



FROM THE GOVERNMENT GALLERY.  
 Franklin, one night, could be seen in his skin,  
 Blipped on his journey at a public sign;  
 He faced, perceived the kindling flames arise;  
 His backless eye, perceived with distant eyes  
 A blackguard crew monopolize the heat,  
 Each, firm as *Danvers's* ghost, maintains his seat.  
 "Ho!" cries the doctor, never at a loss,  
 "Landlord, a peck of oysters, for my horse!"  
 "Your horse eat oysters," cries the wondering host;  
 "Give him a peck you'll see they won't be lost."  
 The crowd astonished, rush into the stall,  
 "A horse eat oysters, what shells and all?"  
 Meanwhile, our traveller, as the rest retire,  
 Picks the best seat at the deserted fire;  
 A place convenient for the cunning elf,  
 To roast his oysters, and warm himself.  
 The horse returned, your horse won't eat them all,  
 "I won't eat good oysters," he w's a simple celt;  
 "I know who will," he adds in merry mood,  
 "Hand them to me, a horse don't know what's good."  
 ACADEMICUS.

EPITAPH.  
 Beneath this grave, and these stones,  
 Lies poor Jack Tussey's skin and bones;  
 His fish I've often heard him say,  
 He hoped in time, would make good hay;  
 Quoth I, how can that come to pass?  
 And he replied, "My fish was grass."

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.  
**Elliot's Letters.**—This gentleman formerly pledged himself in the most solemn manner, to exhibit to the people of the United States, satisfactory evidence that the politics of the party, who has so long and so totally governed this country, are and have been the effect of a FRENCH INFLUENCE. The following is the first in the promised series of letters which in to contain this evidence, and the simple, perspicuous, unadorned, but pure style in which it is written, and the spirit of mildness and candour by which it is dictated, recommended it so strongly to our taste and judgement, that we hesitate not a day to give it a place, and shall continue to accompany the writer by an immediate republication, as just as the originals come to hand.

LETTERS UPON FRENCH INFLUENCE.  
 No. 1.

To the People of the U. States.

It is proposed, fellow-citizens, in a course of very brief and very plain political letters, to unfold the history and display the character of that peculiar species of French Influence, which, almost all unperceived persons of all parties are now prepared to acknowledge, has been exercised in some way or other upon the affairs of our country, since the commencement of Thomas Jefferson's administration. The letters will be short, that they may stand a chance for general republication in the independent papers; and they will be written in a simple and unadorned style, that they may be understood by every man, woman and child, in the United States who is still in the habit of political reading.

The man who addresses to you these letters, has been honoured with no inconsiderable portion of your attention on former occasions. He has made a number of speeches, as an English writer says of poetry, "too much the business of his life." Too much for his own happiness as a public interest. He has been attracted by his democratic friends, because it was his fortune, or rather perhaps his misfortune, to rise, in the course of a few years, from one of the very lowest situations in rural life to a seat in the councils of his country; a circumstance which he will not affect to remember without pleasure, and which certainly he does remember with no little republican pride.—Pardon this egotism. It will be confined to the first letter, and to the necessary purposes of explanation.

But the writer has changed his political party. Hence all this satire and much generous clamour. Some nation has a proverb, intimating that the wise man changes his opinion often, the fool never. It will be admitted, however, that frequent transitions in politics, from one party to another, ought to render any individual respectable. If one change were not to be allowed, the democratic ranks, in one part of the Union would be very thin.—But no man in public life, ought to change his party, without giving to his constituents and the public reasons which have governed his conduct. A mere *se solo*, "I choose to change," should never be accepted in such a case.

Of the administration of the government of his country, the writer while he acted as one of the representatives of the people, did not solicit either for himself or any other person directly or indirectly a favour of any consequence whatever. The appointment of a young gentleman as a midshipman in the navy was the only thing that he requested *alone* and in that he was gratified. The appointment of now and then a deputy post-master, in some country village, cannot be considered as the act of the executive administration. Probably no other democratic representative ever asked so little from the President, for

from him nothing was asked. The writer was disappointed by the administration, but he was disappointed in his capacity as a representative of the people, and on their behalf. He was disappointed in finding that his political friends who filled the different departments of the government were not as he had believed them to be, real republicans, and that they were not firm and independent patriots.

When conscience demands a complete transition from one of the great political parties which divide the country to the other, there was but one way for the writer to act, consistently with his own principles, or rather, perhaps, in this respect, notions, singular enough to be true, but such as could not but govern him. It was to give the best evidence the nature of the case would admit that no interested or ambitious views, or any impure motives, produced the change, by abandoning the high and honourable situation to which he had been three times called by great rapidly increasing majorities of those who knew him best, and to which he knew he could again be called. He declared, on this occasion, that he would never again be a candidate at any popular election whatever; and this promise he means to keep. He does not believe that any individual, in a republican government, is under any obligation to devote more than a reasonable portion of his life to the public services. He has a right to judge for himself when it is prudent and proper to retire, unless, indeed, so general a disinclination to the labours of public life should pervade the country, as to occasion the wheels of the machine of government to stop! In the cases of invasion and rebellion it is very different. Even the life of every one is then the property of his country. In the present case, the writer's perpetual retirement is more the result of choice and taste than of disappointment and disgust.

It was in the "memorable and mournful" session of 1805-6, when both houses of congress were shut up in darkness for several successive weeks, that certain individuals of the democratic party became convinced that their leaders were not only despoils in their hearts, but were devoted to the less if not to the interests of France. In the course of that session Mr. JOSEPH CHAY the representative of Philadelphia, made a solemn public declaration, that France had threatened war against the United States, and acknowledged that the threat had not been without influence upon his mind! He was called to order, and not allowed to proceed. Mr. Chay, it is believed, has not since yet manifested to become other than a democratic in American politics. His present remains unimpaired. Upon that occasion he alluded to a document which is still concealed from the people, and which probably will never be published. The present writer could not justly himself in disclosing it. He recollects indeed that when it was first laid before Congress, it produced a sensation of approbation to the body as much as a subsequent conduct has been disgraceful. It was this, the utterance of a man of genius, who was the politician of the day, who was the potent wand, and the spirit of genuine patriotism became extinct in the councils of American

EARTHQUAKE.

Extract of a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, dated Dec. 10, 1809.

As you will probably have heard of the earthquake which has taken place here, I wish to let you know that I am perfectly well having escaped injury, much alarmed. It took place on the 25th of this month; the first shock about a quarter after ten at night. We were roused up suddenly by a most violent loud, hollow, rumbling, subterraneous sound, with a considerable degree of motion over the entire house; which, from its cracking and rocking, we imagined it could not stand. The bells rung most violently; we therefore made our escape as fast as possible into the open air. This shock continued about a minute and after a moment's calm was succeeded by a second one, much more alarming and heavy than the first, and attended with all the same symptoms, but in a much more terrible degree, and proceeding like it from the centre of the Table Mountain, nearly due south, into the sea; the sky perfectly clear and bright with stars, and not a cloud to be seen. This shock continued about two minutes, and was most dreadful. There were three others within the space of half an hour from the first, all comparatively slight. The chief symptoms, during this most awful phenomenon, were—the dogs barking and howling most terribly; watches and clocks either stopping entirely, or else losing time; the bells in all the houses ringing violently; houses cracking from top to bottom; the earth discharging water in places hitherto dry; and stars shooting in every direction across the sky.—We have had lesser ones, either by night or day, ever since, which leaves us in the most unpleasant state of suspense.

To attempt giving an idea of the con-

fusion and dismay of the inhabitants and every class of people, is quite out of my power. Most of them were in bed at the time and in a moment the streets and government gardens were filled with persons of all ages, sexes, and colours, nearly all naked, screaming and wringing their hands, in expectation of being swallowed up every moment. They remained out the whole night, since which time they have pitched tents in the different squares and open places, where they remain during the night; nor do I think they will be induced to sleep in their houses for some time. Providentially there were no lives lost, as no houses were actually thrown down, but many persons have been obliged to take theirs to pieces, in consequence of the injury they have sustained. The thermometer was during the whole time, between 77 and 78. [English paper.]

THE BOOK OF JOB.

This book is the most astonishing of all literary phenomena. Its author is totally unknown. It is not even known in what age of the world it was written. Moses is supposed to have written it when in exile in the land of Midian. But Josephus tells us that Moses was much more a soldier than a poet in those days. Why ascribe it to Moses? If there be a resemblance of style between the "songs" of the Hebrew lawgiver and any part of the book of Job, it must be but a faint one. Both are tinged with the same gloomy hue of antiquity. In nothing else are they alike. It is believed that, in the book entitled "Job," there is not one decidedly Jewish allusion, unless the hint of the genealogy of *Ehhu the son of Barachel the Buziite, of the kindred of Ram*, is so to be considered. Where was the land of Uz? It is thought in Arabia. In the 36th chapter of Genesis, we read of *Uz, the son of Dishan, of the tribe of the Horites, the children of Sier in the land of Edom*. In the 25th of Jeremiah, we read of *Pharaoh king of Egypt, and his servants, and his princes, and all his people, and all the mingled people, and all the kings of the land of Uz*. Job must have been an Ishmaelite or an Edomite. And yet he appears to have had a plainer revelation of our Saviour than the most favoured of the Hebrew prophets. For *he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.* JOB XII, 25, 26, 27.

It is a most astonishing work, and we shall frequently remark upon it hereafter. Price, Four

JUST RECEIVED, A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Drugs and Medicines, J. BECKWITH.

NOTICE

That JOSEPH SANDERSON late of Jones County is dead, and that on the 15th day of May, 1810, the Subscribers qualified as Executors to his last will and testament. All persons indebted to the deceased are called upon to make payment without delay to Enoch Foy, and all persons having demands against his estate, are desired to bring them forward properly authenticated within the time limited by law to the said Enoch Foy for payment or they will be barred of recovery.

ENOCH FOY, ELIJAH SANDERSON, Executors.

Robert Curran

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER.

Returns his sincere thanks to the inhabitants of Newbern & the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received since he commenced business in this town; and respectfully informs them, that he has removed to the house in middle-street, adjoining Mr. Wm. Trippe's Tailors Shop, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its branches. Flattering himself that he is fully competent in his business, and will pay such strict attention as will enable him to be punctual in the performance of his promises, he feels confident that he will deserve at least a share of their patronage, which will be thankfully accepted. All orders from the country will be strictly attended to.

Will be Sold

ON the 2nd day of June next, at the Court House in Beaufort, (Carteret County,) three pieces of Land, to satisfy the taxes due thereon for the year 1808, viz.—one tract on White-Oak, the property of Mr. Wm. Hataell—two pieces of land on Harlocks-creek, the property of Mr. Mobson—also several Lots in the town of Beaufort, one of them is the reputed property of Mr. Bratcher, No. unknown. GEORGE H. DUDLEY. April 30.

NOTICE

That John Morgan, Merchant late of the town of Beaufort, Carteret county, is dead.—That on the 7th day of March, 1810, the subscribers qualified as executors to his last will and testament. All persons indebted to the deceased are called upon to make payment without delay to George Read, and all persons having demands against his estate are desired to bring them forward properly authenticated within the time limited by law, to the said George Read for payment, or they will be barred of recovery.

JOSEPH BORDEN, GEORGE READ, Executors.

CORNELIUS WEEKS,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Gentlemen of Newbern and its vicinity, that he has removed to his old stand, known by the name of the

Coffee-House

where he intends to accommodate gentlemen as usual. Those who will favour him with their custom, may be assured that every due attention shall be paid. He also will be well provided with Stables and forage for Horses. Newbern, April 9, 1810.

FOR SALE

A valuable tract of Land, LYING in Craven County, on the North-side of the West prong of Bear River, containing 600 acres, the property of Wm. Jones Long, of Lenoir County. Six and Twelve months credit will be given, the purchaser to give notes with good and sufficient security.

For further particulars, enquire of S. H. SHANAWOLF. April 30.

JUST RECEIVED

and for sale at S. Hall's Book-Store,

A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS in England, Holland and Scotland, and of two passages over the Atlantic in the years 1805, and 1806. by Benjamin Billings.

DETAILS GIVEN ON THE NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY OF BRITAIN.

THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BRITISH ORATORS, being a selection of the best speeches of the most eminent English, Irish and Scotch Parliamentary Speakers, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the present time, with notes, by William Hallist.

CELEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Comprehending observations on Domestic Habits and manners, religion and morals.

TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

A Poem in six Cantos—by William Hayley Esq.

THE EASY INSTRUCTOR.

Or a New Method of Teaching Sacred Harmony, containing the rudiments of Music on an improved plan, wherein the reading and tuning of the notes are simplified to the weakest capacity.

A SELECTION OF HYMNS & SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN TWO PARTS. Part 1st—Containing the hymns. Part 2d—Containing the songs designed (especially the former part, for the use of congregations,) as an appendix to Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns, by William Packington, Pastor of the first Baptist Church, in the City of N. York.

100 DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOKS

May be gained for 1 dollar in S. HALL'S BOOK LOTTERY.

Price of 100 Dollars is 100	100
1 do. 50 do.	50
1 do. 25 do.	25
5 do. 10 do.	50
21 do. 5 do.	105
135 do. 2 do.	270
164 Prizes	\$600
436 Blanks	
500 Tickets at 1 dollar each, is 500	

Any person drawing a Prize, and wishing to buy Books, that he has not now in possession, they shall be procured from New-York in a short time, if he had—The Books to be put at the lowest cash price. The drawing will commence as soon as the tickets are sold. Tickets to be had at S. Hall's Book-Store, March 5.

S. HALL'S BOOK LOTTERY.

Will commence drawing the second week in June, during the sitting of the County Court.—A few tickets remaining.—Price One Dollar each.

Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH AT THIS OFFICE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

HALL AND BRYAN,

AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF YEARLY IN ADVANCE. ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE INSERTED AT SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS A SQUARE, THE FIRST WEEK, AND THIRTY-FIVE CENTS FOR EACH CONTINUATION.