

THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

Neutral in Politics.

AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Death of Mrs. Madison.

The decease of Mrs. Dolly Payne Madison, widow of Ex-President Madison, at Washington on Thursday night last, the 12th inst., will sadden many a heart. She was born on the 20th of May, 1767, making her age at the time of her death, 82 years, 1 month, and 22 days. She was a woman of great intelligence, genuine piety, and remarkable gentleness of disposition, and during the bright career of her illustrious husband she adorned the circles of the highest and wisest. The annexed sketch of her early life we copy from the "National Portrait Gallery" published in this city in 1836.—*Phila. Daily News.*

The parents of Dolly Payne were natives of Virginia, and ranked among the most respectable citizens of the State.—While on a visit to some of her friends in North Carolina, Mrs. Payne gave birth to her eldest daughter, the subject of this memoir.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Payne removed to the society of Friends, and transmitted their slaves, and resided in Pennsylvania.

Her nature was prodigal, fortune was liberal in its gifts; nor in her early years was she indebted to wealth or rank for consideration she enjoyed in society.

In an early age, Miss Payne was married to Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, and a member of the society of Friends. During his lifetime she continued to live in the simplicity and seclusion of that sect, though even then, the beauty which became afterwards so celebrated began to attract attention. Soon, however, she was left a widow, with an infant son.

After the death of her husband, her father also being dead, she returned to reside with her surviving parent, who had fixed her residence in Philadelphia.

The personal charms of the young widow, united as they were with manners cordial, frank and gay, excited the admiration and awakened the kind feelings of all who came within their influence; and, unaided by the extrinsic and accidental advantages of fortune or fashion, she became a general favorite, and the object not only of admiration, but of serious and devoted attachment. Among many lovers, equally distinguished by their rank and talents, who sued for her favor, she gave the preference to Mr. Madison, then one of the most conspicuous and respectable members of Congress; and in the year 1794 became the wife of that truly great and good man. From that time until Mr. Madison came into the administration with Mr. Jefferson, she lived in the full enjoyment of that abundant and cordial hospitality which is the distinguishing characteristic of a Virginia planter.

Mr. Madison being appointed Secretary of State, removed, with his family, from his happy home to Washington, in April, 1801.

The infant metropolis of the Union was, at that time, almost a wilderness. The President's House stood unenclosed on a piece of waste and barren ground, separated from the Capital by an almost impassable marsh. That building was not half completed, and standing as it did amidst the rough masses of stone and other materials collected for its construction, and half hidden by the venerable oaks that still shaded their native soil, looked more like a ruin in the midst of its fallen fragments and coeval shades than a new and rising edifice. The silence and solitude of the surrounding space were calculated to enforce this idea; for beyond the Capitol Hill, far as the eye could reach, the city, as it was called, lay in a state of nature, covered with thick groves and forest trees, wide and verdant plains, with only here and there a house along the intersecting ways, that could not yet be properly called streets.

The original proprietors of the grounds on which the city was located, retained their rural residences and their habits of living. The new inhabitants who thronged to the seat of government, came from every quarter of the Union, bringing with them the modes and customs of their respective States. Mr. Madison from Virginia, Mr. Gallatin from Pennsylvania, Gen. Dearborn from Massachusetts, and Robert Smith from Maryland, were the heads of the several departments of government.—The President's house was the seat of hospitality, where Mrs. Madison always presided, in the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, when there were female guests. After the President's house of the Secretary of State was the resort of most company. The frank and cordial manners of its mistress gave a peculiar charm to the frequent parties there assembled. All foreigners who visited the seat of government, strangers from the different States of the Union, heads of departments, the diplomatic corps, senators, representatives, citizens, mingled with an ease and freedom, a sociability and gaiety to be met with in no other society. Even party spirit, virulent and embittered as it then was, by her gentleness was disarmed of its asperity. Individuals who never visited at the President's house, sought at the other ministerial houses, could not resist the softening influences of her conciliatory disposition, of her frank and gracious manners, but frequently her evening circle, and sat at her husband's table—a table that was covered with the profusion of Virginian hospitality, rather

than with the elegance and refinement of European taste. The lady of a foreign minister was once ridiculing the enormous size and number of the dishes with which the board was loaded, and observed that it was more like a harvest home supper than the entertainment of a Secretary of State. Mrs. Madison heard of this and a similar remark, and only observed that if she thought that abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion so repugnant to foreign customs arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant but more liberal fashion of Virginia. The many poor families daily supplied from that profusely spread table would have had reason to regret the introduction of European fashion had Mrs. Madison been prevailed on to submit to its dictation.

During the eight years that Mr. Madison was Secretary of State, he and his family lived with the inhabitants of Washington as with fellow-citizens; receiving and reciprocating civilities in the most kind and friendly manner. The Secretary himself being wholly absorbed in public business, left to Mrs. Madison the discharge of the duties of social intercourse. And never was a woman better calculated for the task. Her quick recognition of persons, her recurrence to their peculiar interests, produced the gratifying impression in each and all of those who conversed with her that they were special objects of regard.

Her house was very plainly furnished, and her dress no way extravagant. It was only in hospitality and in charity that her profusion was unchecked, and sometimes made her sensible that her income was not equal to her wishes.

When the term of Mr. Jefferson's presidency drew near its close, the spirit of political intrigue which had lain dormant was again roused into activity. A new President was to be chosen, and there were several competitors for the people's favor.—Each had partisans, zealous and untiring in the canvass, who left no means untried to insure success. Private society felt the baneful influence of these political intrigues; social intercourse was embittered by party spirit; personal confidence was so often violated that a degree of circumspection became necessarily almost incompatible with that frankness and candor which constitutes the charm of intimate society.

In these trying times Mrs. Madison appeared to peculiar advantage. Her husband was assailed with all the violence of political animosity. In accordance with her husband's wishes she continued her civilities unimpaired by party politics.—He believed that when the effervescence of popular excitement should subside, hostility would cease. Thus thinking, he, with unaltered equanimity, continued his social intercourse with persons of all opinions; the chiefs of different parties met at his house with perfect good humor; and the frank and polite attentions of Mrs. Madison were paid, without distinction, to all who joined her social circle. Her snuff-box had a magic influence, and seemed as perfect security from hostility, as a participation of bread and salt is among many savage tribes. For who could partake of its contents offered in a manner so gracious, and retain a feeling inimical to its owner.

The kindly feelings thus cultivated, triumphed over the animosity of party spirit, and won a popularity for her husband which his lofty reserve and cold manners would have failed in effecting. The moment of decision arrived, and Mr. Madison was declared President of the United States. In Washington, the day of his inauguration was a day of jubilee.

After Mr. Jefferson left the city Mr. Madison removed to the President's house, which soon became the centre of a gay and brilliant circle, and yet of social and delightful society. In addition to large dinners every week, a drawing room was now opened, where the beauty and fashion of the nation found the best theatre for display.

But this scene of general and individual prosperity was interrupted by the war, which spread desolation along our coasts, and brought ruin and devastation to the city of Washington.

This is not the place to discuss the causes of that fatal event. News arrived that the British forces had landed forty miles below the city. Their destination was unknown. Several roads led across the country to the city, and several to Baltimore; and when it was ascertained that Washington was their object, the commanders of our army—for, unfortunately, the command was divided, at least authority over Gen. Winder was claimed by the Secretary of War—could not agree on the route to be chosen, nor the measures to be adopted to oppose the British forces, who were advancing in the country. In this dilemma, the President was appealed to, and with a view of settling this difference, went, accompanied by several members of the cabinet and some personal friends, to Bladenburg, where they unexpectedly found the two armies engaged. Meanwhile terror spread over the city. Every one that could find a conveyance whatever, made their escape to the adjoining towns. Those who were unprovided with a conveyance fled on foot, carrying with

them whatever could be so carried. The sound of the cannon was distinctly heard. The dismay was universal.—Mr. Madison, who had gone forth only to hold a council of war, returned not; no one in the city pretended to any authority; the whole was a scene of confusion. Some personal friends who had remained with Mrs. Madison, most vehemently urged her to leave the city. They had her carriage brought to the door, but could not persuade her to enter until her husband should return and accompany her. But an extract from a letter written to her sister, though necessarily broken and abbreviated, will give a truer, if not fuller view of her trying situation, than any other pen can do:

TUESDAY, August 23, 1814.

DEAR SISTER, My husband left me yesterday morning to join Gen. Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's House, until his return on the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two despatches from him, written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that they would reach the city, with intention to destroy it. * * * I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, and he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him; * * * disaffection stalks around us; * * * My friends and acquaintances are all gone—even Col. C.—with his hundred men who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. * * * French John, (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object; without being able however to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

Wednesday morning 12 o'clock.—Since sunrise, I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discern the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own firesides. * * * Three o'clock.—Will you believe it, my sister? We have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect him! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but I wait for him. * * *

At this late hour, a wagon has been procured; I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. * * * Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of Gen. Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvass taken out; it is done, and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe-keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filing up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell. * * *

The disastrous events which followed are too well known to need description, even if the limits of this sketch allowed of the melancholy details. During the remainder of Mr. Madison's presidential term he resided in a private house, where, however, he received company with undiminished hospitality. When at the expiration of his official service he left the city of Washington, and returned to his mountain home, his departure was lamented as a private as well as a public loss by the citizens, with whom his family for sixteen years had lived on terms of reciprocal kindness.

The Washington Union adds to this the following account:—Upon the expiration of Mr. Madison's presidential service, he retired with him to Montpelier, Orange county, Va., where he administered, with a warmth and a grace of manner, never surpassed; all the rights of hospitality, in the house of her distinguished husband.—Visited by crowds of American citizens, and by strangers from Europe, who were desirous of seeing so noble a statesman, no one ever left his house without carrying at least a remembrance of his hospitality. After his death, in 1837, when she removed for a short time to the city, she removed she returned to Montpelier, and finally came to Washington, in 1843, to

reside at her house on President's Square, where she breathed her last on Thursday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, after a lingering illness of five days.

Circassian Triumph.

Little has been said about the victories which these brave mountaineers are obtaining over the mercenary hordes of Russia. This is because the hired Press of England either does not or else will not understand the importance of these victories by a nation hardly known by name to their readers. This, however, ought not to be true either of the *Standard of Freedom* or of its friends, to whom we shall not further apologise for saying a few words as to this interesting people and what they have achieved.

Circassia is a mountainous, but very fine and beautiful country, bordering upon the Black Sea at its eastern extremity.—It is also contiguous to the Russian territory lying towards its extremity of the Euxine, and interposes its lofty mountains and fertile valleys between the clutch of Russia and those more level and less wild countries towards the Euphrates and the Tigris. It is the aim of this ambitious power, Russia, to become possessed, if it can, of all the realms contiguous to the Black Sea, on all sides. On one side "the Wolf" has already laid its paws on the Danubian provinces, on Moldavia, Wallachia, and is, on this side, therefore, fast advancing towards Constantinople. But before it can enslave the tracts lying on the southern coasts of this Sea, it must subdue and pass, the fine people who hold Circassia—a race in metaphysical requisites, the finest specimen of men now to be found on this globe, and of courage and activity unsurpassable. Against these noble but unfeeling people, the Muscovite serfs have now for many years, been carrying on, cruelly, bloody but fruitless wars. No quarter is given; and the amount of lives lost is not known, excepting that, generally, it is very great. It is believed that, taking battle, sickness, fatigue, altogether into account, not less than 200,000 Russian serfs have left their bones amongst the wild passes; and this without obtaining any ground that is tenable. The Czar, in furtherance of this murderous conflict, tries to stop all access by sea to Circassia; and it was because he approached Soujdouk Kale (a Circassian port), that Mr. Bell had his brig, "The Vixen," captured and confiscated by Russia, against the law of nations.

All this expense of human blood and treasure is, however thrown away. It is now known that the Muscovite serfs have received, at the hands of these noble mountaineers, the most complete defeat they perhaps ever received. Their forts are captured, and their armies totally routed and annihilated. But mark the critical time at which this blow of an avenging Providence finds out their legions. It is already known that the Czar's interference in Hungary is unpopular with his general officers. This blow will greatly help to exasperate those feelings. They will now see before them the prospect either of an inglorious and hateful conflict in Hungary, or that of a still more hated campaign in Circassia, which, for years, the Russian military have dreaded as they do Siberia. If they perish there, their very death is concealed. The *Petersburg Gazette* has not even a sigh for them; and their own friends are really ignorant of the manner of their fate! But while this catastrophe is depressing the Russians, it is animating both the Hungarians and the Turks in a high degree. The latter are now threatening the Servians with retribution if they act against Hungary, to which, in one point, they are contiguous; whilst the Wallachians, animated by the victories of both, are, it is said, showing such a front as to induce the Czar and his tool, Gen. Duhamel, to relax their hold of the province, in order not to further irritate France and England, at a moment so critical.

Such is the brief exposition of this affair, which is far less known everywhere than it ought to be. It has proved a more severe check to the hungry designs of "the Wolf" (as Palmerston has well christened Russia) than the wolf has lately experienced. It has come in a happy time, and we hail it as the probable forerunner of others. If the brave French people only force their worthless president to do his duty, liberty in Europe need experience no further check, and monarchy at last will be taught the meaning of moderation and justice, if it means to avoid the foundation of a universal Republic.—*Standard of Freedom.*

PROGRESS OF AMERICA.—The growth of the American cities is unparalleled in the history of the world. Already half a million are embraced within the limits & suburbs of our metropolis; and half that number within those of Philadelphia.—New Orleans contains about a hundred & fifty, Boston one hundred and thirty, and Baltimore one hundred and five thousand inhabitants. The second child born in Cincinnati, it is said, is still living, and has not reached the middle age of life, while the city has a population of a hundred thousand.—The population of St. Louis was one thousand six hundred in 1810; sixteen thousand in 1840, forty thousand in 1845, and is probably now not less than sixty thousand. Buffalo contained two thousand four hundred and twelve in 1825;

in 1846, twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and seventy-three; and now contains about forty-five thousand. In 1828, the population of Lowell was three thousand five hundred and thirty-two, it is now more than thirty thousand. Chicago, a place scarcely known on the latest maps, has already reached a population of eighteen thousand; and Milwaukee, of still more recent origin, is rivaling it in its growth and population.

The City of Rome.

Rome is still where it has been for more than 2600 years; it is upon the Tiber, 16 miles from its mouth, which runs south through the western part of the city, and then turns west and continues that course to its outlet, where it is some 300 feet wide. Much of what was formerly covered with buildings is now cultivated. This is particularly the case with much of the southeast part within the city walls and east and southeast of the Capitoline Hill. Bad air (malaria) is said to be the cause of the desertion of this part of the city. The ancient hills are still to be found, but are by no means so prominent as they once were, on account of the valleys having been filled up by the rubbish constantly accumulating. In this way the place of the ancient forum has been filled up at least fifteen feet. The land at the base of the Tarpeian Rock is so much filled up that the modern traveller is prone to think that it would be far from certain death to be thrown from its top. It is not, as formerly, 75 feet high, with heaps of rocks below. In the northeast part are extensive gardens, and on the west side of them are the residences of the English and American inhabitants.

The Palace of the Pope is near the centre of the city. The Church of St. Peter is on the west side; it is 750 feet long, and 550 feet wide, and will hold 32,000 people. It cost \$50,000,000. The statue of St. Peter stands not far distant. It was formerly a statue of Jupiter, and was changed by one of the early Popes into that of the apostle by some mysterious power, without changing its material substance in the least; which gave rise to the remark of the wag, that it was formerly the statue of Jupiter, and it is that of Jew-Peter still.—The report that the great toe of this statue has been entirely worn away by the lips of the Catholics is not exactly true. It is a Protestant slander. Yet it is true that the repeated kisses of the faithful for hundreds of years have worn it away considerably. No Catholic passes it without stopping to kiss it. To see poor ignorant people do so, that is bad enough; but to see men of learning and science, and of cultivated minds, like the Pope and Cardinals, constantly approaching this image with all reverence, and wiping their toes with their handkerchiefs, kiss it, wipe it again, and go on their way, is quite beyond endurance. One can have no patience with them.—*Dr. Baird.*

The Mormons at Beaver Islands.

The Beaver Islands—ten in number—lie in the bosom of Lake Michigan, in about latitude 45 deg. 50 min., and are beginning to attract considerable attention, both on account of the healthfulness of their climate, the extent of their fisheries, and as the Zion or land of promise of a considerable body of Mormons, the followers of Mr. Strang. Big Beaver Island, the principal one of the group, is 13 miles in length, by seven in breadth, containing about 50,000 acres of fertile and well-timbered land. Paradise Bay forms the principal harbor, and is the seat of an extensive trade in fish, wood, &c. It is easily accessible, perfectly land-locked, and sufficiently capacious for all the craft on the Lakes.—Around this bay the Mormons are making their settlements. There are two wood-yards and three stores in operation, a steam saw-mill is going up, and improvements are commenced on all the lands within four miles, beside various commencing in other locations. There are now employed in the fisheries some 200 boats and 500 or 600 fishermen; and the opening of farms, the building of mills, and the establishment of all the various branches of business always found in a settlement of a free and enterprising population, will soon leave this branch of business of comparative non-importance. Good stocks of cows have been brought on by the Mormons, who are intending to devote much attention to agriculture, with every prospect of success. Notwithstanding the high latitude, all the fine grains flourish, and the prospect is that the grazing will be of the first quality. In case they shall succeed, they will be able to furnish supplies to the Lake trade, at a point where there is no competition within 200 miles, and where the demand must always be great.

The Mormons have already established a school, at which they furnish gratuitous instruction to the children of the Indians residing in the vicinity. In about 6 weeks they will commence the publication there of a weekly paper, the press and materials for which are already purchased.—Their numbers on the island are now about three hundred; it is expected that before the close of the season they will be increased to 1000 in number.—*Buffalo Express.*

The cholera has made its appearance in Erie, Pa., so say the papers.

LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

By Electric Telegraph from London to Liverpool.

FOR THE NEW YORK COURIER AND ENQUIRER, EXCLUSIVELY.

London, June 30, Three o'clock, P. M.

From Paris under date of Friday, 5 P. M. the correspondent of the *Times* writes as follows:

"I have reason to believe that beyond the information you are already in possession of, there is no further news of the military operations before Rome.

The reply to repeated enquiries is still "We are making our way gradually," and from one day to another we expect to hear something decisive. The last accounts state that a steamer has been signalled off Toulon, but of what tidings she is the bearer, nothing is yet known, or at least has not up to half past 3 o'clock transpired. The intelligence from Rome by the ordinary mail only comes down to the 19th: It is believed that the military force of the expeditionary army is likely to be considerably increased. We are told that over 60,000 is not an exaggerated figure in case the discontent or jealousy or fear, or whatever else the feeling may be termed, which actuates both Spain and Austria, not to speak of Naples, should assume a more unequivocal aspect.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

The late victories of the Austrians were much exaggerated in their first reports.—The real facts of the case are as follows:—The Hungarians having crossed the Waag on the 10th and 20th inst., suddenly made a violent attack on the Imperialists' position, and penetrated even into the centre of them, and after a battle of three days with the two Imperialist armies, the Hungarians retreated to their former positions, but not without having, by their onset, done considerable damage to the Imperialist corps. The Russian General, Paniutia, was wounded, and the very fact that the Austrian bulletins remain silent on the subject of the "killed and wounded" and the "captured cannon & men," shows, that the intelligence which they have to communicate on that score is by no means cheering. The Austrian papers publish a decree of the Austrian commander-in-chief, Gen. Haynau, in which that military chieftain states that the inhabitants of the borough of Bo Schar Kang having aided and abetted the Hungarian insurgents in their attack upon the brigade of General Wyes, he (Gen. Haynau) has ordered their town to be burnt and annihilated, & that this order was executed on the 21st instant.

The cholera and typhus fever continue doing their work in the Imperialist armies. Our correspondent informs us that 300 sick soldiers (none of them wounded) were brought into Vienna from Oldenburg on the 24th inst. The unfortunate Hungarian hussars, that attempted to desert from the Imperialist standard, and return to their own country, have as many of them as were captured suffered a cruel punishment. Their leaders, three non-commissioned officers, were killed on the spot.—Seventeen young recruits were sent to the Italian army, and the rest, of seventy, were decimated. Seven were shot on the 23d inst.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 15.—The Porte has refused to comply with the imperative demand of Russia for the passage of 80,000 troops through Serbia, and the Russian envoy, in virtue of his instructions, has refused to send the reply, which was respectful, but firm and unyielding, to the Emperor.

LATEST FROM ROME.—It is stated that the French government has received a telegraphic despatch announcing that the French had occupied Mount Orto, which gives them a command of part of the city.

SARAJEVO.—The Austrian garrison quitted Alessandria on the 18th.

VENICE.—A decisive attack upon Brenbos was contemplated by the Austrians.—Negotiations for peace were in progress.

Some Further Foreign Items.

A PRAYER BY KOSSUTH.

The following prayer offered by Kossuth, will be interesting to our readers.—It was offered by him kneeling amid the multitude, at the grave of the Magyar heroes who fell in the battle of Rappolna, & was originally published in the *Opposition*, a journal of Pesth. We translate from the German:

Almighty God! God of the warriors of Arpad! Look down from thy starry throne upon thy imploring servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to thy Heaven, praising the unsearchable power of thine Omnipotence. O God, over me shines thy sun, and beneath me repose the relics of my fallen heroic brethren; above my head the sky is blue, and under my feet the earth is dyed red with the holy blood of the children of our ancestors.—Let the animating beams of thy sun fall here, that flowers may spring up from the blood, so that these hells of departed beings may not moulder unadorned. God of our fathers and God of the nations! hear and bless the voice of our warriors, and which the arm and the soul of brave nations thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny, as it forges its chains. I, man! I kneel on these fresh grassy remains of my brethren, and I will officiate as their Thy. Amen. Amen.