

I brought, that the ship was easier, began in some measure, to quiet their apprehensions; and I strove, by treating the matter with affected indifference, to restore their full confidence. The captain, too, soon afterwards joined us, and made some awkward attempts to be cheerful, though I could perceive by his vacant restlessness, the deep concern with which his mind was agitated.

Another heavy sea having struck the ship I returned on deck. At this instant, the boats were washed overboard, and every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression upon her, for she rose to each with a dull and exhausted motion, as though about to surrender to the force of the opposing elements. And as the water within was gaining upon her, in spite of pumping and baling, it became evident that we were reduced to extreme danger. Even the seamen began to look aghast at the prospect of foundering, when, towards the close of the day, land was announced as being in sight, under the lee beam.

This discovery gave great joy to all on board but myself, for I was too well acquainted with the iron bound shores on either hand, not to know full well the danger of approaching them. In this instance however, it was a case of desperation, for with the probability of otherwise sinking, the slightest chance of anchoring, or even of running on shore, was considered preferable to keeping the sea. In this state, we drove past a rugged head land, and perceiving a sort of bay inside of it, we tried for soundings, and finding bottom with thirty fathoms, the ship was partially rounded to, and bower anchors let go; the cables were then veered away to a long range, and the stream and kedge dropped a-ber toot. The ship took heavily and pitched immoderately, but at the top lumber being taken off, there were strong hopes that she would hold on till the morning. But to me the expectation of riding out the tempest appeared fatal, for the wind continued to rage with unabated violence, the rain fell like a deluge, and the waves tumbled in tumultuous rollers, washing over the forecastle. To add to the horrors of our situation, the occasional glare of the lightning discovered to us, notwithstanding the extreme darkness of the night, a reef of floating rocks, whitened with calcareous, immediately astern of us.

After contemplating the awful scene before us with a dreadful anxiety, the ship's company, who were greatly worn from fatigue, were called aft to snatch a hasty repast. Scarcely was the melancholy treat commenced ere the ship trembled and recoiled to her centre, a huge sea broke in over all, and the cables snapped like twine. "The Lord receive us!" ejaculated the captain, "it is now all over with the Medora." Cries and groans burst from the lips of all, and despair paralyzed every breast. This however was only a momentary effect, for each individual quickly became sensible that it was more than ever necessary to act with discretion and firmness, in order to avert the fate that threatened them in the unavoidable destruction of their vessel.

When the bower cables parted, the ship hung for a short interval by the stream and kedge, but then began to drive broad-side on, dragging them along with her. Every man now clung to a rope determined to remain by the ship while she hung together, an effort of some difficulty, as the sea was now making clear breaches over her, and it was only the struggle of desperation that could withstand the rush of waters. A mournful silence ensued among the men, but the horrid howl of the tempest was broken by piercing shrieks from the cabin; at the same instant the vessel struck, and was dashed with such violence on the reef, that the mainmast was thrown over the side, and the rudder forced upwards. Fortunately, she cauled to leeward, or every soul must have immediately perished; but she continued to beat hard, and we heard by the cracking of her timbers below, the progress of her dissolution. All hopes of saving even life had now vanished, and recommending ourselves to the protection of the Almighty, we began to consider ourselves as beings of another world. The ill-fated Medora lay struggling upon her beam ends, groaning and writhing like a giant in the agonies of death; and the darkness that surrounded us seemed the darkness of the grave! Oh, with what anguish did we hear the cries of those who were successively washed away by the breakers that beat over us—at intervals we saw their obscure forms for a moment while struggling on the white foam of the billows, and the next instant they were gone forever!

As it was impossible that the ship could hold together much longer, I determined to get my two foremast-boys passed on deck, as the only prospect however slight, of their reaching the shore. With this intent I and another hand, made our way through the sky light into the cabin; the lamp was still burning, and threw its dim rays so as just to lighten up the "darkness visible" of the gloomy scene. The sad father, propped by the fallen furniture, supported his almost maimed daughter in his arms. He raised his head as we approached; but I shall never forget

the careworn expression, and sickly paleness of his countenance. His heart had fainted within him; not that he feared to die, but he was agitated at the approaching fate of his beloved child, to whom every crash of the timbers sounded like a summons to eternity. We slung them both and had them secured under the water bulwark, where they joined in prayer with those next them. A wild scream was now heard from forward. A tremendous sea struck the ship, rending her fore and aft, and engulfing us in its dread abyss. There was a long protracted yell; it grew fainter, and all was hushed save the howling of the gale, and the rolling of the billows. Two of the seamen alone, besides myself were saved.

FOREIGN.

SPAIN.—The private letters from Spain and the frontiers, says the *Messenger*, are entirely filled with details of the demoralization of the Carlist army. It seems that too much honour has hitherto been done to the inhabitants of the revolted province, in supposing that their resistance was chiefly excited by patriotism. They took up arms because they were paid, fed, and pretty well clothed. Now that they begin to be in want of every thing, they desert in bodies, and the time is not far distant when Don Carlos will find himself alone. This journal confirms the account we have before given, on the authority of all our own private letters, that the demoralization of the Carlists has been in a great measure brought about by their great losses in their unsuccessful attacks on the British troops, and by the difficulty of obtaining provisions. Their discouragement, it is added, becomes every day more conspicuous, and that the Queen's generals do not profit by it, seems to arise either from the grossest incapacity or the vilest treachery. According to the *Phare de Bayonne*, the British Auxiliary Legion is to be augmented by two battalions of the fourth regiment of light infantry, and the whole of the troops under the orders of General Evans will then amount to 16,000 men.

The news from Spain during the past week is far from being satisfactory to the friends of the Queen. Cabrera, it is said, had gained considerable advantages in Valencia, and the Royalist Generals in the North still maintain their usual inactivity. The best hopes they now have, arise from the expedition of Gomez into the Asturias, which promises to be a failure. On the 11th of July, General Evans at the head of 5000 troops attacked Fontarabia, which was stoutly defended by the Carlists, who numbered about 4000. After meeting with partial success the British troops were compelled to retreat with considerable loss. Several women were seen during the engagement fighting bravely on the side of the Carlists.

The intelligence as regards General Evans and his troops, is very contradictory. On the one hand, it is said that the dissatisfaction with the government of Spain continues, and that officers and men are eager to return home; on the other, that Isturiz and the Queen have pacified General Evans with promises of better treatment in future. Espartero seems to have compelled the Carlists to give up their march into the Asturias, and to have driven them again into the mountainous districts of Navarre; but Cordova had done nothing. The Carlists have been completely put down in Catalonia by Mina; but there was some fighting at Figueras, on the 14th; in the course of which the Governor, Tena,—who was suspected of treachery, was murdered by the populace. Having killed their victim, the rebels did not offer much resistance to the garrison, and order was restored.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A dreadful calamity occurred in the town of Grosswarden in Hungary on the 19th of June. A fire broke out in the house of a clergyman, which extended rapidly, and continued burning for three days, destroying 1500 houses, four churches, and many public edifices, as well as the fortress of the town. The Cholera was raging at Vienna.

A messenger arrived yesterday at the Foreign Office bringing despatches from Mr. Fox, our Ambassador at Vienna, dated the 2d inst; and we have more than ordinary pleasure in stating that they announce the important fact of the Austrian Government having just received intelligence from Constantinople of the discharge of the Res Evidi. The accounts had left Constantinople on the 16th of June, and were brought by Estafette to Vienna.—*Edinb. Observer*.

The news from Constantinople is of a pacific character. It is stated that the Res Evidi, implicated in the affair of Mr. Churchill, had been dismissed, though some doubt remained of the authenticity of this statement.

By the Paris papers of the 11th and 12th July we learn that the trial of Alibeu took place on Friday and Saturday. Nothing transpired on the one investigation to implicate any other persons in his detestable crime; nor was any thing made known by the trial

with which the public is not already acquainted. He calmly throughout admitted that it was his design to kill the King, and he ascribed his determination to the manner in which the government had, in his opinion, trodden down the liberties of France, and suppressed the insurrections. A great number of witnesses were examined, who in general spoke well of Alibeu in other transactions, giving him a character for generosity and honorable feeling, which did not, however, seem incompatible with sometimes living on others. He evidently wished to play the hero, and claimed a right to kill the King because Brutus slew Caesar. There does not seem to have been one extenuating circumstance brought to light by the trial, and the Court sentenced him to be beheaded, and treated as a parricide.

The trial of Alibeu for the attempt to assassinate Louis Philippe, had terminated in a verdict of Guilty of High Treason. He was condemned to death and executed on the morning of July 11th. It was thought the capital punishment would have been remitted, as the Queen desired it, but he absolutely refused to ask for his life.

On arriving at the scaffold, the carriage stopped, and two of the assistants of the executioner and a turnkey descended from it, and were immediately followed by Alibeu and his confessor. The prisoner was dressed simply in his shirt and trousers, his head enveloped in a black veil which descended below his eyes. His feet were naked. He remained a few moments in conversation with his confessor, and in prayer, at the foot of the scaffold, and was then seen to mount its steps firmly but deliberately. The attending clergyman followed and stood by him while the sentence of the court was read. This over, the executioner took off the veil from the prisoner's head. Alibeu immediately made a gesture and a movement, indicative of an intention to speak; but he was instantly seized by the executioner and his aids—made to stand on the ledge belonging to the plank—strapped to it with the rapidity of thought—the plank descended—was pushed forward—the groove in which the neck was inclosed was too small—and, suffering from the pressure, Alibeu uttered a slight shriek, which had scarcely escaped him, when the axe fell, and he was no more.

The mutilated remains of the wretched man were then placed in the usual receptacle—a huge oblong basket, and removed for interment to the cemetery of Mount Parnesse. The aids of the executioner poured several pails of water on the scaffold and on the pavement, while the executioner himself repaired to a wine shop without the Barriere to draw up his *proceverbal*. The guillotine was dismounted, and placed on the vehicles by which they had arrived, and at half past five o'clock, that is within precisely half an hour from the moment of the execution—the guards, executioners, and the horrible machinery of death had left the Place St. Jacques.

Much excitement was caused in Paris, by the trial and conviction of the Editor of the *Gazette de Paris*, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 4000 francs, for publishing an objectionable article, or, as the *Gazette* says, for defending a principle diametrically opposed to that for which on the morning of the same day Alibeu suffered death. The editor maintained that the celebration of the anniversary of the revolution of July, was 'an act of deep hypocrisy—an attack upon the good sense of the public, and a provocation to moral anarchy, which supports anarchy *de facto*.'

A tremendous storm, attended with hail, thunder, and lightning, passed over the eastern part of England on the 12th ult., doing immense damage to property. Hail stones fell of great size, destroying many thousand acres of grain, green-houses, &c.; young trees received much injury and many birds were killed. Some of the hail-stones measured five inches in circumference. Several persons were killed by the lightning.

NEW ORLEANS, July 30.

TEXAS.—A rumour came through the *Attakapas Gazette*, of July 23d, that another battle had been fought between the Mexican and Texian armies, in which 7 or 800 of the Mexicans were killed. We attach no credit to this rumour, much as we hope it might be true. The intelligence comes through a very circuitous route, and at the time it must have started to reach this city, the forces of the belligerents could not have been in a proper distance for an encounter. But that the Mexican powers are again straining every nerve to raise another army to prosecute their savage intents upon Texas, there can be no doubt, though their final success in the undertaking may be quite problematical.

A young man, who came passenger in the schooner *Henrietta*, who was one of Fanning's men, and who escaped the slaughter by the circumstance of speaking the Mexican language, informs us that at the time of