fact is stated by one of his own subjects.

"Having heard much of the mode of torture practised at Hanover, called the Osnaburgh torture, and which is applied by executioners purposely sent from that Bishoprick (the duke of York was then Bishop of Osnaburgh) I applied to be admitted to the celler in which the engines of torture are kept—as my introduction was by a high officer of the court, I had the honor of a seat near the judges. The person who was put to the torture that day happened to be a female, of family a respectable connections, whose husband stood charged with some crime, but had escaped from his executioners—they seized his wife, to compel her by the torture of Osnaburgh, to criminate him and his connections.

'She was of the most exquisite beauty, and the judges feasted their eyes with a view of her person, already disfigured, by repeating questions as she lay extended on the rack, with a loose garment thrown over part of her body. The Osnaburgh torture was applied in the manner that is related in Mr. Howard's narrative in all its exquisite refinements. She persisted in her innocence. Here the judges, the representatives of the elector of Hanover, celebrated for his domestic and social virtues, sat unmoved either by her beauty, sufferings, or protestations. They ordered the executioners to vary her tortures—the cords were drawn to the shortest.

"She was a mother! From her beauteous and lovely, but agonizing breasts, forced by the extremity of her torments blood spouted and covered the faces and clothes of her judges. She still asserted her innocence—executioner, encrease the question, was again the exclamation of those fiends of hell; with the most piteous lamantation, she begged for mercy. It was in vain—the executioner obeyed the mandate of his superiors, they hove once more at the rack—she shrieked, the name of her beloved babe and husband murmered on her trembling lips—nature was totally exhausted by shame and torture—she expired! Good God, never shall I forget the dreadful moment! And is this, exclaimed I to myself, staggering from this court of justice, is it my king* who governs with absolute sway this city.

* King of Great Britain, who is Elector of Hanover.

GRAND CELEBRATION.

From the *Green Mountain Farmer* (printed at Bennington, Ver.)

BENNINGTON, (Vt.) AUGUST 28.

Twelve hundred freemen rejoicing in commemoration of the glorious victory obtained by American patriots, led on by the veteran

GENERAL JOHN STARK,

Over the British, Hessians, Tories and Indians, on the immortal Hills of Walloomsack, the sixteenth of August, 1777.

"The people that walk in darkness have "seen a great light; they that dwell "in the land of shadows and delusi-"ons, upon them hath the light shin-"ed. Will they still refuse the wa-"ters of Shiloah that go softly?"

ISAIAH.

The anniversary of the ever memorable 16th of August, 1777, was celebrated at this place, by the republican freemen of Bennington, Shaftsbury, Pownal and the adjacent towns, with unusual brilliancy, and those manly indescribable demonstration of Whig joy and thankfulness, which can be felt but by those who appreciate the sacrifices made in the revolution, and are in the full enjoyment of its beneficial, blessed results.

The discharge of the cannon saluted the first beams of the morning, which for the season was uncommonly serene and tranquil, and was the signal for republicans to begin their appointed exercises of gratitude. Opposite the State-Arms tavern the flag of the United States was immediately hoisted, and suspended on a lofty flag staff, erected in in the centre and front of a spacious bower built for the occasion, on the place of the late ruins by fire; on one side of the flag was represented an eagle bearing in its beak an olive branch, in the act of descending to drop this emblem of peace in the midst of the assembled throng of freemen—the opposite side represented a form from Heaven, the Goddess of Liberty, at full length, with bare feet, flowing robes, and loose ringlets—her left hand supported a wand, on the top of which she had placed her cap; she stood in an attitude of solicitation, calculated to win the patriots to her standard;——she appeared to have descended (or else 'twas fancy) to preside at the republican bower, and to show to the republican freemen assembled, that her banner over them was love: on her left were placed the usual symbolical stripes and stars.

Midway, underneath the flag of the United States was suspended another flag, on which were inscribed, in large, handsome characters, the names,

"JEFFERSON & MADISON."

At equal distances, in the front, and along the whole extent of the bower, 18 trees were planted, on which were suspended 18 flags, arranged from north to south, in conformity with their geographical situation—on every flag was inscribed, in large characters, the name of the State it was designed to represent.

The effect of the whole was striking; it was not only ornamental, but expressively emblematic and sentimental. It made every free man feel the importance and dignity of his station. It presented at one view, the *States*——their mutuality of interests—their present, and the high importance of their future union.——It awakened in prospective, to the reflecting mind, the exalted destiny that awaited them, if social intercourse was cherished, and harmony preserved. It seemed to uncurtain futurity, to embody unborn millions, and to disclose to us, bright bursts of assurance, that our nation is the chosen nation of *God*, and that, comparatively, so long as the chain of our union gathers strength and brightness, suffering humanity will here find a downy pillow, be as the forms from Heaven, drink netarine prelibations of that happiness—that Heaven, to which Pilgrim man aspires.

At half past 12 o'clock the procession formed, and under the direction of Major Eleazer Hawks, Colonel David Robinson, and Captain Ebenezer Cross, marched to the meeting house in the following orders, viz.

The Military in uniform. Their orderly and soldier like conduct dignified the procession, was honorable to themselves, and gave new assurances, that a well organized Militia is our best reliance in times of danger.

Then the Bennington band assisted by Martial Music. Their dignified and conciliatory conduct conspicuously marked the goodness of their hearts and the soundness of their republican principles; while the sound of their instruments soothed asperities, lessoned the fatigues, and increased and tempered the hilarity of the day.

Next followed gen. Isaac Clark, and Col. Eli Brownson, bearing the United States and Vermont flags. Next to these, came general Samuel Safford, with a large number of other aged and venerable heroes who were in the battle, and revolutionary officers and soldiers. Seventeen of these bore each a flag in honor to the states and Louisiana. Our hearts were towards these of our people who fought our battles, and now officiated as standard bearers, uniting in one group the flags of the Union. The appeal to the more youthful patriots was forcible; behold in us a handful of those who assisted in the purchase of Liberty; would you know how best to preserve it, cherish union. The solemnized and gave much interest to the day.

Then followed the citizens, in a train more numerous and respectable than ever was before witnessed in Bennington. The front of the procession began to enter the meeting house before the rear could be formed on the hill, a distance of 150 rods, although they marched in close order. The enthusiasm which such a procession excited, headed by fathers, and grandfathers—men grown grey in their country's service—is better felt than described. There were several near eighty years of age.

After the procession had entered the meeting house, the Rev. *Daniel Marsh* opened the exercises by a prayer, suited to the occasion, and in a manner uncommonly fervent and impressive. After the prayer, elder *John Leland* delivered an excellent discourse, made extremely interesting by his able and perspicuous manner of bringing rich store of knowledge out of deep places, and occasionally interspersing his elucidations with sparkling sallies of wit. In his exposition of the ancient Jewish hierarchy, its singular properties, its peculiar and distinguished traits, unlike any thing before or since, he was clear & correct. In his narration, of the many, and often repeated mercies and interpositions of providence in favor of his people Israel, especially in their deliverance and redemption from Egyptian oppression and task masters, in all their wilderness wanderings, and leading them into pleasant places to become a settled, great and flourishing nation—his words were few, and his arrangement natural and unaffected. In his delineation of the blessings promised, and the covenant assurances, that God would "set them on high, above all the nations of the earth," if they would observe his ordinances, and stand aloof from the idolatries of surrounding nations—he strongly possessed himself of his subject. In his allusions to the overwhelming calamities that were predicted, and did befal them, as the certain consequence of their estrangement from the Mosaic institutions—he shewed the hand of a master. In his description of the day of battle—he drew floods of tears from the audience—tears of gratitude from children, who on that day were in their mother's arms—tears of joy from those who recollected that God had preserved through such perilous & distressing scenes. In the application of his subject, he drew a picture of America, compared our situation with Jewish Israel—our deliverance from tyranny—the institution of a form of government before unheard of, and since unattempted, peculiar in its character, more perfect in civil and religious liberty, and less idolatrous than the governments of other nations: when he recounted the blessings we enjoyed under it—when he pointed to the national greatness, to which we were apparently hastening—and when he alluded to our deviations from the spirit and usual track of our republican institutions; we fancied him now standing on mount Gerizim, and now on mount Ebal depicting to us the rich and certain blessings, and the great and inevitable curses, that depended upon our choice of conduct. And when in the words of Isaiah he spoke, "Forasmuch as this people refuseth the waters of Shiloah, that go softly, and rejoice in Rezin and Remeliah's son—now therefore, behold, the Lord bringeth up upon them the waters of the river strong and many, even the king of Assyria, and all his glory"—he seemed not only to repeat the words of that prophet, but to catch his inspiration and sublimity; and to be foretelling, not the destruction that should come from Syria, and on Israel, for disobedience, but upon this our beloved America. He concluded the exercises by prayer, in a manner all his own.

The exercises at the meeting-house were finished by the reading of the following letter from the venerable veteran general *John Stark*, by Anthony Haswell, Esq.

Letter from General Stark.

At my quarters. Derryfield
31st July, 1809.

My friends and fellow soldiers,

I received your's of the 22d inst. containing your fervent expressions of friendship, and your very polite invitation to meet with you, to celebrate the 16th of Aug. in Bennington.

As you observe, I "can never forget, that I "commanded American troops" on that day in Bennington.—They were men that had not learned the art of submission, nor had they been trained to the art of war. But our "astonishing success" taught the enemies of liberty, that *undisciplined freemen* are superior to veteran slaves. And I fear we shall have to teach the lesson anew to that perfidious nation.

Nothing could afford me more pleasure, than to meet "*the sons of liberty*" on that fortunate spot. But as you justly anticipate, the infirmities of old age will not permit; for I am now four score and one years old, and the lamp of life is almost spent. I have of late had many such invitations, but was not ready, for there was not oil enough in the lamp.

You say you wish your young men to see me, but you who have seen me can tell them, that I never was worth much for a show, and certainly cannot be worth their seeing now.

In case of my not being able to attend, you wish my sentiments.——them you shall have as free as the air we breathe. As I was then, I am now—The friend of the equal rights of men, of representative democracy, of republicanism, and the declaration of independence, the great charter of our national rights:—and of course the friend of the indissoluble union and constitution of the states. I am the enemy of all *foreign influence*; for all foreign influence is the influence of tyranny. This is the only chosen spot of liberty——this is the only republic on earth.

You well know, gentlemen, that at the time of the event you celebrate, there was a powerful British faction in the country (called tories) and a material part of the force we had to contend with was tories. This faction was rankling in our councils, till they had laid the foundation for the subversion of our liberties. But by good centinels at our outposts we were apprized of our danger; and the sons of freedom beat the alarm—and, as at Bennington, "they came, they saw, and they conquered."—But again the faction has rallied to the charge, and again they have been beaten.

It is my orders now, and will be my last orders to all my volunteers, to look well to their sentries: *for there is a dangerous British party in this country, lurking in their hiding places, more dangerous than all our foreign enemies.* And whenever they shall appear openly to render the same account of them that was given in Bennington, let them assume what name they will: not doubting that the ladies will be as patriotic in furnishing every aid, as they were at Bennington in '77 who even dismantled their beds to furnish cords to secure and lead them off.

I shall remember, gentlemen, the respect you, and the inhabitants of Bennington and its neighborhood" have shewn me, till I go to the country from which no traveller returns. I must soon receive marching orders.

JOHN STARK.

P. S. I will give you my volunteer, toast. *Live free or die.—Death is not the greatest of all evils.*

Hon. Gideon Olin, Jonathan Robinson, and David Fay.

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

William Cobbett, *alias* Peter Porcupine, is now the warm advocate of parliamentary reform—of sir Francis Burdet and Wardle—and the opponent of political corruption. Will miracles never cease?

On this subject he has addressed a series of letters to the people of Hampshire—of which the 1st presents a most serious and monitory lesson to the people of the U. States.

"Some of you, says he, will have heard, perhaps, that whilst I was in America, I wrote several pamphlets, some under a feigned name, and some under no name at all. From one of these pamphlets, the London ministerial newspapers have extracted these words: "For my part I am *no friend of the English*; I wish their island *was sunk to the bottom of the sea.*" Having, taking this sentence, they tell their readers, that it is quite natural "*such a person*" should wish for a reform that would lead to revolution. Gentlemen, I do not recollect any thing so bad as this ever done or attempted to be done, by any writer in the world.

"The pamphlet from which the extract is made, *was written for the purpose, and the sole purpose of serving my king and country*, and that too at a time and in a place when and where no man but myself had the zeal to write a line for such a purpose. In order to give effect to what I was writing, it was necessary for me to say something to disguise the fact that it proceeded from an *Englishman's* pen; and that this was the case there needs no proof but this, that the *government at home* caused *this pamphlet to be republished* in England. Further, for having written this and other pamphlets in America, the government here made me offers of their support, which I never accepted of. Upon my return from America, those offers were renewed, but again rejected.—I received marks of approbation *for these writings*, from all the men then in power. I dined at Mr. Windham's with Pitt, which I then thought a very great honor! and really when Mr. *Canning* looks back to the time when I dined at his house at Putney, and when he paid me so many just compliments for my exertions in my country's cause, I can hardly think that he must not view with some degree of shame, these attempts on the part of persons who are publicly said to write under his particular patronage. As to Mr. Windham, he has declared in open parliament, that for my *writings in America*, I deserved a statute of gold."

And now let the federalists of the United States lay this extract—this "flattering unction," to their souls. Who *was* William Cobbett? The man who, in times of yore, was their oracle—the man whom they cherished, fed and encouraged—whose paper they subscribed and wrote for—and whose *writings* they admired with the same spirit which warmed the gratitude of Pitt, of Windham and Canning. Of the hypocritical morality of Mr. Cobbett, we shall say nothing—he was a spy, a pensioner and a slave—and he had at least as much morality as belongs to his vocation.—But of the federalists, what shall we say? Whilst *he* was laboring "for the sole purpose of serving *his king and country*," *they seemed to be* with him—the same in opinions and feelings—"bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh" the adherents of a creature to whom the British government "had made offers of support."

There are writers in the United States at this very moment who ply the same trade in the same disguise—who profess an attachment to the United States, and a hatred for England, the better to mask their views—and who cannot *sink the Englishman* in their *hearts*. They are devoted to the interests of Britain, and many of them are apostates to this their native country—Cobbetts of the present day, who Mr. Canning may reward for their exertions in his country's cause. When will the honest men of the opposition—when will the native-born true-hearted American federalists, awaken from their delusion?

FROM THE RICHMOND ARGUS.

Submission to England is Subjection to France.

If experience is at all to be consulted in the present situation of our affairs, its warning voice will admonish us of a singular fact in relation to a connection with either of the belligerents. The idea has very frequently been impressed upon the public mind that a connection with the English is ruinous to any nation; but the thought, that *submission to England is subjection to France* has not, that we know of, yet been enforced before the American community.—By submission to England, we mean a servile obeisance to her influence, by an abandonment of incontestible rights, which leads tacitly to a connection with her. Every kingdom of Europe which has failed honestly and vigorously to resist the policy, and pretensions of Great Britain, has become a theatre for a civil war, or fallen a prey to the conqueror Bonaparte. If it were only one or two nations that had thus become the victims of their British attachments, one might be led to doubt of the certainty of the destruction which awaits every power which is unhappily won by English caresses; but when, at a glance, we have Holland, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Switzerland, and the kingdoms of Italy among the number, there is no room left for incredulity. It is singular enough, that the fate of these countries is appealed to by the federal party as evidence of the danger to be apprehended from the universal domination of Bonaparte: they never reflect, that the *first false step* of those unfortunate nations, was a connivance and a connection with England. The pretext for a connection with Great Britain, is one of the most silly that can be imagined.—Her friends tell us (and they tell us, too, with *serious faces!*) that her navy protects other countries from invasion and destruction by French power. With respect to other nations this means nothing, for France can invade them by land; and with respect to ourselves, the weakness of the pretext is palpable.—How can Great Britain, who is held in continual trepidation for her own safety, at the very rumor of French flat bottomed boats crossing the channel; how can that same Great Britain pretend to guard a coast like ours! No, indeed, it must be something more certain than the naval power of Britain, which is itself the continual sport of an unstable element, that must give safety to these states. It must be our own valor, aided by our own resources. We must not suffer our strength to be sapped by a copartnership with the English. In truth, England stands much more in need of our protection than we do of hers, and it is for that very reason she wishes to draw us nearer to her. Protect America! Alas! when has England been the disinterested protectress of any nation? Even when Sir John Moore and his army were in the heart of Spain, Frere was bargaining at Madrid for a free trade for British subjects to the Spanish colonies, and the English troops were ordered not to act until Frere gave orders, which orders never arrived, because the Junta refused the enormous demands of British cupidity. The gallant Moore fell a sacrifice to as base and vile a commercial intrigue as the annals of history contain. Surely the Americans at the present day, will not submit to demands from England which, in principle and practice, the Spanish Junta, in the midst of misfortunes, have nobly spurned. Even honest federalists themselves, seeing there is no other way to avoid subjection to France but by resisting Great Britain, will eventually unite in opposing her eternal aggressions.

FROM THE WHIG.

QUERIES

To a portion of the People of Frederick County.

Query 1. Is there not a parish in Frederick county called St. Marks?

2. Have not the parishoners in this parish, by an instrument of writing bearing date in 1805 or 1806, bound themselves to pay seven shillings and six pence in the hundred pounds of assessable property, during life, towards supporting their clergyman?

3. Has not the sheriff of the county, under this instrument of writing, full and ample power to enforce regular payment, in the same mode that payment of taxes is enforced—if necessary?

4. Has not this parish been vacant upwards of one year, or nearly two years?

5. If the late church bill, as passed by the federal house of delegates, incorporating the convention of Maryland, had not been defeated by the democratic senate, would not this yearly payment have been enforced by the convention of Maryland, as well as all *back-rents*, whether you had a clergyman or not?

6. Suppose *every* parish minister, in the state of Maryland, had taken previously a like instrument of writing from his parishoners, and the late church bill had not been defeated by the senate, would not the whole state of Maryland have been completely saddled with seven shillings and six pence in the hundred pounds of assessable property by the convention of the episcopal church—together with such other dues as the convention might chuse to superadd?

People of Maryland, the above quereis can with truth all be answered in the affirmative: what is the natural conclusion? simply, that the federalists, though in power, as it may be said, but a day, could not refrain from laying their favorite burthens on the people. Did not a celebrated federalist, well known in the councils of Maryland, as also to the judiciary of the United States, formerly attempt a similar bill; and, tho' it was rejected by the honest part of the house with disdain, did not this hero of federalism exclaim, "so sure as there is a resurrection of the dead, so sure shall this bill rise again?" Have this judge's predictions been verified so early? Yes, people of Maryland, they are—and that day you place federalism completely in power in this State, on that very day will an established church bill rise again. But fellow citizens, it will then be to some purpose—it will rise, not to fall, but to be saddled on the yeomanry of this now happy State.—Act before it be too late.

A Friend to Equal Rights.

Frederick-town, Aug. 26, 1809.