

FARMERS BANK OF MARYLAND.

October 9, 1806.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders of The Farmers Bank of Maryland, that the ninth payment of five dollars on each share of capital stock becomes due, and payable at said bank, on Saturday, the eighth day of November, ensuing. Stockholders neglecting to make this payment, when it becomes due, will forfeit the interest on all monies previously paid by them, nor will it recommence but from the date when said last payment shall be made good.

By order,  
JONA. PINKNEY, Cashier.

Yesterday arrived here from London, his Britannic majesty's sloop of war Avon, M. A. de Starck Elq; commander, having on board Mr. Erikine, the British minister, and his lady.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Annapolis, Tuesday October 21, 1806.

The Jockey Club Purse of three hundred dollars, 4 mile heats.  
Dr. Edelen's ch. m. Floretta, by Spread Eagle 1 1  
Mr. Bond's b. h. Sir Solomon, by Messenger 2 2  
Col. Stuart's ch. h. Rapid, by Cormorant 3 3  
Wednesday—the Colt's Purse, 2 mile heats.  
Major Beans's b. f. Maria, by Punch 1 1  
Mr. Bond's b. c. Lurcher, by Royalist 2 2  
Thursday—the Town Purse, 3 mile heats.  
Mr. Ferguson's f. f. Fair Maid, by Musti 1 2  
Major Beans's f. c. Pantaloon, by Spot 2 1 bolted when winning  
Mr. Swaine's b. c. Romulus 3 bolted dis  
Col. Stuart's f. f. Florella, by Punch

City of Washington, Tuesday, October 23, 1806.

The Jockey Club Purse of seven hundred and fifty dollars, 4 mile heats.  
Dr. Edelen's ch. m. Floretta, by Spread Eagle 5 1  
Mr. Taylor's b. h. Top Gallant, by Diomed 1 4  
Gen. Ridgely's b. h. Oscar, by Gabriel 2 3 2  
Mr. Bond's b. h. First Consul, by Flag of Truce 4 2 3  
Mr. Brown's b. m. Nancy, by Spread Eagle 3 dis  
1st heat 8 m. 17 sds—2d heat 7 m. 52 sds the fastest running ever known in America, the ground being over measure—the heat was the most severe ever witnessed between Floretta, First Consul, and Oscar, who all came in close together.  
Oscar, the favourite, he was betted against the field, and so to, 30 against Floretta.

By our French papers, it appears that Jerome Buonaparte had arrived at Concarneau, and entered the Bay of the Forest on the 26th August, in the Veteran. On the 15th August, he fell in with the Quebec fleet, consisting of 16 sail, convoyed by two frigates, took 9 of them valued at 5 millions, burnt them, and put the hands on board of American vessels. During a cruise of nine months, the fleet destroyed upwards of 200 English merchantmen.

[Phil. pap.]

A Paris paper mentions, that on the 14th of August, an English fleet, under the command of lord St. Vincent, had entered the harbour of Lisbon, and that the Spanish Ambassador and the French Charge des Affaires had demanded of the cabinet of Lisbon an explanation of this unexpected event, and it was expected they would leave the city, if they did not receive a satisfactory answer. [ibid.]

From the Massachusetts Spy.

Mr. THOMAS,  
I send you the following extract for republication.—It originally appeared in a South-Carolina paper of September, 1798, as an extract of a letter from gen. Buonaparte at Toulon, to an American at Bourdeaux, and was supposed to be authentic. The former sentiments of that extraordinary man will amuse the speculative, and his remarks on the American Republic cannot but be peculiarly interesting. The reader will form his own opinion how far his anticipation of the fate of our Colossus is realized; and how true of the consequences of its fall:

THE EXTRACT:

"You soon depart for the western, and I for the eastern hemisphere. A new career of action is opened before me, and I hope to unite my name with new and great events, and with the unrivalled greatness of the republic; you go to unite yourself, once more, with a people among whom I behold, at once, the simple ages of Rome, and the luxury of her decline; where I see the taste, the sensibility and the science of Athens, with her factions, and the valour of Sparta, without her discipline.

"As a citizen of the world I would address your country in the following language: Every man and nation is ambitious; ambition grows with power as the blaze of the vertical sun is all spirit—strengthen your political institution—remember that armies and navies are of the same use in the world, as the police in London or Paris, and soldiers are not made like a potter's vessel in a minute.

"Cultivate union, or your empire will be but a Colossus of gold fallen on the earth, broken in pieces, and the prey of foreign and domestic Saracens. If you are wise, your republic will be permanent; and perhaps Washington will be hailed as the founder of the glorious and happy empire, when the name of Buonaparte shall be obscured by succeeding revolutions."

Extract of a letter from a clergyman at Mill Creek, Pennsylvania, to a gentleman in Brunswick, (N. J.) dated September 18.

You will probably be anxious to hear some accounts from our mission Sandusky—I can assure you that the prospects are more and more flattering. We have intelligence from the Rev. Joseph Badger, who is at present a missionary among them, that he arrived there in time to prevent a horrid massacre of the Squaws, whom a pretended prophet had pointed out as witches. They were to have been burnt on the night after Mr. Badger arrived.—But he hastened to the spot, spoke to the chiefs and pointed out the evil of such conduct.—This had the desired effect, for he was made an instrument in the hand of Providence not only to prevent the bloody scene, but to convince the chiefs that these prophets were impostors. He was received with cordiality and friendship. The chiefs went with him to shew him where he might build, commanded their people to attend to his ministry, and forbid them to hear the prophet any more. Mr. Badger took with him farming utensils, a yoke of oxen, an horse and a cow, and materials for keeping house. He was accompanied by a young married couple, besides another young man to labour, and a schoolmaster, all reputed pious. They have planted 20 acres of Indian corn for the Indians and 5 acres for themselves. Mr. Badger writes that he expects a large school of children in a short time—and that a considerable number of families expect to move in from upper Sandusky, from Honey creek, and other places, next Spring, for convenience to attend the Gospel, so that he expects in time a large congregation of Indians will be formed.—That the Indians are very attentive to his preaching, and a few appear serious.—In short, he appears in great spirits, and declares that the prospects are flattering equal to, or even beyond his most sanguine expectations. The missionary spirit is great in this country and the people liberal in their donations for its purpose, some giving even beyond their ability.

BASSETTERE, (St. Kitts) August 29.

Unparalleled Murder, aggravated by Suicide!

We have to record one of the most horrid scenes that ever appeared in the annals of this or any former country—a scene too dreadful for imagination to conceive—too unnatural for posterity to credit!—In which the weakness of Human reasoning is totally absorbed in the dreadful result of the most mature deliberation; the public mind is still in such a state of agitation from the enormity of the transaction that we know not when it will regain its wanted tranquillity. Mr. Francis Constable! a man naturally of a gloomy habit, but whose probity and placid manners for several years past, had gained him the respect and esteem of the inhabitants of this island, in which he has long resided, has defaced all his good qualities, and will make HORROR accompany the mention and recollection of his name by this last and most dreadful act of his life—THE DELIBERATE AND CRUEL MURDER OF HIS FOUR INFANT CHILDREN; adding thereto the still more hideous act of suicide, by putting a period to his own miserable existence by a large dose of laudanum. But, to descend to particulars, as far as they have reached us; Mr. C. quitted his store on Wednesday afternoon, and went home in as apparent composure, as he had ever been. He, however, in the course of the evening, evinced some degree of restlessness, and impatiently desired the mother of his three coloured children to put them all to bed (including a fine boy of about 14 years of age, his only son by his late wife:) soon after this was complied with, the woman herself retired, and he remained in the hall preparing for the execution of his diabolical purpose, which was too fatally accomplished in the following manner, after one of his intended victims had escaped.—When the stillness of night made him believe his woman and children were fast asleep, he silently crept into the chamber, and began the work of Death, by an attempt to strangle the unsuspecting mother, hoping, by giving her at the same instant, a violent blow on the temple with a boot-jack, to render her incapable of resistance. Fortunately the blow had not the desired effect, but alarmed her so much, that she struggled from the grasp he had on her throat, and escaped through the window to call in the neighbours. Another woman (her relation) in the house, awaked by the noise, and equally alarmed at what she saw, made her escape the same way, when Mr. C. deliberately shutting himself closely in, began the horrid tragedy. Having previously prepared cords; he put one round the neck of each sleeping infant, and it must be presumed, that, finding he could not effectually strangle them, he must have held them up, suspended in one hand, while, with the other, (horrid to relate!) he gave them repeated stabs about the body, with a pistol having a spring bayonet. The youngest (a fine girl not three months old) having one slight mark of the weapon on its left pap, no doubt the tightness of the cord had soon finished his purpose with her. His son, and the two other girls, had seven or eight stabs, many of which were mortal, and, it is also supposed, from his left hand being much bruised and covered with blood, that he did not effectuate his purpose with the bigger children without considerable difficulty—in fact, one was said to have been overheard remonstrating and endeavouring to avert the purpose of this cruel father! After the woman had got out, the cry of "MURDER" resounded through the neighbourhood, and along the whole street; but did not meet for sometime with due attention, for, who could credit the tale, that a father (particularly so affectionate as one as Mr. C. had ever been) was inhumanly

butchering his own children? Nature forbade it.—By dint of perseverance, however, a few at length gave ear to it, and Mr. Adlam, sen. Mr. Moore, Mr. Bamberg, Mr. Poplewell, Mr. Brownhill, (Mr. C's clerk,) and others, came to the house. The former gentleman called to Mr. C. requested he would open the door, as he had some business to transact with him.—The wretched man replied with calm composure, and as if in the act of hushing one of the children to sleep, that that was no time for business, and that if he had any business to settle with him to call in the morning, at the same time disclaiming all occasion to use Mr. Adlam's reiterated offers of service, if he could render any.

The door being at length forced, he was seen lying on the floor, huddled up; from which position, however, he immediately arose, seemingly alarmed, and approached those who had entered, ordering them repeatedly to quit the house.—Seeing him stagger, Mr. Adlam and Mrs. Brownhill seized each an arm, and one saying Good God Constable what have you done? (not knowing, at the time, of the horrid transaction in the adjoining room;) he coolly replied, Well, can you help it? and then endeavoured to draw them near a table, on which (when the candle was raised) the fatal instrument of death was seen, and immediately secured. He was then led to the sofa, where being laid, he almost instantaneously fell asleep.—TO WAKE NO MORE!—On carrying the candle into the chamber, what a scene presented itself! Four hapless infants weltering in their blood! three of them already dead, and the eldest girl who just lived long enough to be removed into the next room, lay she was dying, and ask for some water, when she joined her murdered brothers and sisters! Assistance was procured for the wretched father, but happily assistance was in vain—he lived in convulsive agony till half past 8 yesterday morning, when he expired a horrid spectacle to behold, as some of the bystanders who were present at the awful moment of his entering a dreadful eternity, declare that he had more the ghastly appearance of a Demon, than a fellow-man! A coroner's inquest was held on the bodies of the unfortunate infants, and the verdict returned was of course murdered by the hands of Mr. Francis Constable. When the inquest was held on the body of this wretched man, the dreadful verdict of self murder was returned. Two papers were produced in evidence, one purporting to be a letter dated the 21st of August, addressed to Thomas Pemberton and Richard Priddle, Esquires, wherein he names them trustees of a deed executed on the 16th of August.—The other apparently intended as a justification of his conduct in this last act, and is as follows:

"POOR, wretched creature! what hast thou bro't thyself and that poor unfortunate boy\* to!

"When I reflect on the happy situation I once was in, and look now to what I am reduced to, life becomes a burthen;—not the most distant hope or prospect of ever getting forward. As I must fall, I had better give up while I can pay every one honestly their own, and not by delay injure those that might repose confidence in me.

"My poor unfortunate boy! my heart bleeds to see the misery I have brought you to! this drives me to melancholy, despair and madness. Let us leave the world, my poor fellow! before you know the state you are reduced to.

"My poor dear child, I don't regret the little settlement that is made on you: I wish it had been more. Had it remained in the hands of your father, it would have been waited away, and you would be unprovided for. Your unhappy father feels for the pain it must give you to hear of his horrid and tragical end, and that of your poor brother. Forgive me, my dear child, though your sufferings will be great; I have not fortitude to bear up any longer!

"You, other poor! unfortunates! I have been the means of your coming into the world: I have not the means to leave you support—the poor woman, your mother, has neither abilities or industry to provide for you. Shall I leave you to perish on the face of the earth! No! it cannot be!

"Pity the poor wretch who was drove to this by melancholy and despair! He was not actuated by malice, anger, hatred or revenge, but pity to the poor unfortunates who would have been left to want and misery!

"I forgive every one, and beg forgiveness of any that I may have unknowingly injured.

"Put the poor unfortunates into the grave with decency, as soon as it can be lawfully done, that the horrid scene may be closed from the world.

(Signed) "FRANCIS CONSTABLE."

\* His son by his late wife;  
† His daughter in England.  
‡ His three Coloured Children;

What a pernicious system has this poor weak mortal unfortunately formed for himself! What a dire contrast to the seeming meekness of the last few years of his life! If he had any (the most distant) sense of religion, what must have been his idea, at the moment he wrote (what he considered) his justification! Hapless Man!—or at the moment when he gave the first stab to his unfortunate child? His murdered infants were carried together, in one hearse, to their graves, calling forth the sympathetic tears for their premature fate as it passed; while the remains of their unpitied parent were interred on a part of the land in New-Town.

From a North-Carolina paper.

Shell-Castle, September 29.

About 12 o'clock last evening, a gale at E. N. E. commenced and increased in its violence until about