Eastern Shore REPUBLICAN STAR OR General Advertiser.

EASTON—(MARYLAND) Printed and Published every *Tuesday Morning*, by THOMAS PERRIN SMITH, Printer of the LAWS of the UNITED STATES.

[VOL. 11.....14.] TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1813. [No. 38.....706.]

THE TERMS OF THE STAR,

Are *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* per annum, payable half yearly, in advance: No paper can be discontinued until the same is paid for.

Advertisements are inserted three weeks for *One Dollar*, and continued weekly for *Twenty Five Cents* per square.

HANCOCK'S ORATION.

☞ Extract from the Oration pronounced by JOHN HANCOCK, March 5, 1774, the anniversary of the British Massacre in Boston.

Let not the history of the illustrious house of Brunswick inform posterity, that a king, descended from the glorious monarch George the II once sent his British subjects in America; but be perpetual infamy entailed upon that villain, who dared to advise his master to such execrable measures; for it was easy to foresee the consequences which so naturally followed upon sending troops into America, to enforce obedience to acts of the British parliament, which neither GOD nor man ever empowered them to make. It was reasonable to expect that troops who knew the errand they were sent upon, would treat the people whom they were to subjugate, with a cruelty & haughtiness, which too often buries the honorable character of a *soldier*, in the disgraceful name of an *unfeeling ruffian*. The troops, upon their first arrival, took possession of our senate house, and pointed their cannon against the judgement hall, and even continued them there, whilst the supreme court of judicature for this province was actually sitting to decide upon the lives and fortunes of the king's subjects. Our streets nightly resounded with the noise of riot and debauchery; our peaceful citizens were hourly exposed to shameful insults, and often felt the effects of their violence and outrage. But this was not all: as though they thought it not enough to violate our civil rights, endeavored to deprive us of the enjoyment of our religious privileges; to vitiate our morals, and thereby render us *deserving* of destruction. Hence the rude din of arms which broke in upon your solemn devotions in your temples, on that day hallowed by heaven, and set apart by GOD himself for his peculiar worship. Hence, all the arts which idleness & luxury could invent, were used, to betray our youth of one sex into extravagance and effeminacy, and of the other to ruin; and did they not succeed but too well? did not a reverence for religion sensibly decay? did not our infants almost learn to lisp out curses before they knew their horrid import? did not our youth forget they were Americans, and regardless of the admonitions of the wise and aged, servilely copy from their tyrants those vices which finally must overthrow the empire of Great Britain? and must I be compelled to acknowledge, that even the noblest, fairest part of all the lower creation did not entirely escape the cursed snare? when virtue has once erected her throne within the female breast, it is upon so solid a basis that nothing is able to expel the heavenly inhabitant. But have there not been some, few indeed, I hope, whose youth and inexperience have rendered them a prey to wretches, whom, upon the least reflection, they would have despised and hated as ibes to GOD & their country? I fear there have been some such unhappy instances; or why have I seen an honest father cloathed with shame; or why a virtuous mother drowned in tears?

But I forbear, and come reluctantly to the transactions of that dismal night, when in such quick succession we felt the extremes of grief, astonishment and rage; when heaven to anger, for a dreadful moment, suffer'd hell to take the reins; when satan with his chosen band open'd the sluices of New England's blood, and sacrilegiously polluted our land with the dead bodies of her guiltless sons.—Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story, thro' the long tracts of future time; let every parent tell the shameful story to his listening children 'til tears of pity glisten in their eyes, and boiling passion shakes their tender frames; and whilst the anniversary of that ill fated night is kept a jubilee in the grim court of pandemonium, let all America join in one common prayer to heaven, that the inhuman, unprovoked murders of the fifth of March, 1770, planned by Hillsborough, and a knot of treacherous knaves in Boston, and executed, by the cruel hand of Preston and his sanguinary coadjutors, may ever stand in history without a parallel. But what, my countrymen, withheld the ready arm of vengeance from executing instant justice on the vile assassins? perhaps you fear'd promiscuous carnage might ensue, and that the innocent might share the fate of those who had performed the infernal deed — But were not all guilty? were you not too tender of the lives of those who came to fix a yoke on your necks? but I must not too severely blame a fault, which great souls only can commit. May that magnificence of spirit which scorns the low pursuits of malice; may that generous compassion which often preserves from ruin, even a guilty villain, forever actuate the noble bosoms of Americans!——But let not the miscreant host vainly imagine that we fear'd their arms. No; them we despis'd; we dread nothing but slavery. Death is the creature of a poltroon's brains; 'tis immortality to sacrifice ourselves for the salvation of our country. We fear not death. That gloomy night, the pale faced moon, and the affrighted stars that hurried through the sky, can witness that we fear not death. Our hearts, which at the recollection, glow with a rage that four revolving years have scarcely taught us to restrain, can witness that we fear not death: and happy 'tis for those who dared to insult us, that their naked bones are not now piled up an everlasting monument of Massachusetts' bravery. But they retired, they fled, and in that flight they found their only safety. We then expected that the hand of public justice would soon inflict that punishment upon the murderers, which, by the laws of God and man, they had incurred. But let the unbiassed pen of a Robertson, or perhaps of some equally famed American, conduct this trial before the great tribunal of succeeding generations.—And though the murders may escape the just resentment of an enraged people; though drowsy justice, intoxicated by the poisonous draught prepared for her cup, still nods upon her rotten seat, yet be assured, such complicated crimes will meet their due reward. Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretched who contrived, as well as you who executed the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and sting of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms? though some of you may think yourselves exalted to a height, that bids defiance to the arms of human justice, and others shroud yourselves beneath the the mask of hypocrisy, and build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery & falsehood; yet, do you not sometimes feel the knawings of that worm which never dies? do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray Caldwell, Attucks, and Carr, attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even your dreams with terror? but if the unappeased manes of the dead should not disturb their murderers, yet surely even your obdurate hearts must shrink, & your guilty blood must chill within your rigid veins, when you behold the miserable Monk, the wretched victim of your savage cruelty. Observe his tottering knees which scarce sustain his wasted body; look on his haggard eyes; mark well the death-like paleness on his fallen cheek, and tell me, does not the sight plant daggers in your souls? unhappy Monk! cut off in the gay morn of manhood, from all the joys which sweeten life, doomed to drag on a pitiless existence, without even a hope to taste the pleasures of returning health! yet, Monk, thou livest not in vain; thou livest a warning to thy country, which sympathizes with thee in thy sufferings; thou livest an affecting an alarming instance of the unbounded violence which lust of power, assisted by a standing army, can lead a traitor to commit.

For us he bled, and now languishes. The wounds by which he is tortured to a lingering death, were aimed at our country! surely the meek-eyed charity can never behold such sufferings with indifference. Nor can her lenient hand forbear to pour oil and wine into the wounds; & to assuage, at least, what it cannot heal.

Ye dark designing knaves, ye murderers, parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth, which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocents shed by your wicked hands? how dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of heaven, the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? but if the laboring earth doth not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to the minister of death; yet, hear it, and tremble! the eye of heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul, traces the leading clue through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves, from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose death you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God.

FROM THE AMERICAN.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND.

Your enemy is now displaying his character, which for a long time, notwithstanding his atrocious dealings with both individuals and nations, has been veiled under his own false pretences, and shrouded to the utmost by those unprincipled men who have every where devoted themselves to his party. He will seduce where he can, he will destroy where he has power. This is the unjust, insolent and cruel government of England. To any one acquainted with the history of our revolutionary war, their conduct in our Bay can give no surprise. The robberies of our shores and Islands, the burning of private dwellings and defenceless villages, are but the acting over of the same scenes formerly exhibited from Falmouth in Maine, to St. John's in Carolina. They put their fires to naked towns and villages in every part of America. The stamp of their barbarity appeared in a thousand places, almost forgotten. And though history has placed its confirming seal on many, yet many more can be only told by the sufferers. The voice of many of these is no longer heard; but while one remains, he will utter the accusing sound, and bring the condemning proofs against a profligate enemy that unites barbarian cruelty with civilized hypocrisy, shewing their criminality full out; for what is attempted to be disguised, is owned to be evil; & their knowledge condemns their conduct as conscious wickedness.

Time has almost covered the ashes of Falmouth, where 700 families lost their dwellings in one conflagration in 1775, by the same hands that have yesterday burned Havre de Grace, Georgetown and Frederick.

Charleston, New London, Fairfield, Esopus, Norfolk, containing some hundred houses each, remain upon the black record of American injuries and the offences of Britain. The burning of private buildings, the plunder of household property is well known in every State where this revengeful enemy has set his feet.——The warehouses of the harmless weed tobacco; the private property of farmers and merchants; the private stores of sugar, rum and flour, were destroyed by fire or water, and even the feathers of family beds scattered to the winds. There are doubtless witnesses near Elkton of the former outrages, who have lived to see their repetition. To these I appeal, as well as to a thousand farther on.

There are people sottish enough to excuse this conduct, as it is said, upon the principle that an enemy has a right in *any manner* to injure his enemy. It is false! The stupid and base allowance would go to defy the rules of justice & mercy, to abrogate the laws and take away the government of Heaven; to reduce us to barbarism again; to that State where the sword knew not to spare, nor the fire to cease but in the ashes of an invaded territory; when war was a desolation of the land, and an extermination of the inhabitants; when the country was swept of great and small, and the prisoner sunk into a slave without respect to rank or sex. To assert such a principle, is to set unlimited mischief loose; to abolish humanity, and establish a right of destruction equal to the destroying power.——To justify, to palliate acts from such a principle, is treachery to mankind and treason to America; what tyrants only can do, and slaves and traitors approve.

But civilization has tamed this fury; religion and laws have bound the savage with superior obligations. The voice of mankind denies the doctrine of the infernal enemy of human nature, *to destroy, destroy!* On all hands it is allowed, even by our enemies, who are obliged to reject the excuse offered for them by the guilty zeal of abandoned adherents, that various acts of violence, deceit and destruction are not practised by the civilized, humane and honorable, that assassins, robbers and brutal savages are they who kill the unarmed, plunder the helpless, and burn the defenceless habitation of the citizen and husbandman. An enemy may kill in battle, but not the unresisting. He may bombard a fortified town to force a surrender of the fortress; but not an open City. He may burn suburbs or villages necessary to preserve himself from the approaches of a besieger; but not to prevent an occasional use of them. He may burn houses if they are filled with fighting men actually annoying him because they become fortresses. He may not do merely to cause loss and distress to his enemy, for it causes great evils to individuals, without a useful impression on the nation. Nor has he any right to threaten to destroy if the inhabitants oppose him in the field; because every man has a right to defend his home; & his country demands it as his duty. Otherwise one would have a right of attack, and others only the exercise of submission. An enemy may employ spies in war, or hang them upon detection, without blame. But if he employs emissaries in peace, he is liable to the vengeance of war, as an enemy hidden and in ambush. He may not poison his weapons, impregnate the springs of water, or convey pestilence. It is utterly forbid to kill the prisoners, the sick and wounded; to burn them in hospitals or prisons; to torture or practise cruel modes of destruction. And the shame and guilt are the same to employ barbarous, wild and savage men, who will not be restrained from deeds like these. Nor has the pretence ever been allowed that they could not be kept from these enormities; for that is sufficient to forbid their employment, & all that humanity suffers from them, is chargeable to those who make use of them.

Is there a pettifogger in common law who does not know the justice of laying equal crime on him who suborns and him who is accessary to an unlawful act, as on the principal? Is any other law to be applied to Britain when she instigates pirates and savages to fall on the unsuspicious navigator, or unguarded borderer? Tho' she does not make her captives slaves; the dreaded slavery of Algiers is hers. Though her captains & soldiers do not tear the bloody skin from the head of the prostrate victim themselves; it is done by the savage they have armed, furnished with the knife, and called to the combat; who burns and tortures before their eyes; who stabs or tomahawks the sick, wounded, helpless prisoner. Nor is the guilt confined to Britain and her savages. The American apologist is third in the crime; equal in offence to one; surpassing the other, and entitled to greater detestation than both.

AN OLD AMERICAN.

FROM THE AURORA.

A YANKEE TRICK;

OR

An escape from a British Prison Ship.

We, the following named persons, citizens of the United States of America, viz: Samuel G. Parker, a native of Boston, taken by H. B. M. ship Marlboro; Thomas W. Nelson, a native of New York; John H. T. Estes, a native of Virginia; and John Harman, a native of Pennsylvania, taken in the schooner Bona, of Baltimore, by H. B. M. ship of war Laurestinus; Robert Bond, a native of New York, taken by H. B. M. ship Marlboro; Samuel Wright, a native of Connecticut, attached to the United States' navy, taken in the United States' brig Viper, by H.B.M. frigate Narcissus; Jacob Anderson, a native of Massachusetts, taken in the Albert of Baltimore, by H. B. M. ship Marlborough; Pleasant Scott, (man of colour) a native of Virginia, taken by H. B. M. ship Marlborough; Thomas M'Kezy, (man of colour) of Philadelphia, taken in the Dart of Philadelphia; being prisoners on board of H. B. M. ship Goree, lying at the island of Bermuda, and finding our fare very hard, being on very short allowance of indifferent provisions, and it being reported there, that there was to be no exchange of prisoners, resolutely determined to hazard our lives for our freedom the first opportunity; therefore on Wednesday morning, April 21st, eleven prisoners were ordered into the Goree's launch, to get fresh water, when the above named persons went into the boat, with two other prisoners, names unknown to us, under the guard of two soldiers of the 102d regiment, and the boatswain of the ship Goree—proceeded to St. Catharine's tank, there filled six casks with water; on our return the word *Washington* was given, it being our signal for an attempt to escape. We immediately disarmed the soldiers and took possession of the boat; and then under cover of two forts, namely, St. Catharine's and Paget forts, and within gun shot of the Junon frigate, the sloop of war Nimrod, and another sloop of war, name unknown to us boarded H. B. M. schr. Bermuda, she having five men on board, of the following description: a king's pilot, the captain and three hands; they made an ineffectual resistance, we soon compelled them to retreat under deck, took possession, cut all her cables and moorings, made sail, and pushed out of an unknown channel, after turning off the boat with only two oars, two soldiers, the boatswain of the Goree, and two of our cowardly countrymen; the Bermuda being in the habit of laying buoys in the channel, had five of them on board, which we supposed would weigh two tons each, hove four of them overboard; not knowing the trim of the vessel, reserved one of the buoys until we should discover it; the sails that were on board were foresail, mainsail and jib, the flying jib, we set as a studden sail, the gaff topsails as a flying jib boom, there being neither topmast, jib, nor any spare spars on board, we made spars of our oars by lashing them together.

We found it necessary to have a form of order on board, therefore Samuel G. Parker was unanimously elected master; we left Bermuda at 11 o'clock A. M. with a moderate breeze from the southward; at 1 P. M. heard the alarm guns fire—2 P. M. saw a sail in chase of us, supposed it to be the brig Nimrod; at sun set we observed she gained on us fast, we then steering ENE; at dark, supposing she could not see us, jibed ship, and steered WbyN; about 8, P. M saw her lights, when she passed about one mile astern of us, at 3 A. M. by moon light, saw a brig about 2 miles to windward of us, we bore away and she after us—she kept way with us until about 8, A. M. the 22d, when we launched the 5th buoy and found this the trim of the vessel; by 10 A. M. ran her out of sight. We now examined and found we were at sea without any hook, chart, or any instrument, save a compass, with 40 gallons of fresh water, and ten days provisions. Nothing material passed during the passage, except that we were several times chased, and met with a gale of wind in the gulph, which compelled us to lay too about 60 hours, until the 28th of April, when we made the land bearing NW; as we drew near it discovered it to be Cape May; saw a line of battle ship in the channel; two vessels endeavoring to cut us off up the Bay, and a pilot boat in chase of us; we suspecting them to be roguishly inclined, made as fast as possible to land, and within pistol shot of the pilot boat Pennsylvania, she being full of armed Englishmen, beached the vessel, and jumped ashore at Cape May—having no arms ourselves, were obliged to abandon the vessel to the five prisoners and Pennsylvania, after an anxious passage of seven days and six hours.

The schr. Bermuda is a fine Bermudian built vessel, coppered to the bends and her sails new—was launched in June, 1812, in about 90 tons burthen; had on board a smith's forge, calculated for a man of war, with bellows, anvil, &c. one long 6 pounder in the hold, dismounted, a quantity of shot and pig iron for ballast, no gun powder, and an azumith, which was drawn for the Poictiers line of battle ship.

We were received in the following manner by our fellow citizens from Cape May to Philadelphia. The first house we came to was near to where we landed; kept by Mr. Foster; having been on short allowance of water, were very thirsty; called for grog, which was refused; asked for water, they told us there was the well, but could not give us any assistance, lest the British should burn their house; requested us to be off, for they were in danger; told us there was a tavern not far off, where we could get any thing we wanted. Mr. Hughes sold us some brandy and highly recommended us to put up at some other tavern further on the road. Mr Jeremiah Richardson and family treated us with every degree of hospitality, gave us supper and lodgings at a very reasonable rate, treated us, and wished us well.—Mr. George Hand *doubted* our being able to *pay* for a breakfast, when a gentleman stepped forward and paid two dollars, *on which terms he let us have breakfast*, and after he had given the warmakers a few hearty damns we took our leave.—Magistrate Townsend received us kindly, found utensils to shave us, gave a good dinner, and provided us with a pass to Philadelphia, after examining us. At Dennis creek was treated with hospitality by Jeremiah Johnson, Esq.; and Mr. Washington Garrison, shipwright, presented us with $2 25, and treated us handsomely. Mr. Dunham, sign of the Eagle, Port Elizabeth, mentioned a subscription, which in a few minutes was seconded by several gentlemen to the amount of $7 50—a good breakfast and something to drink. In Buck Shootem, Mr M'Lung received us with hospitality, and Mr Lausing turning out his team and conveyed us to Melville, where we were kindly received by Mr. Leak, who started a subscription which procured us a good dinner, and paid our conveyance to Bridgetown, by Mr. Lausing's waggon, who generously subscribed his proportion. At Bridgetown were kindly received by his Excellency General Bloomfield, Mr. Shannon and Mr. Bowen; the following citizens made generous subscriptions—Mr. Bishop of Bridgetown, and Mr. Stull conveyed us gratis, to the house of Mr. Stull, where he gave us supper and breakfast at half price, then conveyed us to Gloucester ferry for the moderate sum of 6 dollars, there a gentleman made us a present of five dollars whose name we afterwards learned was Jacob Flyver, of Philadelphia. Mr. Marshall made us a present and conveyed us over the ferry gratis; and 5 o'clock, P. M. on Sunday the 2d of May, made our appearance in Philadelphia, where we were received with kindness by the citizens.

CORRECT ESTIMATE.

It appears from the following letter of Brig. Gen. *Miller*, to Sir J. B. Waren, that he considers *one* American citizen, worth *two* English subjects. This is a correct calculation. It must be highly gratifying to the American people to see their government taking such decisive and manly steps for their protection. Naturalized citizens need not be under apprehensions of the Prince Regent's cruel orders being carried into effect, when they find the government of their adoption so ready to enforce their power of retaliation. The readiness with which O'Neale was delivered on the representation of the people of Havre De Grace, shews very plainly, notwithstanding Admiral Warren's pretended ignorance of his being an Irishman, that they dare not carry their threats into execution. If our government was to seize and put to hard labor, *two* Englishmen for every *impressed* American, we should soon bring G. B. to her senses. Such a retaliation would be just.

The subjoined letter was sent with a flag by Major *Benson*, with instructions to proceed with all possible dispatch to the Admiral's ship, that the protection of the Government of the United States might be extended in time, to defend a citizen from dangers, which were then believed to menace him. *Balt. Whig.*

HEAD QUARTERS, BALTIMORE,
May 8th, 1813.

SIR,

It becomes my duty to represent to your Excellency, that a citizen of the U. S. and an inhabitant of Havre de Grace for the last 15 years, named O'Neale, has been recently taken in arms, & in defence of his property and family at that place, by a detachment from his Britannic Majesty's fleet serving under your command; and that the said O'Neale, has been menaced with immediate and capital punishment, as a traitor to the Government of his Britannic majesty, on the ground of his being by birth an Irishman.

Nothing in the course of public duty, would be more painful to me than the obligation of resorting to the law of retaliation, on this or any other occasion; but, sir, in the event of O'Neale's execution, painful as may be the duty, it becomes unavoidable, and I am authorised and commanded to state to your Excellency that two British subjects shall be selected by lot, or otherwise, and immediately executed.

It is for your Excellency to choose whether a character of such barbarism, be, or be not given to the War waged under your immediate direction.

I beg, Sir, that you will do me the honor to accept the assurance of my very great respect and consideration.

HENRY MILLER, BRIG. GEN.

His Excellency
SIR JOHN BORLASE WARREN,
&c. &c. &c.

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP SAN DOMINGO,
Chesapeake, May 10th, 1813.

SIR,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th inst. respecting a man named O'Neale, taken by the detachment of the squadron under the orders of Rear Admiral Cockburn; this man has been released upon the application of the magistrates of Havre De Grace on parole.

I was not informed of this man being an Irishman, or he would certainly have been detained to account to his sovereign and country, for being in arms against the British colors.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble sert't,
JOHN BORLASE WARREN.

BRIG. GEN. MILLER,
Commander in Chief of the United Forces,
&c. &c. &c. at Baltimore.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

It would seem as if the Constitution had not only *shot out* the masts of the Java, but the bowsprit of the British ministry, in the person of Lord Castlereagh, who shows a great anxiety *to get rid of the war* by resignation. Poor gentleman—resigned to his fate no doubt

By the time the sulky folks at Lloyd's have conned over the cases of the 500 merchantmen, 3 frigates, & some sloops of war, when no doubt their hearts will be *sunk* very low, the afflicting news of the Peacock will arrive for their consolation; upon which *sinking* intelligence they must needs go to the bottom of the bottomless pit of despair.

And what will they say upon 'change to the blockade of the Bonne Citoyenne. Beyond all question it was perfectly legal.——There was a competent force. There was a paper blockade in the shape of a challenge; and an actual blockade by regular investment of the harbor. No infringement of the laws of nations or extension of the known and established usages of the ocean can be complained of: tho' it must be admitted that his Britannic majesty's undoubted right to navigate the high seas without molestation, was in some degree, if not *overlooked*, at any rate, *looked in upon*.

Five hundred merchantmen in seven months! That's eight hundred and fifty odd in the year.—Some difference that from having the account of captures all one side, and that side the other side. Well may it be said, huzza for our side? This is a very profitable consumption for foreign timberheads: and considering that America has to supply the timber, the tar, the &c. how could the American force be better employed? During war it has a double operation. We keep them low in scantling, and refuse them any fresh supplies. The more they loose in war, the more they'll want in peace. The more they want, the better our market after the war. The Boston arithmeticians have perhaps never cast up this account. They may be assured it is worth attention—much better worth it than speculations in ice to Jamaica or Havanna.

One of the most agreeable features about the next Congress is that there will be but two parties in the House of Representatives; a peace party, and a war party, neutrals being altogether exploded at the late Elections. This will give consistency, compactness and force to public measures. As to the Senate, who can guess the result of any question in that infirmary of incurables!

ANGLO SAVAGE BARBARITY.

Some of the factious prints have alledged, that the publication relative to the barbarous conduct of the British allies were not true, and that the "unoffending Indians" have been accused of acts of which they have never been guilty. The following statement has been published in the Buffaloe Gazette, a federal paper, and will prove to unbelieving factionists, upon the evidence of one of their own party, that the Indians, instigated by high British officers, have committed cruelties on Americans, at the bare recital of which humanity shudders with mingled emotions of horror and detestation. The acts too have been aggravated by the most heart-rending insults; such as the offer to a noble female of a piece of the heart of her countryman, to satisfy her hunger! It is yet a fact, to which no man in this country is a stranger, that there are native born Americans, active politicians, and their contemptible dupes, base enough to justify, seriously to justify the employment by our enemy of these execrable and murderous barbarians, to carry on the war against us. [*Balt. Amer.*

"MRS. HELM, the wife of Lieut. Helm, who escaped from the butchery of the garrison of Chicauga, by the assistance of a humane Indian, has arived at this place; the account of her sufferings during three months of slavery among the Indians and three months imprisonment among their allies, would make the most interesting volume. During five days after she was taken prisoner, she had not the least sustenance, and was compelled to drag a canoe, (barefooted and wading along the stream) in which there was some squaws, and when she demanded food, SOME FLESH OF HER MURDERED COUNTRYMEN AND A PIECE OF COL. WELLS'S HEART WERE OFFERED HER. She knows the fact, that Colonel Proctor, the British commander at Malden, bought the scalps of our murdered garrison of Chicauga,—and, thanks to her noble spirit, she boldly charged him with his infamy, in his own house. She knows further, from the tribe with whom she was a prisoner, and who were perpetrators of those murders, that they intended to remain true, but they received orders from the British, to cut off our garrison, whom they were to escort.

"Oh spirits of the murdered Americans! can ye not rouse your countrymen, your friends, your relations to take ample vengeance on those worse than savage blood hounds?"

From the London Pilot, of March 21.

The public will learn with sentiments which we shall not presume to anticipate, that a *third* British frigate has struck to an American. This is an occurrence that calls for serious reflection; this, and the fact stated in our paper of yesterday, that Lloyd's list contains notices of upwards of five hundred British vessels captured in seven months, by the Americans—FIVE HUNDRED MERCHANTMEN AND THREE FRIGATES!

Can these statements be true; and can the English people hear them unmoved? Any one who had predicted such a result of an America war, this time last year, would have been treated as a *mad man* or a *traitor*. He would have been told, if his opponents had condescended to argue with him, that long ere seven months had elapsed, the American flag would be swept from the seas, the *contemptible navy* of the United States annihilated, and their maritime arsenals rendered a heap of ruins. Yet down to this moment, not a single American frigate has struck her flag. They insult and laugh at our want of enterprise and vigor—*They leave their ports when they please, and return to them when it suits their convenience; they traverse the Atlantic; they beset the West India Islands; they advance to the chops of the channel: they parade along the coasts of South America; nothing chases, nothing intercepts, nothing engages them, but to yield them triumph.*

FOR SALE,

A few valuable *NEGROES*, of different ages and sexes, for a term of years, to persons residing in the district, if application is made immediately at this office

march 23——m