

reign to hide despotism, and to give his government an air of freedom. His court was a school of urbanity, where people of genius acquired that delicacy of taste, that elevation of sentiment, and that purity of expression, which characterize the writers of his time. He honored men of learning, admitted them to his table, and was beautiful to them.

It would be painful to follow the decline of the fine arts in Rome to their total extirpation. The tyranny of Tiberius, and of subsequent emperors, broke at last the elevated and independent spirit of the brave Romans, reduced them to abject slavery, and left not a spark of genius. The science of law is the only exception, as it flourished even in the worst of times; the lawyers were a respectable body, and less the object of jealousy than men of power and extensive landed property. Among the Greeks, also, a conquered people, the fine arts decayed; but not so rapidly as at Rome; the Greeks, farther removed from the seat of government, were less within the reach of a Roman tyrant. During their depression, they were guilty of the most puerile conceits; witness verses composed in the form of an egg, wings and such like. The style of Greek authors, in the reign of the emperor Adrian, is quaint, obscure, stiff, and affected. Lucian is the only exception that may be made.

We need not name any other cause but despotism, to account for the decline of statuary and painting in Greece. These arts had arrived at their utmost perfection, about the time of Alexander the Great; and from that time, they declined, gradually, with the vigor of a free people; for Greece was now enslaved by the Macedonians. It may be observed, that when a nation becomes stationary in that degree of power, which it acquires from its constitution and situation, the national spirit subsides, and men of talents become rare. It is still worse with a nation that is sunk below its former power and pre-eminence; and worst of all, when it is reduced to slavery.

Other causes concurred to accelerate the downfall of the arts mentioned. Greece, in the days of Alexander, was filled with statues of excellent workmanship; and there being little demand for more, the latter statues were reduced to heads and busts. At last the Romans put a total end, both to statuary and painting, in Greece, by plundering it of its finest pieces; and the Greeks, exposed to the ravages of the conquerors, bestowed no longer any money on the fine arts.

The decline of the fine arts in Rome is, in Petronius Arbiter, a writer of taste and elegance, ascribed to a cause different from any above mentioned, a cause that overwhelms manhood, as well as the fine arts, wherever it prevails; and that is opulence, joined with its faithful attendants, avarice and luxury. In England, the fine arts are far from such perfection as to suffer by opulence. They are in a progress, indeed, towards maturity; but they proceed at a very slow pace.

Extract from a letter dated Bogota, June 18.

We are all here in a state of great excitement and anxiety.—Last night was the most awful one I ever passed.—We were sitting at what was the clock, when a quarter to eleven: at that moment we were all sensible of the shock of an earthquake, not, however, violent enough to make any extraordinary impression, and we pursued our game. About two minutes elapsed, when we experienced a most awful repetition. The walls of the house were dreadfully agitated, our candles were overturned, chairs and tables thrown from one side of the room to the other—we could ourselves scarcely maintain our erect positions, and were so perfectly paralyzed, that we never thought of getting out of the house; indeed my own belief was that the house must fall before we could possibly get out of it, and that it was

therefore useless to move. The ceiling was coming down upon us in large flakes, and the fall of a large mirror at the moment, which we took to be part of the house, added to the alarm. It was indeed appalling—never, never shall I forget it. It passed, having lasted 40 seconds. We then went into the street, where crowds were on their knees praying fervently. A general rush was made for the square in which the palace is. There we found thousands collecting and collected. Women and men just as they had jumped out of bed, with the addition of a blanket thrown around them—mothers in the agony of grief and apprehension clasping their children to their bosoms—fathers and brothers endeavoring to provide them with covering—groups of female in every direction calling each others names to be assured that all were safe. Dismay and despair were general. No one would return home, and thousands passed the whole night in the square.

Three o'clock, P. M.—I have just returned from making a round of the town to observe the extent of damages. Several houses are thrown entirely down—many are rent asunder from top to bottom. The Cathedral, a splendid edifice, has one of its wings rent from the base to the tower—scarcely a house in the city is without injury—mine has every one of its principal walls split in several places—dining room in ruins—the partition of my bed-room has fallen in, and had I been in bed I should at least have been severely bruised. A severe shock has not been felt here until now since the year 1805. About six years ago, it is said, there was a slight one; but no injury was done. It appears miraculous that only three lives have been lost. Many who are here, and were at Caracas during the great earthquake there, say that this shock was much more severe; but the houses being better built here the injury has been less.

Half past five—I have been taking another survey, and was surprised to find that hundreds of families are sending beds and bedding into the plain, and erecting booths there for the night.—All fear another shock.

19th, 12 o'clock, noon.—The night has passed quietly, and the alarm is subsiding.

The New-York Statesman gives the following letter from Gen. LAFAYETTE, addressed to Mr. Skinner, of the American Farmer.

LA GRANGE, May 28th, 1826.

My dear Sir: I have, with much gratification, received the 7th volume of the American Farmer, and hope, early in June, by Capt. Allyn, to hear from you, and to know how you all fare in the beloved city of Baltimore. Capt. Maey has been pleased to take on board a couple of shepherd's dogs for you: Mr. Worthington, son to the former Gov. of Ohio, took charge of them at Paris—they are of the best breed, and well trained. But I fear the American method of keeping a flock will not give so much scope and usefulness to their instinct as when they are under perpetual admonition from their master. And since I have entered on farming topics, I must tell you, my dear sir, I am making great improvements, founded on American importations. Your hogs are beautiful, and while I keep some individuals of pure breed, I generally cross it with Anglo-Chinese animals of the same kind. But yours are better shaped, and I have arranged a piggery after your own principles. Of the handsome Holkam cows, given me by Mr. Patterson, three are alive and thriving, the younger bull, and two females: Of the wild turkeys, only one has been preserved; I particularly regret the giant turkey which my friend had so kindly provided for me, and if such a one could be obtained, it would be a new conferred obligation. The surviving one thus mixed with the hens of the country, and I have got a number of crossed eggs—but a few wild ones of both sexes would be very welcome. So would be, my good friend, your

American partridges, a variety unknown in Europe: and of terrapins, two sorts of novelty which I would like first to nurse at the farm, then to naturalize on my grounds. The splendid boiling steam machine given to me by Mr. Morill, has been much admired: drafts have been taken, and it shall be in a few days placed in a building I have made on purpose to receive it. You see that my Baltimorean farming obligations have not been lost upon me. And since you allow me to utter all my wishes, I will add that one or two couple American rabbits would also be a new introduction on this side of the Atlantic.—As to the justly celebrated canvass backs, they only can be enjoyed in the vicinity of the Susqueanna and the Patomac, a condition to which none more heartily than myself would like to submit.

I receive three times a month, accounts from the United States by the Havre packets, an insufficient compensation for absence; they are however, very precious to me. Every particular of public and personal nature, are eagerly looked for, and when you are pleased to write, I beg you to let me know as much as you can of my Baltimorean friends. Present me very affectionately to them.

Permit me to enclose a letter to Mr. Carnick, a Virginian, who certainly is known to you, as well as the plough which has been presented to the examination of the Agricultural Society in Paris. You will learn the favorable opinion that has been expressed.

Most cordially, I am your affectionate friend,

LAFAYETTE.

Scenes of the West.—Almost every mail from the west, brings some tale of horror. The following atrocious acts have been perpetrated within the last month.

More horrors.—We have to add to the list of the many murders that have been committed in Kentucky, that of Michael Coffman and George W. Courtney, who were shot with rifle guns on Friday evening the 14th inst.—These men, it is stated, were returning home, from the house of Thos. James, Esq near the Beach fork, in this county. It is supposed they were way laid by some two or more persons, and shot. They were found on Sunday morning the 16th instant: A coroner's inquest was held over the bodies of the deceased persons, who found a verdict of murder, by some persons unknown. Coffman was shot in the breast and fell dead, it is supposed, in the road; his body had been removed about twenty-five yards, and thrown behind a large log. Courtney was shot in the back, supposed to have run from the road into the woods, where he was found. We forbear to make any comments upon this murder, or the circumstances that have led to the apprehension of five persons viz. James Watson, William Watson, Isaac Watson, Doctor Watson, and John Watson; who were charged with the murder, and committed to jail for examination and trial.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

The Editor of the Louisiana Gazette says, under date of July 11th—

"We conversed last evening with a gentleman from Bayou Sarah, which place he left on Sunday. From him we learn, that on Thursday last, a personal rencontre took place between two young gentlemen, Mr. Owens and Mr. Bradshear, in the town of St. Francisville, in which the latter was killed. We feel gratified in being able to state; that the difficulties between the parties, did not arise from any political consideration.

"We also learn, that during the past week a personal rencontre took place between two young men at Woodville, Mississippi, in which one of them was killed.

"These are melancholy articles for a newspaper, and should only be told because they are true."

The National Crisis—(Cincinnati) of the 27th ult. gives the following account of an assassination at St. Louis:

"Horatio Cozens, Esq. a distinguished member of the bar of St. Louis, was assassinated in that place on the 13th inst. by Mr. French Strother. The Editor of this paper, who was there at the time, understood the circumstances to be as follows: Mr. Cozens was engaged as counsel against Mr. Strother; and the latter finding the cause was going against him, asked the former to step aside, as he wished to speak to him. Mr. Cozens complied with his request, and Mr. S. stabbed him two or three times in the breast, and once in the neck with a dirk, and killed him instantly. Mr. Strother was committed to prison.

Is it not time to put a stop to this kind of assassination, by making it highly penal to carry a dirk, or any thing of the kind?—(Editors.)

Last Sunday, a convict in the Penitentiary, named Edmund Johnson, was stabbed to the heart by a fellow convict, named Thomas Bradley. The latter suspected the former of having communicated to the board a plan he had devised for making his escape. He was a blacksmith, and had made the weapon himself. On Monday, the grand jury was called, and he was tried and found guilty yesterday.

One would think that, in late scenes, murderers would find little encouragement to prosecute their bloody designs. But a fell, uncomplaining spirit seems to be stalking through this Commonwealth, which nothing can check but an inflexible execution of the laws.—*Ky. Paper.*

Fire—The warehouse of Messrs. Campfield and Bostwick, lately known as Burton's in Augusta, was consumed by fire on the night of the 8th, with upwards of 2000 bags of Cotton and other property. The fire was communicated by lightning, which, from the rapidity with which the whole building was inflamed, must have first struck the bags of Cotton—one bale of which was perforated with a black hole, from one end to the other, and was smoking through its whole extent, when rolled from the ware house. Others think, the electric fluid exploded some spirits, which were stored there, and thus sent the blazing fragments of the building to some distance round the adjacent houses. Such flashes of Lightning and peals of Thunder scarcely ever dazzled mortals. A large building was struck in Hamburg, and a post in the lower end of this city shivered to splinters, at the same time. A light breeze favored the houses most exposed; and to the torrents of rain which fell during the whole continuance of the fire, we owe, more than to our own exertions, the preservation of a considerable part of our city. Damage estimated at \$75,000.

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Harpers Ferry, May. 18 1826.

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