Mr. Randolph's Speech.

[CONCLUDED.]

Sir, in what book is it—you know better than I—in what parliamentary debate was it, that, upon a certain union between Lord Sandwich, one of the most corrupt and profligate men in all the relations of life, and the sanctimonious, puritanical Lord Mansfield, and the other ministerial leaders—on what occasion was it, that Junius said, after Lord Chatham had said it before him, that it reminded him of the union between Blifil and Black George? I, who am no professional man, but only a planter: I, whose reading has not gone very deep into black letter, though I do know some little of that too: I do believe there is more wisdom—after the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton—I do believe that, in Don Quixotte, Gil Blas, and Tom Jones, there is contained a greater body of wisdom than is to be found in the same number of pages in the whole collection of English and foreign literature. I might have added to them, the famous Thousand and One Nights: for, though they are fabulous they are human nature, Sir. It is true it is eastern nature, but it is the same thing that Fielding served up—it is human nature. I remember very well, one of the numerous heroes of Gil Blas, the son of Coscolina, our old friend Scipio—I recollect very well the adventure that befel him.—Towards the close of that inimitable and immortal romance, Scipio is called on to tell the story of his life. He begins by saying that he—it is a remarkable coincidence—he was born in infancy to indigence, ignorance—and, Sir, the son of Coscolina might have kept up the alliteration by adding, to impudence; and that, if he had been the author of his own being—if he had been consulted on the occasion, he would have been a grandee of the first class. Who doubts it? Who doubts Scipio, or any one else, when he says he should wish to have been born of a good family, to a good estate, and to have been brought up in good habits, and with the manners and principles of a gentleman? Who doubts it? It was Scipio's misfortune that he was not; and I would take even Scipio's evidence in this case, or any other man's. Among other adventures that befel the son of Coscolina, he entered into the service of a certain Don Abel, who carried him to Seville, in Andalusia; and, on a certain occasion, coming home with very bad luck from a card table—*that* will sour the temper even of the mildest—I have seen ladies themselves not bear heavy losses at cards very well—he gave Scipio a box on the ear, because he had not done something which he had not ordered him to do, but which it was the part of a good servant to have done, without being ordered. Scipio goes to tell his story to a bravo, and tells him that his master is going to leave Seville, and that, as soon as the vessel runs down the Guadalquiver, he shall leave him. If this is your plan of revenge, says the bravo, your honor is gone forever—not only do this, but rob him—take his strong box with you. Scipio, at that time, had not conceived the atrocious idea of adding robbery to a breach of trust; but he agreed to the proposition.—But, as they were descending the staircase, the bravo—strong as Hercules, to carry off other men's goods—with the strong box on his shoulders, they are met by Don Abel. The bravo puts down the coffer and takes to his heels, and Scipio await the issue of his master's wrath.—He can tell his story and put a face on the matter. What are you doing with my coffer? I am going to take it to the ship. Who told you to do so? Nobody. What is the name of the ship? I don't know, but having a tongue in my head, I can inquire. Why did you carry my coffer off? Did you not chastise me the other day for not having done something without being ordered? Did not I know you were about to embark, and was it not my duty to see your luggage safe on board the ship? Abel's reply was, 'My good friend, go about your business. I never play with those who sometimes have a card too many, and sometimes a card too few.' It shall be my business (said Mr R.) to prove at a future time, that this is the predicament in which our present Ministry stand; whereas on a certain occasion, they had a card too few, on another, they had a card too many, or *e converso*. I believe I can prove it both ways. I, like Don Abel, am ready to bid them go their ways in peace, and to determine that they shall never play again, with the power and the money of the people that I represent, with my leave. I say I will prove, if the Senate will have the patience to listen to me—I will prove to their satisfaction, that the President has Jonathan Russellized himself. I have as good a right to coin compound verbs as other People. I say the President of the United States has Jonathan-Russelled himself—has shown that, in the execution of a great public trust, he has done that which has damned Jonathan Russell to everlasting infamy, and enabled him to put his foot on Russell—to clap an extinguisher on him. If I don't prove it—it is a pledge that shall be redeemed—not like the pledge about the navigation of the Mississippi—not like the pledge about this Spanish American resolution—it shall be redeemed or I will sit down infamous and and contented for the rest of my life.—And how, Sir, has Jonathan-Russelled himself? He has done it by the aid and instrumentality of this very new Sally—I shall not say which is Blifil and which is Black George. I do not draw my pictures in such a way as to render it necessary to write under them 'this is a man, this is a horse.' I say this new ally has been the means of Jonathan-Russelling him; and for what? Sir, we hear a great deal about the infirmity of certain constitutions—not paper constitutions—we hear a great deal of constitutional infirmity—seven years is too long for some of us to wait; and if the President can be disposed of at the end of threeyears, then being Jonathan-Russelled, may they not, by some new turning up of tramps, expect to succeed him? I shall suggest to my good friend from Missouri, whether there is not in fact a Trojan horse within the walls of the Capitol, no, not of the Capitol but of the Executive Palace. I would suggest to him whether there is not an enemy in the camp, who, if I should fail in blowing any body sky high, will put them below not only the sky, but the ground—bury them. But, whatever the motive may have been, the fact is as I have stated it, that there is a discrepancy in the communications of the Executive to Congress; and I will state another thing when I come to it. It is, that I do believe though I do not pledge myself to prove——but I will pledge myself to make out a very strong case, such as would satisfy a jury in the county of Charlotte—and I would put myself on that jury, and be tried by God and my country—I then say, Sir, that there is a strong reason to believe that these South American communications, which have been laid before us, were manufactured here at Washington, if not by the pens, under the eye of one own ministers, to subserve their purposes. Sir, though in one respect I am like the great Earl of Warwick the king-maker, and a little unlike him in unmaking one king—though between two hawks I can tell which flies the higher pitch—between two dogs, which has the deeper mouth—between two horses, which bears him best—between two blades, which hath the better temper—between two girls, which hath the merrier eye—yet, in matters of law, I am like the unlearned Earl Goodlack. One thing has my attention been turned to—language—words—the counters of wise men, the money of fools—that machine and material with which the lawyer, the priest, the doctor, the charlatan of every sort and kind, pick the pocket, and put the letters upon the planter & upon the slave holder. It is by a dexterous cutting & shuffling of this pack that the business is done. They who can shuffle the whole pack, are often quite ignorant of any foreign language, even of their own, and, in their attempts to write and talk finely, they only betray their poverty, like the fine ladies in the Vicar of Wakefield, by their outrageous attempts to be very genteel. The first thing that struck me in these documents was how wonderfully these Spaniards must have improved in English in their short residence in the United States.—It reminded me of a remark in one of Scott's novels, in the part about old Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot; 'Ay,' says old Edie, 'she's a well educate woman; and an' she wis to her English as I hae heard her do at an orra time, she may may come to fickle us a.' These Spaniards have got to their English, and we are all fickled. But I shall be told—not as I have been told—but as I am prepared to be told—because I have kept this thing locked up here to bring it out in this Senate—I shall be told that these English letters were translations from the Spanish, made in the office of the Secretary of State. I hope not—I should be sorry to see any such tokens of affinity, and consanguinity, and good understanding; but they have the foot prints and the flesh marks of the style of that office, as I shall show on a future occasion. I cannot show it now—it would be unreasonable—but show it I will, and in a manner that shall satisfy any honest jury on the South side of Mason and Dickinson's line—any honest jury—and I will bring the presumption so strong, that he must possess more than Christian charity (which covereth all things) who will deny that there exists strong presumptive evidence and, Sir, against the honor of a man, as against the honor of a lady, strong presumptive evidence is a fatal thing—it is always fatal when that presumptive evidence cannot be cleared up and done away. Do you read the letters of these South American missionaries over again, and compare them with the tone of the messages and letters which we have received; put them in colums one against the other, and mark the similitude. My suspicious temper may have carried me too far—if it has, I beg pardon, but I will show enough, not a handkerchief to justify the jealousy of Othello—yet I believe that the jealousy might have been pardoned to the noble Moor, certainly by me, had he not been a black man; but the idea to me is so revolting of that connexion, that I can never read that play with any sort of pleasure, see it acted I never could.

Now, Sir, John Quincy Adams coming into power under these inauspicious circumstances, and with these suspicious allies and connexions, has determined to become the apostle of liberty, of universal liberty, as his father was, about the time of the formation of the Constitution, known to be the apostle of monarchy.—It is no secret—I was in New-York when he first took his seat as Vice-President. I recollect for I was a school boy at the time, attending the lobby of Congress, when I ought to have been at school—I remember the manner in which my brother was spurned by the coachman of the then Vice-President, for coming too near the arms blazoned on the scutcheon of the Vice-Regal carriage. Perhaps I may have some of this old animosity rankling in my heart, and, coming from a race who are known never to forsake a friend or forgive a foe—I am taught to forgive my enemies, and I do from the bottom of my heart, most sincerely, as I hope to be forgiven; but it is my enemies—not the enemies of my country: for, if they come here in the shape of the English, it is my duty to kill them; if they come here in a worse shape—wolves in sheep's clothing—it is my duty and my business to tear the sheep skins from their backs, and, as Windham said to Pitt, open the bosom and expose beneath the ruffled shirt, the filthy dowlas. This language was used in the House of Commons, where they talk and act like men—where they eat and drink like men, and do other things like men, not like master Bettys. Adams determined to take warning by his father's errors, but in attempting the perpendicular, he bent as much the other way. Who would believe that Adams, the son of the sedition-law President, who held office under his father—who, up to December 6, 1807, was the undeviating, staunch adherent to the opposition to Jefferson's Administration, then almost gone—who would believe he had selected for his pattern the celebrated Anacharsis Cloots, 'orator of the human race?' As Anacharsis was the orator of the human race, so Adams was determined to be the President of the human race, when I am not willing that he should be President of my name and race; but he is, and must be, till the third day of March, eighteen hundred and—I forgot when. He has come out with a doctrine that goes to take the whole human family under his special protection. Now, Sir, who made him his brother's keeper? Who gave him, the President of the United States, the custody of the liberties, or the rights, or the interests of South America, or any other America, save only the United States of America, or any other country under the sun?—He has put himself, we know, into the way, and I say God send him a safe deliverance, and God send the country a safe deliverance from his policy—from his policy, Sir, it is well known to you, that up to the period of getting this message from Adams, I was the champion here of his rights as a co-ordinate branch of the government. I was the person who rose immediately after the gentleman from New York, and protested against our opening the doors, for reasons with which I will not trouble the Senate. On the question of a call on the Executive, for other information than the treaties, &c. I said the President is a co-ordinate branch of this Government, and is entitled to all possible respect from us. It is his duty to lay before us information on which we must act—if he does not give us sufficient information, it is not our business to ask for more—I never will ask for more, & to be given confidence a-lone, &c. [Mr R. here briefly adverted to the history of the resolutions in secret session.] I did maintain the rights of the President, (said Mr R.,) but from the moment he sent this message—from that moment, did my tone and manner to him change. From that moment was I an altered man, and I am afraid; not altered for the better. [Here Mr R. read the Executive Message of the 16th of February, as follows:

'In answer to the two resolutions of the Senate, of the 15th instant, marked (Executive,) and which I have received, I state, respectfully, that all the communications from me to the Senate, relating to the Congress at Panama, have been made, like all other communications up on Executive business, in *confidence*, and most of them in compliance with a resolution of the Senate requiring them confidently. Believing that the established usage of free confidential communications between the executive and the Senate, ought, for the public interest, to be preserved unimpaired, I deem it my indispensable duty to leave to the Senate itself the decision of a question'—Sir, (said Mr R.) if he would leave to the Senate the decision of the question, I would agree with him; but the evil genius of the American House of Stuart prevailed—he goes on to say, that the question "involves a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon *the motives for which*, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide.' If this had been prosecuted for a libel, what jury would have failed to have found a verdict on such an inuendo? that we were breaking up from our own usages, to gratify personal spleen? I say nothing about our *movements*, because he was not informed of them; the inuendo was, that our *motives* were black and bad. That moment did I put, like Hannibal, my hand on the altar, and swear eternal enmity against him and his, politically.—From that moment I would do any thing within the limits of the Constitution and the law: for, as Chatham said of Wilkes, I would out, in the person of the worst of men, violate those sanctions and privileges which are the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the best:—but, within the limits of the Constitution and the law, if I don't carry on the war, whether in the Peninsula or any where else, it shall be for want of resources. Mr R. went on to speak of the motions to which this message of the President had given rise: one of which described the nature and character of the message. To the resolution, said he, I objected. I said, I would have all the nakedness of the Greek statua; I would even take off the skin, that the muscles might be developed, and that we might have the naked fact. After further observations on the resolutions moved in consequence on this subject, Mr R. repeated what he had then said, in reference to the message of the President. Who made him a judge of our usages?—Who constituted him? He has been a professor, I understand—I wish he had left off the pedagogue when he got into the Executive Chair. Who made him the *censor morum* of this body? Will any one answer this question?—Yes or no?—Who!—Name the person. Above all, who made him the searcher of hearts, and gave him the right, by an inuendo black as hell, to blacken our motives?—blacken our motives—I did not say that, then—I was more under self command; I did not use such strong language—I said if he could borrow the eye of Omniscience himself, and look into every bosom here—if he could look into that most awful, calamitous, and tremendous of all possible gifts, the naked unveiled human heart—stripped of all its covering, of self love—exposed naked as to the eye of God—I said if he could do that, he was not, as President of the United States, entitled to pass upon our motives, although he saw and knew them to be bad—I said, if he had converted us to the Catholic Religion, and was our Father Confessor, and every man in this House at the footstool of the Confessional, had confessed a bad motive to him, by the laws of his Church, as by this constitution above the law and above the Church, he, as President of the United States could not pass on our motives, though we had with our own lips told him our motives, and confessed they were bad. I said this then, and I say it now. Here I plant my foot—here I fling defiance right into his teeth, before the American People. Here I throw the gauntlet to him and the bravest of his compeers, to come forward and defend these miserable dirty lines; "Involving a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example from that usage, and upon the motives for which, not being informed of them I do not feel myself competent to decide?"—Amiable modesty! I wonder we did not, all at once, fall in love with him, and agree *una voce*, to publish our proceedings—except myself—for I quitted the Senate ten minutes before the vote was taken. I saw what was to follow—I knew the thing would not be done at all, or would be done unanimously. Therefore in spite of the remonstrances of friends, I went away, not fearing that any one would doubt what my vote would have been, if I had staid. After twenty-six hours' exertion, it was time to give in. I was defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons—cut up—and clean broke down—by the coalition of Blifil and Black George—by the combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the Black-leg.

Having disposed of this subject, I shall say one word more, and sit down. I said, on the subject already adverted to, let the Senate take a dignified stand—don't let them say, we sent to you for that thing, you sent us this, therefore we shall not go any farther—it shall stop. Let them behave like Romans, like Conscript Fathers. I am sorry I was prevailed on to withdraw my motion, even to make way for that of the gentleman from Portsmouth, New Hampshire. But she once went with us—we rode through the Equinoctial gale together—Portsmouth overcame the first Adams, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I trust, will overcome the second. I should not have made this allusion but for a toast I heard lately of from a friend of mine—"Those who fell with the first Adams rise with the second." Very true—*not* your friends—greed—they who fell under the wrath and desperation of the first Adams—the dust and ashes men—have risen too. I saw one of them this morning. We too have risen, and the strife is to come. North Carolina has started forth boldly and manfully, like the fine fellow at the battle of the Nile—I believe he was an American—he led the van, and I humbly follow in the wake. It is skirmishing with the light armed troops—with the Voltigeurs; I hope we shall here form a phalanx, a legion; I hope to see not only the Heroes in field, but Troilus, and a host of worthies with him. If not, we too shall have to sing *Fuit Ilium*; Where the Capitol stood there grows the harvest. We must put our shoulders to the wheel—having put our hand to the plough we must not fall back. How can we find time to be sick. I can't conceive—I must be dead before I could refrain at a call like this.

I never write out speeches. I am glad I am singular in that respect. But I would not lose those that have been published, and those that are about to be published very soon, (on the Panama mission) for all the books written in defence of Constitutions—that on the British Constitution (De Lolme) included. We poor narrow-minded wretches believed that it was not our business to go on a crusade to Terra del Fuego to prevent somebody making a settlement where man cannot live, or to the North Pole. Our business is to attend to the interests and rights of the American confederacy. Like Hector's wife, who was found spinning amongst her maids, we did believe that the care of our household was our main concern. The cardtable has gone out of fashion now—even lotteries are denounced—I don't mean such a one as that granted to Delaware by the Legislature of Virginia—I should have voted for that bill if I had been there. Horse-racing and billiards are no longer in vogue; all these having been discarded, what is got up in their place? The active, meddling, busybody, intrusive, restless, self-dissatisfied spirit seeks itself in another way. The ennui breaks out in a new place—the *tedium vitæ* appears in Sunday schools, Missionary Societies—subscriptions to Colonization Societies—taking care of the Sandwich Islanders, free Negroes and God knows who. It is the same spirit which drove men from home to the card table, to the billiard table, and the horse race. It is a matter of fact that a gentleman told me that, going to visit a very pious lady and gentleman in Virginia, the little negroes were so ragged as to be obliged to hide for shame, and the women of the family were employed in making pantaloons and jackets for the free negroes at Liberia. Whenever any of these ministers, male or female, come to me with their complaints and petitions for aid, I never can forget Gil Blas and Senor Manuel Ordonez, who got rich and lived comfortably by administering the funds of the poor. If we cannot get here an account of the money we vote by appropriation, I should like to see a settlement of the accounts of the Otaheitans. I should like to see the vouchers of the expenditures for these Sandwich Islanders, and these Liberian people—I am afraid we should have to settle them on equitable principles—they would never pass the Treasury. When I cannot get an account from my own steward, as a private man; when, as a public man, I do not know what has become of the millions of the people's money, should I not be the veriest ass that ever existed to expect a proper application of money when there is half the diameter of the globe between me and the applicant? I hold out this as a hint to all benevolent gentlemen and ladies, whose good hearts are imposed on for the support of sturdy beggars, who would rather beg than work. Begging is gone out of fashion for one's self, it is for some miserable establishment—we must convert the Catholics at Panama—we must convert the Jews; "Give me the money, my dear madam, and I will see it properly applied." We are now doing in this country what has been done in every country under the sun—as the old cheats wear out, new ones spring up. As the old Faro banks wear out, banks of Discount spring up. When in Virginia, we had billiard tables, and cards, and races, and not half the population we now have, I could produce you two honest men where we can now show one. We have no Faro Bank, no Billiard Table—we have hardly a Race—we have got too good to run races—but we are not too good to embezzle the money entrusted to us, or to do any thing that is covered up under the garment of religion. Hypocrisy is the only sin that walks abroad that cannot be discerned, except by the eye of God alone; yet, when you see a man's whole conduct at variance with his religious profession, you will not be defective in charity alone if you do not come to the conclusion that, like Manuel Ordonnez, he is pretty much of a cheat.

I find, sir, that the regular speech I had been preparing for the Senate has not arrived at its due term of parturition. But, in due time, I trust it will make its appearance. I will trespass no longer on the time and patience of the Senate—but there is more behind—come out it shall—I will show that this Panama mission is a Kentucky Cuckoo's egg, laid in a Spanish American nest. I will show that the President of the United States and his ministers have Jonathan-Russelled the Congress of the U. S. that he has held one language at one time, on the same subject, to one House of Congress, while to another House he has held a different language on the same subject. I will not bring it here in notes. I will have the letters printed in parallel passages, that they may be compared with the style of the Department of State, whether the Department of State be, in this case, the President of the United States, or whether it be the officer who presides over that Department; it will show sufficient to satisfy any man of common penetration, that these things were manufactured here, and that this Don Salazar, or whatever he is, had just as much hand in it as the Grand Inquisitor had in the commission with which Don Raphael and broker Ambrose de Lamela, in company with Gil Blas, made a visit to the Jew and rifled his coffers. I will prove to any man—they may write what Spanish they please—carry it to an indifferent translator, and there shall be no similarity in style, grammatical construction, or any thing else, between the letter they write and the letter which it is alleged they have written, and which has been translated and sent to us. Why were not the original sent? Is the name of the translator given? No. They are not sent as purporting to be translations.

This is a strange world—the man who is whistling over the furrow, at the time he is turning in corn to give bread to his wife and family, knows no more of what is doing here than a man in South America. He does not know that they who never did plant corn or never shall plant corn again, are to take the best part of his crop. He does not know, while his horses are poor, because he cannot afford to keep them fat, that horses are driven in this City that are fed out of his crib—he does not know this, because you get the money from him *tarifically*—he is *tarifed*, as we say in Virginia. He is taxed for all the real necessaries of life—and how does his money go? I wish he could come here to see. If every man in the United States could spend one day in Washington—if every one man could spend one hour here—and God forbid that my wife or daughter should spend more—then you would have salvation for the Republic. It must be some special interposition of Providence, though working by secondary causes, that will snatch this nation from the downhill progress it is making, not merely to bankruptcy, but to perdition. We may flatter ourselves as long as we please, and think, and talk, and brag, and boast, in 4th of July orations and others, of being the most enlightened People under the sun—we may be all that, and yet be radically ignorant. We are going the road that has ruined nations before us—we are copying, as far as we are able, the worst parts of the British system, leaving out the best, and who are we that we should be exempt from the law which the Author of the being of all mankind has imposed on them? What is the history of man, and what is he? The young lady who thinks so highly of her Philander, her Werter, her Sylvio, who will go with him to a certain point—who will go with him to the bottom of the garden, and listen to the nightingale and the mocking-bird, and talk sweet sentiment—but if she goes so far as that she is lost—she had much better go to her grandmama, and not to Philander. So it is with a nation—the man who says this is but a trifle—a peccadillo—I was absent for a few days from the Senate—but none will think of it—*c'est le premier pas qui coute*—the moment a man leaves the path of religion or virtue—the moment he takes Paley & the Jesuits to ascertain how far he may go on the border line of villainy without overstepping it, that man or woman is lost. Our situation is awful beyond conception—we are in a state of utter ignorance of ourselves, and perhaps I may be supposed at this time worrying the patience of the Senate, when they would rather I should take my seat. It is my duty to leave nothing undone that I may lawfully do to pull down this administration. I see it, and only wait till the 3d March, 1829, this month three years & I will not step out of my sphere and correct the procedure. I am much mistaken if I ever take their part gain-& why, sir? I do not think that honor of a daughter is to be preserved at the expense of bars and bolts—for, where the mind is polluted, what care I who has the worthless possession of the body. He who goes out *animo furandi* is a thief, whether he exacts a purse or not. So it is with a nation. They who from indifference, or with their eyes open, persist in hugging the traitor to their bosom, deserve to be insulted with different messages than this they deserve to be slaves, with no other music to sooth them but the clank of the chains which they have put on themselves and given to their offspring.

Race Extraordinary.—A few days ago, two young oldhoppers, near Dumfries, made this singular bet:—that one would run to the next farm house and back, a distance of a mile and a half, before the other would eat a scone (a half of bread made of beanmeal and oat meal.) The spectators were assembled, and two farmers appointed judges of the race, when the two competitors made their appearance, the one stript to the shirt and trowsers, and the other handling his loaf, whose circumference was almost equal to the disc of a full moon in her zenith. The runner bounded off with speed, and reaching his half distance, was greeted with a glass of grog by a young mistress, who wished him luck; but great was his mortification when he came within thirty yards of the winning post, he saw the last mouthful of the scone disappear. The whole was finished in eight minutes. But the scone eater complained more of his *grinders* than the other did of his *runners*.—*English paper.*

HIGHLAND MARY.

In the West church of Greenock, without a stone to mark the place, slumber the ashes of Burns' Highlander Mary. On a late visit to that town, curiosity and the hope of eliciting some particulars respecting the object of the poet's love induced us to pay a visit to the mother of Mary Campbell, now residing there. We found her a tidy hale old woman, of four-score, seated beside her 'wee bit ingle,' and busily employed at her spinning wheel, with the product of which and a little assistance from the parish, she manages to eke out a sort of livelihood. Her daughter Mary soon became the subject of conversation, & we found her extremely communicative. She stated that when her daughter came from Ayrshire, she spoke often of the correspondence she had there maintained with Burns, and said that he repeatedly offered her his hand, and told her that he would come to any part of the Highlands and marry her. He likewise mentioned that it was his intention to go to the West Indies, but he said, in the event of this taking place, he would settle a yearly sum upon his Highland Mary until he returned.

Burns' gallantry at this time formed a theme for gossips, and Mary almost dreaded a union with one whom her friends condemned as a rake. Had she survived these objections would have been surmounted, but alas! their last farewell was spoken; ere they were long separated the resistless arm of death numbered Mary among his victims, and she was mingled with the clods of the valley—while the the bard unconscious of his loss, was revelling in visionary prospects of domestic bliss. Impatient at the delay and silence of his betrothed, Burns wrote repeatedly to the Highlands, but could obtain no information to quiet his soul.—At length he addressed a letter of enquiry to her uncle at Greenock, and by him the melancholy truth was unfolded. To one whose bosom was tenderly alive to the finer feelings and passions, this proved an overwhelming blow—his mental anguish was affecting in the extreme, and his sorrows were vented in the well known impassioned address "To Mary in Heaven." After Mary's death several letters from Burns, breathing all the ardour and enthusiasm which characterized his effusions, were discovered in her chest.—These, with a letter addressed to Mrs. Campbell, by her intended son-in law, were committed to the flames by the ruthless hand of one of Mary's brothers.

The last parting scene between the youthful lovers, as described by the poet, was extremely impressive. After spending a day of parting love, on the bonny banks of Ayr, they stood on the opposite banks of a limpid stream exchanging bibles and vows of eternal fidelity. The bible which Burns that day placed in the hands of his soul's idol is now in possession of one her sisters at Ardrossan. It is a pocket bible in two volumes. Upon the boards of the first volume, is inscribed, in the hand writing of Burns, 'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.' Chap. xix. 12th verse. On the second, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thine oath.'—And upon a blank leaf, '*Robert Burns, Mossgiel.*'

FRUITS OF THE N. Y. CANAL.

Business at Utica.—The Sentinel and Gazette states, that 92 stages leave that place a week. In addition to the means of transportation, they furnish two lines of packet boats, which leave daily for the east and one for the west. In these different modes of conveyance, with the addition of freight boats, 90,000 persons, it is calculated, will pass through that village in the course of this year. The collector of canal tolls has ascertained that there is an increase in the amount of tolls from the last year of one third, and that three hundred more boats passed, up to the 15th inst. than during the same time last season.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of *John Nash*, late of West Hempfield township, Lancaster county, deceased, are requested to make payment to the undersigned—and those having any demands against the estate of said deceased, are requested to present their accounts to

ANDREW GREER,
JOHN FORRER, JR.
Administrators.

june 13 11-3q

Williamstown Again!

COMBINATION 1, 21, 40, a prize of $500 in the New York Literature Lottery, No. 3, was sold at this extraordinary Fortunate Office. The holder is requested to present his ticket and receive the money.

SAMUEL SMOKER.

june 16 11-6t

York Sulphur Springs.

THIS celebrated Establishment is now open for the reception of visitors.

JAMES M'COSH.

june 9 10-4t

MARYLAND
Grand State Lottery,

ODD AND EVEN.

To be drawn on the 12th of July next.

1 prize of $30,000, 1 of 10,000, 2 of 5,000, 10 of 1,000, &c. &c.

Price of Tickets Five Dollars.

N. York Literature Lottery,

To be drawn on the 19th July next.

$20,000, 6,000, 4,000, 2,000, 2 of 1,720, 10 of $1,000, &c. &c.

Price of Tickets, Five Dollars.

Union Canal Lottery,

For Prizes in the Union Canal Lottery, 23d Class, apply to

SAMUEL SMOKER, P. M.
WILLIAMSTOWN.

N. B. Prize Tickets in all Lotteries will be received in payment for Tickets, and Orders very punctually attended to, *and not subject the distant adventurer to the expense of postage.*

june 16 11-4t