

fills your exchequer, he fights your battles, he feeds your clergy from whom derives no benefit, he shares your burdens, he shares your perils, he shares every thing except your privileges—can you wonder he is violent? No matter what his merits, no matter what his claims, no matter what his services—he sees himself a nominal subject and a real slave; and his children the heirs, perhaps of his toils, perhaps his talents—certainly of his disqualifications—can you wonder he is violent? He sees every pretended obstacle to his emancipation vanished—Catholic Europe your ally, the Bourbon on the throne, the Emperor a captive, the Pope a friend, the aspersions on his faith disproved by his allegiance to you against, alternately, every catholic potentate in Christendom, and he feels himself branded with hereditary degradation—can you wonder then he is violent? He petitioned humbly—his tameness was considered apathy. He petitioned boldly—his remonstrance was considered as an impudent audacity. He petitioned in peace—he was told it was not the time. He petitioned in war—he was told it was not the time. A strange interval—a prodigy in politics, a space between peace and war, which appeared to be just made for him, arose—I allude to the period between the retreat of Louis and the restoration of Bonaparte—he petitioned then, and he was told it was not the time. Oh, shame! shame! shame! I hope he will petition no more a parliament so equivocating. However, I am not sorry they did so equivocate, because, I think, they have suggested one common remedy for the grievances of both countries, and that remedy is a reform of that parliament. Without that, I plainly see, there is no hope for Ireland—there is no salvation for England—they will act towards you as they have done towards us—they will admit your reasoning they will admire your eloquence, and they will prove their sincerity by a strict perseverance in the impolicy you have exposed, and the profligacy you have deprecated. Look to England at this moment. To what a state they have reduced her! Over this vast island, for whose wealth the winds of heaven seemed to blow, covered as she once was with the gorgeous mantle of successful agriculture, all studded over with the gems of art and manufacture, there is now scarce an object but industry in rags, & patience in despair—the merchant without a ledger—the field without a harvest—the shops without a customer—the exchange deserted, and the Gazette crowded, from the heart-rending comments on that nefarious system, in support of which, peers and contractors, stock-jobbers and sinecurists, in short the whole trained, collared, pampered and rapacious pack of ministerial beagles, have been, for half a century, in the most clamorous and discordant uproar! During all the misery how are the pilots of the state employed? Why, in feeding the bloated mammoth of sinecure—

in weighing the farthings of some unwilling's salary—in preparing Ireland for a garrison and England for a poor house—in the structure of Chinese palaces—the decoration of dragoons, and the erection of a public building. Oh, it's easily seen we have a saint in the exchequer—he has studied scripture to some purpose cry out for bread, and the scriptural minister gives them stones? Such has been the result of the blessed Pitt system, which amid oceans of blood and 800 millions expenditure, has left you, after all your victories, a triumphant dupe, a trophied bankrupt. I have heard before of states ruined by the visitations of Providence, devastated by famine, wasted by fire, overcome by enemies; but never until now did I see a state like England, impoverished by her spoils and conquered by her successes! She has fought the fight of Europe—She has purchased all its coinable blood—she has subsidized all its dependencies in their own cause—she has conquered by sea—she has conquered by land—she has got peace, and of course if the Pitt apostles would not have made peace, she has got her “indemnity for the past, and security for the future;”—and here she is, after all her vanity and all her victories surrounded by desolation, like one of the pyramids of Egypt, amid the grandeur of the desert, full of magnificence and death—at once a trophy and a tomb! The heart of any reflecting man must burn within him when he thinks that the war, thus sanguinary in its operations, thus confessedly ruinous in its expenditure, was even still more odious in its principle.—It was a war avowedly undertaken for the purpose of forcing France out of her undoubted right of choosing her own monarch, a war which uprooted the very foundations of the English constitution—which libelled the most glorious era in our national annals—which declared tyranny eternal, and announced to the people amid the thunder of artillery, that no matter how aggrieved, their only allowable attitude was that of supplication—which, when it told the French reformer of 1793 was just, told the British reformer of 1688 his triumph was treason, and exhibited to history the terrific farce of a prince of the house of Brunswick, the creature of the revolution, offering a human hecatomb upon the grave of James the Second!!

(To be concluded next week.)

#### FROM FORT OSAGE, MISSOURI TERR.

Extract of a letter from lieut. Guy, of the 8th U. S., to the editor dated Fort Osage, Oct. 13, 1816.

„Some time ago, I learned that a party of hunters from Boon's Settlement, below us were a hunting on the Le Mine river on the south west side of the Missouri, where they discovered a grave, which they opened and found in it a body which they supposed to be a British officer, from the dress. I was curious to learn the particulars and wrote

to John Monroe esq. of Boon's settlement, who I understood, was the principal of the hunting party, from whom I received the enclosed letter which you may use as you think proper.

“I was out on a hunting party with some of my neighbors, about the 10th of June last, 35 ms from hence; in an open prairie we espied a log pen ten feet high—it was covered over with earth or mud. Led by our curiosity, we threw off the earth at the top to see what it contained, and discovered the corpse of a man in a sitting posture, with a mat of flag around it. We next took off the mat to enable us to perceive who who was thus interred. He had on a black fur hat, which was by this time a little gnawed by mice, he wore a wig of fine light hair and a scarlet coat, (an officer's & an elegant epaulette on each shoulder. There were no buttons except those which held on the epaulette, the description of these I do not recollect, except that they were stampt underneath, *Philadelphia*. His waistcoat was spotted casimere, a vine figure, and had covered moulds; had put keen pantaloons with feet to them, & a pair of neat fashionable shoes, lined and bound. He had an elegant bamboo cane, with a gold head, and I. M. C. very nicely engraved upon it. I think he was upwards of six feet high. It is probable the body had been deposited there for 18 months or two years—how long it is impossible precisely to ascertain. The flesh was all decayed on his feet and legs. I think he must have been buried by the Fox Indians, as it was after their fashion of burial. If he was a military missionary sent to extend British alliance with, or influence over the savages, or whoever he was, requiescat in peace! Doubtless his death prevented the massacre of some American frontier settler; for the friendly sentiments of the Indian tribes towards him, seems evinc'd by the marks of respect they paid to his remains.” *Tankee.*

AGUSTA, (Geo.) Dec. 19.

As an evidence of the continued emigration of persons to the Alabama, a gentleman directly from that country informs us, that as he came in he met in nine days' travelling, 142 waggons, 802 carts, 10 stages, 44 gigs, 2 coaches, 29 droves of cattle, 27 droves of hogs, and 2 drovs of sheep. These were all bound for the Alabama, and most of them for the neighborhood of Fort Claiborne, and they were all met between a place called Burnt Corn Spring, 30 miles this side of the Alabama, and Fort Hawkins, which distance our informant was 9 days travelling; and observes that with the waggons and carts, there were generally pretty large families. He supposed, that from the number of persons altogether, he should be within bounds to average 20 persons to a waggon, and 10 to a cart, this including those who were on horse back, he supposes would be within bounds, and if so, the whole number of persons met would be 3,840. Our informant from his know-

ledge of the country, is of opinion that the current of emigration is such that considerable inconvenience will be experienced by the new settlers for want of provisions, as he thinks the crops have not been equal to such an increased population, and he supposed that a few cargoes of Rice from the southern ports to that quarter, might afford an acceptable relief.

From the Newburyport Herald, Jan. 14.

**Emigration.**—We understand that a society is forming in this town, for the purpose of emigrating to the western country, and that about 70 have already joined it, the principal part of which are *Mechanics* who have families, and of the first respectability. It is to be regretted that this beautiful and once prosperous place should so deeply feel the pressure of the times.—Is there no way of preventing this depopulation? the natural advantages of this town are great; its inhabitants frugal and industrious; the country round it is fertile and well cultivated, why then is it wasting and sinking under the present difficulties more than other places? The men of capital can best answer this question. It is hard to leave our native soil; it is hard to form new habits in a strange land; but it is harder still to *linger in idleness and pine in poverty.*

Extract of a letter from col. R. M. Johnson, to his friend in Scott, dated Jan. 29.

Dear sir,

We have received information from several gentlemen in Ky. that one of our citizen soldiers has lately returned from Indian captivity, and has given information that a number of our fellow-citizens remain behind in the same situation, captives to the Indians, and that our neighbor *Fant* the musician, was near Quebec held as the property of an Indian in the British service as a musician I have seen the President & Sec. and most of the members from Ky. who have taken an interest in this thing. Col. Monroe has made a communication of these facts to M. Bagot, who will forthwith furnish all the facilities in his power to release Fant and others from their present condition, by calling on the local authority in Canada. Besides this, the president will employ a special messenger to traverse the wilderness & search after those unfortunate captives who are deprived of liberty, by risking their lives in the defence of their country.

In the London papers there is an account given of Napoleon's bad humor, and how he has ordered all his plate to be broken to pieces and sold for cash; but a very few articles in these papers are to be relied upon as to their truth. Both in England and France, the price of grain is very high; and the people of Toulouse being very hungry, became very turbulent; but the army there, as in the other country, are always brought in, to quiet disturbers of the peace; the bayonet is an excellent peace-maker.