

blowing, and the enjoyment of eating blackberries. He preached on this subject until 12 o'clock, or after. He told Mr. Pierson that he would be the subject of course that night, inasmuch as Mr. Pierson had had two pieces of blackberries, whilst he had none, and that it was to be considered a great favor that he picked them himself. But no blackberries were eaten but what he helped us to, as he always did the bread and butter, and every thing on the table. He said there was Judaea who dined in the dish with him. There was nothing unusual next morning, and Mr. Pierson went into the fields. At four o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, he came back and went into the barn. My son Edward came to me, and said Mr. Pierson was in a fit, and I sent for Matthias, for we did not dare to touch him without being exposed to censure; for he said, by touching him we injured his spirit. Mr. Pierson was subject to fits, and Matthias used to command him to get up and walk before the fits were broken. When in fits, he was sometimes laid on a couch in the parlor, and Matthias would go in and command him to rise, and Mr. Pierson manifested great pleasure when the spirit obeyed him. Mr. Pierson lay on the hay in the barn on this occasion, until Matthias and the man named Anthony took him up and walked him between them till they came to the kitchen steps, where he fell down. He soon recovered from the fit, and set up straight, but did not recover as on former times. It was usual, after his fits, to give him coffee, and it was so that evening, and Matthias helped him, and put a piece of bread in his mouth, but he did not eat it. Matthias then walked him about the hall and piazza, and would stop and talk to him. I went to them and found he was not recovered so as to speak, and I told Matthias that I thought he was very ill. He had a strong fit in the chair, so as to cause it to crack, and I called Isabella. After that, he had another fit in the chamber, in the South wing. I asked Matthias for permission to wash his (Mr. P.'s) head, and I did so. When I spoke to him, he would say, "Ann, Ann, Ann," repeatedly. He was put to bed, and in half an hour began to vomit, and purge, and the fits continued all night.

He was put to bed at 9 o'clock, and Matthias, between 10 and 11, went into his room and complained that Mr. Pierson's vomiting made him sick, and that his breath smelled bad. I believe nothing was done for him that night; except that Isabella washed him. There was a new sheet on the bed, which, in the morning, was found torn in four places. He was very helpless, and was changed four times during the night. No physician was called to him, and he had no medical aid until he died. Q. Why not? A. Why, sir, we believed that all sicknesses were a man's spirit, which Matthias alone could cast out; for this was his doctrine. On Wednesday, Mr. P. said he had had a trying night. At my suggestion, I made him some coffee, but he threw it up, and took nothing else.

He remained all that day in bed. Matthias was preaching, during the greater part of the morning, to a pedlar at the front door, and during the rest of the day he was with Mr. Pierson. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Mr. P. was up; but was taken, at table, several times in a fit, and carried into another room. Matthias said it was a bad spirit, which was not subdued. He did not get up all day Sunday, and Matthias continued preaching nearly the whole day in the parlor, and told the servant to shut the door to keep out the noise of Mr. Pierson's fits. He did not go near him to help him—for he would help no one, unless requested to do so. Mr. Pierson was left the whole night without a candle. He was sensible on Sunday night. I was down in the kitchen on Saturday night, and Miss Pierson told me her father wanted Isabella to wash his feet—and that he had something to say to her. Isabella, who was then taking at the oven, observed, saying, she was afraid the father would censure. She afterwards, however, did go up, and shortly afterwards, when I went up and passed the door, I saw Matthias and Isabella come out of Mr. Pierson's room, and then stand talking in the hall, at the top of the stairs, for half an hour or three quarters.

He made a motion for me to leave the hall, which I did. I came again, and found them conversing in a low tone. I then asked what he wished me to do; and he bid me take the candle away, which I did. On Monday Mr. Pierson was much worse, and his daughter was rubbing him—Matthias was then bringing him in his breakfast. I stayed with Mr. Pierson some time, and he wished me to give him an enema, (injection) and asked me if I would not; I told him yes, and would do a hundred other things for him, if our Father would permit. The enema was not administered, and I heard no more about it. At supper time, on Monday, I heard a noise as if he had fallen out of bed—Catharine Galaway, myself, and I think Elizabeth, were seated at the table. Catharine, being the quickest, started up and got a little before me, and Matthias told me she was always foremost without orders, and she came back and seated herself again. Some time afterwards, Matthias and I went up and saw Mr. Pierson lying on the floor with his feet towards the door. I viewed for permission to call Isabella to help him up; but Matthias said no, let him lie. I am watching his spirit. I then walked out in the courtyard for air, and when I returned, I found Matthias sitting at the centre-table reading, with the door open. I asked if Isabella should not make Mr. Pierson a bed on the floor, and Matthias said "No." So Mr. Pierson lay on his back, and nothing more was done for him all night, nor until Tuesday, when he got a warm bath. On Tuesday, Mrs. Drake came there between 11 and 12 o'clock, and wished to see him. I told her she should if the Father permitted. I asked him, but he took no notice, and continued preaching to us. After supper, I went into Mr. Pierson's room, and, although senseless, he was alive. Whilst in this state, Isabella slapped him on the right cheek, and told him to get out of his "hellish sleep." I afterwards asked Matthias if I should lay Mr. Pierson on the floor, and he at length consented. We put the bed on the floor, and Pierson on it—this was on Monday night. On Tuesday morning, I saw Pierson still lying on the bed, still in his limbs and arms; this stiffness commenced on Sabbath—his head was inclined to the right—his arm remained in a protracted position unsupported by any thing—but was immovable during that day. I went to him a number of times to keep the flies out of his mouth, which remained open. Elizabeth, his daughter, was in the room sometimes; on that day there was nothing done to him till towards evening he had a warm bath. Mrs. Drake came up that day between 11 and 12; she was an acquaintance of Mr. Pierson's; Matthias received her; no one was ever allowed to receive any one but him; she wished to see Mr. Pierson; one of us informed her of Mr. Pierson's condition; we were then all in the parlor,

next to the wing; Matthias told her she should see him; she remained till dinner, when she expressed a wish to see him again, when I said I would do just as Father (M.) said; Matthias and she were sitting in the parlor—he made no answer, but kept on preaching without taking any notice of what I said; after supper Mr. Pierson had a warm bath, which was prepared by Isabella and Catharine; he was at that time insensible; Matthias was not in the room; by this time he had another fit; Isabella then slapped him on his face, and told him to come out of his hellish sleep; he was then put on a bed on the floor; the slap was hard, on the right cheek; he was insensible at this time. I then went out to Matthias, who was sitting with Mrs. Drake, and told him that Pierson had had a warm bath; he talked on, and did not notice me. Matthias was preaching during the evening, and sitting with Mrs. Drake in the Parlor, till he went to bed; Mrs. Drake did not see Pierson, who was lying on the bed all this time; he made a noise constantly on this evening, (Thursday) and had also made a noise the night previous; I think the noise arose from the obstruction of the throat, and a dryness of the stomach, as he had no water; Isabella was told, by Matthias, to bring in some water, which she did in an iron bowl.

He told Isabella to hold a sheet on each side of his mouth, while he gave Pierson the water—he had laid all day with his mouth open. As Matthias poured the water into Pierson's mouth, he made a distressing noise—the pitcher was held a good distance from his mouth; Pierson was lying down on the bed on the floor—Matthias stood up pouring the water down his throat. I walked away from the sound of the noise—the family retired, and Pierson was left alone.

I laid myself down about 1 or 2 o'clock; the noise ceased. Matthias went out of his room and held a candle to Pierson and looked at him—he then came out and said to me, "he is dead!"

### POLITICAL.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

#### NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

We do not feel disposed to deal in epithets upon the name of the individual now appointed to one of the great Departments of the Government, and who, according to the practice of the present administration, takes his seat *ex-officio* as a member of the Executive Cabinet. We will not speak of Amos Kendall, personally, in the language prompted by his character, nor will we suffer our indignation at his appointment—an indignation felt in common, we trust, with nine out of every ten respectable citizens of the United States—to betray us into the expression of denunciations inconsistent with the gravity of the subject. We will endeavour to convey our feelings in language suited to a commentary on a new appointment to the high and responsible station of Postmaster General of the United States, and forget, as far as possible, the terms most appropriate in speaking of Amos Kendall, the person who has received it. Were it warrantable in such a case, to speak of him as his character deserves, we should feel ourselves obliged to adopt a different phraseology, and describe a paltry demagogue, in the language proper to such a task. But our duty is a graver one. A poor imbecile old man, retaining no other portion of his former faculties than his obstinacy and his bad passions, has been wrought up to the madness of making this man one of his ministers, and of placing him at the head of one of the most important branches of the National Government. Amos Kendall, therefore, must be spoken of as a high public functionary, and dealt with more decorously than his personal character deserves. This is probably the first instance, since the organization of the American Government, of an appointment—manifestly and palpably derogatory to its dignity—where the individual was by almost universal acknowledgment—quite universal among all others than heated partisans—entirely unworthy of the station, and calculated to degrade and disgrace the Cabinet and the country.

We do not say, for we do not believe, that Mr. Kendall is incompetent to the discharge of the duties of a Postmaster-General, so far as a talent is concerned. He is, without question, not only a man of ability, but a man of industry and business habits, well calculated for the details of the department—sure he is honest, and were he able to carry into it a respectable character—were it in his nature to be any thing but a bitter and malignant partisan: an unprincipled grovelling intriguer; a sinner and sneaking demagogue—in short, to be any thing but Amos Kendall! For such a man to be selected by an American President as an official counsellor, as a member of his upper Cabinet, and placed in control of the whole internal intercourse of the country, is a point of degradation never before reached, even by Gen. Jackson; and it is as mortifying to American feeling as it is alarming to every well wisher of our republican system. If men of this description can be called to the higher departments of our government, we ought to find little fault with the foreigners who argue against its stability, and prophecy the failure of the "experiment" of a free republic. We have said that we doubt not the ability of Mr. Kendall to do the duties of the General Post Office. We do not; but who that knows the man is not perfectly satisfied that he will make that office one vast electioneering machine? Who does not see that he has been placed there for that purpose?

If, indeed, we are to credit the statement of the Washington Telegraph, the friends of the Vice President do not hesitate to avow it—for, that paper tells us that, upon the appointment being announced to a member of the kitchen fraternity, he replied: "Now Mr. Van Buren will be President." There is no mistake about it—Amos Kendall has taken charge of the Post Office with the express understanding that it is to be used as the instrument for carrying into effect the royal will, that Martin Van Buren should succeed to the Presidency; and all its operations will be bent to that object. The General Post Office, with its tremendous patronage, and its host of dependents—its army of fifteen thousand Postmasters, its contractors, subcontractors, printers, purveyors of paper, twine, &c. &c. will all be made subservient to the vile purpose of the vilest political party that ever obtained possession of a government professing to be free. The funds, the favor, and the frowns of that department will be brought to bear upon the question of the Presidency, and every ramifications of the Post Office, pervading as those ramifications do, every corner of the country, will be made to yield its share of effect to promote the President's "preferences" for his successor. Instead of Major Barry's culpable eagerness of disposition, and gross incapacity for application and care, we shall have

the cunning and the corruption of a more mischievous, because a more industrious and more unscrupulous successor! Amos Kendall will be found an indefatigable, and therefore, a more dangerous purchaser of the people's privileges, than his predecessor; and as the payment is all to be made with their own money, we do not believe there will be a very rigid economy exercised in the operation. Kendall will be much more efficient in mischief than the retired officer, because he is much more laborious and methodical. The people of the United States have no relaxation of corruption to hope for in the *business* of Amos Kendall; for, in the eastern phraseology, he will be "up at four o'clock" in every thing that relates to the advancement of his own interests, or the interests of his master—whatever may become of those of the people.

The appointment, however, is made, and Amos Kendall is, to all intents and purposes, our Postmaster-General until the end of the next session of Congress. The customary system is uppermost.—The kitchen mediocrity is called into the parlor, and the upper inmates must submit to the contact, as best they may. If they see fit to soil their court-clothes by rubbing against the soot with which they are jostled, it is no concern of ours, exactly. If the few remaining members of the Cabinet, who are respectable, choose to remain in office with such a man as Kendall acting as Premier—and Premier he will be, past all doubt—they will certainly have no one to blame but themselves.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Times.

#### THE ABOLITIONISTS.

We received, a few days ago from the author, an Address delivered before an Abolition Society in Vermont, by a Mr. Oliver Johnson, from which we have made very copious extracts, in order to show the existing state of feeling among the people of New England, on the subject of Slavery. Let it be remembered, that the first Abolition Society was formed in 1832; there is now 150 in existence, exerting all their powers to accomplish their damnable purposes. They are inundating the Southern country with their incendiary pamphlets—establishing presses for the propagation of their doctrines, and openly threatening us with a revolt and insurrection of our slaves. Why is it that Northern presses attempt to mask the designs of these fanatics—to blind us with the belief that they are but a few individuals, and that their sayings and doings are not in accordance with the popular will? Because, so long as the Northern Manufacturers can receive (as they now do,) the profits of slave labor, they will not interfere with the question; but so soon as the tariff is brought down to a revenue standard, and they fail to pocket the taxes on slave labor, we confidently predict that the cause of the Abolitionists will be the cause of the Free States. They consider the Constitution as giving no protection to this species of property, as it is held (may they) in violation of Divine Law—and we must surrender it peaceably, if we desire to remain in the Union, or resort to Secession and Revolution. This is the prospect before us.

We invite the attention of the reader to the following extracts:

#### Of objections to the principles of Anti-Slavery Societies; and of objections to their measures.

It will be necessary, however, in the first place to state, concisely, what are the fundamental principles of these Societies. And—  
1. They maintain, that Slavery, which consists in holding and treating human beings as property, is, in all circumstances, altogether sinful; that it is a heinous and aggravated crime, for which there is, and can be no more excuse than for robbery and murder. Hence—  
2. They maintain, that the masters are solemnly bound instantly to emancipate their slaves; to afford protection of law; and to treat them, not as merchandise, but as men.  
3. They maintain, that the people of color have a right to a home in this country; that such of them as possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives as others; that the paths of preferment, of wealth, and of intelligence, should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion; and that to make the color of their skins a pretext for excluding them from these privileges, is a violation of the laws of God.

Look in yonder field!—See that human being, on whose countenance is depicted sullenness and despair. He has dropped the implement of labor by his side, and stands in idle indifference. Now see the lash flourishing over his head and filling upon his naked body, while he bleeds afresh at every stroke! He begins to work, but every motion betrays an agitated and despairing mind. The whip at length ceases its strokes, and again the implement of labor falls to the ground! Need I tell you, that man is a slave!

#### Objections to the measures of Anti-Slavery Societies.

It is said, they are exciting the Free States on a subject which does not concern them. And is it true, that the People of the Free States have no concern with slavery? Suppose the slaves should universally rebel against their masters, and seek revenge for the wrongs which they have suffered; would the South be willing, then, that we should have nothing to do with the matter? Do we flatter ourselves that such a crisis will never come? that the slaves will always remain peaceable, and submit to their fate! Let us not delude ourselves with such a hope. Unless they are voluntarily emancipated, the day of retribution will come! In all the anguish of hope deferred, they will make such an effort to secure their rights as will baffle the skill of their oppressors, and fill the land with mourning and woe! And where would the South look for succor in such a crisis, but to the people of the Free States? Would she not point to the Constitution—"the sacred national compact"—and demand our assistance under its solemn stipulations! And have we then no concern with slavery? No right to utter a note of warning and expostulation? To whom, moreover, does the South look for assistance in recovering her "fugitives," but to the officers of justice in the Free States? Must we stain our hands with the guilt of oppression, and become partners with them in perpetrating the highest of all crimes? and have we no right to remonstrate? Are we slaves ourselves, having no right to utter a word, when we are required to assist in fastening the yoke of bondage on those who fly to us for protection?

I maintain, that so far from having nothing to do with slavery, the Free States are under the most solemn obligations to seek its removal, by the united and persevering exertion. The groans of the oppressed,

wailed to us on every breeze—the guilt of the oppressor rising up to Heaven and calling for vengeance—our solemn Declaration of Independence disregarded in the persons of more than two millions of wretched and bleeding slaves—the bleeding reputation of our country, and the solemn injunction of Holy Writ, "to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them"—lay us under an obligation, as weighty as any which was ever pressed on the conscience of man, to seek the removal of this mighty evil.

It is said, that Anti-Slavery Societies are interfering with the rights of Slave-holders—rights guaranteed by the Constitution. But we deny that the framers of the Constitution could confer the right of holding slaves. What authority had the framers of that instrument to nullify the laws of Jehovah? Hath God said, "Whoso stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death;" and have men the right to enter into a compact which binds them to protect each other in stealing men, women, and children? We say with PITT, "A legislative contract for the countenance of slavery must have been void, even from the beginning; for it is an outrage upon justice, and only another name for fraud, robbery, and murder. As well might an individual think himself bound by a promise to commit an assassination." Others may talk of the right of slave-holders to their victims; but with the eloquent BRADDOCK, I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of the laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes—such it is at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject, with indignation, the wild and guilty fantasy, "that man can hold property in man!" We say with RICE, "The owners of slaves are licensed robbers, and not the just proprietors of what they claim: freeing them is not depriving them of property, but restoring it to the right owner; it is suffering the unlawful captive to escape. It is not wronging the master, but doing justice to the slave, restoring him to himself. Emancipation would only take away property that is its own property, and not ours; property that has the same right to convert our children into dogs, and calves, and colts, as we have to convert theirs into those beasts; property that may transfer our children to strangers, by the same right that we transfer theirs."

From the Boston Atlas.

#### A CABINET SCENE.

Hero and Amos in session. Room hung with licenses of the Hero, and with Proclamation and Protest on satin, and in gilt frames.

Hero.—Well, Amos, I've at last got you where you ought to be, my boy. No more Kitchen Cabinet, eh! In the Cabinet Proper.

Amos.—May it please your Majesty, I have no claim to this distinguished honor, except a due sense of your immortal glory, and a devotion without bounds to your illustrious person!

Hero.—I know that, Amos, I know that. But don't say that you have no qualification. You have the best qualification, Amos—the best! It is my will and pleasure, Amos, that you should be a member of the Cabinet. Bring me the man who can show a better claim or qualification. It is my will and pleasure. Gainsay that, who dares!

Amos.—Illustrious man! To have served under you is indeed sufficient glory for my aspirations—but to have received your confidence and kindness is more than I could once have dared aspire to! Conqueror of Napoleon's conquerors! Illustrious and immortal Hero of New Orleans! Among the brave the bravest—History will record you as the wisest among the wise.

Hero.—I've no doubt of it, Amos, I've no doubt of it. History, Amos, you have often told me, is the mirror of truth. I believe it. You and Blair shall write my History. But it's time for my Secretaries. What the devil has become of my Secretaries?

Amos.—I am afraid, may it please your Majesty, that some of the Cabinet may not be disposed to think all that they should think of my appointment.

Hero.—Why, Amos, you know very well that my Cabinet's a Unit; that is, Amos, they all think as I do, and as soon as they leave off thinking as I want to have them, then they have permission to retire.

Amos.—True, may it please your Majesty—but—  
Hero.—But, my boy, Amos, but me no buts. I tell you they all think as I do. Besides, Amos, they all appreciate you—they all understand you.

Amos.—That is precisely what troubles me, may it please your Majesty. Now as for Dickerson—it's all well enough. He's a single man, and single men need not be so particular about their associates. Besides, may it please your Majesty, we understand each other about Dickerson.

Hero.—(finger on his nose.) Understand him! To be sure we do. Say nothing, Amos, but Dickerson is a bit soft. Don't you think so? Not much brains, eh?

Amos.—Why, between ourselves, since your Majesty has been pleased to say so, I don't know but that your Majesty is more than half right. But—

Hero.—Why, it isn't Woodbury you're afraid of? Woodbury would not dare to say his soul is his own, without my permission. Woodbury would be very glad to have you in, Amos. You're one of his own kidney. Why do you know, Amos, that Woodbury entertains an high opinion of my miraculous military powers, as you do? It's a fact, upon my word! I do love New Hampshire, Amos! It has given birth to such men. There's Hill, what a jewel of a fellow! No more principle, Amos—why he'd do any thing to serve me. See that he is well paid, Amos. He's a good horse, but you must keep his crib full.

Amos.—I know, please your Majesty, Mr. Woodbury entertains the most exalted—

Hero.—Why, Amos, I'm sure of it. It is not four and twenty hours since he told me that he really thought there was no battle of the present century to be compared with the battle of New Orleans—and that a man who could display such signs of terrific and tremendous courage as I shew upon that eventful day, would live in history, poetry, painting, and sculpture—when Nesper, and Orion, and Aurora, and all the other great Generals of the middle ages would be lost in oblivion. Benton told me

the same thing last winter; and, faith, Amos, believe they are more than half right.

Amos.—They are quite right. Your mind is as imperishable as the sun.

Hero.—And like the sun, dispensing light and heat to the republic. But is it Cass that you're afraid of?

Amos.—No, sire, it is not Cass. I know very well that Cass will accommodate himself to your desires. To him your wish is imperative. Your word is law and gospel. No, no, sire, there is nothing to fear from Cass.

Hero.—Who is it then? Is it that cursed meddling devil from Georgia, who wanted to have the skinning of me? Is he the man, Amos? I have never forgotten that of him, Amos. Skin me!—would he! Amos, Amos, that man Forsyth ought to be hung up along side of Daniel Webster.

Amos.—Your Majesty speaks truly. May you live to confound your enemies! Forsyth is no friend. Did I ever tell you how he treated me, when he first came into the Secretaryship?

Hero.—No matter how he treated you, Amos. No matter. Are you a Hero of New Orleans?—Are you the Conqueror of Napoleon's Conquerors? But how did he treat me, Amos, me! He wanted to skin me, Amos, alive, I suppose—and I've no notion that there is any thing very pleasant or affectionate in desiring to skin me alive!

Amos.—But you must use your tools, illustrious man.

Hero.—That's it, Amos. Forsyth has been useful to me, very useful. I was forced to give him the place. He had the wax, Amos, for months in his pocket. There's no love lost between us.—It was only a fair business transaction. Services rendered; bill on time—and paid at maturity!—Why, Amos, between ourselves, I hate Forsyth worse than I do Benton.

Amos.—You don't say so, illustrious man!

Hero.—Yes, I do, Amos, and I tell you what, I'll keep a pretty stiff upper lip with Forsyth.—My Cabinet shall be a Unit. Forsyth shall knuckle to you, Amos. Next to myself, you're the greatest statesman in the country; and, excepting myself, I don't know any other man who could have written my Protest.—Do you know, Amos, I think that is the best specimen of my prose style? It beats my Proclamation all hollow. I wrote it one day after dinner—between my nap and tea time. I never composed with such wonderful rapidity in all my life. But, Amos, Forsyth is no such man as you and I are! He can't hold a candle to us, in the real picturesque and rhetorical. He's more of a gentleman than you, Amos—a good deal—and a much better speaker—rather an elegant man, Amos; but as proud as Lucifer, Amos, and despises you from the bottom of his heart. I fear we shall have trouble; and, Amos, if we do, I'll make a general promotion in the Kitchen Cabinet. You shall be Secretary of State—Reuben Whitney of Canada memory, the rogue—shall be Postmaster—and Lewis shall take Cass's place. Blair shall be Secretary of the Navy—and I'll blow all the present Cabinet to the Devil. Come along Amos

(Exeunt.)

From the Arkansas Advocate.

#### THE TERRITORY OF ARKANSAS.

We are gratified in observing the rapid advancement and growing importance of this Territory. Lands are increasing in value, and a tide of emigration is pouring in upon us, bidding fair to entitle us soon to the rank of a State. The unfavorable impressions which our brethren of the States have entertained, concerning the country and its inhabitants, are rapidly wearing away; and the great resources of the Territory are becoming known. It is certain that there is not a State or Territory in our whole land which can compete with Arkansas, in the extent and value of its mineral productions. Zinc is abundant in many parts of it—Cobalt is found at the Hot Springs—and there is no doubt that Gold is to be found in the mountainous regions of the Territory. Tin will probably become the most valuable mineral export—of which there is a mine on the Coshatt. It is a metal which is found in but few places, and will be much more valuable than a mine of gold or silver.

We were highly gratified, a short time since, during a hasty trip to the Hot Springs sixty miles to the South of this place. The road to that place is well settled, and the country much more improved than we had imagined. The Hot Springs will hereafter be the most valuable watering place in the United States, and the great place of fashionable resort for the South and West. The place which bears that name is a narrow valley between two ridges; and the Hot Springs break out from under the eastern ridge, in some twenty small rills and springs, close to a clear running branch of cold and pleasant water. The water of the Hot Springs is hot enough to boil an egg; and whether hot, or when cooled, it is pleasant to the taste, resembling lime water. It deposits a sediment, composed probably in part, of lime, which soon hardens into a kind of rock, resembling scoria, spongy and light. In all chronic diseases and bilious attacks, these waters are of great use. Both houses and sweat houses are already built, and experience is daily showing the value of these waters. Fifteen miles this side of the spring, in what is called the Magnet Cove, are a number of fine sulphur and chalybeate springs, which are found to be very efficacious.

The only cause which prevents the improvement of the Hot Springs, is the fact, that the place and country thereabouts has not been surveyed, owing to a large quantity of the natural magnet, in Magnet Cove, which affected the compass, and to the further fact that the pre-emption right to the Hot Springs is in dispute and unsettled. Great quantities of fine white quartz (or rock crystal) are found on the heads of the Washita, and brought to the Hot Springs, and oil-stones abound at the latter place, equal in value and excellence to Turkey oil stones, and a citizen of that place is now erecting a machine for working them.

#### Take Notice!

THE Subscriber, having purchased of Leonard and Boyder the Patent for E. H. Porter's Improved STRAW CUTTER, for the Counties of Rowan and Davidson, takes this method of informing the citizens of those Counties generally, that he is now preparing materials, and expects to make a number of these Machines. All persons wishing to purchase an article of the kind, would do well to call at the Mansion Hotel in Salisbury, or at Clemmonsville in Davidson County, where the subscriber lives, and examine the machines for themselves. All orders from persons wishing to purchase machines will receive immediate attention.

JAMES HOUGH.

Clemmonsville, May 25, 1835.