

boat at the rate of three hundred miles in twelve days. With scarcely any other expense than that of horses, there might be relays established on the banks, by which means boats might be drawn up as fast as the mail travels. The shallows are hard bottomed, wide, and naturally kept clear by the current. There are neither rapids nor dangerous rocks. The river is as beautiful as the Seine, and only want a Souden or a Paris in miniature. I find myself left to complete my operations alone. Five months have I been wandering in the woods, and do not think I shall have completed my researches before the middle of May.—It is not enough merely to cast the eye over a vast territory; it is necessary to explore and examine it; to compare one part with another, and note all its advantages. The society have required of me a salubrious climate, a fertile soil, and navigable water.—This desirable trinity is not easily found assembled; but I feel, however, confident of meeting with them on the banks of this river if my health and strength do but continue. I assure you that I encounter much fatigue & many thorns. I have just written to General ——— to urge him to come and pass the summer on the delightful Arkansas mountains, and escape from mosquitoes and the yellow fever. Every one enjoys health here.

There are already fourteen or fifteen hundred squatters on the borders of this river; the greater part of whom have given up hunting and trading for the cultivation of rich lands whose products are certain, and the necessary labor peaceful and without danger.—The wise man who wishes to live independent and tranquil, freed from the shackles of sophisticated society, may enjoy here full and complete satisfaction. Agriculture, the chase, fishing and the pleasures of a well provided table, will amply compensate him for the absence of the too often perfidious attentions of the shining city.—Those who have played a distinguished part in life retain their greatness in solitude but lose it on the pavements. Adieu my dear friend. I could write you a full volume; but I dread the task, and fear you will be scarcely able to read my scrawl. My hands are only suited to the plough, and to it I destine them for the remainder of my life. "Ubi libertas, ibi Patria." My best respects to the illustrious exiles.—Tell them, I beg you, that they cannot better place the wreck of their fortunes than here. With five or six thousand dollars and discretion, a respectable beginning can be made, life be enjoyed and independence secured. With courage and perseverance we shall speedily attain a fortune, rely upon it. Tell our friend Anacreon ——— not to bury himself in the Snows of the St. Lawrence; let him transport his talents & chemical apparatus here and we will keep a continued jubilee. Here is a country ignorant of arts, & rather that one call out aloud for them. Did I not dread writing, could sketch him scenes, in blooming colors. Be kind enough to communicate to him my long epistle. *Adios*: There is scarcely any winter in this country. We are already in the midst of spring. Frost is seen but five or six times during winter, and the heat is said not to be so great as at Philadelphia. The cultivation of cotton, the manufacturing of oil and soap, and attention to the vine, are sure means of obtaining independence here. One man can cultivate six acres of land.—When cleared, the acre yields one thousand to twelve hundred pounds of cotton, in the pod, and three hundred pounds picked. The net produce of the acre may be estimated at 50 dollars. Children can be employed to gather it and men be very profitably engaged, in making oil, soap, brandy, and staves; which sell for \$50 the thousand at New Orleans.—Sufficient for their support may be easily raised, and the food for the cattle cost nothing, which is a very great advantage. You shall be the first to hear where we fix our settlement. Write to me soon and be assured of my incessant respect and regard.

### NARRATIVE.

On the late visit of the President to the Independence 74, Commodore Bainbridge, with that attention to the interests of those under his command which so strongly characterizes him, presenting his officers detained acting midshipman King, who he mentioned his escape alone in an open boat from Bermuda. The following is the statement in the words of midshipman King himself.

I was taken in the United States Brig Vixen, on the 22d of November, 1812, by His Britannic Majesty's ship Southampton commanded by Sir James Yeo. The Vixen and Southampton were wrecked on the 27th of November, on little Island one of the Bahamas. We were taken off little Island by His Majesty's brig Rodian and taken to Jamaica where we were kept prisoners until the 3d April, 1813, when a part of the Vixen's crew were paroled, myself among the number, and sent home in the Rebecca Sims, of Philadelphia. We entered the Delaware on the 2nd of May, and were boarded by the Poitiers of 74 guns, commanded by Sir John P. Berresford, who ordered us to come to an anchor, and took all the officers and men belonging to the Vixen on board the Poitiers, for the purpose of exchanging them for some of his crew, then prisoners in Philadelphia. The officers and men were released on the 10th of May with the exceptions of James Stevens, carpenter of the Vixen, and myself, whom Sir John deemed proper to detain on the supposition of our being British subjects. The Poitiers sailed for Bermuda on the 12th, and arrived on the 26th of May. Stevens and myself were sent on board the Guardship Ruby, of 64 guns, then commanded by Commodore Evans.—The Ruby had a fine boat which sailed remarkably fast. I mentioned to some of my companions in captivity that we might venture to cross the Gulf in her without much danger but could get none of them to join me with the exception of a man by the name of John Black, who gave his assent that he would join me in any scheme for our liberty. Thinking that I could put confidence in this man I next day sold some shirts to some of the crew, and got one of the men belonging to the Ruby to buy me a pocket compass and four loaves of bread, being six or eight days without getting any chance to my escape, and our mess being short of provisions. I gave two of my loaves to the mess. The 24th July being very stormy, and continuing so during the night, I thought it would be the best opportunity I could get of going off with the boat, and accordingly watched for the favoring moment.—About 11 o'clock P. M. a heavy squall of rain came on and the sentry on the gang way went under a shed, that was built over the hatchway, and the officer of the deck and quarter master got under the forward part of the poop. Seeing the coast clear, I got my pocket compass and the remaining two loaves of bread and called my companion. We got down in the lower deck, and unshipped the gratings of the lower deck port, I gave a bundle to my companion, and told him to remain there until I could get the boat along side, I got on the swinging boom and cut the painter and hauled the boat close in to the side, but what was my astonishment, when my companion, after handing the bundle said he would not go! In vain did I state that we should have had fair wind one half the way, at least owing to the trade winds, prevailing in that latitude: he said it would be impossible to cross the gulf stream in an open boat, and mentioned the scantness of our provision, finding that I could not prevail on him to go, I shoved off and let the boat drift astern of the ship. When about a hundred yards astern they struck a bell, and the sentry cried all's well. I made sail soon as possible, and at day light was thirty miles from the ship. On missing the boat, they sent several vessels in chase of me as I have since been informed by one of the prisoners that was on board.

I had several squalls between Bermuda and the gulf stream. I offered a good deal for the want of sleep, and did every thing that could think of to keep myself awake. My lips were parched with the sun; I used to irritate them with my fingers to try if the pain would keep me awake; but it proved ineffectual; I often got sleep, and sometimes when I woke would find the boat with her sails aback and steering a different course. After being out four or five days I tried to steer by tying my hand to the tiller, which proved to be very useful to me the rest of the passage. I suffered a good deal in the gulf, owing to the continual motion of the boat. I saw a brig, thinking that she was an Englishman I was fearful of approaching her. I made Cape Henry on the second August, about 4 P. M. and on approaching the Light House, discovered a British fleet lying in Lynnhaven bay, I hauled to the southward, and beached the boat about 12 o'clock at night about 10 miles to the southward of the Cape. I unbent the boats' jib, and carried it about a quarter of a mile from the boat and went to sleep. I got up about sun rise next morning and got to Mr. Whitehouse's dwelling who treated me with every kindness that my situation required. I proceeded to Norfolk after remaining with Mr. Whitehouse two days, when I reported myself to Captain Cassin who advanced me funds to get to Washington. I sold my boat for \$30; the boat was about 24 feet long 7 feet wide and three deep, with a foresail, mainsail and jib. She was ballasted with fresh water in breakers.

### Boston Pat.

### From Dr. Ewell's medical companion.

### Hypochondriac Disease.

(Commonly called Vapours or low Spirits)  
"This complaint chiefly occurs in the male, and that at advanced life; and it is confined, for the most part, to persons of a sedentary or studious disposition; especially such as have indulged grief or anxiety.  
Some Hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another—some have insisted that they were TEA POTS, and some that they were TOWN CLOCKS.—This that he had a big belly, and that his glass legs—one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But I have never heard of any of this blue-devil class, whose extravagance ever yet came up to the following, which was related to me by my noble hearted old friend, the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore, whose very name always sounds in my ears, as the summary of every manly virtue.  
This Hypochondriac, who by the bye was a patient of Dr. Stevenson, after ringing the change on every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his great toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.  
Well, Sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning? asked Dr. Stevenson, in his blustering jocular way, approaching his bed.  
"How do I do," replied the Hypochondriac feintly—"a pretty question to ask a dead man."  
"Dead!" replied the Doctor.  
"Yes, Sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."  
Quick as lightning Dr. Stevenson caught his cue, which was to strike him on the string of his character, on which the Doctor happily recollected he was very tender. Having gently put his hand on the forehead of the Hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also felt his pulse, he exclaimed in a colloquial note, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough—'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whis-

pering her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant, "My boy, your poor master is dead. And the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to Mr. C—m, for I know he always keeps New-England coffins by him ready made, and do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather warm, he will soon begin to smell."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the Doctor, gathered around him, & howled no little, while they were putting the body in the coffin.—Presently the pall-bearers who were quickly provided and led into the secret, started with the Hypochondriac for the church yard. They had not gone far before they were met by one of the towns-people, who having been properly drilled by the fatuous Stevenson, cried out, "Ah Doctor! what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the Doctor—"left us last night."  
"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other, "for he was a bad man."

Presently another of the towns-men met them with the same question. "And what poor soul have you got there Doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the Doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed!" said the other. "And so the devil has got his own at last."

"Oh villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin, "if I was not DEAD, how I would pay you for that!"

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another one stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you got there Doctor!" "Poor Mr. B," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to hell," said the other, for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leapt out exclaiming, "Oh, you villain! I am gone to hell, am I!—Well, I have come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A race was immediately commenced between the dead man and the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, bursting from the coffin, and in all the horrors of the winding sheet, racing through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by this fantastic chase, the Hypochondriac was brought home by Doctor Stevenson, freed of all his complaints. And by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

To demonstrate further, the happy effects of possessing quick wit "to shoot folly as it flies." I will cite another case of Hypochondriasm, which came under the care of that Philanthropic and learned physician, the late Doctor Crawford, of Baltimore, who in every thing amiable and good, was not unlike his intimate friend Doctor Stevenson.

A certain Hypochondriac, who for a long time fancied himself dying of a liver complaint, was advised by Dr. Crawford, to make a journey to the state of Ohio. After an excursion of three months he returned home, apparently in good health; but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother who had actually died of a schirrus liver, he immediately took the staggers, and falling down roared out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended, and asked the Hypochondriac how he could be dead, seeing he could talk. But still he would have it that he was actually dead. Whereupon the sagacious Doctor exclaimed, "O yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable, his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place.—And thereupon getting a carving knife, and whetting it as a butcher would to open a dead calf, he stepped up to him and began to open his waistcoat, when the Hypochondriac, horribly frightened, that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out "Murder! Murder!" run off with a speed that would have defied a score of Doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted; and not finding the Doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver; nor had he for better than twenty years afterwards any symptom of this disease.

### SPANISH DIPLOMACY.

From the Aurora.

The system of espionage and agency established under the Spanish ministry in the United States, ought to be watched by every good citizen. There is employed in this city a person who was obliged to fly from Cadiz, on account of the freedom of his writings there; but whose poverty has placed him in dependence on a person who receives immense sums of money for diplomatic services. The business of this person, whose name and doings we are perfectly apprised of, is required whenever any news of the succes-

ses of the patriot cause arrives, to publish a contradiction and some counter story. When Mina landed at Soto la Marina, he published a most marvellous account of thirty or 40 patriot generals having surrendered to the royal arms.—Another story is now put afloat, which has appeared at New York, where there are similar agents employed.

Now it is well known that Gen. Terran has never had above 1000 men under his command, and that he acted independently of the patriotic authorities: it is also well known, that Gen. Gaudaloupe was in command at Nautia—that there is no such place, existence as Santa Masina, where Gen. Mina is said to be. Those who wish to be guarded against the romances of the Spanish legation, should frequently recur to the intercepted letter of the Archbishop of Mechachon, published a short time ago in this paper; where the true state of Mexico is developed, and where it is shewn that Insurgent generals have appeared in the field, after being killed 15 times—we see Gen. McGregor, who was last year cut up and pickled by Spanish loyalty like pork, took Amelia Island in June of the present year.

From the New-York Columbian.

Something very extraordinary, but true! The London Courier says, a Deputy from Buenos Ayres is said to be on his way to Vienna, to offer the "Kingdom of Buenos Ayres," to the Austrian Prince, upon his refusal, it is to be hawked about to some other powerful court.

This, we are sorry to say, is not entirely fictitious. The factious persons who govern Buenos Ayres, &c. have actually proposed to Ferdinand VII. to send out his brother Charles as king of South America, provided that Ferdinand should renounce his own claim to it!

These imbecile beings, who abound in banishing and columniating all men of worth, (hiring renegades to asperse their character as in the case of Gen. Carera) talk openly as though they thought a consolidated monarch preferable to separate republics. What is stranger still, they who are catholic themselves, affect to think that the catholic religion is incompatible with the republican government.

The propositions from Puerredon to Ferdinand, are doubtless the real cause of the frequent interchange of couriers between certain courts mentioned under our London head. It is but recently we learned the facts to which the London paragraph recalls our recollection.

### From the North American Review.

### Preamble to a Letter from the Dey of Algiers to the President of the U. States.

Translated from the Arabic.

[This curious specimen of the modern regal style of the East, was sent to us from the Mediterranean, by a gentleman who was at Algiers soon after the Dey's letter was written, and who was acquainted with our Consul, in the place. We can vouch, therefore, for its genuineness, & the accuracy of the translation.]

With the aid and assistance of Divinity, and in the reign of our Sovereign, the Asylum of the World, powerful and great monarch, transactor of all good actions the best of men, the shadow of God, Director of the Good Order, king of kings, supreme ruler of the world, emperor of the earth, emulator of Alexander the Great, possessor of great forces, sovereign of the two worlds, and of the seas, king of Arabia and Persia, emperor, son of an emperor and conqueror, Mahmood Kan, (may God end his life with prosperity, and his reign be everlasting and glorious,) his humble and obedient servant, actual sovereign, governor, and chief of Algiers, submitted forever to the order of his Imperial Majesty's noble throne, Omar Pasha (may his government be happy and prosperous.)

To his majesty the Emperor of America, its adjacent and dependant provinces & coasts, & where-