

phase of every President and Administration of the United States, save that of Washington—his attacks upon private individuals on the floor of the Senate—his querulous and severe opposition to every great measure, of war or of peace, that has been adopted or pursued by our government, since 1805 or 1806, to the present day. *Niles' Register.*

American Scenery.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

Our esteemed correspondent continues to travel and to write: The following description of Glenn's Falls, on the Hudson, New-York, and the middle ground from thence to Lake George, will, we doubt not, be read with interest:

Glenn's Falls, Aug. 20, 1826.

It was a dull afternoon, when I left the Springs, to visit Lake George, intending to stop a few minutes at Glenn's Falls, which lie immediately in the route. This spot and its neighborhood has become more interesting of late, by the masterly sketches of our American Waverly. He has selected this ground for the principal scene in his recent popular work, "The Last of the Mohicans." At the falls, I was very fortunate, in securing for a guide Mr. W., a friend, who had conducted the celebrated author himself over the whole field; his descriptions are most correct, and the faithfulness of them is one of the chief excellencies of his happy style. The Falls, the Banks of the River, the Island in the midst, to which Alice, Cora, and their companions, were conveyed for safety, are all situated just as described. I passed thro' the Caves, the inner one terminating at a "perpendicular declivity, under which ran the dark current." Our intelligent guide pointed out the part of the whirling stream above the Island, into whose Pools, one of the Indians, in attempting to gain the shore, was driven, carried rapidly along, and hurried over, into that gloomy and yawning gulph below. "There," said he, "is the solitary tree," selected by Mr. Cooper, on yonder left bank, from whose lofty branches the daring Savage was harassing the fugitives, but soon fell from his high lurking place, a victim to the deadly rifle of Hawk-eye.

Glenn's Falls are beautiful and wild.—The Hudson here, at more than two hundred miles from its mouth, rushes thro' a channel of dark blue limestone, the bed of which is worn into many very singular forms, by the constant action of the current. The water falls over these strata, which are perfectly flat, and are piled one upon another, so as to resemble so many stone steps, or rather broad platforms. Through them, however, irregular and deep channels, in some directions, find their way, and over the whole, the Hudson, when full, rushes in one broad, tumultuous, and foaming torrent, leaping from one platform to another, until it bathes the feet of the sable ledges below, which ascend to a great height above the stream.

Passing over a rugged country, partly of pine barren, and partly of stony hills, I arrived by night-fall at the head of Lake George, and stopped in Caldwell, a most delightful village, on the Western shore. The ground between this Lake and the Hudson river, was famous, not only in the Revolutionary War, but in most of those early bloody campaigns, when the French and cruel Savages carried their horrible warfare into the frontier of the English Colonies. Hard and suffering was the lot of the harassed Colonists. In these contests, the most direct communication between the posts of Canada and the Hudson, was by the head waters of Lake George. In sight of the room I now occupy, ancient ramparts are still visible; on that very spot was entrenched the army of the Marquis Montcalm, at the siege of Fort William Henry, in 1757. A more interesting place cannot be found in the United States, for the visits of those who delight in the rich and beautiful scenery of nature—who love to contemplate heroic deeds, long past, but resulting in consequences important even to those of the present day.

You know my fondness for Music—and in the evening my young brother and myself took a sailing boat, with a bugle-player, and went upon the Lake to hear the echo from this instrument, which is fine beyond description in this region. It was a lovely night—the full Moon was just rising over the opposite mountain: her mild light fell upon the bosom of the water in such a direction as to tinge it gently with her brightness—though in the back ground, the darkness of the woods was impenetrable. Far off we went, and our light skiff glided on the tranquil bay so gently, that scarcely a ripple passed her advancing prow. The air was still, and we sung our evening hymn must cheerfully. "It is a fine night for an echo, Sir," said the Oarsman, "we have stretched far enough into the lake." Our Bugleman sounded his winding horn—the echo from the surrounding hills, distant half a mile, sent back the faithful, mellow sounds, while forests, by the exact repetition of the notes from their shades; seemed to be full of "mocking spirits." Such tones I had never before listened to; the pre-

cludes were touchingly executed, and then followed airs of vibrating, deep, rich melody; now lighter and sweeter were the changes, particularly in that favorite piece "Auld Lang Syne," again, deep, clear and full. The turns, the pauses, passed off in murmuring cadences, until the slowly dying close was lost to the ear, and left our minds filled with the witchery of the music. For a long time, we continued in silent rapture, listening to these sounds, nor could my eyes remain occasionally unmixed on those bright, distant worlds, of which we shall know more hereafter, where,

"Charming symphony they introduce Their sacred song, and waken raptures high, No voice exempt, no voice but well could join Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven." We gained the shore at 10 o'clock—and seldom in my life, after any excursion, have I sunk more calmly and happily to rest.

RELICS.—In digging a cellar in Braddock-street during the present week, two human skeletons were found in a state of preservation. One was standing upright; the other was lying on its face, with the right arm extended in the direction of the head, and the other lying by the side. The probability is, that the skeletons are those of Indians, who were killed during the hostilities which preceded Braddock's war. It is known that this part of the town was then a deep morass, covered with bushes, into which these persons were probably pursued, and where one probably sunk, and the other may have been shot by a musket ball. A few years since a skeleton was found near the same place with handcuffs on; probably an executed malefactor. The excavation of human bones is a frequent occurrence, and as often reminds us of the scenes of war and desolation—of battle and of death which marked the early settlement of our village. Fort Loudoun, which was then the bulwark of this frontier—the last hope of the early settlers, the head quarters of Braddock in 1755, and of Washington in previous years, still exhibits the traces of these wars, although in the centre of one of the best cultivated and most populous sections of the Union. *Winchester Republican.*

Home Industry.—The advancement of this country in manufacturing industry is perhaps unexampled in history. In the year 1805 the total consumption of cotton by the manufactories of the United States was a little more than 1000 bales. Now Rhode Island uses more. In 1812, our woollen factories could not furnish the army with 6000 blankets. During the last war, capital was taken from commerce and invested in manufactures.—This was the first impulse. In 1816 a report made to Congress shewed that fifty millions of dollars capital were invested in cotton manufactures, and twelve millions in woollen. In that year we manufactured 90,000 bales of cotton. In 1816 it was estimated that the whole amount of goods manufactured in the United States, was equal to fifty or sixty millions of dollars. It is now believed that we manufacture, of all kinds, to the amount of 250 millions in a year, about 25 millions of which are exported, and the rest consumed in the country. The internal or domestic trade of every country is perhaps more permanent and useful than the foreign. It is not subject to the fluctuations of the commercial world, which frequently break out and spread desolation around. The English journalists have been consoling themselves that our industry was as frustrated as theirs. The facts which we have stated do not indicate much depression. *N. F. Adv.*

Political Economy.—An anonymous writer has called upon HAMILTON, the distinguished advocate of the domestic industry of our country, for a definition of what he calls "a sound system of policy for this country;" which he gives in the following short sentence:

"Protect the great staples of our country—Wheat, Cotton, Iron, Tobacco, Wool, Lead, &c. & the articles fabricated from them."

Under such a system, adds this sagacious writer, this country could not fail to rise, gradually, to a degree of prosperity of which the world has had few examples. We should then be, as we ought to be, masters of our own destinies—and not subject to suffer in the prices of our great staples, as we have heretofore done, by the fluctuation of foreign markets! *Raleigh Register.*

CONTRAST.

The annual salary of the governor of the state of Rhode Island, is \$400.

The salary of the governor of Louisiana is \$7,500.

The people of Louisiana pay their governor as much for one year's service as the people of Rhode Island do their's for eighteen years nine months.

The lieutenant governor of Rhode Island, gets \$200 and the secretary of state of Louisiana, \$2000 per annum.

The supreme judges of Rhode Island get but 200. An attempt was made in the legislature of that state at its last session, to advance the salary of the judges \$50 per ann. but it failed.

Oil of Penny-royal, diluted with water and rubbed over the hands and face, will preserve them from the bite of musquitoes.—*Probatum est.*

General Intelligence.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 13.

Capt. Elliott.—We have been favored with the following extract of a letter, and correspondence between Capt. Elliott and the commandant at Rio Janeiro, by a gentleman of this city:

RIO JANEIRO, JULY 15th, 1826.

The Cyane, after leaving this port, had to return to examine her mainmast, captain Elliott having discovered it to be defective under the rigging; this with expert seamen, employed but little time—in the mean while he directed the sloop of war Boston to proceed to the River La Plata, to warn our unsuspecting countrymen of the blockade.—The vigilance of captain Elliott has been highly praised worthily.

Twelve richly laden English vessels have already arrived at this place, prizes to the Blockading Squadron: these may be estimated, I am informed, at \$500,000, a circumstance not at all agreeable to John Bull—one vessel belonging to the U. S. has been sent in, but her cargo is British property.

When the Cyane was last here, on the eve of getting under-way, she was visited by four Austrian Officers, who demanded, in the name of the Emperor, a deserter from the army, supposed to be on board.—Captain Elliott very properly assured them that, should it prove to be the case he would most certainly send him on shore. After getting to sea the man was discovered. On our return here captain Elliott performed his promise, by delivering the deserter to the proper authorities, at the same time, made private intercession for his pardon—this was doing the thing in a becoming manner—a painful duty was discharged, while at the same time, the humane feelings of an intercessor were extended toward the unfortunate offender. The correspondence of the commanding officers on the subject, is highly creditable, as it displays those amiable traits always estimable. The Chevalier is an officer who once served in Napoleon's army with considerable distinction.

It is supposed that all the vessels sent in here, for a violation of the blockade, will be condemned, consequently, the British will sustain a pretty serious loss. Thus, you see, the principles they contended for, produce effects, which now act as retributive on their commerce, daily found to depreciate.

It is gratifying to an American to see our national ships in this quarter—their presence, their character, give us confidence, and inspire foreigners with respect to our government, which seems ever ready to watch over our interests, and to guard our rights. It is to be hoped that the squadron will be continued on this coast—it has, be assured, a most happy influence on our officers—producing, either directly or indirectly, benefits cheaply purchased, at the expense attending its employment. The time has arrived, when the naval forces of the U. S. should be kept up and increased, in those seas where our commerce continually displays the swelling canvass of enterprise, beneath the propitiating banner of the "free and the brave."

(TRANSLATION.)

Monsieur le Commandant—

SIR:—Still more convinced of the nobleness of your sentiments, from the honorable manner in which you have just acted, it is with the greatest satisfaction I give you the assurance that from personal respect to you, the soldier Scernimir of the 3d Regiment of Battalion which I have the honor to command, shall not be punished.

No person can be more certain than myself that neither by your command, or the design of any other of the very much esteemed American officers, will any Brazilian soldier be induced to desert; on the contrary you have given me a sufficient example of your disapprobation of such conduct, in the circumstances which have just occurred, and which would not have taken place but for the arts of a bad subject, of whom the person to whom they principally relate, was formerly the domestic. Receive, sir, the assurance of the highest consideration, with which I have the honor to be, your most humble and most ob't. serv't.

(Signed) LE CHEVALIER EDWARD D'EWALD, Major and Commandant of the 3d Reg. of Grenadiers, and 1st of the line. 10th July, 1826.

UNITED STATES SHIP CYANE,

Rio de Janeiro, 12th July, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR—your highly gratifying favor of the 10th inst. I have had the satisfaction to receive, and now the honor to acknowledge.

The generous manner with which you met my intercession in behalf of the man who had unknown to me secreted himself in my ship, tends greatly to enhance the already justly high opinion I had entertained of the German character.

The high military reputation with which you have so nobly existed in honorable combat, and the promptness with which the heart has been opened in extending the hand both of charity and forgiveness to a poor soldier must leave you in possession of a feeling more easily im-

agined than described—receive therefore my best wishes and permit me to subscribe, truly your friend.

(Signed) J. D. ELLIOTT. To Chevalier Edward d'Ewald, Major and Commandant of the 3d Reg. of Grenadiers and 1st of the line.

(TRANSLATION.)

Monsieur le Commandant:

SIR—I beg you to believe that no person can be more sensible than myself to the honor of being distinguished by men of your merit, and with this feeling you may judge of my great mortification, in not being at home last evening when you done me the honor of a visit. With respect to the soldier I have only pursued your own and the principles of every generous mind, in pardoning where pardon is possible; to have afforded you satisfaction is the most agreeable recompense I could receive.

In the lively hope of having very soon the honor of seeing you again in order to express to you personally how much I love and esteem you, I subscribe myself with the respect which your personal qualities so highly merit and command. Your faithful friend and humble serv't.

(Signed) LE CHEVALIER EDWARD D'EWALD. To Captain J. D. ELLIOTT, &c. Rio de Janeiro, 12th July, 1826.

We have the Madrid Gazette down to the last week in July. It is altogether negative as to information concerning the state of Spain. It contains, however, translations of some of the London sarcastic paragraphs with regard to Mr. Randolph's conduct in our Senate. According to the Spanish versions, the Senator charged the President with having been elected by bribery, and Maj. Russell threatened to pommel the Senator.

Nat. Gaz.

Americans in Greece.—Evans's last view of Greece contains some notices of the prominent Grecian and American characters, who are engaged in the cause of Greece. The Americans are How, Jarvis, Miller, Washington and Allen.

How is a Bostonian, "of small stature, but of middling height," and possesses talents and resolution. He is usefully employed in Greece, and Mr. Evans presumes he will meet with much success. His principle object in going to Greece were the restoration of his health and the improvement of his knowledge of surgery.

Jarvis is a native of this country but had been a resident in Germany. He is of common stature and about thirty years of age. Rather ordinary in his appearance. A man of much native shrewdness, and in his habits truly a Greek. He has been in Greece about five years, and has given proofs of his courage.

Washington is a Virginian, and about 22 years of age. A tall and elegant man, and possesses brilliant talents. Evans says "it is unnecessary to speak of him further."

Miller is from Vermont, from 30 to 40 years of age, rather below the common stature, and of ordinary personal appearance. He has native talents but they have not been extensively improved, nor well regulated. Were he in military life, Evans thinks he might display some courage, but as yet, he has exhibited nothing of the kind, worthy of notice.

Allen is from N. York, and was formerly a midshipman in our navy, is 27 years of age, and "a tolerably good looking man." He has sailed on several cruises under Miaulis and the Greek commanders, by whom he has been much praised. He has fought valiantly in several engagements, and been several times severely wounded.

The captain GARTH who is mentioned in the English newspapers as having eloped with lady Ashley, is an illegitimate son of one of the princesses, daughter of the late, and sister to the present king of England. He was born at Weymouth, which, it will be remembered, was a favorite summer retreat of George III. and his family. General Garth, his reputed father, was in attendance upon the king constantly and was a great favorite with him. At the time the young captain was born, the general was at least 60 years of age. He however, acted as his foster father, and had the care of his education and bringing up. The General lived at a place called Piddletown in Dorsetshire, about twelve miles from Weymouth, where the young captain, at the age of from 15 to 18, during which time he was well known to the writer of this paragraph, lived in great style, keeping his servants, race horses and hounds. Tho' he was frequently called Garth and used to talk about the general, yet he no less frequently was accosted by his familiars as 'Tom King,' in allusion to his connection with royalty.

Philadelphia Aurora.

The Boston Centinel states, that the lady referred to in the late English papers, as the first heir to the great property of the late Mr. Farquhar, is the wife of Peter Trezevant, Esq. of Charleston, S. C. brother of the late Judge Trezevant. She is now living in that city, and has a family of eight children. Mr. Trezevant's grand father's family was among

the most respectable Hugonot families which took refuge in South Carolina, from France, immediately after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Mr. T. is the late Mr. Farquhar's brother's daughter.

Dreadful Death.—A farmer of Thoor-out in Flanders, was following a swarm of bees in the heat of the day; at length seeing the bees hanging on a branch of an ash, he presented the hive to them, but unfortunately the queen bee took her station on his face, and in a moment the whole of the bees followed their sovereign, and the unfortunate man was overwhelmed by this cruel species of attack. In a quarter of an hour he was dead. A person who was with him in the operation, ran away from him.

We presume the following statement, says the National Journal, in relation to the MSS. of the Waverly Novels, taken from the John Bull, which is said to be edited by Dr. Magin, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, will go far to settle all doubts on the subject of the authorship of these celebrated productions. We think, however, that some more powerful reason than a mere feeling of delicacy towards any individual, however exalted his station in life may be, ought to be assigned for the conduct of Sir Walter Scott, in remaining silent on the subject, while his manuscripts are allowed to speak so conclusively:

A letter has been published, without the permission of the writer, or the person to whom it was addressed, from Sir Walter Scott, in which he pointedly denies his claim to be considered as the author of the Waverly Novels. This letter, if it be genuine at all, was written by Sir Walter some years ago, although dated April in the present year, but that it is a forgery, we must believe—we may almost say, hope—for we know, in common with every person who has visited certain circles in Edinburgh within the last few months, that Sir Walter Scott has actually presented Mr. Constable, the Bookseller of that city, with all his original manuscripts of his Novels and Tales, here so distinctly and strangely disavowed. Were this gift a secret, or had we heard of it in confidence, or were it questionable in the slightest degree, we should have remained silent upon the subject; but Mr. Constable speaks of it openly and generally—justly considering and feeling it the highest mark of honor that a man, connected as he is with literature, could have received; unless, therefore, the letter which we have alluded to be a forgery, we are puzzled to find out any just cause for the reason why Sir W. Scott, the sovereign of the literary world, should think it necessary now so distinctly and positively to disclaim works which every body who knows any thing, knows to be from his unrivalled pen. We are aware that a reason is assigned which does honor to Sir Walter's good taste and feelings of respectful delicacy towards one exalted personage; but we question whether even that be justly strong enough to induce a continuation of disavowals which are completely nullified to the world, not only by the conversations and statements of Sir Walter's personal friends, but by the exhibition of the manuscripts themselves in the house of Mr. Constable, the bookseller.

Burning of Horses.—On Friday night at the burning of a stable in the neighborhood of Green and Sixth-streets, between 11 & 12 o'clock, 4 horses were burnt to death. The flames had enveloped the building before they were discovered.—The by-standers succeeded in getting several horses out, but although the stable door was open, such was the intensity of the heat inside, that all attempts to release the other animals from their fastenings were fruitless. One horse—a noble creature—although surrounded with fire, stood perfectly still while a person attempted to get him loose. The halter could neither be untied, broken, or slipped off; there was no knife to cut it, and the flames raged with increased violence. When the man sprang out of the stable, the horse, as if aware that he was abandoned to his fate, uttered most horrid screams. The terrific and almost unearthly cries which horses will give in their agony are well known. This poor animal struggled madly for his deliverance, and in his violence, tore open his breast by running against his trough.—He then laid down for the space of several minutes perfectly quiet, but as the fire began to play around his nostrils, he arose again, and after a few struggles, with a yet wilder scream and his eyes bursting from his head, made one furious effort, and fell dead. The whole scene is described as having been heart sickening. In the morning, the bodies of the four horses were buried. Before this, however, several negro women cut pieces of flesh from the carcasses, as they stated, to serve for food. The fire originated in accident. We are informed that for some time past, several men had been in the habit of going into that stable at night, unknown to the owner. They would stick lighted candles between the boards, and then would sleep on the hay. On this night, it is supposed that the flame of the candle communicated with the combustible material around.

Philadelphia Freeman's Journal.