CONFESSION

Of Lieutenant RICHARD SMITH, *who is now under sentence of death, at Philadelphia, for the murder of Captain* JOHN CARSON.

I, Richard Smith, being about to take my departure to the eternal world, leave this brief narrative of the most important events of my life that others, who

"Know the right and yet the wrong pursue,"

may profit by my misfortunes, and weep at the untimely exit of a wretched fellow being, who, through guilt and crime the most henious, most awful and most tremendous, has brought down upon his devoted head the vengeance of a just and avenging heaven; and who, instead of enjoying the happiness and felicity which are anticipated in this life, is to depart to the world of spirits, and "*make his peace with those who were before the flood!*" He rests his only hope on the forbearance and all-atoning mercy of the Saviour of sinners.

I was born in Ireland, in the town of Sligo, of respectable and worthy parents, who once rolled in wealth and "basked in the sunny beams" of luxury and grandeur. My father, Samuel Smith, was a merchant of good standing, whose affairs were supposed by his friends to be prosperous, until the fluctuations and uncertainties of trade reduced him to the alternative of insolvency, when his property was conveyed to the benefit of his creditors.

Shortly after this failure my father died, at which time I was in my infancy, and I was left with "*no father's guardian hand to maintain me in the ways of virtue.*" About one year afterwards, my mother again married, and I left the land of my nativity, and was conveyed to this country.—Alas!

"No mother's care,
"Shielded my infant innocence with prayer."

At the age of three years I was sent forth into the world, destitute of that affectionate care, and that concern for my future conduct in life, which are enjoined by the dictates of paternal affection, and the precepts of a paternal love. I was emphatically "launched into life without an oar," and my untimely fate speaks in a voice of thunder to the ears of unheeding and inattentive parents. I am but a youth, alas! to be cut down before the blossoms of manhood have hardly expanded! I have had my expectations of earthly felicity; but the beams of hope cannot now irradiate the gloomy confines of my solitary cell! But a few days, and my thread of life is spun! and a disgraceful and ignominious death is the reward of wickedness the most awful!

But to return to my narrative—Shortly after I arrived in Philadelphia, I was placed at school in Germantown, where I remained about 4 years, under the protection of a relative, and made proficiency in those studies which are first pursued by youth. Nothing remarkable was then evinced which could afford a suspicion that I was to be doomed to the most execrable of deaths: that raised between heaven and earth, my soul was to take its flight to unknown regions; or that an uncommon share of infamy awaited my footsteps. At the age of seven years I left Germantown, and was placed under the protection of my uncle, the Hon. Daniel Clarke, of New-Orleans. The great wealth and honorable distinction of my uncle, served to raise me from the ordinary paths of life; and, as I advanced in years, I believed myself at liberty to tread beneath my feet the more humble worms of the dust. For several years kindness and plenty showered their blessings upon me, and I rioted, incautious in all the plenitude and extravagance of vice the most odious and detestable.

My uncle, who had made me his son by adoption, endeavored to restrain me in my licentious course, and effect my return to virtuous habits. Wild and overbearing in disposition, and ungovernable in temper, I felt that my will was my only guide, and spurned with disdain the wholesome lessons which an affectionate benefactor endeavored—alas how vainly!—to impress upon the stubborn heart of an unheeding libertine! I gave loose to the reins of every dissipation; and embraced, with the utmost adoration, every shadow of human bliss, and grasped at pleasures which had no reality except in name. Thus passed the days of my youth, which, had they been devoted to innocent pursuits, might have laid the foundation of a good old age, and, instead of my sun "setting in the morning of my days," I might have lived to be a comfort to my relatives.

But all the promised blandishments of fortune—the golden assurances of every thing requisite to my happiness in life, if I would desert the society of wickedness—had no effect on my previous determinations. Sailing in the stream of pleasing delusion, vice at last succeeded to crime, and I was banished from the abode of my only benefactor & friend, and was compelled to seek without satisfaction, that support from fortune, which the hand of affection had so liberally bestowed. The voice of my protector still followed me, with offers of forgiveness on promised amendment, which were gladly embraced, and I again returned to receive the welcome and embraces of my uncle.

Notwithstanding my promises of reformation, the sun arose to view new deeds of misconduct, and returned to the bed of Titonus with tidings of new disgrace. Ungrateful, I did not adhere to my pledges of future good conduct: with no other ideas than such as brought to my view the pleasures of dissipation, which to me had become as a *second nature*, I forgot what I owed to the kindness and clemency of my benefactor and friend. I will not relate the particular circumstances and scenes of my life with which I have been intimate:—suffice it to say, a particular detail would chill the soul and exhaust the patience of the reader.

At the age of 18, I left the abode of my uncle, and repaired to the city of Washington, where I was honored with an introduction to the secretary at war, through the kind agency of the Hon. James Brown, senator in congress from Louisiana. I applied for the commission of a subaltern, and on the third day of May, 1813, received the appointment of lieutenant in the 23d regiment of infantry, at that time commanded by colonel Brown, but which was afterwards consolidated with the 6th regiment, under the command of col. Miller.—Shortly after entering the army I had the satisfaction to be appointed adjutant of the regiment to which I belonged. An unfortunate occurrence, however, tended to render my situation, for a time, peculiarly unpleasant. Lieut. Burr, of the same regiment, was also appointed adjutant, it is supposed thro' mistake: an altercation consequently ensued between us, which was followed by a duel fought at Sackett's Harbour in June, 1814, when we were both wounded. The consequence, however, was, that lieut. Burr resigned his commission.

From the period of my commencement in the service of my country, until the time when the army was disbanded; I was incessantly engaged. At the capture of Fort George, I had the gratification of being presented with the thanks of my commanding officer, as well as the thanks of Gen. Gaines & others for the services I had rendered on various occasions. While in the army, my benefactor and relative departed this life, and a fortune, which I had calculated on enjoying was bequeathed to another; which afforded me an exemplification of the futility of our hopes, and the vanity of earthly expectations.

After the army was disbanded, I came to Philadelphia, where alas! I met with her who is the cause of my present misery. I will not describe the arts and intrigues which were practised to induce me to take this evil woman to my bosom; a woman who is versed in all the wiles and machinations of that diabolical spirit which possessed the heart of the first of her race, and caused the fall of mankind. O ye youth! who are wont to be dazzled with the blandishments of female beauty; look at the condition of him who but a short time since was happy and comparatively innocent! The ways of virtue once swerved from, are hard to be regained; and vice succeeds to crime till the whole heart becomes wrapped in guilt.—Had I known the peculiar situation in which Ann Carson was placed, at the time in which I was seduced by her into the bands of matrimony, her endeavors would have proved fruitless. But with the most poignant adversity for a companion, I was led to embrace every object, and believe every assertion, which had a tendency to alleviate my condition, and point to a moment even of happiness the most visionary, and bliss the most ideal! I sighed, and cast a

"Longing, ling'ring look behind,"

upon that period of life when plenty attended my footsteps, and when I might have laid the foundation of a useful and virtuous life.

While in this dilemma of mind, the subtle wiles of a designing and inconstant woman, who forgot the ties which connected her to her husband and banished far away all those incitements which should bind her to her kindred, presented themselves before me, clothed in the garb of plausibility and seeming virtue. I suffered myself to be deceived by her incantations, and for a while thought that I was in possession of happiness. I have now found from better experience that the extreme of happiness & misery border on each other; and that it is but a step from the height of felicity to that of earthly pain. But the public, no doubt, have been made fully acquainted with my enormous guilt; did they but know all the circumstances which led to the murder of capt. Carson, they would drop a tear at the credulity and folly of man, and call to their bosoms a little of that charity for the weakness of human nature, which they have hitherto denied me.

May others, after witnessing my untimely fate, guard against the seductions of the world, and avoid the path which I have unceasingly pursued. I commenced my career in vice, and have approached, step by step, unto my present infamy. Beware, ye young men, giddy and tho'tless, of the wiles of the "strange woman," for her ways are as "*the gates of hell, going down to the chambers of death!*"

But a few days longer, and I shall cease to exist. In obedience to the laws of my country, as well as the divine precept, that "*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,*" I shall shortly resign my life to him who gave it—no more to imbrue my hands in the blood of a fellow mortal—O! how solemn is the thought that I must soon be launched into eternity!—and then in such a manner! Disgrace and infamy will attend my name hereafter! O! may my unhappy fate speak to the bosoms of youth, that they may avoid those temptations which have beset me, and the commission of vices which inevitably lead to the blackest crimes.

And O! may he who has imparted pardon to murderers, look on me with an eye of mercy, through the merits of His Son.

FORTIFICATIONS OF ALGIERS.

Extract of a letter from an officer in the Mediterranean Squadron, dated U. States' frigate Constellation,

ALGIERS BAY, April 6 1816

"I believe I spoke of the fortifications of this place in one of my letters last summer. You know it is a walled town, and is built on one side of a steep hill, with a pretty regular ascent from the water edge. The view of it is beautiful as you approach from sea, and has the appearance of a city of white marble, or stone. This arises from all the houses being white washed, as well as the roofs, which are flat. Its beauty is increased by the verdure of the hills, and the variety produced by trees of oranges, lemons, figs, sometimes in thick groves, concealing all but the top of one of these white houses. The soil appears to be a strong rich brown clay, mixed with such a proportion of sand as to render it very fertile. You now have the fairest side of the picture. When you enter the city, you find yourself in narrow, confined, filthy streets, of five or six feet in breadth, where your nose is assailed from every quarter by the stench of dead dogs, cats, and every other species of filth. The streets in some places are arched entirely over; and in others the upper stories project so much as to meet and close at the top. The streets too are so crouded that you are in danger of being walked over by the lusty Turks. I am not surprised at the ravages of the Plague in such towns.

The fortifications of this place are immense, and, if manned by Americans or Englishmen, it appears to me, might defy any naval power in the world.—They mount very heavy metal, and the finest guns I ever saw, generally of brass. I observed one of these pieces twenty-five feet in length, and calibre large in proportion. Their chief batteries are built on rocks that project some distance into the bay, and form a very secure little harbor for their shipping. It is said they have in all one thousand pieces of cannon mounted, certain it is they have as many mounted as can be used to advantage.

I was a little surprised on our arrival here, to see some of the mountains to the southward and eastward covered with snow, and every thing else like summer."

Mr. Meade of Philadelphia, lately confined in a Castle at Cadiz, is said to be imprisoned in consequence of some private business with the Spanish government. Our consul Mr. Catheart has protested in a manly manner against this proceeding.

The seizure of Richard Meade, Esq. of this city, by a royal order of the king of Spain, and his imprisonment in a dungeon at Cadiz, is confirmed by letters just received via New-York. By what we have learned it is an act of wanton tyranny, perpetrated at the instigation of private malevolence; but with a lower degree of degradation of the government which authorised the shameless oppression.—*Aurora.*

Serious differences appear to exist between Turkey and Russia An European article more than hints that it is the intention of the *legitimates* to depose *Bernadotte*, who, it appears, is desirous of strengthening himself by allying his son Oscar with a daughter of one of them.

The Kentucky Advertiser.

WINCHESTER:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1816.

ELECTION RETURNS.

[Maj. GEORGE MADISON being the only candidate for Governor (Col. JAS. JOHNSON having declined) we deem it unnecessary to publish the returns of the votes for Governor.]

For Lieutenant Governor.

	Hickman.	Slaughter.	Garrard.
Fayette,	912	600	550
Estill,	182	160	33
Scott,	81	723	547
Jessamine,	186	486	93
Mason,	222	730	336

SENATORS.

Montgomery & Estill—Jas. Mason.
Christian—Mr. Wilson in place of Young Ewing, resigned.

ASSEMBLY.

Estill—Stephen Trigg.
Nicholas—Thomas Metcalf.
Mason—James Ward; James Coburn.
Harrison—Wm. M. Wall; Isaac Holman.
Madison—Samuel South; Archibald Woods; David C. Irvine.
Jefferson—Messrs. Hunter and Barbour.

CONGRESS.

The statement in our last, respecting the members probably elected to the next Congress, appears to be correct. We have since received the following additional returns:

Fifth district.—Col. Anthony New, in place of Mr M'Lean, declined.
Sixth district.—David Walker, sen. in place of Mr. Sharp.
Seventh district.—Geo. C. Robinson, in place of Samuel M'Kee declined.

PARIS, K. Aug. 7.

A distressing event took place on Tuesday last in this county. The house of Mr. John Hughes, about three miles from this place, was struck with lightning, his daughter Polly, a young woman, killed, his daughter Maria very much burned, his house set on fire and consumed to ashes, with nearly all its contents. On the following day, the funeral of the deceased was attended by a large concourse of the people, among whom, were her weeping and deeply afflicted friends.—*West. Cit.*

Prince Eugene Beauharnois (step-son of Napoleon the Great, and son-in-law to the king of Bavaria) is said to be made duke of Leuchtemburg in Bavaria. He appears to be in great favor at this court, having been lately appointed commander in chief of its armies, and is said to be an object of great jealousy to the Bourbons. Rumours (which however may be all idle) appear in some papers, that it is the design of the emperor of Russia to place his son-in-law the Prince of Orange on the French throne, whilst it is said to be the object of his *brother* of Austria to put there the late empress Maria Louisa, as regent, during the minority of the young Napoleon. The latter measure would, doubtless, be gratifying to the French people.

Marshal Augerau lately died, says a French paper, with a complaint in his bowels, and the celebrated Marshal Massena, whom the great Napoleon used to call the child of victory, is said to be expiring with a similar complaint. It is somewhat singular, that so many of the distinguished French heroes should have so lately fallen, by disease or suicide—even the bloody wars in which they acquired so much fame, were not so destructive to them. But it may be quite as *convenient*, perhaps more so, for the Bourbons to get them out of the way by *poison* or the *dagger*, as by public execution. Neither ancient nor modern despots ever had much scruple on this score.

The N. Y. Columbian states, that a gentleman just arrived from France, informs that the Dutch and Russians compelled lord Wellington to withdraw British garrisons from Antwerp, and all the towns in the new kingdom of the Netherlands. This occurrence probably gave rise to the rumor of the Russian troops, &c. being taken from under Wellington's command.

The state of England in its commerce and cultivation, (says the Aurora) is distressing beyond example.—The commotions there have been productive of bloodshed. In one county we find a clergyman, the Rev. Bate Dudley, at the head of a military force, firing on the populace; and several persons killed.

The South American general Zaraza threatens the capital of Venezuela, after having cleared all the plains of Calaboza and Barinas. Gen. Cedeno has destroyed a Spanish division of 500 that were sent out to oppose him, and New Grenada makes great efforts against Spain. Generals Marino and Piar and Col. Soublette of the patriot army have taken the battery of Santa Rosa and all the Spanish property it contained, with the brig Indio Bello and schooner Fortuna. The Booty is said to be immense. There is scarcely any doubt of the success of the patriots.

Meetings in the District of Maine have been held, and denounced the terms of separation proposed in the Massachusetts legislature, as 'incompatible with the interest, and highly derogatory to the honor of Maine.'

Chil. Sup.

Several farmers who lately occupied about 4000 acres of land in Lincolnshire, England, have recently emigrated to the United States, after having sold all their live and dead stock. They were accompanied by the curate of the village.

To the Editors of the Nashville Whig.

For the information of the public, I enclose for publication in your paper, an extract of a letter received from Col. Meigs, of date 5th inst. It affords evidence that the murder of Davis was an act committed by a few disorderly Indians, who have been promptly apprehended by the nation, and handed over to the civil authority for trial.—This is the best proof of the friendly intentions of the great mass of the Cherokee nation towards the citizens of the United States, and ought to be satisfactory to every good citizen.

A. JACKSON.

Nashville, July 7, 1816.

Several white men have been lately murdered by the Pawnee and Osage Indians. The Pawnees justify the act as defending their hunting grounds from the whites. Both the Osage and Pawnees declare, that the few whites who visit their country as hunters, kill more Buffaloe in one year than would support both their nations, (containing 10,000 persons) for the same period. It is said that 5000 buffaloes were killed last fall to procure one boat of tallow. The Osages complain likewise that settlements are forming in the midst of their hunting country 500 miles west of the Mississippi. This is about half way to the Spanish villages in Mexico.

We learn by a gentleman from the westward, that a party of the Creek warriors from 500 to 1000 strong, under their gallant chief M'Intosh, contemplated marching early in this month against the the hostile Indians in Florida, (the Seminoles) and had given assurances that they would capture and destroy the obnoxious fort on Appalachicola Bay—most of the hostile Indians were said to be on a visit at Pensacola, where six hundred Spanish troops had lately arrived.

The Indians having been suspected of burning the dwelling occupied by the family of the late colonel Hawkins at the Agency, we have been requested by the sufferers from the conflagration to state, that such sucpicion is entirely without foundation. There is little doubt but the fire was communicated from a candle to the bedding in an unoccupied room, by the negligence of a servant, who had been sent into it at a late hour at night, for some article required by one of the family who was sick.

A tragical affair happened some days past at Irwinton, the county town of Wilkinson in this state. A Mr. Worrel, who keeps a store in the village, and appears to be a decent peaceable citizen, had been insulted and abused by two men of the same neighborhood. Taking shelter in his own house, they continued their outrages by throwing at it stones and brickbats, until he fired on them and killed both on the spot.

Georgia Journal.

MARRIED—In Mountsterling, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ray, Mr. ASHTON GARRETT to Miss NANCY HOLMES.

Notice.

THE partnership of CLARK & GARNER is this day dissolved by mutual consent.—All those having debts against the firm, and those indebted to the firm, will call upon Robert Clark to settle them, as he is authorised to do the same The business will be done as usual by Robert Clark, at the old stand.

ROBERT CLARK
JESSE W. GARNER.

Winchester, August 14, 1816 107tf

August 17, 1816. 107—3t

MOSES BONNEY

WHAT on Monday the 2d day of September next, will be exposed to Public Sale, on Strode's Creek, half a mile below Strode's Station, on a credit of twelve months, all my stock of Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, with about 25 acres of excellent Corn as it stands in the field—also, all my Household and Kitchen Furniture, and Farming Utensils, &c. &c.

Take Notice

Hubbard Taylor, Jr.

(ATTORNEY AT LAW,)

HAS settled himself permanently in Winchester, and will continue the practice of the Law. He resides on the hill, in the west part of the town,

August 17, 1816. 107—6t

Clarke County—to wit

TAKEN up by Edward Young, about three miles from Winchester, near the road leading from thence to the Sycamore Forrest, a sorrel HORSE, 8 or 9 years years old, about 14½ hands high, with a bald face, right forefoot white, sundry small white spots on the shoulders, no brands perceivable—appraised to $30 before me this 22d day of April, 1816.

A copy from record.

Attest,

CHRISTOPHER FRY, d. c. c.

107$