THE
Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

June.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	H. W.
15 Saturday,	4 15	7 46	11 9	2 23
16 Sunday,	4 15	7 46	11 23	3 4
17 Monday,	4 15	7 46	11 49	3 44
18 Tuesday,	4 15	7 46	morn.	4 28
19 Wednesday,	4 15	7 47	0 10	5 23
20 Thursday,	4 15	7 47	0 27	6 31
21 Friday,	4 15	7 47	0 46	7 46

First quarter, 18th. 5h. 22m. evening.

Public Institutions.

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Miscellany.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

In the autumn of the year 17—, a young English officer, Captain Montagu, whose regiment was at that period quartered in Ireland, was rambling over a wild and unfrequented part of that interesting country. With his dogs and gun, he had thoughtlessly pursued his way in quest of game, until the night shadows began to gather over the landscape, and the evening star shone above his head, in the only blue spot which the clouds of an approaching storm had not enveloped with their shadowy mantle. So far as his eye could penetrate the increasing gloom, the surrounding scene wore the aspect of desolation; and the cold night-winds swept mournfully from those storied hills, where the ghosts of Ossian's heroes sing of "the hundred bards in the hall of shells." The mind of young Montagu was neither tinctured with the feelings of superstition nor filled with the vagaries of romance. Englishmen are rarely the slaves of the first, and (unless when in love) not commonly much alive to the latter. A native of Germany, in the situation of our hero, would have composed a tale of passion and *diablerie*, and a son of Spain a serenade to his lady-love: but Montagu only made use of the light of mind to dispel the gloom of nature. He was, moreover, a philosopher, and much addicted, even at that early age, to those studies that furnish a man with rational reasons for things mysterious only to common and uninformed minds. However, the actual approach of night, and the threatened approach of a storm, in a strange place and country, conjured up no very agreeable train of thought; and, despite his philosophy and courage, he heartily wished himself and his weary dogs by his own warm and cheerful fireside. It was too late to think of retracing his way, had he even been able to do so in safety; but, without a guide to direct his steps from the treacherous bogs that he remembered to have passed, it was not to be thought of. After wandering for some time at hazard, he at length found a rugged but firm footing, which, from the deep ruts that he occasionally stumbled upon or rather into, he knew must be a road to some village or human habitation; and upon this he determined, if possible, to keep, until he should find some place of rest or shelter for the night.

The storm that had so long threatened at length opened its floodgates upon the weary night-wanderer, and the wind, rising almost to a hurricane, blew the rain and sleet so violently in his face, that it was with extreme difficulty he could now proceed at all. He, however, was young and light-hearted, and still contrived, in these unpleasant and annoying circumstances, to keep his courage up; although philosophy, which is "a good steed in the stable, but a sad jade on the road," did not attempt even so much as to whisper that "pain is not pain." At last, the storm and the road, as if they had agreed between themselves, both took a turn, and each a favourable one, for our benighted traveller. The sky cleared its angry brow, and shone like the blue eye of beauty with the light of love. Stars began to glow and twinkle in the moist air; and the moon, which Montagu could almost have worshipped as the Persian does the sun, now showed her friendly lamp high above the horizon. An extensive prospect of hill and valley lay stretched before him, with woods, or what appeared to be woods, lost in the shadowy distance. Still no human habitation, or sound of human life, gave hope to the weary pilgrim, who began to think, with another "soldier bridegroom" of poetical renown,

"The heath this night must be my bed:"

and though Montagu had, even at that early period of his martial career, sometimes slept under the blue canopy of the sky, upon the hard bed nature had provided, and the rude pillow necessity had contrived for him, he had never wrapt his military cloak round him in a more chilled and exhausted state, than he now closely buttoned up the slight shooting-jacket that so badly guarded him from the cold night-breeze. As he kept on his way he made his eyes active in every direction, to detect, if possible, some house or hut that might afford him shelter. Suddenly the barking of his dogs attracted his attention, and he soon, to his great joy distinguished the sound of a horse's feet advancing towards him at a brisk pace. He hailed the rider as he approached, who immediately drew up, and Montagu addressing him in English, was most agreeably surprised on receiving an answer in the same tongue. All his difficulties now vanished, and he requested the stranger to direct him to some place where he could obtain food and a bed for the night.

The man sate silent for some moments, as if in a reverie, and Montagu now looked up in his face with an inquiring curiosity. It was a handsome John Bull countenance, sleek and rosy with good health and good living; but there was something in the expression Montagu's heart did not readily warm to—a look of extreme cunning, clearly distinguishable in the full moonlight, and a firm compression of the lips together, that seemed to indicate one who could do much and be secret. Montagu repeated his request.

"Why, sir, I knows no house hereabouts, where you would be at all likely to get a bed, or food either, that's fit for any thing but the pigs. You should be welcome to go home with me, for that matter; but——"

"What, my good friend!" asked the young sportsman, eagerly.

"Why, you see, I lives at my lord's castle—that is, I and my wife are put in to keep it aired, and so on, but with strict orders from my lord never to take in no strangers whatever."

"That is singular," said Montagu, "and very unlike the far-famed hospitality of Ireland."

"Why yes, so it be; but my lord's a strange man in his ways, though as good a master, as to pay, as any man living, and I should be sorry to give him offence. However, I think there can be no great harm in letting you shelter for the night; you could go away in the morning, before Old Mick the gardener's up, as servants love to tell tales of one another, and 'twould be as much as my place is worth if my lord found that I had disobeyed his orders."

Montagu assured the man that like all sportsmen he was an early riser, and would observe his injunctions; and, with the renewed vigour which hope gives to the weary, he now set off, with his guide, to the castle of his inhospitable lord, which he understood lay at the distance of about two miles. The man did not seem much disposed to cultivate an intimacy with his guest elect; and the pair went on silently, till, having arrived at the entrance to a wood, Montagu could discern amongst the trees, now nearly stript of their foliage, the high battlements and antique windows of a castellated building, glittering in the moonbeams. His guide now dismounted, and, leading his horse up a narrow pathway, that branched off to the left of the wood, they came full in front of the once-proud dwelling of baronial power, where "chiefs and ladies bright" once held their pleasant revels, in those halls now only trodden by the feet of some solitary domestic, as she goes fearfully at nightfall, and, startling at the echo of her own footsteps, to close up the Gothic casements.

At any other time our young soldier would have lingered long, and curiously, to survey an object of such interest to the reflective mind; but hunger and fatigue were far more imperative in their demands than any other feeling, and craved as speedy an entrance through the unique portals, as the preliminaries of bolts and locks would allow. At last all gave way to the touch of the unseen hand that came prompt at the bidding of Redmond, (so the man was called,) and the door was opened cautiously by an aged female of most uninviting aspect, and whose strange costume added not a little to her witch-like appearance. Her brow was puckered up in wrinkles, her nose sharp and prominent, while the two little moleish-looking eyes, peeping out under the shaggy brows and white straggling locks that resembled the plant called "the old mans beard," were partly hidden by the blue cloth hood of her cloak, held closely with one hand at the chin while the fingers of the other grasped a dirty bit of candle in true Irish fashion.

Ushered in by this lady-in-waiting, Montagu entered a long narrow passage, and finally a large hall, where a cheerful fire blazed within the wide grate, and, with the addition of one solitary candle, helped to lighten one half of the spacious apartment, while the other, remaining in dim obscurity, left the imagination to fill it with those guests most congenial to its character of gloom. The family of Redmond consisted of his wife, two daughters, and his wife's grandmother, the self-same aged sybil who had opened the door to them.

"Kathleen," said Redmond to his wife, a pretty young woman, (too young evidently to be the mother of the eldest girl, a lovely fair-haired creature, who stood bashfully eyeing the handsome Englishman.) "Kathleen, what have you got to give us to eat? this here young gentleman must have good need of something. He's been out all day, wet and shine, and had nothing since mid-day; so let's have the best—and be quick, my lass."

"The pratees, Hugh, dear, will be boiling presently, won't they?" said the good-natured Kathleen, casting a look of pity at the stranger. "Moyla, jewel, take the master's coat."

And Moyla, doing as directed by her step-mother, hung the coat of Redmond on a large wooden linen horse, while Kathleen left the apartment

"On hospitable thoughts intent."

The supper board was soon spread with a plentiful supply of smoking potatoes, whiter than the cloth they were placed upon; while a piece of cold boiled beef and some pickled herrings completed the repast. Montagu did not fail to do justice to the "pratees," with which Kathleen, with genuine Irish hospitality, kept filling his plate, and the beef that Redmond strongly recommended, both by speech and example. After supper, Redmond placed a bottle of whiskey on the board, at the same time assuring his guest that it was as prime as ever passed the lips of mortal man. It needed not this verbal eulogy; for had it been much less excellent than it really was, Montagu had never been less in a mood to be critical upon what was set before him, either to eat or drink.

While he sate enjoying the whiskey and the fire, he made some general inquiries respecting the castle, and its noble owner, Lord Belvidere. Redmond did not appear, as his guest thought, to be particularly communicative, but rather chose to wander back to the history of past times. He enlarged upon the valour and other admirable qualities of some of the early ancestors of his master; and in answer to Montagu's inquiry respecting a very melancholy-looking personage, whose portrait was suspended over the mantel of the apartment in which they sate, informed him that he lived "many years agone," and that he believed his lady ran away with a priest.

"Good cause, indeed, to make him look so melancholy," exclaimed Montagu.

"O the powers!" said Kathleen, lifting up her hands; "how can you say so, Hugh, dear, of a holy father?—sure and granny must be after knowing best, won't she?"—and she turned to the old sybil.

"Och! and ye say right, jewel! When did ever a precious darling of a priest bring shame upon the blessed mother of God, and all the holy saints!—Sorrow take them as says evil of any jewel of a holy confessor! There never was the like of such, since holy saint Patrick first set the print of his blessed foot in ould Ireland."

"Well, granny," said Redmond, "I can't be sworn that she ran away with a priest: or, if she did, it might be a priest of the law church."

"Ay, ay, like enough," retorted the old woman; "they're not ower particular, anyhow. But they say, jewel, turning to Montagu, "that her ghost has been seen about the castle at nights, poor cratur!—och! ay!"

'I don't pay no attention, not I,' said Redmond, 'to such old women's tales; but there's one room you see, sir, as they pretends is haunted, and Kathleen and the girls frightens themselves at nights, when the old furniture cracks, or the wind shakes and rattles the doors and windows of the long galleries."

"Och! an' for sure, it's dismal enough at nights, Hugh,' said his wife, 'especially the long winter time.'

'But come, Kathleen,' said Redmond, observing his guest grow drowsy, from the combined influence of excessive fatigue and the genial warmth of the blazing fire, in spite of this well-authenticated ghost-story: 'you had better be stirring, to get the gentleman's bed ready."

"And pray,' said Montagu, rousing himself at the not unwelcome sound, 'let it be in the haunted chamber.'

O! I'm blest if I'd enter it for all the world,' exclaimed Kathleen, 'an' it's all dropping to pieces, the ould dismal tapestry, and the velvet curtains, and the chairs, as no living body could sit down on, any how.'

'Och! an' ye'll be like to take the aguy, jewel, or it mit be the rheumatics, with sleeping in the damp place,' added the old woman.

'Well,' interrupted Redmond, somewhat impatiently, 'get the gentleman's bed made up in the green chamber; it's been the last slept in, and it's warmest, being to the south;' and at the same time he exchanged some significant glances with his wife, which awakened for the first time an undefined suspicion in the mind of Montagu, of he knew not what.

Kathleen now left the hall to prepare his bed; and Redmond immediately afterwards absented himself likewise, for the purpose, as he said, of looking to his horse. After the lapse of half an hour, Kathleen informed her guest that the bed was ready, and the aged sybil, taking up a candle, led the way. Montagu followed her along divers winding galleries, and up several flights of stairs, till they came to a suite of large and lofty chambers whose furniture and decorations, though imperfectly seen by the dim candle his conductress carried, gave him some idea of the splendour and state in which the former occupiers of the castle had lived. There is something solemn and affecting in the appearance of an old deserted mansion, in the stillness of those noiseless chambers, once teeming with human life and gay with the hum of happy human voices. Fancy still sees the joyous home-circle gathered round the cheerful hearth,—silver age and blooming childhood,—youth, with all its gay expectancies, and manhood, with its riper experience, but still breathing hopes. What merry festivals, what joyous weddings, and sorrowful funerals, pass before the 'mind's eye,' while the outward vision takes a survey of things interesting though inanimate, eloquent though silent! Every chair has a tongue, every table a tale. What happy beings have sate on the one, and revelled at the other! And now all their joys and their revels are over, and all that remains of beauty, youth, and greatness, is to be found in the hollow skull, and the scattered bones that lie under the carved and lettered stones in the old chapel.

The old woman having reached the "green chamber," in whose spacious and dimly-lighted area the high canopied bedstead appeared a very minute object, she put down the candle, and wishing Montagu a good night, left him to his repose. With the curiosity natural to a stranger in such circumstances, he took a cursory survey of the apartment, which was rendered shorter than it would otherwise have been, both by his extreme fatigue and by the notice which the flickering of his light gave him, that it was fast expiring in the socket. He observed that the chamber, though it wore an air of neglect and desolation, had been, some forty years before, both sumptuously and tastefully fitted up. He finally, by way of precaution, examined the several doors, of which there were three, one opening into each of the adjoining rooms of the suite, and one into the gallery, which gave a separate entrance to the whole. Having secured the bolts, which moved with some difficulty, he opened the shutters of one of the windows to admit the moonlight, and then threw himself on the bed without undressing, and was in a very few minutes fast asleep.

[*To be continued.*]

Extracts from "Jay's" View of the action of the Federal Government, in behalf of Slavery.

THE INVASION OF FLORIDA, AND DESTRUCTION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES BY THE FORCES OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

On the 15th March, 1816, Mr. Crawford, Secretary of War, addressed a letter to General Jackson, informing him that there was a fort in Florida, occupied by between 250 and 300 blacks, and that they and the hostile Creek Indians were guilty of secret practices to inveigle negroes from the frontiers of Georgia, and directing him to call the attention of the Commandant at Pensacola to the subject. The Secretary added, that should the Commandant decline interfering, and should it be determined that the destruction of the negro fort does not require the sanction of Congress, means will be promptly taken for its reduction.

Gen. Jackson, however, had, *before* the receipt of this despatch, "assumed the responsibility" of sending his orders respecting this very fort to Gen. Gaines. "If the fort harbours the negroes of our citizens, or of friendly Indians living within our territory, or holds out inducements to the slaves of our citizens to desert from their owner's service, *it must be destroyed.*—Notify the governor of Pensacola of your *advance into his territory, and for the express purpose of destroying these lawless banditti.*" The letter concludes with directions to "restore the stolen negroes to their rightful owners"(—Letter of 8th April, 1816.)

Owing to some cause not explained, Gen. Gaines did not fulfil his instructions; and a gun boat was sent up the Appalachicola river by order of Commodore Patterson, and on the 27th July attacked the fort by firing red-hot shot at it. A shot entered the magazine which exploded. The result is thus stated in the official report: "Three hundred negroes, *men, women and children*, and about 20 Indians, were in the fort; of these, 270 were killed, and the greater part of the rest *mortally* wounded.'

Commodore Patterson, in his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, observes: "The service rendered by the destruction of this fort, and the band of negroes who held it and the country in its vicinity, is of great and manifest importance to the United States, and particularly those States bordering on the Creek nation, as it had become a general rendezvous for *runaway slaves* and disaffected Indians—an asylum where they found arms and ammunition to protect themselves against their owners and the government. This hold being destroyed, they have no longer a place to fly to, and will not be so liable to *abscond.* The force of the negroes was daily increasing, and they had commenced several plantations on the banks of the Appalachicola."

Various plantations have also been commenced in Canada by fugitive slaves, but being under the protection of Great Britain, and not of Spain the Federal Government has wisely abstained from any *forcible* attempt to destroy them.

It is now time to advert to one of the most extraordinary exploits of American diplomacy, viz:

COMPENSATION FOR FUGITIVE SLAVES, OBTAINED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

The presence of British armed vessels in our southern waters, during the last war, afforded an opportunity to many of the slaves to escape from bondage. In 1814, and while the war was raging in all its fury, commissioners were appointed to treat of peace, and instructions were given to them as to the stipulations to be inserted in the treaty.—These instructions contain the following remarkable passage. "The negroes taken from the southern States should be returned to their owners, *or paid for at their full value.* If these slaves were considered as non-combatants, they ought to be restored: if as property, they ought to be paid for." Moreover, this stipulation is expressly included "in the conditions on which you are to *ins*." in the proposed negotiations."—*Letter of instructions from Mr. Munroe, Sec'y of State, 28th January, 1814.*

Thus we see that not even the calamities of war, could divert the attention of the Federal Government from the peculiar interests of the slaveholders. The commissioners were faithful to the charge thus given to them; and in the treaty concluded at Ghent, adroitly provided for the restoration of *slaves*, and in such obscure terms as ultimately secured a far more extensive concession than the British negotiators had any intention of making.

The 1st Article is as follows: "All territory, places and possessions whatever, taken from either party, by the other during the war, or which may be taken after the signing of this treaty, shall be restored without delay; and without causing any destruction or carrying away of the artillery or other public property *originally captured* in said forts or places, and which shall *remain* upon the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, or any *slaves* or other private property."

The treaty was ratified at Washington on the 17th February; and *six days* after, three commissioners appointed by the government appeared in the Chesapeake, authorizing to demand and receive the slaves on board the British squadron still in our waters.

Captain John Clavelle happened to be at the moment in command of the British forces and he positively refused to give up a single fugitive: contending that the stipulation in the treaty related only to slaves "originally *captured* in forts or places," and remaining in such forts or places at the exchange of the ratifications, and had no reference to slaves who had voluntarily sought protection on board British vessels.

A few days after, Admiral Cockburn arrived, and a similar demand was made upon him. He also refused to surrender any *fugitives*, as such were not intended in the treaty, but gave up 80 slaves which were found on Cumberland Island at the time that place was *captured*, and who had not been removed previous to the exchange of ratifications; this being a case directly within the true meaning and intention of the treaty. The Secretary of State then applied to the British Charge d'Affaires at Washington, requesting him to direct the Naval Commanders in the Chesapeake to give up the fugitives on board their vessels: but Mr. Baker declined interfering, taking the same view of the article as the Admiral had done. In the meantime, the squadron had sailed for Bermuda. The Government, tracking the scent of a fugitive with blood-hound keenness, forthwith despatched an agent to Bermuda in pursuit, to demand the negroes of the Governor. The worthy Englishman, nettled at a requisition so derogatory to the honour of his country, replied, "he would rather Bermuda, with every man, woman, and child in it, were sunk under the sea, than surrender one slave that had sought protection under the flag of England."

The Agent, (Thomas Spalding) nothing daunted now assumed the diplomatist, and addressed a long argumentative despatch to Admiral Griffith, commanding on the Bermuda Station, demanding the fugitives, and promising to furnish him with a particular list of the slaves claimed, which he expected to receive in a few days from the United States. The Admiral very cavalierly assured Mr. Spalding that it was quite unnecessary for him to wait at Bermuda for the expected document, since there was, neither at Bermuda nor any other British island or settlement, any authority "competent to deliver up persons who during the late wars, had placed themselves under the protection of the British flag."

From British Governors and Admirals, our Government now turned to the British Cabinet, and found that there also it was held a point of honour to keep faith, even with runaway slaves. Lord Castlereagh declared that the Government never would have assented to a treaty requiring the surrender of persons who had taken refuge under the British Standard. Again was the demand made, and again was it unequivocably rejected. But the administration refused to yield, and insisted on a reference of the question to the decision of a friendly power, and named the Emperor of Russia as empire. After tedious negociation, this point was carried; and in 1818, a convention was concluded at London, submitting the true construction of the treaty to the Emperor, who decided in favour of the slaveholders. It now became necessary to determine how the number of the slaves, and their value, should be ascertained. Another negotiation ensued, which resulted in a second convention, by which it was agreed that each party should appoint a certain number of Commissioners, who should form a Board to sit at Washington, to receive and liquidate the claims of the masters. But difficulties soon arose. The American Commissioners insisted on *interest*, which the others refused to allow. Negotiations again commenced, till at last the British Cabinet, wearied with the pertinacity of the American Government, and sick of the controversy, entered into a third convention, (13th Nov. 1826) by which the enormous sum of ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS was paid and received in full of all demands!

Thus after a persevering negotiation, conducted for twelve years, at Washington, in the Chesapeake Bay, at Bermuda, at London, and at Petersburgh, did our Government succeed in obtaining most ample compensation for the fugitives. Commissioners were then appointed to distribute this sum; and after fixing an average value on each slave proved to have been carried away, it was found that a *surplus still remained*; and this surplus was divided among the masters!

Having now seen the success that attend the pursuit of fugitive slaves, let us next witness the

EFFORTS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO RECOVER SHIPWRECKED SLAVES.

Considering the extent of the American slave-trade, it is not surprising that our slaves are occasionally driven out of their course; and are sometimes wrecked upon the dangerous reefs abounding in the neighbouring Archipelago.

On the 3d Jan. 1831, the Brig Comet, a regular slaver from the District of Columbia, on her usual voyage from Alexandria to New Orleans, with a cargo of 164 slaves, was lost off the Island of Abaco. The slaves were saved, and carried into New Providence, where they were set at liberty by the authorities of the Island. A portion of the cargo, (146 head) was insured at New Orleans for $71,330.

On the 4th Feb. 1833, the Brig Encomium, from Charleston to New Orleans with 45 slaves, was also wrecked near Abaco, and the slaves carried into New Providence, where, like their predecessors, they were declared to be free.

In Feb. 1835, the Enterprise, another regular slaver from the National Domain, on her voyage to Charleston, with 78 slaves, was driven into Bermuda in distress. The passengers, instead of being thrown into prison as Bermudians would have been in Charleston under similar circumstances, were hospitably treated, and permitted to go at large. These successive and unexpected transmutations of slaves into freemen, roused the ready zeal of the Federal Government. Directly on the loss of the Comet, instructions were sent from Washington to our Minister, to demand of the British Government the value of the cargo. In 1832, another despatch was forwarded on the subject. The instructions were again renewed in 1833; the Secretary of State remarking, this case "must be brought to a conclusion,—the doctrine that would justify the liberation of our slaves, is too dangerous to a large section of our country to be tolerated."

In 1834, fresh instructions were sent, and a demand ordered to be made for the value of the slaves in the Encomium.

In 1835, similar instructions were sent relative to the Enterprise.

In 1836, the instructions were renewed; the Secretary observing to Mr. Stevenson, "In the present state of our diplomatic relations with the Government of His Britanic Majesty, *the most immediately pressing* of the matters with which the United States' Legation at London is now charged, is the claim of certain American citizens against Great Britain for a number of slaves, the CARGOES of three vessels wrecked in British Islands in the Atlantic."

Thus for six successive years did the Cabinet at Washington keep sending despatches to their agents in England, urging them to obtain payment from Great Britain for these *cargoes* of human flesh. Nor were those agents remiss or reluctant in fulfilling their instructions. Numerous were the letters addressed to the British Secretary, claiming either the restoration of the slaves, or their equivalent in money.

From a long and laboured communication from Mr. Stevenson to Lord Palmerston, we extract the following *morceau*.

"The undersigned feels assured that it will only be necessary to refer Lord Palmerston to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws of many of the States, to satisfy him of the *existence* of slavery, and that slaves are there regarded and protected as property; that by these laws, *there is in fact no distinction in principle between property in persons and property in things; and that the Government have more than once, in the most solemn manner, determined that slaves killed in the service of the United States, even in a state of war, were to be regarded as property, and not as persons; and the Government held responsible for their value.*"

No answer having been vouchsafed to this letter, and the argument being exhausted, Mr. Stevenson tried the virtue of a diplomatic hint that the United States would go to war for their slaves; expressing his hope in a letter to Lord Palmerston, that the British Government would "not longer consent to postpone the decision of a subject which had been for so many years under its consideration; and the effect of which can be none other than to throw not only additional impediments in the way of an adjustment, and increase those feelings of dissatisfaction and irritation which have already been excited; but by possibility tend to *disturb and weaken the kind and amicable relations which now so happily subsist between the two countries, and on the preservation of which, so essentially depend the interests and happiness of both.*"—(Letter of 31st December, 1836.

How this hint was received we are not informed; but it is certainly not creditable to the British Government, that instead of a prompt and frank refusal to deliver into cruel and perpetual bondage, innocent men who had providentially been thrown under its protection, or to estimate their value in pounds, shillings, and pence, it had, at our last accounts, avoided giving a decided answer to the demands of the Washington Cabinet, under pretence of taking the opinion of the law officers of the crown.

The negotiation was made public in consequence of a call by the Senate on the President (7th Feb. 1837) for a copy of the Correspondence with the Government of Great Britain in relation to the *outrage* committed on our flag, and the rights of our citizens, by the authorities of Bermuda and New Providence, in *seizing* the slaves on board the Brig 'Encomium' and 'Enterprise,' engaged in the *coasting trade*, but which were forced by shipwreck and stress of weather into the ports of those Islands."

The language of this resolution, indicates the influence exerted by slavery over the Federal Government. Should a murderer escape from England and land on our shores, we refuse to surrender him to the justice of his country; but when the West India authorities refuse to deliver two hundred and eighty-seven innocent men, women, and children, thrown by the tempest under their protection, into hopeless interminable slavery, the Senate solemnly pronounce the refusal to be an *outrage* on our flag, and the rights of our citizens. Moreover, the liberation of these persons is spoken of as a *seizure* of them, and the *slavers* carrying human cargoes to market, are most audaciously declared to have been engaged in the *coasting trade!* The real trade in which these vessels were engaged, was

THE AMERICAN SLAVE TRADE UNDER THE PROTECTION AND REGULATION OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

QUEBEC, 24th May, 1839.

MORE CONSTITUTION MAKING.

Henry Bliss, Esquire, who is a native of New-Brunswick, but resides and practices in England as a barrister, and is agent, we believe, for the Province of New-Brunswick and some commercial bodies in Canada, has published a pamphlet on "The Reconstruction of Her Majesty's Government in Canada."

We have not seen this publication, but suppose the substance of it given in the Quebec Mercury of yesterday, is correct.

In so far as the Canadas are concerned, it is substantially Lord Durham's plan, a Legislative Union of the Canadas, with, however, the "electoral friends" which his Lordship repudiates. It charges Lower Canada with the debt of Upper Canada, gives its present representation to Upper Canada, and limits the whole number to 135 for the United Province, four of whom are to be appointed by the Crown, and two by the Legislative Council, which for Lower Canada is to consist of the members of the Special Council, for life, with such additions as may be made by the Crown. The Governor is to make a new division of the electoral districts of Lower Canada. Forty shilling *freeholders* are to have votes, and "*censitaires*" (who are also freeholders) are to have a £10 qualification; there are to be 200 electors, at least, in a division, and the "*freeholders*" and "*censitaires*" may have each a member; and writs for the District of Montreal may be suspended for *five* years and an equal number of representatives given to other divisions.

The qualification of the Legislative Councillors to be a thousand acres of "land," or "real and personal property worth 4,000;" that of members of the Assembly, one-half.

Provision is made for impeachments by the Assembly, to be enquired into by the Legislative Council, and finally decided in England by the King in Council; all the revenues to be given up, and a Civil List to be voted for the life of the King, or, permanently, the revenue to revert to the Crown on the expiration of the Civil List; and the Judges to be made independent as in England.

Such are the principal provisions which Mr. Bliss has embodied in the draft of a bill. It is intended to give to one section of the United Province and one class of the inhabitants the power of taxing another section or distinct class of Her Majesty's subjects in Canada, and applying the proceeds to the uses of the taxing party. This we consider as little better than robbery, which no act of parliament can justify, no act of parliament permanently enforce.

The French Canadian majority in the Lower Canada Assembly repudiated the Constitution of 1791; many of them were concerned in the late rebellion; numbers of them at present shew that they are regardless of the duties of fidelity and allegiance to the sovereign, and even hostile to the British Government. Those whose guilt has been proved by overt acts have been punished; some of them severely; but those who may be innocent ought not to suffer for the guilty, merely because they belong to the same class of subjects. They are still natural born British subjects, every one of whom is answerable for his faults in due course of law, but not for the faults of the class to which he may happen to belong.

The Kings and Queens of England are sworn on their Coronation to govern the people of the "dominions" belonging to the Crown "according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same," as well as "the people of this kingdom," and "to cause law and justice to be executed in mercy, in all of their judgments." These sacred engagements of the Crown are towards all British subjects, without distinction, and give them a higher character and greater security, than the people of any other country.

If any thing could detract from that high character, it would be the inconsistencies with which people who have little knowledge and less interest in the colonial dominions of the Crown, interfere to effect parliamentary legislation affecting the security of the lives and property, the "rights and liberties" common to British subjects in whatever part of the dominions of the Crown they may reside.

We can hardly believe, however, that Her Majesty's Government and Parliament, will sanction any thing which is not founded on the only sure basis of legislation, the eternal law of JUSTICE. "*Huic legi neque obrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest.*"

At a meeting of farmers and others, interested in the state of the Quebec markets, held on Saturday, the 18th instant, at the St. Andrews Hotel, Mr. John Murray was unanimously called to the chair, and Dr. Marsden requested to act as Secretary. The Chairman having opened the meeting by explaining its objects, and by representing some of the evils and inconveniences suffered, both by the farmer and the consumer; it was stated, that the present Police and Market Regulations did not give the Magistrates the necessary powers to enable them to correct the growing evils of huckstering, when it was moved by Mr. Eglinton—seconded by Mr. West, Senr. and unanimously

Resolved, That this meeting views the present system of huckstering—as practised in the markets of this city—as destructive of the interests of the farmer and injurious to the consumer.

On Motion of Mr. Meek, Senior—seconded by Mr. Lee—it was

Resolved, That this meeting understands huckstering (as well as to the buying and selling of other articles of produce), to apply to persons practising as hucksters, by buying up killed animals and butchers meat, and selling the same again, either entire or cut up, both in the open market on carts and stands, as well as in the butchers' stalls.

On motion of Mr. Eglinton—seconded by Mr. West—it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Chairman of this meeting, R. H. Gairaner, Esquire, and Dr. Marsden, do form a committee to draft an Address to the Governor and Council, praying for such alterations or amendments of the Police and Market Regulations, as may be necessary to enable the Magistrates and the Clerks of the Markets, to abate the present injurious system of huckstering.

On Motion of Mr. Belleau—seconded by Mr. M. Scullion—it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the newspapers of this city, in both languages.

The Chairman having left the Chair, and Mr. Jno. West, Junr. having been called thereto, it was moved by Mr. W. Taylor—seconded by Mr. McDonald,—and

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are due to Mr. Murray and Dr. Marsden, for the manner in which the business of this meeting has been conducted. WM. MARSDEN, M. D. *Secretary.*

MONTREAL, May 23.—We are happy to learn that several persons, lately engaged in putting fire to dwelling houses and barns on our frontier, near the lines have been apprehended by a party of Colonel Dyer's corps, and will be brought to town as prisoners. The number taken, we understand, to be eight, among whom is Bonaventure Viger, the instigator of the attack upon the Montreal Cavalry near Longueuil, in 1837, and one of the prisoners transported to Bermuda by the Ordinance of the Earl of Durham.—*Gazette.*

PICTOU, May 28.—We are happy to notice from the following statement that Captain McDonald, the indefatigable founder of the Highland Societies of Nova Scotia and Prince Edwards Island, appears determined to carry his benevolent intentions into effect:—

"A deputation from the Highland Society of London, consisting of the Marquis of Breadalbane, Sir George Murray, Captain R. C. McDonald, and Mr. John McDonald, waited on the Marquis of Normanby at the Colonial Office on Monday on the subject of education on British principles in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton."

PICTOU, May 20.—The brig Northumbrian, of and for [illegible], from Miramichi, with a cargo of timber, was wrecked on the 20th November last, in a [illegible], on Etang de Nord, Magdalen Islands. The [illegible] and crew having arived here desire to make public acknowledgement of the kindness with which they were treated by Louis Bornes, Esquire, and the other inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands.