

On reading the late dispatches of Major Gen. Wayne to the Secretary of War.

THESE dispatches contain a detail of the progress of the Federal Army through the western wilderness; of its achievements at Grand Glaize in possessing themselves of this fertile spot, filled "the grand emporium of the hostile Indians of the west;" of the building of two fortresses in that country, named Fort Adams and Fort De- fiance; of the overtures of peace, and of the advance of an army prepared for war. They contain an account of a decisive battle on the 30th of August, in which the combination of Indians and their white allies were defeated and driven under the guns of a British force. And here begins a correspondence between General Wayne and Major Campbell, commander of the post, very interesting, and under circumstances uncommonly critical. It is probable neither of the parties wished to become the aggressors, and yet each wished to preserve a high respect for the duties of humanity, of their profession, and, if necessary, of war.

It is not the design of this paper to enter on the discussion of the question of British right to that post, or the justice or policy of their aiding and assisting the savages in their hostilities upon our frontiers; on this subject, with Americans, there is but one opinion, nor is it, in view of the subject this paper means to discuss, necessary to enter upon the great question of peace or war between Great Britain and the United States, now agitating at the court of London. Let this question receive the just impressions which this paper labors equally to make on the hearts both of Americans and Britons.

The theme of this paper was suggested as well by a Briton as by an American. In the course of the interesting correspondence just now noticed, each of the correspondents had recourse, as occasion called, to the *unavoidable distresses of war*. And, perhaps, it is no injustice to say that the sentiments of humanity on this subject appear on each side to have had the most happy effect.

Whether the argument of General Wayne, whilst "actuated by the purest motives of humanity," expressed to the Indians to induce them to terms of peace, "to preserve them and their helpless and distressed women and children from danger and famine, during the present fall and winter" be taken for the theme of this paper—or whether the expressions of Major Campbell, as arguments for the avoidance of the extreme measures, be taken, the effect will be the same: "anxious," saith he, "to prevent that dreadful decision, which, perhaps, is not intended to be appealed to by either of our countries"—and again, "will oblige me to have recourse to those measures, which thousands of your nation may hereafter have cause to regret, and which, I solemnly appeal to God, I have used my utmost endeavors to avert." Who but must applaud such sentiments, fall from whose lips they may, and who but must respect the heart that gave them birth.

How happy for Great Britain, for America, and for all the world, were such sentiments more conspicuous and prevalent. Let Kings, let ministers, let rulers and people take knowledge of the happy example.

The French, in waging their present most interesting war, are most inveterate against the British minister, William Pitt. They consider him as prime minister of destruction—chief butcher to slay mankind. Perhaps the charge may not be wholly groundless:—But an awful charge it is! Awful in its nature and solemn in its effects!—Who shall be able to answer when vengeance shall be roused by the cry of slaughtered thousands, and the tears of widows and helpless orphans!

But can this be true of the once amiable and eloquent Mr. Pitt—of the man who, in a most persevering and finally successful minority, once led the American cause—who labored to arrest the sword of war, and the dire effects of prisons, and prison-ships, against the proud monarch and his aids?—Is this the man who, in parliament, on the auspicious news of Cornwallis's capture, stormed down the haughty North and his friend Lord George Germaine? Is this the man who, then standing erect, with more than common men, stretched forth his hand, and, with an eloquence, commanding as the threatening clouds, thundered from his place—who, with others, by a brisk and lively play, fired the ministerial hulks through, and through? This is indeed the man, yet, alas! how changed from what he was!

—Once he plead the cause of freedom,

of independence, and of peace; now first to forge and threaten shackles to the nation struggling for the substance of what it seems, with all his former fire, he deemed a shadow. Once he stormed at arbitrary power, now himself swelling the sole arbiter of peace or war!

Once he pierced the tools of despotism now himself the greater despot of the two. Thus goes the world; to-day this man is a patriot, a man of feeling; to-morrow hardened as the adamant; to-day betraying ministerial prerogative; to-morrow himself the minister. One while obliging the tools of despotism to call for quarter; * at another, despising all quarter and saying, so long as a man or a guinea can be found, let forth the dogs of war.

But is this the picture of man?—of a single one possibly you may say, but if of one, why not of all? Situation and circumstances changed, all is changed.

Thus candidates for office storm themselves into power, and when in power, storm, as best suits their pleasure, at all around. Happy if themselves might be the only sufferers by their relentless, lawless pride and power! But through the storm of war, what engines of grief do they not employ!

Suppose, for a moment, that the sluices of destruction had been opened by the authority of the British ministry in the west—let Wayne storm the fortresses, and let the garrison be put to death—and let half of his own men be slaughtered in the feat: what then! in sober sense what reward in carnage and in blood?—But why suppose cases? we see them, in fact, exhibited. Let the British minister come and view the devaluation of the territories of his western allies. Let him see their huts burned—their corn fields laid waste—their women and children fled into the thicket and midnight swamp—many fathers and husbands slain, and one general conflagration to have seized the aged and the feeble: to say nothing of those who may, on either side, be now groaning of their wounds. But who hath done this? Ask the men who swore the British agents urged to war, tho' the Indians were for peace!

Come, Britons, see what feats of horror an American war is likely to perform! But why talk of the trash of American war to stubborn hearts of oak? They can tell you of higher feats than such as these. Come, say they, survey the frontiers of France, count up the thousands, and tens of thousands, who have been slaughtered through this glut of blood.

If you ask of them their history, in point of war, plunder, and rage for conquest—they will point you to their past ravages, murder and unequalled carnage in the East—they may recite their dark and awful exploits in Africa; and they need no evidence to support their report of devastation in America. Let them visit the prison-ships, and sugar-houses, and tell of thousands made to perish in battles, by sea and land.

But is this the British character? Do they love blood? They love at least the rewards of blood; and all the religion of the established church, seems not able to withhold the sword, when gratification to national pride, or increase to revenue is the object. But shall this ever be the case? Shall there never be cessation of deeds of blood? Will the ministry never reflect? Will they never indulge the reflection of a single Major, on command of a single post, and in a country where savage manners might be supposed to suppress the reflections of humanity? Alas! that great men should be so easily intoxicated with power, as to deem themselves out of character when not making the dire appeal of war, when not making mankind to feel the thunder of their arm!

But let the savage dance of war, O Britons! and O Americans! never again be roused by the debasing sentiments of ill-founded jealousy, pride, or national fame. May we not, as if one family, live in unity and in love, and enjoy all the sweets of unrestrained intercourse in commerce, and in the tender interchanges of civil life.

Before we, my countrymen, cry out for war, let us calculate the expence of treasure and of blood, of probity and of moral good. And never, O never let our nation be stained, so foully stained, as the nation whose guilt, notwithstanding her boasted prowess, many believe is soon to pass in solemn review before the Judge of all the earth. Never let us sound the horrid alarm of war, until we can say we are on justifiable ground, we are of necessity urged to "that

* During the debate above alluded to, thro' the shafts of Mr. Pitt and others, the ministry were so pressed as to be obliged to send (as was then said, and he soon appeared) for the time serving Dundas, as he then was called, alias Lord Advocate of Scotland, to appease the threatening storm.

dreadful decision, which, though thousands may have cause to repent it, we make a solemn appeal to God, we have used our utmost endeavors to avert."

From the Times of July 21.

FOR THE TOMB OR GRAVE OF ROBESPIERRE.

Whether he dies by assassination, by the guillotine, or pendant from a Lamp Iron.

E P I T A P H.

Mingled with his native dirt,
HERE
Are deposited the despicable remains
OF
MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE,
AN INHABITANT OF FRANCE,
Who by murder, robbery, treason, cruelty
and oppression,
AT A CRITICAL MOMENT,
Rais'd himself into public notice; and in
a short process of time became
one of the most
VINDICTIVE TYRANTS
That the world ever saw.

There was no species of crime against
HIS KING,
HIS GOD,
and
HIS COUNTRY,
That he did not practice for a short space
with
IMPUNITY.

He was a Christian, Atheist, or Deist, as
best suited the diabolical principles
of his mind.

HIS GRAND OBJECT
was
POWER;
And his footsteps, to mount the throne of
despotism, were diurnally marked
with the innocent blood of
THOUSANDS OF SLAUGHTERED VICTIMS.

He wore the features of
MARCUS BRUTUS,
To conceal the principles of
NEBO;
And attempted the patriotism of
CATO,
Whilst his bosom rankled with all the vin-
dictive Malice of
CAIUS CALIGULA.
He entertained no idea
of the reality of
TRUTH.

VIRTUE AND VICE
Were to him synonymous terms, to be
used as occasion might require,
for the operation of
HYPOCRISY.

And as he had no friend in the world, so
he was an enemy to
ALL MANKIND.

The terror of
THE GUILLOTINE
For a short time made him feared; but
he never had the real respect of

ANY MAN.
And as he lived
UNBELOVED,
So he died
UNLAMENTED.

THE WILL OF PROVIDENCE
Seemed to have marked him out as an
instrument to chastise the inhabi-
tants of France for per-
mitting their
KING AND QUEEN
To be basely murdered.

But as a proof that he was no favourite
with Heaven,
THE ALMIGHTY
Caused him to fall
A PUBLIC SACRIFICE
To the just vengeance of
AN INSULTED PEOPLE.

From the New-York Daily Gazettee.

MR. McLEAN,

A pamphlet entitled, "The Trial of DANIEL ISAAC EATON, for publishing a supposed Libel, comparing the King of England to a Game Cock," has lately made its appearance, and in my opinion, is, in some respects, not the least excellent, among the several reports with which we have, from time to time, been presented.—This man, who appears to be a bookfeller, was arrested, and committed to prison, where he lay three months, because his poverty or want of a friendly patron, would not admit of finding bail, himself in 100 l. and two sureties in 500 l. each. At the expiration of that term his trial commenced at the Old Bailey; and it yields singular pleasure to humanity, that the jury, after retiring one hour, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. If we reflect upon the tyranny exercised north of the Tweed, upon several deserving characters, who labored, in concert with Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, to effect a reform in Parliament, we cannot but stand astonished, that any man could be found hardy enough to decide, as a praise worthy conduct to be sedition, as was the case with Muir, Gerald, &c. It is equally strange, and equally claims attention, that a man was found guilty for merely re-publishing Mr. Pitt's speeches, and the Duke of Richmond's letter; things not deemed culpable a few years since, but now prodigiously criminal. The instance before

us of poor Eaton, is some relief to the mind; and I hope (utterly disinterested as I am) that the re-publisher (Mr. Wayland) will experience the public favor in a rapid sale. I would however, suggest to him, that 2s 6d. is too much for a book of its size. I think it would do better at 1s 6d. It would be more profitable to himself, and more within the reach of the indigent. He must reflect, that the public are almost fated with matters of this sort.—Policy will then induce him to attend to the recommendation.

Mr. Guiney's speech in favor of the defendant is an elegant thing, and must afford pleasure to every reader of taste. If he is a young man he certainly bids fair for eminence. He says (and the sentiment is obviously applicable) "The Empress of Russia is the *Shepherdess* of a vast flock; but as it was not sufficiently numerous for the exercise of her boundless philanthropy, she has lately, by a little gentle compulsion, augmented it by a considerable number of the Polish breed. She and our worthy ally, the King of Prussia, have gone hand in hand, in this blessed work of encreasing their flocks. For by neither you nor I should chuse to call these two monarchs *Wolf in sheep's clothing*; but I fancy we should none of us be disposed to punish very severely the man who did." Again. "Gentlemen, if you find the defendant guilty, consider what you determine, under the awful sanction of an attestation of the Supreme being. You swear to the truth of every word and syllable of this indictment. You swear that by this Game Cock, this haughty and sanguinary tyrant, nursed from his infancy in blood and slaughter, is meant the King of Great Britain and no other. You swear, too, that that King is a tyrant, for so the indictment charges him to be. You swear that an observation on Kings in general, must necessarily include him. Besides that, you not only swear that so you understand it, but that so *did* the defendant mean. Can you lay your hands on your hearts and swear all this? Can you lie down on your pillows without feeling thorns in the reflection that that man, who has already been imprisoned near three months upon indictment, is to be imprisoned two or three years longer, and his wife and children reduced to beggary and want, because you have fancied that a sense *prima facie* so foreign, may possibly belong to this paper." An extract cannot do justice to a speech, brilliant throughout. The public is referred to the book itself.

* A tender, gentle Shepherdess!
The happy mother of a nation of *Freemen*.

† Her government is so mild, that wife men must call the Poles a set of ninnyes to refuse the invitation of fraternizing with the *happy* sons of Russia!

‡ A name applied by the prosecutors to his Britannic Majesty—rank Sedition!

UNITED STATES.

CINCINNATI, July 12.

The anniversary of our Independence was celebrated at this place, with becoming glee, by a joyous band of free hearts and willing spirits, from the army and the city.

At noon a federal salute was fired from Fort Washington, now commanded by Capt. Pierce of the artillery.

At 4 o'clock the company sat down, if not to Eastern luxuries, to a handsome and plentiful dinner, well served by Mr. Gordon.—The juicy high flavoured venison of the forest, and the delicious turtle of the Ohio, were not absent on this occasion.

Well seasoned mirth, and paternal harmony beguiled the passing day, and the company retired at 8 o'clock, having drank the following toasts and sentiments, under a discharge of cannon.

The Day, may we live to see forty.
The President of the United States.
The Congress of confederated America.

The Sans Culottes of France and cause of liberty triumphant.
The Ministers at home and abroad.
General Wayne and the Legion.

Heads of Departments, may they feed well, physic well, pay well, cloth well and carry well.
War with Britain or speedy concessions.
Volunteers of Kentucky, two thousand of them on the banks of the Ohio.

The memory of Major M'Mean and his gallant brethren in arms, who fell on the 30th ultimo, overpowered by an host of savages, and may the names of Harrison of Craig and of Torry, never be forgotten.
Arthur St. Clair, Governor of this Territory, may his ways be strewn with flowers.

The American Fair,
Successful Campaign.
A mixture of Lake water with Kentucky whiskey, for the use of the Legion.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 5.
Traulsford for the Minerva, from the Gazette Francaise of this day.
Capt. Smith from Port au Prince

and de l'Archaye, informs us that about the beginning of October, the negroes and mulattoes surprized the town of Leogane; they gave 4 days for the inhabitants to retire; many retired to Port au Prince, but most of them who were established there remain.

A respectable person arrived here with his family the day before yesterday from Guadaloupe, who was an eye witness of all that passed after the invasion of the French, and has given us the following particulars. On the 7th Oct. the National Commissary Hugues accompanied by about 300 republicans and from 4 to 500 negroes well armed, landed at Lamartin and Port Louis, and immediately attacked, on all sides, Major Graham, who was entrenched at the post of St. Jean. The English repulsed the assailants, and flew on the first attacks about 100 republicans and 8 or 900 negroes, who threw themselves furiously upon the entrenchment. At last the Commissary lent word to the Major, that, hopeless of success, it was idle to expose so many men to certain death, and that unless he would capitulate upon the field, he, the Commissary, would put all the English to the sword. Major Graham, finding himself destitute of provisions and ammunition, determined to surrender a prisoner of war, with the 25 men who remained. He demanded permission for about 180 inhabitants who were with him, to retire; but he obtained it only for 25, who were put into an open boat. It was not known what became of them; doubtless they attempted to escape, but it is too probable they fell into the hands of the blacks.

Of this whole Island, there remains to the English only the Fort of Baillerte, where General Prescott is enclosed, with 300 men, and it is supposed he may hold out 3 months, having taken the precaution to destroy all the batteries on the heights which command the fort.

The same person relates that since the arrival of the Republicans, about 12 persons have been guillotined—that the Negroes have received their liberty with great satisfaction, but they wish to enjoy it in its full latitude, without any of the rules and conditions imposed on them, by the French—that they are unwilling to suffer the sequestration of the houses—that they have massacred most of the whites they can find, and exercise the most violence towards the females who are so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.

EASTON, MARYLAND, October 21.

In the great Republic of the United States the people are not only the acknowledged origin of government, but are actually contemplated by the constitution as executive agents in the administration of laws when opposed—as they are to be "called out to suppress insurrection and to carry the laws of the Union into execution.

Our general government rests upon principles and maxims—it relies on the wisdom of the people to feel the truth and force of these—it is not provided with any compulsory machinery; but what may be put into action under some of these high and I may say sacred principles—These must be held inviolate, or that which they sustain must tumble to the ground—Either free and general obedience to law must take place or anarchy must follow. Nor is it by any means wished that constitutional opposition to laws should be obstructed—for that would be as contrary to the estimable principles of the constitution as opposition by force would be.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 8.

A correspondent remarks,

That the General Advertiser, is in one respect as useful as an Almanack—for as our winters are generally ushered in with a series of foul weather, so it is observable that about the same period, the paper in question assumes a more cloudy aspect, and emits filth in greater abundance. It is difficult to account for this phenomenon, unless we suppose, that the Editor's natural bias for bespattering the public, acquires at this particular season, an additional activity, from the increase of well wishes to dirty work.

Says a Correspondent,

Factions are natural diseases in the body politic—they are not on that account less dangerous to liberty which is the health of the body. Our antipathetic faction is a disease like the leprosy, which deforms, enfeebles and pollutes the victim it is going to destroy. This action have a fancy, like the Hotentots, to make the government find