

had their breeding places on the spot. Instead of iron being found there, "lying on the surface in heaps, and in considerable quantities," no iron was found either there or elsewhere; iron was heard of at some distance in the mountains, but not "in heaps," the whole being confined, by the report of the Esquimaux, to two single pieces. It is true, these pieces turn out to be meteoric, and to contain nickel; but professor Brande, who determined this, determined also, that the coloring matter of the snow contained a large portion of uric acid, and concluded (for he was ignorant of the fact of the multitudes of birds) that it could only have been given by the excrement of birds.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

We in Charleston are subject to many privations and inconveniences from our unfortunate position in the southern quarter of the Union. All foreign intelligence comes to us, like a squeezed lemon, thro' the hands of our northern brethren, who receive it fresh from the other side of the water. All the domestic events of great interest occur at the north—nothing marvellous happens in Charleston, and nobody of consequence comes to see us. We cannot see the Steam-Frigate—nor Sea-Serpent—nor the West-Point Cadets—nor be invited to a dance on board of a 74. We never saw COOK, nor Acan, nor Joseph Bonaparte, nor Jerome, nor the Albion, nor Miss Caraboo—nor Doctor MITCHELL, nor Professor EVERETT—nor any of the protentious prodigies of the age. We have no white mountains, nor green, nor blue. We have no falls of Niagara, nor of Passaic, nor Cohoes—no springs of Ballstown, or Saratoga, of sulphur or of iron—no bridges, natural or artificial—no rural villas of repose—no elegant rendezvous of the fashionable, the learned, or the fair. We have no lobsters, nor salmon, nor currants, nor gooseberries, nor wallfruit, so tempting to the eye of the fortunate Bostonians. If there is a procession, whether for the bones of MOXCOMERY, or of Paine, or of Andre, we see nothing at all of it. In short, we are kept in the dark completely—as if we were nobody. Even the eclipse comes to us after it has been gazed upon by all, at the north, who choose to look at it.—And yet, in spite of our deficiencies, we have to pay the taxes, and support the public burdens as much as if we were more fortunate. What a pity the nation moves not on a pivot, so that the South might occasionally take the place of the North, and we come in for our share of the West-Point Cadets, the Sea-Serpent, and the other regalia of the Republic!

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

Memorandum of a Conversation with Mr. West, September 26, 1816.

Visited Mr. West, at his house in Newman-st. sent in my card, and waited a moment in his picture gallery, where he came to us, and received us with great politeness, and invited us into his painting room. He observed that though he had left Philadelphia in the year 1760, he retained a perfect recollection of it, and he had, he believed, a pretty just idea of its progress and improvements; inquired after his old acquaintances there, particularly Mr. Joseph Wharton, from whom, though blind, he sometimes received letters signed with his own hand. He made some inquiries about the state of fine arts in Philadelphia, and whether the academy there had purchased his two paintings of Lear and Hamlet. Leslie was then mentioned, of whom he spoke in the highest terms; and his first production, after he came to England, (the Witch of Endor,) he pronounced the best painting, as a first essay, he had ever seen; this was the opinion of all the artists who had seen it. He regretted his talents were so much employed upon the more profitable, but less honorable, department—portrait painting; that, in short, his abilities promised to raise him to great excellence. He spoke very favorably of Sully, and regretted that he was obliged to leave England so soon; made inquiries about Stuart, who, he said, had been with him seven years. So great was the genius of Stuart, he seemed to be of opinion that, after the death of Sir Joseph Reynolds, and Gainsborough, he might have been without a rival, and attained the highest honours of that department. The conversation turned upon the Egin Marbles, which he declared to be the finest pieces of sculpture in the world. In answer to my question whether they exceeded the Apollo Belvidere, &c. he said that the latter were eclipsed by them, they being the productions of the most brilliant period of the arts in Greece, whilst the others belonged to a period when they had begun to decline; observed that Sir Thomas Lawrence stood at the head of English portrait painters, and was particularly excellent at female pictures. He spoke of the loss the U. S. had sustained by the death of Mr. Fulton, and of the increasing use of Steam Boats. I mentioned the picture of Oliver Cromwell dissolving the Parliament, and on my observing that Dr. Johnson had pointed out that event as a fine subject for the painter, he said he had been in the habit of meeting him often at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Upon taking leave of him, he begged us to consider his

exhibition room as our own, and visit it whenever we felt the inclination.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

It was remarked by President Adams, a few years ago, that the history of the American revolution was lost. His observation created much surprise at the time it was made, but experience daily proves that it was founded in truth. When a great political change takes place in a nation—when the fundamental principles of a government are subverted, and a new constitution is established, and when the whole, too, is produced by the free exercise of public opinion, there must be a thousand secret springs whose latent operation is concealed from the human eye. What man, let us ask, in the political theatre of the present hour, can open the journals of the old Congress of 1776, and tell us the history of those able and eloquent state papers, which called forth that memorable eulogium of the immortal Chatham that ranked our patriots with the master spirits of the Grecian states?—Where can we find a full history of the Declaration of Independence? We know by whom it was written, and we know the names of the committee who reported it; but where is the interesting detail of the discussions, and of the many incidents that must have transpired, previous to its communication to Congress? There was a masterly state paper issued by the continental Congress, in the shape of an appeal to the justice of the British government, drawn up under peculiar and novel circumstances, by the venerable John Jay; and yet no man, but himself, can tell the devoted hour and the chosen place where he poured forth his indignant spirit, and displayed the resources of his rich, clear, and elegant mind, or the ordeal which it passed, previous to its adoption. As we turn from the senate to the field, we are still more involved in darkness. There were exploits of heroism, there were dangers encountered, there were instances of fortitude, in the course of the revolution, that no pen has recorded, that no pen can record, and that struck out some of the brightest traits of individual and national character, that ever spread lustre and glory over the pages of human history. We therefore entirely concur in the remark of the ex-president. Some of the most important and interesting materials for a correct history of the revolution are scattered with the wrecks of departed times, and no hand can gather them up, mould them into life, and clothe them in the garb of grace and beauty.—Most of the American sages sleep with their fathers, and no memoir of note has been left behind, by a single one of the illustrious group; and if those who still linger among us have neglected to retain the means of enlightening posterity, the early history of our political existence will ever be deficient, or be identified with conjecture and false conclusions.

We have been led to these remarks by a work which has just issued from the press, entitled, "Secret proceedings and debates of the convention assembled at Philadelphia, in the year 1787, for the purpose of forming the constitution of the United States of America: from the notes taken by the late Robert Yates, Esq. chief justice of New-York, and copied by John Lansing, jr. Esq. late chancellor of this state, with the information laid before the General Assembly of the state of Maryland, by Luther Martin, with other historical documents concerning the establishment of our national compact." We consider this volume a great acquisition to the materials of American history. It reveals incidents that have long been wrapt in darkness; it shews traits of character, in several statesmen, that have never been discerned before, and displays the various stages in the history of the only government, which, in the course of 6,000 years, has been deliberately formed by the representatives of a free people, and examined, judged, and sanctioned by the people themselves. It gives many striking expositions of the views and political principles of those men who formed our system of national government, and divulges many doctrines, not altogether orthodox at the present day. This book, in fact, deserves an attentive perusal, by every statesman and politician, and by every individual in the nation, who feels that he acts for himself, and stands upon equality among the many millions who sustain the only republican fabric that defies the shocks and ruins of revolution.

There is one circumstance which shews itself more than once in the course of this journal, which creates no small degree of surprise. There appear to have been many distinguished statesmen in the convention of 1787, who were for breaking down state rights, and for giving more strength to the general government.—Thus, Governor Randolph, a member of the convention from the state of Virginia, after taking a long and elaborate view of the defects in the old confederation, and offering a set of resolutions to remedy existing defects, "candidly confessed that they were not intended for a federal government—he meant a strong consolidated union, in which the idea of states would be nearly annihilated." [p. 97 of debates.] In these principles he stood not alone.

INTELLIGENCE.

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

Foreign.

FROM ENGLAND.

NEW-YORK, AUG. 29.—Last evening the schr. Orbit, captain Macy, arrived from Liverpool, whence he sailed on the 28th of July; to which day the editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received their regular files of papers.

Great preparations were making at Liverpool, and other towns, to celebrate the king's coronation.

At Manchester, twenty oxen and sixty sheep, with 400 barrels of ale, are to be distributed amongst the populace. At New Castle, a pump running with wine will be open to the public, and three pumps will also run ale.

The Prince's Dock, at Liverpool, which was to be opened on the coronation day, has been ten years in building.

The London theatres are to be thrown open to the public.

A New Castle paper of the 28th of June says, that the weather for the last seven weeks had been unusually cold and frosty; and since the sun passed the summer solstice, on the 21st, the frost has been more intense, and the winds bitter from N. E. The leaves of the trees, in exposed situations, were curled up, and withered; and from want of rain and night dews, vegetation looked sickly.

A London paper mentions, as an interesting fact, that on the first of the dog days there was ice in the vicinity of London.

Letters from Constantinople of the 6th of June mention, that Danesi the Banker, has been put to death by order of the Porte, notwithstanding the pressing instances of Count Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador, to save him—a result which must have been the more painful to that minister, as it is understood that the unfortunate Danesi was solely induced to remain at Constantinople by the assurance of his protection.

The affairs of the Greeks look more favorable than at our former advices. It appears from recent accounts, that the Turks have been defeated in a general engagement. Ypsilanti had an army of 25,000 men, well provided with artillery, and the cause in favor of the Greeks was extending.

The intelligence of the death of Bonaparte was received at Paris on the 7th of July. In the chamber of deputies, on the 8th, when the minister stated the "Usher is dead," M. Casimir Perrier exclaimed, "it is the kick of the ass—the lion is dead!" "The parizans of Bonaparte," replied M. Duplessis Grenedan, "may now cry *L'Empereur est mort, vive l'Empereur!*" A voice on the left—"It is a seditious cry." A murmur of a particular character run through the assembly, and it soon after broke up! When general Rapp was informed of the event, he shed tears. This circumstance was communicated to the king, who, when he next saw the general, which was on his way to mass, he deigned to tell him, that, far from blaming his sensibility, he regarded it as a new pledge of his fidelity. "It is true, sire," answered general Rapp, "that I felt deep emotion on learning the death of a man to whom I owe every thing—even the happiness of serving your majesty." A French paper says, that Bonaparte has left 40,000,000 francs, which sum is deposited in the Tower of London. His son is heir to this property.

The general court of the East India Company were in session at London when the news of Bonaparte's death was received. The chairman received a letter from Sir Hudson Lowe announcing the event, which he read. Mr. Lowndes, one of the members, said, "Mr. Chairman, I congratulate you upon the intelligence." (Loud and universal expressions of disapprobation.)

"Mr. Douglas Kinnaird said that it was indecent, and unworthy of an Englishman, to make the natural extinction of a man, who had been long politically dead, matter of congratulation." [Hear!]

Several members spoke after Mr. Kinnaird, and considerable time elapsed before order was restored.

The French chamber of deputies, on the 9th of July, passed the project of a law to continue the censorship—214 to 112.

In the house of commons, July 10th, Mr. Bennett asked the reason why the name of Bonaparte's French physician was not affixed to the document stating the cause of his death, as it was a remarkable omission? The Marquis of Londonderry said he could not account for the omission.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

The London Morning Chronicle of the 10th July, contains a long letter from Dr. O'Meara, late Surgeon of Napoleon, in which he ridicules the statement of the Emperor having died of a cancer. We have not room for the whole letter, but the following extracts will enable our readers to form a pretty correct idea of the writer's opinion.—*Nat. Adv.*

"It is very important first to observe that this report is not signed by Professor Antommarchi, although the Governor as-

serts that the whole of the medical gentlemen concurred in a report on their appearance; and next, I assert, without dread of contradiction, that no man ever saw an instance of cancer of the stomach proceeding through all its stages, from its commencement to death, in seven weeks and one day. Cancer of the stomach is a tedious, lingering disease, keeping the patient in torture for months; but, here we have the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, a mass of cancerous disease in seven weeks! With respect to the assertion of hereditary cancer, promulgated through a fabricated letter, by those who had the Gazette report in their possession, it is too contemptible to be seriously refuted. No respectable ancient author ever mentioned, no modern practitioner ever met, such a disease; it is a desperate experiment practised upon public credulity, too gross to impose upon the most uninformed, but naturally enough to be hazarded by those who are willing to impute the death of the victim to any other cause rather than the true one. It is only surprising that they have not followed it up by a calculation of how many years may elapse before the stomach of young Napoleon is to enter upon its paternal inheritance. The story is too ridiculous for argument, and those that have fabricated it might just as well assert the existence of hereditary drunkenness, or hereditary murder, or any other moral depravity which may happen to be uppermost in their memories. I do not assert positively the proximate cause of the death of Napoleon; that can only be known with certainty to the Almighty Disposer of life and death; but I assert, unhesitatingly, that it was hastened by the treatment he experienced—by his transportation to a tropical climate—by the petty vexations inflicted in his imprisonment—by the numberless minute and studied mortifications, which none but a mind like his could have endured, and at length by that derangement of the digestive organs which mental anxiety invariably produces. Such is my opinion, not originating in the indignation of the moment, but formed and deliberated long ago, and delivered by me, in language not to be misunderstood, at two different periods of Napoleon's detention. I told his Majesty's ministers, emphatically, that if the same treatment was continued, 'his premature death might not be so immediate, but was quite as inevitable, as if it had taken place under the hands of the executioner.' To these documents I now direct the eyes of Europe, and the testimonies of my judgment, and to the event I point, for the accuracy with which it was formed."

ST. HELENA, MAY 15.

"Bonaparte may be said to have died rather heroically than otherwise, as the pain arising from the disease must have been very acute, and he never uttered a complaint. He refused medicine as useless, and stated, a month previous to his exit, that he should never rise from his bed again. At that period he also said, that he was confident that he knew better than the surgeons what the disease was; and that it was the same his father died of. The pain that it gave him, he described as if a knife had been run into his body and broke short off, the wound closing externally afterwards. A few hours previous to his decease he is said to have gradually drawn his hands from his sides, and to have clasped them over his breast, doubtless offering up a prayer at the same time. He then released them, and they fell into their former position.—During the latter part of his illness, his eyes were constantly fixed on the full length portrait of his son, which was hung up by his request at the foot of his bed; and it seems that his attachment to the child was very great. The last words of Bonaparte have not yet been recorded: they were uttered in a state of delirium, but still show what was working in his mind:—'*Mon fils*' was the first word, and afterwards he murmured what seemed to his hearers to be '*Fete d'armees*.' He shortly afterwards said 'France,' and never spoke again. The head and face of Bonaparte were immensely large in proportion to his body; they may with great propriety be said to be the only parts that could be reckoned fine. His face, fourteen hours after his death, was one of the most interesting that could be imagined, but from the extreme heat of the climate, the decay was so rapid that shortly afterwards the features collapsed; and, at the time that he was laid in state, after his having been opened, the countenance had undergone a total alteration. His body was altogether mean; bones very small, and very little muscles."

"The wounds on his body were as follows:—a small wound on the head, received from the halbert of an English sergeant at Toulon; one above the knee, by a spent ball, received at Ratisbon; and one near the ankle, a deep musket-ball graze, that he received in Italy. His cranium did not give the satisfaction to the craniologists that was anticipated. A great deal of trouble was taken by Doctors Mitchell and Barton to have a cast of his face and cranium; but unfortunately the quality of the gypsum, which was only to be procured from the island, was such as rendered all their attempts fruitless. A short time previous to his death, he scratched an N with a penknife on a

snuff-box, which he presented to Dr. Annot, for his attendance on him, and has left the above gentleman 500 Napoleons."

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 3.

From Lisbon.—By the schooner Franklin, capt. Bradford, arrived here yesterday, in 60 days from Lisbon, we learn that the King of Portugal had arrived at Lisbon from Rio Janeiro, but was not suffered to land until he had signed the new constitution. His officers of state were ordered back. Lisbon, it is stated, was in much confusion.

About the 15th of June, soon after the emperor of Russia's return to St. Petersburg, from an absence of nearly ten months, the Ambassador from the United States, the hon. Mr. Middleton, and the new Ambassador from Sweden, had an audience, and delivered their credentials.

According to report, Mr. Salmon, the Ambassador from Spain to Russia, appointed since the adoption of the constitution, and who has been at St. Petersburg for some time, had not been admitted to an audience by the Emperor, although his Majesty received several other Ministers after his late return to his capital.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 3.

A passenger in the brig Robert, Capt. Coffin, arrived here on Saturday, informs that when he left Rio de Janeiro, that city was quiet, but every day brought information that some one of the Capitania had thrown off its allegiance to the government of the Regency established for Brazil by the King. Anterior to his departure for Portugal, the last which had revolted was that of St. Paulo, where they had established a provisional government, under the guidance of their former Governor.

On the 5th of June, the third explosion took place among the troops stationed in Rio de Janeiro, which ended in compelling the Prince Royal to dismiss Condedos Arcos, Secretary of State for Foreign and Interior affairs and Secretary of Marine, from his command, with orders to leave Brazil in five days—also, to appoint a Junta Provisional to govern Brazil agreeably to the constitution of Portugal.

Previous to the sailing of the Robert, information had been received from Montevideo, that Gen. Lacor, commander of the Portuguese forces occupying that place, was negotiating with the Spaniards for the annexation of that district of country to Brazil; and it was generally believed that a treaty would soon be concluded to that effect.—*American.*

DOMESTIC.

MURDER!

NORFOLK, AUGUST 27.

It is stated in an advertisement which we publish to-day, that the dead body of a man, sewed up in a blanket, was found floating in Pasquotank river, near Joshua Sawyer's landing, (in Camden County, N. C.) upon which a murder had been committed, evidently by a man named Joseph Yellowly. The circumstances of this affair are not a little remarkable, and serve as another instance of a providential agency in the development of this worst of crimes, even though it be concealed by all the art and ingenuity which fear of punishment can lend to the guilty perpetrator.

About the first of this month, Joseph Yellowly, alias Captain Yellowly, (for he has been a ship master) departed from this place in a canal boat for Plymouth, N. C. taking with him a man (not known by name to any one in this place, that we can learn,) as a passenger. The boat was detained a short time at River bridge, where it was ascertained and reported to one of the hands on board of her, that this passenger had a very large sum of money about him. On the 4th the boat reached Sawyer's landing, where there was a pile of stones, a few of which they took on board, as they stated, for ballast, although admonished by Mr. Sawyer not to take them, as he wanted them for a particular purpose.—Among the stones thus taken by Yellowly, was one having some peculiarity about it, which rendered it remarkable, and easy to be identified by any one who had ever seen it.

A few days after Yellowly had touched at the landing, the discovery was made of the floating corpse. It appeared to have been stabbed in the throat with a large knife, directly across the jugular vein; and upon a further examination it was found that the neck had been broken. From a considerable rip in the sewing of the blanket, it was supposed that some heavy weight had been sewed up with the body to sink it, and that the sewing having given way, the weight fell out and permitted the body to rise to the surface of the water. The suggestion was soon confirmed by a circumstance which at the same time disclosed the author of the bloody deed; for, on opening the blanket, a stone dropped out—and, strange to say! the identical stone we have just described as so remarkable in its appearance, which Yellowly and his people had taken, among others, from Sawyer's landing! Had it been picked up anywhere else as well as at Sawyer's landing, it is probable that