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of the Court House and next to the Store of Jason W. Eby; and also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College. Opposite the Conege. Carlisle, Nov. 15, 1843. 3m-9

ALEXANDER & TODD. Attorneys at Law.

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Venetian woman are superb! JOHN J MYERS: February 14, 1844.

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Oth DES.—Mine, risand, carls, quies, spear mint, mint plat, cakes and volls, chinamon, assafrus, lemon, hoachould, clove? cream and brid-eye. Thompsonian or hepper cashies: Jackson and Chry Onlls, lemon balls, Erench and common Nesga. French, common, and exploding secrets; min, drop youk and vanills candy; signer and barnt almond: candy toys, liquorice, &c.

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Cartine, April 26, 1844.

Washington Hotel, CORNER OF MARKET STREET & MARKET SQUARE

patr, and has irrinined it onew with the best of Best of Without the attraction.

A poet patr, and has irrinined it onew with the best of Best

Lamp Oil.

CARLISLIS. PA. TUXIS 12, 1844.

CAN YOU FORGET ME?

forget me -I who have so cherished

Late Brief L. Char

ou took them in their scentless beauty stooning

From the warm shelter of the garden wall ; .

utumn while into languid winter drooping,

Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall,

On plighted vows-alas! I know their worth,

When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blender

-At least it sought to blend itself with thine;

lan you forget me !- when the firelight burning,

Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy gloon

Miscellant.

GLIMPSES OF THE GIFTED.

A LEGEND OF VENICE

Where are the ardent hopes of youth,

When life look'd bright and fair, And young Romance was rob'd like Trinth? Echo answers—where?

he-medium-of-our-own-peculiar tastes and

them to other lands as best he may.

[Mrs. Cornwall Baron-Wilson.

Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me? I am not relying

Man's tàith to woman is a trifle, dying

Upon the very breath that gave it birth;

And then unconsciously grow glad again.

Can you forget them ?

Were predout in my sight; they made me thin restless expression; and his face fearfully the place and hour: tall, atooping figure, and nervous deport, tated, you may be recognized. When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of and stoop, took a still deeper hold on their tiful face! sympathies. They could not have been My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seemed ended Thou wert my heart's sweet home-my spirite the more, which, after all, is but woman's How would thy words to long past moments turning iaturė.

The poet far from triumphing in the sensation he had created, seemed rather to shrink from it; with a strange mingling of pride and reserve, and it was evident, he infinitely preferred entering a long discussion of his favorite themes, with the many grave and learned personages present, to dreaming of all that she had ever heard con- had, indeed, been part of the conditions on sunning himself in the bright glances which every where mot his, with a sort of bashful has been beautifully called, by the words her attendant instead, with a message that encouagement; and weary; at length, even How apt we all are to view things through of this gorgous scene, quitted the crowded smith, and Arnigio felt her suddenly start; which, it is needless to say, were religisaloon, and escaped into the grounds sur

pursuits! To the Artist the idea of Venice rounding the palazzo. would conjure up but one great recollec-But for man's own evil passions, what apartion, making it holy ground for evermore adise this world of our with its blue skies, it was Titian's burial place! While the and birds and flowers, would be? Arniarchitect would set about comparing the gio with his lofty brow bent down, and chaste and classic style of Palladio with his eye fixed dreamily on the earth, try? But this was a sophistry unworthy wonder whetherher stern father could have the lighter graces of Sansoveno, or the walked on, utterly unconscious of the calm If subscriber would respectfully inloren his friends and the public, that he has latety-replenished his stock and is now officing at the
grand conception of San Michelo, a graver
and spand in North Hapover Street, a splenid assortment Ifardware, Cutlery of the, consisting in part of
Locks, hinges, sorews, mile and spikes, of all kinds
and sizes. Grain, Chial and spikes, of all kinds
and sizes. Grain, Chial and spikes, of all kinds
and sizes, cast and shear. Steels. Saddle
and office Webbing. Shoe Findings of every description. Mahogany and Glass knobs of the lascription. Mahogany and Glass knobs of the lascription of San Michelo, a graver
and darker task awaits the would-be-historian of "the city of the hundred isles!"

While the simple tale-toller has but to bend
and the beautiful, long
scription of the night or the lapset of time,
that he had
unknowingly passed the boundaries prescription of the night or the lapset of time,
that he had
unknowingly passed the boundaries prescription of the hundred isles!"

While the simple tale-toller has but to bend
down a charmed ear to the hundred isles!"

The lighter of the night and darker task awaits the would-be-his- tintil he discovered at length, that he had of the young cousins. scribed to visiters, and entered the more that he paused. since passed away from earth, and repeat ed by a vision of such rare loveliness, that blacksmith." hem to other lands as best he may.

the poet paused involving rily, and remained,

It, was evening—just the evening for as it were, spell bound to the spot, while all her romance, could not forget her own approach blushed deeply, and cast down hose summer festivals which the Vene- the girl passed without perceiving him .- patrician descent. tians enjoy so much, and who would not? She was apparently scarcely more than six-Signor Bernardi overlooked the Adriatic, starry eyes. And yet, after all, she was beloved by one of the fairest and gen- Vittoria, I am obeying your own comand upon the night of which we write was but a mortal maiden with a heart-full to tlest beings that ever walked this weary mands, exclaimed the bewildered lover. thronged with all the beauty and aristo- overflowing of joy and hope, and a deep world of ours.

tree, and smilingly as she did so, produced by others yet more bewitching; until one a sharp knife, while Arnigio stood still wondering what she would do next, and then the girl, stooping down, carved a assertion of a recent traveller, "that the name upon the bark. The name was Bartholomeo, a very common one in Italy, and But there was one at that festival at yet the poet's heart beat strangly; and he whose approach maidens' hearts fluttered waited impatiently for that small white CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS &C, strangely, and happy she who could pro- hand to resume its loving task. But the cure a smile, or even a passing glance, on maiden had shaken back the bright curls WOULD inform their triends and the publics which to droam, when the living ided from her forehead and was looking a little Volld inform their friends and the fullet syntheth of detail, which they are ready to dispose of wholesale and retail. If he spoke to those thoughtful; perhaps like him; she reinam-ligh atrice, next door to Bectem's Hotel, Carlisle, should be departed. If he spoke to those thoughtful; perhaps like him; she reinam-ligh atrice, resh, and elegant assortment of CANDES, around him on the gravest subjects, such as bernd that there were many Bartholomeos. FIGURES, and others articles in their in the world, and half feared to dispose of wholesale and retail. study of his,) they hushed their own sweet more of her hoarded secret, to the prying tones to listen, it being enough for them and inquisitive eyes of others. And yer she that it was his voice, or stood a little spart, argued, there was no need to be ashamed gusing as if they would imprint every feat of loving him? And then she bent down ure upon their memories for ever, while again before the tree. There is a strange the neglected cavaliers cursed, the pale pleasure in tracing a beloved name, howevstranger in their hearte that the first the cold hearted may laugh at us for the most harshly; Await until you have heard Towas Bartholomeo Arnigio, the poet, assertion, withe poet bent eagerly forward, all 1 At the time of which I speak a fever the historien, the present star of Venitian his breath almost waving the curls of her broke out at Bresola rather debilitating than society! There was a mystery about his long hair; it was his which ale had fatal in its effects, but sparing neither old early origin which had hitherto defied the carved, we give a structure of an analysis of nor young. I had previously turned my

PORTATE may turn back to the recollection of with It was merely signed Bartholomeo; but well nigh done their work and I return toa smile, as they grow older and wiser; the throbbing heart of the conscious girl morrow to die like her at Brescia ! while a few perish in their young faith: fully supplied the other name ; and as the ... The saints have pity on you, exclaim The men wondered what any one could poet had calculated upon, love soon got the ed Vittoria, with a shudder; for I see not see in Bartholomeo Arningio, who was no ascendency over duty and prudence; and how earthly aid can avail you anything onger young, and had perhaps never been accompanied by her attendant, he found remarkable for beauty, save that intellectual her punctual to the appointed hour. And well! You alone know the secret of my sort with which genius redeems and marks the woman being dismissed to a short dis- coming and going, and having obeyed the out her children. His forestead was broad tance, he had to supply her place in support. impulse which prompted me to dis- fa and massive, but shadowed by dark lines ing the trembling form of his companion, close it. I shall quit Venice with a lighter of the Revolution. It is set to an animated popular, utable witness has ever since been called of thought, or it may be corrow; his eyes who leant heavily on his arm-her quick heart. gray, and somewhat sunken, with a wild breathing alone breaking the deep silence of

ers could trace, nothing of majesty in the at length in a voice that was slightly agi-

tion, together with the somewhat feeble to trust himself with the sight of that bean at last

thankful, nevertheless, that the secret of ing for his probation to arrive. her young heart was vet her own.

removed, and for a moment he wanted cou- that he heard no more of her. rage to continue. After all he had not sought the love of that noble girl, and was the high nature of the poet and he determined to consult only the future happiness

' Pardon me, but my thoughts are apt to wander. As I have said, my father was a

where one can steal apart from the heavy teen, and simply attired in a white robe, ing a taste for literature, I abandoned this with a trembling step, and affixed her name atmosphere of crowded rooms, and wander girded about the waist by a zone of silver; humble calling, and was fortunate enough to the parchment. sway into what seems almost a realization her bright hair, unadorned, and wholly to-procure, by unwearied and unremitting of fairy land, while the beings who flit without ornantents, hanging about her like study, a doctor's degree, conferred by the noble youth, I will save you yet; I will across our path, or break in upon our silent a veil. One might almost have taken her University of Padua, and returned to prac- not sign t" musings with their sweet and gladsome for a spirit, so little of earth was there in tice in my native place. Lady, this was 'I have deserved this,' said the girl; 'and laughter, serve to confirm, rather than dis- the radiant beauty of that fair young face the happiest period of my life; for besides yet, somehow, I had thought you loved me -in the passionate dreaming of those dark standing high in my profession, I loved and too well to yield me up thus.

the times, have determined to reduce the rates cracy of Venice; its lofty halls, its cool love of the romantic—the effect of education of the folly of her age—for she was en suddenly found strength enough to do Lorenzini snatelied first the pen, and without the hitherto respectfully proffered then the fair hand of his plighted bride, She paused before an overshadowing support of her companion, and stood proud- which he covered with kisses. And hence ly erect, while her heart throbbed as though forth there was not a happier couple in all it would burst. Yenice than these young cousins. Some-

ked Vittoria eagerly.

one more so. nigio sorry for what he had said, hastened bewitching.

daring and presumptuous ambition! You were but fulfilling your high destiny, observed Vittoria gently, had you high rank which has been assigned him in

Hush I interrupted her companion, alenciration of the most curious, and was For a moment Arniglo stood irresolute; attention very much to this antices, and

Thanks for the prayer, and now fare-

Farewell! murmured the girl; and as 'Farewell !' murmured the girl; and as | vils and tilt-hammers, to the cyclopean voices of a he raised her hand, and pressed it lightly to least a thousand forges. his lips, a thrill of horror rather than passion fell coldly on her heart. The poet's ligh mission was accomplished; and the ment of their poet; although its attenue. Roor Bartifolomeo I he feared, perhaps, buried secret of years had found a voice

Great was the excitement throughout all You will think it strange, continued Venice when it became generally known blind to the fact how among that courtly be after a pause, that I should have write that their idol had departed, most probably and brilliant crowd, he stood alone, as it ten to you thus; but I have seen you be- forever! Vittoria alone expressed no aswere, and conspicuous, certainly, neither fore, and felt an irresistible longing to im- tonishment, but only grew pale and shudfor grace nor elegance, but therefore it was part my wild history to one human being dered when his name was casually men they clung more tenaciously to the idol of ere I depart hence forever! thinking some tioned in her presence; while Lorenzing their own creating, because he needed it how, that you would at least pity me. mourned the absence of his friend with un-Vittoria answered not, for she dared not feigned regret, and not venturing to seek tell him how, willingly, had need been, she for consolation in the society of his cousin, would have died, how much more so she might have been seen wandering over the would live for him alone,-but she was city like a restless spirit, longing yet dread-

> And so the month passed away, at the 'I was born,' began the poet, 'at Bres- conclusion of which Vittoria had agreed to cia; and Vittoria was awakened from her come as before, and claim his promise; it cerning this ! City of the Fountains,' as it which he was to grant it. But she sent which followed; 'My father was a black- she was not well, and a few choice flowers. but the arm which rested on his was not ously preserved by Lorenzini, and after

> But as the time drew near when they were to meet and affix their signatures to it his fault if she preferred him to Lorenzi- the deed of betrothment, the girl having ni i - If she was ready as home and coun- attained her seventeenth year, he began to discovered her secret, and so detained her a prisoner against her will in which case he determined to show his love by observ-'Go on,' said Vittoria gently, observing ing her commands even at the last moment, and at the sacrifice of his own happiness.

The night arrived at length, and Vittoria, simply attired, and looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever, stood leaning her bright eyes. At the command of Sig-'At eighteen,' continued Arnigo, 'hav- nor Barnardi, she walked towards the table

'Courage, dear cousin!' whispered the

"Ah le but-that was a month ago!" re-

Ah! she was beautiful, you say ? as- thing of shame at her strange infatuation mingled with gratitude for her escape, and She was, indeed, and I have never seen his exchanging love, gave a dash of sub missiveness to the hitherto brilliant and The girl put no more questions, and Ar- way ward heiress which was irresistibly

to make atonement for the involuntary er- But little more is known of Bartholo for into which his passion had betrayed meo Arnigo, save that he died a few years after the events above mentioned, at his I might have been there now, contine native place. His principal work is Le ued he and she yet alive but for my own Rime, printed at Venice; while many others, both agricultural, medical and historical, serve to assert his just claim to that remained a doctor, Venice would have had the literature of his age land country, a few of his biographers only reverting to that one dark passage in the otherwise brilliant career of the poet which we have imperfectly attempted to shadow out in our Legend of Venice

1T IS NEVER TOO LATE,

BY MISS BREMER, to be a genius, and it was most certain he but it was not the irresolution of passion, —for such it now seems—was reality to still in the future, and believe that it is nevthe Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that whisper of royalty was doubt. How, which has recently undergone a thorough read to the public that whisper of royalty was doubt. How, which has recently undergone a thorough relation. A poet—against it, and savening the week and pow, an my fitterly and markers are the week name of the committee sum of the committ L had murdered them I was a resident to, a new future, sitended by all that life

POLITICAL.

From the National Intellige thusiasm of 1840 and of the present era has given ise, we do not recollect any of greater merit or atis the production of an Iron-master in Hardy comty, Va., Mr. CHARLES CARTER LEE, son of the us "Light horse Harry," of the Partizan Legion ir-"Oh, swiftly goes the bonnie boat." We make in its support no doubt that within a month it will peal amidst an-

THE HAMMERMAN'S SONG.

TURE Bonnie Boat. Again, again is fenceil around The treasures of the poor! Again doth labor's bread abound, Again we toll secure. Came, brothers, to your labors stout, And while the hammers ring-We'll draw the stubborn iron out. And let our voices sing-

The Whigs a deed of peace have done, Forever to secure.
The independence which they won On battle fields before. Hurrah! Hurrah! no longer now ·Ve foreign tribute pay : Come, brothers of the dusty brow,

And vote for HARRY CLAY. Come, draw the gate—this anchory, A mass of fire now, Soon, brothers of the chafery,
We'll draw it to a plough.
With this the happy farmer tills The land where he was born ; ... The treasures of our native hills Can make and buy his corn.

Another to the anvil brings It sparkles like the stars O this will be the very thing To work to tough axe-bars How easy, when he buys at home, The laborer can pay : The choppers in our coalings earn Chorus: Since now the Whigs a decd have done, &

orus: For now the Whigs a deed have done &

Another !- this is softer yet;--And sparkles brighter stars; My brothers, we must not forget To draw some rifle-bars: We must not from a foreign land Get iron for our guns; But ever make in freedom's land For Q the Whigs a deed have done, &

Now bring us one at high white heat, It must not have a flaw : For now must heemen's hammer's beat The swords which freemen draw. O. brothers! work them ne'er to break, And ever aright were 'Twere shame if freemen could not make The arms to keep them free. Chartes: For O the Whigs a deed have done, &c.

Yes, brothers! work for HABRY CLAY-The wise, the bold, the true; For year by year, and night and day, He well hath worked for you: The laborer's friend and artisan's, His fellow-farmer's guide, The dread of foreign partisans His country's shield and pride.

Chorus: He led the Whigs the deed to do, Which hath completely wrought, The independence, full and true, For which our fathers fought. Hurran, &c.

O yes! we wear a brow of dust, · But 'tis an honest soil-And a great brotherhood, we trust. Are all the sons of toil. Then let us all together pull, And on election day, With hearts of love and duty full,

Turn out toy HARRY CLAY. rus: And all the Whige, will help maintain The independence won,

With blood and treasure, toil and pain, By our great WASHINGTON. For O, harrah! no longer now We foreign tribute pay; Come all who wear a dusty brow,

THE "BARGAIN" SLANDER.

And vote for HARRY CLAY.

Why is it says the N. Y. Tribune its grave? We perceive that the present the dead libels.

This wretched calumny of a burgain between Messrs, Adams, and Clay in the tement political opponent of Mr. Clay writer of 1624.5, by which the former wrote, under date of Washington Oct. 7, was to be made President and the latter Sethem. The Committee reported that the subject, says,
In a conversation between Mr. Clay on and Gov. Shelby as early as July, 1834.

Listing Oil the properties of the properties of

ist become a Jackson man-never of the same party with Mr. Clay.)-Mr. Buchanan was now hauled over the coals, and he promptly declared that Gen. Jackson was entirely mistaken—that he had never made any such proposition to Gen. Jackson, nor had any authority to do so from any Clay man. Here was the whole story again run into the ground; and no rep-

Amos Kendall and Francis P. Blair,

who were ardent and active Clay men in

NUMBER ZZZLII.

1824-5, but went over to Jackson in the next contest—the latter on Mr. Clay's refusal to give him such an office at Washington as he deemed equal to his desertsattempted to give the calumny some semblance of probability; but all they could pretend to was this that some of Mr. Clay's Western friends in Congress voted for Mr. Adams in 1825, not because they individually prefered him to Gen Jackson, but because they desired to see Mr. Clay the successor, and they thought this would. be more likely if the immediate President were chosen from the East than from the West. With such views, some of the Kentucky Delegation avowed that they vo ted for Mr. Adams, not so much for his own sake as for that of Mr. Clay, Chio had voted for Clay; her Delegation was for Clay; they held a meeting, and resolved to vote for Mr. Adams-Mr. Clay not being one of the three returned to the House. This was before the Kentucky Members had taken their course. The latter, after deciding for Mr. Adams, were of course desirous that he should be elected; and that their constituents should approve their course, which had been imougned beforehand by the extraordinary and preposterous assumption of a majority of the Kentucky Legislature to instruct them to vote for Gen. Jackson. The Legislature had precisely as much right to instruct the members of Congress to vote for Gen. Jackson as to instruct the People of the several Districts represented by those-Members—no more. And yet members are seriously berated for obeying the dictates of their own judgement, or the wishes of their respective constituencies, rather than the mandate of the Legislature !-Even Mr. Ctay, who represented a district which never had, never has, and never en times emphatically approved and ratio fied his vote for Mr. Adams, has been abused for not voting for Gen. Jackson in obedience to the Representatives of other

Districts in the Legislature! Every assertion imputing a corrupt collasion between Messrs. Adams and Clay, or their respective friends, having been followed up till it vanished into thin air. Mr. Clay commenced calling witnesses to prove a negative, and the result was overwhelming. Bear in mind that it was not known in Washington till December, 1824, that Mr. Clay would not be returned to the House. but on the contrary his friends confidently expected that Louisiana would vote for him and thus carry him into the House instead of Mr. Crawford. Once in the House, Mr. Clay's friends felt confident that his great popularity there, and the more decided antagonism of the friends of the other candidates to each other than to him, would ensure his election. Of course they did not bargain to elect somebody else while they were expecting to elect Mr. Clay, Gen, LA FAYETTE wrote to him, under

date Lagrange, France, Oct. 10, 1827, that "When in Annapolis, [in the fall of 1824, I put to you a simple unqualified question respecting your vote for Presiden-Why is it says the N. Y. Tribune, cy, your answer was, that in your opinion, that a poor, old, worn out, exploded cal-the actual state of health of Mr. Crawunity cannot be suffered to lie quiedy in ford had limited the contest to a choice between Mr. Adams and Gen, Jackson; Loco Poco party is tending toinbward, but it need not spitefully disturb the ashes of the you had concluded to out for Mr. Adams.

Col. BENTON-always-since 1835 a ve-

"In answer to the inquiries you put to cretary of State, was first asserted in an me, I have to state, that the article to anonymous, letter, from Washington in a liwhich you invite my attention is subatanpressed which every one agreed to allowing him himself, known to his young worshippers of the the meaning of the contract of the the meaning of the contract o for the name of its author, that of George copresents me as saving I was informed by Mr. Clay in the fore part of December Kremer, an illiterate, violent Jackson Mem-1821, that he intended to vork ron Ma. to be a genius, and it was most certain he out it was not the itrespiction of passion, and it was most certain he out it was not the itrespiction of passion, and it was most certain he out it was not the itrespiction of passion, and it was not the itrespiction of th him was raised. This committee sum-vork for Mr. Apage.

We was raised. This committee sum-vork for Mr. Apage.

Col C.S. Topp, now Minister to Rus.

Col C.S. Topp, now Minister to Rus.

The story was next revived by the Fay- you said to him (Shelby) that you did not not love a poet and years—often state to be poet of the first in the f