

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1832.

NO. 33.

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COB WATERS.
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FRESH SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.
GEORGE M'NEIR,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
HAYING just returned from the Philadel-
phia and Baltimore markets, with a choice
selection of handsome and most fashionable
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
Of the latest importations, solicits a call from
his friends and the public generally.
CLOTHES shall be made at the shortest no-
tice, and in such style as to suit his customers,
for cash, or to punctual men.
May 24.

FOR SALE,
A Pair of well broke YOUNG CARRIAGE
HORSES, a good second hand CAR-
RIAGE, and HARNESS, almost new. In-
quire at this office.
June 21.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
THE HOUSE AND LOT in church
street, at present occupied by Mr.
John Smith. For terms apply to
JOHN SMITH, or
HENRY MATTHEWS.
June 23.

Anne Arundel County, &c.
ON application to me the subscriber, a Jus-
tice of the Orphans' Court of Anne Arun-
del County, by petition in writing of Wil-
liam T. Gantt, praying for the benefit of the Act
in relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed
at November session, 1805, and the several
supplements thereto, a schedule of his prop-
erty and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as
he can ascertain them, being annexed to his
petition; and the said William T. Gantt hav-
ing satisfied me by competent testimony, that
he has resided in the State of Maryland two
years, immediately preceding the time of his
application, and that he is in actual confine-
ment for debt only. It is therefore ordered
and adjudged by me, that said William T.
Gantt be discharged from his confinement, and
that he, by causing a copy of this order to be
inserted in the Maryland Gazette, once a week
for three successive months before the fourth
Monday of October next, give notice to his
creditors to appear before Anne Arundel County
Court, on the third Monday of October
next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee
for their benefit, on the said William T.
Gantt, then and there taking the oath by the
said acts prescribed for delivering of his prop-
erty, and to show cause, if any they have,
why the said William T. Gantt should not
have the benefit of the said act and supple-
ments thereto, as provided.
GIDEON WHITE.
July 12.

Anne Arundel County, &c.
ON application to the Judges of Anne Arun-
del County Court by petition, in writing of Beale
Gaither of Anne Arundel county, stating that he is
in actual confinement for debt only, and praying
for the benefit of the Act of the General Assembly
of Maryland, entitled, An act for the relief of sun-
dry insolvent debtors, passed at November ses-
sion, 1805, and the several supplements thereto, on the
terms therein mentioned, a schedule of his property, and a
list of his creditors, on oath, so far as he can ascer-
tain them, being annexed to his said petition; and the
said Beale Gaither having satisfied the Court by com-
petent testimony that he has resided two years in
the State of Maryland, immediately preceding the
time of his application, and the said Beale Gaither
having taken the oath by the said Act prescribed, by
the delivering up his property, and given sufficient
security for his personal appearance at the Court
of Anne Arundel county, to answer such limita-
tions and allegations as may be made against
him, and having appointed Joshua Warfield of An-
ne Arundel county, his trustee, who has given bond as such,
and received from said Beale Gaither, a conveyance and
possession of all his property real, personal and mixed,
—it is hereby ordered and adjudged, that the said
Beale Gaither be discharged from his confinement,
and that he give notice to his creditors by causing a
copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper
published in the city of Annapolis, once a week for
three months, before the fourth Monday of October
next, to appear before the said County Court, at ten
o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of recom-
mending a trustee for their benefit, and to show cause, if any
they have, why the said Beale Gaither should not
have the benefit of the said act, and the supplement
as prayed.
WILLIAM S. GREEN.
May 17.

FOR ANNAPOLIS,
CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.
The Steam Boat MA-
RYLAND, will con-
tinence her regular run
for Annapolis, Cambridge
(by Castle Haven) and
Easton, on FRIDAY MORNING NEXT, at
30th March, at 7 o'clock, from her usual place
of starting, lower end Dugan's wharf, and con-
tinue to leave Baltimore on every Tuesday and
Friday Morning, at 7 o'clock, for the above
places throughout the season.
Passage to Castle Haven or Easton 30 cts
to Annapolis 51.
N. B. All baggage at the risk of the owner
or owners.
LEML. G. TAYLOR, Capt.
March 24.

CASH FOR NEGROES
I WISH TO PURCHASE
100 LIKELY NEGROES
Of both sexes
from 12 to 25
years of age,
field hands,
also mechanics
of every de-
scription. Persons wishing to sell, will do so
by giving me a call, as I am determined to
purchase for SLAVES, than
HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than
purchaser who is now or may be hereafter in
market. Any communication in writing re-
specting this subject will be promptly at-
tended to. I can be seen at
Richard Williams's Hotel, Annapolis.
RICHARD WILLIAMS.
May 1, 1832.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

From the New York Evening Post.
THE COBLET.
I'm coming with my locks of red,
I'm coming down full sail,
I've scattered all the signs with dread,
And turned the planets pale,
Five hundred miles of head,
A million leagues of tail;
I've left the Ram without a horn,
Made roast beef of the Bull,
The Earth will then be in full light,
The Fish could not keep cool,
Virgo's a maiden all forlorn,
And Leo's a lost his wool.
Mars was obliged to take to flight,
Mars Venus had a swoon;
I've left them all in sad affright,
I'm steering for the Moon;
The Earth will then be in full light—
You'll have low weather soon,
Kamschatska, all the frozen climes,
Sail fever'll have its origin;
The southern for their many crimes,
I'll pour a stream of fire on;
For I am Twenty Hundred times
More hot than red hot iron!"
My beard shall graze, and in a trice,
Singe Greenland to a coal;
One second, and I knock a dice
From off the Northern pole;
The shock will break and melt the ice,
Round Captain Symme's "hole."
Poor devils you'll have to rue,
The moment that we meet;
When fretting 'twixt a broil and stew,
Stark staring mad you get;
You'll not be free into a dew,
But melt down in a sweat.
I'm coming! scattering star
Destruction in my trail;
Swift as a steamboat, or a car,
Whirled o'er the humming rail;
Fire, frenzy, plague, and ruin, are
The features of my trail!
"Sir Isaac Newton."
"TAG."

From the Asiatic Journal for June.
THE CLEPHIT.
A TALE OF THE MOREA.

Upon the establishment of the Moslems in Greece, many of its natives withdrew from the plains and fixed their abode in the mountains and natural fastnesses of the country, preferring the scanty and precarious means of subsistence they found there, to plenty with Turkish tyranny. Here they organized a system of plunder, which, though more frequently exercised against the Moslem agas, was too indiscriminate to exempt them from the hatred and execrations of their lowland countrymen, whose herds and flocks, corn, wine, and money, were frequently transferred to the *linaris*, or mountain stations of these descendants of the heroes of the Peloponnesus.

It was in the lofty ranges of mountains, which diversify the surface of Peloponnesus, or modern Morea, that these *Clephits*, or robbers, as they were denominated, were found, in the greatest numbers. Here their communities bore some semblance of government, if it could be so called. Freedom, for which they had renounced the luxuries of life and even security of existence, was too precious in their eyes to be bartered for any equivalent. Their head-men or captains, therefore, had generally speaking, as little real power over them as any other chiefs of freebooters; but in some parts of the Morea, they were selected from an ancient family, and were conspicuous for valour of personal prowess, which circumstances gave them a moral influence over their hardy and fearless mountaineers.

A band of *Clephits* had taken possession of a very strong part of that lofty range which the ancients named Taygetus, and which is called at the present day Makrynos. Its precipitous cliffs, snowy crests, and terrific defiles, made it the Turks deadly in their repeated attempts to expel the robbers; whilst the richly cultivated slopes, in the middle region, and the plains of the Eurotas, or Iri, towards the valley of Sparta, afforded the *Clephits* a abundant resources both in the winter and summer.

Tradition amongst these people as well as amongst their lowland neighbours, reported that they were the pure, unalloyed progeny of the ancient Spartans, and there were many a resemblance between them. Their songs discovered a strange medley of Christian and Pagan images, and the great personages of Lacedaemonian antiquity were not unfrequently referred to, though the actions attributed to them borrowed strongly on the legends of the cavaliers of chivalry.

Chief when engaged in their raids, or in an *alfary*, showing no mercy towards a Turk and little towards a monk, for whom they felt almost equal hatred, these outlaws manifested to their friends and connections even those of the plains, the kindest feelings; and towards the fair sex, of whatever rank and nation, they usually chose a degree of gallantry and chivalrous devotion in which the most polished nations could not excel them.

A party of these Taygetan *Clephits* had descended the western side of the mountains, and were on their way to a village, the object was to sweep the farm of a rich and elderly agas of his sheep and flocks,

(wheat) of which these ancient Spartans were in need.

"Poios siri?" exclaimed the foremost *Clephit*, raised his long gon to his shoulder. "Who art thou?"

"The question was addressed to a figure in white, seated upon an antique door-way, hurried by time almost to the soil.

"As no answer was returned, the unerring aim was taken, but before the querist could fire, a companion seized his arm. "Be still! 'tis a woman: an *atho* o *Theos* (please God) we will know what she does here."

"It was, indeed, a Turkish maiden; one of truly matchless beauty;—young and weeping. Her tender form, which had long borne the printing of the pitiless elements, dropped with fatigue; but the expression in her face was that of grief,—of that grief which seemed to say, "all other ills are nothing."

The rough *Clephits*, though on an expedition of robbery,—perhaps of murder,—were not proof against a sight which melts the roughest,—beauty in tears. "Tears," said one of them, "do you wrap your cloak" about the woman, and stay with her till we return; she shall be taken care of, but must go to our *lineri*, Her ransom will be worth looking for."

The man complied, and whilst his fellow *pallicars* departed on their raid, he tended the weeping girl in the most delicate and feeling manner.

"Whence and what art thou, maiden? and why here, in this lone wood, when the tempest is abroad? Has a cruel father thrust thee forth—or has a faithless lover?"—Here the sob of the mourner became more audible.

The tender hearted *Clephit*, albeit a robber by profession, a Spartan by descent, and a sworn foe to the Turk race, was infected with her grief, and if the sacred drops of pity could perform have found egress, his weather-beaten cheeks would have been bathed in tears. By slow degrees he extracted from the sorrowing girl the sad tale, that her affection had been captivated by a young Greek; that her parent, on discovering their passion had ejected her from her only home, and she had wandered from place to place, till compelled by the storm to seek shelter in the wood.

"The elucidation, which seemed to relieve the poor girl, had scarcely ended, when the other *pallicars* hastily returned. They had been discovered or betrayed; and some Albanians were in pursuit of them.

"Away!" said the leader of the disappointed *Clephits*; "let us leave the woman, I fear; we cannot encounter ourselves; we must take our route through the ravines, and up the steepest path."

"Demtri," replied the other, the maiden is in distress; she will be safer with us than with the villainous Albanians. Let us convey her to our chief; I will bear the burthen."

With this, Tsara, nothing loth, raised the Turkish damsel in his vigorous arms, and bore her along as if she were but a pigeon.

The party plunged into the thickest part of the wood, gained the green ravines, smiling with corn and olive trees, climbed the almost perpendicular crags, aided by casually grasping an arbutus, or a lentisk, or an oleaner, and reached their *lineri*, where their captain greeted them.

"Brothers! God be praised! we have a goodly booty. How could you find nothing in the farm of Aga Hassan but a woman? A little maize or dominion, or a sheep or two, would have been as well. But, *agios Petros!* the girl is beautiful—she is an angel!"

"She will be ransomed, no doubt," said Tsara, "and ten purses will reward us for our disappointment to-night. We entrust her to your care, captain."

This captain was a *Colocotroni*,—brave, that is, fearless, but somewhat of the ruffian predominated in his character. "What am I to do with her?" he asked, his eyes fixed upon the trembling, blushing Turkoi. "We confide her to your care," repeated several voices, laying a stress upon two of the expressions.

The wildness of the scene, the rough manners of the *Clephits*, the auspicious reception given her by the captain, and perhaps the keenness of the air in this high region, gave a new impulse to the feelings of the Osmali nymph, who forgot, for a moment, her late griefs in the peculiarity of her situation. She was at the mercy of the chief of a band of robbers.

She was conducted to their best apartment, a natural cavern, in which their powder and stores, and provisions were deposited. Assurances of safety, of protection, of assistance were made to her; she was told to fear nothing.

"The helpless condition of a defenceless female is of itself a sufficient protection to her against nine-tenths of mankind; with one tenth it is an invitation to cowardly insult. The *Clephits* were proverbially forbearing on such occasions; there were some exceptions; Captain *Colocotroni* was one.

The charms of the Osmali damsel overpowered the sentiments of honour, the pride of *Clephit* magnanimity, the severity of even Spartan discipline, and self-denial, in the breast of the captain. The wretched girl sunk under his brutal violence. She proclaimed the wrong she had endured, and expired in a kind of frenzy; produced by the

combined operation of grief, compassion, and the bitterness of shame.

"Captain," said Tsara, who had begun to cherish an interest towards the young female, which in a bosom less rough, might have merited the name of love, "you have violated the sacred law of hospitality; you have disgraced the name of Spartan *Clephit*; you are unworthy of your post."

"How is this?" he cried; "hear him out, and hurl him down the precipice! What! you hesitate? Then this shall ensue obedience."

His gun leaped to the shoulder of *Colocotroni*, and Tsara's was equally ready. The *pallicars*, however, stepped between, and two of them disarmed the captain. He reviled them in the most opprobrious terms, threatened them with vengeance from his own arm, from the Turks, from Heaven,—for these people are singularly pious, or rather superstitious.

Disregarding his clamours, some of the *Clephit* band proceeded to the cavern, where lay the body of the dishonoured, the murdered Turkoi; they brought it forth, placed it on the ground before the stupified *Colocotroni*; they pinioned his limbs, bound him closely to the corpse, and bearing the living and the dead on their spears to the edge of the precipice, they skitted a deep dingle, and were swung their lead till it acquired a sufficient momentum to carry it far away, and at the word "hoose!" it was launched into the air.

A wild, preternatural howl burst from the lips of *Colocotroni*, and a slight echo was heard amongst the crags when he fell. "All was then quiet."

Tsara succeeded to the captainship, and his name is distinguished amongst the *Clephit* heroes of the Morea. He may be yet alive.

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.
An anecdote relating to the capture of the *Guerriere* has lately gone the rounds of the papers, which is stated to have been from an unquestionable source, and characteristic of the coolness, prudence, and superior skill of the American Commander. The anecdote is doubtless correct in each important particular, although we have often heard it related with some additions and slight variations, by a person who was on board the *Constitution* when the occurrence happened. His version was as follows:

The *Guerriere* was lying to. The *Constitution* was leisurely bearing down upon the enemy under her three top-sails—every man was at his respective station, and all on board were eager for the contest—when the *Guerriere* commenced the action at long shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pound shot from the *Guerriere* took effect and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieut. Morris immediately left his station on the gun-deck to report the same to the Commodore, and requested permission to return the fire, as the men were very desirous to engage the enemy.

"Mr. Morris," was the Commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun-deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well keep so—but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word."

In a few moments Mr. Morris again appeared and stated that he could, with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broadside, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

"Mr. Morris," reiterated the Commodore, "intently gazing on the English frigate, 'are you ready for action on the gun-deck?'"

"Yes, sir—and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Several of our bravest men are already killed and wounded."

"Keep cool, Mr. Morris,—keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word."

The gallant Lieutenant went below. In a few moments, the vessels having neared each other to within pistol shot distance, Morris was sent for to appear on the quarter-deck.

"Are you all ready for action, Mr. Morris?" again demanded the Commodore.

"We are all ready, sir—and the men are muttering horrid imprecations because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy."

"Fire then, in God's name," shouted the Commodore in a voice of thunder.

It is added, that he wore at the time a pair of nankeen tights,—and he accompanied the soul-cheering order with such a tremendous stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were completely split open from the knee to the waistband!

The conduct of *Dacres*, before and during the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, (Mass.) at present a respectable ship-master out of Boston, had been pressed on board the *Guerriere* a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the *Constitution* was bearing down in each gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with an American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter-deck, and respectfully, but firm-

ly, represented to Capt. *Dacres*, that he was an American citizen, who had been unjustly detained on board the English frigate; that he had hitherto performed the duties which were assigned him; but that it could not reasonably be expected he would fight against his countrymen—he therefore begged leave to decline the honour of participating in the engagement.

The English Captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings; that he did not wish the Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit, to render assistance to the surgeons if it should be necessary. Reed left the spar-deck after the *Guerriere* had commenced the action. Several shot were known to have taken effect, but the *Constitution* had not yet fired a gun, much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted that the enemy would be taken without any resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's-men, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed, with a significant shake of his head—"that d—d Yankee knows what he's about."

A few moments passed away, and the *Constitution* poured in her tremendous broadside, every gun was double shotted and well pointed; and the effect which it had on the enemy can hardly be conceived. Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturbable but harmless Yankees, gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying; and sixteen poor mutilated wretches were tumbled down into the cockpit, by the effects of the first broadside!

Dacres fought as long as a spar was standing, and a gun could be brought to bear upon the enemy; but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed and wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore when the *Guerriere*, which a few hours before was justly considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water an unsightly unmanageable mass—when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud flag of his country, the gallant Briton began to think that he had got into an ugly scrape, from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose even a feeble resistance to his most fortunate foe.

Captain Hull sent an officer to take possession of the *Guerriere*. When he arrived along-side, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate, if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness which would have done honour to a Yankee, endeavoured to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer said he."

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American Lieutenant.

"Not precisely," returned *Dacres*; "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you think it advisable, I will return a-board," replied the Yankee, "and we will resume the engagement."

"Why, I am pretty much hors du combat already," said *Dacres*—"I have hardly men enough left to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you a prisoner of war or an enemy. I have no time for farther parley."

"I believe there is no alternative—If I could fight longer, I would with pleasure—but I must surrender—myself—a prisoner of war!"

TIPPECANOE BATTLE-GROUND.
Although this spot is situated upon the frontier of the vast empire of the United States in the West, in a forest yet unsubdued by the arts of civilization and irresistible progress of improvement; the event with which it is associated, gives it a conspicuous place in the pages of our history. It is the ground where the first battle and first bloodshed formed the opening scene of the last War. It was there that the ardent patriot and unshaken bravery of our citizens soldiers, gave promise of the rich harvest of glory which our country afterwards reaped, in many a field of blood. It is a spot fraught with deep interest to every American; with proud yet mournful recollections. There was achieved the first victory of the last War. There fell Daviess, Spencer, Warlick, and Owen, and many a brave comrade, whose hearts swelled with as lofty patriotism as those whose untimely death our country mourns: "where their bones rudely disinterred by dastardly savages, long lay, bleaching in the winds, neglected by their country, in whose defence they had marched into the untrodden wilderness and sacrificed their lives. But though they were far from their home and their friends; their country's honour and independence were before them, and their dying moments were cheered by the voice of victory, and the last accents which fell upon their ears were the shouts of triumph. And yet may this country redeem its former neglect, and place a Monument over the bones of those whose deeds it should be the pride of every American citizen to emulate. But they need it not—their names are placed, side by side with the heroes of the Revolution, and their actions entombed in the temple of their country's glory.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect of the weather, a larger concourse of citizens

and strangers repaired at an early hour to the Battle Ground, on the 21st. Among the distinguished strangers from a distance, were Generals Tipton and Carr, and several soldiers who were in the Battle, the sons of the brave Warlick and Owen, and the son of General Harrison, (whose absence was much regretted.) The bones which were buried in several places around the Battle Ground, were disinterred and placed in coffins. A long and solemn procession, under the conduct of Major Hurst, Doct. Vandevanter, Capt. Joseph Hill, and Aaron Finch, Esq. acting as Marshals, followed them to the grave, where they were re-interred with the honours of war, after a solemn, pathetic, and affecting appeal to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, and an eloquent and patriotic Funeral Oration by Ed. A. Hannegan, Esq.

The procession formed at 12 o'clock, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangement, in the following order:

The Coffin, supported by eight pall bearers, preceded and flanked by the Light Companies.

Messrs Owen and Warlick, chief mourners.

The Officers and soldiers who were engaged in the battle, their relatives and friends.

Committee of Arrangement.

Citizens.

The Mourners, Orator, Chaplain, Committee of Arrangement, and Pall Bearers, waiting crape on the left arm.

After the interment of the bones and the conclusion of the ceremonies connected with it, Gen. Tipton in a brief address detailed the principal events of the battle, and the circumstances under which it was fought. He repelled the many false imputations, which had been cast upon the conduct of his Commander in that bloody conflict, and appealed to the recollections of his comrades, several of whom were then present, to sustain the truth of his statement.

Lafayette Free Press, Oct. 27.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
London, June 25.—Sir Walter Scott's state leaves no room to hope that he can live many days, or even hours. He has nearly lost all consciousness, and cannot recognize the identity of his relatives who are admitted to his room. The answer to inquiries made at the hotel in Jermyn street, this morning was, that he is much the same, not worse.

The author of "Waverley," alas! is lying at the St James' Hotel, in Jermyn street, in the last stage of paralysis—past cure, past hope, past help. In a few days the country will mourn the extinction of one of her most shining lights, the loss of one of her greatest benefactors. Sir Walter Scott has had political enemies, as every distinguished individual must have who has taken so marked a political part as he has done—and of this sort of enemy we think he has experienced too large a share, for no such decided Tory ever neutralized his theoretical errors, by so strong an infusion of practical liberality; but a personal enemy he has never had. His unaffected simplicity, his benevolence of heart, his integrity of character, (which the latter circumstances of his life showed to be heroic) have made him the object of universal affection as well as respect. A heroic integrity may well be called; for there is no doubt that he is now cut off, at only sixty years of age, a victim to exertions beyond human strength, not for the benefit of himself or his family, but of individuals who for those exertions would have been sufferers from the commercial embarrassments in which he had the unhappiness to be involved. On the completion of the last of his labours, he was compelled to seek for a renewal of health and strength in foreign climes. His search has been vain; and he is not even permitted to revisit the cherished scenes and "familiar faces" of his native land. But his memory will never die; and if ever man bequeathed to posterity a name as pure and spotless as his is great, that man is Sir Walter Scott.

Spectator.

June 27.—The answer to enquiries yesterday morning at the hotel in Jermyn street was, that Sir Walter had passed a tolerable good night, and up to 10 o'clock he was composed, and at intervals appeared collected; notwithstanding, he remains in a most exhausted state, not having taken sufficient nourishment for these nine days. Within the last 48 hours a favourable change has certainly taken place.

LITERARY SQUINTING.
When is a thief not a thief?—When he's a robbing (a robbin').
When is a man not a man?—When he's a shaving.
When is a man like a wooden box?—When he's a coughing (a coughin').
When is a sailor not a sailor?—When he's on a board.
When is a ship not a ship?—When she's a shore.
Why will not the aristocracy (the gentry, Sals?)—Because they are for working people.
Why is good conduct like working water?—Because it raises a steam, (a steam).
Can the leopard change his spots?—Yes. If he does not like one spot, he can go to another.