



FREE PRESS.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum.

Our town and neighborhood, as well as the particular individuals specified below, should feel thankful to the author of the following communication. It is no empty puff, written by a mere scribbler; but is from the pen of one whose praise is worth having. He is a gentleman of considerable eminence in chemistry, mineralogy, and other physical sciences, and is at present at the head of Mount Hope College.

Communicated for the Balt. Patriot.

SHANNONDALE SPRINGS.

Where are they? In Virginia, 5 miles from Charlottesville—43 miles by the best road, from Harper's Ferry, situated on a tract of land, of 800 acres, worked into the form of an oxbow, or a horse-shoe, by that beautiful stream, the Shenandoah river. A rim of land, of alluvial formation, in some places, twenty rods in width, and in others, less than a single rod—productive as the banks of the Nile, encompasses the whole bow, except the open part. Back of this border, over which the river, beyond question, anciently flowed, the ground rises gradually on the north, to an elevation of four or five hundred feet—affording the looker-abroad a splendid observatory—and then descends precipitately to the opposite water. The substratum of the hill, or mountain, is a species of blue transition limestone, on the south side, jutting out, here and there, in ragged, irregular crags of enormous magnitude. This stone is, with comparatively little expense, convertible into lime, of the best quality. A large kiln—May 19—is now burning.

How can invalids, of the Monumental City, get to these Springs? Nothing in the world is easier. Step into an elegant car on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, early in the morning, and you will be transported to Harper's Ferry before 2 o'clock, 62 miles.—Here you will have leisure to breathe and to take a bird's-eye view of those beauties and sublimities of nature, so graphically described by the pen of the philosophic Jefferson. By this time, you will be summoned into the dining-room—I speak of Gibson's hotel, where you will find as sumptuous a repast, and as good attendance, as you will meet with at Bernum's or at Page's. From the table, you pass into a comfortable stage which is waiting, with four fleet horses, and a careful driver. In this, you are whirled onward, till it must be acknowledged, rather inconveniently, to Charlottesville, and set down at the Valley hotel. The inn-keeper, Mr. Carter, a polite and accommodating man, makes his appearance, and escorts you to the parlor. You relate to him your object. Without attempting to detain you, till the morrow, for the benefit of his own purse, he cheerfully and immediately sends off for a free colored man, whose chief business it seems to be, to convey company from Charlottesville to the Springs. In ten minutes he is before the door, with his little horse, drawn by two horses. In this vehicle you proceed to the Ferry, by which you cross the Shenandoah, and are brought on to the broadest part of the horse-shoe. Moving along the margin of the winding river, your ears are never greeted, for the first time, by its never ceasing murmur, occasioned by the passage of the food over the numberless rocks which oppose its progress. Twenty feet from the path, you see the health-giving fountain, whose waters incessantly bubble up from the earth beneath, and are surrounded by a circular block of sand-stone. In three minutes you are alight at your lodgings. The whole journey is performed in a single day, and with very little fatigue.

As you descend towards the Ferry, you see on the northern side of the hill, and near its base, a long two-story brick edifice, made snow-white by lime, and back of it, farther up the hill, a dozen or more small dwellings, mostly of wood, and much out of repair.—Back of these, and withdrawn a few rods from them, stand two one-story brick lodgments, separated each into four small convenient apartments.—These are the best private rooms belonging to the concern, and are preferred by those who love and seek retirement. The second story of the long edifice is divided into sixteen lodgings-rooms. The dining-room, in the first story, is eighty feet long and thirty wide. In this spacious apartment, the light-footed nymphs and joy-seeking swains often mingle in the giddy dance. The buildings are finished, so far as they can be said to be finished at all, in the cheapest and commonest style—comfort is consulted; but elegance is no where to be seen.

Who is the occupant of the establishment? A Mr. Thomas Cockrell, a plain, honest, industrious farmer, exceedingly accommodating, and ready to make any personal sacrifices, and so is his lady—to oblige their boarders. What fare can be furnished? Every thing which you ought to desire. Turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, and pigs innumerable are raised on the premises. Ham, eggs, beef, mutton, fish, salt and fresh, vegetables in abundance, the finest butter in the world, coffee and tea, may at all times be had.—Berries and fruit of all kinds, may, in their season, be procured. Can visitors find any amusement? Yes, many; such as any accord with their taste. Are you a pedestrian? You have an agreeable promenade of a mile on the banks of a stream, about as wide, but not so deep, as the Thames at London, but far more beautiful.—Are you an angler? The home of the perch, the sucker and the eel, is the Shenandoah—a boat and fishing apparatus are prepared, and a colored party are ready to attend you. Are you fond of hunting? Four or five fowling pieces are now standing in one of the rooms for your use. Do you like excursions on the water? A skill is at hand—you can go down the

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE IN CHILI.

The Cities of Concepcion and Talcahuana destroyed.

The New Bedford papers of Monday contain the particulars of a dreadful earthquake, or succession of earthquakes, which took place in Chili on the 20th of Feb., by which the cities of Concepcion and Talcahuana were destroyed, together with a great number of smaller towns. The number of lives lost, so far as ascertained, was 4 or 500; but it was supposed the actual number was much greater.

FROM THE NEW BEDFORD GAZETTE.

The ship Coral, Captain Whitten, arrived at this port on Saturday evening, bringing an account of a most distressing earthquake in and about the city of Concepcion, in Chili. She left the port of Talcahuana 6th of March. The first and most disastrous shock, occurred on the 20th of February. Of the large town of Concepcion not a building was left standing. Talcahuana, and five small villages in the harbor, were destroyed. After the first shock, the vessels in the bay were all left aground; but soon the sea rushed on in great rollers, and rising twenty-five or thirty feet, completely overflowed the land, sweeping away the ruins. Many persons were saved from untimely death by the active crew of the Coral. The shocks continued (three or four days) until the time the ship left. On the 22d, a large portion of the island of Corcovado, at the mouth of the bay, was swallowed up. The 26th of March, it was stated there, that from twenty-five to thirty towns, besides many small villages between Concepcion and the Cordillera, were scenes of complete ruin. From four to five hundred lives were lost just in that section of country, but the extent of the suffering is not yet known; probably three times that number have been buried in the ruins.

The condition of the people who formerly inhabited spacious and convenient dwellings, where now not even a brick is left to mark the spot, is one of the utmost suffering. The poor people who lived in the country in small reed huts have suffered but little. Their houses withstood the shocks, and to them is preserved a roof for shelter.—Those who, sed to the hills, erected little shanties, on the spots of land least broken up, and were compelled to be constantly at work procuring the food necessary to satisfy hunger.

The scene during the first shock was appalling.—The trembling of every thing around—the boiling of the sea, as when water is heated over a fire—the earth opening wide, giving forth the most terrific moans, and laboring with internal fires—buildings tottering in every direction—and now whole blocks of brick dwellings rock from their foundation. In their fall they

death, sink, with a tremendous crash, into the gaping earth, leaving no trace of their existence save memory and the smoke and ashes which arise from the confusion. The scene was one of thrilling and awful sublimity.

When the first intimation of the breaking up of the convulsed earth was received by the inhabitants of the cities and towns, they struck with horror, ran into the middle of the wide streets and knelt in fervent prayer to God to save them from threatening destruction. Our informant who was among the number, says that he saw families rush from their doors, and as they left their thresholds, their buildings, mostly of brick, came tumbling down after them. It is a most fortunate thing for the people of the country, that the shock came at midday. Had it taken place in the middle hour of the night, they would have been compelled to flee for safety without even the one suit of clothing they now have, making their sufferings much greater.

It is a matter of history, that between the years 1620 and 1752, five great earthquakes occurred in Chili. That on the 15th March, 1697, destroyed a great part of the capital; that of June 16, 1730, drove the sea against the City of Concepcion, and overthrew its walls; and that of May, 1761, completely destroyed that city, which was again inundated by the sea, and leveled with the ground all the fortresses and villages lying between lat. 34 and 40 south. The shocks continued at intervals more than a month. Not an individual human life, however, was lost on this occasion except some invalids, who were drowned in Concepcion. In 1741, Concepcion was rebuilt on the north side of the river Biobio, about a league from the sea. The submarine letter from a gentleman at Talcahuana, received at the Exchange News Room, contains the following interesting particulars:—"TALCAHUANA, MARCH 7, 1835. "On the morning of Friday, the 20th of February, 1835, about twenty minutes past 11 o'clock, we were visited by one of the most awful earthquakes ever experienced by the oldest inhabitants of this place. The morning was calm and serene, and will prove an ever memorable date to the many miserable souls who fled and are now inhabiting the barren hills. The first shock lasted about four minutes and a half, causing the mountains and valleys to roll like the waves of the sea. During the severity of the first shock (which was so great that a person could scarcely keep upright) I looked round a moment to meet my fate, but I am spared to be thankful, and may consider myself one of the fortunate in making my escape from the falling, but now prostrate ruins. Concepcion, a city containing 35,000 inhabitants, is one heap of ruins; being built principally of brick. There is not even one habitable dwelling left standing within the limits of the city, and for leagues around. The shock came from a south-east course, prostrating every thing in its way.

A number of small towns have been heard from in its course: Chillian, Talca, Arredand, Congos, Erras, Peural, St. Carlos, Valigos, and Angles, have all met the same fate. Talcahuana, the port of Concepcion, is completely demolished. It was not only shaken down, but the fragments of houses,

stores, &c. were afterwards swept away by the sea, which retired about fifteen minutes after the first shock, leaving the shipping then lying at anchor in the harbor entirely dry. It afterwards came in to a height of 20 feet above the level, overwhelming the whole place. Men, women, and children fled to the mountains, but many were overtaken and swept to the ocean by the returning waves, which completed the destruction of the town, depriving hundreds of families of a second garment, many of whom were in poor circumstances, but are now destitute. Furniture of all kinds was swept with the houses, not even leaving a vestige to confirm the owner of the situation of his former habitation, and it would require an eye-witness to be convinced of the immense devastation it has caused."

THE HUMBUNG.—The Virginians now find that Van Buren has humbugged them also. He never intended to have Rives nominated; he never intended to have a man of any strength, who could compete with him as to the succession, put in nomination. If elected, Van Buren never means to give up, while alive, and if he is compelled to surrender, he has his successor in this State already in his eye. The line of succession he intends to keep in his own hands, if he can get the people in electing him. The campaign is opened, and we shall take up on the subject to-morrow.—(Vindicta.)

MR. LEIGH.

The Van Buren prints are making themselves very busy in reference to the course of this gentleman. What will Mr. Leigh do? says one. What will Mr. Leigh do? is echoed back again. These gentlemen are so impatient to make arrangements for filling Mr. Leigh's place, that they overstep the limits of decency in their anxiety. If we may be allowed to speak from our knowledge of Mr. Leigh's character, we will say that he will do whatever a high-souled and genuine Virginian ought to do. Every one knows he cares nothing about office—it is an absolute sacrifice to him to continue in it. No more place can give him importance, or add to the true lustre of his character. But Mr. Leigh knows too well what is due to himself—what is due to his friends—what is due to the great principles of civil liberty—to suffer himself to be driven from his post by political harpies, until it is clearly demonstrated, that he will not be allowed to maintain those principles for which Virginia has always contended. Do these "Spoils"-loving gentlemen expect Mr. Leigh to surrender his place into their hands, while he is laboring under the heat and thirst of desire for it? Do they expect him to plead guilty to their infamous calumnies upon him—and go with with the stigma of Bankism, &c., stamped upon his forehead? Do they expect him to yield to the odium of his false issues, and retire with the acknowledgment that he is not true to the principles of Virginia? In what particular does he differ with Virginia? In what instance has he failed to maintain her doctrines, and gallantly defend her honor?

Let the Legislature instruct him to oppose the present Bank, or any other National Bank, and he can obey in perfect accordance with his own sentiments and those of the State. Let him be instructed to oppose appropriations to Internal improvement by Congress, and he obeys with perfect consistency. Let them instruct him to oppose a Tariff for protection, and he can obey readily and conscientiously. Let him be instructed upon any one of the great constitutional questions upon which Virginia has based her action, and he can represent her truly, faithfully, ably.—But when he is instructed to surrender all these to debate himself and the noble Old Dominion, for whose glory and prosperity he has labored so faithfully, then he cannot obey: When he shall be instructed to make her a tributary to a set of jugglers and knaves, to bow her neck to Martin Van Buren's yoke, to prostrate her principles at the footstool of a despot; to give an indiscriminate and undistinguished support to all the measures of the Administration, to go for men instead of principles—then, the hungry pack may get his place, to gorge the appetites of some unprincipled Kormoran. Not until all this shall have been done, can "the party" be gratified—not until they have so far degraded themselves, and their State, as to direct him to vote for Benton's expunging resolution, need they fix their hearts upon his seat.

Mr. Leigh, though he personally dislikes public office, and though compelled to make sacrifices in retaining it, cannot resign, until the contingencies have been mentioned shall have happened.—He cannot give up the works of liberty to the Goths and Vandals, without a struggle. It is not in character with him to desert the post of danger. Mr. Rives and Mr. Stevenson must, if they are so keen for place, look to other sources—take whatever King Andrew may offer them in the meanwhile, for the sovereignty of Virginia is not yet ready to surrender to them. He who was not deemed worthy to be placed above R. M. Johnson, cannot have such imposing claims to Mr. Leigh's seat; and the man who could basely truckle to the dictates of the miscalled National Convention, and agree to recommend Johnson to the people of Virginia, in opposition to the feelings of his colleagues, cannot be entrusted with honors from Virginia, until she becomes vile, prostituted, base and unmindful of her ancient renown and her hitherto spotless reputation.

HOLT'S CONCOCTED ELOQUENCE.

When we heard Mr. JOSEPH HOLT'S speech in the late Van Buren Convention, we thought, from the general appearance of the man, that he was only reciting a previously concocted effort. He was pale and very much agitated with fright through the whole of the performance. No man who saw him, we will venture to say, could believe that his speech was an extemporaneous affair, conceived and delivered on the impulse of the moment. It was evident to the Ohio and Kentucky delegates that Rives' claims would be pushed in the Convention. Holt prepared for the occasion. Lytle prepared to make his speech, while he sat by his side and applauded him, after which he took the floor himself in defence of Old Tecumseh, whom he classically denominated "an old dray horse."—This, however, he left out of his printed speech. But Holt was so scared that he forgot two or three whole paragraphs of his, which not being in the speech as written, were, however, inserted in the printed one, and therefore not lost to the world. This would undoubtedly have all passed off very well, as those who doubted would have let their doubts go to rest. But in an unlucky moment for Mr. Holt, the Editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Journal let the "cat out of the bag," and spoiled all the pleasant dreams of the unknowing ones.—The Editor of the Journal says: "It is said that a Louisville delegate to the Baltimore Convention intends making a terrific speech during the session of that body. He need not trouble himself to send copies of it to his fellow citizens here. They have heard him howling in garrets and cellars for the last two months. They know it by heart."

MR. RITCHIE vs. THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Wonder surely, will never cease! Amos Kendall has been made a minister of State—and Thomas Ritchie has abandoned, and is now in open hostility to "the Republican party!" What is to happen next? Is the country to be freed from the domination of rogues and free mulattoes or is chaos about to come again? Something wonderful, or horrible, surely, is about to take place. The words echo with an awful import in every corner of the room; and we almost lose the capacity to write in the tumult which the very thought occasions! Thomas Ritchie against the Republican party! This is republicanism dead! Yes, gentle reader, "if you have tears, prepare to shed them," for the Republican party is dead!—split right in two. How we hear every one talk at once and many, perhaps, believe this is another "panic speech." But it is not so—as we will briefly shew. It will be recollected, that, prior to the last Presidential Election, a large portion of "the Republican party" thought of Mr. Van Buren as a small portion of it now do of Col. Johnson—viz: that he was not the man "to carry out their principles"—and while, therefore, they went for Jackson, they went against Van, and for Barbour as Vice President. Instantly they were denounced by Ritchie & Co. as "enemies to the Republican party," whose object was, by a split ticket, to divide and destroy it,—and even Judge Barbour himself was scolded at and derided by his quondam allies—and, under terror of the denunciation, most of his friends were compelled to desert him and he to desert them—that is, they mutually ran away from each other, to save their own lives and the life of the Republican party. A few remained upon the ground, and plead as softly as the Enquirer now does, for leave to support the Hero, and not Van, and yet be

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CHESAPEAKE TOWNSHIP. THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1836.

THE CUE.

The prompter has at length opened his mouth. Mr. Ritchie says, "I shall go for Martin Van Buren, as President of the United States—but not for Richard M. Johnson. With all our respect for this gentleman, we cannot support him for that office." He then advises his brethren to keep cool, to say nothing "in haste" against the "General" to wait for the chances of "conciliation and concert" through the agency of Legislative Caucuses, &c. &c. If, however, the party cannot be united upon a candidate for the Vice Presidency, "we must nominate our own Electors, with instructions to vote for Mr. Van Buren, and with discretionary power" respecting the Vice Presidency.

So, "sly" is the word. The "small fry" who have run up the Johnson flag, must take it down.—The feast served up, by delegates "fresh from the people," cannot be swallowed. Legislative Caucuses must try to cook one that will not, by its rankness, disturb the delicate olfactory of the Southern Democracy.

THE NOMINATIONS.

For months before the assembling of the late convention in this city, it was known that Martin Van Buren would be the candidate named for the presidency—but there was more uncertainty as to the individual to be selected for the vice-presidency—for, although it was generally believed that the nomination had been promised to Col. R. M. Johnson, and that he was the acceptable man to Mr. Van Buren, yet there existed great doubt, whether even a drilled convention of office-holders could be induced so far to outrage the moral feeling of the community, as to place his name as a candidate for the second office under the government. But since they have disregarded those considerations which should have influenced them to reject the pretensions of the public press to inform the public of the true character of the man, for whom their suffrages are solicited. Our readers are no doubt aware that a society exists in New York and elsewhere, professing to be the followers of Fanny Wright, who deny the existence of a God, advocate the amalgamation of whites and blacks, and ridicule the obligations of the marriage contract. Their names have been established to sustain these atheistical and abominable doctrines, one of which is published in Boston by a man named Kneeland, termed the Boston Investigator. This paper is filled with ridicule of the christian religion, and with arguments to prove the non-existence of a God.—What would be thought of a convention that should reward the blasphemous editor of this infamous print with a nomination for the vice-presidency, or for any office of respectability? Would the people sanction the nomination? Could any party, possessing self-respect or patriotic feeling, be drilled into the support of such a man? No! He would be universally spurned with detestation and horror. And yet, when a disciple of this school—when Richard M. Johnson, who is a practical amalgamationist—who eulogizes the Investigator, as a most valuable paper—and points to his own domicile for demonstration of the sincerity of his devotion to Fanny Wright's principles—when he is nominated for the vice-presidency, the servile press of the party hail the announcement with shouts, and place his name at the head of their columns in triumph.—But will the people consent thus to abolish distinctions of color, and break down all the moral and religious obligations which bind society together? Will they permit the supporter of an atheistical paper, and the open denier of all distinctions between white and black females—to be elevated to the vice-presidency, and to exhibit his ebony-colored progeny to the admiring gaze of the world? No!—We are not yet prepared for this humiliating spectacle.

In pledging Maryland to the support of Col. Johnson, the delegation of this state degraded themselves and their constituents, and made a promise which they cannot redeem. Maryland will not support him—for, whatever may be their party attachments, they will have too much respect for their wives and children, to degrade them to the level of Colonel Johnson's negroes and her copper-colored descendants.

A Compliment—Good Feeling.

The Baltimore American copies a recent notice we made of the Potomac Aqueduct, and prefaces it with the following remark:—(Alex. Gaz.) "The town of Alexandria really merits success for the efforts it is making to be a partaker of the benefits of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Its people, although limited as to numbers, possess a degree of public spirit in matters relating to the welfare of their town, which cannot fall, sooner or later, to bring them a full return of advantage. The work spoken of in the following paragraph is that by which the Canal is designed to be carried from Georgetown across the Potomac to the upper end of the Alexandria Canal."

MR. ROBERT PEEL'S

As the shortest administration ever known in England—only 116 days.

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THE FREE PRESS.

CHESAPEAKE TOWNSHIP. THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1836.

While we say that our neighbor is unappealing, we are not speaking the matter of the 29th ult. We and commissioners instance cited by the did not speak at all still say that there is saying this, we of the Editor himself able gentlemen" in information. We that they are under With respect to there was only one "one or two," we omitted. This we nor by our "personal grossness of the poll inspection of the poll that the name of the down; but that it we voter, coming after knew that the circulation had been appointed the success, immediately follow. This was sub-vote was not admitted by each clerk, with of the paper; but it numbers opposite to before any vote was page. This any one of the poll-books the 22d ult. convey language can, that stand as a good one on all after the an examination, we one that the sheriff denied that their do-fidelity and promissory denial that as to by the Republic.

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We employ an egregiously inco-the Free Press nearly appears, a him, to use his different things. An Editor, that "unintelligible nothing but the MELLANS. Mr. SAUNDERS, a few weeks ago died on the 28th Cumberland. Mr. SAUNDERS was peculiarly his gun, and pl-wagon. Someto have a shot, of the wra-did he get in the right hand, rath-shoulder was shotted amputated to join effect. The decease was related to The deceased man; and his her orphan child.

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