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THE WASHINGTON WHIG

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Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates.

Miscellany.

THE HILL OF LIFE.

ARMINE became acquainted with his own existence in the valley of Childhood. His couch was composed of roses, and canopied over by the boughs of the orange and the myrtle. Bubbling springs were seen among the flowers, and the melody of birds was heard amid the branches. The Hill of Life appeared before him, and he set his face towards the summit of the mountain. The ascent is known by the name of Youth: it was easy and delightful. A female form of the most angelic appearance was his constant companion: her name was Hope. She strewed his path with flowers: and her presence shed abroad the sunshine of cheerfulness and joy. She led him forward by the hand: and distant objects, when pointed out by her finger, assumed a supernatural and celestial brilliancy. When he lay down to repose, poppies were strewed on his pillow; and when he awoke, his heavenly companion, entranced his eyes with her magical mirror of ravishing delights. Sometimes he turned aside into the garden of pleasure, and bathed in the rivers of sensual delight; but when he heard at a distance the loud but mellow voice of the trumpet of Fame, which sounded on the top of the mountain, he broke loose from the allurements of pleasure, determined to acquire more substantial bliss, by heroic exertions.

When he had gained the last stages of the ascent, he was met by a restless being, of a dark and forbidding countenance: her name was Care. She pressed him into her company, and attempted to engross his attention. But her familiar approaches were forbidden by Hope; and she contented herself with fitting about in his view at a distance.

The summit of the mountain is an elevated plain, known by the name of Manhood. It commands an extensive prospect on every side; but these views are not all equally delightful. When you stand on the mountain and cast your eyes backward to the valley of Childhood, the mind is overpowered by conflicting emotions. You review with delight the wanderings of infancy in the valley of roses; but this enjoyment is mixed with an inexpressible sentiment of sorrow and regret: the thought of joys never to be repeated, and of pleasures forever gone!

The ascent of Youth is viewed still with less complacency. The aberrations, in this part of the journey, give to the prospect a bitterness and gloom that cloud the enjoyment. "Sweet humble vale!" said Armine, looking through the long vista of Youth, to the commencement of his journey, "Sweet humble vale! your delights are forever vanished! your pleasures can never return!"

Having thus said, he turned himself around to take a view of the elevated plain on which he stood. The face of the country was various: some parts were covered with thistles and thorns; and others were crowned with proud forests of oak, and groves of towering poplars. In some parts were to be seen "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces;" and in others, the sordid and miserable "huts of cheerless poverty." Some of the inhabitants build houses of marble, as though their residence in the place were never to have an end; while multitudes are crowded in cottages of clay. Dark clouds hang continually over the mountain: some contemplate their appearance with calmness, but others view them with horror and dismay.

A philosopher, who sat, with the utmost composure, on the point of a rock, and viewed the shifting of the clouds through a perspective, beckoned Armine to approach. He obeyed. "I perceive," said the philosopher, "by your countenance, that you have lately gained the summit of the

mountain." Armine assented. "Well," continued the sage, "you will remain here awhile: I have, for my part, been many years a resident on this plain; and must speedily descend on the other side of the hill. I observed you, just now, looking back on the valley of Childhood: have you an objection to take a view of the opposite descent?" Armine was silent. The philosopher took him by the hand and led him to the brow of the hill. "The declivity," said he, "as you may perceive, is much greater on this side than on the other: it is called the Decline of Life. It has but a dreary appearance: The descent is rapid into the valley of Old Age; and in that valley, rolls the black, sluggish, and bottomless River of Death." Having thus spoken, he sighed, and immediately began to descend. Armine called after him with a loud voice, saying, "Is the river without a shore? Are there no green fields on the other side, where a weary traveller may find lasting repose?" The philosopher turned round, and looked upon Armine. There was an expression of sadness upon his countenance. "No traveller has returned," said he, "to give us any intelligence. There is, without doubt, a country on the other side of the water: I have had a glimpse of it myself; but those who are swallowed up by the River of Death, are, in all probability, carried by the rapidity of the current into the Dead Sea of eternal oblivion." Having thus said, he pursued his way down the mountain. Armine observed him, for some time, in his descent: and took notice that, having proceeded a little way, he found a green place on the side of the hill, where there was a spring of water. Having refreshed himself, he sat down to rest; and immediately began to examine the nature of the grass, which was the production of so fertile a soil. He continued this employment for some time, and then took out his pocket perspective, and observed the movement of the clouds, with as much composure as he had formerly done on the summit of the mountain. "Wonderful elasticity of the human mind!" exclaimed Armine, as he turned round from the contemplation of the Decline of Life. "Wonderful elasticity of the human mind, which cases it to yield to the pressure of circumstances! — which enables it to support with tranquillity the greatest possible misfortunes!"

Care now became the constant companion of Armine, though he was still accompanied by Hope. Hope had lost a great part of her magical power, but still was able to soften the influence of Care, and calm the occasional perturbations of his mind. He adopted various schemes for passing the time of his continuance on the mount; but the issue of every one was the same—disappointment. Sometimes he joined the votaries of pleasure; and sometimes, the lovers of wisdom. Pleasures ended in smoke; and knowledge was the parent of despair. Sometimes he employed himself in gathering together the glittering stones that may be found on the summit of the mountain; but the exertion, necessary in this contemptible pursuit, was painful in the extreme. He then endeavored to derive amusement from dispersing abroad what he had collected together: and the issue of the whole was 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'

The Temple of Fame stood on a rugged promontory of the mountain, which was suspended over the black and putrid waters of Infamy. The building was magnificent beyond description; its summit was hid in the clouds. The voice of the goddess was heard from the temple, inviting the approaches of all; but the attempt to obey the invitation was attended with danger. Every one who was desirous to enter, in order to leave some memorial of having performed the journey of life; but few, very few, were found able to surmount the obstacles which impeded the entrance. The daring adventurer, whose heart beat high with the love of glory, pressed forward through dangers of every description. Frightful rocks and yawning caverns; giants of tremendous dimensions, and spectres of terrific forms, opposed his progress. Envy, Malice, Hatred, Anger, Slander, Revenge, and a thousand others, armed with "fire-brands, arrows, and death," stood in array against him. The hero who broke through their ranks and entered the temple covered with blood was received with shouts of joy and the sound of the trumpet.

Armine essayed to enter: but Poverty, a gaunt and haggard monster, effectually baffled every attempt, and drove him away

from the precincts of the building. Here he was seized by Disease, who hurried him away to the east of the mountain.

As he passed down the Decline of Life, every thing wore a gloom of despondence. Dark clouds hung over his head; and nothing was heard but the screaming of the raven from the "lightning-blasted oak," and the hooting of the owl from the mouldering turret. He entered the valley of Old Age. The air became dark. The funeral cypress overshadowed his path.

Weary and dejected, he tottered along, until, ere he was aware, he stood on the banks of the River. A thick fog, an everlasting cloud, rested on the face of the waters. Nothing was to be seen. Nothing was to be heard: It was the reign of Darkness, Silence, Inanity, Death. While he yet lingered, he received a last visit from the companion of his youth. Hope appeared, arrayed in a robe of resplendent whiteness. She directed her hand toward the opposite side of the river. The clouds broke away for a moment. He had, or fancied he had, a glimpse of a brighter region. Time hurried him into the stream; and he was heard of no more.

The fifty-second number of the Edinburgh Review contains a very entertaining article on the Narrative of Robert Adams, an American sailor, who was detained as a slave for several years in the interior of Africa. He sailed from America in June, 1810, in the ship Charles, and proceeding on a trading voyage to the coast of Africa, was shipwrecked near Cape Blanco, 400 miles to the northward of Senegal. The whole crew were there made prisoners by a tribe of Moors. A short time afterwards Adams, with a Portuguese, named Stevens, while on a slaving expedition was captured, with his masters, by a large party of negroes, and sent as prisoners to Tombuctoo, to be sold. He remained at this place six months, and the most important part of his narrative relates to this celebrated city. The size, population, wealth, and civilization of this city have been, according to Adams' account, extravagantly exaggerated. It is large in extent, but the houses are much scattered. The King and the Queen, Woola and Fatima, are old, with grey hair, and the latter excessively fat, and dressed in blue nankin. The palace is of mud, and excessively mean. The largest vessels are canoes ten feet long. The soil is easily cultivated, and only with a hoe. The principal food is Guinea corn, ground between two stones, boiled, and eaten with goat's milk. No knives, spoons, or other utensils are used at their meals. They have no outward appearances of religion; no house of worship; no priests. They have no shops; the goods imported remain in the king's palace until sold. Adams thinks that no white man had ever been at Tombuctoo before him! From the information he received, and from the curiosity that his colour excited.

After about six months they were ransomed by a party of Moors, land after a distressing journey over the desert, and a variety of interesting adventures, arrived at Wadinanon, where Adams was detained as a slave for a long time, and shockingly maltreated. At length he was ransomed by Mr. Dupuis, the British Vice-Consul at Mogadore. From Mogadore he proceeded to Fez, and thence, under the care of the American Consul, to Cadiz, where he arrived May 17, 1814. After remaining more than a year at Cadiz, he proceeded to Gibraltar, in pursuit of a passage to his native country, but being disappointed, he worked his passage to London. He remained there a short time in extreme poverty and misery. Being accidentally discovered by some gentlemen, who had heard something of his adventures, he was carried to the office of the African committee. He afterwards underwent various examinations, although very reluctant to delay his embarkation for America, by a number of gentlemen, from the result of which examinations the narrative is compiled. A variety of circumstances are related, as tests of the credibility of Adams, all of which are so decidedly conclusive in his favour, that there is very little reason to doubt his veracity, or the general accuracy of his narrative.

The following is an extract from the part of the narrative which describes the journey of 29 days across the Desert, from Tudenog to Vled Duleim, during which, they did not meet with a human being, or see a tree or shrub, or even a blade of grass. They suffered greatly from food and wa-

ter, the season being uncommonly dry, and the usual watering places failing.

"The Moors who had been in confinement at Tombuctoo, becoming every day weaker, three of them in the four following days lay down, unable to proceed. They were then placed upon the camels; but continual exposure to the excessive heat of the sun, and the uneasy motion of the camels, soon rendered them unable to support themselves, and towards the end of the second day they made another attempt to pursue their journey on foot, but could not. The next morning at day-break they were found dead on the sand, in the place where they had lain down at night, and were left behind without being buried. The next day another of them lay down, and like his late unfortunate companions, was left to perish. But on the following day, one of the Moors determined to remain behind, in the hope that he who had dropped the day before, might still come up, and be able to follow the party. Some provisions were left for him. At this time it was expected, what proved to be the fact, that they were within a day's march of their town; but neither of the men ever afterwards made his appearance; and Adams has no doubt that they perished."

Bost. D. Adv.

Nashville (Ten.) Oct. 2.

Gen. Jackson is expected in Nashville the last of this week. We understand he has succeeded in securing the object of his mission to the southern tribes of Indians. From the Chickasaws, it is said, he has procured a relinquishment of all the lands they claimed north of the Tennessee river, amounting to at least ten millions of acres it is conjectured, and also their claims to part of the Creek cession, for which he covenants in behalf of the United States to give them \$10,000 yearly for ten years. This cession is important to Tennessee and Kentucky, and will enable the government to bring into market some very valuable lands in Tennessee and the Mississippi Territory. From the Cherokees he obtained a relinquishment of all the claim they have in the lands considered as included in the Creek cession, and the reserves north of the Tennessee river, for which he covenants to give 10,000 dollars a year for eight years. The Indians settled on farms, to be secured the peaceable possession of them, or paid for their improvements.—

Clarion.

Grand Lodge of New Jersey.

THE annual communication of the Grand Lodge of N. Jersey, will be held at their Hall in the city of Trenton, on Tuesday the 12th day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M.

Rd. L. BEATTY, Grand Secretary.

October 5, 1816. Oct. 21-31.

The editors of the several Newspapers in the state are requested to insert the above notice three times in their respective papers and forward their accmpts to the G. Treasurer.

Cumberland Orphans' Court.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1816.

JOHN DONALLY, administrator of Abraham Prickett, deceased; David O. Garrison, administrator of Josiah Parvin, deceased; and William Davis, administrator of John Lake, deceased, having severally exhibited to this court duly attested, a just and true account of the personal estates of said decedents, and also an account of the debts and credits so far as they can be discovered, by which accounts it appears that the personal estates of said decedents are insufficient to pay said debts. Therefore, on application of the said John Donally, David O. Garrison, and William Davis, setting forth that the said Abraham Prickett, Josiah Parvin, and John Lake, died severally seized of lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estates, in the county of Cumberland aforesaid, and praying the aid of the court in the premises.

Also at the term aforesaid, Elizabeth Maul, guardian of Anna Maul, Robert Maul, John G. Maul and Statira Maul, and Sarah Garrison, guardian of Deborah S. Garrison, setting forth that their said wards have no personal estates, and praying the court to order and decree the sale of the real estates of said minors for their support and maintenance.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estates of said decedents, and said minors, do appear before the judges of this court on the first day of November Term next, and show cause if any they have, why the whole of the real estates of said decedents should not be sold for the payment of debts which remain unpaid, and why the whole of the real estates of said minors should not be sold for their support and maintenance.

T. ELMER, Clk.

October 14th, 1816—2m

NOTICE.

Persons indebted to the editor of this paper, either for subscription to the *Washington Whig*, or for advertisements, are requested to make immediate payment.—The subscription, agreeably to the terms, was to have been paid in advance. Sixteen months have elapsed since the establishment went into operation, and many of our subscribers have as yet paid not a cent.—Mr. Schultz, in the absence of the editor, is authorised to receive whatever may be due.—It is hoped that this notice may be sufficient.

The Election for Representatives to Congress and Electors of President and Vice-President, takes place on the first Tuesday in November next, and the day following. The following is the Ticket agreed on at the State Convention.

FOR CONGRESS.

- CHARLES KINSEY**, of Essex.
JOHN LINN, of Sussex.
HENRY SOUTHARD, of Somerset,
BENJAMIN BENNET, of Monmouth.
JOSEPH BLOOMFIELD, of Burlington.
EPHRAIM BATEMAN, of Cumberland.
- FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.**
LEWIS MOORE, of Bergen.
BENJAMIN LUDLOW,
DAVID WELSH, of Morris.
AARON VANSYCKEL, of Hunterdon.
JOHN CROWELL, of Middlesex.
CHARLES OGDEN, of Gloucester.
DANIEL GARRISON, of Salem.
WILLIAM ROSSELL, of Burlington.

For the *Washington Whig*.
A SOLILOQUY.

'Tis past the midnight hour, and many a mile
My faithful steed has measured, since the sun
Rode post haste down the acc'dental sky,
And left me in this dark and bushy wild,
To grope my weary way to Bridgetown
Through sands, unmatched, but by Arabia's
desert,
And left from undulating motion only
By tufts of pine; that partly shade the surface,
And in whose roots a resinous matter's found,
That oozing out cements the sterile soil,
And close confines the dirty dust below.
I'll cheer up to my hobbling jade, and see
If he can raise a trot: come, Dergan, whist!
Poor soul! full well he knows this arduous way,—
The grinding wheels make melancholy music,
And slow and solemn is my lonely march.—
Tacita reigns,—and silent as her admonition,
No more I'll whistle, and no more I'll sing
Nor crack my pliant whip, to urge poor Dergan;
But, with my head reclin'd, muse o'er the past.—
What have I seen to-day? what have I not,
If rightly understood? The dawning morn of life,
And then its fatal night, have pass'd before me
In tearful demonstration. Scarcæ had Phæbus
Lit up his fires to gild the orient heavens,
Ere 'twas my happy lot to witness—*Whoa!*
What demon now has terrified my horse?
I see no broken bridge nor log across the way—
He hears—and stamps—and now he flies the road—
Whoa—Whoa— what—what's here? I'll hold your
head,
And spy out, if I can, what is the cause
Of all this rare disturbance. Hark,—what noise?
What son of sorrow's moaning voice is this,
That at this gloomy hour assails my ear?
Stand fast here, Dergan—while I reconnoitre—
Here lies a man, or something in his shape—
His neck stretch'd fair across the narrow wheel
road.—
Death sure had been his portion, but for this
That brutes are kinder towards their fellow
brutes,
Than man towards man.—My noble horse,
Whose pulses vibrate generosity and good,
Possesses magnanimity at envious rate,
Elsè he had stamp'd this man, so wide expos'd,
And with a snatch of wheel, made one decapita-
tion.
O wretched man! how narrow his escape!
Did he but know the dangers that he pass'd,
No more he'd hazard such an enterprise.
How oft do supervening accidents
Check the progressive movement of our plans:
I had begun a careful retrospect
Of this day's operations, when a scene
Broke in upon my view—obscured the past,
And changed the current of my meditations.
The lowering skies forebode a rising storm,
And dark and darker seems my tedious way.
O were my eyes constructed like the owls,

Ed dash along, nor quite so careful heed
The troublous stumps, by laz' overseers
Left half concealed in highways hereabouts,
For no one purpose but to vex the traveller.—
But nature will not play so wild a game,
For such a trifling purpose as 'twould be,
To change our powers of vision for the sake
Of gratifying those who hate to grub.
The pines and sands are left far in the rear,
And now I see the hills that bound the town.
The storm is gathering fast, and now the rain
In drops at distant intervals descend—
Speed on my faithful brute—speed swiftly on,
Soon shall you rest, and drink and eat, and sleep,
And I too, wearied and almost worn down,
Will seek my couch, and sink in slumber there,
Safe from the stormy blast, and free from toil
and care.

Bridgetown, Oct. 23d.

LEONARDO.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

The following well told story, is extracted from the *Life of Marion*, an interesting little book recently published.

“About this time we received a flag from the enemy in Georgetown, S. C. the object of which was to make some arrangement about the exchange of prisoners. The flag after the usual ceremony of blind-folding, was conducted into Marion's encampment. Having heard great talk about general Marion, his fancy had naturally enough sketched out for him some stout figure of a warrior, such as O'Hara, or Cornwallis himself, of martial aspect and flaming regimentals. But what was his surprise, when led into Marion's presence? and the bandage taken from his eyes, he beheld in our hero, a swarthy smoke dried little man, with scarcely enough of thread-bare homespun to cover his nakedness; and, instead of tall ranks of gaily dressed soldiers, a handful of sun-burnt, yellow-legged militia-men, some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black fire locks and powder-horns, lying by them on the logs. Having recovered a little from his surprise, he presented his letter to general Marion, who perused it, and soon settled every thing to his satisfaction.

The officer took up his hat to retire.

“Oh no!” said Marion—“it is now about our time of dining: and I hope, sir, you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner.”

At mention of the word *dinner*, the British officer looked round him, but to his great mortification, could see no sign of a pot, pari, Dutch-oven, or any other cooking utensil that could raise the spirits of a hungry man.

“Well, Tom,” said the general to one of his men, “come give us our dinner.”

The dinner to which he alluded, was no other than a heap of sweet potatoes, that were very saugly roasting under the embers, and which Tom, with his pine stick poker, soon liberated from their ashy confinement: pinching them every now and then with his fingers, especially the big ones, to see whether they were well done or not. Then, having cleansed them of the ashes, partly by blowing them with his breath, end partly by brushing them with the sleeve of his old cotton shirt, he piled some of the best on a large piece of bark, and placed them between the British Officer and Marion, on the trunk of the fallen pine, on which they sat.

“I fear, sir,” said the general, “our dinner will not prove so palatable to you as I could wish;—but it is the best we have.”

The officer, who was a well bred man, took up one of the potatoes and offered to feed, as if he had found a great dainty; but it was very plain that he ate more from good manners than good appetite.

Presently he broke out into a hearty laugh. Marion looked surpris'd. “I beg pardon, general,” said he, “but one cannot, you know, always command one's conceits. I was thinking how drollly some of my brother officers would look, if our government were to give them such a bill of fare as this.”

“I suppose,” replied Marion, “it is not equal to their style of dining.”

“No, indeed, quoth the officer, “And this, I imagine, is one of your accidental lent dinners—a sort of *ban yan*.” In general, no doubt, you live a great deal better.”

“Rather worse,” answered the general—“for often we don't get enough of this.”

“Heavens!” rejoined the officer, “But probably what you lose in *meal* you make up in *walt*, though stinted in *provisions*, you draw noble *pay*.”

“Not a cent, sir,” said Marion, “not a cent.”

“Heavens and earth! then you must be in a bad box. I don't see, general, how you can stand it.”

“Why sir,” replied Marion, with a smile of self approbation, “these things depend on feeling.”

The Englishman said, “he did not believe it would be an easy matter to reconcile his feelings to a soldier's life on gen. Marion's terms—*all fighting, no pay, and no provisions but potatoes*.”

“Why, sir,” answered the general, “the *heart is all*; and when that is much interested, a man can do any thing. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years. But let him be over head and ears in love, and with such a beautiful sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years servitude than young Jacob did. Well now this is exactly my case. I am in love—and my sweetheart is LIBERTY. Be that heavenly nymph my champion, and these woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches, nor his host of excisemen and tax gatherers, insulting and robbing; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign—gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness—planting my vineyards and eating their delicious fruits—sowing my fields, and reaping the golden grain—and seeing millions of brothers all around me, equally free and happy as myself.—This, sir, is what I long for.”

The officer replied, “that both as a man and a Briton, he must certainly subscribe to this as a happy state of thing?”

“Happy,” quoth Marion, “yes, happy indeed; and I would rather fight for such blessings for my country and feed on roots, than keep aloof though wallowing in all the luxuries of Solomon. For now, sit, I walk the soil that gave me birth; and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I look upon these venerable trees, around me, and feel that I do not dishonor them. I think of my own sacred rights, and rejoice that I have not basely deserted them. And when I look forward to the long, long ages of posterity, I glory in the thought that I am fighting their battles. The children of distant generations may never hear my name: but still it gladdens my heart to think that I am now contending for their *freedom*, with all its countless blessings.”

I looked at Marion as he uttered these sentiments, and fancied I felt as when he heard the last words of the brave de Kalb.

The Englishman hung his honest head and looked, I thought, as if he had seen the upbraiding ghosts of his illustrious countrymen, Sidney and Mauden.

On his return to Georgetown he was asked by colonel Watson why he looked so serious.

“I have cause, sir,” said he, to “look so serious.”

“What! has general Marion refused to treat?”

No, sir.

Well, then has old Washington defeated sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?”

“No, sir, not that neither; but worse.”

“Ah! what can, be worse?”

“Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers, without *yay*, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking *water*; and all for LIBERTY! What chance have we against such men!”

It is said colonel Watson was not much obliged to him for his speech. But the young officer was so struck with Marion's sentiments, that he never rested until he threw up his commission, and retired from the service.

From the New Orleans Gazette.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the citizens of New Orleans, held on Thursday, the 19th of September, 1816, agreeably to notice in the public prints, in consequence of the late warlike and atrocious attack upon the honour of the American flag by three ships of war belonging to the king of Spain.

The hon. JOSHUA LEWIS was called to the chair, and PETER K. WAGNER appointed Secretary.

The object for which the meeting was called having been briefly stated, the following resolutions were moved, and the sense of the meeting having been separately taken upon them, they were carried unanimously, with the exception of the last, which however was adopted by a very large majority.

Resolved, That the cowardly attack made by the Spanish squadron upon a small vessel of war of the United States, on the high seas, excites our highest indignation; that the circumstances which accompanied and followed this attack, are calculated to inflict a lasting wound on the honor of the nation, if suffered to go unrevenged.

Resolved, That the indignities and even stripes inflicted on our brave seamen, when, not expecting any hostility, they had put themselves in the power of an overwhelming force, must corrode the mind of every American, until the remembrance shall be erased by ample expiation.

Resolved, That the assertion of the exclusive right to navigate any part of the high seas, set up by the officers of Spain, is as ridiculous as it is insolent; and if not abandoned; ought to be resisted with the whole force of the nation.

Resolved, That should a recourse be had

to arms, to procure satisfaction for these injuries and insults, we will cheerfully incur the risks and make the sacrifices incident to such a state of things, and hereby pledge ourselves to our government to support the measures they may think fit to adopt on that subject.

Resolved, That the king of Spain, in demanding of the United States, through his minister Don Onis, a cession of part of the territory of the state of Louisiana, evinced, as well a disposition to find pretexts for hostility with the United States, as an utter disregard for the solemn obligation of treaties, and that we never will consent to the surrender of any portion of our fellow citizens, to the dominions of corruption, cruelty and superstition.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to transmit these resolutions to the president of the United States, together with a respectful address, declaring our readiness to support him in such measures as he may adopt to obtain satisfaction for the late violations of our flag; and Messrs. Duncan, Grymes and Davezac are appointed said committee.

Resolved, That it is our opinion that the commanding naval officer on this station ought to proceed to take immediate satisfaction for the insult offered to a vessel under his command, and to the flag of his country; and that if he should have taken steps to inflict a prompt and adequate punishment upon the authors, we highly approve the same, and feel the greatest confidence that his doing so will meet the approbation of his government and his countrymen in all parts of the union.

JOSHUA LEWIS, Chairman.

PETER K. WAGNER, Secretary.

Washington, Oct. 22.

The public feeling appears to have been strongly excited by the late news from New Orleans, of a rencontre between one of our vessels and a Spanish squadron; and the hope has been repeatedly expressed that our government would take prompt measures for redress of this and prevention of future similar indignities. The public may rest assured, that there is nothing like indifference felt on this subject at the seat of government.

All our naval force in that neighborhood has been directed to put to sea to protect our flag from insult; and, lest hostilities should be serious intended, the Congress frigate, Captain MORRIS, has been ordered to cruise in that sea. Our naval force, thus strengthened, leaves nothing to fear from continued hostility, if it be mediated. Measures will also of course be taken to secure a reparation for the injury sustained, prompt and proportionate to the importance and aggravation of character which shall appear, on examination, properly to attach to it.

VERMONT ELECTION.

The Legislature of Vermont met on Thursday of last week. On counting the votes it appeared the Gov. Galusha, had a majority of 3170. Republican majority in Assembly 40.—William A. Griswold, speaker, William D. Smith, clerk, William Slade, jr. secretary of state.

New York, Oct. 21.

Late from Buenos Ayres.

The brig *Regent*, Bartlett, which arrived here yesterday, sailed from Buenos Ayres on the 1st of September. Capt. Bartlett informs us that all was quiet there. The dissensions which had existed were amicably settled, and all parties had submitted to the new independent government. The Spanish and Portuguese expeditions had not arrived.

STORM AT PORT-AU-PRINCE.

We learn by Capt. Ashley, of the schr. Gen. Jackson, arrived here yesterday, that a destructive gale was experienced at Port-au-Prince on the 19th of September, which commenced at 11 A. M. and ended at 3 in the afternoon, when the face every thing was changed. The Indigene frigate lost all her masts and bowsprit; a corvette was driven ashore; a new government schr. was upset, as were also a large number of small vessels. The fine brig *Sphinx*, of New York, was upset, but fortunately righted again. The privateer schr. Cuba, Captain Banafos, upset and lost several men, and all the vessels in the harbour, except one ship and a sloop, were driven ashore, but got off without much damage. The ship *Caledonia*, from Baltimore lost her foremast. A large number of houses were blown down, and many unroofed. It was understood that the storm was more severe at Jacquemel than at Port-au-Prince.

Chinese method of mending China.

Take a piece of flint glass, beat it to a fine powder, and grind it well with the white of an egg, and it joins china without riveting, so that no art can break it in the same place. You are to observe that the composition is to be ground extremely fine on a painter's stone.

