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TERMS.

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A Scene on the Plains of Troy.

From "First Impressions, or Notes by the Way," by Nathaniel P. Willis.

Dardanelles.—The oddest invitation I ever had in my life was from a Turkish Bey to a *fete champetre*, on the ruins of Troy! We have just returned, full of wassail and pillaw, by the light of an Asian moon.

The morning was such an one as you might expect in the country where mornings were first made.—The sun was clear, but the breeze was fresh; and as we sat on the Bey's soft divans taking coffee before starting, I turned my cheek to the open window, and confessed the blessing of existence.

We were sixteen from the ship, and our host was attended by his interpreter, the General of his troops, the Governor of Bournabashi, (the name of the Turkish town near Troy,) and a host of attendants on foot and horseback.—His cook had been sent forward at daylight with the provisions.

The handsome Bey came to the door, and helped to mount us upon his own horses, and we rode off, with the whole population of the village assembled to see our departure. We forded the Scamander near the town, and pushed on at a hard gallop over the plain. The Bey soon overtook us, upon a fleet grey mare, caparisoned with red trappings, holding an umbrella over his head, which he courteously offered to the Commodore on coming up. We followed a grass path, without hill or stone, for nine or ten miles, and after having passed one or two hamlets, with their open threshing floors, and crossed the Simois, with the water to our saddle girths, we left a slight rising ground by a sudden turn, and descended to a cluster of trees, where the Turks sprang from their horses, and made signs for us to dismount.

It was one of nature's drawing-rooms. Thickets of brush and willows enclosed a fountain, whose clear waters were confined in a tank formed of marble slabs, from the neighboring ruins. A spreading tree above, and soft meadow grass to its very tip, left nothing to wish but friends and a quiet mind to perfect its beauty. The cook's fires were smoking in the thicket, the horses were grazing without saddle or bridle in the pasture below, and we lay down upon the soft Turkish carpets spread beneath the trees, and reposed from our fatigue for an hour.

The interpreter came when the sun had slanted a little across the trees and invited us to the Bey's gardens, hard by. A path overshadowed with wild brush led us round the little meadow to a gate, close to the fountain head of the Scamander. One of the common cottages of the country stood upon the left, and in front of it a large arbour, covered with a grape vine, was underlaid with cushions and carpets. Here we reclined, and coffee was brought us, with baskets of grapes, figs, quinces and pomegranates, the Bey and his officers waiting on us themselves with amusing assiduity. The people of the house, mean time, were sent to the fields for green corn, which was roasted for us; and this, with nuts, wine and conversation, and a ramble to the source of the Simois, which bursts from a cleft in the rock very beautifully, whiled away the hours till dinner.

About 4 o'clock we returned to the fountain. A white muslin cloth was laid upon the grass, between the edge and the overshadowing tree, and all around it were spread the carpets upon which we were to recline while eating. Wine and mellons were cooling in the tank, and plates of honey and grapes, and new made butter, (a great luxury in the Archipelago,) stood on the marble rim. The dinner might have fed Priam's army. Half a lamb, turkeys and chickens, were the principal meats; but there was besides, a 'rabble rout' of made dishes, peculiar to the country, of ingredients at which I could not hazard even a conjecture.

We crooked our legs under us with some awkwardness, and producing our knives and forks, which we had brought with the advice of the interpreter, commenced somewhat abated in appetite by too liberal a lunch. The Bey and his officers, sitting upright with their feet under them, pinched off bits of meat dexterously with their thumb and forefinger, passing from one to the other dish of rice, with a large spoon, which all used indiscriminately. It is odd that eating with the fingers seemed only disgusting to me in the Bey. His European dress probably made the peculiarity more glaring. The fat old Governor who sat beside me was greased to the elbows, and his long grey beard was studded with rice and drops of gravy to his girdle. He rose when the meats were removed, and waddled off to the stream below, where a wash in the clean water made him once more a presentable person.

It is a Turkish custom to rise and retire while the dishes are changing, and after a little ramble through the meadow, we returned to a lavish spread of fruits and honey, which concluded the repast.

It is doubted where Troy stood.—The reputed site is on a rising ground, near the fountain of Bournabashi, to which we strolled after dinner. We found nothing but quantities of fragments of columns, believed by antiquaries to be the ruins of a city that sprung up and died long since.

We mounted and rode home by a round moon whose light filled the air like a dust of phosphoric silver.—The plains were in a glow with it. Our Indian summer nights, beautiful as they are, can give you no idea of an Asian moon.

The Bey's rooms were lit, and we took coffee with him once more, and fatigued with pleasure and excitement got to our boats, and pulled up against the arrowy current of the Dardanelles to the frigate.

Dean Swift's hatred of Foppery. Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had esteem, the following instance has been recorded: When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's Works, he went to pay his respects to him dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremones as if he had been a stranger. 'And pray, sir,' said he, 'what are your commands with me?' 'I thought it was my duty, sir,' replied George, 'to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London.' 'I'ray, sir, who are you?' 'George Faulkner, the printer, sir.' 'You George Falkner the printer, sir? You George Faulkner the printer! why, you are the most impudent bare-faced scoundrel of an imposter I have ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction.' Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. 'My friend George, says the Dean, I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why here has been an impudent fellow with me just now dressed in a lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear.'

Infatuation.—About four months since a young man was arrested by a watchman of this city while in the act of stealing a quantity of clothing from a house at which he had formerly boarded. He was taken before the Mayor next morning, and committed for trial, the evidence against him being of a character sufficiently strong to authorize such a course. It was afterwards ascertained that he was a brother of a highly respectable merchant of the South, who visited the city, and exerted himself in every possible way to obtain the release of his relative, who was not more than twenty one years of age, and who, according to the representations of the brother, had, up to that period, sustained a spotless reputation. It was discovered, however, while the brother was interceding, that the young offender, before he reached the city, had resided in a neighbouring town, and had, while there, engaged the affections of a female of respectable connections, several of whose letters, breathing the warmest attachment, were found upon his person. The attachment met with the most decided opposition from the parents of the lady, and the father was immediately apprised by the authorities here of the nature of the letters found in his possession, together with the particulars of his arrest. Of course this information increased his opposition, and he wrote a letter in reply, urging the adoption of some course calculated to save his child from the fascinations of a supposed villain. It so happened that the proofs with regard to the robbery of clothing, were, on investigation, ascertained to be not of the most decided character, and when taken in connection with the alleged and supposed purity of life led by young——, together with the intercessions of his brother, he was released under a pledge on the part of the merchant, that he would take his brother home with him, and be especially careful to prevent his return to the town at which the young lady alluded to resided.

All this transpired some months since. The young man was released and accompanied his brother south. A few weeks ago, however, he contrived to make his escape—saw the infatuated girl whose affections he had engaged, persuaded her to forsake her parents, and marry him, and accompanied her to this city as her husband. The affliction of the family on discovering this result, can be better imagined than described, especially as it has since been ascertained that while a resident of the town where he first met with his wretched wife, for she can scarcely be otherwise now, he was arrested and imprisoned for forgery, broke jail and made his escape to this city, and this was *known* to her before she consented to blend her fate with his. A case of more deplorable infatuation has seldom been recorded.—[*Philadelphia Inq.*

An experienced Dutchman.—Mynheer Van Dunder suddenly became a widower; and his small bones were carrying a mountain of fat after the body of his spouse, when he puffed and panted along, in the capacity of chief mourner. The bearers—for the coffin was carried on men's shoulders—not wishing to prolong the task, hastened on at a good smart pace, which so worried Mynheer that his feelings were entirely suppressed. 'Stop, gentlemens,' said he, 'stop, don't go so fasht, itsh no better to make a toil of pleasure.' Still however the carriers hurried on, till in turning an unlucky corner, some intervening obstacle caught hold of the coffin and threw it to the ground; off flew the lid, and out rolled the good wife, completely resuscitated by the shock; and demanding to know 'what was the matter,' in a tone of rage and amazement, Mynheer found the walk home less pleasant than he anticipated; and Mrs. Van Dunder lived some years to render him as happy as such a woman could. When her tongue rattled off volleys of torment, his pipe spoke volumes of peace and patience. At last Van Dunder was again called upon to go through the ceremony of a burial; but before starting he called the bearers aside and charged them upon the melancholy occasion: 'Now, mine coot friends, be pleashed to valk shlowes as is much petter for us all; and, mine coot friends, let me peseech you to be very particular in turning de *cornersh!*'—*Lowell Jour.*

Lawyer vs. Lawyer.—We are informed that a *case*, rather novel in its character, came before the Court at Taunton this week. The facts seem to have been as follows: A member of the bar from Fall River was summoned before the Grand Jury, to testify to such matters and things as might be required of him. He appeared, and when questioned touching the case of a man who was arraigned for retailing, he refused to testify. The District Attorney then complained to the Court that the witness refused to answer a material question, when the Court immediately had the said witness brought before them to show cause why he did not answer the interrogatories perferred by the jury. He appeared, and undertook to show that, as a witness could not be compelled to testify when his testimony would criminate himself, so he could not be compelled, when his evidence would reflect unfavorably upon his character. The Court so far disagreed with him in "legal opinion," as to fine him *twenty dollars!* Here there were only two ways about the matter. He must either pay the fine or go to jail. He chose the former.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

Kilmarnock.—*The Barber and the Sheep's Head.*—A barber in a neighboring town, who happened unfortunately to be yoked with a helpmate addicted to taste the "barley-bree," which propensity she indulges, in spite of all that poor Strap can do, one Sunday lately went to church, as he, good man, regularly does, leaving his spouse to manage the cooking of a pot of sheep's head broth, a favorite dish of his. During his absence two worthies came into the house on a visit, and had a *crack* with the good wife; they were not long scenting the savory morsel in the pot, and evinced a violent inclination to be better acquainted with its contents. Knowing the good wife's taste in liquor, they proposed a dram, which she blithe as a linty, volunteered to go for. No sooner was she gone than her two guests emptied the pot of the sheep's head, and, with a remorseless appetite, proceeded to devour it. After having satisfied their hunger, they bethought themselves how they might conceal their depredation, and seeing one of the barber's blocks, seized upon it, and plunged it into the pot.

The barber's rib returned with her precious commodity, and the "water of life" was speedily discussed by the trio; the two visitors then took their departure, before the barber came from sermon, he, worthy soul, arrived as hungry as a hawk, and rubbing his hands with glee at the thoughts of the good dinner that awaited him, took a fork to examine what state the head was in; failing to fix his weapon in it at the first dab, he repeated his stroke with more energy, but with similar success; not a little astounded at this phenomenon, our man of suds made a desperate effort, and succeeded in fixing the fork. But who can depict the wonder and astonishment of our shaver, when instead of his favorite sheep's head, one of his own blocks met his view! Rubbing his specs and scarcely believing his eyes, he gazed at the block, almost petrified at the metamorphosis. His spouse, upon whom the spirits had begun to show its effects, was hardly less astonished; but failed in convincing her husband of the exchange. He, in a paroxysm of rage, flung the block at her head with such full intent, that had her skull not been of a comfortable thickness, it would have produced fatal consequences. However, as it was, a bump has been raised, which we believe, without the above explanation, would puzzle all the phrenologists in Kilmarnock, and there are not few, to define.

How to preserve Peas against drouth.—In an article written by the conductor of Loudon's Magazine, entitled *Notes on Gardens, &c.* we find the following passages: "We were struck with the great breadth devoted to late peas, which looked so remarkably well, that, considering the extraordinary dryness of the season, we could not help asking Mr. Oldacre, (the gardener,) if he had any particular method of watering them? His answer was, that he never watered them at all after they were above ground. He sowed them in the bottom of drills six inches deep, filled the drill half full of soil, and then gave them such a thorough soaking of water as to saturate all the soil under and about the seed. After this, he fills in the remainder of the earth; and the whole compartments being now dry in appearance, he rolls it quite smooth with a heavy roller, and gives no other culture of any kind till the peas are fit to stick."—*N. E. Farmer.*

Boston Sept. 20

Trials at Greenfield.—Judge Putnam held a Nisi Prius term of the Superior Court at Greenfield last week, at which two trials were held of some importance. The first was an action of slander, brought by Laura Howe vs. Benjamin Perry. She was a widow about twenty three years old, of an unblemished and unsuspected character. The defendant had charged her with the most infamous conduct. The words were fully proved, and proved to have been spoken under circumstances indicating great malignity. No justification was attempted. The jury returned a virdict of 1250 dollars damages.

The case of I. Newton, 2d. et al. vs. Northfield, was an action to recover damages for a defect in a Bridge in that town, which fell while the plaintiff's stage-coach was passing over it last spring, and demolished the carriage. The verdict was for 231 dollars, the amount of the injury, which being doubled by the Court, makes the defendant pay for this neglect 462 dollars.—*Courier.*

The Summit of Bliss.—A marriage was celebrated a few weeks since in a romantic spot *on the top of the Blue Ridge*, under the broad arch of Heaven. The parties having obtained a licence in a county in which they did not reside, deemed it necessary, to be within the jurisdiction of the clerk issuing the process; and at the appointed hour, here came the groom and his train from one point, and the bride with her fair posse from another. After the nuptial tie was drawn, the parties separated in the manner and direction whence they came—but only temporarily we presume. The scene was one of singular interest; and we have no doubt the fond pair, in their journey through the dark vales of life, will never forget what was to them, at the moment, emphatically the summit of bliss.—*Virginia Free Press.*

New York, Sept. 17.

A Novelty.—The schooner Sarah Ann, Captain Ayers, 48 hours from Philadelphia, arrived yesterday afternoon, via the Delaware and Raritan Canal. She has a full cargo of merchandize, consigned to A. & T. F. Cornell, and other merchants in this city. Should this mode of conveyance between the two cities meet a due share of patronage, a daily line, we understand, will be commenced. This is the first vessel that has reached our city through this canal.—*Gazette.*

From the Evening Star.

LETTER VI.

Albany, Sept. 12th, 1834.

To the Hon. Martin Van Buren:

SIR: It has already been remarked, that on the 3d of November, 1812, the legislature convened for the purpose of appointing Presidential electors. In the evening of the 4th a caucus of the democratic members was held in the Senate Chamber to nominate candidates. A preliminary discussion ensued. The main question was first to be decided shall the electors be men who will sustain "the regular nomination," as made at Washington in Congressional caucus? Or shall they be men who repudiate the idea of respecting the "usages and discipline of the party?" Or more intelligibly, shall they be men who will vote for and support Mr. Madison and the war? Or shall they be men who will vote for Mr. Clinton and peace? This was the simple preliminary proposition before the caucus.

Great dissention and much violence prevailed in the meeting. The friends of Mr. Madison were in the minority. They were, however, firm and unshaken. You sir, had been counselled and advised with by the Clintonians. You had aided in all the arrangements for a conflict with the supporters of a war candidate, as Mr. Madison was termed. You had not only prepared yourself for the discussion, but you was assisted with arguments by the ablest of your Clintonian associates. You was the Ajax Telamon of the party. Your elocution was of a slight and flippant character, well adapted to the occasion, and as you were for the moment the leader of the peace party, you seemed to feel the importance of the position you held. In the language of your byographer, your's "was not the zeal of ordinary men." To secure the success of Mr. Clinton, and the defeat of Mr. Madison, "absorbed your whole soul. It led to untiring exertion; it was exhibited on all occasions, and under all circumstances."

It is due to you to say, that your speech was not only pointed but sometimes severe, on the southern men and southern policy. You cannot have forgotten your sneers and sarcasms upon the ancient dominion. You drew a parallel between the qualifications and talents of Mr. Madison, and Mr. Clinton, in which you placed the former, far, very far below the latter. But you did not stop here. You denounced the policy of the General Government, in plunging the nation, unprepared, into a war. You declared that the whole cabinet were unworthy the confidence and support of the people. In short, sir, your entire harangue was one of great bitterness against the party in power, and a warm panegyric, on those whom you were endeavoring to elevate. A dozen such letters, as mine, would not contain your denunciations of the South alone.

Replys were made to you by Gen. Root, Nathan Sanford, and others. They defended the southern democracy, and the war against your philippic. Their efforts, however, were unavailling. The caucus decided that no man should be supported by them who would vote for James Madison. As soon as this desicision was made, Gen. Root, Mr. Sanford, and others, the friends of the war, retired from the caucus, and left you to enjoy the pleasing reflection "that it was sufficient glory, to serve under such a chief as De Witt Clinton."

It has been shown, that during the whole of the year 1812, you were opposing the Government, and endeavoring to ruin Mr. Madison politically, as the author of the war. It is believed however, that on your arrival in Albany, in Nov. you entertained some doubts and apprehensions of the result. With the power in the hands of your party to secure Mr. Clinton all the votes of the State, what did you do? In a subtle and treacherous manner, you proposed to certain individuals, to give Mr. Madison two votes. Your proposition, it is true, was rejected with scorn and contempt. But what was your object? Subsequent events prove that it was intended as a peace offering. You had already commenced preparations, "to look one way and row another!"

It is feared, that these details may prove tedious. It should be recollected, however, that many of those who are now the most active and most efficient, on the political stage, have not before them the evidence of your deadly hostility in 1812 to the authors, and defenders of the war; nor are they well informed as to your apparent devotion to Mr. Clinton, at that trying crisis. Indeed it would seem impossible, if they were not matters of history, that you could so cordially and zealously have acted with the Clintonians in 1812, and, that, in a few short years, if not in a few months, you should have turned upon them, and with demoniac perfidity denounced these measures of which you were not only the advocate, but in some instance the adviser, and probably the author.

Only one other reference will be made at present to your political movements during the session of the Legislature of 1812. At that time the presidential electors, were appointed by the Legislature. Each house nominated a ticket. If the nominations agreed, the persons thus nominated were chosen. If they disagreed, the Senate and Assembly met in joint ballot, and voted for the electors out of the ticket thus presented by the respective houses.

On the 9th of November the Senate and Assembly proceeded to nominate, *viva voce*, the electors. The result was, the Senate nominated Clintonians, and the house federal electors, and when these bodies met in joint ballot, Clintonian electors were chosen. Now, sir, as a member of the Senate, (the rules requiring it,) you rose in your place, and read off the names of the candidates for whom you voted. Every man of them was opposed to James Madison. The late Col. Henry Rutgers, of the City of New York, was at the head of the Madison list; you voted against him, and all his colleagues, General Root, Gen. Haight, Nathan Sanford, and others of that class of politicians, supported the Rutgers' ticket. Can it be deemed necessary to pursue this branch of the subject? Has it not been demonstrated, beyond the cavil of the most sceptical, that from 1811 to 1814 you was opposed to the party then in power, and to their measures? The statements which have been given, as to your official acts, are derived from the journals of the Senate. Your speech in caucus, &c. if misrepresented, may be corrected by some one of the gentlemen who have been named.

Your byographer says—"The session of 1813 and 1814 were peculiarly trying. The federalists then had the control of the Assembly, and were violent and uniform in their opposition to the war and its supporters. A majority of the Senators, with Mr. Van Buren, and his able coadjutors Nathan Sanford and Erastus Root, at their head, were equally inflexible." Pray, sir, were Sanford and Root your coadjutors in "opposition to the war and its supporters," in 1813?—or were you at that time, in union with the federalists, opposing the government?

Again: Your biographer, speaking of the contest between the two houses in 1813 and 1814, says: "This led to several public conferences, involving the justice and ex-