THE Weekly Chron.

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid.

Vol. III. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1838.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Lewis W. Durant & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M'Millan's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Weekly Almanack.

November.	R. Sun.	S. Sun.	Moon	H. W.	
3 Saturday,	6 40	4 48	5 34	0	5
4 Sunday,	6 41	4 47	6 23	1	1
5 Monday,	6 42	4 46	7 22	1	48
6 Tuesday,	6 43	4 45	8 20	2	32
7 Wednesday,	6 45	4 43	9 39	3	18
8 Thursday,	6 46	4 42	10 49	4	0
9 Friday,	6 47	4 41	11 56	4	42

Last quarter, 8th. 10h. 4m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Robt. F. Hazen, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. W. Crookshank.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Wm. Leavitt, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: N. S. DeMill, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: John Robertson, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Miscellany.

THE MOST MOMENTOUS SEA-FIGHT IN THE PAST CENTURY.

By the Author of "Nelsonian Reminiscences."

His Majesty's ship Barfleur, of ninety-eight guns, bearing the flag of Vice-admiral Waldegrave, in the middle of the year 1795 sailed from Spithead to reinforce the fleet of Sir John Jervis, then blockading the French fleet in Toulon, and afterwards anchored in Gibraltar Bay. To speak of my suffering from that nauseous disease, sea-sickness, in the Bay of Biscay, would probably excite no more commiseration in my readers, than they did from my more experienced messmates, who derided them, and comforted me with the idea of fat pork and pease-pudding, nautically called dog's body. I can only say, to me they were inexpressibly severe, and when my feet pressed *terra firma* at the ragged stuff, Gibraltar, I thought myself in heaven. Oh, how I relished the firm-set earth, and the soft toast and fresh butter it produced! but human felicity is of short duration, and a few hours again saw me pale, home-sick, and miserable, and in course of time we joined the Mediterranean fleet, and, with tack and half-tack, took the bearings of Cape Sicia at noon, every day for nine months, diversified at times by putting into St. Fiorenza Bay in Corsica, for water and fresh beef. In the beginning of the year 1797 the Fox cutter came into the fleet with the signal flying of having despatches of great importance to communicate to the commander-in-chief, who immediately hove to, with a general signal for lieutenants. This Fox was noted for her quick passages, but more for her commander, Lieutenant Gibson, who was truly a fine specimen of the old English seamen, without having contracted their vulgarity. I have met him at Admiral Waldegrave's table, for he was a universal favourite.

In that skirmish of Lord Hotham's, not particularly flattering to our naval prowess, Gibson in the little Fox ran under the stern of the Ca Ira, an eighty gun-ship, and loudly called on him to haul down his colours, or he would sink him. The Frenchman smiled with contempt, and the Fox broke all his stern windows with his six-pounders. Alas, poor Gibson! This gallant officer fell a victim to the rash attack made by Sir Horatio Nelson on Teneriffe. A heavy shot from the batteries pierced this beautiful and fragile fabric under water and she sunk with ninety seamen and marines, few of whom were saved. One of the fortunate few I afterwards messed with, and he used to electrify us with an account of his miraculous escape—the way he shook off the clutch of the drowning wretches around. He was dragged down, and touched the bottom three times, and at last was getting into the dreamy state which concludes the dreadful sense of suffocation, he had before experienced, when a boat providentially saved him at the last gasp, to adorn the navy, I believe, even to this day. But we have left the Victoria, Sir John Jervis, with the general signal for lieutenants; this was speedily annulled, and substituted by the one for admirals and captains to repair on board the commander-in-chief; this made us aware the intelligence was of immense importance, and made a great stir among the big wigs. As I afterwards heard it explained, Lady Hamilton, during the siesta of the king of Naples, purloined a letter from his pocket, which he had been observed to read with great agitation before dinner. The letter announced the King of Spain's intention to join the coalition against England, and invited his brother Ferdinand of Naples to make the blow stronger by joining him. The sovereignty of the sea was never more strongly menaced. The northern powers had coalesced under the Emperor Paul, and England stood singly against a world in arms. Rear-admiral Mann was detached, with five sail of the line to Cadiz, and the fleet dispersed to various places to extricate the British commerce; a few of the three deckers accompanied the commander-in-chief into St. Fiorenza Bay in Corsica, the rendezvous of the Smyrna trade. The French fleet were on the alert, and poured their troops into the island of Corsica, where we were obliged to fight for our water; and many times have I seen the gallant and skilful veteran, Sir J. Sauvage, scramble up the rocks with all the alacrity of youth. At last, with ten sail of the line, and each ship of war with a heavy merchantman in tow, we sailed from St. Fiorenza Bay, closely followed by the Toulon fleet; so closely that no lights were displayed, or guns allowed to be fired. After passing the straits of Gibraltar, H. M. sloop, Bonne Citoyenne, joined the fleet with intelligence that the Spaniards were at sea under Don Cordova, to the immense number of twenty-seven sail of the line, and that of the largest size, accompanied by ten frigates, while rumours of the most portentous nature stated their intention of proceeding to Brest accompanied by the Toulon fleet: and by the junction of the grand French fleet, there awaiting them, to enter the British Channel above a hundred sail of line, and to sweep it to the mouth of the Thames. Sir John Jervis, by the junction of Sir P. Parker, with five sail of the line, now numbered fifteen, and two frigates; and with this small comparative force had he to keep in check the Spanish Don, and show a bold front to the Toulon fleet, close on his heels, and outnumbering him. Never since England displayed her banner to the breeze, hath a British admiral been called upon for a decision on which the fate of his country more hung. If defeated in fight, Portugal must fall, and very few of his fleet would reach a British port. Pressed on all sides by a powerful and haughty enemy, with the northern powers on the alert, a defeat would be fatal to the interests, probably the independence, of his country, and a further retreat into the channel would be such a glaring confession of weakness, as probably to realise the fable of the sick lion, and bring all the minor states to kick at him in his helpless state. Sir John decided, like a brave man, to fight, and leave the event to Infinite Wisdom, in whose hands are the fate of nations; and I will bear testimony to the excellent discipline in which Sir John kept his fleet: it was a pattern to all others, and might in some measure have influenced his determination; at all events, on the 10th of February the signal to clear for action announced the commander-in-chief's intention to fight against all odds and in this he followed the advice that Lord Nelson always gave his captains in all cases of doubt. His lordship used to say, "Fight, and that closely, and you will not be thought very wrong.

I remember the care used in taking down the admiral's bulkheads, and the removal of all the furniture he could do without below. The substitution of canvass, and the open clear appearance of the long line of guns, which now were more frequently exercised, all assumed a more martial appearance, and the round, laughing, unintellectual countenance assumed a sharpened and eager look. On the 13th, La Minerve, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Sir Horatio Nelson, came down the Mediterranean and joined the fleet. He was offered any ship of the line, not bearing a flag, and with his characteristic modesty chose the smallest seventy-four, viz. the Captain. His pendant was flying on board of her a few hours after joining, and every heart warmed to see so brave and fortunate a warrior among us.

The 13th of February, 1797, was employed by the British squadron, under Sir John Jervis, in getting ready for the ensuing fight, on which depended, not only the fate of England, but the civilised world, for revolutionary jargon and demoralising principles spread like a baneful cloud over it, and went far to sap the first principles of social life, and restore the anarchy and confusion of the dark ages, when the strong hand alone gave law, and order was banished from among mankind. Grinding cutlasses, sharpening pikes, flinting pistols, among the boarders; filling powder, and fitting well-oiled gun locks on our immense artillery by the gunners, slinging our lower yards with chains; and, in short, preparing a well-organised first-rate for this most important battle. The men and officers seemed to me to look taller, and the anticipation of victory was legibly written on each brow. It was my good fortune at that period to be in great favour with the vice-admiral; so much so, that each day he personally took me to where the grapes clustered his cabin, and the oranges in nettings hung thick above my head, with strong injunctions only to eat what had begun to decay. I was then not quite thirteen, and strictly obeyed orders *while he was in sight to enforce them*, otherwise a tempting peach, with its soft maiden blush, or the coarser red of juicy nectarine, diverted me from the strait and narrow path—I am sorry to reflect how frequently. The admiral was a polished, good-natured gentleman, and always took me as midshipman of his boat when mustering the crews of the ships of squadron, in rotation. We one morning went on board the Excellent, Captain Cuthbert Collingwood, not then so celebrated as he afterwards became—and I being tired of seeing John Matlingspike and Tom Rattling smooth down his front hair, and hitch up his trowsers, preparatory to scraping his foot, with his best sea jerk, as he passed in review before the big wigs—and pressed to go down by a brother mid, who felt proud of feasting the vice-admiral's aide-de-camp; and having internal conviction, as well as external, that the hour of noon had passed—the usual hour of dinner for young gentlemen—I, forgetting my proné station, stole from the vice-admiral's side, and was well employed in stowing my hold in the most expeditious manner with beef and pudding in the middy berth, when all at once I heard "Pass the word for the vice-admiral's midshipman—his admiral and captain are towing alongside, waiting for him." This alarming information nearly caused me to choke by endeavouring to swallow a large piece of pudding I had in my mouth, and with my cocked-hat placed in my hurry the wrong way, I crossed the lawse of Captain Collingwood, who, calling me a young scamp, and some other hard names, which I have long since forgiven, assured me in not a very friendly tone, that if I was his midshipman he would treat me with a dozen by marrying me to the gunner's daughter. This did not restore my self-possession; for being rather of an imaginative turn, I had a slight suspicion that Captain Dacres would very probably execute what his brother captain had hinted. But, O the storm! When I opened the gangway, a typhoon or hurricane must have appeared a calm compared to it; and in my hurry to jump into he boat, the Excellent having stearage way, I alighted on my Captain's old-fashioned cocked-hat. He seemed paralysed with rage; and the vice-admiral, who had not before spoken, with a quiet smile, told me to sit down, and asked me, in a kind voce, "If my hunger was too great for his dinner?" I hung my head, like most culprits, and I listened in silence to the captain's promised retribution: but I had a strong friend in the admiral, and was let off with a lecture as long as the main-top-bowline. During the long night of the 13th of February, we heard many heavy guns to windward, and felt perfectly certain that they proceeded from the Spanish fleet, who could not be very remote. The day dawned in the east, and "Up all hammocks ahoy!" resounded throughout the decks of H. M. ship Barfleur. Some were sent aloft to barricade the tops, whilst the remainder were stowed with unusual care as a bulwark round the upper decks. Great haze had prevailed during the night, and it still continued. General signal flying on board the Victoria for the fleet to make all sail on the starboard tack, preserving a close order of sailing in two lines, a vice-admiral leading each line, with Sir John in the Victoria two points on the weather-bow. Our two frigates and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop, under a press of sail, to windward. At nine the latter made the signal for a strange fleet to windward;—then, that they were twenty-seven ships of the line and ten frigates, with a cloud of small craft, and that they were the Spanish fleet, under Don Cordova. These intimations of approaching battle were received by the British squadron with reiterated cheers; and so beautifully close was our order of sailing, that the flying jib-boom of the ship astern projected over the taffrail of our leader. Signal was made for the Culloden to chase to windward, and, after a short period, to form the line of battle, without regard to the established order, by which manœuvre Captain Trowbridge led the British line; and one more competent could not have been selected. Here we must admire that wonderful tact and knowledge of human nature possessed by Sir John Jervis. Naval etiquette has established the senior captain as better fitted to lead, from his experience, and he is so placed in the established order of battle; but practice has sometimes proved the fallacy of such a theory; and Sir John, without offending, placed at the head of his line one of the most perfect seamen, though, as his subsequent end proved, too daring, even to rashness. This ill-fated officer took the Culloden home from Malta when she had been declared not seaworthy, and tried the same in the Blenheim from India, and has never since been heard of; no doubt he fell a victim to his rash daring. But on the 14th February no man could have led the British line better, or better have proved the unrivalled judgment of Sir John Jervis.

"I have a glimpse through the fog of their leeward line," called signal-lieutenant Edghill, from the mainyard, "and the loom like Beachy Head in a fog. By my soul, they are thumpers, for I distinctly make out four tier of ports in one of them, bearing an admiral's flag."

"Don Cordova, in the Santissima Trinidad," said the vice-admiral; "and I trust in Providence that we shall reduce this mountain into a mole-hill before sunset."

The British had formed one of the most beautiful and close lines ever beheld. The fog drew up like a curtain, and disclosed the grandest sight I ever witnessed. The Spanish fleet, close on our weather bow, were making the most awkward attempts to form their line of battle, and they looked a complete forest huddled together: their commander-in-chief, covered with signals and running free on his leeward line, using his utmost endeavours to get them into order; but they seemed confusion worse confounded. I was certainly very young, but felt so elated as to walk on my toes, by way of appearing taller, as I bore oranges to the admiral and captain, selecting some for myself, which I stored in a snug corner in the stern gallery, as a *corps de reserve*. The breeze was just sufficient to cause all the sails to sleep and we were close hauled on the starboard tack, with royals set, heading up for the Spanish fleet. Our supporting ship in the well-formed line happened to be the Captain, and Captain DaCres fulfilled, to say that he was desired by the vice-admiral to express his pleasure at being supported by Sir Horatio Nelson.

It wanted some time of noon when the Culloden opened her fire on the Spanish van, and our gallant fifteen, so close together, soon imitated her example. The roar was like heavy thunder, and the ship reeled and shook as if she was inclined to fall in pieces. I felt a choking sensation from the smell and smoke of gunpowder, and did serious execution on the oranges. This uproar and blinding appeared to me to have lasted a considerable time, but I judged more from my feelings than my watch, when I heard our active signal-lieutenant report the Culloden's signal to tack and break through the enemy's line, and the fleet to follow in succession. Down went the Culloden's helm, and she dashed through, as reported; for my vision was dazzled, between the nineteenth and twentieth ship of the enemy, closely followed by the Colossus, whose fore-yard was shot away in the slings, as she was in stays.

"The Captain has put her helm down," called the signal-lieut.

"Only in the wind," said the vice-admiral; "she will box off directly."

The admiral was wrong, and Commodore Sir Horatio Nelson went clean about, and dashed in among the Spanish van, totally unsupported, leaving a break in the British line—conduct totally unprecedented, and only to be justified by the most complete success with which it was crowned. After losing sight for some time of the little Captain among the leviathans of Spain, one of whom, by some chance, appeared close under our stern, just as I had applied one of my select store of oranges to my mouth, she opened an ill-directed fire, apparently into the admiral's stern-gallery, that I was viewing her from. The first bang caused a cessation of my labours, the second made me drop a remarkably fine Maltese orange, which rolled away and was no more seen, and the third made me close my commanders on the quarter-deck, bearing to each an orange. An opening in the Spanish forest now showed the Captain on board of two Spanish ships, large enough to hoist her in, and to our astonishment and joy a tattered union jack fluttered above their sweeping ensigns. The commodore had made a bridge of one to capture the other, and both were prizes to the Captain, Sir Horatio Nelson.

At this time, the fleets being much intermingled, Sir John bore up in the Victoria to rake the Salvador del Mundo, who carried a rear-admiral's flag, and had been very roughly used by the Excellent, which had passed on to assist the Orion, engaged by the Santissima Trinadad. What a smacking broadside was sent into the unfortunate Spaniard's stern by the Victoria! and before she could digest such a dose, we delivered another, which caused the Spanish flag to be quickly lowered, leaving our following friend to take possession of her.

When the British squadron passed through the Spanish fleet, they cut out eight ships of the line, who then tacked, and kept hovering to windward of their distressed friends. This rear division, now perceiving the imminent peril of their commander-in-chief, who was dismasted and very hard pressed indeed, it was roundly asserted that he struck his colours, and rehoisted them on the rear division bearing down to his succour. The Conde Reigle, who led this division, ranging up alongside of H. M. S. Britannia, received one of the most destructive broadsides, and hauled her wind in a great hurry, taking no further part in the action.

The time now nearly five P. M., and two first-rates and two second-rates showed the gay union of England fluttering over the ensign of Spain. Our prizes and disabled ships had fallen to leeward, and as the day was closing, Sir John, who must have been amazed at his own success, made the signal for the fleet to reinform the line of battle to leeward, and bore up in the Victoria, to close them, and formed his line just to windward between them and the Spanish fleet, who still remained in the greatest disorder, their commander-in-chief, in the Santissima, with only her main-mast and main-yard standing. I believe the slaughter on board her so unprecedented, that Don Cordova, on shifting his flag, stated he had left four hundred of his men dead on her decks. The captured ships had suffered much, and certainly took a glutton's share of beating with apathetic composure, their return being very feeble. Had the daring and heroic soul of Nelson been infused into the breast of every British commander on that glorious day, every one of their gorgeous ensigns would have bowed to the Jack of England, and Sir John Jervis would have been created a duke instead of Earl St. Vincent.

Our fleet, during the night, which was fine, repaired damages and shifted prisoners, both fleets lying to with a prospect of renewing the fight at daylight. At dawn of day, the Spaniards, exasperated at their unexpected defeat and heavy losses, made a demonstration of fight, by forming their line of battle and placing their heads towards us, bringing up with them a very light breeze. An affirmative to the question "Are you ready to renew the action?" flew at the masthead of each of our ships of the line as the leeward ones, mostly disabled were towed into the British line of battle. At this moment a violent explosion from our lower deck, with the hasty flight of the port, part of the side, and a round of thirty-two pounders, through the air, caused great excitement; and the cry of fire caused some confusion in the Barfleur. This was speedily got under, and our captain made his appearance on the quarter-deck completely drenched, and proceeded to inquire into the late alarming occurrence. The men had slept at quarters, and one of them was soundly sleeping on the breech of a lower-deck gun, that was housed. A waister from the sister kingdom, rather raw in the service, possessed of an inquiring mind, was at a loss to determine how pulling a string affixed to the lock could cause such a thundering noise; in his philosophical experiment he had placed the lock on full cock, gave a gentle pull with the aforesaid string, fired the gun, killed the sleeper smashed his foot to pieces by the recoil, and stood transfixed with horror and pain at the success of his experiment. The loss of his foot saved his back, and the carpenters soon repaired the damage. Whether the noise of our shot was the cause, or that the better part of valour influenced the Dons, they hauled their wind, which now began to freshen, and increased their distance. By signal from the commander-in-chief, the British fleet hoisted Spanish colours, in compliment to Don something—whose flag flew on board the Salvador del Mundo, and who was now dying of wounds received in the action. Whether this refined compliment cheered his moments of agony, I cannot say, but it received its reward by a rich Spanish ship running into the midst of us, being bothered by both fleets appearing with the same colours.

Sir John, satisfied with the honour he had gained, and entertaining a well-founded dread of the Toulon fleet, whom we should have found very rough customers, shaped a course for Lagos Bay on the coast of Portugal, with the prizes in tow; the Spanish fleet followed us, though evidently afraid to come within gun shot.

On the following morning we anchored in battle order across this open bay, and in the evening a gale of wind came in from the sea, and the fleet were in terrible jeopardy, most of them with their best anchor down and some with their spare one. In the Barfleur we were pitching bows under, and three anchors a-head; one mile astern of us extended a reef of rocks, on which the sea broke frightfully, and through which there appeared no opening; half a mile within them lay a populous village of fishermen. As they expected a God-send by the wreck of the whole fleet, they had gone through the trouble of collecting wood and burning fires during the night. Young as I was, I retain a strong recollection of this dark and dreadful night.

"Ship a-head, driving," called the forecastle lieutenant.

"God help us!" I heard the captain piously ejaculate. "Lower deck there, stand by, to veer on the three cables at the same time—place the helm hard a-starboard"—and the commander-in-chief, in his gallant and noble ship the Victory, passed our starboard side close, driving fast upon the rocks to leeward which shook off the heavy sea, throwing its white spray to the clouds. There was an agonised cry of horror, and "O God! save her!" as this beautiful fabric hastened on destruction. We heard her last effort, as her spare anchor flashed in the briny flood, and, thank God, she brought up with four anchors a-head. Never shall I forget the sight as I caused our stern and top lights to be relighted. The roaring of the wind and rain, the bellowing noise of the officers' trumpets, the bounding of the numerous guns of distress, the roar of the breakers so near us astern, and the ghastly reflection of the surf and fires ashore,—all, all are imprinted on my memory in the present year of 1838.

Poetry.

SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

They may boast of the spring-time when flowers are the fairest,
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the rarest,
But the summer's the season that's dearest to me!

For the brightness of sunshine, the depth of the shadows,
The crystal of waters, the fullness of green,
And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows,
In the glory of summer can only be seen.

Oh, the joy of the green-wood! I love to be in it,
And list to the hum of the never-still bees;
And to hear the sweet voice of the old mother-linnet,
Unto her young calling 'mong the leaves of the trees.

To see the red squirrel frisk hither and thither,
And the water-rat plunging about in his mirth!
And the thousand small lives that the warm summer weather
Calls forth to rejoice on the bountiful earth!

Then the mountains, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven
Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light;
While adown their deep chasm, all splinter'd and riven,
Fall the far gleaming cataracts, silvery white.

And where are the flowers that in beauty are glowing
In the gardens and fields of the young merry spring;
Like the mountain-side wilds of the yellow broom blowing
And the old forest pride, the red wastes of the ling?

Then the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,
But warm with the sunshine and bright with the sheen
Of rich flowers, the mos-rose and the bright tiger-lily,
Barbaric in pomp as an Ethiop queen.

Oh, the beautiful flowers, all colours combining,
The larkspur, the pink, and the sweet mignonette,
And the blue fleur-de-lis, in the warm sunlight shining,
As if grains of gold in its petals were set!

Yes; the summer—the radient summer's the fairest,
For green woods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,
For waters, and fruits, and for blossoms the rarest,
And for bright shining butterflies lovely as flowers.

The Abbot of Darrynane Abbey, in his low and scurrilous abuse of the Marquis of Westmeath, says, "he would go a mile round sooner than let the Marquis come between him and the wind." This antipathy may be thus accounted for: the Marquis is a great smoker, and the Abbot has an hereditary detestation and horror of even the smell of tobacco! Darrynane Abbey, to wit, where, if ever there was an Abbey in days of remote antiquity, more bales of tobacco have been buried and have risen again during the last century, than ever there were monks dead or alive in days of yore.

On Sunday se'nnight the O'Connell Tribute was collected at every chapel in the county Carlow—the Priests taking the lead with the box, some with whips, and others armed with sticks, determined to enforce obedience to their *spiritual* commands.—*Limerick Standard, August 28.*

French Opinion of Mr. O'Connell.—The Paris correspondent of the *Standard* writes—"The *National* of to-day contains a spirited attack on O'Connell. It refers to the meeting of Daniel's constituents, held in Dublin on Saturday last, and says, 'that the honourable member is in the right to designate his system by the name of a pacific agitation as the repeal of the Union, which is his object, can be effected only by a revolution in England.' The grand Agitator this journal compares to Mirabeau playing with firebrands, which will one day cause a vast conflagration, impossible to be subdued, and selling his support to the throne, which he is secretly endeavouring to undermine. This is the opinion of the *National* of Mr. O'Connell—that he is secretly endeavouring to undermine the British monarchy, whilst he is offering to sell his pretended allegiance to it. And let it be remembered that this is not the opinion of an enemy of Mr. O'Connell, but of one of his warmest friends."

An Improvement in the Piano.—Mr. D. B. Groves piano manufacturer of Philadelphia, has introduced into an instrument, in lieu of a sounding board, a glass plate, and glass tubes over the strings. The advantage anticipated from this improvement is in the superior quality of glass over wood in giving or reverberating sound. The peculiar softness of the sound made from glass is familiar to all who have ever heard the exquisite tones of musical glasses. As a reflector of sound, it is believed it may be advantageously introduced into pianos, and so far as it has been tried it is found to increase as well as to give a rich mellowness to their tones.

Newly-invented Cable Stopper.—Mr. Atwater, R. N. who has the management and charge of the chain cables and iron tanks in Portsmouth dock-yard, has made a great and ingenious improvement in the stopper of the cable, by substituting an iron deck stopper with a slip, to slip from the cable, in place of a rope stopper now used on board her Majesty's ships. The present stopper is composed of rope, rendering it heavy and slackly for shackling the same on the ring bolt of the deck. The stopper produced by Mr. Atwater has been tried on board her Majesty's ship Pique, while at Spithead, at single anchor for a week, and during four days it blew a gale of wind. It is more durable, lighter, and less trouble to make than a rope stopper, and can always be issued with the chain cables. The cost is nearly the same.—*United Service Gazette.*

A Tee-totaler in Trouble.—On Thursday, at the Police-office, an individual named Patrick Hughes, from Ireland, was charged with having been found drunk in the streets and unable to take care of himself. The Bridewell keeper handed to the magistrates a card found on him, from which it appeared, that he was a member of a *tee-total* society. Mr. Hall.—"Pray, how long have you been a member of this temperance society?" Prisoner.—"Sixteen months this day; and going to Ireland I got myself transferred as a tee-totaller, and got a drop of beer on the occasion, but I did not taste any spirits whatever—not a drop of spirits. I happen to be on my way to America." Mr. Hall.—"It is a most unfortunate accident. Then I suppose you don't want this card again, showing that you are a temperate man?" Prisoner.—"Why, sir, I'm temperate against spirits, sir." (Loud laughter.) Mr. Hall.—"Well, you are going to America, are you?" Prisoner.—"Yes, sir. I am." Mr. Hall.—"Well, off with you."

Involved Relationship.—There are six individuals at present residing at Lanark, among whom there are no less than three wives, three husbands, two fathers, one son, two fathers-in-law, two brothers-in-law, two sons-in-law, two step-mothers, two daughters, two step-daughters, two sisters, one brother, two cousins, one uncle, one niece, and two sisters-in-law, forming altogether twenty-nine distinct relationships from these six individuals.—*Glasgow Paper.*

Impudent Thieves—Good Judges.—On Monday night some thieves broke into the shop of Mr. Avent, jeweller and watchmaker, of Bridge-street, Exeter, and stole a large number of watches, brooches, pins, rings, and a few articles of plate. In the shop the fellows found some plated spoons and forks, which they had the impudence to try with a file, to see if they were really silver, and finding that they were not, they left them behind.—*Exeter Flying Post.*

Ship Letters.—Some idea may be formed of the extent of communication between the United States, England, and France, from the following facts:—The number of letters forwarded through the New York Post-office, by the packets for Liverpool, London, and Have, from the 16th April last, to the 19th July, was 61,307—for other ports 4,360—total, 65,667. The number received at the Upper Post-office, from 1st January to June 30th, was 240,548,—for city delivery, 101,849. There can be no doubt, that, but for the embarrassment of the times, the number of letters would have been much greater.—*New York Evening Post.*

Remarkable Effort of Nature.—Mr. Pling, the celebrated cribbage-player, who is now residing at Broad-stairs, affords a very remarkable instance of what nature can accomplish. This gentleman, who had been dumb from his birth, whilst walking with Mr. G. Almond, of Old Bond-street, on Birmingham Cliff, Cork, suddenly saw a child dashed to pieces almost at his feet, it having fallen from the cliff; upon which Mr. Pling suddenly received speech, exclaiming, "Oh, heavens!" and has ever since retained his powers of language. He is at present sojourning at Broad-stairs, where he may frequently be heard conversing with a true Milesian accent.—*Maidstone Journal.*

"*No Partizan.*"—It has been said by one of the shrewdest observers of mankind, that "he who professes to have no party, is either a knave or traitor at heart; for as it is impossible, by the scripture-proverb, to serve two masters, so is it equally impossible to serve two parties, without being equally faithless to both, and deserving of confidence from neither." This is unquestionably true. Every honest man, with moral courage enough to make him respectable, will choose his side, avow his opinion, and keep his stand. He may change his views indeed through the convictions of principle; but he can never daily, with honesty, between two causes, or halt between two opinions; for in that case, during an election contest, he must be like the viper which Paul shook from his hand at Malta, wriggling painfully "twixt upper nether, and surrounding fires."—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Antiquities.—Some researches lately made in the cathedral of Rouen have led to the discovery, under the pavement of the sanctuary, of the statute of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which used to ornament his tomb, and a box enclosing his heart. This statue, which is in perfect preservation, is six feet and a half in length, and represents the King in a recumbent position, with his feet resting on a lion couchant. The tomb was once enclosed by a railing of silver, which was sold in the middle of the 13th century, in order to pay the ransom of St. Louis.

This tomb is to be restored and placed in the chapel of the Holy Virgin.

A recent discovery confirms the opinion of many celebrated archæologists, that ancient Genabum stood on the very spot on which is erected the town of Orleans. In the centre of the old town, some excavators struck, a few days ago, on a pile of brick-work, which to all appearance, must formerly have been part of a furnace for heating water; near it were also discovered some pipes, and also some remnants of fresco painted walls, which may have been those of a bath-house. The building seems to have been destroyed by fire, as the ruins were buried in a thick layer of cinders. Several weights, vases, and Roman coins, in beautiful preservation, were also dug up.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Weight of the Human Body.—M. Chaussier dried a human body in an oven, the original weight of which was 120 pounds: when dry it was reduced to 12 pounds.—Hence the solid matter of the body was to water as 1 to 6, or one-tenth. From this it will be seen how great a proportion the fluids of the body bear to the solids.

The son of the late desperado Thistlewood, the head of the Cato-street conspirators, has been committed to take his trial at Maidstone for a highway robbery. He is a private in the 50th regiment.

Whig Jobbing.—On yesterday morning twenty prisoners, sentenced to transportation, proceeded in two of Mr. Bianconi's cars, drawn by *four horses each*, from our county jail to Kilkenny, on their way to Dublin, under an escort of police, commanded by Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, C. C. The very expense of sending these convicts, by this mode of conveyance, as far as Kilkenny amounted to *nine pounds*; but, as it put money into the pockets of one of our Government supporters, it is no matter how the county is saddled with the expense.—Formerly convicts were sent in common carts—nay, oftentimes they were obliged to walk; but Whig-Radical legislation thinks otherwise, and the vehicle engaged for this purpose, now-a-days, is no less than a *coach and four!!*—*Tipperary Constitution.*

The Alleged Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI. The following is the commencing part of a narrative, drawn up by the alledged Duke of Normandy, the illfated son of Louis XVI. It is stated that in several countries there exists an increasing belief that the writer has completely identified himself with the dauphin.

After stating that he asks for nothing but his civil inheritance, the private property which belonged to the royal family of France before the first revolution, of which he declares no government has a right to deprive him, he says:—"In order to enlighten my natural judges, it is not necessary for me to write the history of France, but only to relate those facts which have been engraved on my memory from my childhood, and are indisputable proofs of my identity.

"The narrative is intended to prove that the child who died in the Temple was not the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, and that I alone am the Duke of Normandy, the true son of the martyr king. As such, I perfectly remember as far back as the time when we quitted Versailles to fix our residence in Paris. I even remember some facts anterior to that period. Before the 6th of October I occupied the apartment formerly inhabited by my brother, near to those which belonged to Mesdames Victoire and Adelaide. It was then that Madame de Saint Hilaire, who was of Madame Victoire's household, had frequent opportunities of seeing me. In one of these rooms I slept the last night that we slept at Versailles. It was thence that my father carried me in his arms, to save me from the assassins. He was followed by Madame de Berri, who had sat up with me that night; she went with my father and me by a private staircase into the room where we found my mother, who took me in her arms, and covered me with her night cloak, which was of a white material. A person went to fetch my clothes to dress me, which was done in my father's room. I have not forgotten that person. My sister (the Duchess of Angouleme) who is seven years older than I am, was present at the time. She ought to ask of him, who says that he is her brother, who that person was? For the truth of this statement, which can only be known to the son of Louis XVI., I appeal to the Duchess of Angouleme herself.

"During our journey from Versailles to Paris two monsters carried at the end of their pikes the heads of two men. They walked in front of our carriage. Between them there was a man of ferocious aspect; he wore a long beard, and carried on his shoulders the bloody axe with which probably he had perpetrated this horrible sacrifice. At least they made us stop opposite a shop, which these villains entered and soon returned from. After having produced the heads of their victims, suddenly one of these wretches came towards us, and thrust one of the heads in my face. I was standing at the door of the carriage, against which one of our guards was leaning, to protect us from the mob. This brave man kept off all those who approached to force him away in order to do us some injury, but he could not prevent the assassains from putting one of the heads under my eyes. I was so terrified at this frightful spectacle that I threw myself into my mother's arms and hid my face in her bosom. Of all the people who were with me in the carriage one only is still living: it is my sister. Will she have the culpable resolution to deny this fact, which no one in the world can know except her brother? At length, arrived at Paris, we were carried off by the people, and conducted to the Hotel de Ville. I ascended the stairs between my mother and Marie Elizabeth. These tender friends led me into a large hall, which was already full of men, many of whom were drunk. We remained there till a late hour of the night, and, notwithstanding the tumultuous cries of the populace during our passage from the Hotel de Ville to the Tuileries, I had fallen asleep in the carriage on my father's lap, and I was awoke by the cry, 'My son! my son!' They have carried him away.' I replied 'Mamma,' for in truth I found myself in the hands of a stranger, who put me into the arms of a brother Cléry, valet-de-chambre to my sister, whose name was Hamet. I have such a perfect recollection of this faithful servant that I remember, as if it had happened but yesterday, that he used to amuse my sister and myself in our childhood with the sight of a magic lantern in the evening. I was then four years old. Hamet restored me to the solicitude of my mother, who pressed me to her bosom and covered me with kisses. It is no doubt very easy with a good memory to relate what has been written by others respecting what passed during our misfortunes; but all these details which have remained unknown, and have never been published, are the touchstone for the Duchess of Angouleme if she wishes to convince herself of the truth.

"Let us proceed to some examples:—I was very young when the journey to Varennes was decided upon; nevertheless I well remember that the Count

R COPY