

Now let us go into the Hall. A more magnificent picture was to be seen. We ascended a flight of stone stairs, walked along an ornamented piazza or corridor, interwoven with imitation flags of cambric muslin, of red and white, and sprigs of cedar, and live oak leaves, and palmetto. Ranges of card tables were spread in the gentlemen's drawing room. Rivers of wine were near. Refreshments of ices of trifles, of lemonade, of a thousand non descripts—

who can tell how many? One's head and hair adjusted, and hat disposed of, he was ushered along the gallery, so as to view the company below, who now the Governor had entered, in uniform and epaulets, and Gen. Hamilton, also, in all the pomp of the camp, with their respective suites, prepared to dance. Cotillions were formed in the crowd with exceeding difficulty, but when they were formed, the black band, who were planted somewhere on high, on a stage, amid flags and medallions and palmetto trees, began to sound with horn, and and clarinet, and drum, and cymbals, and I know not what of other instruments—but that they made a deafening noise.

I took this opportunity to go below, to run among the groups, in order to see the curiosities. The area was covered all over with men, ladies and children.—The portico was full of ranges of seats, and occupied. Four brass field pieces highly polished, were directed toward the dancers, it may be, to accustom them to these speaking instruments. Over the cannon were pyramids of candles, some fifteen feet in height, in each corner of the area. Near them also were large cannon balls, and matches, torches I mean, all ready for battle. Under the staging for the band, were large iron pieces of ordnance, with their mouths toward the company. Back of them were five ranges of supper tables. Crossing the columns, festooned and arched, were the names of the nullification districts. Around the columns were wreaths of palmetto. Between the columns were medallions with emblematic devices, on which were compliments to distinguished nullifiers in South Carolina. Calhoun had one, and was called "the great luminary." McDuffie had one, and was said "to have the eloquence of Henry with the heart of Hampden." Hayne had one, with an extract from one of his speeches. Hamilton had one with—I have forgotten what. W. R. Davis and Burnwell had only one, with a compliment, which was not fair, for why should they not have had one a piece? Pinckney had one. Sumpter had one, and was called "an old cock whose last crow was for liberty." Jefferson had one, with an urn on it, in which were many devices. Turnbull had one, which called him Brutus. In short, they made all Romans or something else of almost all the nullifiers. Liberty had her medallions. The Bloody Bill, was figured forth as "the disgrace of the American Senate." Free Trade and State Rights had their medallions. Loud sounding sentiments, lots of poetry, with the repeated quotation from Jefferson, "Nullification is the rightful remedy," also stared us in the face.

Enjoying all this, and thus in the heart of the nullifiers' camp, I ran round among gentlemen and ladies, with that perfect independence in which obscurity always clothes one, I knew but few, and could not find that few very often in the multitude. Here was a bevy of ladies, discussing the merits of Yankees and Yankee women. There a platoon oversweeping and demolishing a half formed cotillon. Here was the Governor of the State, in cap, plume, and epaulets, with his amiable lady, wearing the cockade of Carolina. There, Ex-Gov. Hamilton, Emperor of the south, with his suit around him, far less humble than Napoleon, when only trampling over the thrones of Europe, though he with Carolina alone, was triumphing over twenty-three confederated nations, reaching almost over the half of one vast continent. Here was a cluster of Generals, and Colonels, and Captains, epauletted to the ears, with swords dangling between their feet, or perchance spurs sticking into their heels. There, a body of men, vaunting the prowess of Carolina, and glorying in the sight before them, with hearts beating high, as they run their eyes over the four brass field pieces, and the glittering bayonets encircling the pillars. "Carolina! Carolina!" it was all Carolina with them. "Who will not stand by Carolina?" "Whose heart does not beat for Carolina?" "Who does not think Carolina is immortal?" "Brave Carolina!" "Magnanimous, chivalrous Carolina!" "The Haynes, the Hamiltons, the Sumpters, the Pinckneys, the Calhouns, the McDuffies, the Millers, the Turnbulls of Carolina!" "Hurra for Carolina!" These were the exclamations or mottoes. The people, men, women, and children, are all mad. There is no doing any thing with such a people, unless you put a straight jacket on them—and that will never do in this free country. Talk of nullification dying! it is nonsense, where you work upon the passions and the feelings of the people with such shows. Every man and child there will live and die a nullifier. I had half a mind to become one myself.

Wearied with running round and gazing, I took to the cotillions, in order to form an acquaintance with the lady nullifiers. They danced as northern ladies dance, unless it be in new fangled cotillions. They had a Spanish dance, a contra dance, a Virginia reel, waltzed a little, and attempted a gallopade—all in Yankee shippers, I dare say,

when the supper disposed of, and the lights drowsing dim, I made for home. I hear that they danced till morning, which is nothing in this *la belle France* of the Union, for they are all as crazy as the French of the old revolution. Splendid mad people, if this meets your eye, this letter from not an ill-natured spy in your camp, pray take his advice; and get sober again. Leave off drinking these intoxicating draughts of Carolina chivalry. Don't ladies, dance with big-mouthed cannon and bristling bayonets pointing at you. They look a little too frightful, and turn your beaus into duckists. Don't take partners with swords and daggers about them. They harden your hearts. You will all die old maids—some for this very reason are dying so, I see. Don't wear blue cockades on your bosoms.—Leave them to the men's hats. Don't abuse the Yankees, the d—d Yankees, as some of your beaus term them. Upon my word, we are not all tin pedlars, not all ducksters, wooden nutmeg and wooden ham sellers, though we live in such a cold, rocky land, that we must depend in part upon our wits.—Some of us are honest, and won't cheat you. Some don't cheat nor steal.

We have no inclination at all to see your slaves cut your throats, and would rush to your rescue in such a crisis, sooner than your own contiguous States. Come down among us, and you will find that we are not icicle nor fog banks, but have heads and hearts, and are made of just such stuff as you are, except that material which you call *chivalry*, and which we call *spunk*—a word by the way, that means a mad fiery passion; up this second, and down the next, such as our wild horses and fighting cocks, and boxers are afflicted with. We like you much better than you like us, and speak much better of you, though you have two faults to our one. We go for the Union, because duty, patriotism, and common glory look that way, and not that we are more interested in it than you are—because we are a quiet, peaceable sort of a people also, that did some hard fighting for you against the British, and your host of Tories at Guilford, the Cowpens, and I know not where, in your back woods, and leave no inclination to do such things over again, or to have those old fields out of the American Union.

We can handle balls, and muskets, and look at a cannon—witness Bunker Hill, and Concord, and Lexington—if necessary, but they are very *pokerish*, hollow things, that we have no great passion for. You amuse us much with your big and loud-sounding words, and those truculent speeches of yours, so foaming with fire and lava, so *Atna-like*. Your cockades and palmetto, and palmetto buttons, we think a little silly. We should take a piece of homespun, a herring, a corn stalk, or a red oak button for devices, if we were making such a run-pus. You are a very clever—Yankee clever, I mean—kind of people, though I expected to find you with horns, huge ears, wings and hoofs, for you have made such a disturbance these three years, as I supposed no mortal men could ever make—none but imps, and fallen angels, or wild beasts of the forests. Pray do return to your senses. Hoist up again the starspangled banner in your citadel. Let us be all Americans, all Carolinians, all Yankees. B.

Speculation.—A vender of "West India Goods and Groceries," in a village in New Hampshire, had on hand a quantity of molasses, which he retailed for nine cents a quart. A rival grocer put his down to 8. This was a little lower than our hero "wished to afford"; but People would not give him nine, while his neighbor sold the sweetening for eight. Necessity is the mother of invention, and as a Yankee never was at fault in matter of "dicker" or trade, Jonathan hit upon the following expedient: He divided his molasses into two parts, and advertised "as good molasses as can be bought at any store in New Hampshire, for eight cents." Also a very *superior* cask at ten." The "*superior*" article was readily and rapidly sold, while the eight cent commodity laid on hand. One half thus disposed of, Jonathan shifted his casks, and transposed the other half into a "*superior*" position; by which manœuvre the whole was vendad at ten cents.—*Lowell Compend.*

There was a good deal of sport in New-Orleans twenty-five days since. One of the papers came out with an advertisement, that a living Mermaid was to be seen that morning, at a certain point near the levee, having been captured in the Mississippi the day previous; another stated the Siamese Twins had arrived the evening before in the steam boat Tippecanoe, from Memphis, that they had engaged rooms in Canal street, and that the curious would have an opportunity of seeing them in their characteristic dress, as they proceeded from the boat to their lodgings, which would take place immediately after breakfast. Thousands of people repaired to the respective places of rendezvous, and found—that it was the first of April! One of the Editors of fiers \$50 reward for the apprehension of the "Nullifier in disguise" who made him the innocent instrument of the joke.

Shad.—Seventeen hundred and three shad were taken out of one syke, in Gravesend bay, on Monday last, the largest number ever taken here.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

From the American Farmer. ANGORA GOATS—ANGORA CATS.

The following extracts of letters from Commodore Porter to J. S. Skinner, Esq., late editor of the American Farmer, will be read with interest. We do hope that some of our spirited minded men will avail of the opportunity now presented of importing the Angora goat. There are some gentlemen of our acquaintance who could do this for their country without difficulty; and there are very few acts they could perform that would confer upon it a greater benefit, or of the credit of which they could have more reason to be proud.

"I believe I have mentioned to you something about the Angora goats, and the beautiful silkiness of their hair, finer even than silk, and softer. It is of that which they make the Cashmere shawls which cannot be equalled by any manufacture of silk. The animal itself is a beautiful and majestic creature, and I think the introduction of it into the United States would be highly advantageous to the interests of the country. In the five fabrics it (the hair) would supersede the use of silk. And I would, if I were rich enough, spare no expense in introducing the breed into our country—but alas! a *charge des affaires* with an expensive establishment at one of the most expensive courts in the world, finds it not only hard, but actually impossible, to make both ends meet, with a strict economy, amounting to meanness. I am willing to do all I can to promote the interests and improvements of our country, by the introduction of many things, but I have not the means. The converse of the proposition of the apothecary, in Romeo and Juliet, will suit my case.

"However, as I cannot send you the animal for the want of means, I shall send you a skin, and that alone has cost me five dollars. Then judge what it would cost, to send a person expressly to Angora to purchase and bring the animal to me, to bribe the Musselin to let them come *unaltered*, for their departure in a *perfect* state is prohibited; their passage and provisions to the United States, and the pay of the person on board to take care of them. All this you may readily conceive would be no trifling affair, yet *couste qui couste*, were I able, I would send three or four pair home, and have them placed in different sections of the country to propagate.

"For fear of the miscarriage of the skin, I send you a specimen of the hair," here is a beautiful substance, finer and infinitely stronger than the finest and strongest silk, growing on the back of a hardy animal, the cost of the keeping of which is nothing compared to the cost of keeping a sheep—and the value of the produce *per pound*, is as superior to silk, as silk is to the wool of the merino. The value of a Cashmere shawl here, is from three to four and some five hundred dollars. The best of the French silk imitations may be purchased for thirty dollars.

"The cost of the introduction of this animal into the United States, would not be much, for two or three public spirited men of fortune to undertake, it would be nothing compared to the expense they were at, in introducing the rotten, mangy, short lived merino.

"The goat is a hardy animal, long lived and subject to none of the diseases of the sheep. You may, by the skin I send you, form some judgment of what the fleece would be worth, even at the price of silk—but I assure you that an Angora goat of the *neuter gender*, now in my back yard, has a fleece of double the length of the fleece I send you.

"The French you know, were at great expense in sending you Mr. Jobert to obtain the breed. What they have done with it, or whether it was genuine, I know not; but the breed can be had genuine, funds only are necessary; for my services, you know, are always ready, whenever I can do any thing which may be likely to prove beneficial to the country."

ELECTRICAL PROPERTY OF THE ANGORA CAT.

DEAR SKINNER: Peru, Jan. 22, 1833. I last evening made what to me was a great discovery.

I had often seen the electric sparks fly off from the back of a cat, while stroking it with the hand in the dark, but never before felt the electric shock.

I was playing with my Angora cat, it was lying on the table on its right side; I laid my left hand open on its neck, my thumb on the hind part of the shoulder joint and stroked down the hair with the right hand. I felt several very smart shocks of electricity, which evidently gave great pain to the cat, as they did to me.

I mention this to you, that other experiments may be made, and if electricity is beneficial in some diseases, (as it is said to be,) I feel confident that it may be obtained from the cat, sufficiently strong for all medical purposes.

At the time this was discovered the weather was dry and frosty, and the room warm.

I caused some of the servants to place their hands as I had placed mine, while I stroked down the hair of the cat, and they complained that the shocks were very painful to them. Whether this is peculiar to the Angora cat, and to the *neuter gender*,

*We have seen this specimen and it really deserves all that the Commodore says of it. Ed. Am. Farmer.

can be easily ascertained. The most frequent shocks were felt in the little finger which rested on the root of the left ear—but the severest shocks were felt in the thumb which rested, as before said, on the hind part of the shoulder joint.

I placed my hands in other positions and could produce no shock whatever.

If this is a new discovery it is worth following up. It may be as old as the hills for what I know, but I never heard of it. Yours truly, DAVID PORTER.

J. S. SKINNER, Esq.

THE COMMODORE corrects an error we made in one of his letters last spring, giving a description of a beautiful tree, some of the seed of which he sent to Mr. Skinner, (see page 115, vol. 14.) We published it *rose tree*—it should have been *rose tree*.

THE CUMBERLAND FIRE.

Address to the People of the United States.

The undersigned, being a committee appointed by the citizens of Cumberland, to draft an address to the People of the United States, detailing the particulars of their late dreadful calamity, and the condition to which they are reduced, and of soliciting contributions in their behalf, are enabled, from their own view, and from their inquiries on the subject, to make the following statement:

The town of Cumberland is situated at the junction of Wills creek with the river Potomac.—The national road passing through the place, has given it the advantage of a great amount of travel, and large sums were expended for its accommodation. The principal Hotel was a splendid building and cost the proprietor upwards of twenty-five thousand dollars. There were two other large commodious Hotels, well kept and provided, upon the same square.

Cumberland being the chief town of Allegany county, and its seat of justice, the principal mercantile business of the county was here transacted. Here also the coal from the mines is brought and deposited for transportation. The merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics, were all in prosperous circumstances, and were located as near as conveniently might be, in the vicinity of the Hotels, which formed the centre of business.

The calamitous fire which forms the occasion and the subject of this address, broke out at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Sunday the 14th of April instant. It originated in a joiner's shop, and is said to have been occasioned by a lighted cigar which a careless boy threw among some shavings. This shop unhappily stood at the northwest extremity of the business portion of the place, and a strong northwest wind prevailing at the time, the flames, burning shingles, and other combustibles, were carried directly through the heart of the town.—The citizens labored first to save the building, which was frame, adjoining the shop where the fire commenced; but this was soon abandoned as hopeless. The panic became general and uncontrollable, and each endeavoring to save his own effects, carried out store goods, beds, bedding, clothing, and furniture into the street; but the houses on both sides were now in full blaze, the progress of destruction was rapid beyond conception, and those who had placed their effects, in the streets, were driven from them by a body of flame and seorching smoke that filled the entire space from side to side, burning up sideboards, chairs, tables, articles of male and female attire, beds, and bedclothes, before the eyes of their owners.

The next effort of the citizens where the flames had not yet reached, was to carry their goods to the house of their friends at a considerable distance from what was supposed to be the scene of danger. In the midst of these labors, what was their consternation to behold these places of refuge, even the most distant, with all the intervening houses already on fire.

The inhabitants now withdrew in despair to a distance from the raging element. From right to left, one unbroken sheet of flame extending full a quarter of a mile, raging and roaring like a tornado, was the awful spectacle presented to the eye. The two sections of the town were completely separated from each other: to those on the west, the fate and condition of their friends beyond the flames, were involved in mystery and dreadful apprehensions. Mothers were separated from their children, and wives from their husbands—but fortunately not a single life has been lost.

In two hours and a half, seventy-five houses fronting on the principal street of the town, including the three Hotels, all the stores save one, all the dwellings, shops, and materials of the tradesmen and mechanics, were burnt to the ground. The whole number of buildings destroyed, including barns, stables, and other out-buildings, cannot, it is believed, be short of 150. In this brief space of time, 700 people have been rendered homeless and otherwise deplorably destitute. The value of the property destroyed has been estimated at \$272,000, and the undersigned believe this estimate to be rather below than above the truth.

In appealing in behalf of the Cumberland sufferers, to the generous sympathies of their countrymen, the undersigned cherish a lively hope that the appeal will not be in vain. The spectacle of a thriving village, daily increasing in all the comforts of life, reduced in so short a time to a melancholy waste of broken walls and naked chimneys, cannot fail to call forth those principles

of active benevolence that form so distinguished a characteristic of the American People.

The following gentlemen, residing in Cumberland, constitute the committee to receive contributions and distribute them among the sufferers, viz: John Hoye, Thomas J. McKaig, Richard Beall, Rev. L. H. Johns, Wm. McMahon, and James P. Carleton. They are not among the sufferers, and have been instructed and will feel it their duty, to apply all contributions received by them to the relief of those who are most destitute. The undersigned avail themselves of this occasion to assure the public that all donations which may be entrusted to the care of these gentlemen, or either of them, will be faithfully applied and accounted for.

JOHN BUCHANAN, ABRAHAM SHRIVER, THOMAS BUCHANAN, A. W. McDONALD, JOHN McHENRY, WILLIAM PRICE, JAMES DIXON, FREDK A. SCHLEY, JOHN KING.

N. B. Printers throughout the United States will be pleased to give the above an insertion.

Bank of Darien.—The failure of the Macon Bank, and the Merchant's and Planter's Bank of Augusta, has created a mistrust in the minds of the people, as to the solvency of any of the Banks of Georgia; so much so, that the notes of the Bank of Darien, have been refused by the Banks, Brokers, and Merchants of Augusta, except at a large discount. We perceive by the last Milledgeville papers, that the Governor of Georgia, in conformity with an act passed by the legislature of that State, entitled "an act more effectually to secure the solvency of all the banking institutions of this State," has published a statement of each of the Banks, and incorporated companies exercising banking privileges. It appears that the reports in circulation tending to injure the credit of the Bank of Darien, are unfounded. The Editors of the Georgia Journal remarks that "we have the authority of the officers and Directors of the branch in this place (Milledgeville), to say, that the reports are unfounded, and that the ability of the bank to meet all demands is ample." We should think so from the official statement.—*Western Carolinian.*

Office.—Station has in every country its burdens, but perhaps no where are they so various and heavy as with us. Our President is an object of compassion—surrounded by the wiles of sinister friends, and the violence of open enemies; subjected to misrepresentation, abuse and calumny; hated by interested factions, and boyed by a corrupt or a bigoted press—his life is that of a galley slave. Mr. CLAY, in his recent speech in the Senate, eloquently said, "I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom." To complete the picture of wretchedness, a silly custom has tied him in his chair, to be baited by public curiosity, to be exhibited to the crowd as a monster, or a wild beast. "There are none so poor" but they may repair to this exhibition, and pity the Chief Magistrate of the United States.—*Philadelphia Daily Intel.*

Shipments of Gunpowder.—There is a great cause of complaint concerning the manner in which Gunpowder is shipped at other ports for this place. Some of our western merchants are in the habit of shipping this article, in boxes, as other merchandize, thereby jeopardizing the lives and property of their fellow citizens. Not long since a vessel which had received a full cargo, in the hold, took two or three boxes into the cabin, and used them as a table during the voyage. After they arrived at this port these boxes were found to contain kegs of gunpowder! Other instances of deception are before us. We trust this practice will be either abandoned or the offenders brought to justice.—*People's Press.*

Libel Suit.—The Pennsylvania Intelligencer, in noticing the trial of T. Fean, Editor of the Telegraph, for publishing a libel on John Zearing, says: The jury found a verdict of "not guilty," but at the same time decreed that the man, whom they pronounced not guilty, should pay the costs!

The earliest precedent we have of decisions at all akin to this principle is, we believe, recorded in the history of N. York, by Mr. Knickerbocker. The case was that of a civil suit, or action for debt.—The worthy magistrate on taking up the statement of accounts as submitted by the parties, and posing them, one in each hand, found them to be of the same specific gravity, or equally "balanced," in the literal sense. He therefore decided with much judgment that there was no cause of action on either side, and ordered the constable to pay the costs.—*Balt. Pat.*

A gold coin, in good preservation, of the Emperor Valens, and a Roman sword, have been discovered in the newly-excavated ground, about half a mile from Taunton, belonging to J. J. Champante, Esq.