

KENTUCKY ADVERTISER.

COLUMBIA UNITED, THE LAND OF FREEDOM, THE CLIME OF PEACE AND THE GRAVE OF TYRANTS.

NUM. 60.]

WINCHESTER, (KEN.) WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1815.

[Vol. II.]

The Kentucky Advertiser

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BY

PATTEN & FINNELL.

CONDITIONS.

TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if paid within three months from the time of subscription, or THREE DOLLARS at the expiration of the year.

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Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

Subscribers whose papers are sent by private post will be charged 37½ cents per annum postage for those sent 15 miles, and a further distance in proportion.

Notice.

THE undersigned earnestly solicit all those who are indebted to them to come forward and make payment immediately.

They wish to engage twenty thousand lbs. of LARD, to be delivered by the first of January next.

They also continue to give cash for Hemp, delivered at the ropewalk in Winchester.

C. K. DUNCAN & Co.
Winchester, Sept. 13. 59-1f

For Sale,

A NEGRO MAN, about 40 years old; he is well acquainted with the business of Farming, and can be highly recommended for his honesty and industry.

Also, fifteen acres of WOOD LAND, near the town of Winchester.

JAMES CLARK.
Sept 13 59-3w

For Sale,

A VALUABLE and commodious FARM, containing 10½ acres, situate on the upper edge of Clarke county, on the road leading from Winchester to Mount Sterling, now in the possession of Samuel Rogers, lately occupied by Joshua Bartlett. Mostly cleared and improved; on which are about 100 Apple Trees, beginning to bear; Peach Orchard, &c.; a large and valuable Barn, good Log Dwelling House, and never failing water: in short commanding all the conveniences of a country life. A title will be made the purchaser on the refunding principle. For terms apply to ISAAC FARROW, living near the above premises.

WILLIAM FRENCH.
Sept 13 59-3w

Public Sale.

WILL be exposed to public sale on the 25th day of this month. (being court day) a HOUSE and LOT in the town of Winchester, with a front of 30 feet on Market-street, and running back to Water-street. The above Lot is adjoining the goal, and the House is occupied by Mr. Bowen as a bake house. The terms of sale are \$250 to be paid in hand, and the balance in four equal payments in 3, 6, 9 and 12 months, with notes and approved security.

BENEDICT J. KARRICK.
Sept 13 59-2w

Notice.

ON the fourth day of October 1815, the undersigned will meet at the house of Peter School, in Clarke County, and thence proceed with the surveyor of said county and the commissioners appointed by the County Court of said County, to procession and perpetuate testimony to the boundary of a Tract of Land lying in said county, containing one thousand acres, patented to Ephraim Drake, by patent from the commonwealth of Virginia, and bearing date on the twentieth day of April 1784— which said land was entered in the name of Benjamin Wetherland, and surveyed in the name of Ephraim Drake. Said procession and perpetuating testimony to the boundary of said land will continue from day to day until completed. The undersigned hold the legal and equitable title to a part of said tract of land.

PETER SCHOLL,
GEORGE FRY,
JAMES CLARK,
ALICE CLARK,
JANE CLARK,
JAMES WALKER,
JOHN KINCAID,
JONATHAN DAVIS,
MATTHEW DAVIS.
September 6, 1815. 58-3w†

Notice.

THE SUBSCRIBER, wishes to sell the HOUSE, and half acre LOT in the Town of Winchester, on which he now lives. On said lot there is a large and convenient house, fit for a family of almost any size. The terms on which this property may be obtained, is advantageous to Speculators, as property is rising in this town, and the terms of payment will be yearly. The lot may be had all together, or divided, as best suits the purchaser; as there is, or may be laid off, from the building, two building lots of 60 or 70 feet, each fronting on a public street, and extending back some distance.

For terms apply to
JAMES POTTS.
August 30th, 1815.

From the Albany Argus.

EUROPE'S DELIVERERS.

A portion of the American people believe, or affect to believe, that the reduction of the French nation to unconditional submission, by the leagued potentates of Europe, is calculated to subvert the cause of humanity and rational liberty; and that France will enjoy comparative freedom and happiness under the government which they shall impose. With the wilfully blind upon the subject all reasoning is useless; but we would invite those whose minds are sufficiently expanded to admit the light of reason, and who wish to be guided by truth, to inquire into the condition of those countries which unhappily have been compelled to submit to the yoke of those powers who are now about to decide upon the destinies of France. Fortunately the history of own day furnishes ample materials. If an examination of these will afford any rational ground of hope, to one reasonable man, that either France, or Europe generally, (much less America,) is to be benefitted in any possible way, by the triumph of the royal robbers, we will confess ourselves grossly deceived in the human character.

Poland, but a few years ago enjoyed comparatively the blessings of a free government; and her rank was respectable among nations. "Happy people, happy prince!" exclaimed Burke, in a panegyric which he pronounced on the Polish nation and its government. Where now is Poland—what is the condition of her late happy population? Alas! the destroyer came, and Poland is no more. Her people are slaughtered, or suffering the complicated miseries of the most brutal despotism. Russia, Prussia, and Austria combined to "emancipate" her, (to use the cant expression of the day) from the tyranny of self-government—to "deliver" the Poles from their worst enemies—themselves. Although the most valorous feats were performed by her brave and daring leaders, against the tripple combination—Poland became the spoil of these three powers who now affect to be leagued under the sacred banners of humanity and justice!

"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." The fate of the Poles excited universal commiseration; though perhaps the worst half of her sufferings have remained unknown to the world.—"The fate of Poland," said Burke, made Frenchmen, of all parties, swear to die rather than submit to receive the law from the allies."

During the late war, "An appeal to the allies and the English nation in behalf of Poland," appeared in Great Britain, which discussed the policy and justice of re-establishing the independence of the Poles—and which recounted their virtue, their patriotism, their struggles—their sufferings.—

From a review of this pamphlet, published by the Editors of the Edinburgh Review, we have made the subjoined extracts. They develop a scene of wretchedness misery and barbarous tyranny, which, for the sake of humanity, we hope is unparalleled in any other part of the world. May God avert similar calamities from France.

"For the honor of human nature," says the Appeal, "it is to be hoped, that a monster like Drowitz, may never again be born of woman." But details are avoided, as leading to irritation. This man was the leader against the Confederates; and one of the most interesting and sagacious of modern histories, thus relates his proceedings. "Persons of rank, who had capitulated as prisoners, were butchered by him in cold blood, with the tortures invented in Russia for the punishment of slaves. Sometimes he tied them to trees, and made them serve as marks to shoot at; sometimes their heads were carried off by plancers, as at a tournament." Whole companies were turned out with their hands cut off, and allowed to wander up and down the country; and, with a ferocity wholly inconceivable, joining mockery to unheard-of cruelty, he flayed those miserable victims alive; cutting the skin, so as to represent with the flesh, the national dress of the Poles." Such was the precedent of 1772. The details of the massacre of 1794 are not minute enough to show how far it was followed.

"If cruelty of this description produces a more acute degree of misery, it is neither so wide-spreading nor so lasting in its consequence as the impoverishment by confiscation. The assertion in the appeal, that Poland was 'parcelled out, confiscated, jobbed, turned into money,' is most strictly and literally true. Each time that a Russian army enters Poland, whether for the purpose of partition, or of dri-

ving out an enemy, a Committee of Confiscation is assembled as a matter of course. There has been, for instance, one sitting at Wilna since December, 1812, composed of five Russians, pretty well known before in Poland. All offences against the state are punished with confiscation; and there is consequently no lack of such accusations. Every thing becomes a state offence in time of change; and the information of a spy, a private enemy, a turned-off lackey, a swindling Jew, a conscious malefactor, aware that he has been detected, is quite sufficient to put the emissaries, whether military or civil, of the extraordinary police in movement: The false accuser, too, runs no risk; for the first step is to send away the accused 7 or 800 miles on his road to Siberia; at which distance if at all, the examination of the charge is gone into. In the mean time his whole property is put in sequestration, and handed over to interim managers appointed by the police—frequently the informers or their friends—frequently the agents of those who are expecting to have the estates finally given to them. We may easily picture the change which such a proceeding must make in the lot of the whole peasantry on the property: To have lost their protector and parent; and, instead of his managers, chosen for their knowledge of the people and their kind dispositions, there are now to be seen a set of harpies selected for their power of plundering, or in consideration of their wants. The Commission proceeds against the property, and keeps it in sequestration, or declares it confiscated, according to circumstances. When confiscated, it is granted out to some favorite, and irrevocably lost to the proprietor. The favorite is a Russian; and, in all probability, never intends to come near it, but means to squander as much as can be squeezed out of it at Petersburg. If the accused proprietor, in spite of every disadvantage, as want of money, distance from his proof, prejudice of his judge, is lucky enough to escape and return he may very possibly find his estates confiscated by the Commission, which does not always await the event of the examination, knowing probably how rarely any such ceremony is performed; but should he be happy enough to return before the decree of confiscation has passed, and obtain a restitution of the property, he finds it damaged to the amount of half its value, in every shape that dilapidation can assume.—If the proprietor happen to be absent from the country at the time of partition or invasion, confiscation follows of course; he is presumed to be with the enemy, although (as happened very frequently last summer) he may have gone abroad with regular passports, for health, business, or pleasure. Still more certainly are the estates seized, and the families ruined, of those who, actually serving with the enemy, have been unable to get away; as was the case with the Austrian and Prussian parts, whose rulers sent them into Bonaparte's service one year, and who the next were ruined by the allies for not deserting. We are, however, chiefly considered the effects of such measures on the body of the inhabitants.—Many estates have above twenty thousand; some have about a hundred; but it is no very rich lordship which numbers four or five. The wretchedness of these, under such circumstances, may perhaps be estimated by those who are acquainted with middlemen and tythe-proctors in Ireland, or rapacious attorneys and needy mortgagees in the West Indies. The latter case is the more exact parallel."

"The operation of banishment is intimately connected with that of confiscation; and is the constant work of the police and of individuals in authority, during times of change. It affects all ranks,—from the Prince-bishop of Cracow, who was carried away to Siberia, and died deranged in consequence after his return,—down to the peasantry, who are carried off by thousands to serve in the army, or be sold in Russia, or people some district in Asia. Pallas, the celebrated traveller, found in that remote wilderness, a tribe, the remains of a vast number carried thither on a scheme of this description. They are living in wretchedness; and, no longer hoping to see their country, had only one report to make, that their land might not, as heretofore, be seized by government, as soon as they had bro't it into cultivation. In Warsaw, above a hundred persons of eminent wealth or rank have been carried off in a season. The sex exempts not from this common lot of Poles. Matrons of the highest dignity, and most fascinating accomplishments, are exposed to the same risks with the husbands and sons. Persons in authority have been known to carry off some hundreds of peasants at a sweep, under

pretence of recruiting, and then sell them in the Russian provinces.

"The general ill treatment experienced by the people wherever Russian troops are stationed, must not be passed over; for it is a perpetual misery, and affects those who have escaped exile and confiscation; nor can any care of the government materially mend it. While the Poles feel the attachment to their country which distinguishes them, they can never be expected to regard the Russian troops as any thing but oppressors. The Russians, on their part, view them as discontented, and almost rebellious subjects; their principle being that every Pole is an object of suspicion. No care of the ruler can reconcile such discordant classes of subjects, or make them live in harmony. A Polish village, where troops have been stationed for some days, is said to resemble a place taken by storm. We insert an extract of a letter from a mercantile gentleman of undoubted respectability, who travelled over this country in the months of March and April. It is a literal translation from the German original:

"After having passed through burned and plundered villages, where contagion and injurious treatment have left only a few wretched peasants, who, pale, distracted, cause, fear, and pity to the traveller, you arrive in a city. The suburbs are usually burned completely; and so sometimes is a part of the city. The streets are empty; many houses are shut up and abandoned as during the plague. If you enter one of those which is inhabited, to ask after persons of your acquaintance, you learn, that they are in exile, or have concealed themselves to escape some disaster. People are every where packing up their effects, and preparing to set out. The whole nation is seized with terror. If you ask the reason, the answer is—Erel is to be here in a few days; or, Rosen has arrived, or has sent secret orders. None are to be seen in the streets, unless, when wretches are led to punishment, or prisoners conducted to Siberia. These are often well known characters; gentlemen, persons in holy orders, who are seen chained on a cart, surrounded by Cossacks, or Barchkirs, with sabres in their hands,

"I travelled through Poland in the month of March last, and a second time in returning; each time I grew sick at the continual spectacle of death engraven on every countenance."

Such is the outline of human misery in Poland, since its subjugation and partition by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, furnished us by Englishmen. We have said the picture had no parallel; we were mistaken. One existed in India, the theatre of British ambition and British violence. There a population greater than that of France have been annihilated or reduced to wretchedness, and populous provinces rendered wholly desolate. Burke has furnished the following glowing picture of some of the evils caused by British conquests in India:

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men (servants of the East-India company) who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestined criminals a memorable example to mankind.—He resolved, in the gloomy recess of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution.—Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob or Arcot, he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation in one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountain.—Whilst the authors of all these evils (the English) were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhab-

itants flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

"For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters of their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British army traversed, as they did the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region."

THE CELEBRATED WALTER SCOTT.

From "Letters from Edinburgh," in the N. American Review.

I should think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the courts of session is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the court, a stout, broad-shouldered, brawny & somewhat fleshy man, with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such a manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out—as an honest, good natured soul, though rather stupid withal—a most loyal subject, fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink "God save the king." Not one poetic line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years of age, descended rather from an obscure family in Lothian, and when young, he says that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a "moral" to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. It may be so. Walter Scott was married some time since to a Guernsey lady, an illegitimate daughter of the late duke of Devonshire, with whom he was said to have received 10,000. The lady was born in Guernsey, and speaks villainous broken English. Among her virtues is that of unsparing fury against all unfortunate wretches, who criticise her husband's works; and it is said, that when the review of Marmion was published in the Edinburgh Review, she was very near boxing the editor's ears at a dinner, where she soon after happened to meet him.

Mr. Scott has also some other blessings, which rarely fall to the fortune of a poet. He is the Sheriff of a county, commits to prison, and hangs with great spirit and quite a vulgar dexterity; he is moreover clerk of the court before mentioned. These two situations give him 1800 or 1000 a year; besides he had for Marmion 1000 guineas, 2000 for the Lady of the Lake, and 3000 for Rokeby.

Though Mr. Scott is exposed to a constant throng of people, with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politics made him leave the Edinburgh Review, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manner he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes not to appear a poet. He has a great deal of humor, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.