

Died—On Tuesday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Wyatt, late consort of the Rev. Joseph Wyatt, of this city. She was excelled by few in piety, usefulness, and real merit.

By the statement of the votes given in the several election districts of Allegany county which we publish to-day, it appears, that every district gave a federal majority except one; and in that one, the federal candidates received as many votes as were given for the federal delegates last year.

ELECTION,
Statement of the votes given in the several election districts of Allegany County.

| | Total | 1. Grades | 2. S. P. H. | 3. W. Part | 4. Tract | 5. Cambd. | 6. O. Town |
|--------------------|-------|-----------|-------------|------------|----------|-----------|------------|
| Federal. | | | | | | | |
| Wm. McMahon, | 670 | 59 | 88 | 79 | 104 | 102 | 98 |
| Wm. Hillery, | 607 | 58 | 79 | 73 | 102 | 98 | 96 |
| Jas. Prather, jr. | 622 | 47 | 84 | 75 | 98 | 96 | 96 |
| Jos. Tomlinson, | 619 | 48 | 89 | 73 | 96 | 96 | 96 |
| Sheriff. | | | | | | | |
| W. R. Dawson, | 639 | 50 | 83 | 83 | 98 | 98 | 98 |
| Democratic. | | | | | | | |
| Upton Bruce, | 529 | 72 | 70 | 70 | 70 | 70 | 70 |
| B. Tomlinson, | 451 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 | 30 |
| Sheriff. | | | | | | | |
| J. Hoblitzell, | 402 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 | 35 |
| Dorchester County. | | | | | | | |
| Federal. | | | | | | | |
| Hart, | 966 | | | | | | |
| Pitt, | 937 | | | | | | |
| Le Compte, | 944 | | | | | | |
| Griffith, | 944 | | | | | | |
| Democratic. | | | | | | | |
| Lake, | 791 | | | | | | |
| Geoghegan, | 701 | | | | | | |
| Stanford, | 780 | | | | | | |
| White, | 741 | | | | | | |

[COMMUNICATION.]
TO THE FEDERAL PARTY.

Democracy being down in this state, it becomes our duty to devise the most effectual means of keeping it prostrate. Democracy in the mire, is in its natural element; but it is in the body politic as we find it in the culinary art, the steam will often rise. As the witty Butler describes the rabble of his days

As when a fly returns to bed
He rests his tail above his head:
So in this mongrel state of ours
The rabble are the supreme powers—

so it has ever been in this state, when we were ruled by the baleful influence of democracy. Men, notoriously incapable, were elevated to the most dignified stations; while those whose talents would have reflected honour upon their constituents, were thrust aside. The due arrangement of men in the active part of the state, says one of the wisest politicians, far from being foreign to the purposes of a wise government, ought to be among its first and dearest objects. It is as much a duty to elevate one class of the community as it is to depress another. In the former rank I include all those, in this state, who cherish the principles of our great political father, and detest the men who support his slanderers. In the latter, are to be comprehended all the worshippers of the correspondent of Mazeri; all who believe with Mr. Madison, that "France wants money and must have it;" all the promoters of mobs and those who justify the picking of pockets or cutting of throats, in order to ascertain to destroy the opinions of their opponents.

He who enjoys the honours and rewards, which it is the glorious privilege of a free state to bestow, should have shown, by no brief probation, that he has not only the ability to discern, but the resolution to pursue, the true path. We have a description of well meaning folks among us who are very valiant while they snuff the vapour of a haunch of venison and pour down libations of Madeira, and who ac-

quire the character of being very exact men, out of doors, by acquiescing with their political opponents—if such creatures can be said to belong to any party—in every slander that they choose to invent or circulate against our ablest men. What motive is left to ambition, if a long life devoted to public service, with undeviating perseverance, zeal and fortitude, cannot insure to a man the confidence of his friends: of those for whom he has bared his breast to the storm, and "outwatched the moon;" of those who put him forward as the target and abandon him in the first shower of arrows.

Yet these men who are the first to hail the triumphs of their leader; then, when success has crowned his struggles, they stick to him like flies. Among the democrats, the worse a man is proved to be, the more closely his party adhere to him; but if they desire to destroy an influence in our ranks, which they dread, they have only to raise a cry of "mad dog," and all these sunshine friends will howl and run as if they had been bitten. This species of men are worse than open enemies, because they deceive us with regard to our strength and disgust the faithful servants of the cause, by the success with which they contrive to wriggle themselves into favour, when the storm has passed away, which demonstrated the difference between steadfast friends and servile sycophants. These creatures of a summer's breeze, who fled, when the hurricane ravaged the plains, should be left to languish in their cowardly security, when the conqueror surveys his spoils and prepares to reward the honours of a hard earned victory.

If we should not trust in timid and wavering friends, how much more impetuous is the obligation to withdraw our confidence from open and avowed enemies. Nothing was ever gained by conciliation with democracy. With the same eyes that the devil surveyed the peace, the plenty and the felicity which reigned in the groves of Paradise, do the democrats regard our party. They hate us because they are conscious of our superior worth; they know and feel our right to govern the empire, which was established by federal valour, federal talents, federal wealth and federal resources. When they covered in secret caves, it was Washington who achieved the independence of the nation.

When they succeeded in lulling us into a fancied security, they laugh at our credulity and convert our generosity into a powerful weapon of annoyance. The fortress harbours a spy, who publishes its weakness and saps its foundations. Let us then select the most intelligent, active and steadfast men. The contest is not over: next year will bring on a desperate struggle, to prepare for which our forces must be committed to the guardianship of those whose foresight, firmness and zeal have been tried. S. [Telegraph.]

From the Charleston Courier, Sept. 16.

The bloody Drama of Europe is concluded, and the great Tragedian, who for 20 years has made the earth his Theatre, and set the world in tears, has left the stage forever! He lifted the curtain with his sword, and filled the scenes with slaughter. His part was invented by himself, and was terribly unique. Never was there so ambitious, so restless a spirit—never so daring, so fortunate a soldier. His aim was universal dominion, and he gazed at it steadily, with the eye of the eagle, and the appetite of the vulture.

He combined within himself all the elements of terror, nerve, malice and intellect; a heart that never melted—a hand that never trembled—a mind that never wavered from its purpose. The greatness of his plans defied speculation, and the rapidity of their execution outstripped prophecy. Civilized nations were the victims of his arts—and the savage could not withstand his warfare. Scorpions crumbled in his grasp and Liberty withered in his presence.

The Almighty appeared to have entrusted to him the destinies of the Globe, and he used them to destroy. He shrouded the sun with the clouds of battle, and unveiled the night with its fires. His march reversed the course of nature—the flowers of spring perished—the fruit of a summer fell—for his track was cold and cheerless, and desolate, like the withering wintry blast.

And all the physical, moral and political changes which he produced, he was still the same! Always ambitious, always inexorable—no conquests satisfied—no compassion assuaged—no remorse deterred—no dangers alarmed him.

Like the barbarians he conquered Italy, and rolling back to its source the deluge that overwhelmed Rome, he proved himself the Attila of the South. With Hannibal he crossed the Alps in triumph—Africa beheld in him a second Scipio—And standing on the Pyramids of Egypt, he looked down on the fame of Alexander. He sought the Scythian in his cave, and the unconquered Arab fled before him. He won, and divided, and ruled nearly all of modern Europe. It became a large French Province, where foreign kings still reigned by courtesy, or mounted in chains—The Roman Pontiff was his prisoner, and he claimed dominion over the altar with the God of Hosts.

Even his name inspired universal terror, and the obscurity of his designs rendered him awfully mysterious. The navy of Great Britain watched him with the eyes of Argus, and her coast was lined with soldiers who slept on their arms.

He made war before he declared it: and peace was with him a signal for hostilities. His friends were the first whom he assailed, and his allies he selected to plunder. There was a singular opposition between his alleged motives, and his conduct. He would have enslaved the land to make the ocean free, and he only wanted power, to enslave both. If he was arrogant, his unparalleled success must excuse him. Who could endure the giddiness of such a mountain elevation? Who, that amid the slaughter of millions had escaped unhurt, would not suppose like Achilles, that a Deity had lent him armour? Who, that had risen from such obscurity, overcame such mighty obstacles, vanquished so many monarchs, won such extensive empires, and enjoyed so absolute a sway—who, in the fulness of unequalled power, and in the pride of exulting ambition, would not believe himself the favorite of Heaven?

He received the tribute of fear, and love, and admiration. The weight of the chains, which he imposed on France, was forgotten in their splendor; it was glorious to follow him, even as a conscript; the arts became servile in his praise; and genius divided with him her immortal honours. For it is mind alone, that can triumph over time. Letters only yield permanent renown.

This blood-stained soldier, adorned his throne with the trophies of art, and made Paris the seat of taste, as well as of power.—There, the old and the new world met and conversed. There, Time was seen robbed of his scythe, lingering among beauties, which he could not destroy. There, the heroes and artists of every age, mingled in splendid alliance, and joined in the march of fame. They will appeal to posterity to mitigate the sentence, which humanity will claim against the tyrant Buonaparte. Awful, indeed, will be that sentence; but when will posterity be a disinterested tribunal? When will the time arrive, that Europe shall have put off mourning for his crimes? In what distant recess of futurity, will the memory of Moscow sleep? When will Jena, Gerona, and Austerlitz—when will Jaffa, Corunna, and Waterloo, be named without tears of anguish and vows of retribution? Earth can never forget—man can never forgive them.

It is for heaven only to weigh the offences, which it has been pleased in its mercy to arrest. It would be cruel, unmanly, and base, to take away the life of a prisoner of war, who has voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of his enemy. It would be useless, as an act of precaution, for who is now afraid of Buonaparte? It would be criminal, as a judicial act, for when did one murder authorize another?

Let him live, if he can endure life, divested of his crown—without an army—and almost without a follower. Let him live—he, who never spared his friends, if he can withstand the humiliation of owing his life to an enemy: Let him live, and listen to the voice of conscience. He can no longer drown it in "the clamorous report of war."

No cuirassiers guard his bosom from the arrows of remorse. Now, that the cares of state have ceased to distract his thoughts, let him reflect

upon before him, retrace his bloody career. Alas! his life is a picture of ruin and light, that displays it, is the funeral torch of nations. It exhibits one mighty sepulchre, crowded with the mangled victims of murderous ambition. Let him reflect on his enormous abuse of power—on his violated faith—and shameful disregard of all law and justice. Let him live and repent—let him seek to atone in humility and solitude, for the sins of his political life—an example of the catastrophe of the wicked, and the vanity of false greatness. Great he unquestionably was—great in the resources of a misguided spirit—great in the conception and execution of evil—great in mischief, like the pestilence—great in desolation, like the whirlwind.

SENECA.

[From the National Intelligencer, Oct. 11.]

MISTAKES DETECTED.
The report of the sloop of war Ontario having been despatched to the United States, by Com. Decatur, is entirely without foundation. No vessel but the sloop Epervier has been sent with despatches.—She was under the command of Lieut. Saubrick, first of the Guerriere, and capt. Lewis, captain of the fleet, was on board bearing the treaty with the Dey of Algiers.—The place of Captain Lewis, in the Guerriere, was supplied by Capt. Downes. The Epervier passed the Straights of Gibraltar on the 12th July, and it is much feared is lost.

It is not true that com. Bainbridge has sent two schooners to order com Decatur home, as has been ignorantly asserted.—On the arrival of com. Bainbridge, a junction of the two fleets will take place, and it is perfectly understood that commodore Decatur will resign his command, and return to the United States. The last news of com. Decatur, to be depended upon, is that he proceeded to Tripoli.

There is probably as little truth in the report that the Spaniards had refused to deliver up the Algerine sloop of war captured by our squadron and sent into Carthage. It is much to be regretted that the newspapers publish, without proper caution to ascertain the truth, reports calculated to excite public anxiety, and wring the hearts of wives, children and relatives, and it is requested that they will give equal publicity to these corrections.

Extract of a letter from Capt. John C. Blackler, master of the brig Washington, to his friend at Marblehead, dated

"New York, S. pt. 30. 1815
"I left the road of Grand Key, Turk's Island, the 12th inst, in company with the schr. Ocean, of and bound to Danariscotta; continued our course together until next day. On the 13th, at 7 A. M. lat. 24, 40, long. 72, the mate aloft discovered a wreck, with two stumps of masts standing, (being then on our lee beam) bore away for it immediately, and on approaching, found it to have some signal of distress flying from her fore stump, found the hull was nearly all under water, and the sea making a beach over her. At 8 discovered it to be the brig William and Nancy, of Norfolk, had been upset in the hurricane of the 31st August, and had been in that deplorable situation 14 days, without a drop of water, or any kind of provision for that time, except a few apples and about a dozen bottles of wine and porter, which they obtained from the cabin by diving after. They had at length become too much worn out to make any further exertions of this kind, thinking 24 hours more must consign them to eternity, unless something should appear for their relief. As soon as I found their situation, I sent my boat with orders to receive only 3 men at a time, thinking their anxiety for relief would be so great, that they might all hurry into the boat, and thus lose their own lives and my men's also. They, however, poor unfortunate, had not strength to get into the boat, without assistance. I received on board all the surviving crew, 9 in number, and made sail. My consort, the schr. Ocean, having passed near the wreck early in the morning, went by without discovering it. He was now in sight, 7 miles distant; however, my colonists to speak him, she soon lay by till I came up, communicated to him the unpleasant scene of the morning, and he benevolently accepted of me, leaving 5 on board the

Washington, Oct. 11. I was on the wreck, my hands were crawling on their knees, and almost blind some calling me their saviour for God's sake for something eat. To preserve their lives was necessary to be particularly careful not to give them more than a cup full of water at once, with that I put a small quantity of spirits, and at intervals, I was then a cup of water porridge, and giving but very little bread. The porridge we consumed 3 days, increasing the quantity occasionally giving them a cup of tea or coffee and some bread, which means they soon recovered and are now as well as any of our men, excepting that they are yet very sore, though in a way of healing.

Company of the Brig William and Nancy.

John J. Stout, Master—Thos. Johnson, 1st Mate—Henry Haring, 2d do—Chs. Campbell, 3d do—Greenleaf, Joseph, Ward, Abner W. Lockwood, Seaman—Wm. Brown, Cook—Septimus Douglas, Cabin Boy—Messrs. J. W. Simons, Richard Fitzpatrick, Passengers.

"Of this number, Abner Lockwood died on the wreck, Septimus Douglas was drowned, the boy was almost a corpse when he came on board, no one expected he could survive 4 hours, but by very delicate management he was gradually recovered and can now eat as much beef as any man on board, the recovered with biles from the crew.

"I experienced very good weather until I entered the gulf of Hatteras, where I had three days of the most gloomy and tempestuous weather I ever experienced. On the night of the 23d inst, a heavy gale came on, and in 2 hours brought to, under nothing but bare masts, as it was impossible for the canvas to stand the blast. Within a rag set, we lay 4 hours with our lee leading blocks in the water, and every thing indicated our going down, as we could not get the pumps free for two hours; at length, mustering all hands, and setting both pumps to work, we had the good fortune to free her; but the gale has done us very considerable injury."

Norfolk, Oct. 13.

We have the following particulars in a letter to the Editor from an Officer on board the U. S. schr. Torch, lying off Albion, dated August 19.
"The Congress frigate, captain Morris, arrived at Carthage on the 9th of August, from Florida, and proceeded up the Mediterranean an with the second squadron com. Bainbridge, to visit the Barbary powers. The squadron consisted of the Independence, 74, Congress, 36, Erie sloop of war, Cap. S. Peewa brig, and the hermaphrodite brig Spark, and sailed from Carthage on the 13th Aug. Com. Bainbridge ordered the Torch to wait at Carthage for Com. Decatur, who left instructions for him to return to America immediately.—The Torch having sprung her mainmast would proceed from Carthage to Gibraltar to get a new one as soon as her orders were fulfilled.
[Com. Decatur's squadron was hourly expected at Carthage. The Dutch fleet were before Algiers, consisted of one 74, five frigates, and three brigs. The Epervier sailed for the United States the day after Com. Decatur's squadron left Algiers.—Herald.]

Richmond, October 14.

INFORMATION TO PLANTERS.
A few hogsheads of the new crop of Tobacco were in market on Wednesday last, which sold at twenty-one dollars and forty cents.

New-York, Oct. 14.

FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE.
Capt. Ely, who arrived here last evening informs, that an attempt had been made to assassinate the French Consul, who had been arrested, tried, condemned, and shot.
Such was the violence of the storm (says a New London paper) that the large fishing rocks were from the beds, in which many fish were planted there.

NEW GOODS.

Warfield & Ridgely.

Store in Church-street near the City Tavern, have just received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, (via Baltimore) a large supply of

REASONABLE & FASHIONABLE GOODS,

which are the following, viz. 5-4, 6-4, 4-4 & 3-4 Linen & Diapers, Irish Linens, Shirting Cambric, 6-4, 9-8 & 4-4 Cambric Muslins, Elegant Chintz Shawls, Dimask & Imitation do, Common do, Bandanna, Barcelona Madras & other Handkerchiefs, Lambs Wool, Worsted, Cotton & Silk Hose, Elegant Florence Silks, assorted, Calicoes, Union Plaids, Gloves & Domestic Shirtings, & Plaids, assorted.

Also a Selection of HATMONGERY & CUTLERY.

With a general supply of VERPOOL, QUEEN'S AND GLASS WARE.

And a choice selection of GROCERIES, viz.

Imperial, Hyson, Y. Hyson, Souchong, & Green Teas, Mustard, Pepper, Salt Petre, Rice, Nutmegs, Soap, Candles, & Cloves, &c.

Co-Partnership.

The subscribers have formed a Co-Partnership in trade, under the firm of Evans & Iglehart, Joseph Evans, James Iglehart, jr.

Evans & Iglehart,

OPPOSITE THE MARKET-HOUSE AND FRONTING THE DOCK, have just received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, (via Baltimore) a choice supply of

REASONABLE & FASHIONABLE GOODS,

which are the following, viz. 5-4, 6-4, 4-4 & 3-4 Linen & Diapers, Shirting Cambrics, 6-4, 9-8 and 4-4 Cambric Muslins, Jacket & Book Muslins, Fancy Muslins, Elegant Chintz shawls, Dimask and Imitation do, Common ditto, Bandanna, Barcelona, Love, Madras and other handkerchiefs, Lambs Wool, Worsted, Cotton, and Silk Hose, Backing do, Flannels, assorted, White Kersey, Rose Blankets, Union Plaids, Gloves, &c. &c. Domestic Shirtings, and Plaids, assorted.

Also a Selection of HATMONGERY & CUTLERY,

as follows, viz. Bolts, Files, Spectacles, Spoons, Combs, Brushes, Sweeping & Hearth-Brooms, Wootten and Cotton Carls, &c. &c.

VERPOOL, QUEEN'S AND GLASS WARE,

And a Choice Selection of GROCERIES, viz.

Imperial, Hyson, Y. Hyson, Souchong, & Green Teas, Mustard, Pepper, Salt Petre, Alfam, Rice, Nutmegs, Soap, Candles, Chocolate, & Best Chewing Tobacco, &c.

NOTICE

The Lovy Court of Anne Arundel county will meet on the third Monday next, in the City of Annapolis, to adjust and settle the accounts of the supervisors of the public lands said county. By order, Wm. S. Green, Ck. L. C. A. S. C.