SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1848.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 1.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUGANY & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

SEPT.		R. SUN.	S. MOON	R. W.
23	Saturday,	5 50	5 54	1 57 5 30
24	Sunday	5 51	5 52	2 59 9 38
25	Monday,	5 52	5 50	4 0 10 28
26	Tuesday,	5 53	5 48	5 1 11 9
27	Wednesday,	5 54	5 47	SETS. 11 45
28	Thursday,	5 55	5 45	6 33 Morn
29	Friday,	5 56	5 43	7 4 0 19

New Moon, 27th, 4h. 41m. morning.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
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WILLIAM J. STARR,
FREDERICK R. SPARR
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February 1848.

Wine, Pale Ale, Porter,
and BROWN STOUT.

Now Landing Ex "Candria" from London:

2 PIPES, 10 Hhds, 2 Qr. Casks Choice Old PORT WINE;
6 Hhds Fine GOLDEN SHERRY;
1 Puncheon very old Jamaica RUM;
50 Casks Byass' best East India Pale Ale, Porter, and BROWN STOUT—in pint and quart bottles. For sale by
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Farm for Sale.

A FARM fronting on the Fredericton Road, about 28 miles from the City St. John, containing 100 Acres, with a good frame BARN, and LOG HOUSE thereon; and about 15 of cleared Land. Possession can given immediately if required.—Terms of payment made easy on application to the Subscriber, or, at the Store of Mr. C. C. MacDONALD, No. 5, North side, King-street.

May 19. SAMUEL BABBIT.

To Cash paying Customers.

Cont. Year, 8 Pantaloons.

MADE to Measure, of all Wool Scotch TWEED—Warranted to fit or no Sale, ONLY 40s.
GARRETT & SKILLEN,
Tailors & Drapers
Pantechnethecra, Prince Wm street, June 1.

Clothing for the Boys!

LIST of Prices—A plain well made Suit for Boys from the age of 6 to 8 Years viz.:—Jacket, Checked Pants and Vest only 15s;
Do. do. Cloth Jacket, white Pants & Vest 16s 3d
Do. extra fine Cloth Jacket, Pants and fancy Vest, only 20s;
Dress Suit, from the age of 8 to 16, fine Sack Coat, Pants, and Vest, from 22s 6d.
Cash before leaving the Shop.
GARRETT & SKILLEN.
Pantechnetheca, July 14.

SOAP.—Ex ship *Orleans* from Liverpool, on Consignment—300 Boxes *Steele and Son's* hard Yellow SOAP, in 64 and 56 lb. Boxes, For sale at Hammond's Brick Building, 20, Dock street by (June 16) H. G. KINNEAR.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE

ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—*King's College Hospital*, in May, for five weeks; at *Guy's Hospital* in July, for six weeks; and at *Charing Cross Hospital*, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent that *the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 5th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Scrofulous Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,

Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market.

GEORGE CRAIG.

September 3.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1848.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuge DEALS, BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (deliverable either at the Mills or in the city.)

WILLIAM CARVILL.

February 18. *Nelson street.*

Salt, Sugar, Molasses.

Ex schr. *Democrat*, Clements, Master, from Yarmouth, now landing at York Point Slip:

2500 BUSHELS Turk's Island SALT;
56 Hhds. SUGAR;
Hhds Molasses.

For sale low from the vessel.

March 31. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

OIL, VARNISH, &c.

10 CASKS Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL, 10 barrels Bright VARNISH,
5 barrels Spirits of TURPENTINE—just received and for sale at No 1, North side Market square, by (June 23) W. O. SMITH.

By the Lord Wellington:—

20 KEGS Superfine MUSTARD,
20 kegs Best Ground GINGER,
1 case Real CINNAMON,
1 do. CASTOR OIL,
1 sack CARRAWAY SEED,
1 case Pearl SAGE.—For sale by
JOHN KINNEAR.

Miscellany.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

The Rev. Henry Giles in a lecture recently delivered in the city of Philadelphia, thus eloquently describes the farewell thoughts of an upright man in the last hour of his life:

"Oh! thou glorious sun—still pour down thy splendour to bless men's eyes and to gladden their hearts. Many years have I rejoiced in thy light—with rapture have I watched it dawn upon the mountains—with rapture have I lingered with its parting magnificence upon the evening clouds. Still pour down thy beauty and be the central lamp in the blue canopy of heaven for endless generations. Shine on, ye stars, sweet and solemn as ye are, and though awful, yet lovely, with wings of fancy that no lower air could damp. I have risen to your dread sublimity and been lost in your measureless depths. I have felt a terrible and a speechless joy. Still show to the lonely watches of the night your everlasting harmony—still play to mortals the music of your eternal spheres. Roll on thou mighty ocean, symbol as thou art of mystery and power!—unfathomable abyss, resistless strength—great binder of the nations! I have slept upon thy heaving bosom.—I have sported with thy shore-hissing wavelets.—I have listened to thy low, sad song in the calm, and thy chorus of fierce sounds in the tempest—but the hour draws nigh when my eye shall no more see thee, and my ear shall no more hear thee. And thou, gentle earth! hospitable and comely home—beautiful thou art, beautiful exceedingly; and though sorrow, and wrong, and guilt, and death be on thee, thou remainest beautiful despite them all. Soon shall I look my last upon your hills and valleys, and your fields—but lovingly—as my senses fail shall I think on thee, first dwelling place to the infancy of my immortality. Human beings! leaving you I bless you. I bless your sympathies. I am grateful for every tie that bound me to you, for every benefit you have done me. Still let childhood bound in its innocence, and youth rejoice in its strength, and man put forth his power, and woman be lovely in her purity, and age enjoy the blessedness of peace. I must quit this habitation which must return to the dust out of which it was made, while my spirit returns to God who gave it. I am at the end of my pilgrimage and I am satisfied. I am at the portals of the invisible and mysterious future. I behold the stirring of the veil, which will soon be taken away; I see the shadow of the solemn messenger that is to announce my removal. Let the veil be raised. I am prepared to enter—let the messenger approach—I am prepared to follow."

A RUN INTO BOHEMIA—A DAIRY DISTILLERY.

Touching the farming of the country, we had no opportunity of seeing anything of the internal economy of a Saxon farmhouse; but our friend, Dr. Krause, was kind enough to take us to see a dairy farm, which is worth a passing observation. It is one of the royal estates, and is situate on the left bank of the Elbe, a little below the city. It is the completest thing of the kind we have ever seen. The estate consists of about 900 Saxon acres, 700 of which are tillage, and the 200 meadow land. The dairy stock consists of 200 milch cows, but taking oxen, calves, and bulls, the average number of the farm is generally about 400 animals in all. Fifty oxen and eighteen horses are required to do the work of the farm. The cow-houses form a very substantial square building, extending round a court yard nearly an English acre in extent. The interior of the buildings is lofty, and the floor sloping, so that the liquid manure is conveyed rapidly away. The roof is supported by long columns of stone pillars, and a flagged pavement gives a dry and clean passage round the entire building. One wing is appropriated to a piggery. It is of the same substantial character. There were in fifty pigs in it when we were there, but it is capable of holding a much larger number. The sties are substantial compartments of stone walls five feet high, and the drainage is so effective, that we never found a pigsty so free from smell. But there was a thorough draught through it by open windows placed above the walls of the sties. This allowed a perfect circulation of air, without exposing the precious lives of the dear animals to the baleful influence of draughts—the pigs never complain of catching cold, or having rheumatism. There were shutters also to the windows—a precaution which the rigorous winter of Saxony may render necessary. The cow houses, as well as the piggery, were equally well ventilated. To this establishment Dresden was much indebted for its daily milk. But there is another branch of it which deserves notice, and that is the *distillery*. The soil of the farm is suitable for potatoes which flourish in it. There are 450 bushels of potatoes washed, boiled, and mashed daily, and mixed with malt. The mash is carried by machinery into an upper room, to be cooled. It is then conveyed to a lower chamber, where it is left three or four days for fermentation, and after the spirit has been extracted from it, the refuse is given to the cattle. This part of the establishment is under the direction of a scientific distiller, Herr Ferdinand Krabes. The machinery and apparatus is of the very best description, and by the process adopted 97 per cent. of spirit is got out of a given quantity of material which formerly yielded only 80 per cent. This amount was first suggested as obtainable by the chemist Falkman; and Herr Ferdinand Krabes had recently been honoured with a prize from some scientific society, for having realised in the obtaining of so high a per centage. This intelligent gentleman gave us a lucid statement of the efforts made to get the devil alcohol out of the innocent potato, and the beneficent grain. He enlarged on the quantity of spirit produced by this process. The farm pays 11,000 dollars rent, and the product of the distillery 11,000 dollars yearly in duties.—The proprietor is a gentleman named Porines, who began as a simple cow keeper, and has reared this great establishment by his own industry, talent, and integrity. For the encouragement of the desponding, we will relate an anecdote which we heard of his beginnings. His friends had lent him two thousand dollars—the season failed, and he was well nigh ruined. Seeing their money going his confidence fairnok him. He feared to face them, and was almost ready to terminate his earthly speculation in a cowardly but most conclusive manner. His wife, however, counselled him to renewed exertions—she admonished him against the rash deed, and reminded him that there was a God above the season. He listened to her advice and now reaps his reward. The cattle in these sheds never go out. We saw a stout young bull, who had passed the whole term of his life within the walls. His first frisky manifestations of the bovine joys arose beneath this roof, and his last bellow was doomed probably to die away within its purlieu.—The cows were chiefly of the Holstein breed, and the machinery was from Berlin. The corn was ground by machinery which was worked by *a bullock tread-mill*. This tread mill was a circular inclined plane, the floor of which was crossed pieces of wood, which gave the beasts a stepping place; the inclination was very slight, and as the bullocks walked upwards, the floor moved down. By this means man was bruised for the distillery, oats were bruised, and chaff cut for the horses (fifty in number). We have omitted to state that the number of people employed is sixty constantly, and above three hundred in harvest time.—*Western Times.*

"I CAN'T SPARE TIME."—The four words with which we head this article, in the effects which they have produced, have been the cause of a great deal of mischief, and have kept many from embarking manfully in the work of storing up intellectual treasurers. When the young is urged to commence at once the work of study, he turns and lets fall the four simple words, "I can't spare time," and thinks he has given sufficient excuse from further attention to the subject.

There are mechanics too, who, instead of doing their part towards the cultivation of their own mind, and throwing their influence and talent into the general stock for the improvement of an association, satisfy themselves with the observation and perhaps really think they "can't spare the time." The excuse is a very handy one, and has passed current too long, for, in a majority of cases there is neither sense or truth in it.

In the first place it need not occupy a greater portion of time, for by proper management, a large share of invaluable information may be obtained in a short time; of this many may be convinced by trying the experiment.

There is enough lost or wasted in the pursuit of what men call pleasure, which, if properly applied, would place them ir a high state of cultivation. Time can be found to ride, and dance, and sing—time can be found to lounge and talk nonsense: but alas! how many think "they can't spare time" to the noblest and best part of their nature; that alone which elevates and causes them to feel the "Divinity within."

A MOTHER.—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy.—Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and lonliness of a foreign land—but has thought of the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed down his pillow and administered to his helplessness? O! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience, she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtakes him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him; and if all the world cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A MAN.—A few weeks ago, when the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards were stationed at Nottingham Barracks, two of the privates quarrelled, and one bit the other in the finger. The wound festered, and at length the man's whole body became affected; the bones denuded of flesh, protruding through the skin. The sufferer lingered until Monday, when he was relieved by death. A despatch has been sent to Manchester (where the regiment is now stationed) for witnesses, and with orders for the man who so savagely attacked the deceased to be taken into custody, preparatory to an inquest being held upon the body. The case has excited great interest in a medical point of view.

THE ART OF HEALTH.—Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. For one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body.—An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is delectable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson's memoirs.*

FALLACY OF THE SUPPOSED DEGENERACY OF THE PRESENT RACE.—At Lord Eglinton's tournament, scarcely a knight could squeeze himself into the corslets of the middle ages. A curious experiment was made by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, who possessed the finest collection of armour in the world. In his gallery hung sixty complete suits once the defensive arms of the glorious chivalry, of whom we are supposed to be the degenerate descendants. Two of his guests, Englishmen of average size, tried on the whole sixty in succession, and encountered failure in each case. The chests and shoulders of the moderns were found too brawny and for the panoply of their ancestors.—*From an address to the Middle Classes on the subject of Gymnastic Exercises by Lord Delmeny.*

THE BREAKWATER QUARRIES.—The vast improvement effected in the mode of blasting limestone rock in this port within the last 37 years is almost surpassing belief. In 1811, when the breakwater quarries were first opened under the able superintendence of Mr. W. Stuart the superintendent of the breakwater, only small quantities of rock were blasted at a time; and even then the operation was not altogether free from danger to the men engaged in it. The march of improvement, however, has not lacking in this department of mechanical labour, and year after year has therefore witnessed a progression in it. But our readers will, nevertheless, be surprised to find that last week, with a charge of 1 cwt of powder, placed in a hole in the rock 18 feet deep, no less than 1,000 tons of limestone rock was blasted at one blast, and that, too, without accident, occurring to the man engaged in firing the rock. He was six hours engaged in the operation, and was seven times pulled up from the side of the hole to the top of the quarries, before the fire took the effect and this huge blast was made.—*Plymouth Times.*

From Marston: or, the Memoirs of a Statesman.

The old French Revolution.

THREE hours carried me to the French shore.—Free from all the vulgar vexations of the road, I had the full enjoyment of one of the most pleasurable of all enjoyments—moving at one's ease through a new and interesting country. The road to Paris is now like the road to Windsor, to all the higher portion of my countrymen; but then it was much less known even to them than in latter days, and the circumstances of the time gave it an entirely new character. It was the difference between travelling through a country in a state of peace and, a country in a state of war: between going to visit some superb palace for the purpose of viewing its paintings and curiosities, and hurrying to see what part of its magnificence had escaped an earthquake. The landscape had literally the look of war; troops were seen encamped in the neighbourhood of the principal towns; the national guards were exercising in the fields; manic processions of children were beating drums and displaying banners in the streets, and the popular songs were all for the conquest of everything beneath the moon.

But I was to have a higher spectacle. And I shall never forget the intensity of wonder and awe which I felt at the first sight of the capital.

It was at the close of a long day's journey—the twilight gave a mysterious tone to a scene in itself singular and stately.—Glittering spire on spire; massive pile, which might in the deepening haze have been taken for prisons or palaces: vast ranges of buildings, gloomy or glittering as the partial ray fell on them: with the solemn beauty of the Invalides on the one wing, the light and lovely elegance of the St. Genevieve on the other, and the towering majesty of Notre-Dame in the midst, filled the plain with a vision such as I had imagined only in an Arabian tale. Yet the moral was even greater than the visible. I felt that I was within reach of the chief seat of all the leading events of the Continent since the birth of the monarchy; every step which I might tread among these piles were historical; within that clouded circumference like the circle of the necromancer, had been raised all the dazzling and all the disturbing spirits of the world. There was the grand display of statesmanship, pomp, ambition, pleasure, and each the most subtle, splendid, daring, prodigal ever seen among men. And, was it not now even to assume even a powerful influence on the fates of mankind? Was not the falling of the monarchical forest of so many centuries, about to lay the land open to a new, and perhaps a more powerful produce; where the free blasts of nature were to rear new forms, and demand new arts of cultivation? The monarchy was falling, but was not the space cleared of its ruins, to be filled with some new structure, statelier still? Or, if the Government of the Bourbons were to sink forever from the eyes of men, were there to be no treasures found in the recesses thus thrown open to the eye for the first time; no mines in the discovered strata—no fountains of inexhaustible fruitfulness and flow opened by thus piercing into the bowels of the land?

There are moments on which the destiny of a nation, perhaps of an age, turns. I had reached Paris at one of these moments. As my calèche wound round the base of Montmartre, through the deep evening twilight, a long train of flame spreading from the horizon to the gates of the city.—Shouts were heard with now and then heavy sounds of canon. This produced a dead stop in my progress. My postillion stoutly protested against venturing his calèche, his horses, and what he probably regarded much more than either, himself, into what he pronounced a counter revolution. My courier, freighted with dispatches, which might have been high treason to the majesty of the mob, and who saw nothing less than stipendiary from the first hasty post on their discovery, protested, with about the same number of oaths; and my diplomatic beams seemed in a fair way to be shorn.

But this was the actual thing which I had come to see; Paris in its new existance; the capital of the populace; the head-quarters of the grand army of the insurgency; the living centre of all those flashes of intestasy, fury, and fire, which were already darting out towards every throne of Europe. I determined to have a voice on the occasion, and I exerted it with such vigour that I roused the inmates of a block house, a party of the National Guard, who, early as it was, had been as fast asleep as a posse of city watchmen. They clustered round us, applauded my resolve, to see was to be seen, as perfectly national, *troisieme Francais* kicked my postillion till he mounted his horse, bent my sulky courier with the flats of their little swords, and would have barnacled him, or probably hanged him, if I had not interposed; and finally hoisting me into my calèche, which they loaded with half a dozen of their number before and behind, commenced our march into Paris. This was evidently not the age of discipline.

It may have been owing to this curious escort that I got in at city for at the gate I found a strong guard of regular troops, who drove back a long succession of carriages which had preceded me.—But my carriage was an exception to the rule; in fashion, they danced the *carmagnole* as a bolero, and sang patriotic songs with such strength of lungs, that it was impossible to refuse admission to patriots of such sonorousness. The popular conjectures, too, which fell to my share, vastly increased my importance. In the course of the five minutes spent in wading through the crowd of the rejected, I bore fifty different characters—I was a state prisoner—a deputy from Marseilles, a part of the kingdom then in a particular favour; an ex-general; a captain of banditti, and an ambassador from England to America; in either case an especially honoured missionary, for England was then pronounced by all the Parisian authorities to be on the verge of a revolution. I believe Jonathan had the preference, for the double reason, that the love of Jean Francois for John Bull is of a rather precarious order, and that the American Revolution was an egg hatched by the warmth of the Gallic bird itself a secondary sort of parentage.

As we advanced through the streets, my noisy "compagnons de voyage" dropped one by one, some to the lowest places of entertainment, and some tired of the jest; and I proceeded to the Place de Vendoque, where was my hotel, at my leisure. The streets were now solitary, to a degree that was almost startling. As I wound my way through long lines of houses, tortuous, narrow, and dark as Erebus, I saw the cause of the singular success which had attended all the Parisian insurrections. A chain across one of these dismal streets, an overturned cart, a pile of stones, would convert it into an impassable defile. Walls and windows, massive, lofty, and nearly touching each other from above, afforded a perpetual fortification; lanes innumerable, and extending from one depth of darkness and intricacy to another, a network of attack and ambush, obviously gave an extraordinary advantage to the irregular during of men accustomed to thread those wretched and dismal dens, crowded with one of the fiercest and most capricious populations in the world. Times have strikingly changed since, "Toe" fifteen fortresses" are but so many bars of the great cage, and they are neither too strong nor too many. Paris is now the only city on earth which is defended against itself, garrisoned on the outside and protected by a perpetual Pretorian band against a national mania of insurrection.

But on turning into the Boulevards, the scene changed with the rapidity of magic. Before me were raging thousands, the multitude which I had seen advancing to the gates. The houses, as far as the eye could reach, were lighted up with lamps, torches, and every kind of hurried illumination.—Banners of all kinds were waving from the casements, and borne along by the people; and in the midst of the wild procession were seen at distance a train of travelling carriages, loaded on the roofs with the basest of the rabble. A mixed crowd of National Guards, covered with dust, and dropping under the fatigue of the road, poissarades drunk, screaming the most horrid blasphemies, and a still wider circle, which seemed to be recruited from all the jails of Paris, surrounded the carriages, which I at length understood to be that of the royal family. They had attempted to escape to the frontier, had been arrested and were now returning as prisoners. I caught a glimpse, by the torchlight, of the illustrious sufferers as they passed the spot where I stood. The Queen was pale, but exhibited that starchness of countenance for which she was memorable to the last, she sat with the dauphiness pressed in her arms. The King looked overcome with exhaustion; the Dauphin gazed at the populace with a child's curiosity.

At the moment when the carriages were passing, an incident occurred truly characteristic of the time. A man of a noble presence, and with an order of St. Louis on his breast, who had been giving me a hurried and anxious explanation of the scene, excited by sudden feeling, rushed forward through the escort and laying one hand on the royal carriage, with the other waved his hat, and shouted "Vive le Roi!" In another instant I saw him stagger; a pike was darted into his bosom, and he fell dead under the wheel. Before the confusion of this frightful scene was over, a casement was opened immediately above my head, and a woman, superbly dressed, rushed out upon the balcony, waving a white scarf, and crying, "Vive Marie Antoinette!" The muskets of the escort were turned upon her, and a volley was fired upon her. She started back at the shock, and a long gush of blood down her white robe showed that she was wounded. But she again raised the scarf and again uttered her loyal cry. Successive shots were fired at her by the monsters beneath her; but she still stood.—At length she received the mortal blow; she tottered and fell; yet still clinging to the front of the balcony, and constantly attempted to pronounce the words of her generous and devoted heart, until she expired. I saw the scene with an emotion beyond my power to describe; all the enthusiasm of popular feeling was chilled within me; my boyish imaginations of republicanism were extinguished by this plunge into innocent blood; and I never felt more relieved than when the whole fearful procession at length moved on, and I was left to make my way once more, through dim and silent streets to my dwelling.

I pass by a considerable portion of the time which followed. The Revolution was like the tiger, it advanced couching; though, when it sprang, its bound was sudden and irresistible. My time was occupied in my official functions, which became constantly more important, and of which I received flattering opinions from Downing Street. I mingled extensively in general society, and it was never more animated or more characteristic. Men at the period in Paris. The leaders of faction and the leaders of fashion, classes to different in every other part of the world, were there often the same. The woman who dazzled the ball room, was frequently the *confidante* of the deepest designs of party. The coterie in a *salon*, covered with gilding, and filled with *chefs d'œuvre* of the arts was often as visible as a conspiracy in an obscure alley. Ladies, and the fashion of the moment or the mountebanks only the antecedent to an outbreak which shattered a monarchy into fragments. All the remarkable men of France passed before me, and I acknowledge that I was frequently delighted and surprised by their extraordinary attainments. The age of the *Encyclopedie* was in its wane, but some of its brilliant names still illuminated the Parisian *salons*. I recognised the style of Buffon and Rousseau in a crowd of their successors; and the most important knowledge was frequently communicated in language the most elegant and captivating. Even the mixture of society which had been created by the Revolution, gave an original force and freshness to these assemblies, infinitely more attractive than the most elaborate polish of the old regime.

Beauty, the common printer, but a man of singular strength of thought, there happened to be a Madame, the noble and beautiful Madame Roland, who had been the deep partisan, yet the man of intellect, mingled with the adversity of the Parisian country of Servant joined with his noble knowledge of the world against Vergniaud, the most [illegible] Tallyrand, already known as the most accomplished dealer of France, Maury, by the most powerful debater of France, Marat, as a Tyrant among the chief conspirators of the Revolution, the most insolent of persons, and the sullen scent-minuteness of Robespierre, then

Miscellany.