office when he found that the improper influence of an ambitious and unprincipled foreigner, had succeeded in paving the way for the introduction of measures ruinous to the interests, degrading to the honor, and destructive to the harmony and happiness of America.

I love Mr. Jefferson, inasmuch as when the voice of his country called him to the second office in the government, that of vice president, he filled it with dignity and applause—and while every engine which cunning could invent, and power put in motion to seduce or destroy the friends to a free and equal republican government, were assidiously employed in endeavors to ruin his honest reputation—while the pestiferous breath of a foreign renegado printer, (paid by the British minister, and patronized by the American president Adams) was striving to fully his fair fame by the foulest aspersions; he still stood firm at the post assigned him, he still remained true to his first principles, and persevered "through evil report and good report," until he and his principles were crowned with the most complete success.

I love Mr. Jefferson, because when called by his fellow citizens to preside over the councils and concerns of the nation, he did not forsake the principles he had always held—he did not forget the friends who had proved faithful to him, because they had found him faithful to truth and justice, through all the vicissitudes of a varied life. The principles which he had always avowed, he now put in practice. Oppressive and unproductive taxes were taken off—useless and expensive establishments were done away—idle and mischievous officers were dismissed—superfluous expences were retrenched—the national debt was annually diminished—regularity every where took place of confusion—economy, of extravagance—justice, of oppression. Harmony was cultivated at home, and peace sought after abroad. In short, the high road to national glory and happiness was pursued with a steady step, in despite of the most obstinate opposition, and in contempt of the most malignant misrepresentations, slanders and abuse.

I love Mr. Jefferson, because when our right of deposit at New Orleans was interrupted, he did not madly rush into war, and sacrifice thousands of souls and millions of money to avenge the insult and redress the injury—but had recourse to pacific measures, and by negociation obtained, for comparatively a trifling sum, a fine and fertile country, nearly as large as the whole United States, and secured the free navigation of that vastly important river, the Mississippi, to the latest ages.

I love Mr. Jefferson, because when he was re-elected to the presidency by the almost unanimous suffrage of the nation, (162 electoral votes being given for him, while there were but 14 for the federal candidate)—it produced no exultation of languags, or alteration of behaviour. He still persevered in the measures which had thus highly exalted his administration in the eyes of his country and of the world, and gave no other answer to all the calumnies against him, but uniformity of republican principle and consistency of patriotic conduct.

I love Mr. Jefferson, because, when confident that he might be re-elected as often as he would consent to it, he still gives us to understand his intention of declining after the present term, and his willingness to serve his country in any subordinate station to which his successor might choose to call him—thereby giving the strongest possible proof that he is not influenced by lust for power or love of wealth, but that the good of his country lies nearest to his heart.

I love Mr. Jefferson, because he has been greatly and undeservedly abused—and because, when reviled, he reviled not again when accused, he replied not—when libelled, he took not shelter behind a sedition law, but left his fellow citizens coolly and calmly to judge between him and his accusers, and to decide as to them should seem meet.

I love Mr. Jefferson, because while his enemies have proved themselves destitute of Christianity by their loud clamours and false charges against him, he has evinced the true spirit of a Christian by his meekness and mildness.

I love Mr. Jefferson, for having filled up the foregoing outlines of his life with correspondent conduct as a father—a husband—a neighbour—a friend—and in all the various relations which he has sustained in a long and active life.

These are my principal reasons for loving and supporting Mr. Jefferson—these reasons justify me to my conscience, my country, and I trust will to my God, for this love and support—And all I have to hope for as it regards his successor is, that a portion of Jefferson's spirit may rest upon him and influence his conduct, so that he may tread in his steps.

A REPUBLICAN.

From the Morning Chronicle.

No event that has happened during the present administration, confers upon it greater lustre than the recent success of our arms against Tripoli. While other nations have disgracefully crouched before the powers of Barbary, the United States, though young in arms and resources, though separated by a vast expanse of waters from her savage enemies, has yet bravely defied, opposed, and conquered them. Our infant nation has set set a bright example to European powers, and the world will perhaps be indebted to her for a generous spirit of independence, which shall spring up and forever overwhelm those seats of oppression. She may have given the fatal stroke to that depredatory warfare, which drags its enemy into slavery, and feasts on his miseries. This glorious event has also released the bonds of our captive brethern, and restored them again to the bosom of their country.—While my heart swells with generous emotions at those joyous tidings, while the *amor patriae* glides rapidly through my veins, and my breast beats high with national pride and enthusiasm; it is with the keenest indignation that my eye glances at sentences like the following.

"The eagerness with which the above news is received, evinces the strong sensibility felt by the people, for the hard fate of their unhappy countrymen, who have so long been groaning in the dungeons of Tripoli, or sweating under the burdens of cruel Turkish task-masters, while their own government have been so intent on preserving a starvelling economy, as to leave them to their fate, unthought of, and unheeded."

Is it possible that a charge of this nature can be seriously brought against the government? Where is this "*starvelling economy*" of which the Field Marshal speaks? Has it been evinced in the determination not to submit to the arbitrary exactions of this despotic power? Has it been evinced in the fitting out a large and efficient armament to carry desolation and war into her own ports? Has it been shewn in the procuring a large and powerful army to invade the Tripoline territory, and bear the terror of our nation into the very heart of their country? Have not the government as well as individuals sympathised in the distresses of our captive countrymen; exhibited a proper regard for their situation; and shewed a desire to free them from their bonds? Would this gentleman have required the government to pour its treasures into the lap of those barbarians, and redeem our brethern at the expence of national character and glory?

This miserable editor, after thus introducing his comments upon the defeat of the Tripolitan forces, observes, that it is not his intention to damp the "generous sympathy" that prevails, and then in order to preserve his promise, proceeds with a column of invectives against both the enterprise, and the administration that planned it. He declares decidedly that he knows nothing of the consequences of this victory; nothing of the treaty that it has occasioned; or of the particular advantages which it may produce to our nation. Yet in the *plenitude of ignorance* he premises two questions; one, whether the peace was bought? and next, at what price? These two, he considers as naturally arising from the subject, although he allows that our arms have been victorious, and that a negociation has been forced and not bought. After cavilling at what he supposes the terms, although he acknowledges his *utter ignorance* he concludes:

"After all the immense expence of squadron after squadron, frigates and gunboats, we are indebted for the peace, and the liberties of our unfortunate fellow citizens, to the intrepidity and boldness of an individual by land, heading an army of *rebellious subjects*, in the *pious* work of advancing a *pretender* to his *brother's* throne."

Here is another specimen of editorial logic, wound up with an address to the feelings. In his exordium he speaks of the "*starvling economy*" of our government;" in his close "of the *immence expence* of squadron after squadron." Now because an attack by land has been the dernier refort of our forces, and has ensured victory he seems to consider that our naval armament has been useless, because it was not the immediate cause of success. This short sighted individual has not considered that to our navy we are indebted for the security of our commerce in the Mediterranean; the close blockade of Tipoli; the continual harrassment which it has occosioned to that port, and that great assistance it must have afforded, and the confidence it must have infused in the invasion of the country. It does not occur to him that the continual expectation of our attack by sea, while they were closely pressed by land, must, after a defeat have driven them to despair and made them eager to negociate.

The last remark that we have assisted an Usurper "in the pious work" of dethroning his brother, is very affecting and must occasion the keenest emotious in the bosom of sensibility. Who is this brother? A *Tyrant*, who, after the death of his father, assassinated his elder brother, and usurped the throne—a wretch has made war upon humanity, who committed depredations on the weak and defenceless, who has rioted on the groans of the captives, and fattened on the sufferings of his victims; who has trampled upon the laws of nations, who has insulted our flag, invaded our commerce, and carried *our brethern into captivity*.—Is *he* an object of *our* compassion? Is he entitled to general commiseration? Away with such nonsense. It is ever righteous to hurl the tyrant from dominion, & to level him with the dust. Even had he a right to rule, he had no right to oppress. If he has abused power, let that power be taken from him and placed in better hands.

And so much for this bundle of editorial trash and contradiction. This is the manner in which this silly editor prates eternally about the administration and its conduct. Like a grovelling mongrel, he continually snarls at every act of the government, however righteous and expedient, and whether he has *sense* enough to comprehend its ability or not. This nonsense of his own he calls the language of his party, and calls it "*support of the federal cause*."

Perhaps at no period since the adoption of the Constitution have the United States been involved in so desperate a situation as the present. Two nations, respectable for riches and power, have undertaken to insult us. An open rupture is threatened with Spain; and black clouds hang over our political prosperity with Great-Britain. In the latter case, however, affairs are not so matured as to preclude the advantages of negociation, nor are they so unimportant as not to demand immediate redress. No truth is more obvious than that *interest* is the only bond by which nations are held, to conform to the *appearance* of principle or argument; for the *reality* of either it were absurd to expect in any event of national prosperity or degradation. But in the late decisions in the English Admiralty Courts, even the semblance of principle is utterly effaced, and justice entirely disregarded—Interest is swallowed up in infamy. Sir William Scott has been forced to declare himself peremptorily bound by the opinion of the "Court of Appeals;" which opinion is diametrically repugnant to the doctrine of Sir William himself established by previous decisions. The high tone which the English government has lately assumed, as a beligerent nation, with respect to neutral commerce, is in the last degree dishonourable and unjust.

It was presumed an unwarrantable stretch of power, in the beginning of the present contest, that belligerents should declare that traffic unlawful which should be prosecuted by neutrals, in their own vessels, from the colonies to the mother country, of an enemy; even though it should be clear that neutral property only was engaged in it.—However wrong this declaration was in the main, America was acquiescent—and it only remained to be established, what should constitute direct commerce, or rather what should be considered lawful commerce, with an enemy. At length this distinction was established, by various solemn decisions, that when vessels should have unloaded and paid duties on their cargoes in American ports, (though those cargoes were from an enemy's colony) the continuity of the voyage was broken; and though the same goods should be re-shipped in the same vessel to the mother country, and for account of the same owners, the voyage was to be considered a new, and of course a lawful one. This doctrine was confirmed in consequence of the representations of Mr. King, on the subject, to the English government. The Solicitor to the king was dicidedly in favor of it; and Sir William Scott conformed his sentiment, in Court, to the spirit of this doctrine.

Such assurance as the most solemn decisions in a Court of Admiralty held in England, could afford, we derived; and under such impressiions, pursued our plans of trade, and calculations of profit. In the height, however, of the operation of this principle, our commerce is checked in its progress by the treachery of the British government. Our vessels are seized upon unexpectedly, and condemned, by the enforcement of detrimental restrictions on our trade, by the adding of new presidy to the old injustice, contained in the doctrines itself, and by more widely extending the sphere of its operation.

It is *now* declared, in all the confidence of arbitrary power, that more is necessary than was formerly, to constitute lawful traffic. If a vessel enters a neutral port, unloads her cargo, pays duties, and then sails for the mother country of the colony from whence her cargo was originally brought—she shall be considered in an *unlawful* traffic. Having entered and paid dutes, does, *not now* break the continuity of the voyage, nor neutralise the property. Not to mention the inconsistency in which such opposing doctrine involves the British government; its turpitude is obvious. The Americans are seized on, and condemned for pursuing a commerce which had before been considered and admitted to be lawful by the very nation which now condemns them.

It is sufficient for England, that America finds it for her interest to trade with her enemies, to insult and to injure her. She thought the clogs before hung on their commerce would have been sufficient to deter neutrals from pursuing it. But finding her mistake, without argument or decency, she grasps at our unoffending peacable traffic, and aims a mortal blow.

Because France enjoyed the advantages of her colonial prosperity and produce, through the medium of American commerce, no trade shall be *directly* carried on from the French colonies to old France.—This is silently obeyed—But sugar gar and coffee is imported into America, and thence is carried to France? that country mediately deriving the same advantages as before, but at a greater expence; therefore, say the English, it is unlawful for Americans to proceed to France with sugar and coffee. I see no reason, on the same ground, why neutrals should be allowed any sort of commerce with France and Holland. Let Great Britain annihilate it at once, it will only be an extension of the same pernicious principle. *(Bost. Democrat.*

The belligerent nations act towards the neutrals in the most arbitrary manner. A neutrial vessel at sea, without guns to protect herself, stands no more chance of escape, than a traveller with money in his pocket when he meets a highwayman on the road. If the vessel is rich, she is almost certain of being captured and carried into port for adjudication, and then in 3 cases out of 4, she is sure of being condemned, and if dismissed, the charges eat up half the cargo. The mere expences of defending a ship and getting out the appeal papers in the English Islands, have been lately found to exceed 3 or 4000 dollars, and in England, if a ship is dismissed, the Captains are made to pay 2 or 300 dollars light money, besides pilotage, when the ships have been brought in contrary to the inclination of the master. If a ship is dismissed, all the charges, of every name and nature, ought to fall on the captors. The captured should not be obliged to pay any thing.—And when a cargo is condemned, as enemies property, the freight at least is due, admitting it to be enemies property, and in this case the ship herself ought to escape. This is not said to excuse the British adjudication of the cargo, because it is well known, the practice is lately very common with the English to condemn the whole ship and cargo, when they have been fully proved to be American. Our merchants are daily robbed of thousands of their hard earned property. They have very heavy charges indeed to present against the British, on the score of adjudications. But they need not expect indemnification for a long time to come, as Britain wants their property to carry on the war against France, and pay the subsidies to Russia, &c. Those who wish a continental war would do well to recollect, that American adjudicated ships and cargoes go to pay a considerable part of the expences. When a nation spends one hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually, they feel themselves obliged to plunder where they can, to support their extravagance and waste of property. [*Salem Reg.*

What'er is best administer'd is best, said Pope. Gilbert Wakefield had so low an opinion of the moral and political character of the administration of Great Britain, say the editors of his life, that he said, "of men like these, let me never deserve the friendship, nor regret the enmity. Their approbation is indelable reproach; their persecution, the truest panegyric." In what sense the Americans once understood the British administration, they have expressed in the declaration of independence, "that all *political* connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be totally dissolved." They tell their reasons. *Salem Reg.*

Distinguished characters, eminent for their virtues and patriotism—men whom millions look on with reverence, as the whole tenor of their lives is in agreement with their pretentions—such men confer on their associates a dignity; they shed a lustre on their companions, but their intimates and bosom friends, the witnesses of their public actions, and the depositories of private thoughts, are by this very intimacy raised nearly on a level with themselves. These reflections were unavoidable, on considering the conduct of the federalists towards Col. Lear, Washington is forever on their tongues, but their hearts are far removed from him. Who has longest enjoyed the intercourse and acquaintance of Washington? Col. Lear. Who amongst the host of men who surrounded him, did he select for his inmate and his friend? Col. Lear. In fine, who did he confide in here, and solemnly consecrated that confidence, by the appointment of Executor of his will? Col. Lear. Yet this man, so honored by Washington: this man, above all others enjoying his intimacy in gloomy times of distress, as well as in smiling seasons of peace and hilarity, have they resolved to destroy—not that they like or dislike him or the treaty he has made, or that they even respect the character of Washington himself; or in any degree feel for the reputation of our country. It is only to gratify their spleen against Mr. Jefferson and his supporters—against the administration and its numerous friends, that they have decided on his murderous destruction. These are the objects which provoke their malignity; these are the men who resist their ambition, and these are the barriers which prevent a renewal of scenes of remembered pillage and dilapidation. To these men the preservers and saviours of their country, have they sworn eternal hate, and would league with hell itself to accomplish their downfall and destruction—off with his head—so much for Buckingham.

The fatal effects of the weavil in seabread have been severely felt by seamen employed on long voyages: rewards have been humanely offered by the ligislature for a cure or preventative, but hitherto without success. The following fact, discovered by accident, is strongly recommended to the attention of those who may be concerned.

A bag belonging to a powder mill fell into a cauldron of liquid nitre; it was immediately taken out, plunged into cold water, and hung up to dry: several days after this circumstance the bag was filled with sea bufcuit, and sent on board a West-India man, where it was stowed away among the Captain's stock. The vessel was nine months out of England before she proceeded on her passage home, when she got becalmed, and remained so long in that situation, that her crew were forced to be put upon half allowance, more particularly so, as their bread was much destroyed by the weavels, and was hourly consuming. The captain at this time wishing to make use of the bag above mentioned, which had not been opened since the ship left England, ordered it to be examined, when greatly to his surprise, the whole contens were found to be perfectly sound, without any appearance of having been injured by any: a circumstance solely to be attributed to the quality of the bag.

Tilloch. In Coxe's Phil. Med. Museum.

An extraordinary instance of longevity is mentioned in the German journals—A man is still living at Poson, in Poland, who has entered his 130th year—he was born at Oleczow, in 1667.

NORFOLK, *October* 22.

Mr. Dove, lately returned from our squadron in the Mediterranean, is appointed to the command of Gun Boat No. 1, now at Charleston, in the room of lieutenant Fannings, deceased.

Captain Williams, of the brig Ann Elizabeth, arrived here on Saturday, in 67 days from Malaga, has furnished the following account of the piratical treatment he received on his homeward passage:

"October 1, in lat. 31, 11, long. 70, at 3 P. M. was brought to by an armed brig, mounting about 40 guns, and 30 or 40 men, a Guineaman, having 100 slaves on board, bound (as they said) from Barbadoes for America—the captain (whom I took to be an Irishman) said his name was Cain, and the brig's the Speedwell, Transport No. 9—his first officer he called Mr. Christopher, and another Crozier—his crew, I think, were all English—he sent his boat with Mr. C. and four armed men on board my vessel, and immediately took me on board the brig, where I was kept about two hours, while ten or twelve men who went on board my vessel, were plundering her; they broke open my trunks, robbed me of all my wearing apparel, not leaving as much as a shirt or pair of stockings; they took also my hammock, sheets, watch, 200 dollars, a quarter cask of wine, seven baskets of cordials, some bottles of wine, porter and oil, one demijohn of brandy, part of a box of soap, and a variety of other small articles; they also took all the mate's clothes, and some Canary birds!!!—About five, P. M. they put me on board, said my papers and vessel were clear, and told me I might proceed on my voyage—the wind being moderate we continued within a mile or two of each other until 7 or 8 o'clock, and it being a clear moon-light night, they began to fire at me, when I hove to—they came along side, and hailed me in French; I told them I was the same brig they had boarded in the afternoon, which they no doubt very well knew—keeping me close within hail, they commenced blackguarding me, asking where I was from and where bound to, and every ten or twenty minutes firing into my hull and rigging. I repeatedly told them who I was, and begged them not to sink and murder us in cold blood—in this deplorable situation we were kept till midnight, when being within pistol shot under their lee, they hailed and told us to wear ship immediately, or they would sink us—I put up helm to wear, and, as soon as our astern was fair to their broadside, they poured a whole broadside into us, loaded with round and grape shot, which hulled us, cut our rigging and sails in many places—at this time the moon was setting, and it became dark and cloudy, made sail before the wind and got clear of them; having stood E. S. E. the remainder of the night, saw no more of them. They fired from 40 to 50 shot at us, and I have no doubt but they supposed they sunk us. We picked up off our decks a number of the grape shot fired at us.

I suppose the above piratical brig to be about 180 or 200 tons burthen, British built, completely fitted for a Guineaman, and suspect bound to Charleston or Georgia—I think she is flush deck, and has a woman figure head, rather small for the size of the brig.

Besides the articles above enumerated they carried off all my navigation books."