiment to which he was attached, was, to his great delight, to march northward in two days, during which he kept himself completely hooded. On the night before his departure, he stole to the chateau, where he found the nurse, to whom he gave a letter, charging her to deliver it to her mistress in the morning. It was short, and ran thus:

"Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear assunder hearts made for one another. May the blessing of Heaven light upon the head of thee, my true love, torn from me by parental cruelty; and may your father never have cause to repent of his unkindness to the jewel of his heart."

How this was read and wept over, and kissed, and treasured, it is useless to say. On that day Jacqueline did not leave her chamber. She would not meet the jesting gallantry of the Marquis.

This was in 1785. In less than four years Louis's good conduct had acquired him a serjeanty, the highest step that a roturier could expect under the old regime; but in 1789 the days of that regime were numbered. In a couple of years more, the privileges of the nobles were gone; in four years the king had laid his head in the basket of the guillotine. The first revolutionary campaign found Louis a lieutenant. It may be easily conjectured that he did not take the aristocratic side. He joined the army of Dumourier, & fought at Gemappes. Attached to the armies of Hoche and Pichegru, he assisted in the victories of the armies of the Republic. In 1798 he was with the army of Italy, and distinguished himself under the command of him, whose fame was not yet tarnished by tyranny or

oppression. Afterwards, he adhered to the Emperor, and saw the fields of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland and Wagram. With his services his honours increased, and in 1811 he was aid-de-camp to the Emperor, member of the Legion of Honour, a Lieutenant General, and the Comte de Regnault. His wealth was great, and his standing in Parisian society permanent. No more the retired student of Perpignan, he was now a diplomatist and a general.

He had married in 1794, the daughter of a revolutionary general, which had contributed not a little to his advancement. She died not long after their marriage, and left him an only daughter. The young lady, reared amid the bustle and excitement of agitated times, was gay, brusque, lively, and of course a great favourite. Her father used to fancy a likeness between her and Mademoiselle de Valencay, at the same age; but he would say to himself, my poor Jacqueline was quiet and resigned—Pauline is gay and boisy—And in spite of the sternness of mind which scenes of battle and debate had produced, he would sometimes wish, in a moment of romance, that he knew where poor Jacqueline's remains were laid. "I think," he would whisper to himself, "I should be fool enough to visit them."

Alas! he did not know how near an approximation to the scenes of his youth, in the Chateau de Valencay then existed in his splendid hotel in the Rue Rivoli. Gay and etourdie as Pauline was there were moments when she was serious enough. And what was it that made her serious?

Her father had determined that she should be accomplished in the highest degree; and accordingly music, drawing, &c. &c. were taught her by the most approved masters. Her drawing master having chanced to become an invalid, or in consequence of having made a great deal of money, having fancied that he was so, recommended a young man who had just completed some great picture, as his successor. The old painter spoke much of the young man's knowledge of painting, and character, freedom of pencil, breadth, and so on; and his recommendation was adopted.

Henri de Feuillars, the new teacher, was not more than one and twenty. He was silent and reserved; and there was an air of natural hauteur about him. He had no friends, and laboured incessantly for the support of his mother, to whom he appeared devotedly attached. His dress, never finical, was always that of a gentleman. His conversation, when you could draw him out, showed that, young as he was, his knowledge was great and varied. His figure was slight, but graceful—his face, in spite of its paleness and melancholy expression, was handsome. To some women, it was more than handsome, it was interesting. Who that has once read it, forgets the verse of the ballad, with which this tale has been begun?

In him, each sign of youth's grace,  
Of manly charm appeared,  
Tho' tarnished by a sorrowing face,  
And by a length of beard;  
If we expect that youth impart  
Colours of rosy hue,  
Paleness which marks a tender heart,  
Has its attractions too.

Pauline at first laughed at her melancholy tutor—played practical jokes upon him—drew caricatures, to which she put the title of "the knight of the rueful countenance"; but before any great length of time had elapsed, her gaiety began to subside before the melancholy smile, which greeted or rebuked her good-humoured play. Soon afterwards, she found that when he spoke she was compelled to be dumb; that the retired, and apparently taciturn man, could, in moments of inspiration, deliver with a fervid eloquence, the results of multifarious study, or deep thought and profound feeling. Gradually her jesting ceased, and she delighted to draw her silent teacher forth. He, gratified in turn by the attentions of a beautiful and accomplished girl, poured forth his glowing language, almost for her ear alone. Her beaming eye, resting upon his, soon caught an inspiration of which she had not dreamed, and they speedily discovered a secret which neither wished to keep. Pauline found out that she was in love, and the gay girl was silent.—Henri made the same discovery, and the melancholy student smiled.

His apartments, in which his mother alone resided with him, were in a street not far from the Rue Rivoli. I think it was in the Rue Duphot. The usual hour of tuition did not suffice the lovers after a while. Something was to be exhibited—and though the tutor now did all the lesson, yet even this consumed some time. A correspondence began, in which both poured forth the unrestrained feelings of their souls.—Do not expect to find any of them here, for love letters being intended for one pair of eyes, are ridiculous when offered to another.

The Comte soon discovered how matters stood; but dissimulated his anger till he was able to intercept one of the young painter's letters. It was conceived in the usual terms of these communications, but contained a sentence which Henri's honourable feelings had induced him to insert in his communications. He said, that her love was the delight of his life, but that she ought to consider what was due to her father's rank, and present station in the

world, (the word present was carefully underlined) and that he would be particularly anxious to see her as his own Pauline, into a marriage which her friends would disapprove, and she herself perhaps hereafter repent.

"The boy," said the Comte, "is a gentleman; but this nonsense must be put an end to. Antoine, call Mademoiselle de Regnault."

Pauline appeared, and her father gave her the letter he had intercepted. She blushed—she half cried—but, finally she giggled.

"What is this, Mademoiselle," said her father, angrily, "do you make so light of my authority? Do you think you are to carry on a clandestine correspondence, without my having it at least in my power to discover it?"

"O, dear papa," said Pauline, "I know that a poor young girl cannot hope to match an old campaigner like yourself, when you are determined on intercepting correspondence; but, as a reate, what has your Excellency to say?"

"What have I to say?" asked he in a passion. "Is that the answer I deserve—the answer Pauline, I have a right to expect? Am I to see you entangled into a marriage so far beneath you? Am I—"

"Entrapped, dear, darling papa. Read the very note you are now so unmercifully crushing, and you will find that dear Henri says he would die—O mon Dieu!—die—sooner than entrap me. It is his very word. No—papa! Henri and I may be fool—but I ask of him to marry me, and he refused."

"You asked him to marry you, Mademoiselle, by mine honour, the age improves. Have the goodness to go to your governess, who, I am sorry to perceive, has performed her duty very differently, and remain in your own apartment until I send for you. Go, I say Mademoiselle Regnault; and the laughing girl blowing him a kiss, ran out of the room."

"I cannot," thought the Comte when alone, "write to young Henri—in fact, the young man has behaved with an uncommon degree of honour and prudence, but—and he paused for a while, "I am told his mother has a vast influence over him, and perhaps I may have a chance with her."

A note, written with due official haste and illegibility, was the consequence of this determination. It said, in terms the most ceremoniously polite, yet, at the same time, in effect the most severely laconic, that the great man wanted to see the poor woman. "At ten minutes past one, or eighteen minutes past three, to day, I shall have the honour of being disengaged for you. Madame, on both occasions, for ten minutes. I shall not permit myself the pleasure of further intruding on your valuable time?"

At ten minutes past one—not a second sooner, nor a second later—Madame de Feuillars was announced at the Comte's. The official man had been disengaged to the moment, and at two seconds' past ten minutes after one o'clock, Madame de Feuillars was in the Comte's library.

She was a woman who retained many traits of coispirous beauty, but she was wan and wasted. A tenderness of sight had compelled her to disguise her features with a green shade. The humility of her circumstances had cast an air of submission over all her actions. The poor, the up-stripping, the unrepining Madame de Feuillars seemed born for poverty.

The Comte had never seen the mother of his daughter's painting master before; but from what he had heard, was deeply impressed with respect for her character. He handed her to a chair.

"It is unpleasant, Madame," said he, "to say any thing, which directly or indirectly, may seem derogatory to a worthy, a clever, and a beloved son. Ask me any tribute of respect to the genius, or the goodness of heart and conduct of your Henri, as far as I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, and I shall be most happy to give it. But, Madame, I have discovered, by one means or another, that he has abused the opportunities—No, I will not use so hard a word as that—but he and Paul—Mademoiselle de Regnault, have been so foolish as to—to—you understand—as to talk that nonsense to one another which young people sometimes talk, without considering the difference of station—the ways of the world. You understand me Madame."

"I do sir," said the quiet lady. He started—God knows at what; and continued.

"I do not mean to offend—not the least; indeed quite the contrary. Your son is really a very clever young gentleman, as the world knows—a very honourable young gentleman as I know, no matter how. But you will admit, Madame, I ought not to allow so if made a courtship to go on. You know, Madame, the thing cannot be."

"I do sir," responded the lady, as humbly as before.

Something made the Comte start a gainy, and he then continued,

"I have taken the liberty, the very great liberty, Madame, of sending for you, in order to request your acquiescence in a plan of mine. He loves his mother; it is an honour to him that he does so. She is a lady well deserving of love."

There was no gallantry in this, as it was said, and yet the lady did bridge up a little.

'And if you could suggest to him that a journey to Rome, there to perfect himself in his art, would be advantageous, 10,000 francs a year should be at his service, and 12,500 to fit him out for the journey. You can perceive, Madame, that I consult the interest of your son.'

"I do, Sir," said the lady.

The Comte flouted a little at the repetition of the phrase; and thinking that a rougher tone would perhaps have a better effect, changed his manner.

"Madame de Feuillars, I shall not dissemble that I propose the plan as much for the good of my daughter, as for that of your son. But, Madame, if you do not acquiesce in my view of the business, I must adopt a very different method. You are a woman who, I suppose, has seen the world; & when I tell you that I have detected a correspondence between Mons. Henri and my young lady, I have ground sufficient to proceed upon. Madame, do you approve of such conduct?"

"No, Sir," said the lady.

"Well, Madame, you agree then with me, that an end must be put to such things. I humbly think my plan is the best for all parties. There must be no more letters."

"I agree with you, Sir," said Madame de Feuillars, "to a greater extent than you imagine. I have myself intercepted a letter from a foolish lover in humble life, to a lady in superior rank.—I show you that I do not approve of such things, I have brought it to you; and she drew a letter from her pocket.

"Your conduct, Madame," said the Comte, "does you honour. But this is a sally mangled and dirty epistle:—what's this?"

"Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear assunder hearts made for one another—"

"What!" said the Comte, "O woman, who art thou?"

She took the shade from her eyes. It was she—Jacqueline de Valencay—the elegant Marquise de Valriviere!—Her father had died of a broken heart, at the commencement of the Revolution; when a tailor of his neighbourhood, who had made the liveries of his foot men for the last twenty years, was appointed a commissioner to domineer over his chateau. The Marquis was killed in Flanders, in the army of Prince Saxe Cobourg; and the Marchioness, who had long before abandoned her title, had assumed the name of her husband's family; had lived by precarious employments; had devoted her time and accomplishments, to the education of her only son. He had proved worthy of her attention, both in talents and in goodness. His genius having been directed towards painting, she encouraged him in the study—but never suffered him to forget the honourable race from which he had sprung. When she heard that he had been recommended to instruct the daughter of the Comte de Regnault, she did not inform him of her story; but when her melancholy son told her, his only confidante, that Pauline was not indifferent to him—when he blushed as he related the tale of their loves, and sighed to think of the utter happiness she disclosed her long kept secret; and warned him to profit by her example, and to fly from such a connection, before he was irretrievably entangled, for the sake of Pauline and himself. This advice had produced the letter which the Comte had intercepted.

Why loiter on our way. The Comte insisted on taking the Marchioness and her son into his hotel, and sanctioned the alliance which had formerly aroused his indignation. In a couple of years they were married; and the gaiety of Pauline lightened the gravity of her husband; who, in turn, subdued the exuberance of his lady's spirits by his more even temperament.

After a year afterwards, the wits of Paris had ample room for the exercise of their wacation; and many a gay squib was made on the marriage of the Comte with the Marchioness.

It would be endless to quote all the brilliant things expended on the subject of the elderly lovers; no one laughed at them more heartily than themselves. Nor did they much regard the spiteful remarks of various mamma and dashing widows—they consulted their own feelings, and married.

On the return of the Bourbons, the politics of the wife saved the husband's property; and the indemnity having restored Louis to his family estate; he was no longer oppressed by a reflection that often embittered his proud mind, that he had brought a pauper into the family of his wife.

From the Boston Bulletin, June 3.

Schute of our English Visitor.

Some difficulty occurred the other day in this port, respecting the salute of the British armed brig, the Ringdove, not being immediately returned from Fort Independence. The commander of the Ringdove had sent on shore, as is usual, to learn whether a salute would be returned by the Fort; and a message was sent that it would be answered gun for gun. The Ringdove accordingly fired a salute, and the commander waited for some time, expecting it to be answered. No answering salute being made by the Fort; he naturally became dissatisfied; and thinking himself impolitely treated, he mentioned the circumstance, on coming ashore, to the British Consul, and the affair was a

subject of some talk and curiosity in town during the day. On a communication being made, however, to the commander of the fort, and an explanation ensuing, the whole thing was cleared up to the entire satisfaction of the parties; for it seems that the brig lay at so great a distance, and the wind being unfavourable, the salute was not heard at the Fort. On its being known that a salute had been fired, it was duly returned by the Fort.

The ceremony of saluting is generally practised with great civility by the ships of different nations. Our own ships, the French, Dutch and others receive and return salutes with an equal number of guns, whether the commanders of the different ships or squadrons are of equal rank or not. A French Admiral returns the salute of an American Lieutenant with an equal number of guns; and so an American Captain of a French Lieutenant. French, British, or Dutch forts exchange equal salutes with public ships. But one exception is made in regard to British Admirals, which sometimes subjects our Naval commanders to some little mortification in proposing an exchange of salutes to a British Admiral who declines to return gun for gun.

When Commodore Rodgers arrived at Malta, winter before last, in the North Carolina, he proposed an exchange of salutes to the commander of the fortress, and also to Admiral Neal, the British Naval commander on that station. The Admiral answered that he should return the salute with great pleasure, but he felt himself obliged previously to mention that the orders of the Admiralty forbade him to return it with an equal number of guns. Accordingly no salute was fired by the Naval commanders. The North Carolina and the fortress exchanged salutes. This requisition of the British Admiralty appears to be neither conciliatory nor convenient. It seems very much as if the Admiralty should order a British Admiral, on meeting a foreign Lieutenant, Captain, or Commodore of his acquaintance, to present his left hand, or the forefinger of his right, instead of shaking hands in the usual way.

From the Statesman.

FRUIT TREES.

What are you doing here, Madame? said I last summer, to an industrious and amiable young lady, who herself takes the care of her flower, fruit and kitchen gardens for mercy sake! what are you doing there? Don't you see, answered she, I am scolding the peach tree? Do you want to kill it? On the contrary, I wish to save it if I can; the root is worm eaten, the leaves are curling and withering; it will be dead in a few days, if I do not apply an efficacious remedy. I have lost several fruit trees this summer by the worms; in vain have I tried all the means suggested, as to die round, look for worms, use a wire to kill them through the apertures, put lime, ashes, &c. all in vain. Once they are attacked, they invariably die. This is the best tree of the garden, it produces the most excellent fruit. I am determined to try on an experiment, which I have for a long time thought of, but from which I always have been discouraged by my friends saying, that it would kill the tree; but the tree is as ready as if dead, and I think there is even prudence in the trial, since it leaves at least a possibility, a hope of saving it.

A great deal of conversation followed that experiment; some laughed, some found it absurd. I myself visited & examined with anxiety the tree every day. To our great surprise & satisfaction, after the fall of the dead leaves, the vegetation resumed all its activity, and a new set of beautiful, long, green leaves again covered the tree. Encouraged by this success, all the fruit trees of the garden, sound or not, were scolded before the setting in of winter.

The brother of the young lady having taken confidence in the operation, and having himself an orchard of one hundred and fifty fruit trees, apples, pears, plums, peaches, &c. of which a few were also worm eaten, took the resolution to have them all scolded before winter. An iron kettle was brought into the orchard, kept boiling (water added from a neighboring brook in proportion as it was used); and three or four quarts poured at the bottom of each tree, about one foot above the ground; care was taken to cause the water to follow the trunk and penetrate to the roots, and not too fast. This was done to each tree in the orchard with the greatest care, in less than half a day's labour. The same operation was performed again in the spring, as soon as the frost was out of the ground. Not a single tree died. Those in bud were revived, and they are all covered with the most luxuriant blossoms.

This discovery, for it well deserves the name, will certainly rank among the most useful. I hasten to send it to your valuable paper; it should be reprinted in all the publications of this country; for it might save many thousand fruit trees this season from destruction, if known by all gardeners and farmers.

In former times, a young lady who had become a benefactress of her own country, by her ingenuity and industry, would have received as a reward, a crown of the finest flowers, with a basket of the best fruit; but in these dry modern times, let her at least receive our best thanks.

D. C.

A MARINER'S REMINISCENCES.

CANTON.

One singular feature in the Chinese character, is, want of curiosity. While in Canton, in 1817, there was an eclipse of the sun, almost total. One would naturally suppose that an event of such very rare occurrence, would have excited some notice, but we hardly looked at it, and only answered my earnest enquiries as to their opinions of it, by "supposing that Josh was angry, and was about extinguishing the sun," an occurrence which they only regarded as likely to affect the price of candles. We brought from America a number of our common spotted lanterns, which the Chinese had never before seen, and which, with the circumstances of nearly five months, without the least particle of food or drink, entitled them to some consideration, but the Chinese only "gah'd" once or twice, as in duty bound, and said no more about them. In short I never knew a Chinese man express much surprise, but once. An Englishman belonging to the Duke of York Indianan, was breakfasting in a company at a Chinese coffee house. He drank thirteen cups of coffee holding a pipe each, and called for the fourth when the Chinaman, utterly ignorant of such an "ab libitum" acceptance of the terms of "breakfast for two men," exclaimed, "By gah! how can belly hold My Gargantuan of a messmate having finished his fourteenth cup, 'capp'd the climax' with a horn of gin, to last every thing in its place, and walk off well supplied with flesh, fowl and fish, the latter being generally brought to town alive in tubs made for the purpose. Live frogs are a common article also in the market. The cook shops are abundantly supplied with meat principally pork, which seems to be more generally eaten than any other kind of meat, and is most usually roasted, when they 'go the whole hog' at once, as a hump on the shoulders, and of the whole more than twice as large, and of the colour, without hair. These last generally prefer a pasture by the roadside, and during the day they remain with nothing but the tip of their snout protruding. The beef of both are very scorable. The river abounds with fish, and the rice grounds in the fall are covered with swarms of wild geese, among which the Chinese sportsmen not make much destruction. The following pieces are fitted with a bar nearly four feet long, and the bottom of the stock is shaped like that of a piston. They commonly go with matchlocks. Every boat, however small, has a apartment fitted up expressly for the use and behoof of their god Josh, with his wife, sits aloft in awful state, surrounded with little dishes of sweets, fruits and flowers, and stands turning Josh sticks. Images of the two dignitaries of the Chinese character are to be seen at every corner of the streets, the matches burning before them, being very convenient for the smoking part of the community. They do not seem to pay great attention to this deity excepting that they keep images of him in their houses, well supplied with the comforts of life, and occasionally burn a vast quantity of incense in his praise, which ceremony, as commonly occurs in the night, serves to dispel mosquitoes and sleep from immediate vicinity. Offerings of meats, fruits, &c. are occasionally placed in small canoes, and turned out on the river, which our boys frequently amused themselves in picking up. They are extremely jealous of foreigners, but in no respect do they try it so far as in their hostility to foreign women, whose punishment on board within the limits of the celestial empire, is death. An English captain, however, yielding to his curiosity to see Canton, brought his ship dressed in boys clothes. The vessel was discovered at dinner on board. 'Adieu' apple, which was accepted as she was drinking a glass of wine, friendly Chinese gave the warning, it was too late for the lady to get deck to make her escape; she was ordered the bridal port into a boat under the bow, and a chase immediately commenced, which lasted from Whampoa to Macao, a distance of seventy eight miles. English skill and perseverance was no more than for their part, and the baffled Chinese were compelled to satisfy themselves with the flat of a husband, who deserved less, for yielding to the absurd curiosity of a silly woman. A Mandarin assured me, that if the pretty command of five's flesh had been taken, it would have been best of the best in terror of the rest of her people well' sea.

Macao, which I have just mentioned is a Portuguese settlement at the mouth of the river. Here every foreigner must procure a shop or permit to go down the river, and it was here that the Camarone wrote his 'Lusid'; his boat was pointed out to me by a Monk who spoke English. It was a beautiful spot buried in the shade of orange and fragrant trees and plants, and near the river makes an elegant appearance from the bay, but the Chinese so jealous of the rights of the Portuguese that their situation is exceedingly pleasant.

Prov. Journal

Maryland Gazette  
ANNAPOLIS:  
Thursday, June 26, 1828.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

It will be seen by a reference to our advertisement in this day's paper, that a meeting of the taxable inhabitants residing in the district of Anne Arundel county, (comprising the City of Annapolis,) was held at the place at the Assembly Room on the first of July next, at 4 o'clock P. M.

We submit some extracts from the law on this subject, for the better information of those interested.

Act to provide for the public instruction of youth in Primary Schools throughout the State, passed February 28, 1826.

§ 1. And be it enacted, That whenever any school district shall be formed in any county as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the commissioners, within twenty days thereafter, to make a notice, in writing, designating such districts, and appointing a time and place for the first district meeting, and to cause the same to be published in any public newspaper as aforesaid, by public advertisement, to be put up at the most public places of the said district, at least six days before the time of such meeting, and in case of the inhabitants of such district, when so notified, shall neglect or refuse to assemble, or shall neglect or refuse to attend any district meeting, in pursuance of such notice, or in case any district, having been formed in pursuance of such notice, shall, in the opinion of the commissioners appointed for the purpose, be dissolved by adjournment, or shall neglect or refuse to attend any district meeting, it shall and may be lawful for the commissioners, at any time thereafter, to renew such notice, and the inhabitants of such district, liable to pay taxes thereon, shall assemble together in pursuance of such notice, and when so assembled, a majority of such of the inhabitants of such district, as shall be present at such district meeting, to adjourn to any other time or place, at such hour, or any future legal district meeting, it shall and may be lawful for them, by a majority of such of them as shall be present at such district meeting, to fix on a time and place for holding their future annual meeting, which annual meetings they are hereby authorized and required to hold; to choose a school district clerk, who shall give notice to the satisfaction of the trustees of such district, of the time and place of such meetings, and to cause the same to be published in any newspaper as aforesaid, to designate a site for the school house, and to build, repair, or furnish, such school house with necessary fuel, books, stationery and appendages, and to repeal, alter, amend and modify, all such proceedings, or any part thereof, from time to time, as occasion may require. Provided, however, that the school house, and the site of a school house, shall be placed, but by consent of at least a majority of the trustees of the county, and shall and may be lawful for the trustees of such districts, or a majority of them, when they shall deem it necessary, to call a district meeting, at the time and place of such district meeting, notice thereof being given as aforesaid, and no district meeting shall be held as aforesaid, shall be taken or deemed legal for defect or want of due notice to the said inhabitants of such district, and the omission to give such notice shall be null and void, and of no effect. That the duty of the trustees of each school district, whenever a district meeting shall be made a rate bill, or tax list, which shall be the sum voted for, in due proportion to the taxable property in such district, and to the assessment of the last preceding county tax, and to annex to such tax a rate bill, a warrant, and to deliver the same to the collector of such district.

JACKSON CONVENTION.

We have not been furnished with any account of the proceedings of the meeting held at Merrill's on Saturday last, but understand that a ticket for the Assembly has been formed.

Will oblige me, by having my name taken off the Jackson committee, as it has been made use of without my knowledge.

CHARLES BEVAN.

JACKSON MEETING.

At a meeting of the friends of General Jackson in the 3d district of Anne Arundel county, held pursuant to public notice on the 25th day of June, instant, at the house of Capt. Stephen Boone was called to the order of the meeting, and the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That this meeting hold it as a sacred principle in all free governments, that the majority ought to govern, and that the minority are bound to acquiesce in the determination of such majority, when fairly and honestly expressed.

Resolved, That such was the fair and free expression of at least a large plurality of independent voters of the United States, and that the election of a President of the United States, when more electoral votes were given in favour of General Jackson than of any other candidate for that important office; and although the forms of the Constitution might have been observed in the election against him in Congress, we are bound to believe, that his rejection was against the spirit and true intent of the charter of the rights, privileges, and liberties of the citizens of the United States.

Resolved, That the members composing this meeting will never sanction the principle, that what is corrupt and wrong in its origin, can ever be made right by lapse of time.

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