

...was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but a little injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a wretched plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead giants' heads out of spite."

"Then they travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but he was all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another which knocked out his eye; and the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married him."

"They now travelled very far, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the dwarf was far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once."

"The dwarf had now lost an arm and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour forever.' 'No,' cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, 'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find in every battle, that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'—Connecticut Courant.

TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.

Friday, Oct. 4.

Mr. Claiborne offered the following resolution, which was adopted. Whereas it appears that the United States are likely to be involved with one of the belligerents; and whereas it is important on all occasions of that description, that the general government should be informed of the dispositions of the people composing that government, the better to enable that government to pursue the most efficient means for the maintenance of the sovereignty and independence of the U. States, therefore

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draft an address to the president of the U. States, expressive of a determination on the part of this state to support such honorable measures as the general government may pursue for the attainment of the before recited object.

"What is meant?"—The last National-Intelligencer speaking of the disposition entertained by our government towards G. Britain, expresses itself in the following unexpected manner:

"It is the solemn truth that it [the government] will have no feelings but those of amity to her whenever she shall learn to respect our rights, and to treat us as she requires all other nations to treat her. The interests of both nations are the same; nature has made them friends; and we do not hesitate to predict that, whatever alienation has arisen between them, they will again be friends, when ever the British government shall reciprocate to us our treatment to her."

What will the whole host of democratic editors, from the pedant at Richmond to the Loan Officer at Boston say to this? Does this look like preparing for immediate war with G. Britain? What? go to war with a nation whose interest and ours are the same? Wage "an unrelenting war" with a people, when Nature herself has made us mutual friends? Are we to look for war from the government at the very moment when this very government, by its public organ, publicly declares that whatever alienation has arisen between us and Great Britain, it does not hesitate to declare, we shall again be friends, and this, 'as soon as G. Britain shall reciprocate to us our treatment of her.' I confess I do not quite comprehend the meaning of this. What is expected of Great Britain? What is to be understood by her reciprocal treatment? Does the Intelligencer mean that she is to pass a Non-Intercourse Act? I presume not.—Or does he mean that she shall withdraw her Orders in Council?—I presume he does. Well then, let the government put the thing fairly to the test. Let them procure France to rescind her Decrees, which Great Britain originally assigned as the sole foundation for her Orders in Council; let this be done, and if G. Britain should not immediately repeal those orders, I venture to say that not a man in this country will be found who will not give his voice for immediate, open and decided hostilities. If there is an individual who would not, it is not the New York Evening Post.—N. Y. E. Post.

The Seditious Act.—Mr. Holt in his Columbian of last evening, wholly misunderstands and mistakes the nature of the Seditious Act. He says that its repeal was affectedly opposed by the federalists, because they knew that the act would be annulled, and impunity secured to federal libelers; he also says that the republican party by statute annulled the doctrine that the truth could not be given in evidence. In all this, Mr. Holt, strange as it may seem, after so many years, and after having himself been the subject of a prosecution under the law, in all this, I say, Mr. Holt is wholly mistaken. Let him recollect, that at common law, no man could defend himself by giving the truth in evidence; this has been so decided over and over again, particularly in a very striking case within our own state. Let him then recollect that the Seditious Act, odious as that act was rendered by the misrepresentation of party, expressly provided, that whenever the defendant in any prosecutions under it, had it in his power to give the truth in evidence, he should be permitted to do so, and it should prove a complete protection.—I doubt not that Mr. Holt's misrepresentation, proceeds wholly from misunderstanding; for there is no longer any supposed necessity for deceiving the people on this point.—Ibid.

Another mistake.—Mr. Holt, alluding to certain public prosecutions in Connecticut against the Rev. Mr. Backus and some others for a libel on Mr. Jefferson, in charging him with a number of flagitious crimes, says he recollects when "the mag-

nanimity of Mr. Jefferson interfered in the course of justice and saved the pious and patriotic libelers of Connecticut from the lash of the law.—Now we happen to recollect too as well as Mr. Holt.

The prosecution alluded to having been commenced the defendant gave bail, plead the truth in justification, obtained time for a fair trial by jury, and then sent off to Virginia for a crowd of evidences. He found them, and among the rest were Tom the Brother, and Mr. Madison himself. Mr. Jefferson then wrote letters to the several witnesses, and informed them that their attendance would be unnecessary for that the prosecution would be withdrawn. Accordingly they declined going to Connecticut; and the district attorney, that eminent lawyer, known by the name of Counsellor Huntington, came into court and entered a *non prosequi*, without making any blunders in so doing. This was very much to the regret of Mr. Backus and his counsel, for every charge could and would have been proved to a title. If this is magnanimity as Mr. Holt denominates it, it is that sort of magnanimity which proceeds from the cunning and conscious cowardice of guilt.—Ibid.

[A new work has lately appeared in London, entitled, "LETTERS FROM PARIS." The following is an extract from the first letter.]

"The first wish of a stranger in Paris, is to view the individual whose name is in every mouth, and whose image seems to be constantly present to every imagination. I sought with great eagerness an opportunity of inspecting the features of BONAPARTE at my leisure, and was soon fully gratified in this respect. One of my friends procured for me a ticket of admission, or rather a formal invitation, to the private imperial theatre of the palace of St. Cloud, which was the residence of the court. The best actors and singers of the capital performed at this theatre twice a week, for the entertainment of their imperial majesties, who themselves selected the pieces for representation, and rarely failed to attend.

The Empress, Jerome Bonaparte, and the Princess Murat, made their appearance about eight o'clock. The whole body of spectators rose at the entrance of each member of the imperial family. The Emperor followed soon after, on his return from reviewing a body of troops, who were encamped at the village of Meudon. He entered with a brisk step, accompanied by three Chamberlains—General Officers—who remained standing behind his *fauteuil*, during the whole performance. He had in the next box, on his right hand, the Princess Murat and Jerome Bonaparte. The Empress was placed in a box immediately opposite to the other side of the Theatre, with her principal Maids of Honour seated by her side, and two Officers in waiting behind her chair. The entrance of the Emperor was the signal for the raising of the curtain.

His first occupation was to survey the whole assemblage about him very attentively, with an opera glass, which he received from the hand of one of his Generals behind. He returned it with out looking back, and received his stuff box from another, of the contents of which he made as liberal a use, as the great Frederick himself could have done: in the same period of time he returned the stuff box as he had dismissed the opera glass, over his shoulder, and without turning his head. He appeared attentive to the first part of the representation, which was a little Comedy of *Picard*, and occasionally nodded approbation, to the Princess Murat, as the Actor or the Author chanced to excel. During the afterpiece, which was an opera seria, he seemed buried in thought, and retired at the termination of it as briskly as he had entered.

The person of Bonaparte has been so often described, that I need not enter into particulars on this point. He was quite corpulent at that period, and is now, as I am informed, still more robust. He wore on this occasion, a plain uniform coat, with the Imperial insignia, and cross of the Legion of Honour. His hair was without powder, and cropped short. I saw him in various situations afterwards, and received uniformly the same impressions from his countenance. It is full of meaning, but does not altogether indicate the true character of his soul. His eye is solemn and gloomy, and exceedingly penetrating; but it has less of savage fierceness, and of fire than one would expect. The whole physical head, however, is not unsuitable to the station or nature of the individual.

He was not without social qualities in the earlier stages of his military career, and even after his elevation to the first posts of the army, could occasionally soften the natural sternness and solemnity of his manner, into an affable and communicative ease, which rendered his conversation somewhat attractive. He often indulged himself when First Consul, after the public repast of the Thuilleries, in copious narratives concerning his campaigns in Egypt, about which he was extremely fond of talking. But on his accession to the imperial dignity, these glimmerings of the spirit of gentleness and courtesy were seen no more, and the innate dispositions of the man were displayed without disguise or control. Since that period he has been at the Thuilleries, almost uniformly austere, gloomy, and suspicious; making all those who belong to his household the victims of the most tyrannical caprice and of the most impetuous gusts of passion. I have it from good authority, that for two or three days subsequent to the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, he resembled rather a famished tiger than the monarch of a civilized nation. His chief favourite is General Savary, whom he has made Minister of Police, and whose appointment to that office has occasioned the Parisians to remark, that they have now a superintendent who mends his pen with his sword; *un ministre que taille sa plume avec son epee*. When the execution of D'Enghien was announced in the Thuilleries, every inhabitant of that place wore a countenance of terror and dismay, and this circumstance contributed to exasperate the rage, and to darken the gloom of their irritable tyrant. Doubtless he thought he read in the aspect of those about him, the same language of approach which conscience uttered within his own breast."

THE MISER. The following beautiful Allegory is extracted from Mr. KNAF's Oration delivered before the *Merrimack Humane Society*, (Newburyport, Mass.) at their late anniversary.

"CHARITY, in walking her rounds of duty, met a rich, but hard hearted man, who had, that day, made thousands by a successful speculation: she asked of him a little portion of his great wealth to assist her in softening the woes of human life: she pointed to an hospital full of maniacs under her care; the ravings of madness and the wailings of despair pierced the air around them, but they did not enter his marble bosom. She next directed his attention to a hovel, in which was seated an old man, broken with misfortunes, and bowed down with years; he was wringing the cold dew of the night from his matted and silvered hair; mark him, says Charity, he is an aged patriot, who has thrice saved his country—a Belisarius, driven from his home by a faction, and obliged to beg his bread, and wander, in exile; look at his tears, how eloquently they plead in his cause; the monster despised the patriot's worth. She then showed him an orphan band, and described with pity's fervour their constant sufferings, and their deceased parent's virtues; he listened, but his adamant breast would not receive the holy influence of Charity—but she, in pity to the wretch, was unwilling to leave him, and entreated him to give her something for a life-boat to float on the river which rolled rapidly by them; she mentioned the frequent fate of unhappy travellers plunged in the waves; at that instant a youth, full of life and gaiety, was seen in the current, managing with careless and ignorant hand the skiff which bore him. Charity noticed his danger, and the churl saw and exclaimed, Great God! my only son. The words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when the boat dashed against a rock; the youth bore up against his fate awhile, but Charity could not relieve him, for she had no means, and he sunk forever. The angel of Mercy had spread his wings to bring succour, but Eternal Justice forbade his flight; for the register of Heaven did not contain the record of any good deed of the father, nor was there any prayer, nor any blessing for his welfare written in the book of life.—He wandered wild and insane until Charity, unmindful of her wrongs, led him to her hospital of maniacs, and begged the bread for his support; for strangers had seized on his possessions, and aliens devoured his sustenance."

FROM THE DESK OF POOR ROBERT THE SCRIBE. "O dear it's a Squash."

When I was a boy, I confess I had some boyish tricks about me. But tho' mischievous I never was very malicious in my sports. It did so happen tho', that I was once overpersuaded by one of my companions to go down to the south lot in Apple bury, to rob a watermelon patch. It was a mislry old fellow's who never gave away one, or I believe I should not have gone. Our intention was to take one a piece, and we thought they never would be missed.

Well, we got safe into the garden—it was dark, and just as Jack whispered to me, "I've got one," the dog barked, and away we flew with the prize. Over fences—through meadows, and briars we wound our way to avoid detection. What fools! Jack spoiled his very best breeches, and worth all the melons in the garden, and as for me, I lost one of my shoes in the flight, and broke my shin. I heartily wished the melon patch fairly at Tophet.

We arrived however at our quarters with the prize. The peach that's hardest to be got at, has always the highest flavour, you know; so I had no doubt but the melon that had cost us so much trouble must be of superior excellence. We got a candle—dreadful disappointment! I never shall forget the awful countenance of Jack as he looked alternately at his breeches and his fruit and exclaimed in the most piteous accents—"O dear it's a squash."

I never was more fully convinced of the truth of the old adage that "Honesty's the best policy."—We might have bought a dozen melons, at half the expence of the shoe and breeches. Or with half the labour of stealing the squash we might have earned as many melons as we would both have eaten. We had now nothing but, "Our labor for our pains" And our losses for our gains."

But this was not the worst of it. Our adventure leaked out, & as ill luck would have it, a parcel of worthless rascals had gone after us, stole all the melons, and cut up the vines. We were found out as having been to the garden, pillering, and all the cunning of Ned Coke, the lawyer, could not screen us! In fine, the fellows who did the mischief got clear, and we had to pay the damage.

But the adventure made a lasting impression on my mind. And a thousand occurrences in life bring it to mind. When I see the mothers bringing up their daughters to look gay and dress fine, without instilling into their minds the principles of virtue; when I see more pains taken to furnish the outside of the head with laces and combs, than the inside with ideas, I cannot help thinking that some dotting lover will find to his sorrow, that instead of a melon "He has got nothing but a squash"

Parents listen to old Robert. The education of your daughters is of the very first importance, not only as it regards their own happiness, but as it respects the character of our country. Your daughters are to be the mothers of the next generation. Among their offspring must our future Washingtons, and Franklins, and Jays, and Hamiltons be found. Can a race of heroes and statesmen; men of vigorous minds and strong constitutions be produced from a pale, weakly, softly mother.

Such were not the mothers of the Grecian Heroes of whom our parson used to tell us. Make your girls put on another petticoat, this will render them healthy. Make them rise early in the morning; this will give them a rosy cheek. Never learn them music till they have learned to spin. Never teach them to make cake till they can make bread; never learn them to dance till they have learned grammar. Never give them a silk gown till they can answer readily, all the questions in geography. Direct their exercise and their studies so that their health may be preserved, and

Intellectual improvement keep pace with exterior accomplishments.

One thing more as to children. Mothers are apt to be too indulgent. Children are apt to be too fond of cakes and sweetmeats, and they have not the discretion to eat only what is sufficient. Now depend on it that stuffing poor children with good things injures their health and very greatly efforts their mental preceptions. Don't starve your children but feed them sparingly on light food. I don't wish them to improve give them their breakfast early and make them exercise. A boy never will learn his lesson with a full belly. If you take a contrary course depend on it, at eighteen years you will find your son, instead of a melon, nothing but a squash.—[The Gleaner.

Mammah Vegetable Productions, 1811.

A Pumpkin, weighing 176 lbs. has been raised this season on the estate of Wm. Rush, Esq. on the Delaware.

A Squash, weighing 45 lbs. shell white and of a round form, has been raised by Mr. Isaac White in the town of Boston. The grain of the meat very fine, and yellow; the seed came from Havana, and the species is remarkably palatable.

A Squash, weighing 38 lbs. from stem to blossom 4 feet, has been raised this season, in Rhode Island.

A single seed, self sown in an asparagus bed, in a gentleman's garden, in the city of New Haven, Connecticut, produced twelve fine Pumpkins, exceeding in weight, accurately ascertained, 360 lbs.; the vines connected with the luxurious product, measured 280 feet in length!

BRITISH NAVAL ESTABLISHMENT,

According to Steel's List for July, 1811. Table with columns for ship type and count. Grand Total 1042.

MARRIED.

In Granville county, on the 27th ultimo, Mr. Alexander Hopkins, to Miss Lucy Matory, of said county.

Lately, Mr. John Gordon of Gates, to Miss Mary Wootton of Halifax county.

On the 1st inst in Wayne county, Mr. F. E. Becton of Lenoir, to Miss Sarah Everitt, daughter of Mr. Joseph Everitt, of Wayne.

DIED.

On the 17th ult. in Bertie county, Mr. Josiah Reddit, an old inhabitant of that county.

In Newbern on the 7th, Mrs. Elizabeth Vines, wife of Mr. William Vines of Beaufort county;—Mrs. Frances Scott, widow of the late Mr. Joshua Scott. On the 9th, Miss ——— Ellis daughter of the late Major Ellis—Mr. William Delastation, and a child of Mr. John Jones. On the 10th, Mrs. ——— Parks, and a child of Capt. Attenson.

On the 12th, Mrs. Vail, wife of Mr. John Vail; Mrs. Elizabeth Attenson, consort of Capt. Mathias Attenson; Mrs. Comfort Weeks, consort of Mr. Cornelius Weeks; Mrs. Mary Maddon, consort of Mr. Amos Maddon. On the 13th, Mrs. ——— Jarvis, wife of Mr. Moses Jarvis.

At Lexington, Massachusetts, on the 28th ult. Mr. Joseph Dennie aged 68 years. This gentleman is the father of the editor of the Port Folio, one of the most eminent literary men which our country has produced.

At Tudor Place, the seat of Thomas Peter, Esq. near Georgetown, Mrs. Elavor Stuart, consort of David Stuart, Esq. of Ossian Hall, in the county of Fairfax, in the 55th year of her age.

State Bank of North Carolina,

RALEIGH, Oct. 20, 1811.

AGREEABLY to the second section of the Act incorporating the State Bank of N. Carolina an election of nineteen directors of the principal Bank shall take place annually on the first Monday in December.

The Stockholders of the said Bank are therefore called upon to hold said election on Monday the second of December next, at 9 o'clock in the morning, at the Academy Buildings in the City of Raleigh.

The Stockholders are also required to make payment, in Gold or Silver, to the Cashier of the Bank to which they originally subscribed of the third instalment of their subscriptions to the said State Bank, on or before the 18th of December next.

WM. H. HAYWOOD, Cashier.

Such Stockholders as do not attend the election of Directors personally, will authorize proxies in the form heretofore prescribed.

RALEIGH THEATRE.

ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th,

(The third evening of the ensuing Examination.) The Polemic Society will present, for the benefit of their Library, the celebrated Tragedy, in 5 acts, called

MAHOMET, THE IMPOSTOR.

Written by the Rev. Mr. Miller. With new dresses, decorations, &c.

To which will be added the favorite farce, in two acts, of

Three Weeks after Marriage;

Or, WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO. By Arthur Murphy, Esq.

Doors to be opened at half past 6, and performance commence at half past 7 o'clock, precisely. Tickets, at one dollar each, may be had at the Star Office, at Mr. Galles' Bookstore, and at Messrs. J. & W. Peaces. Oct 25.