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FROM THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

Anecdotes of the Battle on Lake Erie.

It is a trite remark, that general descriptions of battles present no distinct images to the mind. We read with little emotion of broadsides discharged, ships cut to pieces, and numbers killed and wounded; but when particulars are given us, when the imminent risks or piteous disasters of individuals are detailed, we fancy ourselves in their situations, and, in a manner, mingle personally in the conflict.—A mere outline of the Battle of Erie was given sometime since in the Biography of Commodore Perry; since then several circumstances have reached us, which give a more vivid idea of the nature of the fight, and show the incessant and thickening perils with which that young officer was surrounded.

It was his lot repeatedly to see men swept away from his side; some even while conversing with him. One of these incidents displays the coolness and presence of mind that prevailed among the officers, and indeed throughout the ship, enabling them even to jest with present dangers. The second Lieutenant of the Lawrence, while standing beside Com. Perry, was struck in the breast by a chain shot. The shot having passed through the bulwark, had no other effect than to knock him down, and lodged in the bosom of his waistcoat. He fell with an exclamation, and remained for a moment stuned by the violence of the blow. Perry raised him up, and seeing no marks of a wound, gave him some cheering words, and told him he could not be hurt. The lieutenant coming to himself, put his hand into his bosom, pulled out the chain shot, and exclaiming "no. Sir, but this is *my* shot," thrust it with great *sang froid* into his pocket.

In the course of the action Perry noticed a prime and favorite sailor, who was captain of one of the guns, very much embarrassed with his piece, which, in consequence of the forelock being broken, was rather unmanageable and rebounded. Perry approached him, and in his usual encourageing manner, asked him what was the matter? The honest tar, who had been showing signs of infinite vexation, turned round, and, as if speaking of a mistress, exclaimed reproachfully, "Sir my gun behaves shamefully—shamefully!" He then levelled it, and having taken aim, raised up and squared himself in a fine martial style, when suddenly a cannon ball struck him in the breast, passed through him, and he fell dead, without a groan!

Lieutenant Yarnall, of the Lawrence, behaved throughout with great bravery and coolness. He was dressed as a common seaman, a red bandana hankerchief was tied round his neck, and another round his head, to stanch two wounds which he had received. From these the blood trickled down his face, and a splinter having passed through his nose, it had swelled to a hideous magnitude. In this frightful plight, looking like the very genius of carnage and ill luck, he came up to Perry in the hottest and bloodiest of the fight, and announced to him that all the officers of his division were killed. Perry ordered others in their place. Shortly after Yarnall returned with a repetition of the dismal tidings that all the officers were shot down; "then, Sir," said Perry, "you must endeavour to make out by yourself. I have none more to furnish you!"

One circumstance which Perry relates deserves particular mention. It has in it something of sentiment that is above common life, and absolutely belongs to poetry. When, in the sweeping havoc that was sometimes made, a number of men were shot away from around a gun, the survivors *looked silently around to Perry*—and then stepped into their places.—— Whenever he looked at the poor fellows that lay wounded and weltering on the deck, he always found *their faces turned toward him, and their eyes fixed on his countenance.* It is impossible for words to heighten the simple and affecting eloquence of this anecdote. It speaks volumes in praise of the heroism of the commander, and the loyal affection of his followers.

When Perry went off from the Lawrence to shift his flag to the Niagara, he stood up in the boat gallantly waving his sword, and was heard cheeringly to exclaim, "Pull away my brave boys!" so earnest was he that though the balls whistled round him he could scarcely be made to take a seat, and an old sailor, who had been in both battles of the Constitution, absolutely held him down.

Just after he had got on board the Niagara, and was on the quarter deck, a sailor who commanded one of the guns, seeing all his men shot down, turned with eagerness to Perry, and, laying both hands upon his shoulders, exclaimed, "For God's sake, Sir, give me some more men!" Such was the vivid animation that prevailed among all ranks—they had lost all sense of personal danger, and thought of nothing but victory.

When the Niagara dashed through the enemy's line, as she passed the Lady Prevost, Lieutenant Buchan, the commander of that vessel, was shot through the face by a musket ball. The vessels were then within half pistol shot, so that every thing could be seen distinctly from one to the other. The crew of the Lady Prevost, unable in their crippled state to stand the fire of the Niagara, ran below; but their unfortunate commander remained on deck, and Perry saw him leaning on the companion way, with his face on his hand, looking with fixed stare at his enemies. Perry immediately silenced the marines on the quarter deck, and running forward ordered the men to cease firing. He afterwards learnt that the strange conduct of Lieuteant Buchan was owing to sudden derangement caused by his wound.—He was a brave officer, and had distinguished himself in the battle of the Nile.

While Perry was engaged at close quarters in the Niagara, Lieutenant Turner, a fine bold young sailor, who commanded the brig Caledonia, of three guns, spreading every sail, endeavoured to set into action. His foresail interfered between him and the enemy, but, rather than take in an inch of canvass, he ordered his men to fire through it. Seeing the commodore engaged in the thickest of the fight, he proposed to the commander of another small vessel, to board the Detroit; the other, however, prudently declined the rash but gallant proposal.

It has been mentioned that two Indians were on board the Detroit, stationed in the tops, to pick off our officers with their rifles. No sooner, however, did the ships come into close action, than they were dismayed by this new and tremendous species of battle, and slunk into the hold. When the ship was taken they anticipated cruel treatment, if their nation was discovered, and borrowed sailors' clothes that they might pass for Englishmen. Thus disguised, they lay in close concealment for two days, when word was brought to Perry, that two Indians were concealed below who had not tasted food for eight and forty hours.

He had them brought up on deck, were they made a most uncouth and ludicrous appearance, with their borrowed garments bagging about them. They expecting nothing less than to be butchered and scalped, but, notwithstanding, preserved the most taciturn inflexibility of muscle. Perry, however, after putting a few good humoured questions to them, ordered them to be taken away and fed; a degree of lenity which seemed to strike them with more surprise than their stoic natures are apt to evince.

The only time that the coolness and self command of Perry experienced any thing like a shock, was on seeing his young brother, a midshipman, knocked down by a hammock, which had been driven in by a ball. In the momentary agony of his mind he gave him up as slain, but had the delight to see him rise up perfectly unhurt.

Perry speaks highly of the bravery and good conduct of the negroes, who formed a considerable part of his crew. They seemed to be absolutely insensible to danger. When captain Barclay came on board the Niagara, and beheld the sickly and particolored beings around him, an expression of chagrin escaped him, at having been conquered by such men. The fresh water service had very much impaired the health of the sailors, and crowded the sick list with patients.

We shall close these few particulars of this gallant and romantic affair, with the affecting fate of Lieut. Brookes of the marines. It presents an awful picture of the scenes which the warrior witnesses in battle—his favorite companions suddenly cut down before his eyes—those dreadful transitions from the flush of health and the vivacity of youth, to the ghastliness of agonized death—from the cheering and the smile, to the shriek and the convulsion.

Brookes was a gay, animated young officer, remarkable for his personal beauty. In the midst of the engagement he accosted Perry in a spirited tone, with a smile on his countenance, and was making some observations about the enemy when a cannon ball struck him in the thigh, and dashed him to the opposite side of the deck. The blow shattered him dreadfully, and the sudden anguish forced from him the most thrilling exclamations. He implored Perry to shoot him and put an end to his torture; the latter directed some of the marines to carry him below and consign him to the surgeon. The scene was rendered more affecting, by the conduct of a little mulatto boy of twelve years of age, a favorite of Brooke's. He was carrying cartridges to one of the guns, but on seeing his master fall, he threw himself on the deck with the most frantic gesticulations and piercing cries, exclaiming that his master was killed; nor could he be appeased until orders were given to take him below; when he immediately returned to carrying cartridges.

Mr Hamilton, the purser, who had worked at a gun like a common sailor, being wounded, was carried below and laid on the same mattress with Brookes. The wound of the latter was stanched, and he lay composed, calmly awaiting his approaching death. Hamilton observes that he never looked so perfectly beautiful as at this moment, when the anguish of his wound had imparted a feverish flush and lustre to his usually blooming countenance. He asked with great solicitude after Perry, and how the battle went. He gave a few directions about his own affairs, and, while his voice was growing weaker and weaker, recommended his little mulatto to kindness and protection, direcing into whose hands he should be placed.—While he was yet talking, Hamilton's attention was suddedly attracted by some circumstance which occasioned him to look another way for a moment—the voice of his companion died away upon his ear, and when he turned his face again poor Brookes had expired!

FOREIGN NEWS.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The Second Supplement to the London Gazette of Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1814.

COLONIAL DEPARTMENT.

DOWNING STREET, Feb. 8.

Despatches, of which the followihg are copies have been this day received from lieut. gen. Sir G. Prevost, Bart. addressed to earl Bathurst, one of his majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

Head Quarters, Montreal, Dec. 12, 1813.

MY LORD—Having had the honor to report to your lordship, on 30th of October and the 15th November last, the affairs which took place between his majesty's forces and the American armies, led on by major gen. Hampton and major gen. Wilkinson, I have now the satisfaction to inform your lordship, that the signal defeat experienced by the enemy on the Chateauguay river, in Lower Canada, and near Chrystler's farm, in Upper Canada, have relieved both provinces from the pressure of the armies invading them, and have obliged the divisions of gen. Hampton and gen. Wilkinson to retire to their own territory, and seek for winter quarters, under circumstances so highly disadvantageous as to have produced in both of them discontent, desertion, and disease. The well timed appearance of a small regular force in gen. Wilkieson's front, which I had pushed forward from the Coteau de Lac, to support and give confidence to the Glengary and Stormont militia, very shortly afte the severe lesson, his vanity had received from the corps of Observation, operated so powerfully as to induce him to commence a precipitate retreat from our shore to St. Regis, and up the Salmon river, and to abandon his avowed project, of passing his winter in Montreal. It appears that the American army upon arriving at Freuch Mills, which are situated on the Salmon river, about 6 miles from its mouth, proceeded to dismantle their river craft and gun boats, and to arrange on shore, round their block, a most cumbersome train of artillerry, for the preservation of which the whole of major gen. Wilkinson's infantry is retained in tents and huts, at this most inclement season of the year, until the winter roads shall be sufficiently established to enable him to retire his guns to Plattsburgh. A rapid succession of severe frost, light snow, and sudden thaws to which the Amertcan army has been so long and so much exposed, has made it impossible for me to execute any enterprize against it, without risking more than my means could justify. A division of gun boats, with a detachment of troops, which I had ordered on the 1st of this month to advance into Lake Champlain, for the purpose of molesting gen. Hampton's division, succeeded in burning an extensive building lately erected at Plattsburg, as a depot magazine; some batteaux, together with the ammunition, provisions, and stores found in it, were either brought away or destroyed. The severity of the weather obliged capt. Pring, of the royal navy under whose command I had placed the expedition, to return to the Isle aux Noix on the 5th; in effecting which, he was obliged to cut a channel for his boats through several miles of ice. The enemy's troops were in considerable number in the vicinity of Plattsburg, but no attempt was made to annoy our force employed on this occasion. In Upper Canada, a conjoint attack on Burlington Heights, planned by major gen. Harrison and com. Chauncey, has been frustrated by the lateness of the season and the severity of the weather. I have the honor, &c.

(Signed) GEORGE PREVOST.

HEAD-QUARTERS, MONTREAL NOV. 25.

My Lord—I have the honour to transmit to your Lordship a copy of a letter from Com. Sir J. Yeo, together with Capt. Barclay's official account of the action on Lake Erie, referred to in my despatch to your Lordship of the 22d Sept. and 8th Oct. last. I am happy to be able to add, that Capt. Barclay is recovering of his wounds, and that there is a prospect of his valuble life and services being preserved for the benefit of his country.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE PREVOST.

The Right Hon. Earl Bathurst, &c. &c.

His Majesty's ship Wolfe at Kingston, Nov. 15.

SIR—I yesterday received Capt. Barclay's official statement of the ill-fated action in Lake Erie, and as your Excellency must wish to be informed of every particular, I have the honour to inclose a copy of the same. It appears to me that though his Majesty's squadron were very deficient in seamen, weight of metal and particularly long guns, yet the greatest misfortune was the loss of every officer, particularly Capt. Finnis, whose life, had it been spared, would in my opinion, have saved the squadron.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JAMES LUCUS YEO, *Com.*

His Excellency Sir George Prevost, bart.
Governor and General in Chief.

LONDON, Jan. 2.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, JAN. 1, 1814.

Copy of a letter from Vice Admiral Sir E. Pellew, Bart, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's ship Caledonia, off Toulon, on the 6th Gov. 1813.

SIR,—If I was not aware that every shot fired from his Majesty's fleet before Toulon, upon that of the enemy, would be pompously displayed, in the Moniteur, by the government of France, to deceive all Europe, as well as their unhappy subjects, I should have considered it unnecessary to trouble their Lordships with the following detail of the transactions of the squadron under my command on the 5th inst.

His Majesty's fleet had been blown off their station by a succession of hard gales for eight days, and it was only yesterday morning that the land was discovered, together with the inshore squadron, as per margin,* which had reached Cape Sicie the preceding evening. The fleet were standing with close reefed topsails towards Toulon, to reconnoitre, with a strong wind from E E. N. when at 10 A. M. the enemy, as customary with such winds, was seen getting under weigh, and came out with 14 sail of the line and seven frigates, for their usual exercise, close in with the shore, between Cape Brun and Cape Carcaviane. A sudden change of wind to the N. W. seemingly unexpected by them, permitted us to hope that we should be able to bring the rear to action: and the Scipion having communicated by signal the prospect of cutting off the leeward most ship, she was directed, with the advance squadron to attack. The Caledonia, Boyne, and San Josef, leading some distance ahead, and followed by the fleet were, I thought near enough to afford support, with every prospect of success; but fortunately, from the wind heading, they were not able to fetch the leewardmost ship, a three deecker, bearing the flag of a Rear Admiral, to windward of St. Marguerite, and consequently, only a partial firing took place, in passing on different tacks, and after wearing from the shore between Senet and Cape Brun.

Had the body of the fleet fortunately been more advanced when the change of wind took place, I am confident we should not only have brought the enemy to close action, but every ship we had weathered, would have been our reward, although they had not been above a league eastward of the port, and always under cover of the batteries.

The French fleet, the moment the wind changed, used all possible expedition to get back into the harbour, and the Vice Admiral was among the first that reached the anchorage.

The casulties in the ships on this occasion are too trifling to mention, were it not for the wounds of two fine young officers, Lieutenant Clarke, of the Marines, and Mr. Cuppage, Signal Midshipman of the San Josef, who each lost a leg by one unlucky shot.

I have, in common, with every officer and man in the fleet, deeply to lament that a fairer opportunity was not afforded for displaying the full extent of their exertions in the cause of their Sovereign, and in support of the honour of his flag, confident there cannot be found more ardent zeal in this just struggle, than among the officers and men I have the happiness to command.

I beg leave to enclose a return of the casualties on this occasion, and have the honour to be, &c. EDWARD PELLEW.

To J. W. Croker, Esq.

* Scipion, Mulgrave, Pembroke, Armada.

Casulties—Killed and Wounded.

Caledonia—3 wounded slightly.

San Josef—4 wounded, viz. Lieut. Clarke, Royal Marines, Mr. Cuppage, Midshipman, each lost a leg; two men slightly.

Scion—1 killed by accident, 1 wounded by the enemy, slightly.

Boyne—1 wounded slightly.

Pompee—2 slightly burnt by accident.

Pembroke—3 wounded slightly.

EDWARD PELLEW.

BRITISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF PERRY'S VICTORY.

H. M. late ship Detroit, Put in Bay Lake Erie, Sept. 12.

SIR—The last letter I had the honor of writing to you dated the 6th inst. informed you, that unless certain intimation was received of more seamen being on their way to Amherstburg, I should be obliged to sail with the squadron, deplorably manned as it was, to fight the enemy (who blockaded the port) to enable us to get supplies of provisions and stores of every description; so perfectly destitute of provisions was the port, that there was not a day's flour in store, and the crews of the squadron under my command, were on half allowance of many things, and when that was done there was no more. Such were the motives which induced Major Gen. Proctor (whom by your instructions I was directed to consult, and whose wishes I was enjoined to excute, as far as related to the good of the country) to concur in the necessity of a battle being risked, under the many disadvantsges which I labored, and it now remains for me, the most melancholy task, to relate to you the unfortunate issue of that battle, as well as the many untoward circumstances that led to that event. No intelligence of seamen having arrived, I sailed on the 9th inst. fully expecting to meet the enemy next morning, as they had been seen among the islands. Nor was I mistaken. Soon after day light they were seen in motion in Put in Bay, the wind then at south west, and light, giving us the weather gage.

I bore up with them, in hopes of bringing them to action among the Islands, but that intention was soon frustrated by the wind suddenly shifting to the SE. which brought the enemy directly to windward. The line was formed according to a given plan, so that each ship might be supported against the superior force of the two brigs opposed to them. About ten the enemy had cleared the Islands, and immediately bore up, under easy sail, in a line abreast, each brig also supported by the small vessels. At a quarter before 12 I commenced the action by a few long guns; about a quarter past, the American Commodore, also supported by 2 schooners, one carrying 4 long 12 pounders, the other a long 32 and 24 pounder, came to close action with the Detroit; the other brig of the enemy, apparently destined to engage the Queen Charlotte, supported in the like manner by 2 schrs. kept so far to the windward as to render the Queen Charlotte's 20 pound carronades useless, while she was, with the Lady Prevost, exposed to the heavy and destructive fire of the Caledonian, and 4 other schooners, armed with long and heavy guns like those I have already described. Too soon, alas! was I deprived of the services of the noble capt. Finnis, who soon after the commencement of the action fell, and with him fell my greatest support; soon after Lt. Stokes, of the Queen Charlotte, was struck senseless by a splinter, which deprived the country of his services at the very critical period. As I perceived, the Detroit had enough to contend with, without the prospect of a fresh brig, Provincial Lieut. Irvine, who then had charge of the Queen Charlotte, behaved with great courage, but his experience was much too limited to supply the place of such an officer as Capt. Finnis, hence she proved of far less assistance than I expected.

The action continued with great fury until half past two, when I perceived my opponent drop astern, and a boat passing from him to the Niagara, which vessel was at that time perfectly fresh, the American Commodore seeing, that as yet the day was against him his vessel having struck soon after he left her, and also the very defenceless state of the Detroit, which ship was now a perfect wreck, principally from the raking fire of the gun boats, and also that the Queen Charlotte was in such a situation, that I could receive very little assistance from her, and the Lady Prevost being at this time too far to leeward, from her rudder being injured, made a noble, and alas! too successful effort to regain it; for he bore up, and supported by his small vessels, passed within pistol shot, and took a raking position on our bow, nor could I prevent it, as the unfortunate situation of the Queen Charlotte prevented us from wearing; in attempting it we fell on board her; my gallant first Lt. Gerland was now mortally wounded, and myself so severely, that I was obliged to quit the deck. Manned as the squadron was with not more than 50 British seamen, the rest a mixed crew of Canadians and soldiers, and who were totally unacquainted with such service, rendered the loss of officers more sensibly felt, and never in any action was the loss more severe, every officer commanding vessels, and their seconds, was either killed or wounded so severely, as to be unable to keep the deck.—Lieut. Buchan in the Lady Prevost, behaved most nobly, and did every thing that a brave and experienced officer could do in a vessel armed with twelve pound carronades, against vessels carrying long guns.—I regret to state that he was severely wounded. Lieut. Bignal, of the Dover, commanding the Hunter displayed the greatest intrepidity; but his guns being small, 2 4 and 6 pounders, he could be of much less service than he wished. Every officer in the Detroit, behaved in the most exemplary manner. Lieut. Inglis shewed such calm intrepidity, that I was fully convinced that, on leaving the deck, I left the ship in excellent hands; and for an account of the battle after that I refer you to his letter which he wrote me for your information—Mr. Hoffmeinster, purser of the Detroit, nobly volunteered his services on the deck, and behaved in a manner that reflects the highest honor on him. I regret to add, that he is very severely wounded in the knee. Provincial Lt. Purvin, and the military officers, Lieut. Garden, of the Royal Newfoundland Rangers, and O'Keefe of the 41st regt. behaved in a manner which excited my warmest admiration; the few British seamen I had behaved with their usual intrepidity & as long as I was on deck, the troops behaved with a calmness and courage, worthy of a more fortunate issue to their exertions.

The weather gage gave the enemy prodigious advantage, as it enabled them not only to choose their position, but their distance also, which they did in such a manner as to prevent the carronades of the Queen Charlotte and Lady Prevost, from having much effect; while their long guns did great execution, particularly against the Queen Charlotte. Capt. Perry has behaved in a most humane and attentive manner, not only to myself and officers, but to all the wounded. I trust that, although unsuccessful, you will approve of the motives that induced me to sail under so many disadvantages, and that it may be hereafter proved, that under such circumstances the honor of His Majesty's flag has not been tarnished. I enclose the list of killed and wounded. I have the honor to be, &c.

Signed, R. H. BARCLAY,
Commander and late Senior Officer.

His Majesty's late Ship Detroit, Sept. 10.

SIR—I have the honor to transmit to you an account of the termination of the late unfortunate battle with the enemy's squadron.

On coming on the quarter deck, after your being wounded, the enemy's second brig at that time on our weather beam, shortly after took a position upon our weather bow to rake us:—to prevent which, in attempting to wear, to get our starboard broadside to bear upon her, a number of the guns on the larboard broadside being at this time disabled, fell on board the Queen Charlotte, at this time running up to leeward of us. In this situation the two ships remained for some time. As soon as we got clear of her, I ordered the Queen Charlotte to shoot ahead of us if possible; and then attempted to back our fore topsail to get astern, but the ship lying completely unmanageable, every brace cut away, the mizen topmast and gaff down, all the other masts badly wounded, not a stay left forward, hull shattered very much, a number of the guns disabled, and the enemy's squadron raking both ships ahead and astern, none of our own in a situation to support us; I was under the painful necessity of answering the enemy, to say we had struck, the Queen Charlotte having previously done so. I have the honor to be, &c.

Signed, GEORGE INGLIS.

To Captain Barclay, &c.

Abstract of the Killed and Wounded.

3 Officers, 38 men, killed; 9 Officers, 85 men wounded—Total 41 killed; 94 wounded.

HARRISBURGH, April 30.

HORRID MURDER AND ROBBERY!

It is with painful emotions we are compelled to relate one of the most daring and villainous Murders and Robberies on record, committed in this borough. Mr. Isaac Wells, who kept a store in Front, a few doors below Market-st. in which he slept, was most inhumanly murdered on Tuesday night last. He received a stab below the ear, which penetrated through the neck, from appearances while in bed, and was afterwards dragged, or by his own exertion got over the counter; a handkerchief was drawn tight round his neck; no doubt to assist in executing the fatal deed.—After performing this, there was stolen about 2000 dolls. in bank notes—the door locked, and key taken off.—Mr. Wells's brother, who lives on the opposite bank of the river, perceived the store closed after breakfast the next morning, concluded he was indisposed and came over, when, after getting in at the window, he was found lying on the floor, weltering in his blood!

An inquest was held over his body; their verdict was, "*Wilful murder by some unknown hand.*" There has nothing transpired since tending, the most remotely, to lead to a discovery of the monster.

His remains were interred on Thursday, attended by the Masonic Order, and a numerous concourse of citizens.

NORFOLK, May 2.

Since the war it has been our lot to notice many acts of our enemy, perpetrated in direct violation of the laws of nations and of civilized usage. This has been as much a subject of regret as indignation with us. The customary evils of war are sufficient scourges for the human race, but to aggravate them, and that without the shadow of an excuse, is abominable. The mode of warfare pursued by the enemy in the Chesapeake, has been ignoble and highly reprobatery, particularly as relates to the kidnapping of negroes. If negroes desert from their masters and fly to the enemy, it is no fault of the enemy if he keeps them; but to go on shore and take them away by force, is a most unjustifiable proceeding.——To take cattle, or other stock, would be consistent with the usages of civilized warfare; but to take negroes, who are *human beings;* to tear them forever from their kindred and connections, is what we should never expect from a Christian nation, especially one that has done so much to abolish the "Slave Trade." There are negroes in Virginia, and we believe in all the Southern States, who have their interests and affections as strongly engrafted in their hearts, as the whites, and who feel the sacred ties of filial, parently and conjugal affection equally strong, and who are warmly attached to their owners and the scenes of their nativity. To these no inducement which the enemy could offer, would be suffieient to tempt them away.——To drag them away, then by force, would be the greatest cruelty. Yet it is reserved for England, who boasts of her religion and love of humanity, to practice this piece of cruelty so repugnant to the dictates of christianity and civilization.

AMERICAN
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Commercial Daily Advertiser.

BALTIMORE: SATURDAY May 7.

We continue to look with vast anxiety for authentic intelligence from France, for we are inclined to believe, that the round-about news by the way of St. Barts is only an enlarged edition of what we already know—It is possible that the London prints might have later intelligence on the 15th of March; for although our last date from Bordeaux is of the 9th or 10th of that month, yet that city is farther from Paris than London, by at least 100 miles—But from Bordeaux we might have had some intelligence concerning Lord Wellington, he being in the southern part of France—In that quarter, "the Great Lord" may be in danger, if the Spaniards have been cooled in their zeal for their *deliverers* at St. Sebastian, and the people of France adhere to Bonaparte—in that case, not an improbable one, his Lordship's army might be starved into submission by the surrounding inhabitants without striking a blow.

Meanwhile, the Eastern Oppositionists have become surprizingly conversant in the geography and topography of France, as if no one knew any thing of that country but themselves—They ostentatiously tell us, that Fontainbleau is 35 miles S. E. Troyes 90 miles E. S. E. Chalons 95 miles E. of Paris, &c.—Then they tell us, that a great Russian General is at that place; a great Prussian General is at this place; and their heaven-born Cossacks burning and destroying every where—that the poor little Corsican will only be a breakfast for the Hetman; the Muscadins only a dinner for Blucher; and Paris be made a second exhibition like that of St. Sebastian, but on a larger and more magnificant scale, in the way of carnage and barbarity!

It is in this way, impartial readers, that factious men debase the character of Christianity!—When our Missionaries are sent to convert the Heathens, how will they be able to account for these horrible doings of "the civilized nations of Europe?"—Would it not be better to reform ourselves, before we attempt to reform others?

EDITORS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Leonard Town, Md. May 3.

On Wednesday last, a part of the enemy's squadron, consisting of a 74 (perhaps the Dragon, Capt. Barrie,) and three large schooners ascended the Potomac as high as Montalbino, the seat of Major Somerville. Some barges endeavored to burn a vessel in Britain's Bay, but were repelled by the militia, they afterwards took possession of Blackstone's & St. George's Islands, for the purpose of watering; on Sunday another ship and brig came into the river, and at sun set last evening (Monday) they were all under way standing towards the Chesapeake. About noon, yesterday, there was a severe skirmish between the barges with two privateer schrs. and the Westmoreland militia near Picatone—the fire continued with great vivacity for at least an hour, after which the boats retired.—*Nat. Int.*

We have received a letter from a correspondent in Northumberland county, Va. dated on the 29th April, expressing his surprize at the gunboats under com. Barney's command not having been ordered down the bay, before that time. As his wishes in that respect are by this time gratified, it is not necessary to notice so much of his letter as relates to that matter. Some of the facts stated in his letter may, however, be interesting to the public and we therefore extract from it the following:

"Within two months and in the time many of our citizens have been reduced to poverty by the depredations of the enemy. Nine families on Great Wicomico River at one dash have been ruined, and nine times nine will be ruined by the heads of families being constantly on duty, neglecting totally any preparation for a crop. You have no idea, gentlemen, of the distress that awaits the poorer class of the people in this section of the state, between the mouths of the Potomac and Rappahanock rivers. I have no hesitation in saying that ten of Barney's boats would render us a more efficient service in preventing the enemy from landing than all the militia in the state; for our shores are so indented by rivers and creeks, that, without the whole force of the state almost, it would