

of the best Greek scholars can boast. Of being able to recite twenty lines of Greek verse from a second reading.—I next read twenty lines from the first pastoral of Virgil. He had more difficulty in recollecting those. However, after several repetitions, he accomplished it. I now made a trial of English poetry, and read the same number of lines from the first book of Pope's translation from the Iliad. Those he recollects after twice reading. The most remarkable circumstance was, that he recited all these lines of Greek, Latin, and English, the next day, without any practice in the meantime.—The talent he possessed of communicating his ideas, as well as for receiving others, was also extraordinary.—Although he was as much a stranger to the English language, as the language of the Sacs was foreign to me, yet after the first day, we experienced no difficulty in changing with each other our sentiments upon all subjects. He remained in Frankfort seven or eight days, during which time I made it my business to enjoy exclusively his company. The Kentucky legislature was then in session; and there were several interesting arguments between Mr. Clay and Mr. Grundy upon the policy of bank establishments; but I could neither listen to the eloquence of the one, nor the logical reasoning of the other. The conversation and remarks of this Indian youth, whom the God of nature seemed to have inspired, not only afforded me more pleasure but more instruction. Were I to name any period of my life, in which I have enjoyed true felicity, I should have no hesitation in fixing upon those few days which I spent in company with this Indian. I had seldom met with an artist who had a more refined taste, or a more accurate eye in sketching the beauties of nature, than he had. Although it was the month of December yet the weather was uncommonly dry and mild; and we amused ourselves some hours each day in delineating the picturesque scenery with which Frankfort is surrounded. The observations and remarks which he made in our walks, were such as might have been expected from one conversant with the works of Pousin, Salvator Rosa, or Claude de Lorraine. The interest which I felt for this extraordinary youth, induced me to make an application to Mr. Jefferson, expressive of my desire that he should be retained in the United States and educated at some respectable seminary. The president was pleased to favor me with an answer upon the subject, concurring with me in the same wish, but stating that from the unfortunate circumstance of several of the Sacs having died on their visit to Washington, it was thought proper that he and his surviving companions should be restored to their native country. They returned by a different route from Kentucky, so that I never had an opportunity of seeing him again."

VALUE OF REPUTATION.

The following eloquent effusion on the value of reputation is extracted from the speech of Charles Phillips, Esq. at the court house of Galway, Ireland, on the first of April last, in a case of libel on the Rev. C. O'Mullen, a catholic clergyman:—
"What damages, then, can you give? I am content to leave the defendant's crimes altogether out of the question, but how can you recompense the sufferings of my client? Who shall estimate the cost of priceless reputation—that impress which gives this human dress its currency, without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it when injured? Who can redeem it when lost? Oh! well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's health as "trash" in the comparison—without it gold has no value—birth, no distinction—station, no dignity—beauty, no charm—age, no reverence. Or, should I not rather say, without it, every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, and decorations, and accomplishments of life, stand like the beacon blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is danger—that its contact is death. The wretch without it is under an eternal quarantine—no friend to greet—no home to harbor him: the voyage of his life becomes a joyless toil, and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tenses on the surge, a buoyant pestilence! But let me not degrade into the selfishness of individual safety or individual exposure, this universal principle: it testifies an higher, a more ennobling origin: it is this, which, consecrating the humble circle of the earth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon—which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country—which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man—which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate, the martyr to merit immortality—which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of Heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory! Oh divine, O delightful legacy, our spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves—pious the example it testifies—pure, pre-

rious, and impetishable, the hope that it inspires. Can you conceive a more atrocious injury, than to filch from its possessors this inestimable benefit—to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace: not only to outlaw life, but to attain death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame! I can conceive very few crimes beyond it.—He who plunders my property, takes from me that which can be repaired by time. But what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person, affects that which medicines may remedy. But what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander?—He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity purify; but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame! what power shall blanch the sullied snow of character! Can there be an injury more deadly! Can there be a crime more cruel? It is without remedy—it is without antidote—it is without evasion. The reptile calumny is ever on the watch—from the fascination of its eye no activity can escape—from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover: it has no enjoyment but crime—it has no prey but virtue. It has no interval from the restlessness of its malice; save, when bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrines where envy idolizes her own infirmities. Under such a visitation, how dreadful would be the destiny of the virtuous and the good, if the providence of our constitution had not given you power, as I trust you will have the principle, to bruise the head of the serpent, and crush, and crumble the altar of its idolatry!"

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK.

PARIS, SEPT. 13.

Loss of the French frigate Medusa
—On the 2d of July the French frigate Medusa was wrecked near Cape Blanc, on the Coast of Africa, 12 or 15 leagues from the land. Many of the officers and seamen embarked in the boats, and the residue, 147, were placed on a raft, the officers in the boat promising to tow it to the shore. On the 5th of July they left the wreck. On the raft there were five barrels of wine, two of water, and thirty wt. of biscuit. Some of those persons on the raft were up to their middle in water. They expected to gain the land in less than eight days. But immediately after leaving the ship, the tow-cable was cut, and the boats abandoned the raft. The night following twenty persons were lost from the raft, or were pressed to death between its divisions. The second night several persons were washed off from the extremities of the raft, & the survivors crowded to the centre overthrowing one another. At length the soldiers got at the wine, and intoxicated themselves. In this state they manifested a disposition to destroy their officers, began cutting the ropes which bound it. One of them, who began to cut with a hatchet, was killed by an officer. The volunteers drew their sabres, and those who had none armed themselves with knives. One of them raised his sword against an officer, and was immediately put to death. The seditious then withdrew to one end of the raft. One feigning to be reposing, had already cut one of the ropes. The officers rushed upon him. A soldier assumed his defence. They were both thrown into the sea. The combat became general. The mast broke, and in falling wounded capt. Dupont, so that he remained insensible. He was seized by the soldiers, and thrown overboard, but recovered again. But a mutineer afterwards endeavored to cut out his eyes with a pen-knife. After a desperate struggle, this mutiny appeared suppressed, but it broke out again in an hour, and very soon the raft was strewed with their bodies. There were not more than 12 or 15 chiefs and passengers to resist all their fury.
At last day light came, to shew a scene of horror. A great number of the seditious had thrown themselves overboard, 60 or 65 men had perished during the night—a fourth part of whom had drowned themselves in despair. On our side we had lost but two. The rebels had thrown two barrels of wine into the sea, and all our water. There now remained only one cask of wine, and there were yet 67 men. We were obliged to resort to extreme means to maintain existence. Those whom death had spared in the disastrous night, threw themselves greedily on the bodies which covered the raft, & cut pieces from them, which some devoured immediately. The fourth morning, after having the wreck, shewed 10 or 12 more persons dead on the raft. These were committed to the deep and only one was reserved for food. Towards evening the survivors caught upwards of 300 flying fish. A fire was made, the fish and some human flesh were cooked. A new mutiny was attempted this night; but the leader, a Spaniard was thrown into the sea, and order restored.
On the morning of the 6th day, it was found that only 30 persons remained; those who survived were in a deplorable state. Their feet were swelled, and they were covered with wounds and bruises, which compelled them at

times to utter the most frightful cries. There only remained wine for four days, and hardly a dozen fish. Two soldiers bored the wine cask behind and drank till discovered. A law had been made that such conduct should be punished with death, and they were immediately thrown overboard.

Thus we were but 28—of these only 15 appeared likely to exist a number of days. The other 13 were covered with wounds, and had lost their reason, yet they consumed our wine and fish. A council was held, and it was agreed to throw them into the sea, which was done, and secured for the survivors six days of provisions. On the 4th day afterwards, these 15 were saved by the French brig Argus.

The Medusa was conveying to Senegal the new French governor. The boats of the ship reached the shore; the governor was on board one of them.

They had on the raft no means of giving it progress. It went as the winds and waves carried it.

THE ECCENTRIC VOYAGER.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

Some late letters from the Mediterranean have put me in possession of the enclosed information of the Princess of Wales. I send it to you, to use as you may think proper. It may amuse some of your readers.

Very respectfully, &c.

Washington, Oct. 29.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"On the arrival of the Princess of Wales at Tunis in a small Polacre (which she had chartered for the purpose of visiting the different parts of the Mediterranean) she was escorted to the British Consular-house by the Consuls of the different nations residing there, when a bow from her Royal Highness informed them she wished to be alone. A few days after she received their visits.

"Her dress was of a scarlet velvet, richly trimmed, cut lower before and behind than it would be decent to name, and descending only to the knees, with sleeves about two inches long; her legs were covered with a pair of red Morocco Boots, which came above the knees; on her head she wore a kind of Bonnet, made of purple Velvet, and scalloped to resemble a Crown, with 5 Ostrich feathers, about 18 inches long.

"She is remarkably fat and short; braces herself up very tight with Corsettes; wears her breasts, arms, and her back very much exposed; paints to excess; wears a wig (which is curled at the sides nearly as high as the top of the bonnet) artificial Eye brows, (nature having denied her any) and false teeth.

"Her suite consisted of a German Baron about 6 feet 3 inches high, and every way proportioned, whom she had taken from the ranks of some German regiment; an Italian Count and Countess, the latter young and handsome; two English officers of ordinary appearance and manners; a band of music, and a few domestics.

"She appears very ignorant and coarse in her manners, and indelicate in her conversation. She made many inquiries respecting America, and, among others, if it was not very hot in Canada? And was very much surprised to learn that it was also sometimes cold. She walks, bows, twirls her stick, and gesticulates like a man; and after visiting the Harén, spoke of the customs there without reserve. As regards her husband, she said that he had in some respects a stronger claim to the title of Grand Seigneur, than any other man in the world.

"She visited the ruins of Carthage, and although the Bey offered her his carriage, she preferred riding on a jack-ass, with one slave leading, another driving him along. The Italian countess rode a straddle, on horseback, having short petticoats and loose pantaloons. The other attendants were some on horses, some on mules, and some on asses, followed by an immense rabble of Turks and Moors, who were attracted by curiosity to see this strange procession.

"Her Royal highness talks of visiting the United States; as she has a great desire to become acquainted with the Americans, having never seen but one 'real one' in her life."

New-York, Oct. 30.

Specie.—The precious metals are almost perpetually reaching one port or other in the U. S. At Philadelphia, the British schr. Dpe, from Nassau, N. P. and at Norfolk the brig Rose in Bloom, from Gibraltar, have arrived with Specie.

The ship Independence, from Greenock, brought a quantity of specie.—One of the passengers has \$30,000.

Among the passengers in the British ship Lady M'Worth, arrived at Norfolk from London, is Madame Maria Louisa Josephine Vauthier, a relation of the celebrated Madame Lavalette.—Madame Vauthier, we understand, will proceed immediately to New-York, at which place she expects to meet Madame Lavalette, who was to sail from France for New-York about the last of August.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA:

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in Baltimore, dated

CORRACOA, Sept. 18.

"A considerable force of the patriots have marched upon a town called Barcelona; about 70 miles from this place, taken, plundered and abandoned it, after defeating and slaughtering a large detachment of the royalists, sent to oppose them. The whole of the inhabitants who could get off have come up in 3 vessels, in a most wretched condition. This event has thrown Laguna and this city into considerable alarm."

By the Eugene, from Buenos Ayres, and the Joseph from Laguna, we have been favored with letters and papers of a later date than any heretofore received, important extracts follow.

Balt. Pat.

Extract of a letter from the American Consul, dated Buenos Ayres, Sept. 4.

"The threatened expedition of the Portuguese does not appear; and even if it should, this government does not much apprehend that any hostility will be used against this part of the country, being determined, unless attacked, to stand neutral during the contest.—Property I consider as safe here as in the U. States, thus far."

Extract from another letter, dated Buenos Ayres, Aug. 19.

"I have omitted to say any thing about the Portuguese expedition; indeed we have generally forgotten it; it put into St. Catharine's, whether intentionally or by stress of weather, is not known. Many think that its destination was for St. Catharine's, there to maintain the troops at a cheaper rate and in a better climate than Rio Janeiro; but it appears to me the Portuguese government, if such had been its intention, would have advised this government. The government of Buenos Ayres, since its declaration of independence, has written, I am told, to demand of the Portuguese government the object and the destination of the expedition."

Extract of a letter, dated La Guayra, September 18.

"Since the date of my last respects by this opportunity, the patriots have taken possession of Barcelona, after routing, with great slaughter, a detachment of royalists, sent to oppose them. They amounted to about 1500 men from the Oronoco, and it is said are commanded by the same McGregor, whom the government officially stated to have been killed, with the whole of his force, in the battle of the 2d of August, at Quacharita, a place not 30 leagues from Caracas, upon which they marched after landing on the coast, but who, on the contrary, escaped into the interior with nearly the whole of his men. Within the last three days eight vessels have arrived from Barcelona, with as many of the inhabitants as the shortness of the notice enabled them to get off.

"It is stated, however, this morning, by an arrival from that quarter, that a force from Cumana had marched upon Barcelona, and that the insurgents, after plundering the town, had abandoned it with great precipitation. The markets are still the same."

LATEST FROM CADIZ.

Capt. Hillard, of the ship William, who arrived at Boston on Monday, in 45 days from Cadiz, states, that the two Portuguese Princesses who had been betrothed to the king of Spain and his brother Charles, arrived at Cadiz in 64 from Rio Janeiro, on the 4th of September; and landed on the 5th, after being married on board, by proxy, by Count Miranda. They came to Cadiz in the Portuguese line of battle ship St. Sebastian, bearing a Vice-Admiral's flag, accompanied by the Spanish frigate Soledad, and a gun brig.

Capt. Hillard was informed at Cadiz, that Charles H. Hall, Esq. had been appointed Consul from Turkey to New-York and New-England. This appointment is supposed to have been made, in consequence of the difficulties lately experienced by the commander of the Greek ship Jerusalem.

Gen Miranda died lately in prison at Cadiz.

BACKING OUT.

The famous halter man, Cyrus King, although one of the greatest supporters of the compensation bill in Congress, has published a letter to his constituents in Maine, wherein he says, he is now opposed to the bill, and will vote for its repeal. The opposing candidate is the eloquent John Holmes, who will probably be elected.

At the superior court of the state of New-Hampshire, holden at Keene, last week, a case was tried in which Pedda Day, sued John L. Dexter, a quack doctor, for damages, for mal practice in his possession. In attempting to cure a sore on the plaintiff's ankle, which the defendant pretended was a cancer, he destroyed the flesh and muscles, to the bone, cut off the tendons and cords, and entirely destroyed the use of the ankle and foot. It was stated by respectable surgeons, called as witnesses, that the treatment was grossly improper. The defendant pretended to have acquired his skill from the Indians. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, \$400 damages.

Exmouth's Official Account

The London Gazette Extraordinary, Sunday, Sept. 15.

Admiralty Office, Sept. 15.

Capt. Brisbane, of his Majesty's Queen Charlotte, arrived at this office last night with the following despatches from Admiral Lord Exmouth, G. B. addressed to John Wilson Croker, Esq. —

Queen Charlotte, Algiers, Bay, Aug. 28.
SIR—In all the vicissitudes of a life of public service, no circumstance has ever produced on my mind so many impressions of gratitude and joy as that event of yesterday. To have been of the humble instruments, in the hands of Divine Providence, for bringing to reason a ferocious government and destroying forever the insufferable and horrid system of Christian slaves can never cease to be a source of light and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it. I may, I hope, be permitted, under such impressions, to offer my sincere congratulations to their Lordships on the complete success which attended the gallant efforts of his Majesty's fleet, in their attack upon Algiers yesterday; and the happy result produced from it, on this day by the signature of peace.

Thus has a provoked war of many days existence been attended by complete victory, and closed by a renewed peace for England and her Allies the King of the Netherlands, on conditions dictated by the firmness and wisdom of his Majesty's government and commanded by the vigor of the measures.

My thanks are justly due for the honor and confidence his Majesty's Ministers have been pleased to repose in my zeal, on this highly important occasion. The means were by them made adequate to my own wishes, and the rapidity of their measures speak for themselves. Not more than one hundred days since I left Algiers with the British fleet, unsuspecting and ignorant of the atrocities which had been committed at Bona; that fleet its arrival in England, was necessarily disbanded, and another, with proportionate resources, created and equipped; and, although impeded in its progress by calms and adverse winds, has poured the vengeance of an insubordinate nation, in chastising the cruellest a ferocious government, with a promptitude beyond example, and highly honorable to the national character; eager to resent oppression or cruelty whenever practised upon those under their protection.

Would to God that in the attainment of this object I had not deeply lamented the severe loss of so many gallant officers and men; they have professedly been in a contest which has been peculiarly marked by proofs of such devoted heroism as would rouse every noble feeling, did I dare indulge in relating them.

Their Lordships will already have been informed, by his Majesty's slow Jasper, of my proceedings up to the 14th inst. on which day I broke ground from Gibraltar, departed in the highest spirits, and with the most favorable prospect of reaching the port of destination in three days; but an adverse wind destroyed the expectation of an early arrival, which was most anxiously looked for by myself, in consequence of hearing, the day I sailed from Gibraltar, that a large army had been assembled, and that very considerable additional works were throwing up; not only on both flanks of the city but also immediately about the entrance of the Mole; from this I was apprehensive that my intention of making that point my principal object of attack had been discovered to the Dey by the same means he had heard of the expedition. This intelligence was confirmed by the Prometheus, which was dispatched to Algiers some time before, to endeavor to get away the Consul. Capt. Dashwood had with difficulty succeeded in bringing away, disguised in midshipman's uniform, his wife and daughter, leaving a boat with their infant child, committed down in a basket with the surgeon, who thought he had composed it, but it happily cried in the gate-way, and consequence the surgeon, three midshipmen, in all 13 persons, were seized and confined as slaves in the dungeons. The child was sent the next morning by the Dey, and a solitary instance of his humanity ought to be recorded by me.

Capt. Dashwood further confirms that about 40,000 men had been brought down from the interior, and all Janissaries called in from distant prisons, and that they were indefatigably employed in their batteries, guns, boats, &c. and every where strengthening the sea defences.

The Dey informed Capt. Dashwood he knew perfectly well the armament was destined for Algiers, and asked him if it was true; he replied, if he had such information he knew as much as he did, and probably from the same source—the public prints.

The ships were all in port, and between 40 and 50 gun and mortar ready, with several more in forward repair. The Dey had closely confined the Consul, and refused either to give him up or promise his personal safety.