THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY.		H. SUN.	S. MOON	H. W.	
12 Saturday,	- - -	7 34	4 43	5 5	9 23
13 Sunday,	-	7 34	4 44	6 9	10 13
14 Monday,	-	7 33	4 45	7 4	10 58
15 Tuesday,	-	7 33	4 46	Sets 11	43
16 Wednesday,	-	7 33	4 47	6 11	0 24
17 Thursday,	-	7 32	4 48	7 26	1 5
18 Friday,	- -	7 32	4 49	8 43	1 44

New Moon, 15th. 10h. 11m. morn.

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, Esq.

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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: I. L. Bedell, 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.

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MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

MASCALBRUNI.

I have frequently observed that there are some people who haunt you in all parts of the world, and to whom you have a sort of secret antipathy, yet who, by an attraction in spite of repulsion, are continually crossing your path, as though they were sent as emissaries to link themselves with your destiny, or on the watch mysteriously to bring it about. One person in particular, whose name I do not even know, if he has one, I have met fifty times in as many different places, and we may each say to ourselves, "'Tis he!—what, again!" So with a personage too well known at home and abroad, of whom, by a curious concatenation of circumstance, I am enabled to become the biographer.

Geronymo Mascalbruni was the son of a pauper belonging to a village whose name I forget, in the marshes of Ancona. He had begged his way when a boy to Rome, and supported himself for some time there, by attending at the doors of the courts of justice, and running on errands for the advocates or the suitors. His intelligence and adroitness did not escape the observation of one of the attorneys, who, wanting a lad of all work, took Mascalbruni into his service, and taught him to read and write; finding him useful in his office, and having no children of his own, he at length adopted him, *in forma pauperis*, and gave him a small share in his business. This man of the law did not bear the most exemplary of characters, and perhaps it was in order to conceal some nefarious practices to which Mascalbruni was privy that he made the clerk his associate. Perhaps also he discovered in his character a hardihood, combined with cunning and chicanery, that made him a ready instrument for his purposes, and thus enabled him like Teucer, to fight behind the shield of another. Under this worthy master—a worthy disciple—Mascalbruni continued for some years, till at length, tired of confinement to the desk and having the taste early acquired for a roving and profligate life revived, he during his old benefactor's confinement to his bed with a rheumatic attack, administered to him a dose of poison instead of medicine, and having robbed him of all the money and plate that was portable, and of certain *cenpons* and *loans* in the Neapolitan and other funds, standing in his name, he decamped, and reached Florence in safety.

Every one has heard of the laxity of the Roman police. The impunity of offenders, even when their crimes are established by incontestable proofs, is notorious. The relations of the lawyer, contrary to all their expectations, (for he had never recognised them,) had come into their inheritance, and little regarded the means, having attained the end. They perhaps, also, from having had no admission into the house during the old miser's life, were ignorant of the strength of his coffers; and the disappearance of the murderer, who, by a will which they discovered and burnt, had been made his sole heir, was by them deemed too fortunate a circumstance; so that they neither inquired into the manner of his death, nor had any *post mortem* examination of the body. They gave their respectable relative a splendid funeral, erected to his memory a tomb in one of the rival churches that front the Piazza del Popolo, in which his many virtues were not forgotten, and established an annual mass for his *poveri anima*, that no doubt saved him

"From many a peck of purgatorial coals."

Having quietly inurned the master, let us follow the man. The sum which he carried with him is not exactly known, but it must have been considerable. His stay in the Tuscan state was short, and we find him with his ill-gotten Wealth in "that common sewer of London and of Rome," Paris.—He was then about thirty years of age, had a good person, talents, an insinuating address, and a sufficient knowledge of the world, at least of the worst part of mankind, to avoid sinking in that quagmire, which has swallowed up so many of the thoughtless and inexperienced who have trusted to its flattering surface. In fact, nature seemed to have gifted him with the elements of an accomplished sharper, and he seconded her attributes by all the resources of art. He took an apartment in the Rue de Luxembourg, that street so admirably situated between the Boulevard and the Gardens of the Tuileries, and had engraved on his cards, "Il Marchese Mascalbruni." He was attached to his name; it was a good, sonorous, well-sounding name; and the addition of Marchese dovetailed well, and seemed as though it had always, or ought always to have belonged to it.

But before he had made his *entree* in the world of Paris, he was aware that he had much to learn; and with the fact and nice sense of observation and *disinvoltura ed maneggiar* peculiar to his nature, he soon set about accomplishing himself in the externals of a gentleman. With this view he passed several hours a day in the *salle d'armes*, where he made himself a first-rate fencer; and became so dexterous *au fir*, that he could at the extremity of the gallery hit the bull's eye of the target at almost every other shot.

Pushki himself was not more dexterous; and, like him, our hero in the course of his career signalized himself by several rencontres which proved fatal to his antagonists, into the details of but one of which I shall enter. He heard that nothing gives a young man greater *eclat* at starting into society than a duel. Among those who frequented the *salle* was an old officer who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, one of the *reliquiæ Danaum*, the few survivors of Moscow; for those who did not perish on the road, mostly fell victims to the congelations and fatigues of that memorable retreat. Mascalbruni, now a match for the *maitre d'armes*, frequently exercised with this *old grognard*, who had the character of being a *crans*, if not a *bourreau des cranes*," and one day, before a numerous *gallerie*, having struck the foil out of his hand, the fencer so far forgot himself, in the shame and vexation of defeat by a youngster, as to pick up the weapon and strike the Italian a blow on the shoulders with the flat part of the foil, if it be not an Irishman so to call it. Those who saw Mascalbruni at that moment would not have forgotten the traits of his countenance. His eyes flashed with a sombre fire; his Moorish complexion assumed a darker hue, as the blood rushed from his heart to his brain in an almost suffocating tide; his breath came forth in long and audible expirations; his features were convulsed with the rage of a demoniac. I only describe what Horace Verney, who was present, faithfully sketched from memory after the scene. Mascalbruni tearing off the button of his foil, vociferated, putting himself in position, "*A la mort, a la mort!*" The lookers-on were panic-stricken; but the silence was interrupted by the clinking of the steel. The aggressor soon lay stretched in the agonies of death.

Though he had now taken his first degree, Mascalbruni's education was not yet complete. He had made himself master of French, so as to speak it almost without any of the accent of a foreigner; and having a magnificent voice, he added to it all the science that one of his own countrymen could supply, and became in the end a finished musician and vocalist.

Such was the course of his studies; and now, with all the prestige of his singular *affaire*, to give him *eclat*, the Marchese Mascalbruni made his *debut*. By way of recreation, he had frequently gone into the gambling houses of the Palais Royal, and had been much struck with these words, almost obliterated, on the walls of one of them, "*Tutus veni, tutus abi*." Mascalbruni was determined to profit by the advice, and to confirm its truth by one solitary exception—to come and depart in safety, or rather a winner.

Mascalbruni invented a theory of his own, that has since been practised by several of the *habitues* of the hells, particularly by a man denominated, of the *maisons de jeu*, L'Avocat. He won such enormous sums of the bank, that, on his return to his lodgings one night, he was assassinated, not without suspicion that he fell by the hands of some kind bravo of the company. *Chi lo sa?* But to revert to Mascalbruni.

Impares numeri are said to be fortunate; strange to say, the number three is the most so. Three was a mystic number. The triangle was sacred to the Hindoos and Egyptians. There were three Graces, three Furies, three Fates. He played a martingale of one, three, seven, fifteen, &c. on triple numbers, *i. e.* after three of a colour, either red or black, had come up, and not till then he played and opposed its gaping a forth; thus rendering it necessary that there should be twelve or thirteen successive *coups* of four, *et sequentia*, without the intervention of a three. The gain, it is true, could not be great, for he begun with a five-franc piece; but it seemed sure; and so he found it, making a daily profit of three or four louis in as many hours.

I have gone into this dry subject to show the character of the man, and his importunable *sang-froid*. He did not, however, confine himself to *vingt et noir*, but soon learned all the niceties of that scientific game *ecarte*. In addition to *sauter le coup*, which he practised with invisible dexterity, he used to file the ends of the fingers of his right hand, so that he could feel the court-cards, which, having a thicker coat of paint, are thus made easily sensible to the touch; and would extract from each pack one or two, the knowledge of whose non-existence was no slight advantage in discarding. He did not long wait for associates in his art. There was formed at that time a club in the Rue Richelieu on the principle of some of the English clubs, it being entirely managed by a committee. Of this he became a member, and afterwards got an introduction at the *salon*. Most of the English at Paris joined this circle; and it was broken up in consequence of the discovery of manœuvres and sleights of hand such as I have described, but not until Mascalbruni had contrived to bear away a more than equal share of plunder. The English, of course, were the great sufferers.

He now turned his face towards the Channel and opened the campaign in London on a much more extensive scale. He took up his quarters at Higginbottom's hotel in the same year that young Napoleon came to England, and only left it when it was given up to that lamented and accomplished prince. It is not generally known that he ever visited England. His sojourn in the capitol was kept a profound secret. The master of the hotel and all his servants took an oath of secresy; and Prince Esterhazy and the members of the Austrian embassy were not likely to betray it. The prince passed a week with George the Fourth at the Cottage at Windsor, and afterwards assisted at a concert at the Hanover Square rooms, himself leading a concert on the piano. This, by the by, Mascalbruni on that occasion attracted all eyes, and fascinated all ears, and was greeted after a solo with the loudest plaudits. He had now become the fashion, and having forged a letter from one of the cardinals at Rome to a patroness of Almacks, obtained the *entree*, and made one of the three hundred that compose the world of London. You know, however, in this world that there is another world—orb within orb—an *imperium in imperio*—the Exclusives. It is difficult to define what the qualifications for an exclusive are: it is not rank, connexion, talents, virtues, grace, elegance, accomplishments. No. But I shall not attempt to explain the inexplicable. Certain it is, however, that our hero was admitted into the *coteries* of this caste as distinct—as much separated by a line of demarcation drawn round them from the rest—as the Rajhpoot is from the Raiot, who sprang, one from the head, the other from the heels of Brahma.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE CRY.

From the Church.

The North hath heard the voice of War:—
Ring the dread tidings near and far!
Sweep on, sweep on, the gathering cry—
The Lion-standard streams on high!
Ten thousand freeborn hearts shall bless it,
The chainless breeze of heaven caress it!—
From lonely glen, from hill and lake,—
Tried soldiers of the land, awake!
List to the battle-trumpet's call,—
"For life, for home, for God, for all!"

Awake! with ready heart and hand,
Defenders of the Forest-land!
Come—with your hearts' untouch'd fires,
Come—with the war-cry of your sires.—
The Thistle in the bonnet-bine,
Fair England's Rose, of stainless hue,
The Shamrock leaf, of Erin's shore,
Bright valor's type for evermore!—
Come—with each ancient charging word,
To nerve the heart—to steel the sword!

Arm for your homes!—will Brigands spare
For childhood's morn, or woman's pray'r?
Arm for your altars!—strength is given
To nerve the arm that strikes for Heaven!
Arm for your Monarch!—o'er your land
Her banner's conquering folds expand.
Hear the wild summons sweep along,
The chorus of the gathering song;
Each heart responds the sacred call—
"For life, for home, for God, for all!"

Oh, God of Battles! thou whose word
Earth from her deep foundation stirr'd—
Who spoke in clouds from Sinai's height,
Who breath'd upon th' Assyrian's night;
And o'er th' Egyptian's hosts of old
The waters of an ocean roll'd!
Oh, guard the standard of the free,—
The beacon-light of liberty,—
To gleam thro' smiles and tears, unfurl'd,
The rainbow of a stormy world!

And oh!—when freedom's ray is pale
And chilling doubt and fear prevail,—
If in the wild half-dubious fight,
It meet the fainting patriot's sight,—
Then be that banner's crimson fold—
Dyed with the martyr's blood of old,—
The sacred cross, the awful sign,
That led thy wavering Constantine—
The soldier's hope, the Christian's guide,
To tell high o'er the battle's tide,—
"GOD FIGHTS ON FREEDOM'S HOLY SIDE."

Toronto, Dec. 1838. ZADIG.

A young preceptor in Vermont lately chastised a female pupil nearly as old as himself, to whom he was under an engagement of marriage. He told her that though he loved her as a lover, he must lick her as her tutor. We hope she will say 'him' well for his pains, when she gets him.

An Irishman was recently convicted in some delinquency which compelled him to the payment of a fine of eight shillings or six hours residence in the stocks. Choosing the latter, a friend passing by asked him how he happened to come there? "Och, sure," said Paddy, "and it's earning money I am." "Earning money? and how can that be?" inquired his compassionate countryman. "Why you see, I've run up a score of eight shillings, and I'm working it out at sixteen pence an hour."

Dr. Graham being on his stage at Chelmsford in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the country people that he came there for the good of the public—not for want. "Then," speaking to his merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?" "No, faith, sir," said Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

JEU D'ESPRIT.—A fellow, the other day, sold some clothing to a Jew. After the sale had been concluded, he said to him—"Do you know they hang a Jew and a jackass together on the gallows in England?"—"Well, no," was the rejoinder; "but ain't it a blessing that both of us ain't there, seeing that they hang one on account of his *nation* and the other on account of his *nature*."

From the Liverpool Mail Nov. 20.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE (ASSUMED) DUKE OF NORMANDY.

Between the hours of eight and nine o'clock on Friday night, the inhabitants of the village of Camberwell were thrown into a state of great excitement in consequence of a report being circulated that a deliberate murder had been attempted to be committed at one of the houses situated in Clarence-terrace, Camberwell. A short time having elapsed, it was discovered that the intended victim of the assassin was no less a personage than, as he himself alledged Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, a native of France, who claimed to be the son of the unfortunate Louis the 16th and Marie Antoinette, and consequently the legitimate heir to the crown of France. For some months past the *soi disant* duke, who is advanced in years, has been residing in the above village. Amongst those individuals who have partaken of the hospitality of the supposed duke was a person of the name of Desires Rousell, about five feet six inches in height, dark complexion, dark eyes, aquiline nose, and short dark whiskers; he spoke but little English. This individual introduced himself into the family, and was to a certain extent entrusted with the secrets of its master, whom he pretended to consider to be his lawful prince. A few days since he returned to England. On the present occasion he had called on the *soi disant* duke, and in the course of his conversation stated that he had left his passport at the Custom house. Although this was rather a singular occurrence, it attracted no particular attention amongst the party residing in the house, for there was nothing in his actions or manners to excite suspicion. At the rear of the house is a large garden, which is separated from a back thoroughfare, called St. George-street, by a small ditch. At the end of the garden is the water-closet, which the *soi disant* duke occasionally visited in the evening. About half-past eight o'clock on Friday night he went to this part with a light in his hand, and on leaving it he was surprised at seeing Rousell standing in the path immediately before the door, with a brace of pistols, one in each hand. Before he could retreat into the water-closet his assailant fired the two pistols, when two balls entered the fleshy part under the left arm, and a third lodged in the breast. Fortunately the thickness of the clothes which he wore saved the ball from penetrating. The instant the assassin had fired he fled, and his victim ran into the house calling for assistance. On entering the house he fell.

Mr. Brown, a surgeon, residing only a few doors off, was instantly sent for, and on his arrival he proceeded to examine his person, and found the wounds under the arm to be of a very dangerous description. Information was forwarded to the station house at Camberwell of what had occurred, when the inspector and some of the constables went and minutely examined the premises. From the report of the police, it appears that the attempted murder was premeditated, for a plank had been laid across the ditch, by which the intended murderer had gained access to the garden, and made his escape. Footsteps were traced into an adjoining piece of ground, and from the numerous marks it was evident that there had been more than one person. About the time the pistols were fired, several persons, and the police, saw two rockets fired off, which came from the direction of George-street, but at the time no suspicion was entertained as to the real cause of their being discharged. About an hour after the attempt had been made, a foreigner, completely muffled up, called at Mr. Brown's, and with a great deal of evident anxiety and perturbation of mind inquired if the *soi disant* duke was dead. He was answered in the negative, and he went away evidently disappointed. During the night the wounded man remained in a very alarming state, and although Mr. Brown was aware that some of the bullets had entered the body, he considered it to be unsafe to attempt to extract the ball until the inflammation had abated.

Saturday morning Mr. Brown succeeded in extracting two balls; he, however, is of opinion that there is a third still remaining, and until that is removed he considers that the patient cannot be pronounced out of danger. It will be recollected by our readers that in the month of July, 1837, a packet of letters was delivered by mistake to a party in the city from Dresden, which, on being opened, were found to refer to the French government, and a supposed plot for the purpose of assassinating Louis Philippe. These were transmitted by the lord mayor to Lord John Russell, who returned them to the Mansion-house; and on August 8th they were delivered to Mr. Grant, who described himself as the d'affinity to the Duke of Normandy, the son of Louis XVI. These letters were read, and the contents of one related to Madame d'Angoulême having refused, in 1814, the head of a child offered to her by Dr. Pelletier, because it was not the head of the Dauphin.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.—APPREHENSION OF THE ASSASSIN.

Since the above was written we have succeeded in obtaining the following additional particulars relative to the transaction, and the apprehension of the assassin. The wounded man is in his fifty-second year, as I has been residing at Camberwell for the last six months with some branches of his family. As soon as the attempt was known to the police, information was sent to the commissioners, and they immediately communicated with the Home-office, who adopted every precaution to prevent the assassin leaving the country. Large hand bills were forwarded to the various station-houses, coffee-houses, and the inns. Information was also sent to the various sea-port towns. Since Friday night the whole of the police have been unremitting in their exertions and from inquiries which they instituted, a strong suspicion existed that the assassin, on finding that he had not killed his man, would make a second attempt. A strict look-out was therefore kept over the premises, particularly the back way, by which the assassin had effected his escape. About seven o'clock last night, the attention of those who were placed on the watch was directed to a person dressed in dark clothes, who was lurking about, and this being communicated to inspector Walters and Croome, who happened to be on duty at the station-house, they proceeded to the spot, and took the fellow into custody. On being collared he said something in French, and when conveyed to the station-house he appeared to be in a state of great excitement. On being searched, a shillings worth of sixpence, and a penny were found on his person, a large clasp knife, several documents, said to be of a important nature, a passport made out for Corsica, and a few other things of minor importance. His appearance was that of a person who had been in the fields all night, his shoes, the lower part of his trousers, and coat, being covered with mud. Only the time he had given his name he had recovered some degree of self-possession, and in broken English inquired what he was taken into custody for. On being told for attempting to murder the Duke of Normandy, he muttered something in French and smiled. He objected to having his knife taken from him, and he intimated that there were other means to kill himself if he wanted. On the door of the cell being opened, he objected to go in, and if he had done nothing to be kept. From his manner it was considered necessary to place a constable with him, so as to prevent his making any attempt upon his own life. After the prisoner had been secured, a pair of old slippers were procured and his shoes taken off, which when compared with the impression on the ground, exactly corresponded. When taken, it was supposed that he had the pistols about his person, but not being found, it is suspected that he threw them into the ditch, which is to be dragged on Monday; at the same time, which is to be kept to prevent any of the prisoner's companions from looking for them, as there is no doubt that he had associates. The wounded man on being informed of his apprehension, expressed his satisfaction and determination to prosecute. From the nature of the wounds there is not the slightest probability of his being able to attend for some days before the magistrates. The third ball is not yet extracted. At present the immediate danger is not great. The prisoner is 35 years of age, and was formerly in the French army, from which he deserted, and on the 7th of January last, arrived from Ostend in the Earl of Liverpool steam-packet.

STEAM TO NEW YORK.—It will be seen, on reference to the advertisement, that the Royal William, Lieutenant Swainson, R. N., is advertised to sail for New York on the 15th of next month. The number of passengers will be limited, in order to afford ample accommodation for those who may take berths. No goods will be taken on freight, and the steamer will, therefore, be enabled to carry a full supply for the voyage.—*Liverpool Mail.*

CIRCASSIA.

ADDRESS OF THE RUSSIAN GENERAL, WITH THE ANSWER OF THE CONFEDERATE TRIBES.

"Inhabitants of Circassia and of the adjoining provinces:—Anxious to put an end to the anarchy and misery under which, in common with the other populations of Asia, they were groaning, and aware of the advantages of being placed under a sovereign, under whose ægis they might enjoy security and tranquillity, several of the tribes of the Circassians implore the protection of the Emperor of all the Russias. Their request was graciously granted, their provinces were incorporated with the empire, and from that day the emperor has not ceased from looking upon their inhabitants in the same light as the rest of his subjects, and watching with unremitting solicitude over their welfare.

"More recently, in virtue of the treaty concluded at Adrianople between the Imperial Court of Russia and the Sublime Porte, the Sultan agreed, and consented to the total cession to Russia of Circassia and the adjoining provinces. You have in consequence become placed under the absolute and exclusive dominion of Russia, and neither the Porte nor any other power possesses the slightest right of interfering in the affairs of your country.

"Nevertheless, some individuals, calculating on your ignorance and credulity, have had the audacity to write to you, in order to encourage you in your refusal to acknowledge your legitimate sovereign, and have even carried their effrontery so far as to promise to you the assistance of foreign powers, should you persist in your resistance to his authority. Events subsequently prove how little the assurances held out to you by the various impostors who gave themselves out for agents of the English government, or emissaries from the Viceroy of Egypt and from the Sultan, were entitled to reliance. Not only foreigners, but even several of your own countrymen, have not scrupled to impose upon you, and to exert themselves in inspiring you with groundless hopes. The latter, if not dupes themselves, must evidently have been regardless, having no other object in view than encouraging you in your revolt, beyond the furtherance of their own paltry views and sordid interest. Experience ought to have convinced you by this time of this truth, for out of their dazzling promises have you seen a single one realized? Where are the fleets, where the land forces, which they swore to you were coming to your deliverance?

"As to those individuals who, on their arrival in your country, represented themselves to be envoys from foreign powers, they have proved themselves to be needy adventurers, greedy speculators, men without character, devoid of common probity, seeking to sell to the unwary, at an enormous profit, the bad goods they had brought out. By listening to their perfidious suggestions you have occasioned the untimely death of thousands of the bravest amongst you, the destruction of your property, the misery of your families, and brought your country on the brink of ruin.

"Do you imagine it possible that a monarch, whose might and glory fills the whole world, can patiently allow the revolt of a handful of subjects remaining unrepressed? The emperor, my august master, treats his people as a father his children, rewarding with marks of affection and tender regard those who remain dutiful, but never suffering those who disobey to remain unpunished. Should you, therefore, persist in the mad attempt of offering resistance to the omnipotence of his power, and refuse paying allegiance to your legitimate sovereign, instead of treating you, as he is disposed to do, with the kindness he ever shows to his loyal subjects, and throwing the veil of oblivion over your past offences, he, to a certainty, will see himself reduced to the painful necessity of inflicting on you the severest chastisement. Hasten to avail yourselves of the opportunity yet before you—lay down your arms, submit to the *schabin-schah*, (i. e. the emperor of emperors,) the fame of whose clemency and magnanimity reaches throughout the universe, and he will receive you as his children, and shower down upon you with favours. Reposing in full security under the shadow of his protection, your country shall see an era of prosperity, tranquillity, and happiness opening before its eyes; your liberties and property will be held sacred; a termination will at last be put to your intestine feuds and dissensions; commercial relations between you and Russia will be established; and every one amongst you, master freely to dispose of his produce in our markets, may there receive on the most advantageous conditions, in exchange for his goods, those articles of Russian industry which he is in want of.

"Whoever amongst you may be desirous of entering the emperor's service will meet in reward with wealth and honours, and those who may prefer remaining in Circassia will be allowed to live there unmolested under their own laws, and their religion will be as scrupulously respected as it has been in every one of the provinces inhabited by Mahomedans placed under the jurisdiction of Russia, a fact of which the whole world is aware.

"Appointed by the emperor, our august master, to the command of the forces along the eastern coast of the Black Sea, I have been authorised by him to come to this spot, and, before employing coercive measures against you, to invite you to a friendly arrangement, and to cause to allow yourselves to be led astray by perfidious representations of adventurers. You will meet in me a kind friend and sincere well-wisher, should you accept of my invitation. But, know beforehand, that no accommodation is practicable, unless you make up your minds to subscribe to the following conditions, which the emperor himself has dictated:—

"1st.—Hostilities between us must entirely cease.

"2d.—You are to give us in hostage those persons whom we shall name, and exchange those every four years for others whom the Russian governor shall point out.

"3d.—You are to send back to our camp all the Russian prisoners and deserters to be found in your country.

"4th.—You must solemnly promise not to receive any stranger in your houses without the authorization of the governor whom Russia shall appoint, and to hold no intercourse with individuals belonging to tribes which refuse paying allegiance to our sovereign.

"5th.—The horses, sheep, or cattle belonging to rebels are on no account to be allowed to graze with your flock. In case of contravention of this regulation, the flocks and cattle found with those the property of rebels shall be seized and distributed to our troops, and the owners severely punished.

"6th.—The tribes which shall allow passage across their territory to bands of robbers making incursions on our frontiers shall be responsible for the depredations which they may commit, and restore to Russia the number of men, as well as of sheep, &c., which they shall have carried away.

"7th.—The governor of your country shall be appointed by Russia, and his orders you shall implicitely obey.

"8th.—It will be requisite on the part of every man in your country to exchange once a year the certificate of enlistment delivered to him by the governor for a new one. The names of those who shall fail complying with this formality shall be inscribed in the registers of government, and to them protection from our troops shall be refused.

"Inhabitants of Circassia! Once more I repeat to you my friendly advice: accept without hesitation the proposals my august master, the emperor, is graciously pleased to make to you. They are the offspring of his innate kindness and mercy, and be not foolish enough to imagine that his object in inviting you to accept them is thereby to facilitate the conquest of your country. I expect an answer from you.

"From the Russian camp, in the neighbourhood of Sotchah, on the 12th, day of the month Seffer 1254."

To this communication the Circassians returned the following answer:—

"From the camp near Soodjah, the 14th Seffer, 1254.

"Russian General,—We have received the letter you have addressed to us, and perused its contents. We have well understood the meaning; and though we do not consider your words as deserving of an answer, yet we shall make a few observations on some of the most striking passages.

"You allude, in the most abusive terms, to the Englishmen who are residing with us. Whether they are honest men or not we have better means of judging than you. They are merchants, subjects of the King of England, a country indebted for its greatness and prosperity entirely to commerce; and notwithstanding your remarks on their character and the quality of their goods, we prefer them vastly to you, and while they choose to remain with us they shall be treated by us with the kindness and respect we have from time immemorial been in the habit of showing to strangers.

"You will have us believe that the sultan, in the treaty of Adrianople, made our country and its inhabitants over to Russia. How can this be true or possible, since, from the remotest period down to the present hour, our country never had a sovereign and, without interruption, enjoyed an independence which, with God's assistance, we trust to be able to maintain?

"It is now ten years that you have been endeavouring, through all kinds of misrepresentations, to impose upon us. Simple-minded as we are, we have sufficient intelligence left us to see plainly through your artifices and falsehoods. One of the most glaring proofs of your effrontery is the attempt on your part to make the world believe that our country was one of the provinces of the Ottoman empire. When was its conquest achieved by the Ottomans? Did not previous to the war your merchant vessels, and those of other European nations, freely frequent our ports, not only without paying any port dues or custom duties, as in every other port throughout Turkey, but even without requiring a firman from the sultan? You know very well that neither the sultan nor his viziers ever claimed the slightest authority over us. But falsehood has ever proved your most constant and powerful auxiliary. The perfidiousness of your government's policy is proverbial, not only throughout the world but even in in our mountains.

"We know how you have of late years been endeavouring to overthrow the throne of the sultan, and are aware of the baseness of the means you have called into operation to accomplish this, the foremost object of your ambition. After creating and fermenting revolution among his Greek subjects, and instigating the most powerful amongst his pashas to revolt, you have offered your assistance to enable the sultan to restore tranquillity to the empire. Aware of the perfidiousness of your friendly professions and offers, he declined your good services, and replied, that if left alone he had power sufficient left to quell the insurrection of the Greeks. This object was on the eve of being accomplished, when, finding no other means of preventing it, you, in the midst of peace, after entering as allies and friends into the harbour of Navarino, destroyed in the space of a few hours the unsuspecting fleets of the sultan.

"Before giving time to the Mussulman nation to recover from this treacherous blow, your emissaries seized on the first pretext to foment a rebellion. Scarcely was the sultan, your friend, [illegible] the rebellion, when you [illegible] the eyes of Europe the perfidiousness which has characterised all its policy toward the Turks, professing Islamism, and imposed upon the good faith of Christian powers with the same barefaced effrontery. Before undertaking the war against the sultan, and promising in the most solemn manner to Europe not to aggrandise her territory, what did Russia do at Adrianople. Standing with the bloody sword drawn out of the scabbard of injustice over the heads of the Turkish plenipotentiaries sent to the camp, the Rusian general cried out 'Write what I am going to dictate; put down that the sultan has ceded to Russia the whole extent of territory between Kizil Tashbogazee (Rimont Kaleh) and Sokoom.' Even had our country belonged to the sultan, which never was the case, it is certain that a cession obtained from him in so lawless a manner would have been in our eyes of no value. Why did the King of England protest against the treaty of Adrianople? We have but slight means of judging of foreign nations besides your own: yet we know this for certain, that as you have proved the relentless enemy of the Ottoman nation from time immemorial, so has the British nation proved on every occasion the defender of her interests. How dare you, whose soul is tempered in the waters of injustice, speak against the English when writing to Mahomedans? Were not the French expulsed from Egypt by the English? And lately, when Mehemet Ali, encouraged by your suggestions, expressed to the King of England the intention of declaring himself independent of the sultan, what answer did he obtain? 'Pay your tribute, and continue as before to serve the sultan as your master, if you attach any value to the countenance of England's friendship to you.' But, after all, you are to be excused if you dislike the English; for were it not for the apprehension which her fleets give you, you would by this time be masters of Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

"The British government is aware of the strength of our position, of the bravery of our warriors, and knows that we do not stand in need of foreign assistance to enable us to prevent you from conquering our country. It is but natural it should take a lively interest in our successes against you, aware, as it is, that our country is the keystone of the arch of power in Asia, and that as long as we continue unsubdued, Persia, Turkey, and India have little to apprehend from Russia.

"The whole world has become acquainted with your duplicity and insolence, and has, therefore, turned its face from you in disgust. The day of retribution Insha'allah! is not distant.

"What we have been writing to you is not the result of our fears, but solely to give you plainly to understand that there is no use any longer to try to impose upon us by words. We again repeat it, never shall we allow ourselves to be deceived by you, and not even a *hair of friendship* can exist between us. Such is our definite answer. You talk to us about the admirable administration, the order and tranquility reigning over your Mahomedan subjects. We see with our own eyes the state of misery and degradation to which you have reduced these unfortunate men. You force them to wage war against us. If Russia be so strong as you say she is, why does she not accomplish alone the subjugation of our country? Alas, the poor Mussulmans! even now that Circassia, remaining unconquered, it is your interest to treat them kindly—their condition is so deplorable, what fate will theirs be should ever this country fall into your hands! We trust in God.

"If your own coreligionaries throughout the empire lead an existence worse even than beasts of burden, can we feel surprised on seeing the vexations to which the Tartars, the inhabitants of the Crimea, and other Mahomedan populations, groaning under your yoke of iron, are unremittingly subjected? We have, though in our mountains, had ample means to judge of the spirit of justice and humanity which characterises Russian forms of government. Enough we have learned on the subject on seeing tears of blood trickling down the cheeks of the Russian deserters when relating to us the tales of their misery. They escape from your camp and fortresses daily, and implore us to employ them as slaves rather than send them back to their homes. God be thanked, we do not fear you.

"We have to inform you that it will be better not to send us any more letters nor agents, for the letters we shall tear to pieces without reading them, and your agents we will put to death."

H. M. Packet brig Hope, Lieut. Reece, from Halifax, at Falmouth in 16 days.

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