

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 Montague ; 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.

IN the early period of the French Revolution, when every thing
was settled by the guillotine, a gentleman of the name of Lau-
renson, who had been a municipal officer of Mornand, was con-
demned. 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 ad-
dress 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. As-
tonished, 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, " 'tis 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 attend-
ing read it, and ordered Laurenson to be released. He was un-
hounded 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 wan-
derings excited at once compassion and horror ; and he was ear-