

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

ATTACK UPON THE MALAYS.—We copy from the Evening Post the following letter, written on board the frigate Potomac, describing the attack on the Malays:

"After three weeks' stay at Rio de Janeiro, we sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, at which we arrived on the 7th December, 1831, and came to anchor in Table Bay, off Cape Town. After a stay of one week there, we sailed for the Island of Sumatra, East Indies. On the 5th of February, 1832, we anchored off Quallah-Battoo, (the place where the crew of the American ship Friendship, of Salem, were murdered by the Malays.) We went in under Danish colors, and disguised as a merchantman; run in the main-deck guns and shut the ports, the ports on the spar decks we concealed by throwing back our hammock cloths. Immediately after our arrival, we manned our whale boat with several of our officers disguised as sailors; they went on shore under pretence of bargaining for pepper, and in order to reconnoitre and find out which would be the most advantageous method of assailing the forts; but as soon as the natives perceived our boat approaching the shore, upwards of one hundred of them came down to the beach, armed, against the crew. As Lieutenant Shubrick, commander, discovered this hostile disposition in the natives, he deemed it prudent not to land; and I think he acted perfectly right, as there was not the smallest doubt but they would be all put to death. They, therefore, returned to the ship pretty well satisfied that our contemplated landing was practicable.—During the absence of our boat, a canoe with four Malays, (fishermen,) came along side to dispose of their fish; the Commodore invited them on board; the eldest one who appeared to be the parent of the other three, came up the side, but so soon as he approached the gangway and discovered our guns and men, he instantaneously let the fish fall on the deck and held up his hands in astonishment, hurried down the side and succeeded in getting into his canoe. The Commodore saw that they were about to make off, ordered several of our men to board the canoe and take them prisoners, which was done in a moment. After they were brought on board, they seemed to be extremely humbled, and gave us to understand that they were friendly Indians, belonging to a tribe at a place called Soo Soo, not far from Quallah-Battoo, and that they were hostile to the Quallah-Battoo tribe. The Commodore did not think proper to credit what they stated, consequently had them confined. Now for our attack. In the dead hour of midnight, the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates summoned all hands to arms—we were all scattered on the decks in groups waiting for this interesting moment. The go ashore party (of which Jim Willis was one, as Rugler, and George Edwards another,) consisted of about three hundred stout hearted fellows, were shortly in the boats along side with their instruments of death, and determined on "Death or Victory."—At the dawn of day, and ere the morning star had made its appearance, our brave fellows landed on the beach, in four divisions, about one mile above the town and its fortifications—the marines in front, they marched along the beach in military order, each division under the command of its respective officer. Not a sound was heard save the rolling of the surf upon the beach and the whispered commands of the officers. As they entered the town, Lieutenant Hoff, with his division, filed off to the left, to take possession of the fort set apart for him to assail. The marines had scarcely got one hundred yards past him, when they heard the noise of our pioneers breaking open the gates of the first fort with their crowbars and axes, which was immediately followed by a volley of musketry. As soon as they heard this they knew the affair was no longer a secret, and hurried to the second fort with all possible speed, which was to be taken by the marines only. The orders given previous to the attack, were to spare the women and children. The marines entered the second fort at the charge bayonet, and put all to death except three women who supplicated for mercy. There were several women killed who had the hardihood to take up arms when they saw their husbands fall at their feet; indeed, it was impossible to distinguish the sexes, they dress so much alike. Lieut. Ingersoll, Pinkham, and Totton, attacked the third fort, (with their division).—The marines which consisted of thirty-nine men, were now in a critical situation, exposed to the fires of the 2d and 3d forts, as well as the fort which they afterward took. Having possession of the forts they proceeded to fire them and the town, and to destroy every thing of value that was left, (for I assure you, some of our boys brought plunder on board,) and thus in three

hours we had the satisfaction to see our "stars and stripes" proudly waving over our conquered foe. We only lost two men in the conflict—one a marine, named Benjamin T. Brown, shot through the heart, and one a main-top man, Wm. P. Smith, shot through the head: both expired instantaneously. Daniel H. Cole, marine shot through the body, and Henry Dutcher, mizen-top man, shot through the thigh: both expected to recover. You may remember the man who took care of the things for you when you came on board to me at New York—his name is John L. Dubois, ship's corporal—he was wounded by a Malay woman in attacking one of the forts. This woman was with an Indian, (probably her husband,) who was attacked and killed by Dubois. As soon as she saw her husband fall she had the courage to revenge him by attacking Dubois with a sabre: she cut him very badly between the upper joint of the thumb and where the wrist meets; the blow would have taken off the hand had it not been retarded by the barrel of the musket which was held at the time at a charge. The number of the enemy was estimated at from eighty to one hundred killed, and a vast number wounded. The Rajah escaped, but the next in authority, with a woman of the first order were among the killed. It was fortunate that we attacked them so early in the morning, and when they so little expected us, otherwise I am of opinion but few of our men would have returned on board. On the 7th we hauled our ship in within a mile of the ruins, and sent a few of our thirty-two pound shot among those natives who had returned from the flight of the day previous, which caused a dreadful scampering among them, and killed several. The morning of our engagement, the Commodore suffered the four Indians we had taken as prisoners, to be set at liberty, after satisfying them for their fish; they proved to be from Soo Soo, and likewise friendly to us, and right glad they were to paddle off. Palu Adam, a Rajah of a tribe near Soo Soo, and son-in-law to the Rajah of the latter place, came on board the day after our battle. This Rajah (Adam) belonged to Quallah-Battoo at the time the crew of the Friendship were murdered, and was the means of saving the lives of the captain and second mate, Mr. Barry, (acting sailing master with us,) and two or three of the men who were on shore at the time the murder and outrage was committed, by securing them in his fort until an opportunity offered of sending them to Soo Soo, at which place there was an American brig.—Adam informed us, (he speaks good English,) that as soon as the natives became acquainted with his friendship towards the surviving crew, they got quite outrageous, and had he not made his escape, they would have put him to death—they took possession of his fort, and confiscated his money—they since offered four thousand dollars for his head. He says that he fears them not, and that where he now resides he has a strong party, besides from five hundred to a thousand warriors. He never leaves home to visit our ship without his life guard. The meeting between Mr. Barry and Palu Adam, was extremely affectionate. Adam told the Commodore that if he felt disposed to send his men ashore again, he would accompany them with his tribe, and render all requisite aid. The Commodore informed him that he was amply satisfied, more particularly so, as the (Quallah-Battoo's) had exhibited white flags at each of their forts since the engagement. Thus ended the Quallah-Battoo scrape, the natives of which are a blood thirsty piratical race; there is not one of them I would be willing to trust, not even Palu Adams himself.

We left Soo Soo in February, and this is written in Bantine Bay, Island of Java, where we are at present, wooding and watering; so soon as that is accomplished we will start for Batavia to take in provisions, where I shall endeavor to have this forwarded to you; after which it is contemplated we shall proceed to Manilla and Canton, and so to the Pacific Ocean and its Islands round to Callao and Valparaiso.

From the Richmond Enquirer, July 13.

THE VETO.

The die is cast; and the Veto upon the Bank Bill is out. It has made a deep impression at Washington; and is calculated to have great effect every where. We know not which to admire most—the manly and fearless manner in which this high duty has been performed, or the power with which it has been executed. For this noble defence of the great principles of our institutions, we thank A. Jackson—and we are much mistaken, if the great body of the American people do not also thank him. The whole subject is discussed with great ability, and no impartial person can lay down the message, we should think, without being deeply impressed with its force and truth; as well as charmed with the Roman firmness and honesty of the old Patriot. There is no evasion—no blinking of the question; he has met the crisis in a manner which is characteristic of his principles

and character—worthy of himself, and worthy of his country.

His enemies were solicitous to present this cup to his lip. The Bank men said, "Now, or never!" The desperate politicians re-echoed, "Now, or never!"—They determined to place him between two fires, on the eve of an election—to reduce him to the alternative of displeasing Pennsylvania, or displeasing other states—they hoped he would trim between them—they said he would skulk. How triumphantly he has refuted these injurious imputations! It is astonishing that his enemies should so completely miscalculate the man, and mistake his character. This paper will do him more honor than any act of his political life.—It is the most important and glorious act of his civil administration. It is the second battle of New Orleans. How completely has he dissipated all the insinuations of his enemies! He has met the question fully and directly. He might have vetoed the bill on the ground of expediency; he might have stated some exception as to time, form or circumstance; he might have left some hole to creep out—and his enemies said that he would do so; but he has not done so—on the contrary, he has taken the bull by the horns; he has seized upon the bold and the strong ground; he has objected to the constitutionality, as well as to the expediency, of this institution; he has told the Bank people—the infuriated politicians—the whole body of the people—that he cannot sanction such a charter; and that he would rather go to the Hermitage, than sign a bill so dangerous to the liberties of his country, and so opposed to her Constitution. The Bank will now move Heaven and Earth to prevent his re-election. But the people will baffle all its efforts—and the Hero will be triumphantly elected.

The Bank, and Mr. Clay, and Mr. Calhoun, and their partisans, may club all their forces—in vain! The South will stand by him. The large mass of the western people will stand by him. New York will be firm—and we know what we say, when we declare that Pennsylvania will still firmly support the man of her choice. If the Veto lose him some friends, it will gain him others. He has many ardent friends even in Philadelphia, and the interior of the state, and the yeomanry of her land, are not so wedded to this institution, as to abandon him for a Bank. His veto will gain him more strength than it will lose. The great keystone of the Arch of our Union is too firm to be changed about by the tricks of the opposition or the clamours of the bank.

The minions of Mr. Clay need not tantalize themselves with the hope of his success. The candidate, who would change the whole theory of our institutions—who would invest the Federal Government with spendid & overwhelming powers—who would enable it to stalk with arrogant encroachments over the rights of the states and liberties of the people—who would draw money in streams from the pockets of the people, to waste it on federal and extravagant projects—once a zealous opponent, now a devoted advocate, of this mammoth moneyed institution—the reputed father of the Tariff System—and the avowed opponent of any liberal modification—the indiscriminate advocate of unconstitutional appropriations for roads and rivers—he who would scramble away the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, for the sake of currying popularity among the large distribute States—and who gets up a resolution for fasts and prayers, with a view of soothing the hearts of the pious, and seeking to place himself in contrast with his distinguished rival—a candidate, who has thus apostatized from the great republican principles of once professed, thus goaded on by insatiable ambition, thus bold and reckless of the means of attaining power, deserves not to become the Chief Magistrate of a free people.

But we have no room for further remarks. The bill was to be re-considered in the Senate on Wednesday. Its friends will try in vain to get a vote of two-thirds, on their side. But they will do this—they will try to put out a manifesto in some set speeches, that they may be widely circulated, and the effect of the Veto attempted to be diminished. The Senate was crowded whilst the Message was reading—and we understand, it was amusing to witness the effects displayed on the faces of the spectators. His enemies professed great solicitude to give him all his constitutional rights. They wished, no doubt, to give him the benefit of the whole ten days, and the chance of an adjournment! But they were mistaken every way in their calculations. The bill was sent to him on the 4th July; and he makes a happy allusion to this circumstance. He returned it on the 10th.

Turkish Treaty.—The documents relating to the negotiation of the treaty with Turkey, which were called for by Congress, have been published.—They are interesting State Papers. It seems from these, that the efforts of the late Administration, to negotiate a treaty, entirely failed. The French have a treaty with Ottoman Porte, which has been long in existence, stipulating that merchandise in vessels of France shall pay a duty of three per cent.—The Porte demanded of the Americans a duty of five per cent. The late Administration required that the Americans should be placed on the footing of the most favored nation. This the Porte declined, and the negotiation was broken off. When General Jackson came into office, the negotiation was renewed, and he succeeded in obtaining what had been refused to his predecessor; and we venture to say, that every candid person who reads the documents, will admit that this concession was obtained in consequence of the more manly and elevated course pursued by this Administration, in the affair. Mr. Clay suffers much, by comparing his instructions with those of Mr. Van Buren, on this subject.—Boston Star

For the Palladium.

"We would ten times rather be swindled out of our property, than out of what little talent and standing we have." These are the words of Mr. C. F. Clarkson, in the Statesman of June 15th. These sentiments are consonant to mine. Does Mr. C. labor under the gross hallucination that he is the only individual to be found who is thus minded? If not, I would ask how he can reconcile this declaration with his usage to me? It will doubtless be recollected that some months since, Mr. Gregg rejected a communication of mine, in answer to "Ned," stating as his reason "that it was too abusive to be admitted in his columns—that such a tirade of abuse was unequalled for—that it would not reflect much to my credit as a literary gentleman—that it was written in a temper that ill befitted a minister of Christ—and to crown the climax, as though I were thirsting for the blood of my antagonist.) he respectfully declined being the bearer of the challenge." Had these remarks accompanied the communication, it would have been well enough, so far as it related to me, because they would have been heated at by his most intimate friends, as being destitute of the least shadow of truth. This Mr. G. knew right well, consequently he was careful to keep back all that I did say—shrouded the premises in the most profound tenebrosity, and would fane have the people prostrate me upon his bare say so, without my ever having misused him in any respect whatever, save that I had the presumption to dissent from him in matters of opinion. Was this honorable in him? Was it just? And were not these allegations calculated to swindle me out of what little standing I had, unless they were proven to be basely false? They certainly were. Consequently I called on Mr. G. in a communication to Mr. C. to publish instantly the rejected article, as best calculated and altogether sufficient to exculpate me from the charge preferred. I ask, was it an unreasonable demand? Had I not an undoubted right to expect it? But what was the result? Mr. C. in the most insulting manner, laid it aside, stating that he wished to know if I intended it as an advertisement, if so it should appear; if otherwise it should not. Adding that he had no desire to screen Mr. G. from merited justice. That's a flim, thought I then, and am confirmed in it now. He further added that he did not think it was Mr. G's intention to injure me in any of the above cited particulars. Another flim, thought I, or else the man is much deficient in his sensorium; and a little of both is no doubt the fact—and not so very little either. However, I wrote to him again, stating that irrational as his deductions were, if Mr. G. would publicly subscribe to their correctness, so as to make the plaster as big as the wound, I could ask no more—and should be abundantly satisfied; nay, should even rejoice to be relieved from the unpleasant feelings which I then unavoidably entertained in reference to him. But if he would not, I should insist upon the publication of the article—that I should take no denial—that I claimed it as matter of right—a right long sanctioned by common usage, and never before denied to the meanest citizen, to wit, that of speaking in my own defence through the same medium and before the same tribunal, where I stood approbriously and criminally charged. Was there any thing unreasonable or heteroclitical in all this? Certainly not. If Mr. Gregg did not intend to injure me, would he not have cheerfully made the announcement? And if he did, had I not an unquestionable right to be heard in defensive? Mr. G. has made no such announcement, as Mr. C. seemed to anticipate; still he is inexorable—peremptorily denies me a hearing, and has returned to me the rejected articles. If the game played off on me is not swindling, I know not what swindling is. I ask every candid man to take one impartial look at it, and then say if they can pronounce it either a subdulous or honorable trick. What! the managers of a public journal charge a fellow man with hard and reproachful things, and when the accused pleads not guilty and comes forward to make his defence, he is informed that he cannot be heard, unless he pays handsomely for the privilege!!! If, indeed, it has come to this, then editors such as Mr. G. and Mr. C. need never be out of money jobs. This picture is neither "mangled" nor "garbled." I now ask the citizens of Indiana to look at it, and then say if either these wights, (for gentlemen they are not,) have acted as would have well become the editors of a free press in a free country? In all this affair I have stood on the defensive, and strove to come to the light that my deeds might be made manifest. But Mr. G. said I should not reply to "Ned" and Mr. C. says I shall not to Mr. G.—and so it goes. Shame on them both, for of whom it is said, "eye will not come to the light" but of those whose deeds are evil. I now have done with them until they shall open to me their columns, and then I am ready to shed INK with them until they or I shall cry enough. In all my communications I have taken great care not to give offence. I never make the assault—as is well known, consequently when assailed I take it ill and am always free spoken when it comes to the defence, and a pretty stiff sawyer to run against, as few will deny. Should it be said that this is nothing but electioneering trash, and doubtless it will, I would only say in reply that I am well advised that it will electioneer me out of some hundred votes. But so let it be, for be it known I would not put up with such indignities, or in other words, barter off the little standing I have for the highest office in the gift of a free people. This hailing enemies as friends—forgetting injuries—passing over slanders in quiet about election time, for fear of losing a few votes, may perhaps do well enough for those who prefer office to character—and on these conditions they are welcome to it, so far as it relates to me.

A. J. COTTON.

Manchester, July 10th, 1832.

P. S.—What must have been the conjectures of Mr. G's readers, and what will they say, when they learn that the worst that I did say in reference to "Ned," after making him out a pretty big fool—otherwise non compos mentis—was that no gentleman or Republican would have acted his part—that dastard and coward were terms more appropriate—that for my part I ask no boot of any man; if I had ought to say against him, I would do it like an independent white man. Unlike the skulking savage, I would meet him face to face in the open field, and give him fair play. Are the sentiments unbefitting a minister of Christ? Let it be remembered that these terms were applied to no individual, but were used to express my abhorrence of the mean, dirty practice which is but too common, viz, that of assailing men over fictitious signatures. Who would like to receive such treatment? not one. Yet Mr. G. "declines being the bearer of the challenge." What challenge pray? The truth is, if he had said that he had voluntarily borne the challenge, (for Ned's communication was nothing more,) and that he had not only refused to take my answer back, but had got in a great rage, because I entered my protest against what he called "a little good natured pleasantry at my expense," he would have centred the mark precisely. Corrupt indeed must be the heart that could participate in the hilarities carried on at the expense of an unoffending fellow man.

A. J. C.

For the Palladium.

MR. EDITOR.—As the election is near at hand, I feel a desire to say a few words to the public on the subject of the sheriff's election. Two candidates, of the number originally announced, only remain in the field—Mr. Dils and Mr. Gregg. The former was nominated by the friends of Gen. Jackson, and the latter by those of Mr. Clay. In this state of things it may reasonably be expected that the two parties will endeavor to sustain their man. This being the case, it becomes the friends of General Jackson to consider well the bearing and effect of the election. Mr. Gregg, need I say, has occupied a prominent stand in the ranks of the opposition to the present administration. He has been the conductor of a paper, and in the prosecution of his business, has availed himself of every opportunity to assail the measures, the character, and the friends of our venerable and patriotic president. He has stopped at nothing to circumvent and accomplish the downfall of the Jackson party in this country. But finding his efforts unavailing, he has suddenly donned his armor of rebellion, and cowardly shuffled off his editorial responsibility upon another, less talented but not less virulent or abusive, and now asks those very persons he so lately stigmatized as the scum and filth of society, to vote for him as sheriff! That Mr. Gregg is doing this need not be, it dare not be denied. He does not only court, fondle and wheedle around the friends of Gen. Jackson, but makes it a matter of boast, that he will get 200 votes from the very men he has trampled under foot! Can it be possible that he has any such hopes? Has the fire of patriotism—of just indignation—of manly feeling, died in the bosoms of the friends of Gen. Jackson? Have they become Spaniels, to be kicked and cuffed about, and then turn and lick the hand that beat them? No—never. They will rise in their strength, and shake off this foul aspersion on their character. They will set the seal of condemnation yet another time on the man who has traduced their character and principles through the columns of the Statesman, and who now covertly continues the war of detraction and slander.

I would ask the friends of the republican cause to mark the course of Mr. Gregg since his appointment to the sheriff's office by the governor. From being a most violent declaimer against the present administration, he suddenly became silent—sold, or transferred, for the time being, his paper, that he might not be held responsible for its slanderous contents—and is acting the very conspicuous part of a fence man—at least when in company with the friends of Gen. Jackson. He advances no political opinions, as he was wont to do, but contents himself with endeavoring to persuade the public that Mr. Dils is or has been a Clay man, thereby indirectly conveying the opinion that he (Mr. G.) is friendly to the administration. But the artifice is too shallow. The suppressed and rankling passions are only gathering strength, and whether Mr. Gregg be elected or defeated, they will burst forth upon the first opportunity after the election. Let the friends of Gen. Jackson mark this, and now when they have the chance, shear him of the power to do them injury; and at the same time put their veto on the act of the governor in appointing him and sustaining his election in opposition to the public wish.

O.

Extract from a letter received by a gentleman of this city, dated Derrort, July 11. "The cholera, you undoubtedly have heard, is among us. The first case appeared on board the steamer Henry Clay, having on board 350 U. S. troops, for Chicago. She was ordered immediately out of port, and took up her line for the upper lakes; but was obliged to land the troops at Fort Gratiot, about 70 miles above this, where the disease has existed to an alarming degree; 50 died at the Port, the remainder discarded, or walked off without orders to return, and the poor fellows are now to be found by half dozens, scattered through the woods, victims to the cholera. Many have been found half eaten up by the Wolves and the Ravens. The number of deaths in our city up to this morning, is about 48—number of cases probably 100. Our streets are deserted—upwards of 1500 persons have fled, for their lives, to some remote corner of the country."—Cincinnati Daily Gazette.