

Maryland Gazette

ANNAPOLIS: Thursday, October 16, 1828.

PEOPLE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR GENERAL, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE GENERAL, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR SENATOR, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE SENATOR, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE REPRESENTATIVE, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR CLERK, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE CLERK, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR JUDGE, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE JUDGE, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR ATTORNEY, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE ATTORNEY, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

FOR DEPUTY, **ANDREW JACKSON**.
FOR VICE DEPUTY, **JOHN C. CALHOUN**.

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upon them? Is this murder? If so, what was Gen. Washington in his letter to the Marquis de Chastellax, &c. that immortal patriot acknowledged that mutineers were executed on the spot, during the revolution, by his orders merely, without the formality of either judge or jury.

Of all these circumstances, the propagators of the coffin hand bills are fully aware. They cannot plead ignorance in extenuation of their baseness. The facts are well known; but yet these men have, at this late day, and in the village of Rochester, reiterated the stale and infamous slanders upon the brave defender of his country, by re-publishing the coffin hand bills with the blackguard attack on his aged and estimable wife!

We have obtained a few copies of the hand bill, to let our republican friends, from the surrounding towns, see the infamous means now resorted to, by the Adams men, to put down the Hero of New-Orleans—a patriot, whose whole career (as J. Q. Adams once said) has been signalized by the purest intentions and the most elevated purposes, and whose services to this Nation entitle him to the highest reward. This notice cannot be better concluded, than by adding the remark of a sensible farmer, who, on seeing a coffin hand-bill, remarked, that “if Quincy Adams were content to such means for supporting himself, by frightening old women against Gen. Jackson, he (Adams) ought to be boxed up in one of the coffins and sent to Davy Jones’s locker, without benefit of clergy.”—Rochester Repub.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE WESTERN ELECTIONS.

We have now sufficient intelligence from the west to enable us to judge of the relative strength of the two Presidential candidates in that section of the Union. No politician, at all acquainted with the state of parties, and the overwhelming popularity of Gen. Jackson beyond the mountains, can now doubt for a moment that the western candidate will receive the undivided vote of that section of our country. But although his election is beyond all question, and that, too, by a majority of two to one, throughout the Union, it is amusing to see with what gravity our opponents keep up the farce. The Journals friendly to Mr. Adams are filled from day to day with laboured articles on the recent elections in the west, to cheer the drooping spirits of their associates in despair. They either wilfully misrepresent, or they are under some strange delusion as to the true condition of things beyond the mountains. The Editor of the New York American we have an indulgent feeling; from one who cannot comprehend the politics of his own city, we do not expect instruction on the subject of National elections. The Editors of the National Intelligencer are better authority, and more worthy of attention. They are usually cautious and correct, and generally to be relied upon. Latterly, however, the desperate condition of their cause seems to have changed the character of that journal. The Editors make declarations and quote authorities with as little discretion as some of their associates. They now with great gravity assure us, on the most unquestionable authority, that Mr. Van Buren has written to some body, in some transient region, that Gen. Jackson “should have the whole of the 56 votes of New York, if they were necessary for his election.” In the same wild strain they congratulate their partisans on the result of the recent elections in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, which they positively assure us have all terminated with a success so brilliant as to surprise even the victors! These are certainly the most extraordinary victories ever recorded in history. What are they?

The great battle was fought in Kentucky, the home of Mr. Clay. The Secretary could confide his destiny to no friend—he took the field and commanded in person. The cause was desperate—Kentucky lost, and the game was at an end; but if that state could be gained, Governor, legislature and all, by some 6 or 7000 majority an impression might be made on other states, and a formidable effort throughout the Union might save the administration. Mr. Clay had reason to believe that in a state election the old would triumph over the new court party for the last time actually routed in 1825 and never revived until 1827—when, taking advantage of the popularity of Gen. Jackson, they triumphed in the Congressional and made nearly an even race in the legislative election. As the recent contest was exclusively for state officers and as the old court party was thought to be the strongest on that ground, Mr. Clay had good reason to anticipate success, and was prepared to make the most of it. The result has cruelly disappointed him, his reign is at an end. His party, which has been the strongest in the state, saved this Governor by a bare majority, in about 20,000 votes—and the new court party, which was defeated in 1825, triumphantly regains its ascendancy, and obtains the Lieut. Governor and both branches of the Legislature. This is what the Editors of the Intelligencer call a success so brilliant as to surprise even the victors! We well understand the character of such a victory, for the Clintonian party had just such a one in this state in 1826—they elected their Governor through

By these and many other extravagancies and fooleries, the expenses of the government have been increased during the last three years more than eight millions of dollars.

How do the advocates of Mr. Adams defend all abandonments of principle and abuses of power; this lack of patriotism and fraud on the treasury, this neglect of public duty and reward of favourites; this contempt of the public morality and of the privileges of the people's representatives; this preference of foreign manufactures and prodigal waste of public money.

They seem to have abandoned all defence in utter despair. When a new abuse is discovered, they get up a new charge against General Jackson, or new vamp an old one, attempt to draw off the attention of the people from what is, to what might be; induce them to submit to detected dishonesty, and abuse and corruption, through fear of worse evils, should the Farmer of Tennessee be placed at the head of the nation.

COFFIN HAND BILLS!!!!

Four and twenty coffins all in a row!

If further evidence be wanting of the desperation—the reckless and infuriated madness of the Adams men, in this quarter, it is furnished in the fact, that an edition of the infamous coffin hand bills, together with a pamphlet, embodying all the vile calumnies against the wife of General Jackson, has been struck off in Rochester, for circulation in the western district! The substance of exploded falsehoods and detected forgeries, relative to the ruffian Woods and the six mutineers, has been revived, re-embodied and re-embellished with new coffins, for the purpose of frightening such people from the support of General Jackson as are too honest to uphold an administration “brought in iniquity and sustained by corruption.”

Notwithstanding all their boasting in this section of the country, the desperation of the Adams men is evidenced by their thus renewing a species of electioneering which the more respectable men of their party, in other places, have frowned into disuse. As for either the pamphlet against Jackson’s wife, while their publication exhibits the baseness of his enemies, no injury to the cause of the veteran patriot, or can justify its apprehended from their distribution. They carry on their face the marks of the foul spirit in which they were engendered, and their falsehoods are so notorious that the respectable friends of Mr. Adams—at least those whose judgment is not wholly blinded by the bitterness of their prejudice—might heartily in deprecating both the hand bills and the unmanly slanders on Mrs. Jackson, as a curse, instead of a benefit to the administration. To our own knowledge, they have aroused many, very many republicans from their neutrality, and the Jackson party has been strengthened in this country, by the addition of hundreds of farmers, who, but for those atrocious attempts to destroy the fame of the Hero of New Orleans, would probably not have felt sufficient interest in the presidential question to mingle actively in the strife.

To show the false and infamous nature of the coffin hand bill, it is sufficient to state that Col. Russell who commanded the detachment which shot the six mutineers, and who was appealed to for the truth of the statements in the hand bills respecting those misguided men, did, several months ago, come out under his signature, giving the lie direct to every material assertion in the coffin hand bill respecting the mutineers, and pronouncing the whole statement to be a tissue of base and infamous calumnies! Col. Russell, though an Adams man, nevertheless does justice to Gen. Jackson, by exonerating him from all blame, whatever, in relation to the execution of those mutineers. “The ruffians were tried by a court martial of their own officers, for mutinying and breaking open, and plundering the public stores, as well as desertion, and other crimes, punishable with death by all military laws, and by the special acts of Congress. They were condemned at Mobile for these crimes, by a court composed of their own officers—their fellow soldiers and neighbours—and he is remembered that that court was so well satisfied of their guilt, that it refused to recommend them (although it did recommend other mutineers) for mercy. General Jackson was in New Orleans, several hundred miles distant from Mobile, when the proceedings of the court were forwarded to him; and he did no more than his duty by ordering the sentence of the court to be executed on the culprits at Mobile; and it is for this act of official duty, republicans of Monroe county, republicans of New Orleans, and branded as a murderer, although the nation has rung with his praises during the fourteen years since the event occurred! All the other mutineers—for there was 150 tried—had their sentences mitigated or wholly remitted, by Gen. Jackson; but the six who were shot, under the orders of Col. Russell, were ring leaders in the mutiny—they were the most guilty—and, as such, the court which tried them, refused to recommend them to mercy. How then, let us ask, could Gen. Jackson do otherwise than approve the sentence which their own officers—their neighbours and fellow citizens—with all the evidence of their guilt in view—deliberately pronounced

Printers were proscribed and deprived of public patronage, solely because they dared to raise their voices against the principles of the election and the acts of the administration; and the patronage of the government is avowedly bestowed only on those who support the new law power.

A salary was paid to a friend of Mr. Clay, (Wm. B. Rochester) as Secretary of the Panama mission for several months, while he was electioneering for the office of Governor of New York.

The ill judged project of a mission to Panama, cost the life of our valued fellow-citizen Richard C. Anderson, and about \$80,000 in outfits, salaries, contingencies and the equipments of a public ship; without yielding the slightest return in profit or in honour.

The superannuated Rufus King was sent to England, and left without instructions as to the British colonial trade; and having pocketed an outfit of \$9,000, and a salary of about \$9,000, returned home and left his son in charge of the papers, to whom was paid over \$5,000, for that service, about sixty days, contrary to all law, and in defiance of all justice.

Albert Gallatin was then sent to the same post; and having pocketed an outfit of \$9,000, and a salary of 9000 dollars, he also returned home, without doing any thing.

The British offered us their colonial trade on terms which Mr. Adams rejected; afterwards changing his mind, he offered the same terms to them; they also had changed their minds and deprived us of the trade altogether!

For a long time, while our relations with the government were so serious a nature as to require of the President to order troops to the frontiers of Maine to check British encroachments, we were left wholly unrepresented at that court!

At last James Blinbour is sent out as our minister, with his outfit of \$9000, who will doubtless return in one year, having pocketed a salary of 9,000 dollars, while 4,000 dollars, will doubtless be paid the present charge despatches for his outfit; making the outfit of that mission four years, no less than \$30,000 dollars.

By neglect of the President, the French colonial trade has been lost.

The independent state of Georgia has been threatened with military punishment for daring to survey her own territory.

The gallant Porter has been insulted and driven to the service of a foreign flag, for supporting the honour of his own country and punishing foreign insolence.

The Secretaries’ Heads of the several Departments, almost periodically, quit their public duties, range through the country, making speeches and electioneering to keep their master in office, in the face of propriety, of all decency, contrary to the practice of all former times, and the instructions given by the renewed Jefferson.

Documents from public officers have been so disarranged when laid before congress as to produce false impressions, while some of the most important have been suppressed, and as well the papers as the money of the people prostituted to the vilest electioneering.

The public money has been literally lavished on partisans and favourites, and ingenuity seems to have been taxed to devise ways and means to extract it from the treasury.

John H. Pleasant, editor of the Richmond Whig, was paid 1,940 dollars for carrying despatches to Buenos Ayres, when the government knew that instead of going there, he sent his papers by another hand, and went on a trip of pleasure to England.

Theodore W. Clay, son of the Secretary of State, was paid 1,205 dollars for carrying despatches to Mexico.

These and many other messengers were allowed six dollars per day, besides the payment of enormous bills for their expenses, making it amount in some instances, to sixteen dollars per day, when as honest men as ever bore a letter, could have been hired for two dollars and their actual expenses.

Messengers have been even hired to carry despatches to New-York and Norfolk, where the public mail runs as swift as any messenger can go, and would carry despatches as safely.

In the department of state alone, 15,000 dollars has been paid for extra clerk hire, in addition to the salaries of a host of regular clerks, some of them have received considerable sums for alleged extra work; many thousands, in purchasing all sorts of books, few of which are in use in the duties of the Department; thousands for medals and pictures of distinguished men—of the President and Indians; more than four thousand for boarding Indians in the most extravagant of the city hotels, hundreds for English writing paper, with the crown stamped on its extravagant prices for Port Folios, and every sort of finery and foolery, not for the people’s use, but to gratify the extravagance of officers and clerks, more than a thousand dollars for buying, keeping, recovering, &c. of horses, and their trappings; various items for cleaning grass out of the pavements of the Secretary’s office, and pouring hot ley on it, and two hundred and fifteen dollars for cleaning boots and shoes for Indians.

Old Hezekiah Niles has been paid \$1,000 for subscription to his newspaper

Brighton much in this summer weather, they tell me there is so many flies about. The 10th Hussars, are also there, which I want very much to see—the foot regiment is moved from there in consequence, I suppose of the quarrel between our King Don M-Gill, and from all I can make out of it, a very silly quarrel it is—last year or so we were all going to loggerheads because one man like Turkey better than Grease, and now we are to have a blow up because they cannot decide whether Port or Madeira should be opened first—I have no patience with such stuff. I think if folks are to quarrel, women is better to quarrel about than wine, and so the Autograph of Russia and the Grand Seigneur think, for they see us fighting about two of the fair socks, Boss Harabla and Molly Davy.

There has been some dreadful weather here; the other evening, as I was sitting at my twilight, preparing to go to bed, the electric fluid looked quite awful, and the winds bowed tremendous; indeed the raging of the elephants was terrific; two gentlemen were upset in a boat, and obliged to swim ashore in their He-meesses; at least that is what I suppose French for shirts, because what the ladies wear they call the Sh-meesses; however, such has been the reign that it has come down in torrents, and if our Boys had not provided them selves with Duck Trousers and pumps, I dont know what they would have done.

The subscriber of the treasury is down here, he lives by firelight in this neighbourhood—I suppose he come from the West Indies, for they tell me he is a planter. (Mr. Diana) as well as a Henpee—(M. P.) which Fulmer says he is.

I have heard a new comedumtrum, which is very fashionable amusement here—“Why is the gravy of a leg of pork the best gravy in the world?” Because there’s no Jews like it.—I do not know where the joke is, but I suppose there is one. I have hardly any thing to say, only I thought you would like to hear of Lavy’s coachman, and our prospects of removal from this place, which is not at all to my gourd.

Yours always, dear B.
Dorothea L. Ramsbottom.

From the Frankfort, (Ky.) Commentator.

A SHOCKING EVENT.

A citizen of this town, a young man about 26 years of age, with a wife and children—Mr. Beaton S. Gale—was shot, up on the highway, four miles from town, in broad day, on Wednesday last, and died of the wound at 3 o’clock the next morning. The account given of it in the course of the evening, as committed to writing by two magistrates of the county, and publicly read in the examining court, on Thursday, was to this effect: “That he had been with his family to the house of his father-in-law, five miles from town, near the Lexington road, and had taken with him a rifle, for the purpose of shooting squirrels. On Wednesday morning, his wife being unwell, he started to town, on horseback, carrying the rifle before him to procure a carriage for her to return home in. When he came opposite the house of Thomas Major (a respectable farmer, living four miles from town,) he saw John and Oliver T. Major, his sons, at work by the road side. He passed within ten steps of them, neither of the parties speaking. As soon as he passed them, he observed John Major go and take up a gun which stood near, but Gale thinking nothing of that, kept on without looking back, and had got some thirty or forty yards, when he heard the report of the gun, and felt the smart of the wound. Turning his head, he saw John Major in the act of lowering the gun from his face. Gale dismounted immediately. Major fled towards his father’s house. Gale pursued him 140 or 150 yards, passing two fences, when he found himself too weak to proceed, and returned to his horse; but having become too weak to mount, he proceeded on foot towards Foster’s tavern, distant perhaps 200 yards, and as he approached the house obtained assistance and was helped in.

Gale saw nothing in the conduct of Oliver T. Major indicating a participation on his part in the act of his brother.

The ball was found to have entered the small of the back on the left side, passed obliquely through the body, and lodged in the skin two inches to the left of the navel.

John Major has been arrested under the charge of murder, and after the usual course of examination, has been committed to await a trial in the circuit court.

Besides the statement of the deceased, it appeared in the course of the examination that there had been a quarrel between Gale and John Major, and that the latter had said that Gale had shed his blood without cause and he would have satisfaction. There is, we have observed, though it did not appear on the examination, an indictment which has been continued once or twice in the circuit court against Gale, for a violent assault and battery upon the person of Major, in relation to which public opinion was very much against Gale. Good laws, habitually well executed might have prevented the affair on which that indictment is founded, as well as the more terrible one which has followed.

WARTS & CORNS.

It is stated that the bark of the milk low tree, burnt to ashes, mixed with strong vinegar, and applied to the parts, will remove all warts, corns, or excrescences on any part of the body.

MARYLAND ELECTIONS.

1st District—Joseph Stone.
2d District—John C. Herbert.
3d District—William Fitzhugh, Jr.
4th District—John S. Sellman, Benjamin C. Howard.
5th District—Elias Brown.
6th District—Thomas M. Forman.
7th District—John T. Rees.
8th District—James Sangston.
9th District—Thomas K. Carroll.

The Address of the Managers of the Wesleyan Bible Society of Annapolis, is received at this period for insertion in this week’s Gazette. It shall appear in our next.

For the Maryland Gazette.
THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.
The Kings of old have shrine and tomb in many a minister’s wealthy gloom: Angliven, along the coast of Florida, the monuments arise where heroes died: But show me, on thy flowery breast, Earth! where thy nameless Martyr’s rest. The thousand, that unheeded by praise, Have made one offering of their days: For truth, for Heaven, for freedom’s sake, Renowned, the bitter cup to take, And silently, in fearless faith, Being the noble souls to death. Where sleep they, Earth! By no proud stone, Where sorrow eech of rest knows The still, sad glory of their name, Follows no glory into fame:—Nor not a tree the record tells, Or the young sapling, where the wind prays, Thy ashes all around be strew’d: The ashes of that multitude, It may be, that each day we tread, Where thou devoted hearts have bled, And the young flowers our children sow, Take root in holy dust below. Oh! that the many rustling leaves, Which round our homes the Summer breeze bears, On that the streams, in whose glad voice Our own familiar paths rejoice, Might whisper through the starry sky To tell where these best slumberer’s lie. Would not our inmost hearts be still’d With knowledge of their presence fill’d? And by its breathings taught to prize The meekness of self-sacrifice? But the old woods, and sounding waves, Are silent of those humble graves. Yet what if no light foot-steps there, In pilgrim love and awe repair? Let it be—Like him whose clay they bury, by his Maker lay. They sleep in secret—but their soul, O’ercome to man, is mark’d of God.

For the Maryland Gazette.
“RELIGION’S ALL!”—Fount. Men seek happiness in a variety of ways. Some by the accumulation of wealth, others by the attainment of high honours. Many hunt after it in the haunts of dissipation, and many look for it in the still and soothing shades of retirement. Here one would suppose it could always be found. Not so. Happiness is to be drawn from one source only—FROM RELIGION. “She has the soul, a God that acts a god.” Providence has smiled upon a man, placed at his disposal an abundance of the comforts of this world, in Religion alone that can qualify him for the true enjoyment of them. By the same Providence she enjoins, his health of body is not only preserved, but often, when disease has made inroads upon it, is restored. By the constant practice of the charity and forbearance commands, his mind is kept balanced and tranquillity is diffused throughout it. Though poverty, sickness and pain, assail and oppress him, he drinks deeply of the cup of happiness. The promise in that Gospel, in which our religion is founded, “She props to a falling fabric, stay and support his mind. Even when he feels the approaches of death, he receives inward happiness from the reflection, that the same religion which here guides his feet into “paths of pleasantness and peace,” has fitted the immortal part of him for eternal happiness. He seeks every one, who is in quest of happiness, would seek it at the fountain of Religion. ‘Tis from that alone we are taught to look for it. At that fountain thousands, who had unsuccessfully sought it in every clime and country, have ultimately found it. “RELIGION’S ALL!” M.