

WAR AGAINST NAPLES.

From the London Morning Chronicle of
February 18.

He must be a wise man indeed who can predict all the consequences to which the renewal of hostilities may lead. Every thing seems in the end in favor of Austria. The army of that power is numerous, and in one arm particularly, that of cavalry, it has always been excellent. The great empire of Russia is also a party against Naples. Prussia, too, espouses the monarchical cause. The French government is said to countenance the invasion; and England, once the proud protector of European Liberty, has brought herself, by the glorious war, which ended, in the opinion of Mr. Banks, in the noblest peace she had achieved for four hundred years—England has brought herself to that pass, that, even if she possessed a Government inclined to counteract the abominable measures of the Holy Alliance, she dare not do so. All seem to conspire the destruction of Naples.

What is there then to counteract this immense array? The cause of Naples, and the cause alone. Naples has indeed seven millions of people, and nature has done much to fortify its approaches: but if this were all, the matter would soon be decided. But the cause of Naples is the cause of the human race. The ground is hollow under the despots who are now destroying in imagination the Neapolitan Constitution. Their power, like all power, rests on opinion: and opinion is every where against them. There is hardly a human being so ignorant or debased throughout Europe, who does not view the attack on Naples in the light of sacrilege. Can that opinion be diffused among the people without being also communicated to the soldiery? Inspire, Barrack up soldiers as you will, they must know what is going on in the world, and all your restraints on their intercourse with other men will only give an additional incentive to their curiosity. They are men before they are soldiers, and they cannot be deprived of the sympathies which belong to our nature. If a plan could be devised for forming armies of different elements from those of which society is composed—if beings in human shape could be reared in sufficient number in utter ignorance of all the charities, all the endearments of life, all the ties which bind men to their kindred and their friends.—then despots might have an instrument invulnerable to public opinion, and they might fearlessly commence war against the most sacred rights of humanity. But, thank Heaven, they can obtain no such instruments.

Go where you will, in the present day, you will find that liberal opinions, in spite of all obstacles, have everywhere found their way among the nations. Look at Spain, Portugal, and this very Naples. Were these the nations where it was supposed they were the most universally diffused? Look, then, at the conduct of the soldiers of Spain, Portugal, and Naples. Will they have no imitators? *Tous verrons.* It would be singular, however, if these were the only armies of the Continent, with the feelings of rational beings.

AUTHENTIC FROM CALLAO

NEW-YORK, APRIL 9.

The following extract of a letter written on board the Macedonian, and received this morning, gives the first direct information of the bloody conduct of the Spaniards in South America towards our fellow citizens:

Even. Post.

“Callao, U. S. frigate Macedonian, }
November 11, 1820. }
“Astron. no doubt, long before you
receive this, will have heard of the out-
rage which has been committed on
our flag here. I will briefly state to you
what I was an eye witness of, and
what has since transpired. On the
night of the 6th inst. at half past twelve,
Lord Cochrane sent in fourteen boats
to cut out a Spanish frigate (the Es-
meralda) of 36 guns—she was lying
within musket shot of the batteries,
with 18 gun boats, and two brigs of 18
guns each, around her. He succeed-
ed in gaining possession of her in about
fifteen minutes. We lay about half a

diabol's length astern of her. As soon
 as he had cut her cables and put her
 head off there, the batteries, cables,
 hulks, and in fact every thing that
 could mount a gun, began to play a
 way upon her, upon us, and even upon
 the inoffensive merchantmen in the
 harbor. We and all the American
 and English merchantmen immediately
 flipped our cables, and as the wind
 was very light, it was sometime before
 we could get out of reach of their guns.
 It appeared to me that they pointed
 their guns particularly at us. The
 shot flew about us thicker than if we
 had been engaged with a vessel of the
 same force, within musket shot. But
 as is usual with cowards, they were
 so much confused to take deliberate
 aim, otherwise they would have sunk
 us in ten minutes. The only injury
 we received was our cross-jack-yard
 shot away with a little of the running
 rigging. Immediately on flipping our
 cables we paid the ship's head the con-
 trary way of the Esmeralda's, and kept
 her so until out of gunshot at least half
 a mile apart; so that it is self-evident
 there could be no mistake in their fir-
 ing at us. If any other proof was
 wanting, the fact that we picked up at
 least a dozen musket balls on board af-
 ter the affair, would immediately set
 it at rest.

On the morning of the 7th, we sent, as usual, a boat ashore to market with Mr. Marshall, Midshipman, of N. Y. (son of Dr. Marshall, of the Navy Yard,) and nine men: when the boat's crew were ordered to toss their oars by Mr. M. being close to the wharf, the soldiers on guard fired into her, killed Mr. M. and four of the men; four more badly wounded, and one only escaped to bring the news. Those who were not killed, or wounded at first, were pelted while in the water with stones, by these blood-thirsty villains. There is no excuse for them; there could be no mistake; the American flag was flying in her—the same boat went on shore every morning. The crew were selected as being the most trusty and peaceable men in the ship. Mr. Marshall was sent on the morning, as particular confidence could be placed in him, though but a boy of perhaps eighteen. It is impossible for me to describe how this affair has caused our feelings of all are almost in a frenzy for their murdered shipmate, and the indignity done to our flag. But I have not yet done.

On the morning of the 21st, the schooner Rampart, of Baltimore, was under way, by agreement with the authorities on shore to receive her cargo. Immediately on her coming within gunshot of the cables, they opened on her, with all the vessels, gun-boats, &c. in the harbor. The captain and officers (as there was but little wind, and that right on shore) immediately abandoned her, and she sunk before the numerous gun-boats, &c. which valiantly came out to take her, could get her on shore. We now communicate with the shore but by flag of truce—I hope we shall communicate no other way. At the time Mr. Marshall was murdered, capt. Downes and Mr. Rogers were in Limbo. On capt. Downes passing the Vice Roy's palace, several officers and citizens were overheard to say, "there goes the rascal, we will have his blood next."

The excuse made by the government for all these outrages is, that they were committed by an enraged populace. I have before heard of mobs committing the greatest excesses, resisting the civil and military power, flying in the face of justice; but never until now, did I hear of a mob, which at the most could not consist of 1500 men, taking possession of castles, armed vessels, batteries, &c. defended by at least 3000.

Captain Downes and Mr. Rogers had to disguise themselves to get on board. Capt. D. left all his baggage and two servants in Lima; whether he will ever get them again or not is uncertain.

P. S. A flag of truce has just come off which brings the news that Mr. Marshall is not dead, but wounded & in the hospital.

10th November."

As a Knight of Malta, who was Ambassador from France to the Pope was one day walking with the Venetian Ambassador in the square before the

beautiful church of the Gesù, at Rome. (Whether it seems, there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer.) He said to him, "What an odd thing it is that there should be always something of a breeze here! Can your excellency account for it?" "Probably we," replied the Venetian, "up on a tradition that has been long current in this city. The Devil and the Wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome; coming to the—College in this place, the Devil said to the Wind, pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two; I have a word to say to these good fathers within. The Devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been ever since waiting for him at the door."

CHARLESTOWN, IA:
THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1921.

It is with considerable pleasure indeed that we give publicity to the productions of "A SUBSCRIBER" on the state of our currency. His first No. is to be found on the 2d page of this day's paper. We acknowledge the receipt of his 2d No. which will claim our first attention next week.

The Sea Serpent again.—The Captain of a W. Indiaman, who arrived at a port at the eastward a few days since, states, that on Friday the 30th March, between 5 and 6 o'clock, p. m. Cape Ann bearing W. S. W. distant 45 miles, the sea quite smooth, and a very light breeze, he saw, very distinctly, the *Sea Serpent*, at about forty yards from the vessel, fleeing south. His description of the Serpent corresponds with the former accounts. He has heretofore disbelieved the existence of this monster, but his doubts are now entirely eradicated.—Nat. Int.

In Italy, LOUIS CALTHE, a Frenchman. He dressed himself in the Oriental costume, and presented himself at the hermitage of St. Saviour, near Mount Vesuvius, announcing to the hermit his wish to pass a few nights under his hospitable roof. On the next day he requested the hermit to accompany him to the crater of the volcano, and as soon as they reached it, plunged into the incandescent abyss, leaving the hermit in a state of horror and surprise scarcely to be conceived than expressed. Providence Gazette.

BY REQUEST

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA: THE GOVERNMENT OF PUNJAB. **GAZETTE**

the still and use previous
 all know to many of
 subject
 Adorning with its hand,
 Till east with its hand,
 So CHARLES was the
 Belov'd by all the
 known:
 Each heavenly grace adorn'd its
 breast,
 And meek-eyed Virtue made it
 her own.

The morning smil'd upon his rising .
A form of beauty's mould,
mind;
Yet ere mild evening shadow'd o'er the
earth,
We saw him lifeless on his couch reclin'd.
Yet why should we lament his early doom.
Or sorrow for his transitory stay?
Hope smiling, points through mansions of
the tomb,
To realms where REASON FINDS UNCLOUD-
ED DAY.

PROVIDENCE, APRIL 2. 1821.

FROM A FOREIGN PAPER.

"Glorious uncertainty of the Law."
At the assizes of a Western county, before the present Lord Chief Justice A. . . .
but, a notorious character was arraigned at the bar for stealing seven geese. The property was found in his possession, and every evidence adduced, so as to leave no doubt, in the mind of every person present, of a conviction. The case for the prosecution being ended, the prisoner, for his defence re-called the old woman (prosecutor's servant) who identified the geese to property of her master. "You have sworn," said the prisoner, "that those geese were your master's: now will you swear that there were no ganders amongst them?" "Yes," answered the old woman perfly.

"there was one person and six horses." "Now my Lord," said the prisoner, addressing himself to the Court, "I stand here charged with stealing six horses, whereas it appears in evidence that there were six horses and one man only."—He therefore took an exception to the indictment, which the learned judge held to be a good one, and the prisoner was accordingly discharged.

[BY REQUEST.]

FROM THE "WASP" PRINTED IN GEORGETOWN, KY.

VILLAINY WANTS DETECTION.

And as a generous and honest people always will crown on conduct such as is painful for me to speak of, as one of my relations is the suffering party: CONRAD WOLF, a man whose character once stood fair and remained so for many years, has left his family in a manner not known before, even in the annals of history. He has been married nearly 20 years, and lived on land of his own, in Scott county Ky. surrounded by a respectable connexion, and has four children, the eldest seventeen years old, the youngest at the mother's breast, and seemed in a fair way to do well, but alas! the spoiler came, Miss POLLY STANLEY, a woman already degraded and disgraced, (not by himself alone as I am informed) ushered into this unfriendly world two illegitimate children, and possessing every other qualification to render her contemptible in the eyes of the world. This fiend of hell, so much engrossed his attention, that the care of his own family was entirely neglected, and with HER, contrary to every law, both human and divine, he has eloped on Sunday the 1st inst, in a clandestine manner, taking with him two sordid nicked geldings, armed with a rifle gun and brace of pistols, the proceeds of his RAPE, (from which he ought to have supported his own family) and what money he could obtain, together with his two handlings, leaving his own wife and children destitute of any means of support or sustenance, other than the charity of her relations and friends. In order that the public may have an opportunity to know the said Wolf by name and nation, also his degraded prostitute; I will give a description of them both in person. Wolf is about six feet high, slender made, fair complexion, blue eyes, has a down look (as every such man has) surly countenance, speaks rather broken, upon the Dutch dialect or order, is above forty years of age. POLLY STANLEY is of a middle stature, rough, coarse, dark skin, apparently greasy, unusually homely, and despised by every person that knew her, but the said CONRAD WOLF. In all probability they will both change their names; their place of destination is not known; it is therefore my particular request, that every Editor throughout this and the adjoining states, would give the above insertion in their respective papers, for the good of society, that such debased characters may be known, to receive the frowns of every virtuous man and woman.

JACOB MILLER.

off county, April 6, 1821.



Estrays.

TAKEN UP by **ROBERT MATHES** living in Clark county, Bethlehem township, at the mouth of Camp creek, on the Ohio river, one dark bay Horse, supposed to be eight years old, fourteen hands three inches high, one small white spot on the top of the neck where the collar is worn, some saddle spots, a little white on the left hind foot, had on a small bell; no other marks or brands perceivable—appraised to fifty dollars before me, this first day of April, 1821, by John Giffner and Christian King.

SAM'L. PATTERSON.

J. P. G. C.

May 9, 1821.

State of Indiana, } ss.
Clark County, }

TAKEN UP by Richard Turner, near Charlestown a pale Sorrel Mare, four years old this spring, about fifteen hands and an inch high, star in her forehead, a number of white spots under her belly, three lines on no brands perceivable; appraised to forty dollars by John Boyer and Joseph Campbell, before me a Justice of the Peace, this 25th day of April, 1891.

JOHN CARR.