

CONDITIONS.

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From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

On the 21st day of December last, I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of _____, where I had an acquaintance, on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding at a neighboring house, and on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued. (The man of the house was religious.) A young lawyer then arose, and addressed the company very handsomely, and in finishing his discourse begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed and hoped would be beneficial. And on obtaining leave he proposed:

That one man in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name whom they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choices, should have their choice kept entirely secret.

After the appointment of the president, the communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices; but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed and the company respectively retired.

Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced.—Gentlemen under 20 and ladies under 15 were excluded as unmarriedable.

You will be pleased to let the public hear of this scheme, and I hope it will be productive of much good, by being practised in other places.

A Married Man without Children.

During the night of the 7th Jan. 1814, Gen. Jackson, ever on the watch against enemies within as well as enemies without, took measures to ascertain if all that should be under his command were then at their posts. One man, a Spaniard, was found to be missing. As the general felt certain that the Spaniard could not have got off towards New-Orleans, he concluded he had gone to the enemy, probably according to contract, to give them information of his preparations to deceive them, and acted accordingly—making some considerable alterations in his plan. The British came on, and were dealt with as every one knows.—Three days after they had retired, the wretched Spaniard was found hanging on a tree!—the enemy supposed he had deceived them, and they executed him for telling them the truth and serving them faithfully! Verily, he got his reward.

Encouragement to breeders of Cattle.

A drove of cattle belonging to Mr. Goff of Clarke county, 130 in number, was sold a few days since, at the enormous price of 10,000 dollars.

Kentucky Gazette.

FROM COBBETT'S REGISTER.

THE BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

TO THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

My Lord—Within the last week I received a bundle of American newspapers, for which I am indebted to a gentleman of that country, who left them with my publisher, with the remark, that he did not wish to see me; that I was personally unknown to him; but he presumed I would turn them to good account. I really did not know to what better account I could put them, than to peruse them instantly, and inform your lordship of their contents.

The first paper I laid my hands on, was what they call in America a country paper, and published twice a week. It was headed GLORIOUS NEWS!—UNPARALLELED VICTORY, obtained by the AMERICAN ARMS under GENERAL JACKSON at New-Orleans. This naturally enough caught my attention, and without disturbing another of them, I sat down to read it, thinking that you might like to hear what kind of a story Jonathan told of this battle, very little of which, as regards matters of fact, has as yet come to the ears or understandings of the enlightened people of this island. Should I tell you that it was with astonishment that I read of this unexampled defeat and carnage of the forces under major general Pakenham, the brother-in-law of our own immortalized living general, the duke of Wellington and marquis of Talavera; should I say, I, who have so often told you, & forewarned you of what would be the fate of all the armies you should send to America, should own to you my astonishment at their being beaten and driven off the field by a Yankee general, what would your lordship think? You certainly could not suppose, that in this hour of your mortification, I would attempt to insult your feelings, by presuming to flatter you, or that I would give you credit for plans and operations which have met with every disaster, by saying that they merited otherwise. No, indeed, it is from no insulting motive of flattery, against which, I knew your deadly antipathy, but from real downright truth, that I now declare to you, that when I read this disastrous account, astonishment is but a weak word to express my feelings. My lord, I was amazed! I was under the agony of an ague, and the very highest paroxysm of fever. I, who have ever said, from the day of the sailing of the 44th and 85th regiments, under general Ross, that they only went to meet disgrace; and which has proved as sure, as many other things which I have told you. I, who have ever and anon, been repeating to you, that your sappers, your miners, and your rocketmen, were nothing at all in comparison to a Kentucky rifle, in the hands of a backwoodsman; shall I again own it, even I was amazed.

I will not impose upon you, by saying, that I did not most religiously calculate, that the whole army under general Pakenham would be beaten, had they been twice the number; and you must recollect, my lord, that I deprecated the cruelty of sending men from the continent to America, who were just panting from their fights and fatigues in Spain and in France; yet, although I calculated on their being beaten, I did not expect to see them shot down, one hundred men, rank and file, for one of the enemy. No, this would indeed be arrogance, should I say it; it would be assuming a foresight for disaster; of which I assure you, I have no pretensions; and, had I ventured to predict it, I should have merited a straight waistcoat. But as I said, I really expected all our forces would be beaten. I expected to hear of hard fighting and a bloody business on both sides, but I candidly confess that I never dreamed of hearing of a slaughter of 5000 British troops, and that in all this havoc, the enemy in killed and wounded, should not exceed 23 solitary militiamen.—This account, if it was not corroborated by such testimony as would silence the most sceptical, I would put behind the fire. It would be a pleasure to me if I doubted it; but I assure it looks to be too true! Such a havoc as this was never before made in a British army.—The American papers state the force landed, as being between 9 and 10 thousand men, one half of which was killed. We had the opinion here, that this force amounted to 16,000 men: had it been 30,000, it would have shared the same fate.

This military miracle, for I can call it nothing else, really, places all Bonaparte's former victories in the shade; they bear no comparison; in a word it has not its parallel any where. The strongest fortress that ever was besieged, Gibraltar itself: refer to history

my lord, I beg of you, for three hundred years, and see if you find any thing like it. Gracious God! It is too shocking for admiration. Half a dozen more such expeditions, and I fear we should have scarcely men left to walk the parade at St. James', or to change duty at the horse guards.

And now, are you not satisfied that I have not been your enemy, as many of your particular friends and advisers would have you think me? You must not cast blame upon me, because I did not tell you that this dreadful unprecedent catastrophe would be the result of your expedition to the southern coast of America. You must acknowledge you never informed me of its destination, or what was expected from it; indeed if you had so far condescended, although I should, without doubt, have forewarned you that it would have met defeat, I never would have gone so far as to say that the whole army, or the greater part of it, would have been killed, without scratching their enemy.

And here I must not omit mentioning the reward which the American Congress bestowed upon their gallant officer, gen. Jackson.—Gallant I am forced to call him, although he has been our severest enemy. I find in the paper before me, of the 6th of February, the latest I have, that Mr. Troup, a representative from Georgia, recommended the adoption of a resolution, that the thanks of Congress be presented to general Jackson, and through him to the brave officers and men under his command, and that the president be requested to cause a gold medal to be struck and presented to him. This resolution was twice read, and referred to the committee of the whole house, and I regret that I have not the papers which confirm it, although I have no doubt but that it met with an unanimous adoption. This is the reward which the American government are in the habit of shewing to bravery; and the bravest man in it neither looks for nor expects a greater remuneration. Had gen. Jackson been less skilled, yet had he shewn perseverance, bravery, and patriotism, he would have received the approbation of his countrymen and his conscience, though, perhaps, not the thanks of Congress. But alter the position, and suppose Sir Edward Pakenham had been successful, what would you and the British parliament have done for Sir Edward? Would a dukedom have been too much for him had he gained possession of the *embouchure* of the Mississippi, that great key to all the commerce of the western states, even to the heart of Pennsylvania? Would the dukedom of Orleans in reversion, with a grant of as many thousand pounds sterling as there are stars in the firmament, been too much in your imagination for the man who should have possessed himself of this magnificent padlock and key which opened or closed at pleasure, the gates of all the commerce of a country seven times as large in extent as England & Scotland together? And yet, my lord, the American general who defended this all important *passé portout*, more important than that of your secret cabinet, and who, in defending it, gave such a lesson of military self defence as never army of the earth received before, is doubtless well contented, satisfied and grateful, with the thanks of his countrymen, and I would wager that he values the little gold medal, in weight not a doubloon, full as much, or more, than you or your generals would value the dukedom and the estate.—This is neither more nor less than the effect of education and habit. The American officer or private, when he takes the field to defend his country, has but one object in view—to do his duty. Aggrandisement, military or civil honors never trouble his imagination.—He has enlisted to fight, and fight he will, if honors accompany his exertions so much the better. Pensions, places, and pecuniary recompenses are, as yet, unknown amongst this people; and I should not be surprised, on the disbandment of the army, if gen. Jackson himself should return to the ranks of private life without one sixpence more pay than that which his commission entitled him to.

There are various excuses to be made for your lordship in the late warfare, as well as for Don Quixote, when he fought the windmills—you had both mistaken your adversaries; but there is one excuse, to wit, that of taking wholesome advice, which you cannot lay claim to. Had the night of the rufel visage listened to Sincho, he had not been unhorsed; and had you listened to me you had not been prostrated with the princely regent's speech in your hand; promising to close the war with glory to the arms of England.—My lord, there are men who will not take advice from those who are able to give it them; among the number "I reckon," as they say in America

yourself. Had you known these people whom you dreamed you could fling into submission, but half as well as I do; had you known their thorough contempt for pomp, for grandeur, for titles, and for many other things which your lordship's generals, as well as your lordship, prize above all other considerations, you never would have been led into the error of thinking that by threats, or rods, or by bribes, you could succeed in subduing them. I re-assert it, my lord, they are a wonderful people, and such you must admit you have found them. There is not such a people in the world beside; and the reason they are such a people is, as I have oftentimes said before, that each man feels his independence; he has not in this world a superior, whom he regards or looks up to with awe. Not that this people do not do justice to talents and virtue, they respect and honor them, but they worship them not; indeed they rather watch them, knowing that superior talents, if misapplied, may mislead and do much injury. They regard with reverence and awe, nothing less than the divinity or his image upon earth; and if they have a weak side, on which they can be assailed without suspicion, it is this one. The clergy and the clerical officers are held, throughout this extended region, in more respect than the established clergy of our country are in England. The reason is obvious; with them they have hitherto been the pastors and protectors, the advisers and the friends, and under the mantle of the sacred order, they have bound the will as the duty. With us it is different: the abuses of religion are more spoken of than its benefits.—Hence it is, that if these people have a weak point, it is here you must look for it; and I have already observed & remarked on it in the state of Massachusetts, in different letters I have written, which I trust may do good in opening the eyes (*about ten lines defaced*) the poorest man in the country cherishes the idea, that his son has a fair chance for the highest offices, as the richest man's son in the land; and gen. Jackson himself, who has certainly achieved a greater land victory than any your lordship can cite from all the numerous bulletins of slaughter, in the archives of ***** never was educated for a military life, nor did his father before him ever dream that his son should immortalize himself at the cannon's mouth, or in the deadly breach.

These acts, and this spirit, which display themselves among this people, are momentary. What their duration may be henceforward will depend much upon the policy of England: they are now approximating to a military people.—If you fan that flame, my lord, I will not answer where the conflagration shall cease.

I never get into America, but my subject runs away with me; I am obliged to go back to my sterling post. Here lays the map of this surprising country and its extensive environs, which Sir Edward Pakenham was to have subdued. I trace with my finger the meanderings of the Ohio, from its junction with the Monongahela and waters of Allegheny at Pittsburgh, down to _____, its falling into the Mississippi stream, nearly a distance of 3000 miles. Here, indeed, I must own, you made a bold move, to say the least of it, when you directed the attack against New-Orleans. What, my lord, are you doubtful of the boldness of this measure? Of the grandeur of this conquest? Next to your taking possession of the mountains, valleys, and level land, of our sister planet, by a squadron of balloons under Garnerin, it certainly would have proved the most entertaining circumstance, and the most productive of astonishing events that has enlightened us within the century.

I have said that general Jackson was not educated for a military life; I made the assertion, which is uncommon with me, without being positive of the fact; but taking it for granted, that affairs, as regarded military minutiae, on the breaking out of the war, were pretty nearly as I left them in that country, I considered that I did not hazard much in saying so; however, in perusing my newspapers (and I write as I read with the view of aiding information) I met with an account of this general Jackson's career, and it confirms what I have before said. The account I have read is taken from a paper printed in Virginia, called the Richmond Enquirer: it states that he was born in South Carolina, and educated for the bar; that he was a member of the Tennessee convention; then a member of assembly; and afterwards a senator of the United States; since that a judge of the supreme court; that after filling this station with honor, he turned his attention to military life, and soon rose to be a major general of militia. The

account speaks highly of his private character and disposition, and states that he is about fifty-five years of age.

This is the way, my lord, that these people make their generals; or rather I should say, this is the manner they have hitherto made them. We have, our black gowns, and wigs with three tails, our counsellors, our barristers and judges; but we rarely see any of them turn out and take the tented field. As regards wigs, no man in America that has hairs enough to keep his head warm, whether he belong to the bar or the pulpit, ever thinks of troubling the perwig-maker's shop; with us, we call our counsellors. Yet, although they do not wear wigs, they are not without wigs; and I assure you they esteem the inside of the head as of much more value than the out. I have repeatedly mentioned, whether I am believed or not I can't say, that you can scarcely find a man in that country who cannot read and write; and that the village blacksmith is frequently seen to put down the gazette to shoe a traveller's horse. Thus it is, that General Jackson, after being a member of a convention, a member of assembly, a senator, and a judge, commences, in what we would call the decline of life, the arduous profession of arms; and this with motives very different from pecuniary ones; for his fortune is said to be independent. Now, I believe I might assert, that such an instance is not to be found among us once in fifty years, and I am inclined to believe they would be scarce, even in the alarm of French invasion. It really would be ludicrous to see some of these nondescripts we meet with at Doctors Commons, performing the manual, under a drill sergeant.

My lord, history has hitherto confined herself to the *maid* of Orleans, and the exploits she performed against our Henry's generals, Talbot and Salisbury. Hereafter it will speak of the *man* of Orleans, and it is as well we should know who he was; and although not like the *maid*, inspired by a religious frenzy, he was certainly inspired to do us more mischief in one fatal hour, than a twelvemonth can repair. Whatever idea you may have of my heart, I declare in the language of sincerity it aches on this occasion. Would to God I had not to record it. This battle has cost me some agonies, in common with many others of his majesty's subjects. The British troops on that day immortalized themselves for their bravery. Never was more heroic gallantry displayed by men. The Americans themselves attest it; and there were brave spirits on that field, deserving of a better memorial than the temper of the times can now afford them, whose valor should live in marble and in brass.

My lord, we have met dreadful humiliation in this contest; the supremacy of the British flag has been destroyed in the eyes of all Europe, and what is still worse, in our own. All our demonstrations upon land have met with disasters, not to say disgrace, except in one solitary instance—I mean the attack upon the capital at Washington; and here we displayed a ferocity, in setting fire to the President's house, and burning a library, for which the Americans pretend to accuse us of Vandalism.—Notwithstanding all the injuries at home and abroad which this unnecessary war has inflicted on us, the Times paper, when it heard that peace had been concluded at Ghent, instead of rejoicing, was the first to throw a fire-brand in its face. "Let us," says he, "yet see one of our first generals sent out. Let us behold a British force in America capable of intimidating Madison and his congress. Let us hope to see the war concluded with one blow that may not only chastise the savages into present peace, but make a lasting impression on their fears." This is the language held out to deceive, and to irritate passions which should be assuaged. What would the times want? What kind of generals? What kind of armies would he send out to subdue that country, which he considers as easily intimidated as the island of Jersey or Guernsey? Have we not had generals of the first talents and the best of veteran troops employed? What a Drummond, a Ross, a Pakenham, and a Gibbs, could not perform with a hundred thousand men, who could? Had the duke of Wellington been at Orleans, what would have prevented his sharing the fate of Pakenham? He has no more claims to invulnerability than another man, and a Kentucky rifle would no more have missed fire, if directed against him, than against another.—its mark it never misses.

The American papers state that the watch-word and countersign of the English army was *boldy and beauty*.—For the honor of English officers, I doubt this statement. If one brave man was alive, who fell on that field, I