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PROSPECTUS

OF A

NEW REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER,

To be established in Fredericktown, Maryland, entitled,

"THE FREEMAN OF FREDERIC."

FIVIS CORONAT OPUS.

The support of the united republican interest of Frederic county and the state at large, is solicited in favor of a decided, independent and inflexible Democratic press, conducted upon the broad and liberal basis of republicanism. In this county most particularly, the utility of, and even necessity for, a newspaper which, combining energy with perseverance and intelligence with application, shall constitute a faithful auxiliary to the Republican phalanx, must appear manifest to every friend of sound principles.

To enable an Editor, therefore, satisfactorily to consummate the views of such an engagement, it is highly important, nay indispensable, that such patronage be yielded, as shall secure him from pecuniary embarrassment, and afford him at the same time, a certain recompence for the toils he must sustain, and the sacrifices of time and comforts, which it will become his duty to make, to his friends, and to the principles he binds himself to cherish and promote.—That support, he confidently believes, will be awarded him. He predicates this confidence upon the patriotism and liberality of the republicans of this county, manifested in more than one instance, on similar occasions. But, as he who proposes to be your Editor, is yet a stranger in the county; and as some anxiety will naturally be excited, and enquiry made, as well in regard to his political as to his moral character—and as an unreserved annunciation of the leading features of the proposed establishment, independent of the sanction of custom which it bears, may materially subserve the plan in view, he here submits them, undisguised and palpable.

The Editor is a native American, proud and tenacious of his birth-right—who, since reason adjusted the balance of his mind, has ever been devoutly attached to the honest cause of republicanism—to the policy which dictated the measures of the past & present administration of the general government—to a pure system of democracy; and to the sacred and immutable principles which actuated the patriots and sages of our revolution, and stimulated by which they achieved that independence which *too* many of their unworthy descendants enjoy but to abuse?

Professing sentiments and feelings such as these, it were idle waste of words to declare what shall be the bias of "The Freeman," was it not the earnest desire of the Editor to leave no room for doubt on even the most immaterial point. It will, however, be sufficient in this place to state, that, to detect and to correct error—to defeat the machinations of ambitious and restless spirits—to inculcate the great and sublime tenets of republicanism—and to diffuse throughout the sphere in which it is destined to move, a thorough and correct knowledge of men and measures—is the primary and chief design of this establishment. But let it be distinctly understood, that, so long as the Editor shall have power to resist, so long will he repel all undue influence, as an encroachment on the prerogatives of his station—and never, whilst under his charge, shall "The Freeman" be subject to any *authority or control* in its plan as a public journal, save the *authority* of the *laws*, and the individual *control* of the *Editor*—aided and assisted by truth, justice, liberality, and decorum—with such aids, in a just cause, much may be expected, and more may be done.

Having rehearsed the chief points of his creed, and having likewise explained in a summary way, the thing contemplated, the Editor deems it useless to enlarge upon the feasibility or merits of the undertaking, or to multiply professions—willing to rest the purity and success of his views upon the judgment and liberality of the independent voters of the county—and I remains amply satisfied, that they will come forward freely in support of an institution which promises to be of much immediate consequence in promoting that cause which every friend to the freedom of his country is in duty bound to support.

SAMUEL MAGILL.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

"The Freeman of Frederic," will be issued every Thursday evening to subscribers in town; those at a distance will receive it through the customary channels.

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During the month of September, in each year, the paper will be published twice a week free of extra expence.

☞ The paper will commence early in the month of September.

Sept. 4—

MONEY LOST.

ABOUT the 20th of July last, a Letter containing *two bank notes of one hundred dollars each*, was put into the Post office at Winchester, directed to Joseph Janney, Alexandria, which letter has not been received, and is supposed to have been (by mistake) put under a wrong cover, or may have been mis-directed, and gone to a post-office different from that to which it was intended to be sent. It is therefore requested of the different post masters throughout the U. S. if any letter directed to Joseph Janney, should come under their notice, that they send the same either to him, or to the subscriber. If the letter has in any way fallen into private hands, I will give *fifty dollars* reward for the money and no questions asked.

DANIEL LEE.

Winchester, Sept. 4—4t

FROM THE ENQUIRER.

IMPRESSMENT OF SEAMEN.

"When you endeavor to convey an idea of a greater number of barbarians, practising a great variety of cruelties upon an incalculable number of sufferers, nothing defined or specific finds its way to the heart, nor is any sentiment excited, save that of a general erratic unappropriated commisseration. When the father of poetry, wishes to pourtray the movements of contending armies, and embattled field, he exemplifies only; he does not venture to describe the perplexed and promiscuous conflicts of adverse hosts, but by the acts and feats of a few individuals, he conveys a notion of the vicissitudes of the fight and fortune of the day.—Select a single object."—Curran in the case of Hervey *vs.* Sirr.

To the Editor of the Enquirer.

SIR, It has been truly said, that the last sad privilege of suffering is that of complaint. No man has ever yet writhed under the tyrant's lash, without wishing to breathe the murmurs of his spirit, and enlist the world in his cause. But my own sufferings, acute as they have been, would never have reached the public ear—if they were not calculated to convey instructions as well as to excite compassion—to rouse the attention of my government to attempt some effectual remedy against similar misfortunes. *I* am the unfortunate victim of the British practice of impressment.

I was born a citizen of the United States—My parents were proud of their boy—and they were laudably ambitious of instilling at least the first elements of knowledge into my mind. They sent me to a liberal school in a village—I had a spirit to learn—I read, thought, and was improved.

My thoughts had been very early turned towards the sea. As I scanned the magnificent mirror of waters, which the ocean spread before me, *my* young mind wrapt in sublimity, and delight, I was ambitious of viewing the various phases, which man presents in other countries, even before I was acquainted with him in my own. No object appeared so beautiful to my inexperienced eye, as a vessel in full sail with all her canvass and colors, streaming to the wind.—I admired the plough which furrows the field; but still more the keel which ploughs the deeps. When I considered the value of commerce, in relation to agriculture, to the export of the productions of the soil, to the increase of the resources of my country, and to the means of her maritime defence, I was penetrated with the persuasion, that my government could not but be the friend of the rights of commerce and that the friend of commerce must be the friend of the *seaman*. I was determined, therefore, to indulge my fondest prepossessions, and to devote myself to the sea. I was poor too and in want of wages.

Before I put my plan in execution, I had fully considered all the rights which were incident to my profession. I had maturely studied the inimitable letter of Mr. Madison to Mr. Monroe, on the subject of impressment of seamen. My mind was familiar with its arguments. My spirit beat high, as I considered the rank and the rights of the American seaman.

On the 14th of April, 1806, I bound myself to the good brig, the Marianne, then lying at New-York.—In a few days we set sail for Barcelona in Spain. The wind was prosperous, and my spirits were as light as the ether of Heaven. On the 1st of May, however, the scene was sadly reversed. In lat. 30, long. 32. we hove in sight of a British ship of war.——"Breakers a-head," cried our captain. "Avast there my lads." The English ship however, espied us, and made signals for us to haul to. We obeyed with a heavy heart. The long boat was immediately sent off to us, with a stout party, headed by a young and proud midshipman. "A press," whispered our captain. My veteran comrades confirmed the omen.

The moment they placed their feet upon the deck my heart shrunk within me. I could have faced grim death in an honorable shape.—I could have cheerfully perished in the field of battle, in the defence of the rights & freedom of my dear country. I could have wished for no more fortunate doom, than to have been pitted on the shore against this proud midshipman within my sword's point, and my life staked alone upon the hazard of the rencontre. I could have plunged with alacrity beneath the salt waves that entombed our vessel—at the slightest nod of honor. But thus to be torn from the arms of my comrades, on the mandate of this petty officer of the British empire—thus to be dragged from the realms of liberty and light, to the black hold of a British ship of war—to be flogged by the cat of a boatswain, to be cast into manacles and chains, to be condemned to every sort of obloquy and pain, because I could not perhaps at once bend the firm spirit of a freeman to their most capricious airs of authority—these were prospects not to be encountered without the strongest shuddering of the heart. I awaited my fate in the most gloomy silence. At every risk I was determined not to sink into the willing slave of oppression—nor to suffer that liberty which the blood of my ancestors had purchased, to be wrested from me, without at least one poor effort of meritorious opposition.

The list of the crew was called for. We were required to go on the quarter deck, and to range ourselves in a half moon round the petty chieftain of this band. He himself took his station on the binnacle—"drest as he was, in a little brief authority," his countenance and mien bespoke all the haughty and supercilious airs of the Oriental Despot on his throne. His Janissaries were placed on his right and left, with pistols and cutlasses to execute his proud behests. The moment his eye light on my person, I saw that my fate was sealed. I was the halest and healthiest man of our crew. Care had not assailed my constitution, nor had the lash of slavery yet sounded in my ears. My cheek was then suffused with the blush of health, and the fire of an adventurous spirit flamed in my eyes. It soon became apparent, that I was too precious a treasure to be readily relinquished, from any nice puntilio of principle or decorum.

The first words which he uttered, were of an alarming import. He addressed himself to me. "You know my business. I am the head of a press-gang—commissioned to beat up recruits for his majesty's service. You must go along with me." My indignation was too big for expression—at length with an uncontrollable impetuosity, I poured forth the sentiments of my heart: "By what right do you claim it? Where is your commission to take me? Where are the articles which I have signed, and bound myself to your service? Know you not that I am a citizen of a free country, sovereign and independent as your own. What shadow of allegiance do I owe to you or your masters? My own government has no right to press me into its service. It is one of the privileges of my birth-right to use my limbs, and to seek my fortune at my own discretion. If my government wants seamen to man their ships, what right have they to use compulsion? Let them give wages sufficiently high to draw us into the service—even *they* dare not lay us under the requisition of such posts as yourselves. Whence then do you derive the right to exercise a power over my person, which my own country dares not usurp? Besides, even admitting that the pretensions which I claim to the birth right of an American, are covered in doubt, is this the way in which you dare to rebut them? Is it in this summary form of trial, that you are about to divest me of the name of an American citizen? Is it for you to pronounce my doom? I protest against your *jurisdiction*. What right have you to call me before this miserable tribunal? You call yourself the judge paramount—the absolute arbiter of my liberty, the most precious boon which belongs to me under Heaven—and these smiling minions, forsooth, are to be the constables of this reverend court, the flaming ministers of your wrath and justice. I abjure the decisions of such a court. What! if I were the most common piece of goods on board of a hulk, a bale of canvass or a barrel of pork, you would not dare to proceed in this way against me. You would not dare to try me—nor pronounce upon the neutrality of the cargo—it would be more than your commission would be worth to assume the power to condemn me. Not before you would dare to appropriate even a piece of goods to your service, you would be compelled at least to subject it to the mock solemnities of a regular trial—& carry it before some one of your admiralty courts—and let one of its consitituted authorities be called in to seal its fate. And am I then to be considered of less account than a piece of goods? Is my liberty of less value in the code of eternal justice, than a barrel of pork? Infamy light upon such want of discernment—and shame upon the wilful blindness of your goverment, which suffers the horrible aggression of such petty tyrants as yourself, to escape with impunity!"

What flashes of resentment shot from the eyes of this infuriated inquisitor, whilst I addressed him thus: "Avast my lad," cried he; "no more of your d——d palaver. If you *were* a rebellious Yankee, as you pretend to be, I would care no more for you and your cursed country, d'ye see, than this old quid. Such rascals as you ought to be hung up at the yard arm. Such rebels as those chaps are, deserve no better from his majesty's mercy.—Howsomever, I don't mind one word of your cursed lingo. You an't even half so good as one of those chaps. I take you, my lad, to be as arrant a deserter from his majesty's government, as ever I laid my eyes upon. You are a rascally Irishman."—I interrupted this wild torent of abuse. I laid before him my *protection*, the authenticated pledge of my American citizenship. I might as well have addressed the binnacle on which he reposed. He did not hesitate to say that my protection was forged—or that I had got it from a *brother tar*, the description of whose person had been somewhat similar to mine own, perhaps for a can of flip—or that I had procured it through some imposition on the Collector. He refused to give the least authenticity or respect to the Passport of my government. He tore it into pieces, and gave it to the winds.

I appealed to my comrades, the living and speaking monuments of my truth. One of them had known me in my cradle at the beautiful village of Poughkeepsie; another had known me at the school, were I had acquired the earliest elements of my education; the captain himself had been my companion to the office of the Collector, who had granted my protection. But, no! My judge was pleased to say, that he would not believe a tittle of all this lingo—that we were a base association of liars and thieves, bound together by mutual interests and pledged to defend each other's lifes.—My cheek burned with indignation. A deep sigh rended my heart, as my eye happened to light upon the flag of the U. S. which was then waving over my head.

Penetrated as my whole soul was with resentment at such brutality and insult, I was determined to make one more effort for my freedom. I was idle enough to address a serious argument to such incorrigible stupidity and oppression. I was so ridiculous as even to attempt to pursuade this man, that even *though* his suspicions of my birth were right; even *though* I were an Exile of Erin? yet that he would have no right to disturb me on board of an American vessel. Did he not recollect, that the vessel on which he stood, was a neutral bottom? Whence did he obtain the right of the search and impressment of *seamen*? What code or what practice of the law of nations, ever recognized such a claim? There were only two established limitations upon the rights of neutrals on the high seas,—in the case of *contraband* of war, and of *blockaded* ports. Not all his ingenuity could reduce *me* under either of those descriptions. By what authority then did he presume to insult the flag of the U. S.? Had our vessel been in the ports of his majesty, *his* municipal regulations might have given a more extensive authority to *his* subordinate officers; But were we not at present beyond his majesty's jurisdiction. Were we not on the high seas, where as much of the Ocean, on which the neutral bottom floats, is, as it were, a portion of the sovereignty of the country, to which she belongs—with the simple exception of those two cases which the laws of nations had established?

It was fortunate for me that this man merely met the arguments which I was thus urging upon him, with blind stupidity and an air of proud defiance. Many an epauletted scoundrel in his situation would have stopped me in my harangue, with the blow of his cutlass. The only reply which he condescended to make me, however was, that his master wanted the services of such chaps as myself to man his fleets. "Your master! And what is he to me? Your master is not mine. And what are his wants to me or to my country? Your infamous Bagshot murdered and robbed the innocent traveller on the high-way, because he wanted his purse. Your nation tyrannizes over every sea, because she wants to be the sovereign of the seas. The great Napoleon oversteps the bounds of justice, because he aspires to be the sovereign of the land. If the real or affected wants of every man or nation were to be taken as the standard of justice, what would there be in the hands of the good, however precious to them, which might not be put under requisition by the weakest or the worst of men!" These were the last words which I uttered—for one of his myrmidons lifted up an immense bludgeon, and with one blow felled me to the deck. I was immediately borne off in their boat to their "floating hell." My companions, my property, every thing which was dear to me in the world, was thus in one moment torn from me. I was cast like a dead dog into the noisome hold of their ship of war, where I was thrown into the heaviest chains.—These inhuman wretches after having lavished a flood of curses upon my head, were charitable enough to leave me for a few moments to my meditations.

What sad vicissitudes had my destiny undergone in the course of one short hour! From a merchant vessel of the United States, I was suddenly transferred to the hold of a British man of war. I was once a freeman—now a slave. Once accustomed to tread the decks of my native country with a bold and heavenly spirit—and now dependant upon the nod of a British officer, for the very air which I breathed. I was torn from my friends, from my native country, from the birth-right of a freeman—my wages were reduced—the rod of capricious authority was now vibrating over my head. I called to mind my unfortunate countrymen who were incarcerated in the old Jersey prisonship—perishing amidst the barbarities of Britain—the Goddess of Cruelty herself, as the fine print in Barlow's Columbiad represents her, stationed over the grated deck and drinking in their piteous cries with ears of delight. I recollected my starving countrymen, cooped up in the prisons of Philadelphia—their inhuman masters kicking over the meager soup intended for their subsistence, and insulting them with the exclamation: "Down upon the pavement, you rebels—lap it up like dogs."—I compared my situation to their's. But then they were in the midst of a revolution, contending for their independence. Now my country had taken her rank amongst the nations of the earth. How long will she tolerate the cruelties which are inflicted upon her impressed sons?

In my next, sir, I shall expatiate upon the miseries which I have endured during my captivity, and my escape from them.

BEN BUNTING.

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, JULY 11.—It is probable that the next accounts from Germany will bring intelligence of the greatest importance—we do not mean from the Danube, but from the North of Germany. It is reported that a general insurrection has broken out in Hanover and Hesse, and that the Austrians were advancing from Leipsic on the one hand, and from Wurtzburg on the other, for the purpose of giving confidence to the insurgents.

The foreign intelligence in the preceding page, does not communicate any very important facts; but it is still not without very considerable interest. It shows the disposition of the people of Germany, and proves that they are every where prepared to rise against the French, from the North to the South, from the banks of the Lake of Constance to the shores of the Baltic. The insurgents from Volaberg and the Tyrol, keep Swabia and Bavaria in a state of alarm—their activity is incessant—we hear of them in the neighborhood of [illegible]—of Memmingen, of Kempten—on the Leech, the Iser and the Inn: they enter towns and levy contributions—[illegible] of provisions and hostages, and to infest the country, that the enemy ob-