reign port or place, under the same provisions, regulations, restrictions and limitations, as if the said goods, wares, and merchandise had been exported directly from New Orleans by way of the Mississippi river.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That Delaware city, in the district of Delaware, shall be a port of delivery; and a Surveyor shall be appointed, who shall reside at said city.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That a collection district be, and is hereby established in the Territory of Florida, which shall include all the ports, harbors, shores, and waters of the main land in Florida, and of the islands opposite and nearest thereto, from Saint Mary's to the South side of Saint John's, to be called the Saint John's district, and a port of entry shall be established at such point on the Saint John's river, as the President may direct, and a collector shall be appointed, who shall give the same bond, perform the same duties, and be entitled to the same compensation, and fees, as the collectors, in other districts in Florida.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That Prospect, in the district of Belfast, in the State of Maine, shall be a port of delivery: and that a surveyor shall be appointed, who shall reside at that place.

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That the ports of Kennebunk, in the State of Maine, and Middletown, in the State of Connecticut, be, and they are hereby made ports of entry for vessels arriving from the Cape of Good Hope, and from places beyond the same.

Approved, March 2, 1831.

From the Boston Statesman.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Paraphrase.

Recent events, manifesting a wide division among the party which has hitherto supported Henry Clay, are too important not to awaken general attention. They are entitled to serious reflection by the friends of the administration and by the people. From the moment of the original "*combination*" against the *President*, which was organised at the Clay dinner at Washington, immediately after his election, it was foreseen that the materials composing it, united for a time by a common feeling of revenge for disappointed ambition, and of contempt for popular sovereignty, would necessarily fly asunder whenever it should come to be decided who should expect the posts of power. Nothing but the subtile chemistry of these common objects, it was perceived, could hold in union such repulsive materials as the nullifyers of the South, the Tariff men of the East, and the anti masons of the West. Such a jumble of politicians could have no natural cohesion. If Dr. Cooper and Mr. Webster could long act in harmony; if Mr. Clay, the grand Master, and Mr. Granger the antimason, could sing ravishing duetts to the tune "here we go round, go round?" if the highest "alto" of free trade and free masonry, and the lowest *bass* of tariff and Morganism, could be made to chime in a feline concert, then indeed, the time might be expected to have arrived, when water would run up hill, and fire and powder mix harmlessly together.

As to the Hon. Mr. Webster, his political sentiments are well known to take their hue from his political expectations. The thermometer of his anti-tariff zeal rose and fell with the variations of popular opinion in Boston. By a gentle and kind attraction, he mingles with the free trade party whenever it has the ascendency, and is again disengaged by that powerful solvent, a diminution of its numbers. *Against* the tariff, and *for* the tariff; a friend of Adams and an enemy of Adams; for Calhoun in 1823, Adams in 1824, Clay in 1825, Adams in 1826, Clay in 1828, Calhoun in 1830, and for himself in 1831; at one time, vaunting his federalism, at another, considering the charge of federalism libellious: one year against the South, and soliciting the West, the next, repelling the West—paying his "devoirs" to the South; denouncing, at one session, the advocates of state rights, and at the next soothed into a submissive silence, when the question is thrust upon him, with *Tassals* dangling from its apex; and on all these momentous subjects vibrating, like Balie Jarvie, between heaven and earth!

The foresight which anticipated the rupture of a party, of which this gentleman was one of the most conspicuous of its incongruous materials, was not deceived. Fulfilment has chafed the bells of prediction. Before the second year of the illustrious Jackson's administration had closed, a gulph, like that between the rich man and Lazarus, separates the mass of these political "free companions"—these followers of "*war, pestilence* and *famine*." The influence of their idol, founded upon their hatred to republican institutions, their eagerness for revenge and their rapacity for plunder, is no longer powerful enough to repress their contentions. They not only quarrel in his face, but having pulled him from his imaginary elevation, like vultures, they prey upon his corse. We hear no more enthusiastic encomiums of the patriotism, talents and fascinations of Henry Clay. Achilles is slain—Ajax and Ulysses are contending for his armour.

We have heard much of Mr. Clay's independence, of his determined spirit, of his boundless popularity. We now see the verification and manifestation of these qualities. We behold him evidently sinking in the first stages of political decline. His voice no longer cries in the wilderness, nor is he now found engaged in persecuting the people's administration from city unto city. Whiskey steams, and surloins smoke in vain. Chagrin preys upon him in his retirement. He is so *independent* that he dares not even curse the *kind political friends* who are digging his grave; so *determined*, that he yields himself a willing victim to their machinations; so *popular* that of his utter downfall "there is not a loop to hang a doubt upon."

Our purpose in these paragraphs, is to suggest that those who have supported Jackson's administration, and who still support it, have no concern in these disputes of the enemy, except, so far as they may affect the public interests. So far as dissension may be likely to weaken the union of a faction which has hitherto proceeded in the course dangerous to the great interests of the country, the effect will be unquestionably good. Still better will it be, if these disputes, growing out of motives merely personal and ambitious, shall open the eyes of their deluded followers to the real character of their leaders. In all their public acts, in all their mining and counterming, there is not the smallest reference to the prosperity of the country or the happiness of the people. All public principle is abandoned and the public good forgotten, in their eager struggle for power. In the storm of our republican institutions, one desperate leader hurls another from the walls and tramples upon him with merciless hostility. "War, famine and pestilence" is their battle cry, and the stimulus to combat, is the hope of plunder.—They look to success to reward with a general proscription of the republicans, the sacrifice of the Indians—the bribes of the United States Bank—ayaron commerce—war on state rights—the annihilation of the constitution To gratify them with a grand consolidated empire, wherein the *few* shall make a prey of the *many*; where titles of rank shall distinguish the gentlemen from the simplemen, and exorbitant wealth shall reduce the people to a miserable vassalage, and make them, in very deed, "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

And what a spectacle does this contest exhibit? Who does not see in what an aspect of disgrace it holds up the monarchical party of the country? What republican does not feel his indignation roused, that these factionists should have *stolen* the *name* of his party to prosecute such infamous designs? "*National Republicans*"! National, because they aim to destroy the constitution: and republicans, because they scorn and deride the intelligence and patriotism of the people!

There remains for the friends of the Constitution, administered by Jackson in its true spirit, to arrest the progress of this wicked faction, and preserve the country from the ruin of its measures. Our course lies right onward. We will turn neither to the right hand nor the left. The republican party, having *twice* saved the country and the constitution are *again* destined to save it. They are the friends of union—they are free Americans and they *are a great majority of the union*.—Proofs of disaffection and schism in their adversaries, assure them of a most signal success. They have a point of concentration—the man "*who has filled the measure of his country's glory*." He has again consented to sacrifice his wishes to the wishes of the party; and in this sign, we conquer. He was never yet guilty of duplicity, never soiled his honor with a political bargain, never compromised his principles. Always just, honest, magnanimous, he has always been attended by public favour. Always brave, prudent, and penetrating, victory has ever followed his footsteps. Let us rally for the union, for the constitution, for the *people's cause*; and, with the blessings of Heaven, liberty and the Republic shall again be triumphant.

MUTIUS SCÆVOLA.

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS.

Philadelphia, Carey and Lea.—We received this eagerly expected volume at too late an hour to do more than pencil a few of the passages that struck our eye in running through its pages.—We hasten, however, like the voyages it immortalizes, to display the first-gems we discover, and will return again to explore the new regions of interest before us.

The work is a sequel to the History of Columbus, and the period embraced in it, from the close of the fifteenth to the first quarter of the ensuing century, though so rich in historical romance, presents few subjects of more animated interest than the varying fortunes and dramatic adventures of these daring rovers. The fate of many of them is as melancholy as their career is inspiriting; and almost all seem to have inherited the ungrateful destiny, as well as the enterprize, of their great master. Of the dauntless Alonzo de Ojeda, one of the haughtiest of these adventurers, we are told that "he died so poor, that he did not leave money enough to provide for his interment; and so broken in spirit, that with his last breath, he entreated his body might be buried in the monastry of San Francisco, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, "*that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.*"

It was with Ojeda that *Amerigo* Vespuci sailed; and among the other voyages, we find the names of Vasco Nunez, the discoverer of the Pacific; Vincente Yanez Pinzon, Diego de Nicuesa, Juan Ponce de Lean, &c. The fate of the first of these is even more cruel than that of the bold Ojeda. The closing scene of his life is affectingly painted in the following passsage:—*N. Y. Amer.*

"It was a day of gloom and horror at Acla when Vasco Nunez and his companions were led forth to execution. The populace were moved to tears at the unhappy fate of a man whose gallant deeds had excited their admiration and whose generous qualities had won their hearts. Most of them regarded him as the victim of a jealous tyrant; and even those who thought him guilty, saw something brave and brilliant in the very crime imputed to him. Such, however, was the general dread inspired by the severe measures of Pedrarias that no one dared to lift up his voice either in murmur or remonstrance.

"The public crier walked before Vasco Nunez, proclaiming, This is the punishment inflicted by command of the king, and his lieutenant Don Pedrarias Davilla, on this man as a traitor and an usurper of the territories of the crown."

"When Vasco Nunez heard these words he exclaimed, indignantly, It is false, never did such a crime enter my mind; I have ever served my king with truth and loyalty, and sought to augments his dominions."

"These words were of no avail in his extremity but they were fully believed by the populace."

"Thus perished, in his forty-second year, in the prime and vigour of his days and the full career of his glory, one of the most illustrious and deserving of the Spanish discoverers, a victim to the basest and most perfidious envy.

"How vain are our most confident hopes, our brightest triumphs? When Vasco Nunez from the mountains of Darien, beheld the Southern ocean revealed to his gaze, he considered his unknown realms at his disposal. When he had launched his ships upon its waters, and his sails were in a manner flapping in the wind, to bear him in quest of the wealthy empire of Peru, he scoffed at the prediction of the astrologer, and defied the influence of the stars. Behold him interrupted at the very moment of his departure; betrayed into the hands of his most invidious foe; the very enterprise that was to have crowned him with glory wrested into a crime; and himself hurried to a bloody and ignominous grave, at the foot, as it were, of the mountain from whence he had made his discovery. His fate like that of his renewed predecessor Columbus, proves that it is sometimes dangerous even to discern too greatly.

The other scene of his life, so vividly here contrasted, is thus glowingly described:

The day had scarcely dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn, but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

"About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bold summit alone remained to be ascended and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt; and that no man should stir from his place. Then with a palpitating heart he ascended alone the bare mountain top. On reaching the summit the long desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

"At this glorious prospect Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend. 'Behold, my friends,' said he, 'that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to him that he will guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and in which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As for yourselves, be as you have hitherto been faithful and true to me, and by the favor of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest service to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith.'

We conclude the present notice with the story of one of Ojeda's romantic adventures:—

After landing upon the Coast of Carthagena, when the friars had read a pious manifesto, Ojeda made a sign of amity to the natives, and held up glittering presents. They had already suffered, however, from the cruelty of the white men, and were not to be won by kindness. On the contrary, they brandished their weapons, sounded their conchs, and prepared to make battle. Juan de la Cosa saw the rising choler of Ojeda, and knew his fiery impatience. He again entreated him to abandon these hostile shores, and reminded him of the venomous weapons of the enemy. It was all in vain: Ojeda confided blindly in the protection of the Virgin. Putting up, as usual, a short Prayer to his patroness, he drew his weapons, braced his buckler, and charged furiously upon the savages. Juan de la Cosa followed as heartily as if the battle had been of his own seeking. The Indians were soon routed, a number killed, and several taken prisoners; on their persons were found plates of gold, but of an inferior quality. Flushed by this triumph, Ojeda took several of the prisoners as guides, and pursued the flying enemy four leagues into the interior—He was followed as usual, by his faithful lieutenant, the veteran La Cosa, continually remonstrating his useles temerity, but hardily seconding him in the most hair-brained perils.—Having penetrated far into the forest, they came to a strong hold of the enemy, where a numerous force was ready to receive them, armed with clubs, lances, arrows, and bucklers. Ojeda led his men to the charge with the old Castilian war-cry, 'Santiago!' The savages soon took flight. Eight of their bravest warriors threw themselves into a cabin, and plied their bows and arrows so vigorously, that the Spaniards were kept at bay. Ojeda cried shame upon his followers to be daunted by eight naked men. Stung by this reproach, an old Castilian soldier rushed through a shower of arrows and forced the door of the cabin, but received a shaft through the heart, and fell dead on the threshold. Ojeda, furious at the sight, ordered fire to be set to the combustible edifice; in a moment it was in a blaze, and the eight warriors perished in the flames. Several Indians were made captives and sent to the ships, and Ojeda, regardless of the remonstrance of Juan de la Cosa, continued his rash pursuit of the fugitives through the forest. In the dusk of the evening they arrived at a village called Yurbaco, the inhabitants of which had fled to the mountains with their wives and children and principal effects. The Spaniards, imagining that the Indians were completely terrified and dispersed, now roved in quest of booty among the deserted houses, which stood distant from each other, buried among the trees. While they were thus scattered, troops of savages rushed forth, with furious yells, from all parts of the forest. The Spaniards endeavored to gather together and support each other, but every little party was surrounded by a host of foes. They fought with desperate bravery; but for once their valour and their iron armour were overwhelmed by numbers, and sank beneath war-clubs and poisoned arrows. Ojeda on the first alarm collected a few soldiers, ensconced himself within a small enclosure, surrounded by palisades. Here he was closely beseiged, and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower; but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies.

At this fearful moment, the veteran La Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived with a few followers, to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but he was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin; the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his comrades, but one, were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion.—"Brother," said he, "since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate!" Thus fell the hardy Juan de la Cosa, faithful and devoted to the very last; nor can we refrain from pausing to pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was acknowledged by his contemporaries to be one of the ablest of those gallant Spanish navigators who first explored the way to the New World. But it is by the honest and kindly qualities of his heart that his memory is most endeared to us; it is, above all, by that loyalty and friendship displayed in this his last and fatal expedition. Warned by his attachment for a more youthful and a hot headed adventurer, we see this wary veteran of the seas forgetting his usual prudence and the lessons of his experience, and embarking heart and hand, purse and person, in the wild enterprises of his favorite. We behold him watching over him as a parent, remonstrating with him as a partizan; following him, without hesitation, into known and needless danger, to certain death itself, and shewing no other solicitude in his dying moments, but to be remembered by his friend.

Ojeda alone escaped; and afterwards being joined by Nicuesa, took a terrible revenge on the unfortunate natives.

"The two governors, no longer rivals, landed four hundred of their men and several horses, and set off with all speed for the fatal village. They approached it in the night, and, dividing their forces into two parties, gave orders that not an Indian should be taken alive. The village was buried in deep sleep, but the woods were filled with large parrots, which being awakened, made a prodigious clamour. The Indians, however, thinking the Spaniards all destroyed, paid no attention to these noises. It was not until their houses were assailed and wrapped in flames, that they took the alarm. They rushed forth, some with arms, some weaponless, but were received at the doors by the exasperated Spaniards, and either slain on the spot, or driven back into the fire. Women fled wildly forth with children in their arms, but at sight of the Spaniards glittering in steel, and of the horses, which they supposed ravenous monsters, they ran back, shrieking with horror, into their burning habitations. Great was the carnage, for no quarter was shewn to age or sex. Many perished by the fire, and many by the sword. When they had fully glutted their vengeance, the Spaniards ranged about for booty. While thus employed, they found the body of the unfortunate Juan de la Cosa. It was tied to a tree, but swoln and discolored in a hideous manner by the poison of the arrows with which he had been slain. This dismal spectacle had such an affect upon the common men, not one would remain in that place during the night. Having sacked the village, therefore, they left it a smoking ruin, and returned in triumph to their ships."

From the N. York Commercial of April 2, two o'clock.

We stop the press to announce the arrival of the packet ship France, from Havre, whence she sailed, the 13th of February.

We have our files to the 11th. A Havre paper of that date says, that a telegraph communication has been made at Lyons, that a serious REVOLUTION HAD BROKEN OUT IN ITALY—that Reggio, Bologna and Modena had been overthrown, and that the Duke of Modena had been killed.

A second edition of Galignani of the 10th February announces the receipt per telegraph of despatches from Lyons, communicating the news of a serious insurrection in Italy. It broke out at the same time in Reggio, Modena, and Bologna. The insurgents had adopted the tri-colored cockade. At the departure of the Courier the troops of the Duke of Modena were fighting in the streets with the insurgents.

A private letter from Madrid, of the 1st February, states that the Spanish Government has been driven to hostile measures by the intrigues of the apostolical party. All the provincial regiments, 42 in number, were put under arms.

News from Constantinople shows a disposition on the part of the Grand Seignor to avail himself of the embarrassments of Russia to evade the execution of the recent treaty. The cholera morbus, had broken out in Austria.

Translated from the Gazette de France, of February 10.

The conduct of the Ministry touching the affairs of Belgium, places the journals attached to it in the most ridiculous situation. Eight days since the *Journal des Debats proved with* a great deal of eloquence, that the throne of Belgium ought to be accepted for the Duke of Nemours.—Then it gave a long article to establish the reverse of the proposition. To-day it is said that a telegraphic despatch has been sent to annul, till further orders, the refusal borne by the courier. The same journal adds, that although it persists in its reasoning for the refusal, it cannot be disguised that there is in this refusal something which [illegible] upon the subject.

It appears that on the 9th, the Belgian Deputation in Paris, were officially received by the Minister of Foreign Relations. The interview lasted two hours, and the gravest questions were under consideration. If, says the Gazette our information is exact, it will now be proposed to the Belgic Congress to elect Prince Charles of Naples as their King, who will espouse the Princess Mary of France. The Belgic Deputies stated, that their mission related exclusively to the Duke of Nemours.

Poland.—The Polish Diet have issued a long answer to the proclamation of General Count Diebitsch, which is a spirited document and which concludes as follows:—"The Polish nation united in its Diet declares, that for the future it constitutes an independent people, which has the right to confer the Polish crown upon him whom it shall deem worthy of it. Upon him whom it shall judge capable of observing faithfully the principles which he shall have sworn to, and of preserving untouched the National Liberties." The declaration was signed unanimously by the members of the Diet.

The Captain of the packet, who sailed at Havre two days after the date of our papers says he news was confirmed previous to his departure.

From the New York American.

MORE REVOLUTIONS.

To *o'clock*.—The France, packet ship, from Havre, just arrived, brings Paris dates of 11th Feb.

"There has been an insurrection in the Duchy of Milena in Italy, which is thus noticed in the private correspondence of the Havre Journal:—"An insurrection beyond the Alps has really broken out, bursting forth on the same day in Reggio, Bologna and Modena. The accounts had been received by telegraph at Lyon.

"The details given by the Journal des Debats this morning, (which unfortunately we have not received) we think proper to add, that is entirely a republican movement, and that very probably the Duke of Modena, the only sovereign who refused to acknowledge our revolution of July, was killed in the tumult."

According to the reports in circulation, the troops and citizens were engaged together, but the troops had the advantage.

The Polish Diet, by a vote of 83 to 13, had placed the Executive Power in a Commission of five Members, composed of *Adam Czartoroski*, President; *Vincent Menjowski*, *Th. Krunski*, *Stan. Bazzyhowski* and *Joachin Lelel*. The *New Poland*, newspaper, complains that one only of these had a part in the last Revolution.

The intelligence from Vienna is, that every thing in that capital is on the footing of war, especially against Poland, which is threatened with invasion at once from Russia, Austria and Prussia.—Prince Metternich is in close connection with the Duke of Monthel, who, however, is watched closely by Marshal Maison.

On the other hand, the news from Constantinople by the way of Naples is, that the Grand Turk means to take advantage of the embarrassments of the Russians to withdraw from complying with the late treaty. The greatest part of the Pachas of Asia are ordered to be ready for service in May. The greatest activity prevails in the Divan. Agas have been sent on missions to Albania, Servia, and Bosnia; finally, the Sultan, it is said, is endeavoring to induce the Persians to act, so as to give employment to the Russians on that frontier.

Cardinal Capellari had been elected Pope.

Sales at Havre, 10th Feb.—Cotton.—40 bales New Orleans, at 95; 310 do do, 86; 35 do do, 924; 48 do; Mobile, 87.

Exchange of Paris, 10th Feb.—5 per cents 93 7 a 55; 3 per cents, 60 65 a 35.

The present situation of Ireland may be inferred from the annexed remarks, which are copied from the London Morning Chronicle of the 11th February.

We alluded, some days since, to the accounts we have received of the state of Ireland, and perhaps expressed ourselves more strongly on the subject than persons not having sources of information equally to be relied upon may have thought warranted. The letters on which we then spoke came from a northern district of the island. We have this day had intelligence from a central quarter, not far distant from the metropolis, and we learn that the search after and pillage of arms is so frequent, that scarce any houses, except those of the superior Gentry, who are defended against such visitations by the number of their domestics, have escaped robbery; that the doors and windows are every night barricaded with planks, bullet-proof, that all social intercourse is at an end; and that even on Sundays, a portion of the family in each house is obliged to remain at home for the purpose of acting as a garrison. We do not, however, infer from these proceedings any positive or determinate spirit of insurrection adverse to social order, or at strife with our civil institutions. We rather apprehend that the peasantry are actuated by a vague desire to be provided against the scarcity, which our Irish Correspondent forwarned us of many months since, and which appears to be but too probable. In the possession of arms, the unfortunate peasants may conceive they possess an eventual security against the last destitution. Under such a state of things, the dangerous consequence of agitating such a question as the Repeal of the Union, coupled with the foolish scheme of a run on the Banks, is sufficiently apparent; and it cannot be wondered that a Government, alive to the responsibility of their own situation, and a due regard to the conservation of social order, however devoted to constitutional liberty, should use every means within their reach to enforce order and tranquillity, and suppress the attempts made at agitation.

We lament to say, on the authority of accounts which we have recently received from Ireland, that the most serious apprehensions for the peace of that country are to be entertained. We were disposed to receive such accounts with mistrust; but we have arrived at the painful conviction that they are only too well founded. The most vigorous measures are evidently called for, both of conciliation and coercion.

Accounts from Dublin to the 8th Feb. state that there has been a frightful loss of life by the inclemency of the weather. The bodies of two men had been found buried three feet under the snow, and three children belonging to that town had been missing for several days, supposed to be lost in the snow.

A letter from Aix la Chapelle of 28th Jan. states an insurrection had broken out at Burg, in Prussia, which was supposed to be of a serious nature, as the whole garrison of Magdeberg had proceeded to quell it.

The accounts from St. Petersburgh state that all the troops there had left for the frontiers of Poland. The cold weather is excessive, which, it was feared, would prevent the marching of the troops.

Extract of a letter from an American gentlemen, dated

London, Feb. 5, 1830.

"The last advices from the continent indicate a terrible conflict between the principles of republicanism and the power of kings. A war to me appears inevitable, and what will be the result, God only knows.

"Happy, indeed, is your situation in the Western World. Your distance from the theatre of war secures to you peace, and you will no doubt be enabled to reap a rich harvest from the commercial field, that must open to you.

"The capitalists of Europe are alarmed at the prospect before us, and deposits to an immense amount are placed at the disposal of the Bank of the United States, subject to their drafts; and speculation is fruitful here as to the amount of money that will be transferred to the United States in this way. This, together with the high price your produce will command, must make the prosperity of our country certain. The great bankers here attribute the immense amounts of specie going to the United States, to the confidence placed in the U. S. Bank, which confidence is now certainly greater than in the Bank of England.

"There is an order from the Admiralty to equip for sea ten sail of the line that are now in ordinary; and I think old England will be a party to the Continental conflict.

"I think there is no doubt the additional duty of 1d per lb. on Cotton will take place which I seriously regret, as it bears very hard on the Southern planters, who now are receiving a price quite too low for this important article in the commerce of our country

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From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

GIBBS, THE PIRATE.—The confessions of this wretched being, now on the confines of eternity, to one of the Police Magistrates, unveil a career of long and desperate crimes; and they bring the varying torments of his partially awakened conscience into an existence that is almost visible upon his agitated brow while he recites the horrible catalogue. He has been familiar with scenes of blood and carnage, even from his boyhood, and an active participator in the commission of crimes that are stamped with the most shocking barbarity. We have been unable to obtain the entire confession which he has made, but the following sketch of his life may be relied on, as authentic, so far as it goes.

When but 15 years of age, he was a sailor on board the sloop of war Hornet, and was in the action when she captured the British sloop of war Peacock off the coast of Pernambuco. Upon the return of the Hornet to the United States, he followed the gallant Captain Lawrence to the Chesapeake, and became a prisoner of war, after the melancholy result of his encounter with the Shannon. He states that previous to the engagements, the crew of the Chesapeake were almost in a state of mutiny, growing out of the non-payment of their prize money, and that the address of Captain Lawrence was received by them with coolness and murmurs.

After his exchange, he returned to Boston, where, having determined to abandon the sea, he established himself in the grocery business with a capital of one thousand dollars, which he procured from his friends in Rhode Island. How long he continued in that business we know not, but in the end it proved unsuccessful, and he resolved again to try the sea for a subsistence. With a hundred dollars in his pocket, the remnant of his property, he embarked in the ship John, for Buenos Ayres, and his means being exhausted soon after his arrival there, he entered on board a Buenos Ayres privateer, and sailed on a cruize. A quarrel between the officers and crew in regard to the division of the prize money, led eventually to a mutiny; and the mutineers gained the ascendancy, took possession of the vessel, landed the officers somewhere on the coast of Florida, and steered for the West Indies with hearts resolved to make their fortunes at all hazards. The horrible atrocities which they committed will be fully developed when the confessions of Gibbs are made public. We only know that he was a *co-operator* in the capture of nearly twenty vessels, and in the *murder of nearly four hundred human beings*.

On one occasion they captured a Dutch ship, bound from Curacoa to Liverpool, with a valuable cargo, and a company of thirty souls, including the crew: All were put to death, with the exception of a young lady, about 17, who, though spared, was compelled to witness the heart-rending spectacle of the butchery of her father and mother, before her eyes. They kept her on board for some time, and when it was determined to proceed to Havana, a consultation was held to decide whether it would be safe to give her liberty upon their arrival. The majority were apprehensive that she might betray them, and it was therefore resolved that she must die.—Poison was administered to her, and she soon shared the fate of her parents. Gibbs declares that of all the murders in which he has participated, no one has harrowed his soul with so much remose as the recollection of the cold-blooded destruction of this interesting and accomplished female. He avers that he made a vigorous effort to rescue her, but that he was overawed by the rest of his comrades, who would listen to no mercy.

On another occasion, an American ship, the Caroline, was captured by two of the piratical vessels, and run ashore off Cape Antonio. They were busily employed in landing the cargo, when the United States brig Enterprize hove in sight, and sent her barges to attack them. The pirates defended themselves for some time behind a small 4 gun battery, which they had erected, but in the end were forced to abandon their own vessels and the prize, and to fly for safety to the mountains. This account as given by Gibbs, may be true, though we have no distinct recollection of such a circumstance. We find, however, by a recurrence to our files, that a piratical sloop and a schooner were destroyed by the British sloop of war Icarus, near Havana, in the summer of 1824, under similar circumstances, and that most of the pirates when attacked by her barges, made to the shore and fled to the woods. The sloop of war found there twelve vessels which had been burnt to the water's edge, and it was satisfactorily ascertained that their crews *amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, had been murdered.* There is, therefore, some reason to believe that Gibbs may refer to this affair, and that the vessel was the British sloop of war above mentioned, and not the Enterprize, as the pirates supposed at the time.

The barque Transit, an American vessel, was also captured by them, and the whole of her crew destroyed.

Havana was the general resort of the pirates, to dispose of their booty. There they sauntered about without apprehension, and even lodged at the same houses with many of the American officers who were sent out to destroy them. He states that he was acquainted with many of the officers, and was apprized of all their intended movements before they left the harbor.

After their complete expulsion from those seas, we are unadvised of the course of Gibbs until he sailed sometime during the last spring for Gibraltar, and thence to Algiers, in hope of getting on board some of the Barbary corsairs. The blockade of the harbor by the French fleet prevented the accomplishment of his purpose, and he returned by the way of Marseilles to Boston. He embarked thence to New Orleans, where he shipped as one of the crew of the brig Vineyard.

We have seen two letters from him to a friend, since sentence was passed upon him, which evince some anguish of spirit, but there is no reason to conclude that he is so thoroughly penitent that he would not, by the recovery of his liberty, rush again, if he had an opportunity, into the perpetration of similar acts of atrocity. Wansley, the steward, appears to be comparatively happy, and devotes the whole of his time to a preparation for the awful scene that so soon awaits him. Brownrigg and Dawes, the two of the crew upon whose testimony Gibbs and Wansley were convicted, were discharged by Judge Betts on Monday, with a solemn and impressive admonition.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the story now going the rounds in the public prints, which first appeared in the Providence Subaltern, is almost entirely a piece of fiction.

The confessions of the pretended Gibbs will be published soon after his execution, and will, no doubt, be sought for with eager curiosity.

THE BANK ROBBERY.—We are informed that "Old Hays" himself is now in prison on a charge of being concerned in the abduction of the money yet unrecovered by the City Bank. We hope new force will not be given to the old adage, "set a rouge to catch a rogue."

The foregoing cruel and wicked paragraph appeared in the Daily Sentinel of Saturday.—The following letter is a sufficient reply:

City Bank New York, 4th April, 1831.

Sir: The directors of this Bank have seen with surprise, a publication in the Daily Sentinel, in which it is said, they are informed that you are now in prison on a charge of being concerned in the abduction of the money yet unrecovered by the City Bank.

The information is not only false, but idle and absurd. The Directors of this Bank entained no suspicion of the "abduction" of any part of the money after it was in your possession; and they confidently believe that no person to whom you are known, will for a moment credit any such rumour or suspicion.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. A. WORTH, Cashier.

Mr. Jacob Hays, High Constable.

National Bank.—The books of subscription to the National Bank, were re-opened on Thursday last. About 250,000 dollars of the capital (which is 750,000 dollars) had not previously been filled up; when the books closed, it was found that about 4,000,000 of dollars had been subscribed.

We stated (two or three days ago, that the hon. Albert Gallatin was appointed President of this Bank, and that it will go into operation about the first of May.—*New York paper.*

An infant child of Mr. Middleton, in North Fourth st. was on Wednesday left on the bed in the nursery, while the mother went into the lower part of the house. On her return, which was in a few minutes, she saw the house cat leap from the bed. She immediately went to the child, and to her sorrow, discovered it

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