by order of the Captain Pacha, and as he thought it possible his Highness would pardon him at his solicitation, he embraced the opportunity of interceding for him, and was successful in saving his life; but the Captain Pacha would not excuse him from the bastinado, which, I presume, has since been inflicted.

JULY 7.—At the visit of the Commodore to the Captain Pacha, yesterday, he offered the Porpoise to his highness, to carry him to the mouth of the Dardanelles on his return to the fleet. The offer was accepted, and at 7 o'clock this morning, I was directed to go on board the schooner, with orders for the captain to anchor in the port of Tenedos, & there await the directions of the Captain Pacha. As soon as the schooner anchored, the captain and myself waited upon his Highness, and were treated with great cordiality, being entertained after the Turkish fashion, with coffee, &c. He said to us, in a laughing manner, that the Commodore had placed the schooner and ourselves under his command for the day, and we must obey *his* orders, and that he should be ready to sail at noon. We made an appropriate reply, and returned to the schooner. He soon after sent on board the Porpoise a bullock, several sheep, and a large quantity of wine, fruits and vegetables. At 12 o'clock he came on board, accompanied by his adopted son, his Drogaman and servants, when we immediately weighed anchor. After getting out of the harbour, the flag of the Captain Pacha was hoisted at the fore royal-mast head of the schooner. We found the old gentleman very conversable, and extremely inquisitive, keeping us employed all the time he was on board (a period of seven hours) in answering, through an interpreter, innumerable questions respecting our navy, army and militia, our commerce, domestic manufactures, customs, laws, &c.

At half past 7, he left the schooner, under a salute of 21 guns; the captain and myself accompanied him part of the way, near the shore, in his elegant barge, rowed by 24 Armenian slaves: In this boat there were no seats, as the Turks invariably sit in a manner similar to the tailors.

JULY 14.—As soon as day appeared this morning, we discovered the fleet of the Captain Pacha, standing for the anchorage off the Castle of Mytulene. At 6 A. M. I was directed to wait on his excellency, who had his flag flying at the main of a large frigate. He received me in the most courteous manner, spoke of my politeness to him on board the Porpoise, and expressed the most friendly sentiments towards the commodore and the officers of the squadron generally. I informed him that it was the commodore's wish to pay every honour to the Turkish fleet, and that the North Carolina would salute his flag at 8 o'clock; he replied that he should be most happy to reciprocate these civilities, and desired me to say to the commodore, that as soon as the whole of his fleet had anchored, he should wait upon him on board of the North Carolina. After a stay of a few moments, I arose to depart, but was requested to stop and smoke a pipe with the Pacha. The ceremony of smoking, taking coffee, sweetmeats and sherbet being over, I took my leave. This observance is never dispensed with by a Turkish chief, when he wishes particularly to honor a guest.

At 8 A. M. the North Carolina saluted the flag of the Capt. Pacha with 21 guns, which compliment was immediately returned with the same number of guns from the Turkish flag ship. Shortly after breakfast, the drogaman of the Captain Pacha came on board, and informed the Commodore that his Highness would wait on him at any hour most convenient to himself. The Commodore fixed 2 o'clock, and at the appointed hour he accordingly made his appearance, accompanied by the Patrona Bey, third in command of the fleet, his own captain, his adopted son, and confidential drogaman.—He remained on board about two hours, visited every part of the ship, expressed great admiration of the perfection of the fitments, cleanness, &c. and evinced a very inquisitive disposition, by the number of inquiries he made, and the close examination he gave every particular. On his departure, the yards were manned, and a salute of 21 guns fired, which salute was immediately returned from his ship.

JULY 15.—This day, the commodore in company with the captains of the squadron, and several other officers returned the visit of the captain Pacha, and was received with great form and ceremony. After being seated in the cabin a few minutes, there appeared five pipe-bearers, each with a pipe about 5 feet long, the mouth-piece of amber, of the most costly kind; these men advanced directly in front of the officers, to whom the pipes were given, and presented them in the most graceful manner, kneeling to place the bowl of the pipe in a small brass dish, laid on the carpet for that purpose. After a lapse of 8 or 10 minutes, a servant approached, bearing a large silver waiter, on which was placed a coffee cup for each of the guests, about 20 in number; over this waiter and cups, was spread an elegant silk napkin, embroidered with gold. Next came an attendant with the coffee pot, and in the rear a whole host of servants held themselves in readiness to distribute the coffee, each one taking a cup in his hand and presenting it, then stepping back 3 or 4 feet, stood in the most respectful and submissive attitude, covering his hands with his robe, it being considered indecorous to expose the hands or feet before a superior. When the cups were emptied, the servants advanced, and received them in the palms of their left hands, and closing the right hand over the cups, retired. Fresh pipes were now brought in, next came in regular succession, sweetmeats, served by one servant in the following manner: they were of various kinds, each particular variety in a small silver plate, the whole on a large silver waiter. The servant advanced, threw himself on his knees, holding a waiter in front, from which the visiter helped himself to a small spoonful from one of the little plates, the servant then passed to the next; after this, the pipes were again changed. Allowing about 15 minutes to elapse, and just on the eve of our taking leave, sherbet was served in an elegant glass bowl, each attendant having on his arm a cambric napkin, embroidered with gold, to wipe the mouths after drinking. On our leaving the ship of the Pacha, the flag of the Sultan was displayed at her main, and a salute of 21 guns fired in honour of the visit. The Drogaman of the Pacha informed the Commodore, that on no other similar occasion, was the Sultan's flag hoisted, but in *this instance* was displayed as a particular mark of respect for the government of the United States, and as a token of respect for the Commodore.

I have said so much of the Captain Pacha, that it might be well to give a brief description of his person and history.

He is about 55 years of age, of short stature; portly in his person, and may be considered handsome; from his chin, decends a full white beard at least twelve inches; he is very courteous, full of smiles and compliments, although said to be very crafty, and one of the most rigid Mussulmen in the empire. He is a Georgian by birth, and was brought a slave from that country at a very early age. He was purchased by Hassan Pacha, a very distinguished man of the last century; for his faithful services to his master, he was emancipated and appointed to a respectable office—since which he has successively filled some of the most distinguished stations in the Ottoman Empire, and has been already chosen successor to the Grand Vizier, who is next in rank to the Sultan.

From the Baltimore Chronicle.

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMANTS.

The anniversary of our National Jubilee has passed—every city, town and village through the vast extent of our country, greeted its approach with the loudest acclamations of joy, for the blessings, civil & religious which the act it commemorated had vouchsafed to us—every tongue was eloquent in praise of those by whom they had been secured—the patriots of the revolution were toasted in the cups of every social party, who met to celebrate that great epoch of freedom. Nor were these demonstrations of gratulation—these memorials of a grateful people, evidenced upon that occasion alone—each Fourth of July, during half a century had been greeted with similar feelings of enthusiasm. But with all these annual ebullitions of individual, for we will not call them national gratitude there is still something wanting in our people, in their collective capacity, to render this feeling so honorable to us as men, and as Americans, a national one—there is still something to be done by us as a people, to take from us the reproach of permitting those who toiled for our independence—who encountered the hazzards—who endured the privations and dangers of a seven year's war—and above all, who bore for us, and for our benefit, the odious title of "Rebels"—We say there is still something wanting to preserve us from the odium of permitting those men from dying in penury and want—who had thus sacrificed every thing dear in social life, to secure for us, and our posterity, the blessings of liberty and independence. This may be an unwholesome truth—it may be unpalatable; but it is nevertheless true—hundreds and thousands of the brave men who survived the Revolution, and who gained nothing but *scars for themselves, and honor for their country*, have been suffered as time rolled on, to pass down to their "*narrow homes*" the creeping monuments of neglect and ingratitude. The maimed and halt of the Revolution, those gallant spirits who defied the power of their country's oppressor and his liveried mercenaries, have approached the hall of legislation, year, after year, in supplication and prayer, to relieve them from those necessities which the effects of a constitution broken in their country's service had visited upon them—those supplications, in innumerable instances have been received with cold and heartless indifference—we have known instances where the individual to whom the appeal was made, spurned the supplicant from him, as an object unworthy attention—there are other instances, and these on record and not a few of them, where a committee of grave Republicans, have availed themselves of legal quibbles—have entrenched themselves in the sophistry of special pleading, to put in a bar against the claims of those who assisted our country with their blood and means, at a time when it was treason to say, "*I am the friend of my country, and I will stand between her and her oppressor's wrongs*"—those who now luxuriate in the sunshine of that prosperity prepared for them by the *men* of Seventy-six, seem to have forgotten that something is due to the claims of justice and national gratitude. They have turned a deaf ear to that maxim, honorable alike to the individual or nation who practices upon its dictates, that those who have served us, should in their turn be served.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the repeated failures of the Revolutionary Petitioners, to obtain the relief prayed for from time to time, and particularly by the unmerited fate of the bill reported for their relief during the last session of Congress, which in the strife of crimination and recrimination without a laudable object, was left till the last of the session, and then laid over till another year, under the disingenuous pretext of "*want of time.*" These delays are alike injurious to the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, and to the honor and reputation of the country—every year's delay decreases the number of the survivors, and indeed, unless justice should come promptly, in a little while, there will be none left to acknowledge that the *nation's tardy justice and gratitude had at last arrived.* As a proof of this we would instance the fact, that out of all the officers of the Maryland Line, *there are now but* FOURTEEN ALIVE—of the number of soldiers, we have no account, but presume the havock of time has been still greater among them than among their officers.—This fact alone, under the strong claims which the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution possess to the justice and gratitude of their country, should urge the members of the next Congress to take their claims into early and serious consideration—not only so; but to grant them that which is their due; they have never asked for more, and even that, they would not have asked for, had they not been compelled by necessity's supreme command. When we say this, we speak advisedly, for we know full well, that those men, who received their pay in *continental trash*, when their country had nothing better to give them—when that country was rich in nothing but the fidelity, honor and courage of its defenders—we say we know full well that those men would not now ask, if they did not stand in need. We have thus far spoken of the claims of the officers and soldiers of the Revolution generally; we shall in our next notice, confine ourselves to the case of those officers who remained in service until the end of the war, and who by the bye stand in a very different light from ordinary claimants.

From the National Journal.

A BRIEF REVIEW

Of some of the grounds of Opposition to the present Administration.

Upon the election of the present President by the constitutional vote of the Representatives in Congress, a momentary disappointment, among some individuals, vented itself in warm, and perhaps harsh declarations, which soon subsided, and satisfaction began generally to prevail. When the gentlemen who were called to the heads of Departments, were known, a more spirited dissatisfaction appeared, and then it was that Opposition was determined on at all events. To give to this Opposition form, and substance, and vigor, was the next thing, and one which required great skill and management.

At so early a period, the Administration had not had time to develope itself either to command approbation, or to incur censure; and, what are called the appointments of the Cabinet, were the only subjects that could be handled. Those of the Treasury and War Departments were denounced, both as weak, and as taken from the high-handed Caucus party.—Those of the Navy and of the Chief Law Officer, were but little touched, except to accompany them with some events that were intended to disparage the President—whilst the high appointment of Secretary of State was marked out as the theme of boldest and untired reprehension.

It is not in our country as in Great Britain, where the Chief Magistrate in the Government can do no wrong, and his Ministers are answerable for every thing; but the reverse: with us, the Heads of Departments are the members of the political family of the President; they must give him their counsel when he calls on them, and he is responsible for their conduct. Hence has arisen the established custom of criticising less the appointments of the Heads of Departments than any others. As the President has the whole responsibility of their acts upon his own shoulders, it is right that he should be as little controlled as possible in selecting the men with whom he is to be thus intimately associated, and for whom he is thus to become exclusively responsible; and nominations, heretofore, that were not acceptable in the Senate, have been acquiesced in upon that ground. But this reasonable course did not suit those who were planning Opposition—their ardour was too impetuous to give way to a tardy discretion of this sort.

It has so happened, that, from the time of President Jefferson to the present, the people of this country have uniformly selected the Secretary of State to succeed the President with whom he acted, and who, from that circumstance, has been often styled, in borrowed colloquial phrase, 'the heir apparent.' Whether real fears are entertained from this established course, or whether a superstitious notion exists in relation to the succession; or whether the circumstance of the present Secretary of State holding that office is considered as giving him too prominent a standing to succeed the present President to the exclusion of some panting aspirants, are conjectures that it is not necessary to examine. Certain it is, that Mr. Clay is peculiarly beset with all the mad ravings and the studied hostility of the Opposition; and on these attacks they rest much of their hopes.

Impertinent malignity has uttered and reiterated the story of a corrupt bargain between the President and Secretary of State, until it begins to feel, from the cold disdain it now receives from the world, if not reproach, at least fear that the slander will recoil. Some who were at first surprised into the possibility of the thing, have, upon a little reflection, become disgusted with the attempt; and all who are devoid of prejudice, now ask if there is any station, in the gift of this government, to which the established capacity, talents, and celebrity of Mr. Clay, do not give him a fair title? If so, can our reason, unaided even by a sense of justice, permit us, for a moment to suppose that corruption had brought such a man to a station, for which the world bears testimony of the eminent fitness of his powers and his standing as a statesman. In this happy country of ours, the liberty of speech has no limit, and traducement and slander are the ordinary aids which disappointment or mad ambition use to consummate their designs. The temperate good sense of our people is our great protection. If Mr. Clay was a man of inferior standing, in all respects, there might have been more color of plausibility on which to rest this unlikely, this reprehensible story; but universally known and distinguished as he has long been, it must be admitted, that no President of the United States could make an abler or more fit appointment. To recur to corruption, as a means to account for that which every body must admit is no more than a just tribute to merit, would be, indeed, to go hunting up causes of action with a hardihood of intent little calculated to do justice or to subserve truth.

The Mission to Panama was the first great question on which the Opposition fastened last winter, to bring the President into discredit; and furious and extravagant as have been the workings of party heretofore, such a course of irrational and unjustifiable hindrance was never experienced by any government before. The Senate long presented a scene of wanton obduracy, of wild uproar, and tumultuous strife; whilst, in the House, opposition more hesitatingly pursued their course, & became contented, at last, with an unconstitutional attempt to hamper the mission with instructions from themselves. But the national sentiment began to be discovered on this subject, which, together with the lucid and powerful views taken of it by the President himself, in his correspondence with both Houses, quelled the stormy elements that were raging, and taught Opposition that it must hereafter be more sagacious in the selection of a topic, if they hoped to make any impression against the Administration.

A proposition to alter the federal constitution so as to procure an uniform mode of electing the President, in all the States of this Union, was discussed and rejected; and this subject has been worked up by the artificers of Opposition, into matter of serious attack against the President. A slight examination of this subject will be sufficient to unmask its deformity.

The President is accused of being opposed to this alteration of the constitution, after he has been said openly to have approved of it; and the proofs to support this accusation are, first, his answer to the committee that waited on him, officially, to apprise him of his election; and secondly, that a great body of those members of Congress who advocated his measures did not vote for it. Whether the President is an advocate for this change in the constitution, I know not, nor is it material; but the proof that he has declared himself so, is said by Opposition to be found in his answer to the committee in these words, viz. 'In this state of things could my refusal to accept the trust thus delegated to me, give an immediate opportunity to the people, to form and to express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, I should not hesitate to decline the acceptance of this eminent charge, and to submit the decision of this momentous question again to their determination. But the Constitution itself has not so disposed of the contingency which would arise in the event of my refusal.'

Here let us pause and reflect a moment upon this matter. At the time of this answer there was great excitement, as was very natural, and as will always be the case at the time of designating the Chief Magistrate. When Mr. Adams was officially informed that he was the man elected from the three before the House, he with great modesty said as above stated, (i. e) Could his refusal to accept, give an immediate opportunity to the people to express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, he would do it.—Is there any thing in this that pledges him to support Mr. McDuffie's project? or that pledges him to exert an influence over Congress to make them support it? No, says Opposition, but he here recognises the great principle, *that the control of the Presidential election ought to be in the hands of the People.* I ask, if Mr. Adams has ever done or said any thing in opposition to that principle? Yes, says Opposition, he has *forborne to do* what he ought to have done, and has thus opposed it. I ask, in what instance? Opposition replies, by not making use of all his influence with those in Congress, who have supported the Administration, to make them support Mr. McDuffie's project.—Here then, we arrive at the true point, viz. that President Adams is arraigned for not interfering in the legislative business of the House of Representatives, and exerting an influence over the Representatives of the people to further the scheme of Mr. McDuffie. Let us view this question on all sides—Suppose President Adams had intermeddled himself with a pending question before the Representatives of the people, a question too which originated in the House, emanating from one of its members, and had for its object the mode of electing the incumbent of that office which he himself then filled. What, I ask, might and probably would, have been said of such interference, not only by the decided opponents of Mr. McDuffie's proposition, but by an opposition that is vigilant to hunt up accusations? Would they not have accused the President of improperly intruding his influence to control their legislative proceedings? Would they not have attacked him, constituting in himself a co-ordinate branch of the law-making power, for interfering before his time, and out of his turn, in the deliberations of the popular, the more favorite branch of the legislature. Would they not upbraided him with attempting to wield unauthorized powers over the proceedings of the Representatives of the people, and to bend them to his will?—Would they not have charged him with a palpable want of delicacy, or with something worse, in daring to intrude in a question before the House of Representatives, relating to the very office he filled? And I would further ask, if there would not have been some grounds for such complaints, if the President had thus interfered? Where then are the fair grounds of charge against him for taking the only course that would be correct, or that could exempt him from these serious imputations? But here Opposition rises a note or two higher and says, he not only refrained from interfering in behalf of Mr. McDuffie's proposition, but he must have used his influence against it, because so many of those who advocated his measures went against it.—This is indeed an exaggerated view of Presidential responsibility, to make him answerable both for what is left undone, as well as for what is done by a large number of the House of Representatives. If President Adams uses influence with members of Congress to induce them to act in a particular way, a cry of corruption, of illicit stretch of power, of dangerous influence, is directly raised against him. If he forbears to interfere, and keeps himself within his allotted constitutional sphere, he is proclaimed guilty of desertion of his principles, and faithless to his pledges.—To act is criminal, to forbear to act is not less so—Such is the dilemma to which the enemies of the President would reduce him—such are the flagrant inconsistencies into which maddened Opposition run in their heated zeal to serve a selfish end. No, the grievance was, that Mr. McDuffie's project failed—and who is Mr. McDuffie? The bosom friend of the Vice President, who is the heart and spring of Opposition.

Before we can admit the votes of a certain number of members of Congress, against the proposition of Mr. McDuffie, as evidence that President Adams opposed the proposition to alter the constitution, as proposed, it will be necessary to show, first, that Mr. Adams could controle them as he pleased, (a demonstration not very flattering to the high character of independent Representatives,) and, secondly, that Mr. Adams thought it consistent with his duty and his station to have done so—otherwise those votes must be answered for by the gentleman who gave them. But few are so stupid as not to know, that whilst a great many agree in the abstract proposition, viz. that it is right to have an uniform mode in all the states of electing the President, yet there are others who do not concur with it at all. Many, again, who, desirous of selecting the plan that will give the best possible chance for an election by the people in the first instance, are by no means disposed to surrender the last appeal to the federative principle; and thus it is difficult to find any considerable number of persons who agree in the detail of a plan to effect their object. This disagreement in the detail has and will continue to overthrow the object. More persons went against this proposition for want of agreement in the detail than from any other cause. It is not to be expected, that judicious men will be anxious to spend their time advocating a mere abstract proposition, when they are conscious from all they see and all they learn, that no salutary result is to flow from it.

This difficulty of adjustment, therefore, this variety of opinion as to mode, the endless contrariety of thought and design in this whole affair, which produce the most discordant views, which have long existed and are the real cause of the failure of the proposition, instead of being honestly and frankly set down as such, are all huddled up together to form ground of accusation and complaint against the Administration, and are to be made to subserve the purpose of paving the way for Gen. Jackson to supplant Mr. Adams in the Presidential chair.

It is impossible that such a man as Mr. Calhoun can ever suggest such topics to be handled by opposition against the Administration. He must be a man of too much sense, of too much integrity, of too much regard for his own fame, to descend to miserable expedients like these, that are equally false & futile. Yet we see some of Mr. Calhoun's echoes, some of his devotees, using such stratagems with their own names attached to the pieces. Does not the Vice President blush for these his friends, who thus expose themselves to ridicule? It would be generous in him to save them form derision and contempt—nay, more, he would save himself from reproachful suspicion, for many persons will believe that these subalterns are acting under his guidance in the performance of his work.

A MARYLAND FARMER.

GUILLOTINE.—Joseph Samson, the celebrated French executioner before and during the revolution, died last month in Paris. It was he who guillotined Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette, and, by a singular retributiveness, Couthon, Brissot, Robespierre, and other chiefs of the revolution. *Mercier* once called him the *President of the Grand Butchery of the Human Race.* For the last twenty five years he enjoyed a pension from goverment, and led a very exemplary life. He was sixty years old when he died. The character and conduct of this man is a fit subject for reflection. He spilt more aristrocratic blood than any other human being. Like Death himself, whose prime minister he was, all ranks and ages were alike to him. The king and the begger the coward and the hero, were alike to him,—Youth, beauty, virtue, talents, as well as age, vice, ugliness, and stupidity, fell prostrate and headless before him. If the French people had possessed but one neck, he would have been its Caligula. There was a time when he might have feared that he would be left the last man in Paris. The guillotine spared him only because he was a part of it. Yet his conscience was at ease. He went to the opera regularly, and slept each night well.—*N. Y. Enq.*

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