

found it impossible to put together, in any thing like harmony, more than the following wild effusion:

Oh! that I might, by some heavenly art,
Or by some wonderful, magic power,
To ethereal air dissolve my heart,
And blend it with fragrance from every flower,
Thus steep'd in sweets, and join'd with ev'ning air,
'T would be inhald, with pleasing sensation,
By the young, unconscious, and lovely fair,
At every grateful inspiration.

There, playing round among their tender hearts,
A sufficient length of time might it stay,
To stamp VIRTUE on their most secret parts:
Then, at a breath, it could be blown away.
Thus driven from pure regions of pleasure,
Into a cold, licentious world once more,
I'd swifly grasp it, a richer treasure
Than all Potosi's glittering, golden ore!

Salisbury, July 24, 1820.

ALFRED.

INTELLIGENCE.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.

CHARLESTON, JULY 6.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.—We learn by the sloops *Lady Washington* and *General Washington*, from St. Augustine, that the Patriot brig which took Mr. COPPINGER out of the schr. *Mary*, of this port, as mentioned some short time since, is called the *General Ramez*; she was a Spanish Guineaman, from Africa, taken by a small Patriot privateer, which was soon after wrecked, and the crew and commission transferred to the brig—She is commanded by a Bali morean, has but about twenty men on board, and those in a mutinous state, with upwards of 250 slaves. She appeared off St. Augustine about 12 or 14 days since; the commander sent a letter on shore addressed to Governor COPPINGER, stating that his vessel was short of water and provisions, and that if a supply was sent off to them, the Governor's Son would be immediately released.—The message returned by the Governor was, that much as he loved his child, he would not supply them with a mouthful of provisions, or a drop of water, to save him from the yard-arm; and pointedly forbid any Spaniard from holding the least intercourse with them.—But two or three young gentlemen of this city, friends to young COPPINGER, who happened to be in St. Augustine at the time, requested permission of the Governor to board the brig and endeavor to effect the release of his son.—He told them, that being American citizens, they could act as they thought proper, but that no boat from the garrison could be furnished them. They then repaired on board an American vessel in the harbor, obtained the loan of her boat, and the assistance of a few seamen, with which they repaired on board the brig—they were received with civility by the Captain, and after some consultation, he released Mr. COPPINGER, and allowed him to go on shore in the boat. The brig remained off the harbor for several days, and then bore away, as was reported, for St. John's River, East-Florida. The commander, we understand, was very anxious to dispose of his slaves, and offered them at \$100 each, on board. By the *Savannah Republican* of the 3d inst. it appears that the above brig was on Friday last carried into Cumberland Sound, a prize, as was supposed, to the revenue schooner *Dallas*, Capt. JACKSON, of Savannah.—*Courier*.

From the *Detroit Gazette*.

We, the undersigned, passengers from Detroit to Mackinaw, in the steam boat Walk-in-the-Water, Jedediah Rogers commander, think it proper to express the high satisfaction we have derived on our passage, from the convenience and neatness of our accommodations; the variety and excellence of the provisions; the intelligence and prompt attention of the waiters; and especially the politeness and urbanity of Capt. Rogers, and the order maintained by him in every department of the concerns of the boat. To all gentlemen and ladies in our capital, and other towns, who are desirous of visiting these extensive inland seas, and the great variety of picturesque, beautiful and sublime views which they every where present to the eye of the intelligent traveller, we strongly recommend this conveyance; the best, we conceive, ever yet devised by the ingenuity of man.

J. Morse, D. D. Rev. R. C. Morsc,
A. Macomb, Maj. Gen. Samuel Abott,
John E. Wook, Insp'r. Walter Thomson,
Gen. U. S. A. Shubael Conant,
John G. Camp, J. Solomons,
John Agnen, Wm Beaumont,
Ramsay Crooks, Sur. U. S. A.
Lyman Warren.

Mackinaw, June 17th. 1820.

The following "directions for travellers from the eastward, to Mackinaw, Green Bay, Chicago, Prairie du Chien, St. Anthony's Falls and St. Louis," were furnished from the useful pen of the Rev. J. Morse, D. D. who is now at Mackinaw. They were transmitted through the politeness of Capt. J. Rogers.

"From Boston to Norwich, by stage; thence to New-Haven, New-York, and Albany; by steam boats—distance from Boston to Albany on this route, 390 miles—stage and steam boat fare \$20. From Albany to Utica, 96 miles by stage; this is by far the most fatiguing part of the route. At Utica, take the canal boat Montezuma, capt. Buss. (which has excellent accommodations,) to Montezuma, 96 miles, fare \$4; the passage is made in 36 hours. You pass the celebrated salt works

at Salina, 65 miles from Utica—an object highly worthy the traveller's attention. From Montezuma to the great stage road at Cayuga, private conveyance, 7 miles; thence in the stage, over the famous Cayuga bridge (a mile long) through the thriving villages of Seneca, Waterloo and Geneva, 39 miles, to Canandaigua, the largest and most respectable town west of Utica; leaving on your left as you pass, the beautiful lakes of Cayuga, Seneca and Canandaigua. From Canandaigua, through East and West Bloomfield, Avon, Caledonia, Batavia, Pembroke and Clarence, to Buffalo, 88 miles; stage and private fare from Montezuma to Buffalo, \$10. From Buffalo to Niagara falls, 20 miles; it is best to cross Niagara river at Black Rock 2 miles below Buffalo, to go down on the Canada side; and after viewing this stupendous cataract from table rock, on the west bank, to cross over at the foot of the falls to the east side; thence across Gen. Porter's ingeniously constructed bridge, to Goat Island, from which is another most interesting view of the falls and of the awful descent of the waters above them. Returning on the east side of the river to Buffalo, take the steam boat Walk-in-the-water, across lake Erie, viz.

To Erie, (formerly Presque Isle,) 80 miles.	80
Fair Port, (Grand River) 80	80
Cleveland, 30	30
Sandusky, 60	60
Put-in-Bay, (the harbor of Perry's fleet, near the scene of his battle and victory) 30	30
Detroit, 30	30
Fare \$15.	310

From Detroit to Fort Gratiot, at the entrance of Lake Huron, 80 miles; thence to Mackinaw, 250 miles—fare from Detroit to Mackinaw, \$20. From Mackinaw to the Saut of St. Mary's, the outlet of Lake Superior, 80 miles Drummond's Island, a great resort for the Indians, in possession of the British, is 45 miles above Mackinaw—conveyance can be had to the Saut by boats. From Mackinaw to Green Bay is 234 miles. From Mackinaw to Chicago, 250 miles—conveyance may be had to those places in small trading vessels or boats. From Green Bay to Prairie du Chien, up Fox river and down Ouisconsin by boats, 360 miles—thence by boats, up the Mississippi, to St. Peter's, (five miles below St. Anthony's Falls,) 350 miles; thence back, down the Mississippi, to St. Louis, 950 miles.

The passage from Boston to Mackinaw may be made in fifteen days; the accommodations all the way excellent. The various scenery of this route, mingles the rich, the beautiful, and the sublime, probably beyond what is to be found on any other route of equal distance, on the face of the globe.

Extract of a letter to the editor of the *Niagara Patriot*, dated "MACKINAW, June 20.

"A letter was received some short time since at Chicago, from Maj. Marston, commanding Fort Armstrong—it appears that the express communication had been cut off, and that the Major availed himself of a Sack Indian to communicate with Maj. Baker, at Chicago. He states that two of his men had been killed by the Indians—that they had attempted to cut off his provisions, boats, &c. but failed—that they had made something like a regular attack upon the fort, but were repulsed. His command was too small to think of leaving the fort in presence of the enemy. He had applied to Col. Leavenworth for aid, but the Colonel's command was too small to afford any. "The fact is that great apprehensions are entertained for the safety of all the posts west of Green Bay and Chicago. There are so few men at these places, that it must be a great temptation to those Indians, who, no doubt, view with concern the rapid strides we are making in their country.

"There are some three or four hundred Indians at this post, on their way to Drummond's Island, for the purpose of receiving presents from their great father, George IV. I am told they receive annually, from \$40 to \$50,000 worth of goods from the British officers at that place."

CINCINNATI, JUNE 15.

A Curiosity.—On Saturday last, in digging the well of Mr. Wright, near Harrison, in this county, nearly a mile from the White Water, and about 14 feet from the surface, in a bed of rounded limestone pebbles, a living frog was dug up, which, in a short time, hopped away as nimbly as if he had been but a year old. There are trees contiguous, and lower in ground, more than 500 years old, which have evidently taken the places of others of equal growth; so that this frog had probably lain buried for 1000 years.

A Mr. Whitaker, who lived a few miles west of the Little Miami, informed the writer of this some years ago, that, in digging his well, he had found buried there a living frog and lizard (if rightly recollected) more than 30 feet below the surface.

NEW-YORK, JULY 7.

Extraordinary escape.—On Wednesday afternoon a party of gentlemen, to the number of 37 going from New-Haven to the Light House in a pleasure boat, were met about half way down the harbor by the steam boat Fulton, Capt. Law from New-London, who was going up the harbor under full sail and a powerful steam. From some miscalculation on the part of the person who was steering the sail boat, in attempting to clear the steam boat the latter struck her in the middle, and passed instantly over her. Thirty of the persons in the boat caught hold of the steam boat's bowsprit and bows, and saved themselves—seven of them passed directly under her bottom, and came up astern; but, by the most extraordinary

exertions from the steam boat, they were all saved, though some of them were much exhausted. One of the gentlemen had his hand broken, and one other was very much injured. A child of about seven years of age was on board, who had presence of mind enough to seize hold of a rope, and in that way was preserved. No blame was imputable to capt. Law for the accident, but every exertion was made by him and his men for the preservation of the persons in the boat.

Springfield, (Mass.) June 8.

GREAT OXEN.—Yesterday, Col. Abel Chapin, of this town, again highly gratified his fellow-citizens, by exhibiting and weighing alive, six fine, large, fat Oxen.

Largest Ox, 2744	Girl 8 feet 8 inches, age, 6 years.	
His Mate, 2438	Do. 8 do. 9 do.	do. do.
	(Raised by Col. A. Chapin.)	
Yellow Ox, 2212		6 years.
Line Black, 2226		7 do.
A yoke of Oxen, 4144		8 do.
Weight of Oxen raised, fattened and exhibited at Brighton, in 1817, by Col. A. Chapin:—		
Maximus, 2716		age, 5 years.
Magnus, 2449		do. do.

NORFOLK, JULY 10.

Our last letters from Spain inform us that the Message of the President to Congress, recommending a suspension of hostile proceedings against Florida, in consequence of the embarrassments of the Spanish government, has gone the rounds of the Spanish papers (which are now free even to licentiousness) with comments, in every instance, highly honorable to the magnanimity of Mr. MONROE, whom the Spaniards, in the fullness of their joy, declare (says our correspondent) "has a soul, and though a heretic, may get to Heaven!"—Nevertheless we are given to understand, that in the midst of their acknowledgments of his forbearance in this instance, they do not forget to ascribe it in some degree to the extraordinary and pressing interference of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia; and in truth facts seem to justify this conclusion—Not satisfied with recommending to our government through its Minister at his own court to exercise forbearance and moderation towards Spain, and preaching with puritanical simplicity the cause of "peace and concord," but for fear his friendly admonitions might be forgot, he orders the same sermon to be preached in duplicate by his Minister at Washington, and afterwards in triplicate to the American Minister at Madrid. This is acknowledged to be a most righteous act of friendship on the part of the Emperor, but the officious repetitions of it look like being friendly over much, and as if there was a lurking disposition underneath to do something more than recommend, if his advice was not taken.

"In a late Madrid paper (says our Correspondent) a curious article appears, which would seem to be intended as a lesson for the next Minister, who shall have the task of negotiating with the United States, and is certainly a portrait of Spanish diplomacy.

"The political conduct of the old Secretary of State, (Pizarro,) is under review, when, amongst other things, the writer makes serious charge against him for ratifying the convention of 1802, and again in 1818, and expressly states his want of talent in not being able to shuffle on as his predecessors had done for 16 years—and that by his imprudent ratification of this treaty, he had acknowledged and stamped our claims, and consequently was chargeable with all the responsibility of the subsequent Treaty of 1819, as a natural consequence of the other—The language used by the Minister, &c. in 1806, was just as warlike as that used in 1819, and if Don Onis had not actually signed the Treaty, we might have negotiated on the same subject for 10 or 15 years longer, &c.



CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1820.

The most casual observer must have been astonished, and the least reflecting must have shuddered, at the continual increase of crimes in this country—crimes, too, many of them, of such fiend-like atrocity, as to make us blush to acknowledge ourselves men. Hardly a breeze blows from the ocean, but bears on its wings the groans of the murdered; and seldom does a mail reach us, that does not develop some new enormity,—some damning crime to blacken human nature,—some awful evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. The ocean swarms with pirates, and its bosom is crimsoned with the blood of the innocent—yes, with the blood of that sex which claims protection from its weakness, and sympathy and affection, from its loveliness; and the land is polluted by the midnight robber and the noon-day assassin. An infant nation exhibits the fearful phenomenon, of its complete maturity in every species of guilt, as is discovered in countries which have been ripening for centuries. This picture is shocking to humanity,—is fearfully ominous to our country; but it is no more shocking than correct: it is not colored to the life—its shades, truly, are dark; but they might be much darker.

Does justice, then, sleep? or do the laws of the land want efficacy? No; neither. The judge finds it too often his painful duty to pronounce the awful sentence of death! and the solemn task not seldom devolves on the sheriff, of ushering a fellow-being into the presence of his Maker!—Yes, justice performs its duty; but too many unpolitic acts of clemency, and the indiscreet zeal of pious and benevolent men, destroy all the beneficial results, which the rigid execution of justice is calculated to produce. Mercy is a bright and attractive feature in any government; it should be so in the human character, and

we would not wish to take from it one of its functions; but we would wish to prevent its improper exercise, for it then takes the nature of cruelty. It is not mercy to the hardened and condemned criminal, whose hands have been steeped in innocent blood,—it is not mercy to society, to let him loose, again to prey on the lives and property of our citizens. We know he is "too bad to live," but mercy may say, "he is too wicked to die," give him sufficient time, then, to repent, and then let the law take its course: let his life be the forfeit of his crimes. This language may sound harsh to many—may be termed unfeeling; but we cannot help it. It is the language of our hearts; and, in our opinion, the language of mercy.

We have long considered many pious, benevolent men, as being the cause, unconsciously, however, of much mischief. They will fly to the prison of the condemned criminal, to direct his eye to a brighter and a better world; to produce in him that repentance which will usher to his disembodied spirit the gates of Paradise; to brighten his last moments with the unveiled glories of eternity.—And far be it from us to discourage their benevolence. We would not wish to darken the last hour of the veriest wretch that ever disgraced humanity. But all these benevolent purposes can be accomplished in silence; they need not be obtruded on the world, as they can do no good, and may do serious injury.

Very few, however hardened, but will be brought to reflect, when on the brink of eternity; and it requires very little to persuade them that they have experienced that change which will render their ignominious death a blessing, instead of a punishment. Hence we behold almost every execution a scene of triumph—the gallows the vestibule of heaven. Hence we behold the murderer glorying in his crime, as being the means employed by the Deity to accomplish his salvation. Hence we see the papers teeming with the dying confessions, or rather exultations, of the murderer, the pirate and the destroyer of female chastity; and to spread their pernicious influence still wider, they are ushered forth in pamphlets, and placed in the hands of hawkers, to be scattered into every nook and corner of the country.

Hull, one of the two who lately robbed the mail near Baltimore, and murdered, in cold blood, the innocent driver, the father of a family, dependent on him for support, writes thus to his uncle:—"My arrest for the crime, which I must shortly expiate with my life, was mysterious—it was the work of Providence—I can call it fatherly love—it put a sudden stop to my wicked career, and I have no doubt will terminate for my greatest possible good. If the laws of my country condemn me to death, and I am snatched from the embraces of a tender parent, it is to save my soul from everlasting misery. If I fall into deep disgrace, it is on purpose that I may rise to high honors. Even the iron doors of this public house of justice and correction, open to me my way to the right hand of my heavenly Father." A letter exhibiting less exultation and more penitence, would, we think, be more appropriate, and better suit the enormity of his guilt; but it is not our intention to condemn the feelings he has expressed, but only the publication of them to the world. Such a letter, undoubtedly, must be gratifying and consoling to his friends; but it is a blind, senseless policy to let it go any farther. We believe his arrest to have been "the work of Providence;" but we can hardly give credence to the assertion, that his violating the laws of his country and of his God, was designed by Providence, "on purpose to raise him to high honors." Whatever others may think, we cannot assent to the idea, that "God is the author of evil"—or that to save the soul of one man, he would commission that man to destroy the soul of another. Such a doctrine is directly opposite to our notions of the justice and benevolence of the Deity; and it is a doctrine, too, which, even if it be true, ought not to be inculcated. It places the blackest villains in society on a level with its best members; and destroys the safety of all, in asserting, by implication, that the destruction of the life of one, two, or three useful and valuable citizens, may be the appointed means of "fatherly love," to effect the salvation of so many of the very dregs of society.

We hope that such injudicious friends and relatives will see the impropriety of their conduct, and be sensible of its evil tendencies. Let them visit the prisons—let them comfort and console their wretched inmates—let them light up on the countenance of misery and guilt, the smile of hope—let them administer the consolations of the gospel, and portray the rewards of the penitent: let them do all these, and they will be followed with the blessings and esteem of every good man. But let them not make penitence vanish over guilt—let them not exhibit to the world the abandoned patrician exulting in the murder of his parent, because by the commission of that infernal deed he had been brought to repentance, and thus secured to himself the eternal rewards bestowed on the virtuous and the good. Such a scene, so revolting to all the better feelings of the human heart, has been exhibited on the gallows; and was it calculated to make any good impressions? Quite the reverse. It held out reward to guilt, and offered a bounty to murder. Its language to every depraved wretch who witnessed it, was—"Do this and live!"

We have expressed our feelings freely and without reserve, because we think the subject demanded it; because we believe the course pursued by many persons who are in the habit of visiting condemned criminals from the purest and most benevolent motives, is diametrically opposite to the best interests of society, and subversive of every good effect which a public execution is intended to produce. And should these few and hasty remarks meet the eye of any one, whose conduct is here censured, we hope he will read them with feelings as friendly and charitable as those with which they were written; and that if they fail to convince, they will not offend.

We are requested to state, that GEORGE KERR, Esq. has consented to become a candidate to represent the County of Cabarrus, in the Congress of the next Legislature.