NEW YORK, Sept. 25—noon.

Late from Rio and Monteviedo.

Captain Walden, who arrived here yesterday in 42 days from Rio Janeiro, informs that it was reported when he sailed, by the arrival of the Piscataway on the 10th of August, in 25 days from Monteviedo, that the inhabitants of that place were reduced to a distressed situation, having nothing to subsist on except jerk beef, from the scarcity of which, the supply was obtained from the vessels at a price fixed by the governor, who prevented their proceeding to sea with their cargoes. The price was fixed so low, that those who had loaded with beef, would be great sufferers. He also informs, that several American ship masters had it in contemplation to leave their vessels and return home, unless a more favorable state of things soon occurred, of which there was little prospect.

He also states, that the Buenosayrians were at the gates of the city, and that numbers of the Monteviedians were daily going over to them. The greatest part of the crews of such vessels as were stopped, had joined the Buenosayrians, both Americans & Englishmen being prompted by the prospect of plunder, besides pay at 40 dollars a month. The bread was so scarce, that each man was allowed only a pound and a half.—The opinion, however was, that the place would stand a long seige.

When the Piscataway sailed, Portuguese troops were hourly expected.—A strict blockake was kept up to prevent vessels from going up to Buenos Ayres, but it was not difficult to reach that port.

LATE FROM PORTUGAL.

Captain Dolliver, of the ship Remittance, arrived yesterday, informs us, that he left Lisbon the 20th of August; at that time information had been received from lord Wellington's army as late as the 17th. The English headquarters were at Celerico; and the French were advancing. About 11,000 British troops were sick in the hospitals at Lisbon. Reinforcements were daily arriving from England. It was reported that Bonaparte was marching into Spain with 200,000 men. London papers to the 12th of August had been received in Lisbon. They stated the King was still, alive, but very ill. Captain Dolliver read the London papers, and says that they contained no other news. Passengers, Mr. J. B, Dunlonery, and mother. Markets at Lisbon for American produce improving Flour 14 to 15 dollars; Corn $1 50 to $2; Rice $7. [*N. Y. Gaz.*]

[By the same arrival, the "Morning Post," a democratic paper, gives the summary below of news. The editor of that paper adds, however, that he "believes Captain Dolliver (his informant) was imposed upon"; that is, we are not compelled to believe that the English had *more* than all their men killed or wounded in one battle:]—

From the Morning Post.

"Accounts were received at Lisbon from the English army, on the 17th August, stating that Lord Wellington was about six leagues from Elvas, and was proceeding northward; that no action of consequence had lately been fought, and it is supposed, nothing would be attempted by either army until the beginning of October. It was reported in Lisbon that Bonaparte was marching at the head of 200,000 men, and was determined to put an end to the war in Portugal. The emperor has conferred with Massena respecting the state of the French and English armies, and the late movements of the former, and was much pleased with Massena's conduct. The English have given erroneous statements relative to the different battles which have been fought in Portugal; they were defeated in the battle of Albuera, in which action they had 39 officers killed, 176 wounded, 8,000 privates killed, and upwards of 16,000 wounded!! [24,000.] There remained in the Lisbon hospitals 11,000 sick and wounded English. They must at length yield to the French; and their opposition will be productive of bloodshed and slaughter to themselves, and misery, ruin and poverty to the unhappy Spaniards and Portuguese, who have joined their unsuccessful banners.

FROM THE BOSTON CHRONICLE.

THE BLACK LIST—*(INCREASING!)*

In addition to the THIRTY-EIGHT vessels mentioned in our paper of the 9th, as having been captured by the English, (a majority of which have already been *condemned)* we are now under the necessity of adding six more; making in whole, FORTY FOUR VESSELS AND CARGOES!!! The following are the *new* robberies.

The FLY, Arden, from New-York, bound to St. Petersburg, captured by the Avery, Harris, and sent into Portsmouth. The *pretence* for the capture is, that although the Fly was *apparently* bound to Petersburg, yet it was supposed she was destined to France!

Ship ANN and MARIA, Buck, (destination not given) captured by the Beagle S. W. and sent into the Downs.

The YOUNY CLARA, Stevens—and

The YOUNG ADOLPHFS, Deboir, from Bordeaux, captured by the Semiramis frigate, and sent into Plymouth, brig ALERT, Nichols, from Bordeaux captured by the Vestal, and sent into Portsmouth. By the enterprize and activity of her crew, this vessel had once released herself from the pirates, when she was fallen in with a second time, and could not escape the rapacious maw of the *banditti*. Soon after she left Bordeaux, she was fallen in with by the Semiramis, captain Richardson, who put several hands into her, and sent her for Plymonth. When they arrived off Ushant, the Americans rose upon the British seamen, and took possession of the brig. Four of the men they fastened down, and the others they sent adrift in the jolly boat. Soon afterwards the Vestal fell in with the Alert—the captain represented the absurdity of detaining him, as he had just been boarded by the Semiramis.—But upon captain Berkley's declaring his determination to send him in, he related the former affair and four men belonging to the British frigate Semiramis were produced from the hold. The men sent away in the jolly boat, have not been heard of.

Ship LOUISIANA of New-York, CONDEMNED, at Plymouth, July 27.

The ship Isabella, Harding, of Hingham, arrived at New-York last Thursday 37 days from Plymouth, (England) in ballast and 67 passengers, principally masters, mates and seamen, belonging to American vessels condemned at Plymouth. Died on board the Isabella, 8th inst. Joseph Oliver, of Kennebeck, aged 36.

To the Printers of the Boston Patriot.

We, the undersigned, noticing a relation in the Centinel of the 17th August,* of the BURNING of the brig Two BETSIES, given by capt. *Stellwagon*, of the brig Dorothea, of Philadelphia, forward you the following account for the Press. Mr. TWOMBLY, who supplies the statement, we have known for many years, and have ever found him a man of undoubted veracity.

AARON BREED,
JOSEPH JOHNSON, jun.

Linn, Sept. 14, 1811.

I, JOHN TWOMBLY, sailed from Boston, on the 7th of January, 1811, on board the ship Hannah, in the capacity as mate, commanded by Jos. Mudge, bound to Marseilles. On the 21st of February, was captured by his Britannic majesty's cutter Enterprenante, commanded by Peter Williams, carried into Carthagena, and from thence to Gibraltar, where we arrived the 5th of March, at which place vessel and cargo were condemned, on the 16th of April. I then shipped on board the brig TWO BETSIES, of Beverly, captain Hultz. On the 25th of the same month, sailed for St. Ubes, where we arrived about the 5th of May—sailed from thence on the 15th of June, bound to New York. On the 9th of July, lat. 42, long. 42, was boarded *under French colors*, BY HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIP JASON—myself and four men were taken on board the frigate, & the brig ordered for St. John's, Newfoundland. Same day the frigate boarded the brig Dorothea, capt. Stellwagon, and permitted her to proceed on her voyage. The frigate arrived at St. John's about the 26th July—the Two Betsies arrived about the 2d of August, and about the 21st, vessel and cargo was CONDEMNED! I came passenger from thence to Marblehead, at which place I arrived on the 13th of September.

JOHN TWOMBLY.

**From Philadelphia, Aug.* 13.—*Arrived*, brig Dorothea, Stellwagon, 55 days from S. Ubes, with salt. She furnishes *another proof* of the revocation of the Berlin and Milan decrees! viz—July 9, lat. 42. long. 42, was boarded from a French frigate, which threatened to BURN the Dorothea, examined her papers strictly, and said, after examining her outward manifest, and log-book, if her cargo had been any kind of provisions, (it being tobacco chiefly) the would burn her. They informed capt. S. they had that morning BURNT the brig Two Betsies,† captain Hultz, and were going to put the captain and crew on board the Dorothea, when another brig hove in sight, the frigate gave chase and suffered captain S. to proceed on his voyage.

†*We have accounts of the sailing of this vessel, 17th June, from St. Ubes, for New-York, and as she has not arrived we have no doubt of her being destroyed, as here stated, by the French.*

The following article is from "The Statesman" of July 31st, an ably conducted paper in London. The forgery of state papers has become so stale, that the device has lost all its intended effect. The paper here spoken of was deemed a forgery when it made its first appearance in the Boston Patriot, altho' the respectable Editor of that paper deemed it genuine, on account of the source whence he obtained it. He and his friend were, undoubtedly imposed upon by the intrigue of the British cabinet. The *Statesman* asserts one fact which is of the greatest importance, and ought to be spread as widely thro' our country as possible. It has been said that Mr. Erskine when in this country admitted something of the kind himself. The federal editors will not thank their English friend for the assertion: because, in the event of war between the two countries, it will take them in a very delicate situation with the American public: *Sun.*

"Now that the advocates of assassination have failed in their attempts to instill into the minds of the people of this country their diabolical principles, they are endeavoring, by other means, as base as they are cowardly, to bring discredit upon Bonaparte and his Government. With this view, the *Courier* of last night took the lead, in announcing to the public, what it was pleased to term, "a document of as much, perhaps of more importance than any that was ever submited to the British people"; and as to the authenticity of which, it stated that, "there can be no doubt." We allude to the pretended French paper, which bears the subscription of the Duke de Cadore, Bonaparte's secretary for foreign affairs, in the year 1810. Could we suppose, for a moment, that this document was genuine, we would have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most infamous libels on the people of this country that ever issued from any press. But, as we consider it an impudent and daring forgery, issued under the sanction of Ministers, to serve the vilest purposes, we have no occasion to animadvert upon it in any other way, than as it enables us to expose the pitiful and base conduct of its officers. Although this very document appeared in an American paper of 22d June, which is in our possession, and a copy of which was received at the *Courier* office on the 24th inst. the proprietor of that Journal was not able to discover its *great importance* to the British empire, until *six days* thereafter; that is, until the 30th of this month—and then it is pompously ushered into the world, as a document "of more importance than any thing that ever was submitted to the British people!" The fact is, the N. York paper in which it appeared, did not venture to give it as an authentic document.—IN THE UNITED STATES, AS WELL AS THE ENGLISH MINISTRY ARE KNOWN TO HAVE ENGAGED WRITERS WHOM THEY PAY TO SUPPORT THEIR GOVERNMENT!!!!——Aware of this, the publication of the document in question, was attended with all the circumstances of doubt and suspicion, which this fact naturally creates in the mind. "*If* (said the American editor) *this document be genuine*, &c. &c." This is language which no man, convinced of a fact, ever made use of. But the Courier would have us to believe, that the document is not only genuine, but actually been delivered to the Russian Ambassador at Paris, who sent it to his government; & that Alexander had communicated it to Mr. John Q. Adams the American minister at Petersburgh, who transmitted copies of it to the U. States, by which it obtained publicity. Where the Courier received this notable piece, of intelligence, we know not. But certain are we of this, that independent of the document containing *internal* evidence of its being a forgery, there never was a paper ushered into the word under more suspicious *external* circumstances than those which have accompanied its publication.——That it will be proved in a short period to be a gross fabrication we do not entertain the smallest doubt." *(Statesman.*

The following toasts were drank by a company of mechanics on the 4th of July last, at Chilicothe, state of Ohio. We republish them for their humor and phraselogy as well as the public spirit which they breathe.

1. By Samuel M'Culloch, *painter.*—The 4th of July; the *picture* of American glory, *described* by the *pencil* of liberty, upon the *canvas* of republicanism, and *colored* with the blood of heroes, its *beauties* will never *fade*. Whoever *soils* it with the *shade* of disrespect, may he be *ground* upon the *stone* of infamy and *daubed* with the *brush* of disgrace.

2 By John Baker, *Butcher.*—The U. States, a *first rate hindquarter*, separated from the *bullock* monarchy by the *cleaver* of independence—Whoever dares invade her liberties, may he be *hauled up to the bullring of justice*, and his *neck* brought to the *block*.

3. By Richard Cavet, *Saddler.*—The Constitution of the U. S.—*stuffed* with the principles of civil liberty, it *sits easy* on Americans—whoever attempts to *curb* them, may the *reins* of justice arrest his course, till he is *pummelled* with the *bits* of the law, and his neck *stretched upon the tree*.

4. By William Rutledge, *Bricklayer*—The American govercment, a *beautiful pile raised by master workmen* with the *plumb* of justice and *level* of republicanism, upon the *base* of independence—Should any one entrusted with its keeping, suffer its beauties to be despoiled, may he be *measured* by the *gauge* of law, and sentenced to *carry the hod*.

5. By William Smith, *Sawyer*,—The liberties of Americans, *sawed* from the log of despotism, in the *mill* of the revolution, now called the spirit of 76; though a *dry time*, may she never stop for want of water—Whoever attempts to turn the course of her *dam*, may his body be brought to the *wheel*.

6. By. Peter Day, *Blacksmith.*—Geo. Washington—*warmed* in the *fire* of patriotism, *forged* upon the *anvil* of volor, *tempered* with prudence, and *tried* upon the *work* of our revolution *a first rate piece of stuff* without a *flaw*.

7. By Adam Holler, *Baker*—The heroes of '76; a capital *batch* from the *oven* of our revolution, *heated* by the *fire* of patriotism, all *well done*, not a *slack baked loaf* among them—whoever dares insult their *ashes* may he be *shuffled* out of our country, or his head plunged in the *tub* of shame.

8. By James Foster, *Bookbinder*——John Adams—a valuable *book, printed* in America. *English bound* in *calf marbled* with *standing colours* and *lettered* with aristocracy; but this useful *work* has appeared in a *new edition*, its *title* has been changed and its *contents revised* and *corrected* by republicanism; may it become brighter with every *burnish* and long grace the American *library*.

9. By Samuel Rogers, *Hatter*—Thomas Jefferson; a good *racoon knapped* with *beaver*, strong *dyed* in the kettle of philosophy, *washed* in the *trough* of patriotism, and *formed* upon the *block* of independence; he has buffeted ma- a hard hail and rain storm yet still *keeps his shape*.

10. By John L. Tabb, *Cabinetmaker*—James Madison; *smoothed* by the *plane* of republicanism, *fastened* together with the *glue* of his country's love, and *polished* with the *wax* of science; may he long *shine* as the first *piece of furniture* in the American drawing room.

11. By John Douglas, *Weaver*——The American youth; *wove* in the *loom* of republicanism, with the *chain* of talents, and *filling* of science; may their principles never be *worped* by *winding* foreign *quills*.

12. By Peter Spurk, *Watch & Clock maker*—Agriculture and Manufactures kept in *motion* by the *mainspring* of commerce and *pendulum* of neutral rights; their *wheels* now *clogged* by the orders and decrees of belligerents, and she *run down*, may she be *wound up* by our national energies, *set up by the regulator* of the constitution; & the *hand* of Rogers to point us to the *time of day*.

13. By Thomas Lloyd, *Taylor*—Commerce, an excellent *garment, fashioned* to American *wearing, sewed* together by the *needle* of honor and *thread* of independence; now *tattered* by British depredations and *cabbaged* by French spoilations—may the hot *goose* of our cannon *press* hard upon one while the *bodkin* of valor pierces the heart of the other.

14. By Jack Rogers, *Barber*—The Frigate President—Her *powder* and *ball* has bro't John Bull into a *scrape*—may Johnny always get his *wig tickled*, and find it *close shaving* when he attempts to *dowse the pole* of American honor.

15. By John Gilfiden, *Shoemaker*,—The State of Ohio—a *new shoe*, prepared by the *hammer* of law, laid to the *lapstone* of independence and made upon the last of republicanism—whosoever *tears* or *stretches* it in attempts at *mending*—may he *pack his kit*, in time, before the *strap* of the people's rights is *made fast* to his instep or the awl of justice pierce his sole.

16. By Nicholas Fisher, *Cooper*—The Constitution of Ohio—*set up, trussed & hooped* by tolerable *workmen* now a *chime broke*, and the *bung staves cracked* by *handling*—may it be mended by skillful hands without *knocking down*: *re-hooped* with patriotism, and *riveted* with talents.

17. By T. W. *Rope maker*—Our Judiciary—may she be a strong piece of rope; made of the *hemp* of talents, spun into the *fine yarns* of science, and oiled with the top of independence—Whoever *chafes* her rights or cuts a yarn, may the loper of justice hold him to the *stake-head* of the constitution, till he is tarred in the kettle of his country's displeasure, or *hook'd* up by the cord of execution.

18. By Peter Parcel's *Printer*—The American Fair the most elegant *columns* in the *office* of their country, may the *token* of their approbation be the highest *matter* of rejoicing to the sons of Columbia, and *press* forcibly upon their hearts.

WM. COBBETT,

ON THE PENINSULAR WAR:

"To me it has long appeared, that the true policy of Napoleon was to incite us to waste our force in that country. A war there which occupies all our attention, and draws off every man, and every pound of food that we can raise, serves him surprisingly, while he is settling the northern part of his empire to his liking, and building ships, in all his arsenals. A reinforcement of ten or twenty thousand men, sent from France every year, will feed the war in Spain and Portugal without absolutely disheartening the people of England. Such "victories" as we have recently gained seem to me to be the very things that suits him. We are thereby induced to hasten off more troops and consequently money. The war in the Peninsula, has come to supply the place of all others. It leaves France in perfect tranquility, and, at the same time, gives us full occupation.——There are only three sufferers, England, Spain & Portugal. The French empire does not taste of the war, which affects it in so trifling a degree, as for the people to have almost all the advantages of peace.——They feel no alarms, they are in no 'crisis'; they merely hear of the war in Spain and Portugal as we do of the endless wars in the East Indies, to which it bears some resemblance; it is with them a matter of curiosity rather than concern. How different is it with us! We look upon this war, and, indeed we are told to consider it, as a war of our existence; our eyes are constantly upon the stretch towards Lisbon; we wish for, and yet we fear, the arrival of every packet boat; at the most trifling success, nay at the escape from overthrow, we rejoice without moderation; & yet, in the midst of our exultation, our hearts bid us fear that in the end, we shall see the Peninsula in the hands of our enemy.

Reader, is not this the truth? Is not this our situation truly painted?—Such, then is the state at which we have arrived at the end of eighteen years of anti-jacobin war; of a war for the deliverance of Europe: and still are there men to cheer us on in this pursuit.

The cause of the exultations, which, upon occasions like this, we hear, is our general dread of the enemy. We imagine that these "victories," as they are called, tend to keep him from our doors; without reflecting that he carries on the war against us with one-tenth of his force, that he makes the seat of war maintain his armies, and that he exhausts and enfeebles us against the day of his meditated attack, taking into view the state of our internal affairs, and especially the state of our paper money.—It is in his power to send 200,000 men into Spain and Portugal; but it is not yet his interest to do it. His object is to make use of the Peninsula as the drain of the resources of England; and, at the rate we are now proceeding, one more effectual could not surely have been imagined.——Such is my view of this matter; and though it tend to check the exultation of my countrymen, I am sure it is less likely to lead them into mischievous error than the sanguinary expectations encouraged by the writings of the venal journalists.

AMERICAN SENTIMENTS.

From the Dublin Evening Post of July 13.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Anniversary of American Independence was celebrated by a numerous body of the Sons of Columbia, in this City, on the 4th inst. The meeting took place at Gilmore's, George's quay.

Captain RANDLET in the Chair.

At half past five a highly respectable assembly sat down to a splendid dinner. After the cloth was removed, the following Toasts were given:

The day we celebrate—consecrated to generous recollections—may it ever be dear to Freedom and America.

America—the only country in which the virtuous living can find a refuge, or truth be conveyed to posterity through a free press.

James Madison—The President of a Nation of freemen, the friend of Jefferson—his principles and patriotism entitle him to our esteem.

The Vice President of the United States, George Clinton—the intrepid Soldier and able Statesman.

The Memory of the Immortal Washington, Sons of Alpin, strike the strings! Is there aught of joy in the harp? Pour it then on the soul of Washington.

Thomas Jefferson—the friend and befactor of the human race. May his evening sun, like his noon of life, shed a lustre on his native land.

The Ocean, which, like the air, is the common birthright of mankind—its surface for those who deem it free—its bottom for those who wish to usurp it—Tune, *Yankee Doodle*.

Domestic Manufactures—may they ever receive the attention and encouragement they so richly deserve.

Universal Emancipation—may despotism forever cease—may the poor enslaved Africans be reinstated in their former joys—and may all, all find protection under the fostering hand of Liberty.

The Emerald Isle—her hamrock-topped hills, and daisy-decked vallies—may their green be ever green.

The fair Temple of Liberty—confined to Columbia's shores alone—may her sons appreciate the heavenly boon, and be willing to die in its defence.

Hail Columbia.

Ireland—our feelings and our wishes are still for her welfare. May the condition of its poor be ameliorated; may foul misrepresentation & aspersion cease.