

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23.

EARTHQUAKE.

A slight shock of an Earthquake was felt in this City this morning between nine and ten o'clock.

The following message was transmitted by the President to both Houses of Congress, on the 16th inst.

To the Senate and H. of Representatives of the U. States.

I communicate to congress a letter from the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Great-Britain to the secretary of state, with the answer of the latter.

The continued evidence afforded in this correspondence, of the hostile policy of the British government against our national rights, strengthens the considerations recommending and urging the preparation of adequate means for maintaining them. JAMES MADISON.

MR. FOSTER TO MR. MONROE. Washington, Dec. 17, 1811.

SIR,

I did not mean to have written to you at this moment on the subject of our late correspondence, but that I have had the mortification to perceive, statements circulated from highly respectable sources, which give a view of the pretensions of G. Britain relative to the U. States, not warranted by any of the letters which I had the honour to address to you, and which at a time when discussions are continuing so important to the two countries, might, if left unrectified, produce an effect highly to be lamented by both the American and British governments, inasmuch as by creating unnecessary irritation, they might throw obstacles in the way of a restoration of a friendly understanding between them.

I find it asserted in the statement referred to, that I have, in the name of my government, demanded that the U. States should pass a law for the introduction of British goods into the American ports, and also that the United States should undertake to force France to receive into her harbours British manufactures.

I beg permission, sir, to declare that neither of these demands have been made by me, and that my meaning must not have been understood, if such was conceived to have been its import. I could not have demanded the passage of such a law as above stated, because my government does not pretend to interfere with the internal government of a friendly power, nor did I mean to demand that America should force France to receive our manufactures.

All I meant to say, was that the admission of French commerce, while that of England has been excluded from the U. S. ports, was regarded by G. Britain as highly unfriendly in America, and that a continuation of such policy would be retaliated upon by G. Britain with similar restrictions on her part, which was so far merely an offering of like for like. But while the American non-importation act excludes British trade from the U. States ports, it must be recollected that it goes still further and excludes also British armed ships from American ports, while it admits those of the enemies of G. Britain. "A neutral nation is responsible for the equality of its rules of conduct towards the belligerent powers, (to use the words of an American secretary of state in the year 1796), and therefore the part of the law which establishes an inequality is justly an object of more serious complaint on the part of G. Britain. You are aware, sir, of the advantage which his majesty's enemies have derived from this state of inequality, which enables them, though possessing no port in this hemisphere, continually to prey on the trade of his majesty's subjects, secure of a refuge for their cruisers and their prizes.

The prohibition of entry to his majesty's ships under these circumstances, might perhaps justify G. Britain in asserting, that whatever reason she may have for repealing or modifying her orders in council, so as to lessen or entirely remove the pressure now unavoidably laid on the trade of America as a neutral nation, she might yet refuse to enter into any discussion on that subject with the U. S. until either by the revocation of the prohibition above stated, or the placing all the belligerents under the same prohibition, America should cease to violate the duties of a neutral nation.

With respect however to the supposed demand that America should force the entry of British manufactures into France it is most particularly necessary that I should explain myself, as a total misconception appears to have taken place upon this point. The question of retaliation on the French decrees is directly one between England and France. In consequence of the extraordinary blockade of England,

we have in our defence been obliged to blockade France, and prohibit all trade in French articles in return for the prohibition by France of all trade in English articles. This measure of retaliation, it is wished, should operate on France alone, but from the trade carried on with France by America, it unavoidably operates also on her; it is a measure to destroy the French trade in return for the similar measure of France on which it is retaliatory, and its acting on neutrals is an incidental effect on it, consequent upon the submission of neutrals to the original measures of the enemy against G. Britain. It is indeed, melancholy, that the unnatural situation of Europe should produce such a result, but I cannot see how this can be considered as war on American commerce, when all other American trade but that which is carried on with our enemy's ports in defiance of a blockade authorised by the laws of retaliation is unaffected by it. We complain that America does not resist the regulations of the Berlin and Milan decrees, and object to permitting the French to trade with her during their continuance against the commerce of England; but this is not exacting, as has been represented, that America should force British manufactures into France; it is pursuing only a just course of retaliation on our enemy. If America wishes to trade with France, if French commerce is of importance to her—we expect she should exact of France to trade with her as she has a right to demand in her quality of neutral; but if she does not choose to exercise this right, all we ask is, that she should abstain from lending her assistance to the trade of France, and not allow her commerce to be a medium of undermining the resources of G. Britain.

I have thought it necessary thus to endeavour to set these two points in their true light; the repeal of the law was asked, as being an unfriendly measure, partial in its operation against G. Britain, and a prospect of retaliation was held out on its commercial operation if continued. This is no demand on the U. S. to admit British manufactures; they are at liberty to continue that law, only as it is of an unfriendly nature, some restriction of a similar kind was to be expected from England; and with respect to the alleged demand for forcing British goods, the property of neutrals, into French ports, if the U. S. are willing to acquiesce in the regulations of the French decrees unlawfully affecting England through them, they cannot surely be surprised if we consider ourselves at liberty to refuse permission to the French to profit by that acquiescence.

I will now, sir, take the opportunity of stating to you, that I have received from his majesty's secretary of state, the correspondence of which you did me the honour to transmit to me a copy in your letter dated Oct. 17. My government have not been able to see in it satisfactory proof of the repeal of the French decrees, and doubt whether the trade carried on by licences, between France and America, will not be regarded, even here, as a proof of the continuation of them in their fullest extent, for if they were to any extent repealed, to that extent at least no licence should be necessary; a licence being given to allow, what, but for that licence would be prohibited.

The continued absence hitherto of any instrument by which the repeal has been effected, is a matter also of surprise, for if there were any fair dealing in the transaction, no reason can be given by France for not producing it; it is very desirable that it should be produced, if such an instrument be in existence, in order that we may know to what extent the decrees have been repealed, if they really have been so in any respect. Mr. Russell, however, does not appear to have been in possession of it at the date of his letter of last July. It is indeed become particularly interesting, that we should see this instrument since the publication of Mr. Russell's correspondence with his own government, by which it appears, that really, and in fact, the French government did not release any American ships taken after November 1, until they had become acquainted with the president's proclamation, and that vessels have been taken so late as Dec. 21, in the direct voyage from this country to London; for until a copy of such instrument is produced, it is impossible to know whether any other trade is allowed by France than that between her own dominions and the ports of the U. States.

I have the honour to be, with the highest consideration, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

AUG. J. FOSTER.

To the Hon. James Monroe, &c. &c. (Mr. Monroe's Reply in our next.)

Fears are entertained that the Nautilus, of 18 guns, Licut. Sinclair, and Crew, are lost at sea. (Bost. Cent.)

Chillicothe, (Ohio) Jan. 1.

The Shawnee Prophet a Prisoner.

A gentleman of intelligence and respectability from Cincinnati, who passed thro' New-Market, (Highland county) on Friday evening last, informs us that he saw a gentleman direct from the Indiana territory, who informed him that he had conversed with some members of the legislature of that territory, who communicated the important facts—that the Prophet was surrendered a prisoner to Gov. Harrison by some Indian chiefs, that Tecumseh, his brother, was to be surrendered also in like manner—and that the Indian Chiefs stated, that in the late engagement on the Wabash, the Indians lost 214 killed, besides a number wounded.

[From the Petersburg Intelligencer.]

Extract of a letter from a sufferer in the late dreadful calamity at Richmond.

"There are events calculated to unchange every power of the intellect, to lacerate and agonize the heart. Beneath their pressure, man is tempted to ask, 'Is existence a blessing or a curse? Such my friend, is the horrid catastrophe which has for ever destroyed my peace, my happiness on this side the grave. Only a few days since I loved life—Yes, I loved life, for I had besides two daughters an affectionate wife and a promising boy—Alas! I now weep over the ashes, literally over the ashes of my affectionate wife, and of my promising boy! A devouring element has consumed two beings dearest to my heart. The exertions of my brother-in-law to save his beloved charge have proved fruitless. Yet, an imperious, a sacred duty calls upon me to live—My two daughters remain, the only scarcely able to feel because she does not fully comprehend her misfortune, the other calling with heart-rending cries for the nourishment which a mother's breast lately supplied. Feeble and tender branches of a blasted tree, the trunk must continue to support you—from it alone you can derive nourishment and vigour!—Be it so then—Let me live.—But thou merciful God, who art compassionate to the newly shorn lamb, fulfill me, a wretched, desponding mourner, beneath this heaviest load of accumulated affliction and woe!

Weak and agonized as I now feel, my dear friend I cannot refuse you the details which you demand. What do not I owe to you! No sooner did you hear of my distress, than you came to pour oil into my wounds, and to tear me from the dismal scene—in short to save me from my feelings—Read them and pity me, but ask me not to cease to grieve! Neither religion nor philosophy teaches us a dry barbarous stoicism—We must forget, but not forget too soon—not forget all! Far from from it. Pious sorrow, like the solitary lamp that burns over the tombs, must long be fed, long exercise its salutary, chastening influence.

You already know what motive attracted me to the theatre on that disastrous night. In the midst of my anguish, it is some relief to reflect on the purity and disinterestedness of my intentions. To enlist amusement in the service of morality, was my sole object. The approbation of the refined and virtuous was the only reward to which I aspired—no other advantage but admittance for myself and family was ever thought or spoken of—The state of my health was wretched—for upwards of four months, I have laboured under a complaint, whose attacks are often acute and sudden. I therefore, could not sit in a box with my wife and boy, and placed them under the protection of my brother in law, and other relatives. I myself was in the lobby, the greatest part of the time. After the first piece, I walked home with a friend, and upon our return to the theatre, I found my dear boy asleep in his mother's arms—I proposed and urged my carrying him home. Alas! his poor mother from a fond wish to gratify a beloved son, observed that he would presently awake and be delighted with the remainder of the exhibition. Fatal indulgence! Deceitful security! I then walked about in the lobby, where I met Mr. D., that generous warm hearted acquaintance of your brother in law. The pantomime tired us both, and a proposal to go and relieve our ennui by my fire-side was immediately agreed to. My wife and boy I left with my brother-in-law & other relatives. Not the most distant idea of danger alarmed my breast. Strange and incomprehensible destiny of man! Scarcely had Mr. D. and myself proceeded 30 poles from the theatre, when a loud but confused noise burst on our ears. I first thought it was the roar of mirth and applause. The cry of fire! fire! distinctly made itself heard. I turned back—Oh God it was not a solitary curl of ascending flame and undulating smoke as is usual in the first stage of a conflagration—No, it was a wide spreading sheet of fire, involving the whole roof of the devoted building, and threatening general destruction. 'Let us run and save my poor wife and child'—such was instantly my cry—I rushed on—my friend could not keep pace with me for lameness.—At the entrance door, lay a large but short man, to all appearance dead—Another lay near him, howling and writhing in agony.

I jumped over them, ran in, found the passage almost empty—I recollected no person there except one or two wretches who probably, like myself, had friends within and flew to their assistance—I entered the second passage, proceeded in quest of the wife and child of my bosom, when a tremendous crash was heard above—I recollected nothing very distinctly except seeing angular fragments falling either in the stair case or about the door which used to lead to the pit on the right hand—I was bewildered, distracted—Upon the fall of these fragments, volumes of thick smoke rolled on wards, and thro' the darted tongues of lurid flames, like the forked lightning through the dark summer clouds. I was then pushed back by some persons—treated with some difficulty, and in my retreat a half prostrate female clung to me—who she was I do not precisely know—they speak of Miss D. H. She grasped me, I raised, and supported, and led her out. I flew back to the door where Thomas used to stand; locked in—all! Horror of horrors! The instant passage had already become a suffocating, suffocating gulph of destruction! Remove from me these maddening images!!! Annihilate my powers of recollection, merciful Heaven! To rush into was my only resource—I did, went to the east side, perceived steps under a window, and at that window a female apparently supported by some one behind her. The smoke issued from the cracks above her head, her attitude and looks evinced deadly faintness, perhaps she was breathing her last; perhaps—Ah! why did they not comply—when having rushed up the steps, I exclaimed several times, 'Let her down by the arms along the wall, I will receive her.'—The elevation was great, but I might at least have broken her fall, the steps were slender—but what are considerations like those in such a case? I stretched my arms—roared like a maniac, 'Let her down!'—no one answered from above, no one moved—the poor lady seemed infensible; her white drapery but too well convinced me that she was not my wife—Impatient at the fatal delay, distracted with alarm, harrowed up with desperation, I rushed from the steps—went round the house, saw people still descending from the south & north-west windows—but alas! no wife, no child of mine! Perhaps they might have gone to my house; thither I ran; Oh no! nothing of them had been seen, nothing heard. Then burst on my heart, in all its horrors, the dreadful, the appalling, the irrevocable certainty of my deplorable fate. To the dismal spot I returned to make further search—what miserable objects then afflicted my view! what mournful sounds lacerated my ears!!! Ladies of my acquaintance rushed into my arms—my aunt!—my sister!—my mother! I could only answer my wife, my child!!!—and we all wept; looking on each other with consternation and despair. A woman was it a cart—I thought I recognized in her plaintive accents, the voice of Mrs. G., my poor wife's aunt. I approached—God of mercy! It was poor Miss H., in a condition which would have melted a barbarian's heart.—Her gentle soul has since taken its flight to Heaven—Unfortunate and lamented victims, you are happier than we wretched survivors. The features of horror and misery which the whole vicinity exhibited I shall not delineate. My friend, I have seen many more people sacrificed by the rage of war or popular fury, in one day or even in one hour. On one occasion, I beheld upwards of ten thousand corpses lifeless, mangled, and lacerated—but you may believe me, even then, I did not experience half the horror which tortured me on the fatal night of the conflagration. In civil or foreign broils, exasperating sentiments, such as party spirit, national animosity, &c. rouse and support the physical and moral energies—but here, nothing stimulated, nothing invigorated, and every thing pallid, unnerved both body and mind.—I repeat it, there are occurrences calculated to shake reason to its centre, to neutralize every manly faculty; in short to bend even a giant to the earth! For my own part, I am disconsolate, broken hearted—even the soothing sympathy of friends cannot soothe my wounds. My path of life shall henceforth be rugged and thorny—no longer shall the hand-of conjugal affection smooth its asperities.—And my sweet boy whose dawn promised such a bright day! Alas! the prospect related my fond heart with proud anticipations! But now all is over—I must live—live for my daughters—but where shall I find even a smile to reciprocate their innocent, infantine caresses!—do not like some, offer to me the common topics of unavailing consolation.—Can the distress of others alleviate mine?—No, no—they aggravate, dreadfully aggravate it. For my friends, my relatives, my fellow-citizens, I keenly and sincerely feel. Ah! when shall the tomb open and receive a disconsolate, tortured mourner!"

HYMENEAL.

Married, On Wednesday the 15th inst. at Friends Meeting, in Baltimore, Mr. John Haines, proprietor of the Federal Gazette, to Miss Rachel T. Ellicott, daughter of Mr. Elias Ellicott.

From the (Richmond) Enquirer.

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION.

However unwilling we may be to adopt the opinion, yet it nevertheless seems to be true, that no one misfortune seldom comes upon society. The writer of this article deems it his duty, painful as it is to peruse, to communicate to the world, a disaster which has betfallen an individual and a family; which in its character and its consequences, is well calculated to excite in the bosom of the philanthropist, the keebest feelings of sympathy and of sorrow.—On the night of the 12th current, the dwelling house of Mr. Samuel Jones of Powhatan, was discovered to be on fire by the family within, who had retired to natural rest; so that the flames made their fatal progress, before the discovery was made, that Mrs. Jones, (who had clasped their eldest child in her arms) had scarcely time to make her escape, with her darling babe, through the fire; Mr. Jones was unable to follow her; and his retreat through the door being cut off, he instantly thought of the youngest infant which was still in bed; and seizing it, he flew to the window for escape. In the distraction of his mind, he left the lovely infant in a chair adjoining the window, fearing in the first place that he might be killed by the leap which he was about to make himself, and in the next place, hoping that he might bring a ladder to the window in time to rescue the child from destruction; in this state of mind he escaped himself from the window, but alas! Before he could ascend the ladder, the flames had separated forever the parent and the child. Miss Nancy G. Bass and Mr. Edward Bass, the sister and brother of Mr. Jones, were sleeping above stairs in adjoining rooms; two maids were also in the room with Miss Bass; upon a discovery of the flames below, Mr. E. Bass rushed down stairs, and in making his escape through the flames received some injury by burning, but which, very fortunately promises no serious consequence. The two maids entreated Miss Bass to leap from the window of the 2nd story of the house, which they were about to do, but their entreaties were vainly uttered; and finding themselves in the last extreme of danger, they leaped from the window of the second story, and were saved without much injury.—The last that they saw of their young infants, she was attempting to defend the stairs, and it is presumed she succumbed before she could retreat to the room from which she had gone. The loss of Mr. Jones, however great in a pecuniary point of view, is not taken into the scale of calculation upon this occasion, solemn and affecting as it is. The loss of a sister, amiable and accomplished, about 16 years of age, just entering upon the stage and pleasures of society; and beloved by a numerous circle of friends; the loss of a sweet infant, the offspring and sacred pledge of love, to which the parents were bound by every tie of paternal affection; are considerations in which all others are lost and forgotten; yet let not the surviving friends and relatives yield too much to sad reflection; let them know that not only their relatives, but the world, feels and sympathizes with them in their misfortune; let them know that the destinies of this troublesome world, are ruled by a wise providence, and whatever may be the will of that providence, frail mortals should not complain. Mr. Jones and Miss Bass, are the nephew and niece of Wm. B. Giles, Esq.

CURIOUS NOVELTY.

A man who holds a small farm near St. Albans, and who has ever been looked upon as a most eccentric being, made his entire in the latter place on Saturday last in the following manner, viz. mounted on a small cart, which was actually drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the exclamations of hundreds, who were drawn together to witness the strange and uncommon spectacle. After making the tour to the market place three or four times, he came into Wool Park yard, had his Swinish cart regularly unharnessed, and taken into a stable together, where they were regaled with a trough full of beans and walk. They remained about two hours in the town during which time he dispatched his business as usual at the market, when they were put to and driven home again, multitudes cheering him to the very end of the place. This was has only had these animals under training six months, and it is truly surprising to what a high state of docility and tractability he has brought them. A gentleman on the spot offered him 50l. for the concern at a flood, but it was indignantly refused. (Lon. pap.)

NATCHEZ, DEC. 21.

We have been informed by a gentleman of the first respectability, that letters have been received at the cantonment Washington, from general Hampton, dated Town of Mobile, &c. stating that he had possession of all the country claimed by the U. States as far as the Perdido; and that an amicable arrangement had taken place between him and the