



BY JAMES MYRVIN HILL.

VOLUME I—NO. 3.

"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

MURFREESBORO, N. C. MARCH 31, 1827.

PRICE, \$2 50—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

POETRY.

From a Late London Paper.

The following lines by the late Mr. Gifford, display a delicacy and feeling, of which we do not believe he ever gave another example.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of ling'ring here;
And every hour affection cries,
"Go and partake her humble bier."

I wish I could, for when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void—
I waste unlovely and unlov'd.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the rugged moss away,
And weeds, that have no business there

And who, with pious hand, shall bring
The flowers she cherish (snow drop cold,)
And violets, that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould!

And who, while memory, loves to dwell
Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter—bitter tear?

I did it: and, would Fate allow,
Should visit still—should still deplore,
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more!

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine:
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie;
Thy air that every gazer look,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye:

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good humor—can they fade!

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye—
Cold turf which I no more could view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last—a sad adieu!

GEN. JACKSON'S

Address to the troops at New-Orleans, after the annunciation of peace.

The major general is at length enabled to perform the pleasing task of restoring to Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, and the territory of the Mississippi, the brave troops who have acted such a distinguished part in the war which has just terminated. In restoring these brave men to their homes, much exertion is expected of, and great responsibility imposed on the commanding officers of the different corps. It is required of major generals Carrol and Thomas, and brigadier general Coffee, to march their commands, without delay, to their respective states. The troops from the Mississippi territory and state of Louisiana, both militia and volunteers, will be immediately mustered out of service, paid, and discharged. In parting with those brave men,

whose destinies have been so long united with his own, and in whose labours and glories it is his happiness and his boast to have participated, the commanding general can neither suppress his feelings, nor give utterance to them as he ought. In what terms can he bestow suitable praise on merit so extraordinary, so unparalleled? Let him, in one burst of joy, gratitude, and exultation exclaim—"These are the saviours of their country, these the patriot soldiers who triumphed over the invincibles of Wellington, and conquered the conquerors of Europe." With what patience did you submit to privations—with what fortitude did you endure fatigue—what valour did you display in the day of battle! You have secured to America a proud name among the nations of the earth—a glory which will never perish.

Possessing those dispositions which equally adorn the citizen and the soldier, the expectations of your country will be met in peace, as her wishes have been gratified in war. Go then my brave companions, to your homes; to those tender connexions and blissful scenes, which render life so dear, full of honors and crowned with laurels which will never fade. When participating in the bosoms of your families, the enjoyment of peaceful life, with what happiness will you not look back to the toils you have borne, to the dangers you have encountered? How will all your past exposures be converted into sources of inexpressible delight? Who that never experienced your sufferings, will be able to appreciate your joys? The man who slumbered ingloriously at home, during your painful marches, your nights of watchfulness, and your days of toil, will envy you the happiness which these recollections will afford; still more will he envy the gratitude of that country, which you have so eminently contributed to save.

Continue, fellow soldiers, on your passage to your several destinations, to preserve that subordination, that dignified and manly deportment, which have so ennobled your character.

While the commanding general is thus giving indulgence to his feelings, towards those brave companions who accompanied him through difficulties and dangers, he cannot permit the names of Blount, and Shelby, and Holmes, to pass unnoticed. With what generous ardour and patriotism have these distinguished governors contributed all their exertions to provide the means of victory. The recollection of their exertions, and of the success which has resulted, will be to them a reward more grateful than any which the pomp of title or the splendour of wealth can bestow.

What happiness it is to the commanding general, that while danger was before him, he was on no occasion compelled to use towards his companions in arms either severity or rebuke. If, after the enemy had retired, improper passions began their empire in a few unworthy bosoms, and rendered a resort to energetic measures necessary for their suppression, he has not confounded the innocent with the guilty—the seduced with the seducers. Towards you, fellow soldiers, the most cheering recollections exist; blended, alas! with regret, that disease and war should have ravished from us so many worthy companions. But the memory of the cause in which they perished, and of the virtues which animated them while living, must occupy the place where sorrow would claim to dwell.

Farwell, fellow soldiers! The expressions of your general's

thanks is feeble; but the gratitude of a country of freemen is yours—yours the applause of an admiring world.

(Signed)
ANDREW JACKSON,
Major General commanding.

FIRE AND DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

The *Baltimore Morning Chronicle* of Monday, contains the following:—Our citizens were alarmed yesterday morning, at about three o'clock by the cry of fire; on repairing to the spot, we found it originated in a large warehouse in North Howard-st. near Franklin, occupied by Mr. Henry Webb, an extensive wholesale grocery and produce dealer. The progress of the devouring element was so rapid, that in a short time the whole interior of the house in which the fire commenced, and an adjoining one, devoted to a similar object, was in flames. As usual, our firemen displayed the greatest daring and activity, and we do not recollect ever to have had our feelings more called upon, than by an occurrence which took place. Mr Robert Norris, a fireman conspicuous for his intrepidity on all occasions, having charge of the pipe of the Washington Hose Company, and Mr. Branson, engineer of the Union Company, whose dauntlessness has long been proverbial among his fellow citizens, had led their lines of hose through two story frame building, adjoining to those on fire, and placed themselves on the roof, in order to prevent it from being burned. The roof of the warehouse having tumbled in, it was observed that its lofty chimney and a large portion of the gable end were pressed from the perpendicular position, and inclined considerably towards the place where they stood. Their friends immediately informed them of the fact, and cautioned them against the danger, but they not being able, owing to their position, to see how much the wall leaned, believed that the apprehensions of their friends were without foundation, and persisted in retaining their station, and Norris even clambered up to the top of the chimney, that he might have a better opportunity to give the stream of water a proper direction. In a short time what had been apprehended occurred, nearly the whole of the upper part of the gable began to move slowly at first, but gradually increasing in velocity, carrying death and destruction before it. Branson and Norris saw their imminent danger, and the latter, leaping from the chimney on which he was standing to the roof, endeavored to screen himself behind it; so rapid was the fall of the wall, that many persons supposed he had been knocked by it from the chimney, and in an instant he and his companion sank amidst the ruins of the frame building, which was literally crushed to pieces, and flattened to the earth. The feelings experienced by those who were looking on beggar description; a thrill of horror pervaded the whole crowd, but it was of short duration, a few moments only elapsed before both of them were seen rising from the ruins, apparently unhurt, waving their hands in triumph to their friends, who hailed them with hearty cheers. It would afford greater satisfaction to be able to stop at this point of our narrative, but unfortunately, Mr. Knup, a baker, and Mr. John Rankin, a stonecutter, who were below, were crushed to death, and soon afterwards their mangled carcasses were drawn from among the rubbish. Several other persons were injured, but not seriously, and from the number who were passing through the house, fears are

entertained that the destruction of life is greater than has been ascertained.—We conversed with two or three persons who were slightly injured. Mr. Branson says, that the first thing of which he was conscious after his fall, was Norris who had been thrown near him picking up the bricks from his breast.

From Mr. Webster's Speech.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS IN 1783.

I advert to one thing more in the history of this army. It is something so prominent, that though we were to shut our eyes against it, the whole world would yet see it; a monument of their worth so solid, that every coming generation will contemplate it. I mean their conduct at the end of the war. I cannot well describe that scene of patriotism; tempted, yet not yielding; of honor, goaded by the sense of injustice, yet bearing itself with unquestioned loyalty; of military power, proud in its victory, yet not seduced by injury, by suffering by poverty, by real or supposed coldness and neglect, —to turn its sword against the parental bosom of the country.

The occurrence stands without a precedent. No other history shows it; and the honor which it confers on our own annals is worth more, far more, than we shall, or indeed than we could now bestow. What, sir, was the condition of the country at that moment? A victorious army had rescued her liberties from a foreign foe. But where were they held? There was no settled Government to check or control that army. Victorious as it was, it was unpaid, unfed, unclothed, unarmed. No—it had armed itself, and had arms in its hands. It was that moment, the arbiter of your fate. And what did it do? Did it demand redress for its own grievances? Did it hold with a significant grasp that sword that had given it victory over the enemy? Did it demand terms?—Did it stipulate for pay, before it lost its power by disunion? Sir, it disbanded itself; it stripped off its armour; it laid down its sword.—Unpaid, as it was; unclothed as it was, unprovided as it was, for a day's maintenance, it dissolved at the bidding of that voice of public liberty, which had originally formed it; and it left the great and sacred cause of the Revolution sustained by a single instance of military excess.

We are not of the generation of those who achieved the Revolution. We enjoy the country, now that it has the strength of a giant; and these survivors of the Revolution who are around us, were the protectors of its infancy.

M. M. Noah, of the New-York Enquirer has renounced bachelors, and abjured affinity, propinquity, or allegiance, with or to the brotherhood, from this date; and although appointed on a committee to remonstrate against the injustice of a bill introduced into the New-York Legislature by one General M'Clure, he absolutely refuses to serve, and declares his settled intention to marry. He thinks the bachelor's life but a vagabond kind of life after all, and denounces old Bachelors, *totis viribus*.—The Major is a funny fellow, and that's the truth on't—so outrageously given to a joke, that one finds it almost impossible to ascertain when he is in earnest; but as he seems to be quite serious in this declaration, and would have advertised forthwith for a wife, but for the difficulty of describing himself, we have been taking his case into especial consideration, and verily believe we have hit upon the very plan for him. He

must marry Mrs. Royall. She will require no description, having, we believe, had personal communion with the Major, and was only prevented from a mortal combat with the Editor of the Commercial, through the suasive influence of Mr. Noah. We hope the Major won't object to this arrangement, on the ground that the lady is too old for him, for we believe she is but about sixty, and heaven knows we should wish her a hundred and twenty, were we about to marry her! Besides, such a match would be of great political importance. Mrs. Royall, we believe, is an *Adams man*; the Major is an oppositionist and no very unimportant one—such an alliance therefore would be like the union of the houses of York and Lancaster. The two roses, the white, with russet or snuff coloured. But this is *Sub Rosa* to the Major. We would not have such a hint communicated to Mrs. Royall, on penalty of 'getting into her books.'—But the Major ought to marry her, that's clear, for she always would be a soldier, and will make him a first rate help-meet in fighting his editorial battles, and the Enquirer concern might, go on hereafter, under the firm of 'Deborah and Barak.'—Look out then for the Philistines.

Cheraw Spectator.

Satan Junior. A few days ago, a young urchin was employed to cleanse the chimneys of a mansion, in this neighbourhood, and having ascended to the summit of his profession, proceeded to descend, but unfortunately mistaking the flue which had been the field of his labors, he found himself, at his landing, in the private study of a Limb of the Law, whose meditations were immediately put to flight. The sensations of both parties were such as it is impossible to describe. Sooty, terrified lest his intrusion should be punished, stood riveted to the spot, and the lawyer, struck dumb by the reflections which he has never deigned to impart to us, started from his seat, the very image of horror and amazement. He meditated flight, evidently but spoke not. Sooty, however, soon found a tongue, and in accents which only increased the terrors of the man of Law, Cried out—"My Feythur's comin directly!" This was sufficient; the presence of one such equivocal being, as introduced, was enough to unnerve the stoutest heart; and almost with one bound the affrighted lawyer flew down the stairs, and in the secret corner of the kitchen sought refuge from the enemy.

Hartford Times.

ANECDOTE

While the Earl of Chesterfield was in the Cabinet, he had to wait upon the King for his signature to an appointment which his Majesty had objected to with much warmth. The Earl opened the business with, "Whose name would your Majesty be pleased to have put in the blanks?" "*Belzebub's!*" Exclaimed the Sovereign with much indignation. "And will your Majesty," continued the cool and facetious peer, "permit the instrument to run as usual, *Our trusty and well beloved Cousin and Counsellor?*" The King, it is added, laughed, and immediately put his hand to the required appointment.

FOR SALE,

4 ELEGANT NEWARK built **DOUBLE GIGS**; and **ONE** Elegant and well-toned **PIANO FORTE**—by **Morgan & Cowper.** March 23—lw