He thus describes the retreat from Washington:

"Noon had passed, when heavy columns of dust rising from certain high grounds on the opposite bank of the Potomac, attracted our notice. We were not left long in doubt as the cause from whence they proceeded, for the glittering of arms became instantly visible, and a large American force showed itself. It took up a position immediately before us, and pushed forward a patrol of cavalry as far as the suburbs of Georgetown. There was not an individual in the army to whom these circumstances communicated a feeling at all akin to surprise. We had been led to expect an attack, from the hour of our advancing into Washington, and we were both ready and willing to meet it let it happen when it might. But the elements interfered to frustrate the design of the enemy,—if indeed they seriously entertained such a design—of driving us from our positions; for just at this moment the heavens became black with clouds, and a hurricane, such as I never witnessed before, and shall probably never witness again, began. I know not any thing in art or nature to which the noise of the wind may be aptly compared. It differed essentially from thunder; yet I never listened to thunder more deafening, and its force was such as to throw down houses, tear up trees, and carry stones, beams of timber, and whole masses of brick work like feathers into the air Both armies were scattered by it, as if a great battle had been fought and won; and as it lasted without intermission for upwards of three hours, neither party, at its close, was in a fit condition to offer the slightest annoyance to its adversary. For our parts, it was not without some difficulty that we succeeded in bringing our stragglers atogether, whilst day light lasted; and if its effects upon a regular and victorious army were so great, there cannot be a doubt that it was at least equally great upon an undisciplined and intimidated levy

In the meanwhile, the officers of the different corps had been directed in a whisper to make ready for falling back as soon as darkness should set in From the men, however, the thing was kept profoundly secret. They were given, indeed, to understand, that an important manœvre would be effected before to morrow morning; but the hints thrown out tended to induce an expectation of a farther advance, rather than of a retreat A similar rumor was permitted quietly to circulate among the inhabitants, with the view, doubtless, of its making its way into the American camp; whilst all persons were required, on pain of death, to keep within doors from sunset to sunrise This done, as many horses as could be got together, were put into requisition for the transport of the artillery. Even the few wounded officers who had accompanied the column were required to resign theirs; and mine, among the number, was taken away.—But the precaution was a very just and proper one. Not only were the guns by this means rendered more portable, but the danger of a betrayal from a neigh, or the trampling of hooves along the paved streets, was provided against; and though individuals might and did suffer, their sufferings were not to be put into the scale against the public good

It was about eight o'clock at night when a staff officer, arriving upon the ground, gave directions for the corps to form in marching order. Preparatory to this step, large quantities of fresh fuel were heaped upon the fires, whilst from every company a few men were selected, who should remain beside them till the picquets withdrew, and move from time to time about, so as that their figures might be seen by the light of the blaze. After this the troops stole to the rear of the fire by twos and threes; when far enough removed to avoid observation, they took their places, and in profound silence, began their march. The night was very dark. Stars there were, indeed, in the sky; but for some time after quitting the light of the bivouac, their influence was wholly unfelt. We moved on, however, in good order. No man spoke above his breath, our very steps were planted lightly, and we cleared the town without exciting observation. About half a mile in the rear of the city, a second line of fires had been established. We looked towards it now, and the effect of the figures which from time to time moved across the flames, was exceedingly striking. On arriving there we found that the other brigades had likewise commenced their retreat, and that the fires which burned so brightly, had been prepared by them exactly as we had prepared ours, previous to setting out. We caused the few men whom they had left behind to join us as *our* men had been commanded to join the picquets, and pursued our journey

We were now approaching the field of the late battle, when the moon rose, and threw a soft pale light over surrounding objects At first her rays fell only upon the green leaves and giant boughs of the woods which on either hand closed in the road; but as we proceeded onwards other spectacles presented themselves, some of which were of no very cheering or lively nature. When we gained the ridge which had formed the crest of the American position, open green fields lay stretched out before us, every where presenting some manifestation of the drama which had so lately been acted here. Broken arms, caps, cartouch boxes with here and there a dead body naked and ghostly white, were scattered about in every direction, whilst the smell, not exactly of putrefaction, but of something nearly allied to it, & mingling with the odor of scorched grass and extinguished matches, rose upon the night air very offensively; yet the whole scene was one of prodigious interest and power. The river and town which lay near us, the former flowing quietly and beautifully along, the latter lifting its modest buildings in the silence of a moonlight night, formed a striking contrast with the devastated and torn ground over which we were marching, whilst the only sound distinguishable was that of the measured tread of feet as the column proceeded down the slope towards the bridge. It was impossible, whilst traversing the place of his death, not to think kindly and affectionately of my poor young friend; his body, I well knew was not among the number which were bleaching in the rains and dews of Heaven—it had been carefully committed to the earth beside that of a brother officer. I did however, look round for the spot where he fell, and I was grieved and disappointed that I could not distinguish it. The lapse of a few moments, however, was sufficient to draw off my attention to other, though hardly less painful subjects. We were already in the village, and a halt being commanded, an opportunity was afforded of enquiring into the condition of the wounded. I failed not to avail myself of it; but while the men were busied in picking up their knapsacks, which in the heat of action they had cast away, I stepped to the hospital and paid a hasty visit to the poor fellows who occupied it It was a mortifying reflection, that, in spite of our success the total absence of all adequate means of conveyance laid us under the necessity of leaving very many of them behind; nor could the non commissioned officers and private soldiers conceal their chagrin on the occasion. One of these, a sergeant of my own company, who had received a ball through both thighs, actually shed tears as he wished me farewell, regretting that he had not shared the fate of Mr. Williams. It was in vain that I reminded him that he was not singular; that Colonel Thornton, Colonel Wood, and Major Brown, besides others of less note, were doomed to be his companions in captivity; neither that consideration, nor the assurances of a speedy exchange, at all served to make him satisfied with his destiny. Yet no apprehensions could be more unfounded than those of that man; *for however unlike civilized nations they may be in other respects*, in the humanity of their conduct towards such English soldiers as fell into their hands, the Americans can be surpassed by no people whatever. To this the wounded whom we were compelled to abandon to night, bore, after their release, ample testimony; and they told a tale which hundreds besides have corroborated."

From the London Athenæum.

Documents relating to the Voyage recently undertaken by the ship Amherst, to the North East Coast of China. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 19, 1833.

The voyage of the ship Amherst was undertaken by command of the President and Select Committee of supercargoes at Canton, without the previous sanction of the Court and Directors at home. The servants of the Company, weary of yielding to the miserable creatures that domineer in Canton, resolved if possible to discover some new channel of trade, and we regret to find this effort stigmatised in the despatch of the Directors, as "a departure from those sound principles which mature experience has convinced them form the only secure basis upon which our intercourse in that peculiar people can be advantageously maintained." The peculiarity is simply, that the Chinese government is at once feeble! that it had been long accustomed to heap contumelies on the foreigners who trade to Canton and the submission to such indignities almost justifies its insolence.

We have two accounts of this voyage, one by the Rev. M. Gutzlaff who acted as interpreter, and the other by Capt. Lindsay; both narratives gives us for the most part, only general results. Anxiety to trade was on most occasions, displayed by the people, while the Mandarins uniformly resisted all such attempts; but it seemed on the whole, that a vigorous effort to open commercial intercourse, if supported by such a naval force as would ensure respect for the British name, could scarcely fail of succeeding. Captain Lindsay, however, seemed to consider his immediate success as hopeless, and turned from China to the dependent kingdom of Borea.

Perhaps no maritime country in the world is less known to Europeans than the Corean peninsula; the only accounts hitherto attainable were, the narrative of some Dutchmen who were shipwrecked on the coast; a loose and slovenly account drawn up by the Jesuits, to which, within the last few months, has been added, a translation of the Japanese description of Corea, Jesso, and Louchoo, by the celebrated Kilaproth. This work has been published by the Oriental Translation Fund, and is, on many accounts, one of the most curious works in their collection; the Chinese description of Corea is subjoined to the Japanese, and, from both a pretty accurate notion may be formed, not merely of the geography, but also of the political condition of the country. The following narrative shows that the Coreans have a full share of the Chinese jealousy of strangers:—

"By day break on the morning of the 18th, we landed and proceeded towards a village about a mile inland. We were soon met by several perssons, to whom I showed a paper previously, stating that we were natives of England, their good friends, and bearers of a letter and presents to the King of Corea; that we now wished to see some Mandarin, to consult with him, and moreover, wished to purchase fresh provisions of various sorts:—This at first appeared satisfactory, but as we approached towards the village, numerous parties came flocking out to meet us, among whom were many decently dressed persons wearing the peculiar broad rim hats described in Capt. Hall's voyage. I showed the paper to each party as they advanced, and there was evidently some difference of opinion among them as to the way we were to be treated; all however, appeared adverse to our entering the village. Among them was one man who came hurrying down with a matchlock in his hand, and a lighted match. He came straight to me in a bold unconcerned manner; but when I showed him the written paper, he took me by the arm in a friendly way, motioning me to sit down on a bank.—But feeling desirous, if possible, to go to the village while the friendly feelings of the natives lasted, I proceeded without paying any attention to his intimation, and we advanced unmolested to a small hut about 200 yards from the village. Here indications, which we could not misunderstand, were given that we must go no further. A crowd formed themselves in a row to bar our progress; and several came and took me rudely by the arm, motioning us to sit down on a mat. Two of the segniors now came and sat down, while a secretary unfolded a piece of paper, and at the direction of one of them wrote in reply to our paper, 'That as nothing whatever in the shape of provisions could be obtained here, we had better instantly depart, and that by going to the north, about 30 le, we might meet with a mandarin to communicate with.' A conversation of some length ensued, all carried on in writing. They requested to be told the contents of the letter to the King, which I said could only be communicated to a mandarin of rank; I therefore requested one might be sent for. Almost all their sentences terminated with a request that we would instantly be gone. During the discussion some difference of opinion appeared to prevail; and much loud conversation; but finally the party hostile to us got the complete ascendancy, one man having the audacity to write, 'If you do not instantly depart, soldiers shall be sent for to decapitate you;' to which he afterwards added, 'Begone, or a great change will take place: your life and death is uncertain.' In reply to this insolent intimation, Mr. Gutzlaff wrote, 'Who are you? and what authority do you possess to use such insolent language? Your King, did he know it, would inflict severe punishment on you for thus treating us, who are his friends.' This seemed to alarm the whole party, who, however, contined by signs urgently to entreat our departure"

Captain Lindsay's firm conduct in his interview with the Corean chiefs, was judiciously calculated to inspire them with respect for the English:—

"A little before four Mr. Gutzlaff and myself, with Mr Simpson and Mr Stephens, started in the long boat accompanied by our two friends, who, however, as the time approached, gave evident signs that they were not quite at ease. We went to the village, which is the temporary residence of the chiefs, and landed on the beach among about fifty wild looking Coreans, several of whom performed the throat cutting ceremony, and evidently showed they wished us away.—Yang-yth had also quite lost his vivacity, and wrote with a pencil, that the chiefs had gone out, and we had better come to-morrow. This intimation was now too late and I was determined to see the thing fairly out, so we walked up one of the alleys to the village, which is surrounded with a thick wattled fence twelve feet high, so that no houses can be seen. As we approached we heard the sound of trumpets, and saw two soldiers (who are distinguished by a blue dress, felt hat, with red tufts of hair hanging from it,) marching down the lane blowing with all their might. They emerged just as we approached, and keeping close together abreast, so as to block up the passage, they blew a tremendous blast at us. We stopped and started with astonishment, but in half a minute we saw the old chief and King coming down the lane on open arm chairs carried by four bearers. He was seated on a tiger skin, and made a most picturesque figure.

"The trumpeters now marched forward, and we staid looking on to see what was to happen next On approaching us, both the chiefs got out of their chairs and saluted us with politeness, at the same time pointing to the beach, where more than twenty people were at work raising a shed on poles. We explained that coming on public business we expected to be invited into a public office to deliver our document in a respectable manner, but the chiefs again pointed to the shed, and after speaking to our two friends, got into their chairs again, and proceeded to the beach, with two trumpeters before, two behind, and four or five more soldiers, none of whom carried arms. Our two friends now tried by signs and taking our arms to induce us to follow the chief, but we expressed our dissatisfaction at this mode of reception, and while Mr. Gutzlaff was writing, I gradually without violence forced my way through about ten natives at the entrance of the lane, and entered the open space before a house, where was a commodious covered verandah outside. I now pointed to this, and seating myself, explained that he would be well satisfied there. As I entered, a loud yell was set up by several people, and one of the soldiers ran down to inform the chiefs what was going on. In a couple of minutes another yell was raised, and looking out to see what was the cause, we saw four soldiers running the beach towards us, and two of them each seized on a man with a large hat, which they first took off, and then ran off again, dragging their victim between them, as quick as they could run. The chiefs were seated on their chairs on men's shoulders, close to the shed. On the culprits arriving, they were first made to kneel before the chiefs and then laid down, and while one man removed their lower garments, another brought a long paddle, and one stood over each in readiness to inflict summary punishment.

"We in the meanwhile had followed to the spot to see what was to happen, and arrived just as the punishment was about to be inflicted. I could not, however, tamely look on and see perfectly innocent persons punished for my own act, so I went straight to the soldier, who was in the act of striking, and stopping the uplifted blow, motioned him to stand aside; one of the crew; a stout negro, did the same to the other, and as the fellow did not seem inclined so quietly to submit to his authority, he in a moment wrested the paddle out of his hand and threw it to a distance. A crowd of more than 200 people had assembled round the chiefs, who sat raised up among them in their open chairs, and appeared much troubled in mind. In the meanwhile, Mr. Gutzlaff had had written a few words, saying that if these men were punished for our acts, we would instantly return to the ship and quit the country. They consulted for half a minute, and the old Le directed the prisoners to be liberated, and they scampered off as quick as their legs could carry them.

"The chiefs now descended from their chairs, entered the shed, inviting us to follow them; mats were spread with tiger skins laid over them. A short conversation by signs having been carried on, in which we intimated our discontent at this reception, Le wrote requesting that the letter should be delivered, and I, without waiting to reflect, drew it out, and placed it in his hands. A moment's thought reminded me that I had made a great mistake, and that if we wished to be invited into the village, it could only be done by refusing to deliver the document under a shed. It was now, however, too late, but on being requested to direct the presents to be brought out of the boat, I saw and profited by the opportunity to retrieve my error in diplomacy. 'No,' said I; 'presents to the King of Corea cannot be delivered in such a disrespectful way, If you have no respect for us, that you treat us thus, I think that which is due to your own Sovereign would show you that a letter and presents should not be delivered under a miserable shed.' They seemed much puzzled, and answered, 'It is our laws which prohibit it.'—'Then,' said I, 'the presents must accompany the letter: I shall take it back.' This mode succeeded perfectly, they evidently were very anxious that the letter and presents should be delivered They first tried to soften us by expressing the respect entertained for us and our honourable nation. Then it was proposed that only Mr. Gutzlaff and myself should accompany them, and we should be invited to a house, I said, if Messrs. Simpson and Stephenson were included, I was satisfied; and this was agreed to, and a message sent to prepare a house to receive us. Wine or rather a spirit resembling once distilled whiskey, was handed round. The chiefs were served first, which appears not to imply any incivility, as I observed the same in our host at Lok-taon, who was a simple villager."

The letter and presents, though received, were not sent forward to the King, or, if they were, his Majesty declined their acceptance. The latter we believe to be the more probable conjecture, from the length of time that elapsed from their being received by the chiefs to their being returned. The Corean chiefs expressed great regret at the manner in which the negotiations between them and Captain Lindsay terminated; his conjecture, that Chinese interference determinated the result, is, probably, well founded

"I inquired if there were any Chinese about the court, he answered that there were a few; it is not therefore improbable that their intervention may have induced the King thus to disclaim all intercourse with us. In speaking about the ancient history of Corea, I mentioned an anecdote as a proof that his country was really independent of China. At the commencement of the Tartary dynasty, they possessed far more influence in Corea than at present, and endeavored to compel them to shave their heads and adopt the Tartan dress. This the Coreans resisted with much courage, and finally not only expelled the Chinese Tartars from their country, but thus ravaged a great part of Lean-tong. When the general read this, his eyes brightened, and he repeated several times with much energy, Kow-che, 'So it is.' But he then took the pencil and wrote, These are the affairs concerning the nation; I am ignorant of the circumstances' On my wishing to send on shore a few cases of liquors for himself and the other two chiefs, Kin and Le, he refused them with much emotion, saying, 'We treat you thus slightingly, and yet you continue to esteem us as friends, and honor us with gifts! Ko-seih, ko-seih (have pity, have pity!);' and on one occasion he was almost moved to tears. On finally parting we assured him that however much we felt aggrieved by the conduct of his government, we should always entertain the kindest recollection of himself, and also of Kin and Le, both of whom had always been friendly and civil to us, though they were men of a very inferior stamp to the general, who we could not help feeling, deserved a better fate than to pass his life among the suspicious and half civilized Coreans."

From Corea the Amherst proceeded to the Loochoo Islands, where all efforts to open trade equally failed. Thence Captain Lindsay returned to Canton, fully persuaded that, though his voyage may be regarded on the whole as a failure, yet that success will assuredly crown the exertions of the adventurers who follow in his track. We cannot trust ourselves with comment on the harsh censure which the Directors, in their wisdom, have pleased to pronounce on the plan and conduct of this voyage; but we must say, that we shall see with pleasure the guardianship of British honor in China intrusted to persons possessing sufficent courage to despise this impotent wrath of the Mandarins and Hong merchants of Canton.

DEATH ON SHIP BOARD.

A FACT.

"Shall we hoist the colours half mast?" said our veteran chief mate to the captain. "No, Mr. F." he replied, "it will strike gloom among the shipping, and can be of no use to us."

We have just lost a shipmate!—his sand was run out—his voyage was finished, and timely indeed would have been the reflection—*to what haven has his immortal soul arrived, to go no more out for ever!*

His life had manifested no sign that he loved the Redeemer; his last hours were untinctured with repentance, and for aught we can reasonably hope, the last trumpet's clang which shall arouse his sleeping remains from Maneaters Island,* will summon him to an unwelcome account.

But to proceed. He entered Batavia as blithe and gladsome as the best, but had breathed in the pestilential air of that Golgotha; and when the darknes of midnight prevented any neighbouring ship's watch from seeing us, we lowered him into the boat in charge of the Malays, and all that we heard afterwards was, "*that he was decently buried.*"

Would to God that this first instance of mortality had warned our crew to prepare,—but it was far otherwise—although there was a shivering in every vein as one by one the crew gazed upon the extended corpse as it lay on the quarter deck—although the dim light which was used in receiving the shrouded dead from the ship into the boat, shed an unearthly gleam all around, it was soon, soon over!—The song and the jest again went round at intervals of leisure, and it was but seldom any remembrance of the scene was manifested.

We were anon ready to depart. Our richly laden ship was seen filling to a flattering breeze, and we careered our way down the straights of Sunda, each fancying the joys which awaited him at home All who have navigated the Indian Ocean, can well understand the character of "squally trade winds." To landsmen they may be likened to the playings of a maniac's mind—gushing—fitful—foreboding. Now and then the far off thunder muttered its low, deep tones—and the lurid lightning chained through the black clouds—and the wind too bent our towering masts, and the half frighted seamen ofttimes were called to drag aloft and reduce the canvass. In fact—*all, all, all*, was gloom. *Without*, perhaps not actual storm and tempest, but their dire signals; *within*, disease and pallid sufferers about to die.

Thus we ran on. "*Two lower deck beams gone*," muttered a trembling voice as I entered the stateroom of our second mate in the morning. He had been seized with the Batavia fever the day after leaving Java Head, and so severe had it been that his mind was gone The night previous he had dreamed, that a giant fiend like stranger entered our floating home, and by force had taken away "*two lower deck beams*..

"The sign has an obvious meaning continued he" "*two of us must die within these twenty four hours!*" No means could divert his attention from this direful dream, for it was apparently *woven* into the only consciousness that was left to his mind. He seemed like one who had fought and struggled hard in a dream—who, on waking, felt that it was true.

For a few hours his voice was sent forth in unearthly tones, "*two lower deck beams gone*," "*two lower deck beams gone*," until the silver cord was loosed, and the soul winged itself away to untried realities.

The "*two lower deck beams*," and the sad inference our deceased ship mate drew, rang in our ears.—Some were sick—*all* were trembling. The tale is soon finished—that same "twenty four hours" the grim tyrant death, who is never satisfied, took another from our number! The next morning the colours floated in the breeze, half mast high—the crew were summoned to the quarter deck—the main topsail thrown aback—and as the bodies slid from the plank, and the waters closed around them, each hardy tar hid his face in his hand, and tremblingly muttered, "God have mercy upon me."

There was no man on board to point his touched heart to *Him* who rolled back the darkness of the tomb, and in his own resurrection gave pledge that at some far off *certain* period, all who sleep in their graves shall come forth

Gathered under the lee of the long boat, the night watch often after talked of these scenes of sorrow, and of their departed ship mates' skill, and jibes, and sayings. They often talked too of the slimy—ravening shark which day and night followed in our wake—and of the "lower deck beams,"—but not a lisp of the destiny of the *immortal soul* passed their lips!

*An island near Batavia where sailors are buried.

Murder of Mr. Jennings, Post Master, Port Gibson.—The Correspondent of the 14th gives the annexed account of this brutal assassination:

One of the most lamentable occurrences that has ever afflicted any community, took place in this town on Monday last. As John Jennings, Esq was passing from the Court House to Mrs. Defrance's Tavern, and when about half way between the two, he was fired upon by a man named *Jacob Skinner*, after a deliberate aim. The ball entered his body, a little below the naval, and passed out at the hip, with so much force as to make a large indentation in the brick wall of the court house about twelve paces distant. He lingered about five hours and died. Mr. Jennings was not observing Skinner at the time, nor was he aware that he harbored towards him an intention of the kind.

Mr. J. was one of our most peaceable, inoffensive and worthy citizens, had lived in this place from his infancy, in all of which time it was not known that he had even made an enemy, or given any cause for harboring ill will towards him. So strongly himself was he impressed with this belief, that the night before this melancholy occurrence, he was expressing to his afflicted consort his gratification that he had advanced to the middle age of life without having made a single foe But alas how uncertain are the calculations of man—at that very moment there was one miserable being planning his destruction, which he was too successful in accomplishing. Mr. Jennings was in effect a member of the christian church, and united perhaps as many of the excellencies of character, as a christian and a man, as any other person.

With his latest breath he forgave his murderer, requesting those around to tell him that he had not merited that death. Mr. Jennings was Post Master in Port Gibson, and was and had been the repository of many important trusts confided to him by the public and individuals.

Skinner had been a resident of the place for two years, was a watchmaker by trade.—He had been treated by Mr. Jennings in the kindest manner, had been invited to his house, and received every other demonstration of the most friendly feeling. After he had perpetrated the deed, Skinner attempted to escape, but was soon apprehended, and is new in confinement, awaiting his trial.

From the Chronicle.

Since Mr. CLAY's arrival in Baltimore, he has received the visits of a large number of citizens; and, as will be seen by the following correspondence, has been invited to a public dinner, which he has found it necessary to decline:—

BALTIMORE, Oct. 8, 1833.

To the Hon. Henry Clay—

Dear Sir:

We have great pleasure, in tendering to you, on the part of many of your fellow citizens in Baltimore, an invitation to a public dinner, to be given at the City Hotel, on any day which may suit your convenience.

The sensitive and honorable delicacy by which your conduct has ever been distinguished, seems, while you were a candidate for the highest office of this country, to have denied to us the opportunity of illustrating to you the hospitality of Baltimore, and of affording a manifestation of that cordial respect and friendship which are, at once, the fruit and the ornament of your conduct and your fame. While we claim a connection with you by the common ties which bind the Patriot to his country, we ask to be honoured with the more intimate relation that springs from that deep, personal esteem of your character, which has known no change, but that of *increased confidence* in your virtues and talents.

Under the influence of these feelings, we request that you will name some day, when we shall have the honor of your company.

We are, dear Sir,

Your friends and servants,

Jno. M'Kim, jr.	Robert Lemmon
Alex. Fridge	Isaac Munroe
Luke Tiernan	H. W. Evans
Reverdy Johnson	John B. Morris
Hu. Boyle	H. Niles
James Wilson	W. H. Freeman
Wm. Steuart	Samuel Barnes
Charles F. Mayer	John Patterson
James Harwood	Nathaniel Potter
Wm. R Stuart	Richard Lemmon
Jas. L. Hawkins	Andrew Hall
David Stewart	N. F. Williams
Zeb. H. Cooch	Samuel Moale
Samuel Sands	Grafton L Dulany.

To the above Mr. Clay returned the following reply:

BALTIMORE, 9th Oct. 1833.

Gentlemen—I receive, with deep sensibility and the most grateful feelings, the testimony of confidence and attachment, conveyed by your note of yesterday. It is true, as intimated by you, that the restraint which I recently felt bound to impose on myself, in respect to public entertainments, no longer exists; and I should be extremely happy to meet you, and other of my fellow citizens of Baltimore, in the manner most agreeable to you and to them.—But, gentlemen, on my present journey, undertaken in reference to duties growing out of private relations exclusively, I am accompanied by my family, and I could not accept a public dinner without violating a rule, prompted in some measure by their convenience, which I had prescribed to myself, at its commencement. I hope that, in this determination, there will be a ready acquiescence, since Baltimore requires no fresh proof of its well established hospitality, nor I of the cordial respect and friendship which I have always experienced from its citizens.

Whilst I feel, however, constrained to decline the honor of a public dinner, which has been so obligingly tendered, it will afford to me the highest satisfaction, at all times, to cultivate, in any other less formal mode of social intercourse, the esteem and friendship of yourselves and other inhabitants of this enterprising city.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of the highest regard, your friend and obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

We are indebted to the Evening Post for bringing to our notice an article in the N. Y American, of the most attrocious kind that ever has disgraced a newspaper. It deserves to be held up to public reprobation, and we copy the extracts made by the Evening Post with the very just remarks of that paper.

"The American of last evening contains a communication on the subject of the removal of the deposits, to which it invites the attention of its readers, and in relatian to the language of which it says it is written with warmth, but who that feels as an American should, can condemn wrath in such a cause?" We copy a few passages relative to General Jackson from this article, in order that our readers may see what sort of language the American thinks will be relished by all patriotic persons. We hope their natural feelings of strong indignation will not prevent them from perusing our exceptions to the end, since we may have occasion hereafter to refer to them."

"A few short years ago, who would or could have believed, that in these latter days, and in this land of liberty, *all* the powers of our national government would be usurped by a single man, possessing *no one qualification for any civil trust*, and who, like *a maniac or a driveler*, should make it is his daily pastime to tear our constitutional charter into rags and tatters, and trample the rights of the people under his feet?"

"If we were not as tame as oriental slaves, the thrilling voice of *universal execration* would soon make the *blind and obstinate dotard* who thus outrages the laws and constitution of his country, as well as the understanding and moral sense of the people, quake and tremble in his chair of state?"

"The last daring outrage of the President."

"He seems, indeed, resolved to ascertain the *maximum* of injury and insult, which the nation can be made to endure at his hands."

"The atrocious violation of principle which characterizes the proceeding!"

"The 'Reasons' assigned for it in the Manifesto of the Kitchen Cabinet are utterly unworthy of criticism. "Its reasonings and sentiments are those of a coarse, low bred mind."

"A shameless *ruffian assault* upon the Constitution of the United States."

"A jumble of *impudence* and *absurdity*."

"Even the official advice or recommendation of the President in the affair could have been prompted only by a spirit of sheer impertinence and consummate impudence. What other name, then, can we give to his *act, ordering or requiring*, the removal, than that of a *most arbitrary, flagitious, and daring act of usurpation*."

"I know not whether it ought to excite more contempt or indignation, to hear our magnanimous Chief Magistrate gravely proclaiming his opinion of the constitutionality of the Bank Charter! His opinion upon a constitutional question! It has been naturally supposed that our national Constitution as understood by General Jackson, is compressed into a single article, viz. the *second article of the Rules and Regulations of War*. His exposition of any other Constitution than this "second article," would doubtless be as profound as could be expected from his brother, *Black Hawk* himself—equally logical and equally *English*."

"The President" "exults in the 'resolution and energy' with which he violates the laws.' "It might be well for him to know that the sort of courage, 'resolution and energy,' which does not hesitate at the perpetration of *crime* and enormities is the heroism of A CUT PURSE AND A VILLAIN!!"

"Who that feels as an American ought" can read the foregoing extracts from an article admitted into a journal which pretends to patriotism and decency, and not merely admitted, but approved and recommended to particular perusal—who can read these extracts, and not burn with indignation at the atrocity of him who wrote them and him who gave them to the public? It is well at least that of all the journals in the country hostile to the administration, the one selected as the medium of such intolerable, detestable, unpardonable abuse, is the same that, with cool ferocity and a degree of malignity without example, sought to wound the feelings of a Chief Magistrate of our country by a slander pointed at the character of his wife while she lay scarce yet cold in her grave."

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

A serious disaster occurred to the steamboat New England, on Wednesday, on her passage from New York to Hartford. Letters containing the following particulars are published in the Commercial Advertiser:

MIDDLETOWN, (Ct) Oct 9.

I have this moment arrived, and presuming that you have heard of the dreadful accident that occurred to the steamboat, I hasten to drop you a line. Through the mercy of a kind Providence I am safe and unhurt. Such a scene I never witnessed. The explosion took place about 4 o'clock in the morning I was in my berth at the time, and was aroused amidst the crash and thunder of the explosion, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying.

About twenty six are badly burned—some of whom I think cannot survive. One child was dead when I left the boat, and the baggage was missing—it is feared he was blown overboard"

In addition to the above we find the following in the New Haven Herald—

"A gentleman has arrived in town for the purpose of obtaining further medical aid, who represents the case as one most truly disasous and distressing.

The clerk of the boat, two of the hands, and two passengers, are missing undoubtedly blown into the stream and lost. Seventeen persons were landed at Essex, dangerously wounded, not more than half of whom, it was thought could recover. The passengers for Hartford, it is supposed, suffered least,—most of them being in their berths.

"Among the sufferers, were J. M. Heron, Esq., of Reeding, on his way to attend the Episcopal Convention at Norwich; Dr. Whiting, of New York; and Mr. Warner, brother of the Treasurer of Yale College. Dr. Knight, and Dr. N B Ives left here this afternoon, to affords such aid as in their power."

Since the above was in type, we have been favored with another letter from a gentleman who was on board.

"Our journey in the steamboat was very pleasant until we entered the Connecticut river when at about o'clock in the morning, I perceived that some part of the machinery was out of order.

"I was in the forward cabin and concluded I was in the safest part of the boat. They seemed to go on badly until 3 o'clock, when both boilers burst as nearly together as a two barrel gun could be discharged by one person."

Two persons were killed instantly, and about twenty-five wounded; of whom five or six may not survive."

"The destruction of the upper works was almost entire. Among those that are injured are six or eight females—those were in the upper deck cabin."

"There were three or four badly injured in the main cabin—the front cabin escaped—no steam entered"

"The cries and moanings were truly heart rending. The steamboat was in about thirty minutes got to the wharf, where assistance was immediately rendered."

"Almost all the baggage together with 50 boxes of tea, a quantity of dry goods, &c. have all been lost."

"The captain and men say they are ignorant of the cause of the accident. The fact is, in my opinion, the water had all escaped from the boilers."

"We have seen a letter from Baltimore, dated yesterday, from a respectable source, in which the following important information is given:

"Mr. McLane is here. He has resigned, quarrelled with Mr. Taney, and challenged him. Mr. T. refused to fight."

We copy the above from the National Gazette, not so much to give it a positive contradiction, which we are enabled to do, as to suggest to the Editor that he owes it to himself to disclose the respectable source from which such an imposition proceeded.—*Washington Globe.*

Latest from Portugal.—The brig Clarissa Ann, Capt. Owen, arrived at Bath, on the 7th, from Lisbon. Captain O. sailed on the 26th of August. On the 19th, Don Miguel's troops evacuated Villa Nova, after having burnt and destroyed warehouses belonging to the Oporto company, principally containing port wine—the loss is estimated at $2,000,000. Oporto is free, and vessels go in and out without danger, and is well supplied with every thing.

Don Miguel had his head quarters at Coimbra; his partizans said he would attack Lisbon, but it was generally supposed he would be afraid to do so, as all the inhabitants were under arms and staunch to the liberal cause. Business was at a dead stand, and no demand

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