ON DUELLING.

From Say's Sunday Reporter.

London, April 10.

Having recorded the death of colonel Montgomery in a duel, on a dispute which arose merely from a trivial quarrel between two dogs, it may not be unuseful to insert the following letter, which was written by the then bishop of C ——. to the earl of Bellamont, after his duel with lord Townshend, in 1775.

My Lord,

THOUGH I presume to address myself to your lordship on a subject in which you are unfortunately but too much interested, it is not my intention by any means to wound the sensibility of your temper, or to question the benevolence of your heart. I am sure you are a brave man, and I hear you are as good a man as any to be found among the youth of condition in this kingdom; yet pardon me, my lord, if I say that our youth of condition do not want advice upon any point so much as upon the point of honor, with which they fancy themselves so intimately acquainted, and let me inform you, a father of the church now begs your most serious attention; through your lordship, he may communicate a few observations to the world no less necessary to maintain the laws of this country, than to enforce the commandments of his God.

Be not, however, terrified, my lord, though an old man, and that man of some ecclesiastical consequence too, breaks thus abruptly on your retirement: He will talk to you as fashionably as if he did not think religiously, and make (the better to answer his purpose) a serious question in morals, an object of polite investigation. To drop the third person, my lord, I know experimentally what the passions are at your time of life; young men prefer any criminality with which meanness is not connected, to the slightest idea of dishonor; they do not fear to commit a flagitious action so much as to be concerned in a foolish one; and there are particular crimes, such as duelling, for instance, in which custom has made it glory, not only to sacrifice every dictate of our reason, but every impulse of our humanity.

I have said, my lord, that I know experimentally with what a vehemence the passions, especially where the point of honor is concerned, rage in the bosom of a young man. In the early part of life, I received an insult which I thought myself indispensibly bound to resent: and of course either a submission or meeting in the field, became the only alternative I could propose to the party by whom I considered injured. He chose the letter; and your lordship can easily conceive my affliction. My own personal safety was no more than an atom in the scale of consideration; but I agonized at the supposition of the ruin which I was probably going to pull down upon my own family, as well as upon the family of my antagonist. I was an only son, the sole heir of an ancient house, and in a fortnight to marry a woman on whom I doated distraction. The man whom I challenged, besides, was circumstanced almost similarly, and had lived with me in an uninterrupted course of friendship for years. These reflections occurred to me incessantly; yet my pride (your lordship will excuse me) steeled me against the salutary counsel they suggested. Reason, no less than religion, pointed out the various horrors of my situation, in the most forcible light; my pride, however, taught me to oppose the influence of both; and I determined to act like a man of spirit, let the consequences be ever so fatal either to my temporal peace, or to my eternal felicity.

Not to trespass unnecessarily on your good lordship's patience, I repaired with a heavy heart to the place of appointment, and wited scarce a second for the appearance of my enemy. His looks sufficiently bespoke the anguish of his mind; but he was equally biggoted with myself to the heresy of that moloch, modern honor, and equally resolved to worship him with blood. We could, both of us, I am confident, have embraced with the utmost cordiality; yet to behave spiritedly, it was indispensably to attack each other's lives: Our courage might have been suspected if we hesitated, even a moment, at a fashionable murder, and we therefore fired to purchase the good opinion of the world. Though at the absolute expence of our own. My ball, thanks to the mercy of God, did no mischief; my antagonist's was more effectual I received so violent a wound in the breast as to be in a state of the greatest danger for three months; and in less than twelve, saw the father whom I reverenced, and the woman whom I adored, carried to the grave, in consequence of what they suffered during the afflicting interval of my cure. O, my lord, the scorn of a thousand worlds would have been elysium to what I felt on that dreadful occasion! How often did I wish, that nature had formed me with a disposition the most dastardly that ever fell to the lot of her meanest sons! if I flew to reason for comfort, she told me that I despised her best advice; if I turned to religion, she bid me remember how I had trampled on her gravest admonitions.—Pride only appeared with a gleam of seeming consolation; she told me that I had acted as became a man of honor, and had spiritedly demanded satisfaction for an unpardonable affront. It was true, I had demanded satisfaction; yet what satisfaction had I received? If I was grosly insulted at first, I was now irreparable injured, and clearly felt that, though I might have behaved very gallantly, the behavior was nevertheless madness, which could think lasting misery an effectual remedy for imaginary disgrace.

In the superstitious ages of the world, my lord, when men absurdly believed that Providence interposed immediately in favor of the injured, a decision of the dispute by personal combat was not altogether ridiculous; but in these more enlightened times, when the sun of science has happily dispelled the clouds of enthusiasm, a continuation of so Gothic a custom is a scandal upon the human understanding.—No preternatural interposition is now expected to give a certain triumph to the person wronged; no, my lord, the aggressor and the aggrieved are upon equal terms; and, as in your own case, no less than in mine, the latter has often the most melancholy cause to be dissatisfied, where he is even indulged with the most honorable satisfaction. It is justly observed by a celebrated writer, that though men may live fools, they cannot die fools: your lordship and I have been both upon the verge of eternity, and therefore, with respect to the point of honor at least, we may be supposed to possess a little share of understanding. Give me leave, therefore, to ask you seriously, whether any thing can be so absurd as the fashionable practice of duelling? We receive an affront, and we endanger our lives; we expose the long list of our friends to distress; we hazard all the glowing expectations of our tenderest social ties, all our dearest prospects in the world, and all our greatest in the next, to—to do what?—blush, my lord, at my own question—to punish some act of incivility that should excite our contempt, or some disrespect which is wholly below our indignation. The man who is not ready to apologize for any offence he offers another, does not deserve to be considered a gentleman; yet, supposing the case otherwise, the offence ought indeed to be deadly, which induces us to take away a life. If it is of such magnitude as to require a bloody expiation, it should be left to the laws; and if it is not, we surely rebel against the majesty of our own hearts, where we endeavor to wipe it away with blood.

In whatever light we look upon duelling, my lord, I am persuaded you will concur with me in thinking that it is founded no less in folly than in barbarity. Where we are even the victors what is our triumph? A triumph over humanity, a triumph over justice, a triumph over our families, our country, and our God. If our reason, therefore, is not alarmed at the various dangers attending this horrible custom, our pride should be roused to the charge of weakness, to which it exposes our characters. Few who go into the field have any wish to destroy the life of an adversary; yet all must unavoidably expose their own: Our universal study is to set a just value upon this blessing; yet our universal practice is to treat it as an object of the slightest consideration. A sour look, a haughty accent, or an abrupt reply, are with us motives enough to lose or take a life at any time; in fact, the life of an English gentleman is the only thing in which he seems to have the least property: make an attempt on his estate, and he seeks a judicial remedy; set fire to his house, and he seeks a judicial remedy also; but if you tread upon his toe, or doubt his veracity, no law can give him redress; his life must be instantly hazarded to procure satisfaction, and the moment another becomes rude, he is obliged to become desperate: thus situated he meets his adversary (as every feeling man must meet an adversary) with an infinitely greater share of apprehension for consequences, than of a passion for revenge: though he wants fortitude to do what he wishes, yet he musters up courage to do what he abhors, and is brave enough to kill perhaps his dearest friend, because his cowardice is too excessive to oppose the ridiculous tyrant of a despicable custom.

Seriously, my lord, is the good opinion of the world worth enjoying upon conditions like these? In my opinion, it is not; and if honor is something that must be gratified at the expence either of justice or humanity, I am convinced that it is not very honorable. We all acknowledge the propriety of this reasoning, yet we all continue the abject slaves to a custom we detest. What a glory would it therefore be to your lordship, whose character for personal bravery is so thoroughly established, if you associate with a few sensible young men of quality, to rescue us from a tyranny so barbarous! You owe your country much for risquing so valuable a life as your own, and this would be an exalted method of discharging the obligation.

I know, my lord, that many elegant writers are apprehensive, that if duelling was once abolished, a custom additionally dangerous would be immediately adopted in its room. The judicious author, particularly, who has obliged the world with the principles of penal law, asks, in his chapter upon duelling, "Whether it is not to be feared, that the propensity to revenge would substitute the more fatal, and the more odious practice of assassination?"—For my part, I think not; and for the very reason which he himself assigns to shew the inefficacy of declaiming against duelling. "Of little avail, (says he) is it to the object, that true honor depends not on the prejudices of the people, but hath its source in the heart; that it is more courageous to resist the absurd tyranny of custom, than to submit to it; that the defence of honor is not placed in occasional appeals to the sword and pistol, but in a life of integrity and virtue; that when a fencing school is made the court of justice, there is no law, no argument but murder. All these assertions (concludes our author) may be true; but the most solid reasoning is received as mere declamation, when opposed to the impetuosity of passion, or the fear of shame." "When shame (says he in another place) is the consequence of obedience to law, the sword of justice loses its terrors. Hence, the duelist kills his friends whom he loves, and the judge condemns the duelist while he scarcely knows how in his heart to disapprove his behavior." Surely, my lord, if shame is so very irresistable as to force us into duelling, it would be equally powerful to keep us from assassination; if shame is necessary to make us seek for honorable reparation, it would certainly be sufficient to save us from the infamy of dastardly revenge. It would unquestionably be as efficacious on the side of law, prudence and humanity, as upon the side of injustice, absurdity and blood; nothing therefore, my lord, is wanting, but a generous association among a few young men of rank, to root out the custom of duelling. If such an association was once established, and if the members only made it publicly known that they would never admit any man into their company, who either refused to apologize for an offence he had given, or required the life of a fellow creature, as an atonement for an affront, the most salutary consequences would result to society. Associations are formed to improve the opera, to encourage race-horses, and to preserve the game. For the love of Heaven, my lord, let there be one association to preserve the human species; to save the hoary father from falling a victim to the phrenzy of his slaughtered son, to prevent the doating mother's agonizing shrieks, to snatch the tender wife from unutterable despair, and to continue a parent to a helpless brood of innocents. I cannot proceed, my lord, on this affecting subject—my heart is too full; and I have already truspassed sufficiently on your patience; I shall, therefore, only observe, that as the other associations just now mentioned have either been distinguished by royal or parliamentary protection, the one I recommended could not fail of being warmly encouraged by both, as an institution no less honorable to the kingdom, than delightful to God.

May that God take your lordship into his particular care, and lead you seriously to weigh this admonition from your lordship's true well-wisher.

From the New-York Evening Post.

"If the raising of *an army to butcher the citizens of our own country*; if a *funding system*, an *inextinguishable debt*, a *land tax*, a *standing army*"---if it was by these things that the "prudence of a Washington was enforced, and the frightful calamity averted," then is it true, that "to the talents of a Hamilton, while in office, and in his present retirement are we indebted for our past preservation, and our present prosperity." [*National Ægis.*]

The above paragraph is so close an imitation of the very style and manner of Duane himself, "the acute and discriminating Duane," as Mr. Blake calls him, that with most readers it would pass for his without suspicion. The wanton spirit in which assertions and insinuations are made, without the most remote connection with truth or candor, shew that the editor of the Ægis has at length demeaned himself to "trail a pike under so distinguished a leader." He ought, however, to reflect, that before a man can be permitted to proceed with total impunity, in a career of slander, malevolence and falsehood, he must first have passed through as long a course of flagellation as has the profligate and abandoned renegado whom he affects to ape.

"*Whose tortoise back grown callous to the stroke,*" he now hardly winces at the severest castigation that can be bestowed. Not so with his youthful and unhackneyed imitator, in whom it is charitably hoped all sense of honor and virtue is not yet lost. Before he can be admitted to the rare privileges of an "*old* offender," he must lay his account with being a thousand times detected exposed and punished. Should no chastisement prove salutary, he will in the end be "given over to a reprobate mind," to herd with the Duane's and the Cheetham's of the day. But to come to the paragraph which gave rise to our present notice of him:

Does this young man know, that the *army* which he says was raised "to butcher the citizens of our country," was ordered out by the virtuous WASHINGTON, who joined it in person? Is he aware that the *funding system*, which he is not ashamed to join and cant against, in the canting hypocricy of the day, was a measure expressly prayed for in a memorial to congress, framed by A. J. Dallas, and signed by Mr. M'Kean and some other democrats, which memorial was committed to a committee, of which *Madison* was chairman, and who reported in favor of it? Is he aware that Mr. Gallatin, in his book on finance, has committed himself so far in favor of the *funding system*, as to declare, that it must have been adopted in some shape or other, "unless the American government had chosen to forfeit every claim to common honesty"? And when he cants about the *inextinguishable debt*, has he forgotten that the present secretary of the treasury, in his report of December, 1801, has candidly admitted, "that the actual revenues of the union, (as provided under the two first administrations) were sufficient *to defray all the expences, civil and military*, of the government, to the extent authorised by existing laws, *to meet all the engagements of the United States*, and to DISCHARGE *within eight years, thirty-two millions of the principal*, and *within fifteen years and an half*, THE WHOLE OF THE PUBLIC DEBT," foreign as well as domestic, *new* as well as *old*? Does Mr. Blake know, that the *land tax* originated with his own party? that a committee of ways and means, consisting of one member from each state, having been appointed for the purpose of devising the best method of raising a tax, the democratic gentlemen, with Mr. Madison at their head, proposed, and (this having become the opinion of a majority) reported in favor of a *land tax*; that in consequence, Mr. Wolcott was directed by a resolution of the house, to frame a report for that purpose; and that at the next session of congress, when the report was made in favor of a *land tax*, Mr. Madison, whose measure it was considered to be, was the man who particularly appeared on the floor as its defender and supporter? Is this very uncandid writer unacquainted too with the fact, that Mr. Gallatin, in his book on finance, to which we have once before adverted, has expressly recommended a *land tax* to the administration? Lastly, does he know, that what he terms a *standing army*, though reduced, has not been disbanded, but is still kept up, and is to be kept up and maintained by the present administration, at an expence, according to Mr. Gallatin's last report, of *eight hundred and thirty thousand dollars* per annum? or does he suppose that a measure which was odious in the federalists, becomes praiseworthy when adopted and continued by the democrats?

To conclude, the manner in which our democratic editors conduct their presses, brings strongly to recollection the energetic and indignant language of the celebrated Whitaker, in his "Vindication of Mary, queen of Scots:" "There is (says he) a point of profligacy in the line of human impudence, at which the most disguised heart seems to lose all sensibility of shame, and the most designing mind seems to deprive itself of all possibility of cheating."

ESTHER M'DOWELL.

From the Luzerne Federalist, July 12.

Our readers will recollect, that in April last we published an account of the robbery of Miss Esther M'Dowell, in Lycoming county, by a fellow of the name Benjamin Cowgle, or Connet. The pitiable situation of this unfortunate young lady, excited the sympathy of the humane citizens of Lycoming; the rev. Mr. Grier took her home, and she was soon presented with fifteen suits of apparel—The commissioners of the county offered a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of the villain who had committed the robbery—men were sent in every direction in pursuit of him—letters were written to Montreal, to the friends of Miss M'Dowell, and to Kentucky, to her father, on the melancholy subject; and all the people of the United States appeard to feel one common interest, in the detection of so base a wretch as her inhuman robber. In the mean time, every attention which humanity could suggest, was paid, to alleviate the sorrows of the sufferer. A number of months passed away, and no certain information was obtained of Connet. No answers were received to the letters sent to Montreal. No father attended the summons of his suffering daughter! These negative circumstances awakened the suspicion of some of the people in the neighborhood where the robbery was said to have been committed; search was made about the place, and a suit of men's clothes found. On enquiring of Miss M'Dowell where she and Connet had lodged the night before the robbery, she could not tell; nor could she give any information of one house she had put up at, after leaving Montreal. This apparent ignorance, in one of her accomplishments, appeared very extraordinary. But her conduct forbade suspicion; she uniformly refused money, although it was frequently offered her; a gentleman proposed to take her 70 miles on her journey towards Kentucky, and to give her 20 dollars; but she politely declined his offer. Her deportment is modest, and her story always the same.

A gentleman has just arrived in town from Lycoming, who informs us, that the people believing Miss M'Dowell an impostor, became severe and loud in their censures against her, and that a short time since, she had removed from Mr. Grier's to Mr. Gallagher's by his invitation; after being at this place awhile, Mr. Gallagher found, pushed under his door, two letters, written, apparently, by different hands, threatening if he kept Miss M'Dowell longer, they would burn his barn; names were affixed to these letters, he did not know—he soon after found in his barn, a brand, extinguished; alarmed at this, he removed her to Loyalsock, about 30 miles distant, where she remains. From the peculiar kind of wood the brand was burnt of, it is believed to have been taken from Mr. G's chimney. Many are of opinion that the letters were written by this extraordinary woman, and that the brand was placed in the barn by her. Miss M'D. speaks and writes the English and French languages with elegance, and appears an accomplished lady; she says she is but 18 years old, but is judged to be 23 or 24. "Appearances are against her," and yet it is impossible to conjecture what motives could have led her to expose herself, *naked*, in a cold night in March, to the severity of the frost, and possibly to insults—and it is equally impossible to conceive, why her parents and friends are silent, when if they are in Kentucky or Montreal, they must have heard of her misfortunes, and have had ample time to come to her relief.

As soon as this "Tale of Mystery" is unfolded, we shall relieve the anxiety of our readers by communicating the result.

From the New-York Morning Chronicle.

In our paper of Friday, we noticed the Newark toast: "Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold---May traitors always receive their due reward!!"

We then expressed ourselves in what we trust will be conceived terms of just indignation, with respect to the profligate wretch who dared to insult the American people, by coupling the name of its second magistrate with that of the vilest traitor; and also of him in this city who triumphantly copied the villainous sentence.

We then stated our information that the toast was not by the company, but the extempore effusion of a worthless drunken fellow.

We have since further learnt that the man who gave it, is a *foreigner*, who arrived in this country a short time since; our information states less than two years; and who in the course of that time has found it necessary to run-away to the West-Indies, from which place he has but just returned, when he is selected as a suitable tool to throw insults on the vice-president of the union.

His name has been communicated to us, but as we find he is every way contemptible, we do not insert it.

A bridewell should be the portion both of him that gave the toast and of him that republished it; nor does it reflect any honor on our public officers to wink at such offences.

BY THIS DAY's MAILS.

BOSTON, July 14.

Arrived, brig Polly, Blackmer, Cape-de-Verds, released from quarantine. Passenger, Mr. David Townsend, jun. Left at the isle of May, brig ——, Bernard, of Boston.

Same day, schooner Vulture, Hammond, Guadaloupe, 25 days; and schooner Hannah, Tyler, do. released from quarantine.

Arrived, schooner Arenah, Haskell, Norfolk; sloop Hero, Brayton, Baltimore.

Cleared, ship Financier, Sargent, Batavia; brigs Two Sisters, Bruce, Barbados; Nancy, Ward, Havre de-Grace; Mary, Lovett, St. Johns; Montezuma, Rice, Dublin; Mary, Keefe, West-Indies; schooners Sally, Johnson, St. Johns; Harriet, Marshall, West-Indies; Favorite, Curtis, St. Croix; Success, Ross, Windsor; Industry, Cook, do; Polly, Farris, St. Johns, N. F.; Experiment, Davis, Teneriffe.

July 15.

In the late negociation between Great-Britain and France the former proposed to consent to the temporary occupation of Malta on condition that the latter should not interfere to prevent the cession of the island of Lampedosa to the British by the king of Naples. This proposal, although not agreed to, has excited a wish to see a description of the island.

Mr. ETON, in the appendix to his Survey of the Turkish Empire, represents this island as exceedingly fertile, capable of easy defence. He says, that almost all round the island there is good anchorage; there is a fine bay, where ships may ride in safety, and at the bottom of the bay a creek capable of being formed into a large excellent harbor. It was proposed to be occupied by the Russians. The advantages of this position are enumerated as follow:

"The situation of Lampedosa is the most advantageous possible; it is 100 miles from Susa in Barbary, from Giorgenti in Sicily, and from the great port of Malta; 600 from Toulon, from Algiers, and the entrance into the Archipelago; from Gibraltar, Alexandria and Constantinople 950; from Tripoli, Tunis, and the south point of Sicily, 160 miles.

"It is the best situation of any in the Mediterranean; in that respect it has all the advantages of Malta for the station of a fleet in time of peace or war. It is farther from France than from the Archipelago, and is in the passage of all vessels that go or come from the Levant.

"In time of war if the island should be in danger of an invasion, and being attacked by a superior fleet, the vessels stationed there may retire to Malta or Sicily, &c. however, a fleet drawn up near the shore may be protected by the land batteries.

"It is the best station for protecting trade. Vessels coming either from the straits of Gibraltar or from the Levant my be met by frigates, this island being in the middle way.

"Magazines of naval stores may be formed here from the Black sea, instead of purchasing them at enormous prices in Italy in war time.

"Provisions will be produced in the island, but till that is the case, they may be had from Sicily or the coast of Barbary, even in time of of war, as Malta is supplied thence, and more than two thirds of the cost at Leghorn, saved, &c.

"There is an hermitage, in which a priest of Malta performs divine service, in a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and keeps a lamp burning at the shrine of a Turkish hermit—a circumstance which has occasionally attracted pilgrims of both religions to the island. This priest has also a secular employment: he keeps an inn, filled with good provisions for sailors and pilgrims. The natural fertility of the island enables him to keep a good stock of corn, cattle and vegetables. He receives alms when he can sell nothing; so that he accumulates considerable property in the course of a life consecrated to Monkish poverty. The coasts of the island abound with fish. The fleet of the emperor Charles V. was wrecked on the coast in the year 1552."

NEW-YORK, July 19.

By captain Harrington, who arrived on Sunday from St. Pierres, Martinique, we are informed that Martinique was blockaded by two British seventy-fours, four frigates and two sloops of war. There were 5000 French troops at Fort Royal, determined to oppose the British to the last extremity. The inhabitants are favorable to the British.

Flour 18 dollars; beef 23; pork 26, per barrel.

From a St. John's (N. B.) of June 22.

Monday last returned from a cruise, the Union cutter, lieutenant Oliver, and bro't in with her the American sloop Sally, of Portland, for adjudication, for having