the banner of opposition to his administration.

The *federalists*, as they foolishly call themselves, are now patronizing and praising *Callender*, as they lately did *Cobbet*. He is probably just as worthy of them, of their patronage, and their praise, as *Cobbet* was. We wish them as much *honor* and *advantage* from their present, as they derived from their late *protege*.

From the Wilmington Mirror.

Diary of one of the Federal opposition in Congress.

Monday.] *Spent all yesterday in serious reflection. Could not think of any just ground for opposition—Mr. Jefferson's measures all calculated for the good of the country—a plague on such a president—never does any thing to find fault with—I wish the democrats had fixed on any other man—how the devil they came to make so wise and prudent a choice, I don't know.*

Past 11 *o'clock, time to be in my place—prayers are over—not fond of them—heigh, ho—can't think of any yet—well, I'll go and oppose every thing—that will be opposition—no pretext of any other kind—measures are all right enough, to be sure—O! what a damn'd thing to be in a minority.*

Tuesday.] *Had a bad day yesterday—lost a great deal of ground in public opinion—gallery all laughed at me when I spoke—wont attempt to be witty any more. Lord knows what is to become of us—minority daily growing less—dropping off one by one—would not like to be left alone*—tea sippers *should not make much noise about taxes*, they themselves *imposed—confound the journals, I say—very much afraid common folks will see them—curse your ayes and nays, how I hate them—our votes will do our cause no good—let us see—we voted a duty on salt of* 20 *cents per bushell, (I'd give a* handsome bounty *for a little "attic" to sprinkle over that vote)—we voted an additional duty on bohea tea, &c. O, when my speech of yesterday, is contrasted with this conduct, the block-heads will point their fingers at me*—Mem. *Not to walk the streets much when I first return home. A plague on the journals still say I.*

Wednesday.] *The internal taxes will be taken off in spite of us—sorry I opposed it—did not see so clearly then—told a great many stories* in the bargain—*said the rich paid them—no body will believe that—that was going rather too far—rich people do not drink our country liquors—I know the* poor *paid for the stamps—travelled sometimes a great way to get them—my neighbor Giles complained to me bitterly once, how he had to ride* 20 *miles one day to get a* ten cent stamp, *to give squire Holdfast a note for twenty-five dollars, he borrowed of him, to pay for a cow—foundered his horse on the way, was in such a hurry to get the money—spent one hundred cents, and lost his day's work* in the bargain—*I would not have this told for any money*—excise; *stamp act! Very ugly names—do us much harm—Hamilton loved them—they excited two insurrections—Hamilton said they would strengthen our party—not so.*

Mem.:—*take twenty drops of laudanum to-night, lest they should disturb my rest.*

Thursday.] *Nothing favorable turned up yet—such a week as this has been—near* 500 *federal officers, employed in collecting the internal taxes, going* out of pay—*all those fine fellows now, will have to turn to, and make a* living for themselves, *after having* lived so long on the public—oh, the ingratitude of republics—*this always comes of your frequent elections—I despise the right of voting—our friends of Delaware, in the house of representatives, have justly resolved "it is not only a* proper *but a* laudable *object of complaint"—but stop, my own election is coming on*—Mem. *not to think on this subject, lest peradventure, I speak where I shall be heard by some of my constituents.*

Well if we were to stick to the truth, we should have nothing to say in opposition—*I like the old proverb, "that truth is not to be spoken at all times," and I believe the seldomer we speak it the better for us—I can think of no plausible story this morning—I feel the effects of the opiate I took last night too much—so heavy and dull—great mind not to go to the house to day—it wont do to stay at home either—try if I can dream of some good fat tale to night.*

Friday.] *Rested badly—Bayard's speech on the judiciary frightened me almost to death—could dream of nothing but swords and guns, drums, trumpets, and bayonets—wish I had drank more wine before I went to bed—take no more opium: gives me the head ache next morning*—Mem. *drink two bottles of wine this afternoon, and sleep sound. Bayard scared our side prodigiously—democrats laughed at his threats—I wish he'd recollect how many old women there are amongst us—wont take my seat to day—afraid to hear the worst of his speech—the worst is to come perhaps—I see plainly it will do us no good—can't frighten the democrats—pshaw, when we had an army at our heels, and the government in our hands, we could not.*

Saturday.] *Feel somewhat composed—to morrow will be a leisure day—wont go to church—federalists make a mockery of religion—people begin to know it—ashamed to act the hypocrite on that subject—religion a very good thing—has nothing to do with politics, though church and state is the song in Connecticut.* Feds. *do very wrong in that respect. Told them so often. More real religion on the other side. They make no fuss about it. Must take my seat this morning.* Feds. *will think I have deserted them. Not right to stay too long on board a sinking ship. Rats do not do so; very wise animals. People have deserted us. We taxed them too much. Dont care though. Made money enough. So would any of my friends. No chance of a birth shortly. Hold too, a little longer. Our folks act badly. Tell too many lies. Dont blame them much neither. Got nothing else to tell. People dont believe them when they speak the truth. Federalism I fear is done. We must change our name, and a new name will not serve us. People not so ignorant a herd as we have supposed them. Feel my federalism oozing out at my toes. Take care it does not set my flocking on fire. Poor Dayton's burned up a few nights ago. Never been so hot as him. High time to change my course.*

Mem. *To take the first opportunity of becoming an honest man.*

From late London papers.

Sheriff's Court, London, May 25,

QUACK DOCTORS.

RICHARD *against* BARNETT.

This was a writ of inquiry of damages, in an action brought by the plaintiff, a clerk in a counting house in the city, against the defendant, a vender of quack medicines, who stiled himself a doctor, and distributed hand bills advertising medicines which were to cure every disorder incident to the human frame. It appeared the plaintiff had been subject to a scorbutic affection on the face.

The defendant undertook for the sum of 10 guineas, half of which was paid down immediately, to effect a complete cure. With this view he prescribed certain pills, the virtues of which were enumerated in his had bill. By these prescriptions, the patient was at last reduced to such a situation that he was nearly deprived of the use of his limbs, and his eye sight was extremely impaired. In this situation he acknowledged to his friends the error he had committed; an eminent physician was obtained, who found the plaintiff in a state of the utmost danger. He attributed it to the injudicious and indiscriminate application of preparations of mercury and antimony. By proper treatment the plaintiff recovered the use of his limbs, but the sight of his left eye was entirely lost. The witnesses consisted of medical gentlemen who deposed that the plaintiff owed not only the loss of his eye, but the debility of his frame, solely to the unskilfull management of the defendant.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damages, 400l.

Within the space of two months forty-seven suicides haves have been committed at Vienna, and it is said to be in contemplation to order that the dead bodies of those who shall kill themselves, shall be hung on a gallows by the public executioner in order to deter others from the commission of this desperate act.

A prodigious number of wolves have lately ravaged the cantons of the department of Landas, in France. In one commune alone, that of Sables, these animals, in the course of four months, have broke into forty-seven parks or close sheep-folds, and devoured upwards of 500 sheep and lambs. They have also devoured in the fields 13 young foals of a month and month and a half old. They commit their depredations frequently in troops of four and five each.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE

During the troubles in the reign of king Charles I. a country girl went up to London in search of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding to her wishes, she applied herself to carrying out beer for a brew house, and was of those then called tub women.

The brewer's humanity was interested on beholding a well looking innocent young girl in so slow an oceupation, and took her into his family as a servant; and in the course of some time, her great propriety of conduct attached him so much to her, that he made her his wife—he died, however, while she was yet a young woman, and left her a very large fortune.

She, immediately on becoming a widow, retired from business, and from some difficulties she experienced in the arrangement of her affairs, she was under the necessity of having recourse to a gentleman of the law. Mr. Hyde, a gentleman of great celebrity at that time, was the person to whom she was recommended.

This gentleman, afterwards the great earle of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very ample, offered her his hand and heart. She acceded to his proposals, and of this marriage there was no other issue but one daughter, who was afterwards the wife of Jame II. and mother of Mary and Anne queens of England. Extraordinary as this may appear, no historical fact can be better authenticated.

The following remarkably "capricious turn of fortune's wheel" has lately occurred:—A shoemaker, in Sunderland, named Webster, who, together with a wife and family, had long known the extreme of poverty, has been left heir to property to the amount of nearly 20,000l.

A Swedish sailor having been unfortunately cast away on the coast of Normandy, and being unable to make himself understood, was taken at first for a savage, and afterwards for a madman.—A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who forthwith ordered him to an hospital, where he was confined for two months, and purgatives constantly administered to him. At length the Swedish ambassador happened one day to visit the hospital, for the purpose of seeing the wild man, of whom he had been told that the moment a stranger entered, he had began to make extraordinary howlings and gestures. When the consul entered, the supposed madman soon made himself understood, and was instantly taken by the consul into his service where he now remains.

Signora Ranti has asked the managers of the Opera house two thousand five hundred pounds to sing in breeches; while she sung without breeches she was satisfied with twelve hundred pounds.

On the 4th of July, the anniversary of the independence of America, the Americans at Paris dined with the venerable Livingston, the American ambassador, ond one of the true founders of the American republic.

Case of Long Suspended Sensibility. Communicated to Benjamin B. Simons, M. D. &c. by William Roots, Esq. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

In the summer of 1800, Mr. Davy, demonstrator to the anatomical theatre at St. Thomas' hospital, went accidentally to Deptford; and going out of curiosity to visit the house erected there for the reception of the sick and hurt, in one of the beds he was struck with the appearance of a man in a comatose state, and on making inquiries, the nurse of the ward could give him no further account than that he had been brought there from a board a vessel some weeks since, in the same senseless state which he had been in for several months before. Mr. Davy was not satisfied with this account, returned to town and requested me, being the senior dresser of the hospitals, to go down to Deptford with him the next day, which I did. We saw the surgeon, who seemed quite as careless as he was ignorant about the case, and we requested he would permit the patient to be brought to our hospitals. He consented, and the man was brought into St. Thomas'. Mr. Cline examined him; there seemed to be some little unevenness on one side of the os occupitis, close to the lambdoidal suture, and another on the other side of the head extending, though in a very small degree, from the sagittal suture about an inch and a half down the parietal bone. The patient was, during the whole time, perfectly senseless. Mr. Cline proposed laying bare the cranium on the next day. On carrying the man into a ward, a patient in an adjacent bed cries out, "Oh that is my old shipmate, Ned Langley." On asking this man some questions, he said, that Ned Langley was cruising off Port Mahon in the same ship with him, upwards of a twelve-month ago; that during a smart breeze, the yard-arm came down on deck and struck Langley on the head; that he was taken up senseless and carried to his hammock; that he continued with him aboard in the same state during two months; that the ship put in afterwards to Gibraltar, where Langley was sent on shore; that after remaining there some little time he was sent on board an hospital ship in the Streights, and after that he was sent up the river and put on shore at Deptford. This evidence was corroborated by another man, accidently a patient in another ward, who was at Gibraltar at the time Langley came in there, and who came home in the same ship with him; and what was still more extraordinary, one of the pupils attending recollected perfectly Langley to have lived five years ago with his father as footman, in Cornwall, and that he left his service to take to a sea-faring life; and he recollected his features perfectly, and knew his parents, who thought he was dead long ago. The next day Langley was brought into the theatre, Mr. Cline made an incision so as to form a triangular flap on one of the depressed parts. He found the pericranium thickened, and to so great a degree as to fill up almost a very great depression in the cranium, which was evident on the removal of the pericranium; indeed, it was wonderful the degree of thickness inflamation had produced on this membrane. Mr. Cline, with great difficulty, applied the trepine immediately on the depressed part, wishing to remove it at once, as there was but little chance of using the elevator, after such a period had elapsed from the fracture, and the surrounding parts had acquired more than common hardness. With great caution and dexterity he removed the depressed part, but not without cutting into the longutudinal sinus; the hemorrhage was easily stopped by dossils of lint. The moment the bone was removed, the patient opened his eyes quite wide, and the subsultus tendinum subsided; he yawned and stretched his arms and legs, though with difficulty. He was ordered to bed, and to be kept without interruption for six hours, and if he did not mend, Mr. Cline proposed removing the depressed part on the other side the next day. The patient did not evince the least sign of feeling during the operation. One of the pupils being rather impatient before the six hours had elapsed, went to his bed side in order to feel his pulse, and taking his watch out, he dropped it with fright when the patient hallowed out—"damn you, Jack what's o'clock?" And looking about him, enquired, "where the devil he was? What ship he was on board? He had been dreaming all night he was in a terrible storm, and by G—d he believed it was true, for he seemed on board the devil's hulk."

On being informed of his situation, he laughed, and said they could not palaver him into such a belief, for it was but yesterday he was off port Mahon, and nothing could convince him to the contrary, not even his own ship mates; till the young gentleman whose father he lived with came; the fellow immediately knew him, and asked after his father by name, but still he could hardly reconcile himself to the belief of his being where he was, and he continued talking of events on board his ship to the very moment of his meeting with the accident; all which length of time to the present, seemed as only one short night's sleep to him. And from examining all these evidences separately, there is every reason to believe he continued in this state of total torpor for upwards of fourteen months. We could trace it in the clearest manner possible for 11 months, and from corroborating circumstances, he met with the accident above three months before: he was kept quiet, and continued mending very fast; his spirits were very great; he damned their eyes with all the good humour of a British tar; he sang, and would have drunk, had he been suffered; in seven weeks he went out perfectly well and sane in every respect, so that there was no necessity for operating on the other side. Now, the fortunate termination of this case was entirely owing to Mr. Davy accidently meeting with the poor fellow, who otherwise must have fallen a victim to want of activity and exertion in the medical hands he had fallen; and indeed it reflects the greatest credit on the nurses that had the care of him, for had it not been for the greatest care and attention in his state of insensibility, he must have perished through want of food, for every portion of nutriment during his comatose state, was forced down his throat, chiefly liquids; he had passages generally once in two or three days. And here we must say, till he came into St. Thomas's, he reflected the highest credit on his nurses, and the greatest disgrace on his surgeons.

N. B. I frequently conversed with the man during his convalescence, and he declared it seemed like enchantment; for when he first asked, what it was o'clock, he would have sworn he had not been abed above six hours from the day he received the accident off Port Mahon; a strong proof of the suppression of all sensation during that long period. Mr. Cline, as well as the rest of the surgeons present, declared it to be the most remarkable case they ever heard or met with in the annals of medical wonders. The man was as well as ever he was in his life when he left the hospital to visit his friends and relatives in Cornwall.

From the National Intelligencer.

Every day's contents of the federal prints evinces more and more the virulence of opposition to the government. Things the most trival are magnified in to mountains; shadows are attempted to be perverted into substances; and poison endeavoured to be thrown into the public mind. The philenthropy, conciliation, brotherly love and magnanimity displayed in the inaugural speech; the judgment, discretion, integrity and propriety exemplified in the recent message; and the benevolence, economy, fostering policy and patriotism so truly evinced in the measures of our legislature—all, all, have been aimed at to be blurred and shaded by the hands of malignity and aspersion. The president of the United States is charged with venality, perfidy, bribery, corruption, treachery, infidelity, partiality, injustice, and every inordinate vice—until at last, one might suppose that he had not a single virtue left—that he had never one in him. The members of administration are blended in the catalogue of charges—and left without a merit. In the name of heaven, what for a government have we? What are the people to think? What are they to conceive if these things are to be believed? But let us descend to particulars.

The great *hubbub* of the moment is of Mr. Jefferson, and *two hundred dollars!* Really, sir, it is too truly rediculous to dwell on for a moment—and I shall leave it to be consigned to contempt, whither it will certainly go whenever the ingenuity and address of weak malice shall be read through. The next is of displacing, and of making appointments. When the first president came into office he had every thing to begin, he had no one to turn out, he had nothing to do but to appoint, and he appointed at his pleasure. The succeeding president trod in his shoes, and it suited his policy and purposes to continue what had been done—yet no one will dispute his right to adopt a complete change if he had thought proper. The appointments of one president are no more obligatory upon another, than his policy: otherwise we might establish an aristocracy of persons at once. Every president has a right to begin anew; and if he does not enter into a thorough renovation, it ought not to be charged against him as a crime for going as far as he judges proper. But if previous appointments are so much stickled for, what will be said of old veterans, old faithful servants, soldiers of a seven years long and hardy war, tried men of '76, who have yet never known the balm of administrative favor or of service, now *nineteen years!* Think of those who have gone to the grave neglected, and think of those who are living! Count from the year '83—then count from the year '89—and see these men precluded, proscribed, and sat at nought to keep others in (equally meritorious, equally capable I will say) to dwell in the sunshine of indulgence, and to enjoy the rewards of public duty.—But I would ask these men how long they would wish to continue in office to the exclusion of their fellow citizens, their brother soldiers, and their brother prtriots? Are not *thirteen years* long enough? Or if it is not long enough, let them fix the time. When will they have even the politeness to end? What are their sentiments, what their minds, what their justice, what their purpose, what their policy, when at this day we see them all struggling still to preserve and perpetuate their situations; men who would have annihilated the present president, if they could, rather than he should have come in; men who have spit their venom in columns against him; men who threatened to *resign!* And yet rest under his administration. Where are these mighty men, these men of Goliah, these champions of retirement? Why, holding offices, and outrageous if but a single one of their own sacred order is touched upon. They will batten in office, and hold themselves in readiness to serve as a phalanx for a future *****, or a *******, or a ********! I recollect only one instance of resignation, and that was to get a *better place*. What effrontery must these men have? The fact is, they think they can play their game upon the president, and will stay in to be turned out, that they may have a pretext to make an *uproar*—what would they say if the president had dismissed them all at once? (And they will not deny that it was in his power; and if they will be candid, they will acknowledge it was his policy.) What right had they to stay in a moment, and subject him to such an alternative. Why, it was to answer their mercenary and malignant purposes. To constrain him to things that they might censure. But let us go on:—

What do the federalists want? They complain of the *imbecility* of our government. They denounce upon our *economy*. *They want energy—they want a full treasury.* Let them have both. Let them be satisfied. Let them solace under the blessings they prescribe. Let them feel the one and fill the other. We will no longer want energy, nor the means to support it. We will preserve the public confidence, defend our rights and liberties, expunge dilapidators, and thus meet them on their own ground. They will blush to refuse this.

REPUBLICANUS.

The "*Ark*," and Captain Black!

Now on the stocks at Dover, and will, it is expected, by the tories, be launched in all this fall, the "Federal Ark," a British bottom, intended solely for the *Nova Scotia*, or *Botany Bay* trade. Her timber and beams are all of the genuine *Swamp* oak; and in short all the materials of which the Ark is to be composed, will be such as to command a preference from all old and new tories—all refugees ragamuffins, and apostates. The captain, who is a good natured, accommodating, pliable sort of a soul, will make it his particular study to please; and as he is a liege and loyal subject of his most sacred majesty the British king, he has but little doubt of giving general satisfaction to all the tories, the *well born*, the *noblemen* and *gentry* of the state of Delaware, from whom he solicits employment, and to whom he *most humbly* presumes (excuse his presumption) to look for support.—The terms of freight will be varied according to the bulk and quality of the article. He deems it proper to remark, that nothing will be taken on board that is not *contraband*; and that his whole cargo will uniformly consist of *federal* manufacture, to wit, *quibbles*, quirks and quidditities; misinformation, and misrepresentation, tales (tough ones), tubs (with or without bottoms), conspiracies, clues, and conjurations; oblique, octagon, transverse, triangle, curious, queer, quadrangular, and even the plain down right lie; but this last mentioned will never be admitted, but in cases of the most dire and extreme necessity. For furcher particulars, apply to the Ch—nc—ll—r, at Dover, or the captain, who is not yet, but shortly will be on board said Ark.

Wilming. Mirror