

MR. FENNO,

I beg leave through the channel of your paper to enquire of the Physician who reported to the inspectors of health last Friday, that "the yellow fever had again made its appearance in this city, but that it was not at present contagious?" what would have induced him to make such a report? No benefit can arise to the public from a knowledge of such a fact, admitting it to be as stated, but a great deal of damage: because such reports cannot fail of alarming and filling with dread, the minds of those who are not possessed of the Doctor's fine discernment and capacity of splitting diseases into grades, sub-grades and semigrades; therefore such a report will not only render multitudes uneasy and interrupt the usual course of business, but injure the interest and reputation of the city in several other respects.

If the disease really existed, it would be commendable to sound the alarm—it would be criminal to be silent; but if it is not in the city, or if being in the city it is not contagious, it is the height of cruelty to create needless terror and alarm in the minds of the citizens.

But Mr. Fenno, is it not very extraordinary, if the disease is in the city, and the Physician alluded to has had 26 cases of it since June, that it has appeared to none of the other Physicians, not even to those who attend the Dispensary, which I am assured from the best authority is the case?

A Physician who has great weight with the credulous and ignorant, has already attempted to ruin the reputation of this flourishing and delightful city, by publishing an opinion that the late pestilential fever was generated in it; and that its situation and climate is favorable to the generation of the most malignant maladies. If such an opinion was not believed by every man who knows the character of that Physician to be a mere invention to support a mistaken theory, that it proceeded from a rage for being esteemed the most learned man in the Universe; the author would in a few years have the divine satisfaction of seeing this populous and prosperous city deserted by all its opulent inhabitants, and become a solitary waste where he might sit alone "smiling ghastly o'er its ruins and enjoying the fruits of his singular opinion."

If the opinion of that physician was founded in fact, Mr. Fenno, such would be the blessed consequence; for who that has any regard for health or life, would venture to remain in a city notorious for generating plagues which put life in perpetual jeopardy?

This however, fortunately is not credited, and the city, in spite of the reveries of Philosophers, Physicians, and Conjurers, will flourish for ages yet to come; and when all the sources of stagnant water in its suburbs come to be removed or corrected, it will be one of the most healthy situations in America. Open on every side to the access of the winds—with a dry soil—streets favourably arranged—the inhabitants, industrious, cleanly, and well informed—it cannot in the nature of things be unhealthy. Compare its bills of mortality with those of Paris, London, Edinburgh, Vienna, or Stockholm, and you will at once be convinced how much more healthful it is than either of those.

Be under no concern my fellow-citizens, the Yellow Fever is not in our city, nor is it possible for it to be generated in it, in its present situation.

WALTER QUÆRIST.

From the Salem Gazette.

MR. CUSHING,

I SEE in the Centinel a number of towns mentioned, and Salem as one of them, which will soon, or have already begun a contribution for our unfortunate brethren of Bolton, the late sufferers by fire. This is truly laudable and praiseworthy; and I feel that it is my duty and the duty of every other person, to give on such occasions, our seafaring brethren excepted. At first sight it may appear strange that any exception should be made; but I believe upon a little consideration the reasons against their giving will be thought good. I will suppose one of my neighbors, father of a large family, goes to sea for their maintenance, and takes the little he has, say 150l. and embarks on a voyage; but a few days after he sails, the vessel sinks; he and his ship-mates are taken up by some other vessel, and he gets home with a few old rags on his back: those who knew him say to him, "I am sorry for your loss." How far this will go towards feeding his wife and children, every one must know. I will now suppose another of my neighbors gets his living on the shore, as the sailor's phrase is; has a small house, say worth 150l; but it so happens that it is burnt down: this is no great loss to him; for

the custom is for the inhabitants of the town in which he lives (and by the same custom he has liberty to go to other towns to make his complaint) to contribute to make up his loss, and he often gets more than he lost: and here the seafaring man must contribute, or be stigmatized as an unfeeling, inhumane wretch. For heaven's sake why should he, since he is not helped the same or some other way? How such a custom became established, or why such a difference was made between neighbor and neighbor, is what I, as well as many others, wish to know. Perhaps some good reason might be given, and I will wait patiently to hear it.

A friend to all, without exception,
EQUALITY.

From the BOSTON CENTINEL.

MR. RUSSELL,

THE great attention of people, of late, to building bridges and straightening the roads for public travel, has put me upon enquiring what great advantage can be expected by attending so much to this matter; and this may be known by observing the quantity of travelling on any given road.

Suppose the value of 20 teams, passing per day on an average, allowing 300 days in a year, at 12 cents per mile per team, amounts to a saving of two dollars and 40 cents per day for every mile that is saved, and 720 dollars per annum; which, rating the interest at four per cent. requires a fund of 18000 dollars to raise it; so that saving one mile's travel on such a road, is equal to establishing a fund of 18000 dollars for the public; and every rod so saved is worth two and a quarter dollars per annum at that rate, and is equal to establishing a fund of fifty-six and a quarter dollars.

Suppose a new road of 18 miles is required in order to save one mile, and the laying out and making it cost 1000 dollars, at three dollars and 12 and an half cents per rod, (and the making roads will not cost more than half a dollar per rod in this state, extraordinary exceptions excepted): so that the road supposed, will, when made, be worth more than six times what it cost to make it; and in case it be laid out and made so easy that 20 hundred weight may be carted at a load, with a team which can carry only 18 hundred on the old road—this (as far as it respects carting heavy loads) is double the advantage of the above-mentioned shortening—and is supposed to be as great an improvement: so that where both these improvements happen together; the road supposed, is worth more than twelve times what it cost to make it.

In this view it is that the public might be greatly served, by taking up the matter on a large scale, and laying out the public roads the nearest and best way possible, even if the expence of opening them through enclosed fields, &c. should be great, and at present intolerable. In this case a road might be very serviceable for winter travel for many years before it could be fenced out, and would be better before than after—on account of snow drifts and might be used in summer with gates, and until the owners of the lands could conveniently fence it out. By this means the road would be in view of the public, and plans would be laying to forward it. People would know where to work at the road so as not to lose their labour, and where to set their buildings, fences, &c. and it would be obviously a very great advantage to posterity, and posterity would no doubt be sensible of it.

A New Hampshire Farmer.

From the American Daily Advertiser.

To the PEOPLE of the UNITED STATES

LETTER IV.

THE prediction mentioned in my first letter begins to be fulfilled. Fresh symptoms every moment appear of a dark conspiracy, hostile to your government, to your peace abroad, to your tranquility at home. One of its orators dares to prostitute the name of Franklin, by annexing it to a publication as insidious as it is incendiary. Aware of the folly and the danger of a direct advocacy of the cause of the Insurgents, he makes the impudent attempt to inflame your passions in their favour—by false and virulent railings against those who have heretofore represented you in Congress. The fore ground of the piece presented you with a bitter invective against that wise, moderate, and pacific policy, which in all probability will rescue you from the calamities of a foreign war, with an increase of true dignity and with additional lustre to the American name and character—Your Representatives are delineated as corrupt pusillanimous and unworthy of your confidence; because they did not plunge headlong into measures which might

have rendered war inevitable; because they contented themselves with preparing for it, instead of making it, leaving the path open to the Executive for one last and solemn effort of negotiation—because they did not display either the promptness of gladiators, or the blustering of bullies—but assumed that firm, yet temperate attitude which alone is suited to the Representatives of a brave, but rational people—who deprecated war, though they did not fear it—and who have a great and solid interest in peace which ought only to be abandoned when it is unequivocally ascertained that the sacrifice is absolutely due to the vindication of their honor and the preservation of their essential rights—because in fine; your Representatives wished to give an example to the world that the boasted moderation of republican governments was not (like the patriotism of our political barkers) an empty declamation, but a precious reality.

The fallies of a momentary sensibility, roused and stung by injury were excusable—It was not wonderful that the events of war, were under the first impressions heard from good, and even prudent men—But to revive them at this late hour, when facts and reflection unite to condemn them; to arraign a conduct which has elevated the national character to the highest point of true glory—to hope to embark you in the condemnation of that conduct, and to make your indignation against it useful to the cause of Insurrection and Treason, are indications of a wrong-headedness, perverseness or profligacy, for which it is not easy to find terms of adequate reprobation.

Happily the plotters of mischief know ye not—They derive what they mistake for your image, from an original in their own heated and crooked imaginations—and they hope to mould a wife, reflecting and dispassionate people, to purposes which pre-suppose an ignorant unthinking and turbulent herd.

But the declamation against your Representatives for their love of peace—is but the preface to the main design—That design is to alienate you from the support of the laws by the spectre of an "odious excise system, baneful to Liberty, engendered by corruption and nurtured by the INSTRUMENTALITY (favoured word, fruitful source of mountebank wit) of the enemies of Freedom." To urge the execution of that system would manifest it is laid an intemperate spirit; and to excite your disapprobation of that course, you are threatened with the danger of a civil war, which is called the consummation of human evil.

To crown the outrage upon your understandings; the Insurgents are represented as men who understand the principles of freedom and know the horrors and distresses of anarchy, and who, therefore must have been tempted to hostility against the laws by a RADICAL DEFECT EITHER in the government, or in those entrusted with its administration. How thin the partition which divides the insinuation from the assertion, that the government is in fault, and the insurgents in the right.

Fellow-Citizens; a name, a sound has too often had influence on the affairs of nations; an EXCISE has too long been the successful watch-word of party. It has even sometimes led astray well meaning men. The experiment is now to be tried, whether there be any spell in it of sufficient force to unnerve the arm which it may be found necessary to raise in defence of law and order.

The jinglers, who endeavor to cheat us with the sound, have never dared to venture into the fair field of argument—They are conscious that it is easier to declaim than to reason on the subject. They know it to be better to play a game with the passions and prejudices, than to engage seriously with the understanding of the auditory.

You have already seen, that the merits of excise laws are immaterial to the question to be decided—that you have prejudged the point by a solemn constitutional act, and that until you shall have revoked or modified that act, resistance to its operation is a criminal infraction of the social compact, an invasion of the fundamental principles of Republican Government, and a daring attack upon your sovereignty—which you are bound by every motive of duty, and self-preservation to withstand and defeat. The matter might safely be suffered to rest here; but I shall take a future opportunity to examine the reasonableness of the prejudice which is inculcated against excise laws—and which has become the pretext for excesses tending to dissolve the bands of Society.

Fellow-citizens—You are told, that it will be intemperate to urge the execution of the laws which are resisted—what? Will it be indeed intemperate in

you Chief Magistrate, sworn to maintain the Constitution, charged faithfully to execute the laws, and authorized to employ for that purpose force when the ordinary means fail—will it be intemperate in him to exert that force, when the constitution and the laws are opposed by force? Can he answer it to his conscience, to you not to exert it?

Fellow-Citizens—Civil war is undoubtedly a great evil—It is one that every good man would wish to avoid, and will deplore if inevitable. But it is incomparably a less evil than the destruction of Government. The first brings with it serious but temporary and partial ills—the last undermines the foundations of our security and happiness—where should we be if it were once to grow into a maxim, that force is not to be used against the seditious combinations of parts of the community to resist the laws? This would be to give a CARTE BLANCHE to ambition—to licentiousness; to foreign intrigue; to make you the prey of the gold of other nations—the sport of the passions and vices of individuals among yourselves. The Hydra Anarchy would rear its head in every quarter. The goodly fabric you have established would be rent asunder, and precipitated into the dust. You know how to encounter civil war, rather than surrender your liberty to foreign domination—you will not hesitate now to brave it rather than surrender your sovereignty to the tyranny of a faction—you will be as deaf to the apostles of anarchy now, as you were to the emissaries of despotism then. Your love of liberty will guide you now as it did then—you know that the Powers of the majority and Liberty are inseparable—Destroy that, and this perishes. But in truth that which can properly be called a civil war is not to be apprehended—Unless, from the act of those who endeavour to fan the flame, by rendering the Government odious. A civil war is a contest between two Great parts of the same empire. The exertion of the strength of the nation to suppress resistance to its laws by a sixtieth part of itself, is not of that description.

After endeavouring to alarm you with the horrors of civil war—an attempt is made to excite your sympathy in favour of the armed faction by telling you that those who compose it are men, who understand the principles of freedom, and know the horrors and distresses of anarchy, and must therefore have been prompted to hostility against the laws by a radical defect either in the government or in its administration.

Fellow-Citizens! For an answer to this you have only to consult your senses. The natural consequence of radical defect in a government, or in its administration is national distress and suffering—look around you—where is it? do you feel it? do you see it?

Go in quest of it beyond the Alleg-hany, and instead of it, you will find that there also a scene of unparalleled prosperity upbraids the ingratitude and madness of those, who are endeavouring to cloud the bright face of our political horizon, and to mar the happiest lot that beneficent Heaven ever indulged to undeserving mortals.

When you have turned your eyes towards that scene—examine well the men whose knowledge of the principles of freedom is so emphatically vaunted—where did they get their better knowledge of those principles than that which you possess? How is it that you have been so blind or tame as to remain quiet, while they have been goaded into hostility against the laws by a radical defect in the government, or its administration?

Are you willing to yield them the palm of discernment, of patriotism or of courage?

TULLY.

From the General Advertiser

Authentic account of the siege of Grand Terre (Guadaloupe) By the British forces the beginning of July.

Jervis having collected all his forces from the several islands, appeared off Point a Petre with six ships of the line, one being a three decker, twelve frigates and sixteen transports. The troops landed at Gozier without difficulty, and began by entrenching themselves very strongly, though immensely superior to the French. The fort of Fleur d'Epee was their main object; tho' numerous as they were they could have stormed it, the bold invasions of the French evinced an heroism which they thought more prudent to harass and attack by regular means. They directed their force against Morne Mafcot, a hill which commands Fleur d'Epee with advantage, and which the French had evacuated on account of their numbers being too small to preserve it. Five batteries were erected on Morne Mafcot, with much precaution and labor; one of five mortars of 12 inches, another of five 36 pounders, another of three howitzers, a fourth of eight

pieces of lesser weight, and the last of three 16 pounders, and 2 howitzers. Three large gun boats were stationed abreast of Fleur d'Epee.

The town of Point a Petre, on the other hand was commanded by two camps posted on two hills, where two respectable batteries were also erected.

The French had to oppose these formidable preparations, fort of Fleur d'Epee, whose artillery was well served.—The two frigates who brought the troops from Europe they had dismantled, and with their cannon had established several batteries to counteract those of the enemy.

The British kept up for many days a most tremendous cannonade. The town was almost reduced to ruin. The Commissioners had hardly a house to remain in. The shipping which the French had taken amounting to ninety sail, was much injured by the fire from the floating batteries and so were their two frigates. Advantageous terms were held forth by the British commander, the Sans Culottes rejected them, determined to see the town and shipping reduced to ashes rather than submit. Such active corps as the commissioners could spare were employed in harassing the camp of the enemy, so that the British did not leave their entrenchments.

At last the Republicans resolved no longer to combat with an enemy who kept always at a distance, and asked to be led against the British on fort Morne Mafcot. Preparations were accordingly made: Two columns of 250 men each were marched out, one of which did not reach the place of attack by the perfidy of its treacherous guides. The only one which arrived began the attack against 1800 men, and climbed the almost inaccessible trenches of the enemy. The Republicans had made themselves masters of two pieces of cannon; but at last overpowered by numbers, they retired with the loss of 110 men killed, none prisoners. The enemy lost according to their own avowal 250 men. An armistice of four hours was agreed to on both sides in order to bury the dead. The British commander, while the French were performing their own service, could not abstain from bestowing the highest eulogiums on their undaunted bravery.

On the 30th of June the French seeing that the enemy were adding from day to day to their works, it was resolved that a general attack should be made against them. As few men as possible were left in the post, and a sortie effected to the number of 800 men against Morne Mafcot. The action was bloodily fought: The Republicans had already rushed into the enemy's entrenchments, when their rear was thrown into confusion by some crying "we are cut off by the British!" The enemy rallied, and came on with fresh troops; the van of the French made head for a time against an enemy ten times their number, but at length fell back in good order. Three hundred of the Republican troops were killed or wounded; none were made prisoners.

Elated with this success, the British redoubled their fire in the night of the 1st of July. Shells and balls were incessantly poured into the town, insomuch that it became untenable, and about 3 o'clock in the morning the British in their turn bore upon it in two columns. The out posts of the French were on their guard, and their army retired in good order to a neighboring hill, called Morne of the government. The enemy pushed into the town 2000 strong; the Republicans were threatened with military execution; one of their Generals was coward enough to lament their situation, and reproach the commissioner that he was going to deliver to death such brave and generous soldiers.

The latter most publicly declared their utter abhorrence of so base a conduct, and warmly applauded the resolution of the commissioner. The attack began; a most tremendous fire was kept up for several hours: The French fought like the three hundred Lacedemonians of the Thermopylae. The heat of their fire, and particularly the judgement which directed it put to flight the remainder of the British, a major part of whom were killed in the town. The enemy fled after a most obstinate engagement from 3 to 11 in the forenoon; a great part of their artillery was left on the ground, 250 were made prisoners, Gen. Symes was wounded, Gen. Gow, and Capt. Robertson who commanded a corps of 500 sailors were killed with 30 officers of less note, and their total loss amounted by their own account to 860 men; the French were occupied two full days interring the British, and more than two hundred yet remain in the woods without sepulchre.

In the night of the 2d, notwithstanding their defeat, the British resolved to make an attempt on fort Fleur d'Epee; a storm of bombs and cannons, more terrible than ever, seemed to threaten it with utter destruction. Many republicans fell; every one however performed his duty with eagerness, the batteries of the fort were incessantly lined with men, and answered the fire of the enemy with