

Duncan ; purser, James O'neard ; master, John Jones ; surgeon, David Field-  
slay ; asst. do. W. P. O'Kane.

ARGUS, Commander, J B Dundas ; 1st lieut D B Innes ; 2d lieut W N  
Taylor ; purser, W L Freeman ; master, E. Potter ; surgeon, W S Thomas ;  
asst. do Wm Irwin.

RIFLEMAN, Captain James Montagne ; 1st lieut F R Dashwood ; 2d  
lieut James Shepherd ; master J Treveling ; purser J D Keely ; surgeon  
Francis Logan ; asst do Wm Thompson.

### From the Percy Anecdotes.

## THE CAVE OF LIFE.

**I**N the early period of the French Revolution, when every thing was settled by the guillotine, a gentleman of the name of Laurenson, who had been a municipal officer of Mornand, was condemned. After judgment, he was conducted to the Cave of Life, which made him consider his emancipation as certain. A few days after his arrival, he received a very strong and energetic address from the inhabitants of the Commune, who retracted their denunciation, and owned that they had been deceived. This important document Laurenson now considered as of no use, since his life was in safety, and he put it carelessly in his pocket. At this moment his name was called. He went out at the summons, when, to his astonishment, he found himself tied to a chain, with others who were to be led to the guillotine. Astonished, and almost stupified, scarcely knowing whether he really were to die, or whether it was only a frightful dream, he marched forwards. At length he was roused by perceiving the address which had dropped from his pocket, at his feet. One of the gens d'arms who accompanied the prisoners, picked it up. "Ah," said Laurenson, "it is a paper I have just received ; if my judges could but see it, I should be saved."

The soldier immediately quitted the escort, and darting away like lightning, hastened to the tribunal, presented the address, and received an order for the prisoner to be released if his fate had not already been consummated. He flew back to the scaffold, Laurenson was yet alive ; another moment, and he had been lost ; forty persons were that day to be guillotined ; thirty nine had already fallen. Laurenson was the last, and he was already bound to the plank. Panting for breath, the soldier arrived, and called on the executioner to stop. He produced the mandate from the judges for the release of the prisoner ; the officer attending read it, and ordered Laurenson to be released. He was unbound from the plank, but was found to be in a swoon, senseless and motionless. He was carried to the hotel de Ville, where he was three times bled before he shewed any signs of recovery ; at length he opened his eyes, but they were wild and haggard ; life re-appeared, but his reason was entirely gone. He saw nothing but the last horrible objects which had been presented to him. "Where is my head ?" cried he, "is it not upon the ground ? let them give it me back ! let them give it me back ! See you not that blood how it smokes ? it runs down in a stream ; it runs over my shoes. See there that gulph heaped with bloody corpses ! O, save me ! save me ! I fall, I fall into it !" His wanderings excited at once compassion and horror ; and he was car-