

They who expect that men, who have been long associated with conflicting political parties, will give fair and perfectly impartial representations of their respective merits and faults, will be most generally disappointed—the pride of men, their interest, and their feelings forbid it—and the universal failure of works of this sort, which even bear strong marks and evidences of such a disposition, may be considered as conclusive. The course that the work called the Olive Branch has taken, the hands into which it has almost exclusively fallen, demonstrates at once, that it is received in the world as a strong party work. In all parts of the country where I have been, it is found almost entirely in the possession of one party; and it is kept and considered by them as the magic wand of democracy, which is used among the ignorant to cleanse all its touches from the supposed sin of federalism.

Those who are well acquainted with the political history of our country, neither require the aid of the Olive Branch nor are in danger from it—but those who may unsuspectingly look into it for information & they will constitute much the greater portion of mankind, will be deceived, imposed on, and misled. A more subtle poison, more ingeniously disguised, was never ministered, than that which lies concealed and is circulated abroad through your book. It is a work deadly hostile to every hope of reconciliation, and tears up by the roots every fibre of forgiveness.

If I am called on to point out its errors, I would blot out every line of the work, as being a cruel fraud upon the unsuspecting credulity of the unwary, and as a durable conservatory of materials calculated to extend error and engender hatred.

Thus, sir, I have briefly and "unreservedly" given you my view of the errors and defects of the Olive Branch, and it only remains for me to assure you, that I have no documents in any degree allied to the character or auxiliary to the design of the work in hand.

I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant.

ROB. H. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Mr. Matthew Carey, Philadelphia.

Robt. H. Goldsborough, Esq.

Sir,
Yours of the 6th has just come to hand. As the mail takes about two days from Washington, I presume you were employed the 6th, 7th, and part of the 8th in elaborating this dignified performance. You have in part adopted the advice of Horace, pity you did not adopt it more fully.

That I sent you my circular is, believe me, sir, a subject of sincere regret. For the honour of the legislature of the union, of which you are an unworthy member, it is unfortunate that it provoked you to degrade and dishonour yourself by a tissue of scurrilous and "false" comments, which but for the evidence before my eyes, I could not have believed there was an individual in congress capable of writing.

I have used the word "false." This is language that ought not to pass between gentlemen. And however destitute of truth your assertions were, I should not have soiled my page with it had you not used the word yourself, and thus broken down the barrier that ought to shut out from the intercourse of men of liberal minds the language of billingsgate.—Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers.

The accusations against the Olive Branch are "false," malicious, and indecent; they have not the shadow of truth or candour. And I defy you to produce a single decent federalist in America who will support you in them.

Judge Yates is a decided federalist. He may not be as rich as you, but his standing is higher. His mind is more cultivated. He pronounced in a large mixed company, that the "Olive Branch was the fairest and honestest book on politics he had ever read." On another occasion he explicitly declared it reflected honour on my head and heart.

Nicholas Biddle is also a decided federalist. He stands on as high ground as any man in America. He is far your superior in head & heart. In a word, he is in the fullest sense a real American. I have now before me a billet from him in these words:—(To Mr. Carey.) "Mr. Biddle takes this opportunity of expressing the satisfaction which he has derived from reading his manly appeal from the passions to the rea-

sons of contending parties." Dec. 8, 1814.

William Rawle, esq. stands high in your party for head and heart like N. Biddle. No man can doubt his federalism. He acknowledged to a friend of mine lately, that the book contained a great many good things—that I struck about both parties very freely and justly, but that I struck one party with the right hand and the other with the left—and that a man struck harder with his right hand than with his left. This is the criticism of a gentleman, and is probably correct. It is likely enough, that I may have been, though unintentionally, more severe on the federalists than the democrats. I pretend to no exemption from human frailty. But that to correct a book of nearly 500 pages, you "would blot out every line as being a cruel fraud upon the unsuspecting credulity of the unwary," would in any literary court or court of honour, insure you an unanimous verdict of fool or madman.

My book, thank God, has done good and is doing good. I bless that Being who has made me the humble instrument to accomplish so holy a purpose as that of allaying the horrible violence of party rage, excited by wicked men, which had brought this blessed country to the verge of destruction. Its success is pretty strong evidence in its favour. The approbation and decisive testimony of some of the best men in the country amply repay me for the abuse of some of the worst. And be assured, sir, that your billingsgate attack affords me as much pride as any of the highest encomiums with which it has been honoured. The reprobatation of such a violent, outrageous and indecent partizan as you are, is exquisitely gratifying.

In enumerating the persons who have applauded this work, I have passed over Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Dr. Eustis, R. Rush, W. Wirt, W. Sampson, P. Freneau, Judge Moore, &c. &c. as you might appeal from them as democrats. But there are among them men who will never be dishonoured by being compared with R. H. Goldsborough, even by his own party.

Your exalted situation as a member of the most respectable deliberative body in the world, would have secured you from the language I have used, had you not forfeited all claim to delicacy by your own coarse style—by the use of the words "false," "imposed on," "deceived," "subtle poison," "fraud," &c. &c. No man that ever lived, even Gen. Washington himself should use to me this language with impunity.

The work has had as scurrilous critics and carpers as you, they have used harsh names, they have availed themselves, like you, of the black-guard's vocabulary. But sir, they like you, have dealt in general terms. Neither they, nor you, have pointed out a single error of importance—I dare you to a fair investigation of its contents, if you are capable of such an investigation. I have earnestly and sedulously sought after truth, & I believe I have not sought in vain. There are I trust as few important errors in the Olive Branch as in any work of equal extent and embracing such a variety of delicate subjects.

I now draw to a close. Your letter rendered me heavily your debtor. I hope the debt is paid, with any little accruing interest—I therefore consider the account as closed. You may open it anew or close the correspondence as you judge proper. I am not ambitious of the honour and am equally indifferent about your love or your hatred—your praise or your abuse—your silence or your reply.

I remain Sir, with all due regard, Your most obsequious humble servant.

MATTHEW CAREY.

January 10th, 1817.

I feel disposed to publish this correspondence in the next edition of my work, in order that the State of Maryland may know how dignified, polite and accomplished a representative it has in the Senate of the U. States. This is under consideration. I shall not decide on it hastily.

As I presume you shewed your letter to all your friends in Congress to prove how completely you had scourged the democratic author of the Olive Branch, you ought, in common justice, shew the reply.

"Read this and then to supper with what appetite you may."

Wilmington, N. C. April 5.

A circumstance has happened in this town, which, we believe, cannot find a counterpart in the civilized

world. A man, calling himself Ronald Francis Murray, came to Wilmington about eight months since, under apparent pecuniary embarrassments, and was received by the community with that open confidence and hospitality, so common and so natural amongst the citizens of the south. He was a man of much literary information, and by his dialect, and by his own account, believed to be a Scotchman; although he was capable of assuming almost any character, as the event will shew. He first established himself in the good opinion of the heads of one of the most respectable commercial houses in this place, by his assiduity and attention to business, and became, we understand, the first agent of the counting room. Meantime, a general approbation came from every quarter, of the excellent talents of the sojourner, and all endeavoured to bring comfort to the "EXILE!" He became an inmate of a family, (the name of which delicacy forbids us to mention) of the first standing and of acknowledged piety and honour. A confiding father gave a daughter to his arms!—A daughter whose age did not exceed sixteen; & on whom her anxious parents had bestowed an education commensurate to her rank in life, and which her natural innocence and virtue deserved. He had been married about six weeks, when, after forging the names of those who had first given him sustenance, and selling a false check to the man who had given him his child, he clandestinely departed, leaving despair and grief in the mansion where he met hospitality and love; and astonishment and hatred in circles where he found respect and friendship. The crimes of which he has been guilty, as concerns the pecuniary affairs of individuals, are virtues when compared with the deadly blow he has given to domestic happiness and social intercourse. He has extended the hand of friendship, but friendship starts at the recollection of him. The blooming hopes of beauty will shrivel at the mention of his name, and parental affection will be tortured with a jealousy that will keep the virtuous and sincere asunder. To form a just idea of Murray, reason must resign herself to imagination, and search for all that is base and infamous—language cannot speak of him as he is.

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Annapolis, Thursday, April 24.

FIRE.

On Friday last, the dwelling-house of Mr. Thomas Gibbs near West river, was consumed by fire occasioned by a spark from the chimney communicating to the roof. By this accident Mr. Gibbs has sustained a loss of all his crop of oats, tobacco, &c. and from a state of independence been nearly reduced to poverty.

Harford, (Conn.) April 14.

THE ELECTION.

We present to our readers returns of votes for Governor, from 110 towns, and a list of Representatives from 107 towns.—There is no doubt but Mr. Wolcott is elected by a considerable majority. In the house of Representatives parties will stand pretty nearly balanced.

We shall not pretend that the result of this election has not disappointed and chagrined us.—We find that we did not attribute sufficient consequence to the unparalleled zeal, and unexampled means of our opponents; to the listless apathy of some, and the treacherous neutrality of others among our own party. Many true federalists, have viewed the exertions of democracy, as contemplating at present nothing more than the election of Oliver Wolcott, and believing him heartily attached to the good of his native State, have seen no reasons why particular exertions should be made to prevent his election. If these views were correct, we should scarcely blame their conduct; but it should have been understood that Mr. Wolcott is only the democratic stepping-stone to power; that he is the instrument not the object of their purposes.

When this is thoroughly known, and this election will go far to make it so—the federalists of Connecticut will rise in their strength and re-build the breach which has been effected in the citadel of our social blessings and political happiness.

Lexington, April 2.

There has recently been a very extraordinary fresh in the Kentucky

river, which has not yet subsided but in a moderate degree. The perpendicular rise of the water was about 38 feet. Much damage has been done, particularly to the Warehouses, which contained a very large proportion of the last year's crop of tobacco. A vast number of hogsheads have been carried down the river by the current, chiefly from the counties of Madison, Clarke and Jessamine. It is supposed by some, that the loss will amount to \$300,000—by others it is estimated much higher. At any rate, a great many of our farmers, who had deposited their tobacco, but had not sold it, have suffered severely; as well as many of the merchants who had purchased large quantities of that article. This calamity we presume will not be experienced again—the owners of warehouses and their customers, taught in the dear school of experience, will take care hereafter to keep out of the reach of any flood that may be within the compass of possibility.

Sacketts-Harbour, April 1.

Three soldiers, belonging to the U. S. army, were last Saturday arrested & brought before one of the magistrates of this village, on a charge of feloniously stealing, taking and driving away, a cow—the property of a citizen residing near this place.

On their examination before the magistrate, it appeared in testimony, that some citizens, (having noticed the three soldiers, about one mile from the village, between 9 and 10 o'clock on Friday evening last, under very suspicious circumstances, being armed, &c.) soon after went to ascertain their movement. They soon came in sight of the soldiers—the moon then shining bright—and discovered them driving a cow, and armed; one with a musket, one with an axe, and another with a large knife. They were immediately in-

terrogated, what was their intention in driving the cow, to which they returned no answer; thereupon one of the citizens says, I think we ought to take up and detain these soldiers: immediately, one of the soldiers, having an axe, stepped towards a Mr. Bailey, one of the citizens, and made a full blow therewith, directed at Mr. Bailey's head. Bailey perceiving it, dodged, and just escaped the blow; and the force of the same, with some little assistance of Bailey, brought the soldier and his axe to the ground. Another of the soldiers then cried out, to his fellow with the musket, "shoot the damn rascal," which order was by him immediately obeyed—being within the space of ten yards of Bailey, who received the contents of the musket just below the groin, which carried away a considerable part of the pantaloons, and fleshy part of Bailey's thigh. It was at first supposed, the wound was mortal; but it is since understood, that his surgeon is of opinion he may recover. The soldiers, after examination, were committed to the gaoler at Watertown, to take their trial at the next general sessions of the peace.

RIOT AT NEW-ORLEANS.

New-York, April 17.

Extract of a letter from New-Orleans to a gentleman in this city, dated March 20.

We had yesterday almost alarming mob here in consequence of the English ship Hamilton having hoisted a small vane, which bore some resemblance of the tri-coloured flag. Every royalist (Frenchmen) assembled on the levee, armed with swords and pistols, and ordered the captain of the ship, on pain of death, to haul down the flag; upon the captain's refusing to haul it down they made a charge, and, in the bustle, killed the captain of the ship and four of his men. Gen. Ripley ordered out his men, and secured about fifteen of the fellows, and was obliged to fire on the remainder to disperse them. This morning the Mayor ordered the prisoners to be released, which was done. In consequence of which the sea captains formed a line, and attempted to take the Mayor and tar and feather him, but did not succeed. The whole town is in an uproar; and ere it ends there will be much bloodshed. The Hamilton had all her masts cut away, and about 100 shots were fired into the cabin from the deck. A guard of men, with Major Humphreys at their head, has just past me with 10 or 12 prisoners, whom he says he will not deliver to the civil authority, but will have them tried by military laws.—The press, for fear of this affair coming public, has been ordered

nothing of importance seen in any paper—frightened to death. (former-mate of the Hamilton) given his ship up as a prize to the American government. Vice of the British Consul says that his ship was taken at an American port by force of arms, his colours pulled down, and the living part of the crew taken prisoners.—consequently thinks that the ship is a lawful prize and himself and men prisoners of war. This affair will be of some consequence. The English Consul has also offered to give himself as a prisoner of war, and some of our petite matres begin to look a little blank on the occasion. This morning every British ship in port has hoisted the same coloured vane and have armed their men, who are determined to protect their ships, and die in the attempt. Every man in the city has a sword by his side and pistols in his pockets.

From the Louisiana Gazette.

NEW-ORLEANS, March 22.

THE RIOT.

We have delayed giving a detail of the disgraceful scene witnessed in our city on Tuesday last, that we might be enabled to lay before our readers as full and as fair a statement as the nature of the case admits. We were the more inclined to this course because we did not believe that the people of our city could, upon any occasion, be induced to commit acts so degrading to society—and we did not wish to confound the innocent with the guilty. We are now happy to have it in our power to say that scarcely a single Creole in Louisiana is in any way implicated in this outrageous prostration of our laws.

The following statement, we believe, will be found to be substantially correct: An English ship and a French one are lying alongside each other at the levee, and are both of them loading.—On Monday last a dispute arose between the officers about the stage leading to the levee, but we believe proceeded farther than binding the English captain to keep the peace. After this however, it was discovered that his vessel's vane had a tri-coloured tail, and this, it was industriously propagated, was intended as a insult to the French part of the community; it was immediately seized upon by a certain class of persons long known in our vicinity, whose purposes it suited. It should be remarked, that the English ship (the Hamilton) has been three weeks in port, has had these objectionable vane flying ever since, yet the result was not discovered until the dispute about the stage took place.

On Tuesday, early in the day, a number of persons collected on the levee near the ship, a little while after the mayor went on board and ordered the vane to be taken down. The captain remonstrated, but finally they were taken down by his person.

Captain Colshod then sent to the commanding naval officer to let them know whether they were considered as a menace to the American government—he was, of course, answered in the negative—upon which they again hoisted. From the moment they re-appeared, a mob began to collect, and continued to increase rapidly. Between 2 and 3, the Mayor again appeared, but he remained some time a mere spectator of the preparations which were making to board the vessel, which being completed about 5, a number of men marched up the stage, and the vessel was taken possession of, a trifling resistance. A seaman was murdered, the mate of the ship and four of the crew severely wounded. The rioters then tore down the vane, cut away the rigging, broke the main and mizen-masts, broke the skylight through which they fired several pistols into the cabin in which were, we are informed, the British Consul, the captain of the ship, and several other persons, and when they could find nothing else on which to vent their spleen they gallantly tied a Monkey's tail round his neck and threw it on the board, and most magnanimously an English duck's head off.

What they would have found out to judge their malice on, or what they would have stopped it if it were possible to say, had not Col. Ripley, the marshal, went down to the head quarters to request military assistance to preserve the peace of the city. A part of the 8th U. S. infantry were marched up with a clerical that reflects honour on the officers—but the rioters, apprised

of their approach, fled to the levee, except 2 or 3 who were taken by the military. Several more since been arrested and are confined.

A guard remained on board all night to protect the vessel from her damage. We have here stated the prominent causes and effects of this shameful affair. We refrain from the expression of those feelings naturally excited by it, because the case of prisoners will soon be tried in their country. As regards other a committee of the city council is now engaged in sifting the affair to the bottom. The general opinion has strongly pointed at a high in station in our local administration, as criminally neglectful of the solemn duties for which we are sworn to execute. If this enquiry is made in the spirit of truth, however it may terminate, our citizens will be satisfied and people ably informed of the facts. But any unfair means are used to evade it, it will remain a stain on the character of New Orleans, that all waters of her Mississippi cannot blanch. Until this enquiry is held, we shall suspend further remarks—Nor should we now have touched on it, but to prevent misrepresentations from going abroad.

SPANISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK ON BARCELONA.

Translated for the Baltimore Patriot from the Carraccas Gazette of Feb. 26, 1817.

The operations of the army, from the 6th to the 10th of February, are contained in the following despatch of General Real.

After a difficult march from the cantons of Orituco and Chaguararas, with a scarcity of water and provisions, I arrived on the 6th inst. at Pillar, where I received information of the situation of the enemy in Barcelona. From personal worth of credit, I learned that Bolivar, with 1000 men, armed with arrows and fire arms, had fortified himself in a convent, where he had mounted six pieces of artillery, one of 16, two of 12, two of 8, and one of 6, supplying himself with provisions to resist a long siege.

Notwithstanding the difficulties that presented themselves, I determined to reconnoitre Barcelona and assure myself of the truth of what had been told me; as I did not wish to be deceived in the least of my operations. At 5 in the morning of the 7th, I marched to Juncal where I encamped, and joined the division of Clarines, and at 12 at night I marched on the city.

At sunrise, after uniting the column of chasseurs and the division of Clarines, commanded by colonel Ansa, I directed them to take possession of the bridge, which separates the city from the suburb called Portugal, with a design of interrupting the communication with Larino, and observing him at the same time, in case he should approach, as I repeatedly understood he intended.

Whilst this officer and colonel Jimenez resisted the constant attacks and efforts made by the enemy to recover the bridge, I attacked them on the opposite side of the city, and succeeded in driving to their strong position such of the inhabitants as had marched out to interrupt us.—Firing was kept up during the day and the rebels were repulsed in every attempt; and, I am persuaded they had not been so well fortified as they were, as some prisoners confessed, that they would not have been so obstinate in their attacks, had they reconnoitred to my satisfaction, the position of the bandits, made dispositions to join Benaz, and the rest of the army, and at 4 o'clock I marched, until I approached the bank, at the same time sending col. Urreiztieta, with two companies of Granada, and three of corps, to enter the city, and to lose the enemy anew. This was formed, and my expectations realized.

The small loss sustained by the enemy, as exhibited by the annexed document, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the ardour of the troops. Each corps has admired the conduct of the others. The loss of the enemy will exceed 300 killed, wounded and missing. Notwithstanding that my designs were accomplished, I wished to see a last stratagem, to draw the enemy from their position, and in order thereto I made dispositions to retreat to the neighborhood of the place, where I remained some days, but observing their prudent conduct, and obliged by the scarcity of provisions, and the fatigue of