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EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF N. C. Raleigh, June 6, 1827.

To all whom it may concern. Persons desiring of purchasing the interest pos- sessed by the State in the lands sold to the fol- lowing creditors of the late General Assembly, are requested to forward their proposals to this Office, to be disposed of as therein mention- ed.

Whereas the State possesses a reversionary interest in the lands allotted to the Tuscarora In- dians, by an act of the General Assembly, pass- ed at Raleigh on the fifteenth of October, one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight; and whereas, by a sale of the said reversion, a consid- erable sum may be raised and applied to an im- provement of the Lottery Fund.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Govern- or, and he is hereby requested, to receive propo- sals from the present proprietors, or others, for the said reversion or fee, and make report there- to the next General Assembly at the next annual meet- ing.

That Simmons J. Baker, of the county of Halifax, William R. Smith, of the county of Bertie, be appointed commissioners, to receive the said lands, and ascertain the quantity and quality of each tract, with its fee simple per cent, at the time of examination, and report to the next General Assembly, and that the ex- penses attending the execution of said commis- sion be paid by the proprietors of said land.

H. G. BURTON By the Governor, Jno. K. CAMPBELL, P. Secy.

From Pollock's "Course of Time." LORD BYRON.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size, To which the stars did reverence, as they pass'd: So he, through learning and through fancy, took His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top Of some dread mountain seat not solid & worn, As if he drew the earth beneath his feet; He sat some bird of heavenly plumage far He look'd, which down from higher regions came, And perch'd there, to see what lay below.

Creed. There is in some beings a credulity which is allied to all that is good, generous, and endearing in the human heart. It is that romantic spirit of early youth, which, casting its beam of beautiful hope over nature, and estimating the world at large by the standard of its own purity, nobleness and honor, believes in the sincerity of patriotism, the disinterestedness of friendship, and the fidelity of love. In vain does the deep-forging Seneca repeat to such enthusiasts, "Take from men ambition and vanity, and you will ne- ver have heroes nor patriots." In vain does inspired Wisdom tell them, "Every man is a friend to him that gives gifts," and mournfully asks, "A faithful man who can find love?" In vain does en- thusiastic Poetry sing that love is— "On earth unseen or only found To warm the turtle's nest; to vain for them does prudence pour forth her maxims, and wisdom her warnings. Incapable of deceit in themselves they do not suspect it in o- thers, and with a rash but noble confidence, they rush upon the arena of active life to be deceived by the false, elevated by the selfish, and plondered by the mercenary. Every zealous patriot turns his ardent zeal to his own account by professing his friendship, every brave soldier sticks their pockets by surrounding them with his bounty, and every calculating, cunning hypocrite ensures their generous assistance and disinterested services, by assuming a character similar to their own. Is this an over- wrought picture? Is it not a faithful sketch of what occurs to every generous, honorable, and magnanimous man when he begins the march of life? If he possess wealth or talent, do not the descendants of the horse-leech surround him and cry—give, give, from the stores of thy for- tune, and the brave give with the profuse liberality of a generous heart, until he awakens to the knowledge that they who are battling on his kindness, are base and mean, and narrow-hearted?

Fortunately there are exceptions to this state of things; fortunately, generous spirits do some- times meet and prove that the stories of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, of Damon and Pythias, are not wild and romantic fictions. N. Y. Morning Courier.

From the Liverpool Albion, Aug. 20. Confessions of an Executed Female.

A deeply affecting narrative, under the above title, has just issued from the Glasgow press. It is declared to be "no fiction." It is published according to the will of "William M. Esq. of the county of Stirling, Scotland," for the purpose of deterring others "from the commission of a similar sin, by the thought, that if they escape the punishment of the law, they are sure to meet with that of a racked and harassed conscience." The Confessions are powerfully written, and seldom have we read a more touching narrative than that which is contained in the work here as. We insert an extract from the first part of the Confessions:

"Twenty years, and the vision still haunts me! Yes, it is twenty years since I perpetrated that crime which has poisoned my exist- ence, and thrown over it a cloud of un- sleep, sorrow. All other crimes may slumber, but iniquity like mine never can. The worm that dies preys upon my heart: I am the victim of remorse.

My house stood in the midst of a plantation of elm and pine. Its situation was consid- erably romantic by those who had an eye for the beauties of nature, but such I never had. It was a large isolated building, white and airy in its appearance, and decorated in front with a portico of four Ionic pillars. Before the door was a plot of green ground, bordered with flowers, and in the centre of this a fountain of clear water. Behind the mansion house there was a spacious garden, and about fifty yards to the right flowed a little river, murmuring among rocks and shaded over by bowers of the birch and chestnut tree.

Few places were so retired and beautiful, and here, if my miserable tone of mind had permitted, I must have been happy. I had no companion but an only sister, and Heaven surely never formed two beings so com- pletely different as we. Poor Eliza, she was every thing that is amiable in woman: fair, beautifully proportioned, and graceful in her movements, beyond even the most gifted of her sex; her light and airy form, her blue, deep blue eye; her lip ever crimsoned with smiles, and her complexion clear as heaven itself. Of all these things I could speak, but it avails not. They are gone, and nothing but their remembrance remains behind. Memory may do much to hallow even the divinest beauty, and imagination may touch with more delicate hues what the former

brings up from the depths of time, but their fairy power were useless here. My sister had a form and a soul which fancy never excelled, and she brightened dreams. Strange! she who loved me, I say strange, for what reason, but that of an angel could bear affliction towards a being so malignant, so bitterly wicked as I! I can now recall how harshly I returned all her little acts of kind- ness. She would try, by every art to bring from me some deed of tenderness. She would smile, and come with some miser- able story. She would sit down before me, and throw her delicate arms around my neck in a mood of gaiety and love. She would flatter me, and watch over my concerns, and anticipate my wishes, but all in vain. My ungrateful heart refused to acknowledge her attentions; her fondness became painful to me, and I repulsed her. Not when I was stretched on a bed of sickness did her ten- derness abate. When the harassing fever raged in my veins, and but a step lay between me and eternity, she attended me with more than a mother's care. Night after night she sat watching over my couch. I may see her, when she flits through my thoughts, weeping in my dimly illuminated chamber, and raising her fair hands to Heaven in supplication for my recovery. And when I did re- cover, who can paint the joy that lighted up her beautiful countenance! All saw it with delight and awe, and that was her arched and ungrateful brother.

She had a friend named Mary Ellison, also a beautiful girl. Their friendship had com- menced in childhood, and their souls were knit closer by succeeding years. Mary lived with us, for she was an orphan; and being originally of a respectable but unfortunate family, my father gladly adopted her as a companion to his daughter. She was tall and exquisitely made, and all her movements were full of female dignity. Her form wanted the richness and voluptuous swell of Eliza's, but it was more airy, and, if possible, more grace- ful. My sister's complexion had the bright- ness and bloom of northern beauty. Her yellow hair waved like streaks of sunshine over her temples, and her blue eyes, deep and lucid as the sapphire, were full of anima- tion and mirth of soul. Mary had more of the Italian cast in her countenance, which was of a darker and warmer hue. Her hair was black and shining, and her eyes of the same complexion, were full of melancholy. Never were two livelier beings associated together under the same roof. Eliza was all affection, and smiles, and innocence, and she showed them on every occasion. If she loved, she expressed in bright and unguished language the emotions of her soul. Mary was not more lovely, for that was impossible, but she was evidently a being of profounder and intenser feelings. Her spirit was more full of pathos. Her fervour was not so easily excited, but when once aroused it flowed in deeper channels, and its influence upon all the passions was most striking and irresistible.

I know not how it was, but this pure-mind- ed and intellectual girl conceived for me a strong affection. God knows, there was lit- tle in my society to attract the love of any one, and above all of such as she. I never did her an act of kindness. I scarcely ever spoke to her with common civility, yet strange to say, I unknowingly gained her heart, and she loved me at last as if I had been the most deserving object upon earth. How my grovelling soul came to be invested with such power, remains a problem which I have never been able to solve. In all other respects the mind of Mary was pure and heavenly. That spirit so full of poetry and romance, that mild enthusiastic spirit, conversant only with lofty thoughts, and whose existence had passed in a world of fancy and feeling, how did it de- scend from its high estate to seek companionship with a base earthborn heart like mine? In this only she erred; in this only she showed that tinge of humanity which clings to all below. Perhaps she might have been in- fluenced by her affection for my sister. Be that as it may, I saw her feelings, and with the true villainy of my nature, resolved to take advantage of them. It would be sickening to relate all the schemes I put in practice to ruin the virtue of this unfortunate girl. She loved me to distraction, and I but too well succeeded. But how was my poor hard conquest gained? By a proceeding, the iniquity of which no language can charac- terize. I invoked the Most High to witness that my future intentions were honourable, and swore in the name of all that is sacred to make her my own: I never intended to keep my promise. What were oaths to me? What were broken hearts and ruined hopes to one who looked upon virtue and honour as baubles, and whose polluted soul seemed born for the atmosphere of the blackest iniquity!

Time rolled on, and the state of Mary be- came apparent, but still I never felt remorse. I looked on unmoved at the ruin I had effect- ed; and when the unsuspecting victim required the performance of my vows, she was answered with a contemptuous sneer. Her spirit, from this moment, faded utterly away. She felt that she had been betrayed, and saw the dreadful precipice on which she stood. Had I been any thing else than a villain; had one spark of generous feeling still animated my bosom, I must have pitied the miserable girl; but compassion was unhappily a feeling to which I had never been a stranger, and I looked on the wreck of beauty with savage indifference.

Eliza's tender heart was moved, and she saw her companion with other eyes. She did not, with the pride-like barbarity of many of her sex, cast off this erring sister. She saw that she had been led astray, and knew, that although, in the eyes of the world she was a lost and worthless thing, yet she was not to be abandoned to misery and neglect. So far from turning away from this object of distress, she pressed her to her bosom; nor did she consider herself dishonored in so doing. Her pure heart told her that Mary was innocent, and what had occurred was a misfortune rather than a crime. She soothed her in the midst of her misery, and tried to sustain her broken heart, with the hope that I might one day repair the injury I had done, and restore her, blameless and unblemished, to society. Nor did she stop here, for on her knees she conjured me, as I valued the welfare of a wretched creature; as I valued the honour of our house; as I valued my own eternal happi- ness, to render that tardy justice which up- rightness and virtue demanded. The appeal was eloquent as beauty and affliction could make it; but it was in vain. I heard it with contempt.

About this time, a young lady of considera- ble fortune came to reside in our part of the country. She was rich, and I considered that now or never had an opportunity occurred of gratifying my passion for money. My situa- tion in life was well known, and I was cordially received as a visitor into her mother's house. I endeavored to make myself agreeable, as far as possible, and in a short time had the satisfaction of thinking that I was listened to with not an unfavorable ear. There was on-

ly one her that stood in the way, and this was Mary Ellison. She was pitied, but her mother would not consent, and I will know that it that she should the care of my own money, my prospects in that quarter were at an end. Eliza, who was once the author of her misery, but he could not remain concealed much longer, and his name once mentioned would sink him in misery and degradation. I cared little for exposure, on the score of hon- our or virtue, but I dreaded it on the score of in- terest. Let me get possession of my object, let her wealth be once fairly secured in my iron hand, and my shame, for aught I cared, might be trumpeted to the uttermost ends of the earth. But Eliza, till that decisive, that irrevocable moment, it believed that all should wear the aspect of integrity, that all should run smooth as the untroubled sea. I con- ceived my hypocrisy with the semblance of virtue as the sails of the dead are covered with flow- ers, and crawl, like the viper, under cover, the better to entrap my prey.

That no evil report might injure my reputa- tion, that I might, that Mary had of about ten miles in a small country house on the banks of the Forth. There the sorrows of this unhappy girl only became more poignant, she felt the misery of loneliness. Deprived of her sister's society and care, and the last, strange to say, she pressed about all other; her heart became more desolate and broken. She wrote me a letter; the paper was stained with tears, and every word breathed unutterable grief. It implored me to take compassion on her wretched state, and fulfil the promise I had so solemnly made. "I know that you are addressing another, but if she has the spirit of a woman, never will she listen to you after what you have done to me."

Such were the condoling lines of her letter, and they fired me to revenge. Suspicion lowered upon my heart, and the thought came upon me that they were but the prelude of a discovery. "And must my plans be thus thwarted by that wretched girl? Must a fortune be torn away from my grasp? Shall she quiver to my affianced bride, what for a time must remain in darkness, and for what to ruin me, to blast my dearest prospects without benefitting herself?" The evil passions were stirred up within me; hell boiled in my bosom, and I was wrought to an ecstasy of madness. For half a day I remained in this tumult of passion. Towards evening it ceased to exhibit itself on the outer man, but raged within more intensely than ever.

Yes, I remember it well. This day, and twenty years have rolled away, I sat by the fire in my study, and meditated, and apparently, some violent deed. My sister sat opposite to me. She was employed at her needle, but while she sewed, her blue eyes streamed with tears, and ever and again she cast at me looks of the deepest affliction. "My dear brother, has any thing occurred to dis- tress you?" I blundered out, "silence, distract me not," in a voice which made her start back- ward with terror, and striking my hand vio- lently against my burning forehead, I left the room and mounted up stairs to my bed cham- ber. A small Highland dirk hung over the mantel-piece. It had been in the family for ages. I put it in my pocket, almost unknow- ing what I did, and descended with portentous speed. Eliza met me as I was going out. She put her slender arm in mine, and re- quested me, with a voice of melting tender- ness, to stay at home, for that I was evidently very unwell. With brutal violence I pushed her aside and rushed into the open air.

The evening was fair, beautifully fair. The sun was sinking down gloriously, and the lowing nature over with his last depar- ting beams; but I remarked it not. I saw nothing; I heard nothing. A tumult was in my heart; my ears were stunned, and I hur- ried over the earth with reckless fury. Night came down, and I found myself at Mary's door. I entered, but she was not within. She had gone to walk by the banks of the Forth.

I went to find her. Her lovely and inter- esting form was seated upon a rock which overlooked the stream. When I came up, she was in tears; but she threw her arms around me, and kissed me with unexpressed fond- ness. How romantic was the scene! O how unfit for a deed of villainy! The moon was up in the vault of heaven.—The firmament was silvered over with her chaste beams, and the light of the planets dissolved and lost in a flood of pale celestial glory. One solitary star twinkled by her side. And how beau- tifully were the rays reflected by the stream that murmured amid its rocky channel, and gave forth a melancholy music, which was the only sound that disturbed the unbroken calm of nature! Could crime linger here? Could vice pollute such a scene with its ac- cursed presence? Base, cruel, treacherous was the deed. Was there no bolt of heaven to consume my coward heart? While she clung to my bosom and called me her own—while her deep melting eyes were thrown so expressively on my savage countenance—yes the deed was then done—done at a moment when any heart but that of a demon, would have been disarmed. I drew slowly the dagger from my pocket, and my spirit shud- dered while I relate it—stabbed her in the back! A shriek and she fell to the earth.—"Oh! do not destroy me! William, William, that was a cruel stroke. Spare me; do not kill me, do not kill my poor unborn babe!" She clung to my knees, but I spurred her away, and she again fell exhausted. There was no time to be lost. I laid violent hands upon her, and pitched her over the rock. I heard her rustling among the branches which opposed a feeble resistance to her fall, and then a dash among the waters, and a fee- ble cry, and all was silent.

From the Philadelphia Souvenir. AUTUMN. Let the merry Spring enjoy her flowers, And odorous Summer sunny days; Let Winter build her icy towers— I adore them all for Autumn's blaze. Spring, like the puny child is seen; A tender care—a sickly hope— Shrinking from warmth of sunny epe— Too weak with lusty winds to cope. Summer and hay-day youth agree; A brilliant flame too bright to last— A rolling cloud of joy and glee— A fleeting hour of rich repast. Winter and age alike display The chilly smile—the biting sneer; The last remains—the dying day— Of all that once was fair and gay. But glorious Autumn strides along, Like a creation in its prime; And all its limits through, To make the true, the great sublime. And so should man in manhood's years His every tone of mind display; Show virtue's smile—single pity's tears, The storm and lightning round him play. Like Autumn's sun his fame should rise; Top him on clouds, in splendour dress'd; And when he sinks from mortal eyes, Go like a giant to his rest.

VICTIONS OF AMERICA.

From Walker Scott's "Narrative." We think it very questionable, whether a resident of Cuba, or even the proper pen- sioner to write the life of Bonaparte—and what right any one with Mr. Scott's political opin- ions is capable of judging properly of the French Revolution. But whatever may be thought on these two points, we believe it is generally admitted that the reputation of the work speaks great talents, and, considering the time which has been devoted to it, very great research.

We know that the work has had in this country a very great sale. We understand that about 12,000 copies (each copy three vol- umes) have been printed, a most extraordi- nary impression to be undertaken by any book- seller, and that as far back as three weeks ago from 4 to 1000 copies had already been sold. The press was still at work upon the impressions, and as each page was stereotyp- ed, it is in the power of the bookseller to multiply the copies as far as they please, the whole labour of composition being saved in them—and no other expense than paper, press work, and binding.

We have not yet had it in our power to read it through, and form any definite opinion of its character. But the following passage has struck us, as being very interesting to an American reader, and as we have not yet seen it republished in the newspapers we have concluded it would not prove unacceptable to such as have not read the work itself, to look at the picture of ourselves drawn by an great artist. It contains a few faults, which the sagacious reader will discover, and it passes over some features in the condition of our Society and our form of Government, which are necessary to be considered, in order to understand perfectly the character of our Re- public. We may notice however, the inen- do to the cause of the description. Though he does not more than justice to the virtues and talents of Washington, yet it is certain that if Washington had been dis- posed to pursue a different course, he would have been restrained by the resolutions of his countrymen, and it is equally certain, that the influence of other great men was felt, as well as that of Washington, in settling "social or- der upon an established basis."

Richmond Compiler. "America must certainly be account- ed a successful attempt to establish a republic on a much larger scale than those we have mentioned. But that great and flourishing empire consists, it must be remembered, of a federative union of many States, which, though exten- sive in territory, are comparatively thin in occupants. There do not exist in America, in the same degree, those circumstances of a dense and degraded population, which occasion in the old na- tions of Europe such an infinite differ- ence of knowledge and ignorance, of wealth the most exuberant, and indig- ence the most horrible. No man in America need be poor, if he has a hatchet and arms to use it. The wilderness is to him the same retreat which the world afforded to our first parents. His fam- ily, if he has one, is wealth; if he is un- encumbered with wife or children, he is the more easily provided for. A man who wishes to make a large fortune, may be disappointed in America; but he who seeks, with a moderate degree of in- dustry, but the wants which nature de- mands, is certain to find them. An im- mense proportion of the population of the United States consists of agricultur- ists, who live upon their own property, which is generally of moderate extent, and cultivate it by their own labor. Such a situation is peculiarly favorable to re- publican habits. The man who feels himself really independent—and so must each American who can use a spade or an axe—will please himself with the mere exertion of his free will, and form a strong contrast to the fol- lowing, bawling, blustering rabble of a city, where a dram of liquor, or the money to buy a meal, is sure to purchase the acclamation of thousands, whose sit- uation in the scale of society is too low, to permit their thinking of their political right, as a thing more valuable than to be bartered against the degree of advan- tage they may procure, or of license which they may exercise, by placing it at the disposal of one candidate or another.

"Above all, before considering the case of America as parallel with that of France, the statesmen of the latter coun- try should have observed one great and radical difference. In America, after the great change in their system had been effected, by shaking off the sover- eignty of the mother country, the States arranged their new government, so as to make the least possible altera- tion in the habits of their people. They left to future and more convenient op- portunity, what farther innovations this great change might render necessary; being more desirous to fix the general outlines of a firm and orderly govern- ment, although containing some anom- alies, than to cast all existing authorities loose, in order that they might produce a constitution more regular in theory, but far less likely to be put into effect- ual execution, than those old forms, under which the people had grown up, and to which they were accustomed to ren- der regular obedience. They abolished no nobility; for they had none in the Colonies to abolish; but in fixing the ba- sis of their Constitution, they balanced the force and impulse of the representa- tive body of the States by a Senate, de- signed to serve the purposes answered by the House of Lords in the British constitution. The Governors of the dif- ferent States also, in whose power the Executive Government of each was re- posed, continued to exercise the same duties as before, without much other change, than that they were named by their fellow citizens, instead of being ap- pointed by the sovereign of the mother country. The Congress exercised the

rights which success had given them over the loyalists, with as much imperious- ness as could be expected after the rage of a civil war. Above all, the mass of the American population was in a equal, healthy state, and well fitted to bear their share in the exercise of political rights. They were independent as we have noticed, and had comparatively few instances among them of great wealth, contrasted with the most de- grading indigence. They were deeply imbued with a sense of religion, and the morality which is its fruit. They had been brought up under a free govern- ment, and in the exercise of the rights of freemen, and their faculties were not liable to be excited, or their understand- ings made giddy, with a sudden eleva- tion to privileges, the nature of which was unknown to them. The Republic of America, moreover, did not consist of one huge and populous country, with an overgrown capital, where the legislative body, couped up in its precincts like prisoners, were liable to be acted upon by the applauses, or threats of a despe- rate rabble. Each State in America carries on its own immediate govern- ment, and enjoys unmolested the privi- lege of adopting such plans as are best suited to their own peculiar situation, without embarrassing themselves with that ideal uniformity, that universal equality of rights, which it was the vain object of the French Constituent As- sembly to establish. The Americans know that the advantage of a Constitu- tion, like that of a garment, consists nei- ther in the peculiarity of the fashion, nor in the fineness of the texture, but in its being well adapted to the person who receives protection from it. In short, the sagacity of Washington was not more apparent in his military exploits, than in the manly and wise pause which he made in the march of revolution, so soon as peace gave an opportunity to interrupt its impulse. To replace law and social order upon an established ba- sis, was as much the object of this great General, as it seems to have been that of the statesmen of Paris, civilians as they were, to protract a period of in- surrection, murder and revolutionary tyranny."

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon's Farewell to his Guard.—Napoleon having now assigned himself entirely to his fate, whether for good or evil, prepared on the 30th of April to de- part for his place of retreat. But first he had the painful task of bidding fare- well to the body in the universe most attached to him and to which he was probably most attached—his celebrated Guard. Such of them as could be col- lected were brought out before him in review. Some natural tears dropped from his eyes, and his features had the marks of strong emotion while review- ing for the last time, as he must have then thought likely, the companions of so many victories. He advanced to them on horseback, dismounted, and took his solemn leave. "All Europe," he said, "had armed against him; France herself had deserted him; and chosen another dynasty. He might," he said, "have maintained with his soldiers a civil war for years, but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful," he continued (and the words were remarkable,) "to the new sovereign whom France has chosen. Do not lament my fate; I will always be happy while I know you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the road of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together; I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general."—(He pressed the general to his bosom.)—"Bring hither the eagle,"—he embraced the standard, and con- cluded—"Beloved eagle, may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave!—Adieu, my chil- dren—adieu my brave companions, sur- round me once more—Adieu!" Drown- ed in grief, the veteran soldiers heard the farewell of their dethroned leader, sighs and murmurs broke from their ranks, but the emotion burst out in no threats or remonstrances. They ap- peared resigned to the loss of their gen- eral; and to yield like him to necessity.

THE HORRIBLE TRADE. Communication from an English naval officer of rank, employed on the coast of Africa. "Night of the 13th, April 13, 1827. Yesterday afternoon, after having sent some of my boats into the Calabar river, where I had reason to believe a slaver was on the point of sailing, with a full cargo, a vessel was seen from the royal yard, standing through between Fernando Po and the main land. A- ware that she could be nothing but a slaver, I made sail in chase, and though then sun set, I shaped a course so as to cut her off in the night. At one in the morning we got sight of her under a press of sail, but to no effect; for old Nick himself will not escape this darling ship in light winds. It, however, fell calm, when we were about 4 or 5 miles from her, and I directed the boats, well manned and armed, to attack her. However, no resistance was made, and at two o'clock one of the boats return- ed to acquaint me of the capture of the Creole, a Brazilian brig, with a cargo of three hundred and nine slaves. The purport of this letter, my good friend, is not to take up your time with

a perusal of my captures, but to make your feeling heart (if possible) more alive than it is to the miseries I have experi- enced in the slaves, and the torture the unfeeling creatures are put to be con- sidered by these execrable villains, the Portuguese. In the morning I went on board to see and be a witness to the state the slaves were in. Now, you will bear in mind, that the only slaves that were seen amongst men were in chains below, and those chains as recalled as to take my people a whole afternoon to let the poor creatures breathe the air aloft. The women and girls were (horrid to relate) branded with an iron, at least one inch in length, with the letter B; and several of these marks must have been done even since they were at sea (but two days); several of the younger females were weeping from the pain they still suffer- ed; and I was a melancholy witness to the marks, all of them being a sore, and most of them festering; and this, I do not one inch above the waist. The men were marked with the same letter, B, but on the arm.

As you are ever on the move to the higher circles, do make this cruelty known, that if possible, these monsters of wanton depravity may be punished. It is too bad, that, after the immense sums of money given to that rascally Portuguese Government to suppress the slave trade, such enormities should be suffered. I frightened the heart of a master out of his wife, by getting a red hot iron and putting it close to his cheek; and I verily believe it will have a good effect. I would have given my ears if I could have branded the villain on his forehead or cheek.

Do, my good friend, speak of it to all and every body you think proper; for it is heart-rending to see such cruelty, so barbarously inflicted by these devils in the human flesh. This last capture makes no less than two thousand four hundred and ninety-seven slaves taken and embarked by this ship alone. The Calabar and Cameroons rivers are now perfectly empty. In the former there is but one vessel, and she is French, and in the latter none whatever. I hope, therefore, they have felt the last order of our Govern- ment, to seize them with slave cargoes on board North of the line, and that the slave trade, if not stopped, has lately received a severe check. I am off for Sierra Leone in a day or two in hope of meeting—, as the thunder and lightning in the vicinity of these rivers and the immense mountains, has for the last week been terrific. The rainy season is also beginning, which alone is sufficient to drive any one out of these sad sights. In addition to the Creole, I have sent up for adjudication the last month no less than seven ves- sels, all laden with slave cargoes, and it has almost cleared the bights."

Touching Valedictory Address.—Mr. Edmund Morris has retired from the editorship of the Bucks County Patriot, and in making his farewell speech to his subscribers, he expresses himself with a pathos which, if it has not made them all cry, must have been addressed to bowels of flint and hearts of stone. Even we, who are at a distance, and not connected with either the Editor or his forsaken flock, can scarce forbear dropping a tear, on perusing his feeling valedictory. At the same time, an honest consciousness of his having done his duty, and collected all his dues, seems to support him in the agonies of parting; for which we are sincerely glad. Com. Adv.

TO MY SUBSCRIBERS. The establishment of the Patriot will be transferred to Messrs. Jackson & Kelly on the first of October next. This, consequently, is the last number which will appear in my name. They under- stand their business, and will conduct the paper better than I did, or at least quite as well. My subscribers have paid me well, at which I am pleased, and which they would not have done had they not been well pleased also. We are therefore square. EDMUND MORRIS. Sept. 24, 1827.

Recipe to defend the Roof of a House from the weather, and from fire.—Take one measure of fine sand, two measures of wood ashes well sifted, three of slaked lime ground up in oil. Lay the mixture on with a painter's brush, first coat thin, second thick. I painted with this mixture and it adheres so strongly to the board that it resists an iron tool, and put thick on a shingle resists the operation of fire; I used only part of this mixture; what is left is in an iron pot. Water has laid on the mixture for some time, without penetrating the substance which is as hard as a stone.—Indiana Register.

From the Philadelphia Gazette. COLONIAL TRADE No. 2. Some writers have represented what Mr. Gallatin calls "the circuitous in- tercourse," as the cause of difference between the British and American govern- ments. "British vessels," they say "were to be allowed to sail from Eng- land to the West Indies, thence to the West Indies, and back again to England; while American vessels could sail only from the United States to the British West Indies. They