The Weekly Observer.

Established in 1818, Under the title of "The Star." } Whole No. 706.

ST. JOHN, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1831.

Vol. IV. No. 19.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER,
PUBLISHED ON TUESDAYS, BY
DONALD A. CAMERON.

OFFICE—In Mr. HATFIELD'S brick building, west side of the Market-Square, St. John, N. B.

TERMS—City Subscribers ... ... 15s. per annum;
Country do. (by mail) ... 17s. 6d. ditto;
Country do. (not by mail) 15s. ditto;
(half to be paid in advance.)

Weekly Almanack.

November—1831.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
16 Wednesday - -	7 20	4 40	2 59	8 30
17 Thursday - -	7 21	4 39	4 10	9 26
18 Friday - -	7 22	4 38	5 25	10 14
19 Saturday - -	7 23	4 37	rises.	10 59
20 Sunday - -	7 24	4 36	5 54	11 40
21 Monday - -	7 26	4 34	6 47	0 25
22 Tuesday - -	7 27	4 33	7 48	1 10

Full Moon 19th, 2h. 33m. evening.

THE GARLAND.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for September.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Dream'st *thou* of Heaven?—What dreams are *thine?*
Fair child, fair gladsome child!
With eyes that like the dewdrop shine,
And bounding footstep wild.

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore
Can wear, my Bird! to thee,
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free?

"Oh! beautiful is Heaven, and bright
With long, long summer days!
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there, unchecked, methinks, I rove,
Seeking where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou Poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
Is Heaven in dream of thine?

Oh! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer *here*, shall know
The exile-thirst no more!

"The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here unknown I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening there.

"And borne on eagle-wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O Woman! with the soft sad eye
Of spiritual gleam!
Tell me of those bright realms on high,
How doth thy deep heart dream?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast lov'd in silent woe,
Say, what is Heav'n to *thee?*

"Oh! Heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt Love's meeting hour;
Where from the past, no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower:

"Where every sever'd wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell, Below'd! Farewell!"

THE TOMB.—By Mrs. Sigourney.

"So parted they;—the angel up to Heaven,
And Adam to his bower." *Milton.*

This is the parting place:—this narrow house
With its turf roof, and marble door, where none
Hath enter'd and return'd. If Earth's pure gold
Ere clove unto thee, here unlade thyself,
For thou didst bring none with thee to this world,
Nor may'st thou bear it hence. Honours hast thou,
Ambition's shadowy gatherings? Shred them loose
To the four winds, their natural element.
Yea more,—thou must unclasp the living ties
Of strong affection. Hast thou nurtur'd babes?
And was each wailing from their feeble lip
A thorn to pierce thee,—every infant smile
And budding hope a spring of ecstacy?
Turn, turn away, for thou henceforth to them
A Parent art no more. Wert thou a Wife,
And was the arm on which thy spirit lean'd
Faithful in all thy need?—Yet must thou leave
This fond protection, and pursue alone
The shuddering pathway down the vale of death.
Friendship's soft intercourse, the promised joys
Of soul implanted, soul-confiding love,
Those cherish'd sympathies which every year
Struck some new root within the yielding breast,—
Stand loose from all, thou lonely voyager
Unto the land of spirits. Yea, even more!
Lay down thy body. Hast thou worshipp'd it
With Vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste
Of precious time?—Did Beauty bring her gifts,
The lily brow, the full, resplendent eye,
The tress, the bloom, the grace,—whose magic power
Win man's idolatry?—Yet, lay it down,
Earth's reptile banquetters have need of it.

Still may'st thou bear o'er Jordan's stormy wave
One blessed trophy,—if thy life hath striven
By penitence and faith such boon to gain,
The victor-palm of Christ's atoning love:
And this shall win thee entrance, when thou stand'st
A pilgrim at Heaven's gate.

Hartford, Conn. 1831.

MISCELLANEA.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY,

Who so heroically destroyed the monster Marat.

(From unpublished Memoirs.)

On the 11th July, 1793, four persons were seated at Duperret's* table. The dinner was a melancholy one. The wine had no longer any charms—they all feared its *frankness*. Anxiety, hesitation, and trouble, were depicted on every face. The reign of terror had already commenced by partial acts of democratic fury. At the dessert, Duperret was informed that a female requested an audience; he arose and went to her. He found a fair stranger, whom he had never seen or heard of before; but he felt instantly struck with a sentiment of respect and admiration, on beholding her extraordinary beauty, and her noble and commanding demeanour. "Citizen," said the incognita, "I bring you intelligence from a man who is dear to you." She presented him a letter from Barbaroux.† Duperret looked round the room with alarm, and whispered, "Madam, speak lower, I entreat you." "No, Citizen," was her reply, "on the contrary, speak higher. If you fear to converse boldly to-day, to-morrow your speech may be interdicted. To be silent will be a breach of your duty, as a representative of the nation; and he who passively and tacitly tolerates the crime of his colleagues, becomes, in a certain degree, their accomplice!" Duperret, after having read the letter of Barbaroux, asked, "What do you require of me Madam? From the first moment I saw you I felt myself at your disposal; and this letter tells me that you merit my entire confidence. She paused a moment, and then said, "You are doubtless, able to appreciate what chance of success our *friends* have. Tell me, then, what may we expect of Vempfen. The result of open resistance is uncertain, Monsieur Duperret; and, moreover, the prescribed are not at all deficient in energy. The departments have received them with open arms; but the people are capricious; their heroes of one day are often their victims the next."—After another moment of hesitation, she continued—"I think there are other means of delivering France, and if—" She stopped, and steadily regarded Duperret, whose astonishment was extreme. "My language surprises you, Sir, I perceive. Our interview has, already, been too long; I fear your absence may be remarked. To-morrow, if you love your country, come and see me." She traced a few lines with a pencil, on a card, and presented it to him. The words were—*Charlotte Corday, rue des Augustins, hotel de la Providence.* Snatching his hand, and placing it on her heart, she exclaimed, "To its last pulsation it belongs to our country! Enter into these feelings, Sir, and the republic will be free." She then retired. The mind of Duperret, on rejoining his guests, was still occupied with the extraordinary woman, whose acquaintance he had just made in so strange a manner. His wandering looks, the paleness of his visage, the incoherency of his excuses, were all remarked, but no one dared directly to interrogate him; and he himself kept silent, for he was in the midst of his *friends!* At that period every man was feared who had a tongue in his head, for with that he could say, "I heard such an one praise Dumouriez! regret the eloquence of Vergniaud,* or assert that Marat was more the friend of England than of the French people;" and even a dumb man might, by a sign, recommend you to the impartial and prompt justice of revolutionary tribunal; and that, too, without hatred or malice, but all for the safety and glory of the immortal republic.—Duperret, therefore, conversed not; and so far acted prudently; but he was wrong to complain of illness. His sudden fever was neither forgotten nor forgiven; it was construed into the stamp of a conspirator, an accomplice, and, ere long, he was sent to the scaffold.

Duperret passed the night in meditating on the words of Charlotte Corday. She possessed the means of avenging the *Girondins.* What were those means? A solitary female! it would be madness to pay any farther attention to her proposals; no! he would not keep his appointment with her. Might it not be a snare prepared for him? Yet, the letter of Barbaroux, and, also, the noble countenance of the young woman.—With that serene and open brow, with those eyes, beaming forth candour and elevation of soul, perfidy could never exist.

Duperret was faithful to the rendezvous he had made with Charlotte Corday. He found her pacing with hasty steps, her humble chamber: her features marked by fatigue, and her looks haggard. She promptly recovered her self-possession, and a smile of welcome flashed across her face, which proved to Duperret her delight at seeing him. They remained silent a few moments; Duperret then said, "You perceive, madam, the confidence you have inspired me with; and I would pledge my existence that you amply merit it." "Is it to me, or to the letter of Barbaroux, the citizen Duperret awards it?" "To you, Madam, to you alone. Tell me, I beseech you, what you are, and what are your projects?" "Who I am, citizen? Such as you behold me; a woman, a feeble, helpless woman. What I seek, what I am capable of, you shall know, be assured of it; but it is not from me you will learn it. You say I possess your confidence; give me an instant proof of it; let us go together to the Minister of the Interior." Duperret opened his mouth to demand her motive: she laid her right hand upon his lips. "For the second time, M. Duperret, is it to Charlotte Corday, or to the letter of Barbaroux, that you award your confidence?"—"Let, us go," replied Duperret.

During their walk, Charlotte replied not a word to the question her companion addressed to her. The minister refused an audience; why, it was never explained, although at the convention they endeavoured to penetrate the mystery, but in vain. Duperret reconducted Charlotte to the *hotel de la Providence*, and then took leave of her. "Come again this evening," said she to him; "perhaps I shall have something to communicate to you." He promised to return.

On entering his own house, Duperret found there the commissaries of the *Comite de Serveillance*, who came to seize his papers, then called a measure of public safety, but a sad presage for him who was the object of it. Duperret comprehended the danger of his situation, and met it manfully. He was a man of coolness and resolution.

In the evening he revisited Charlotte Corday.—Seated in an arm-chair, her head leaning back, she held in her hand a miniature-portrait, which she regarded with sadness. Tears stood in her eyes; she showed the picture to Duperret, and asked—"Do you recognise it?" "Yes, it is ——" "Silence, M. Duperret. I entreat you, do not pronounce *that* name." She wept much; "Pardon my weakness; a woman, although she may possess courage, is always a woman.' "Believe me, I take a lively interest in all that concerns you," said he; "I have been faithful to my word, will you be faithful to yours?" "I scarcely know whether I shall have the strength." "I think I have sufficiently proved my faith in you to merit yours in return." "Yes, M. Duperret, yes, you are right, may you never have reason to repent it; Charlotte Corday brings misfortune to all who regards her with kindness." Then, changing her tone and look, she inquired—"Citizen, what do you think of Marat?" "Is it of the friend of the deputies he has proscribed, you ask this question? Marat—" "Is a tiger, a monster, an assassin?" exclaimed she with fury! then, resuming her coolness, she added, "Do you think he deserves to die?" "Marat?" "Think you it would be a crime to poniard him?" "The hand that should pierce his heart"—"That hand, Duperret"—"Would be blessed by all France; death could not disgrace it: that hand would have performed a deed agreeable to earth and to heaven!" "But —she lowered her eyes) oh! may such a blow not be struck by one who is dear to you." "And wherefore, Madam?" "Your young daughter, M. Duperret, her, whose blue eyes are so full of tenderness, whose affection is so sweet to you, whose talents you are so justly proud of—if you beheld her, armed with the avenging dagger, approaching Marat as if to increase the crowd that surrounds him, and then, accosting him with a smile, and then plunging into his breast a ——" "What an idea! such is not a woman's work. It is true that your sex know how to die—we have taught it; but, amongst it, where could one be found, who, without shrinking, dare even to look upon those tigers, panting for human blood? No; Marat, must fall, but it must be by a powerful hand." "Duperret," replied the maiden, "courage is frequently concealed beneath a fragile exterior, and a feeble arm has, before now, performed prodigies. However, you are right, it is not the work of a woman—I wish to see Marat. They say that females find easy access to him, and that he is less ferocious in their presence. Perhaps, after having listened to me, he might become more alive to pity, more prone to mercy. I know not whether I flatter myself, but it seems to me I could inspire him with regret for the past,—that I could render him better for the future,—that I could soften his heart with compassion for his enemies. Could you introduce me to Marat, M. Duperret?" She pronounced these words in a half serious, half playful mood. Duperret was astonished. "I introduce you to Marat!" he replied: "I, Madam! are you not aware that we are far, very far from being on amicable terms together? Mine would be but a bad introduction for you." "Yes, M. Duperret, I believe so; but, perhaps—no, you are right, I ought to introduce myself alone—*alone* do you understand me, M. Duperret; but it is getting late, we must seperate, I entreat your forgiveness for having trespassed on your confidence. I wanted some one to—conduct me to the Minister; I was recommended to apply to you. Receive my thanks; adieu, Monsieur, forget that you have known me; it is possible that we may not meet again, adieu! Your daughter is, no doubt, waiting your return; she is very happy, your daughter!" She pressed the hand of Duperret, and withdrew into her inner chamber.

Alone! yes, she would present herself alone; that thought solaced her. Her beautiful features assumed a nobler expression, her looks beamed as with inspiration, her whole appearance seemed to proclaim a mission more than earthly. Nature, however, had not lost all her rights; a deadly chill pervaded her heart; but it was only for a moment. Life is so sweet in the days of youth, that it is not easy to make a voluntary sacrifice of it without shuddering.

How Charlotte passed that terrible night, how she struggled with the feelings of her woman's heart, and with the natural horror of death interwoven with our very existence, it is impossible to say. In her chamber were found many papers nearly reduced to ashes, and on a fragment which the fire had spared, were traced a few tender lines of which she was the theme.

Charlotte Corday had sent the following letter to Marat.—"I am just arrived from Caen. Your love for your country must make you ready to receive an account of the plots meditating there. I expect your answer." This letter remained unanswered, she wrote another, which she determined to deliver herself. She concealed it in her bosom, and by the side of it she hid a poniard.

It was on the Sunday morning, 13th July, 179—, that she went to the residence of Marat. She could not see him, and was told to call again in the evening. She submitted to this delay without the slightest remonstrance.

Whatever feelings might have agitated her inmost soul during this dreadful interval, her exterior was tranquil and untroubled; not a look, not a step, not a word, betrayed impatience or irresolution. She had made up her mind to free her country and to die! In the evening, when she returned to Marat's, her countenance was serene, and nothing in her manner indicated that she was about to perform the part of a female Brutus, or rather of a Curtius.

Her steps, as they conducted her to Marat, were firm and assured; and, as she passed to the monster's den, she glanced her eyes around, to see if there were any obstacles in the way of her determined purpose. Nothing escaped the searching looks of that young and self-devoted maiden. There was nobody with Marat but an aged female attendant; he ordered her to leave him with the stranger; she obeyed, and Charlotte drew near to this terrific man.

In a bath, his hideous visage turned towards the side opposite the door, his right arm out of the water, resting on a block of wood, on which were a sheet of paper, an inkstand, and a pen, Marat was writing; without lifting his eyes, he desired Charlotte Corday to wait a moment. She stood by the bath, following with her glance, the words he traced upon the paper, as he murmured them in an under tone to himself.* He ceased writing, and turned his head towards Charlotte. A frightful smile accompanied the look. She bore his look without shrinking, and Marat, all hideous as he was, inspired her with no terror; she even answered the smile he had deigned to bestow on her with another; and her lips severed but to bestow on him flattering words:—"Citizen," said the maiden, "I had a great desire to see you: I was surprised that a man so renowned for his patriotism, should have made me wait so long for an audience, which I demanded in the name of the republic's safety." "Citizeness," he replied, "Marat is exceedingly sorry; if I could have figured you as you are, it would have been myself who would have solicited an audience of you; but I am so tormented by similar applications, to which I am obliged to submit, because I have popularity to lose.—Tell me what you desire.—Speak, you are one of those to whom Marat could never refuse any thing." "Citizen, you have received my letter?" "Ah! it is true, I recollect now the object of your visit. What have you to tell me of the conspirators at Caen? What wrong to avenge? What lover has proved faithless? You wish him to expiate his offence on the scaffold. Truly he well deserves it.—Make yourself easy; Marat is the *eye of the people*, and that eye can discover his enemies in their most hidden retreats. Beautiful citizenness! if I thus take your quarrels to heart, what will you give me for a recompense? With a female, Marat is not disinterested, and, perhaps, you yourself would not pardon me if I were." "And what recompense wishes the—Marat?" "Not much, *belle Citoyenne*; no, not much; for instance; a kiss from your charming mouth. Oh! don't be alarmed, Marat owes few thanks to nature for his face; and I might say to you, as Polyphontes to Merope—a good *republicaine* will think little of such a trifle." She stooped, as if to obey him; but she had placed her hand in her bosom: and at the moment Marat opened his arms to enfold her, he felt the mortal chill of the steel which pierced his breast.—His arms fell, his head sank on his shoulder, his eyes, at first starting from their orbits, closed forever, and the water was died with his blood.

Charlotte quitted the apartment: the servant of Marat had her immediately seized. With a smile she said "It is useless, I was going to deliver myself up." At the convention, in the Clubs, and even on the scaffold, she was covered with maledictions by the infuriated Jacobins, but her courage never forsook her. *She died with a rose between her lips.* L.

* David's horrible faithful picture of the death of his *friend* Marat, is reckoned one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of that celebrated painter.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT LAVALETTE.

Two Vols.—London, 1831.

This is another of those innumerable volumes which the French press has from time to time poured forth on the subject of Napoleon, his private and public character, his domestic habits, his shrewd military and political apothegms, his appearance, his manners, and even his dress. Even with the recollection of O'Meara, LasCases, and Bourrienne, in our minds, the memoir of the Count Lavalette, one of the oldest, most constant, and most attached companions of Napoleon, will still be found very interesting. They possess all the minute graces of the French school of autobiography, and bear in every page, the strong impress of authenticity. Lavalette writes with feeling, but not to the disparagement of his judgement. Every where he shows himself a close and keen observer of men and manners, and relates an anecdote, or retails a jest, in the happiest, gracefullest manner imaginable. His volumes abound in incident, and comprise a period of nearly thirty years, commencing with the year 1793, and concluding with that of 1820, from the time when he first started in life as a staunch loyalist, and the strenuous but unsuccessful defender of Louis XVI., down to the period when he returned for the last time from a protracted exile of six years, to that France, for whose welfare he had never ceased night and day to offer up his prayers. Within this eventful interval, he had witnessed the death of one Louis and the restoration of another, the rise and fall of Napoleon, the enthronization and dethronement of Josephine, the marriage of Maria Theresa, the banishment of the Emperor to Elba, his return, the hundred days, the battle of Waterloo, and the final departure of Napoleon to St. Helena. These various and strange events are all noticed in review by our spirited memoir-writer; but we pass by them, in order to afford room for his intensely interesting details of his well known flight from the dungeon of Paris.

The trial of Lavalette is well known; and though every line and word of it is full of interest, we must, confined as we are in space, pass it over, with many other interesting particulars. It was only when all hope of pardon had ceased, and when but a few hours of life remained to him, that his wife first disclosed the generous and heroical project by which she hoped to effect his escape:—

"My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me.—She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourge. When we were alone, she said 'It appears too certain that we have nothing to hope for me; therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You will step into my sedan chair, which will carry you to the Rue des St. Peres, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger, a favourable opportunity of leaving France.'

"I listened to her and looked at her in silence.—Her manner was calm, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so; but she interrupted me at the first word by saying, 'I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not, therefore, reject my plan. I know it will succeed, I feel that God supports me!' * *

'What will they do,' I said, 'when they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you!' I was going on, but I soon saw, by the paleness of her countenance and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus:—'Well then, I shall do as you please, but if you want to succeed, permit me at least to make one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des St. Peres. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes.' This reflection seemed to strike her. 'Change,' I added, 'that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is at your disposal; I promise to do all you wish.' 'Well you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is your last resource.' I took her hand and answered, 'I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it.' This promise made her easy, and we separated."

On the next day, when his wife came she was accompanied by her daughter.

She was dressed in a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put over her light dress on leaving a ball-room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. 'This is quite sufficient to disguise you completely.' She then sent my daughter to the window, and added, in a low voice, 'At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering room, you will put on my gloves, and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately, I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care when you pass under the doors, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering room, and the gaoler generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase.—There you will be met, after a short time, by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm.—Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well, now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion?' I could perceive that she was in a high fever. 'But above all things,' she added, 'let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin.—* *

"She then called my daughter, and said to her, listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight; you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow; but when you enter the long registering room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailor is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard house may not snate in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?' The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. * * *

"Dinner was brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to the table an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. * Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her in a low but firm voice, 'no childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat: hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air.'

"This meal, which, to all appearance, was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in this situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three quarters struck at last. 'I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville,' said Madame de Lavalette. She pulled the bell, and the valet de chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, 'Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming. Now,' she said to me, 'it is time to dress.'

"A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing closet. * In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. I pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she said, raising her eyes to heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly, Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering room. I was obliged at the same time to raise my foot and to stoop lest the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded; but on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartments, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on the left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the jailor coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, on my arm, said to me 'you are going away early, madame.' He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said that my daughter and I sobbed aloud; the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned at last, his two keys, and we got out.

"At last I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing near the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them immoveable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards his prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first emotion, or the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of twelve men, and I could most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted but two minutes, but they seemed to me as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, 'one of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another. At the same moment I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfevers, facing the Rue de Harlay. *(To be continued.)*

Extract from the Speech of Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers on the 14th Sept.

But far worse was the complaint he had to make of these speeches of the Noble Marquis (Marquis of Londonderry.) He and some of those he acted with were constantly using topics of irritation towards France, and doing all they could to plunge us into war; it seemed their whole object and their ruling desire. Was a member to be selected for attack—a point of onset to be chosen? Friendly disposition to France was the chosen theme of abuse. Was a charge to be pointed, and rendered more fatal than all the rest? The disposition to conciliate our great and powerful neighbour was always the burden of the accusation. Now in this country it might signify less, where the disposition of the Parliament and people, and the weight of the Noble Lord's authority were better known. But the prophet having more honour out of his own country, his language was in France believed to be of far more serious import. Men saw a noble person, of high rank and connexion, frequently addressing the House, and always to the same point of invective, irritation, and hostility.

The Noble Lord, too, was a leader of the Opposition party in that House, and it was thought he spoke the sentiments of his followers. He, the Lord Chancellor, as much as any man, abhorred all ideas of base truckling or submission to France, or to any Foreign Power. But he saw no spirit of aggression there: he was rejoiced to see a spirit of peace and friendship prevail, and he deemed it his most sacred duty to meet it in the cordial feeling of mutual good will. France and England friends, can preserve the peace of the world. (Hear.) Let France be irritated into warlike courses, and the whole human race is cursed with war. That it would be popular in the House and in the country to break the peace, seemed the notion of some Noble Lords; but it was none of his. On the contrary, he believed the Minister who rushed heedlessly into war, would suddenly forfeit his popularity, as he assuredly deserved, to lose his head. (Hear, hear.) He could assure their Lordships, that the speeches in that House alarmed all our friends in France, and they were the best friends of peace. He could read private letters, as well as official ones, to prove the effect daily produced by these inflammatory discussions, and those cavillings at our neighbours and their rulers.

He was anxious to lift up his voice in solemn protestation against such perilous topics. He utterly denied that those who bore their heedless part in them, spoke the sentiments of any portion of the British people. He should not regret the trouble he had now taken and given to their Lordships if it gave him the occasion he cheerfully seized, to utter this declaration in the face of Parliament and the country. He desired it might go on his authority and on his responsibility, to France, where he knew it would carry comfort to all true friends of France and England, and peace, for they were the same party and the same persons. (Hear, hear.) It was with unbroken comfort and unspeakable delight that he pronounced the proposition, and alike interesting to the country he belonged to, and the crown he served, and served all the more faithfully for proclaiming this truth—that the Minister who plunged the country into war would be overwhelmed with the loud, universal, unsparing execration of the whole English, Scotch, and Irish people. But that execration, he added for himself, would not be more loud, nor more universal, nor more unsparing, than such madness and such wickedness well deserved from the whole of that united people. —(Cheers.)

According to a late number of Blackwood's Magazine,—

"Three measures may be expected after the Reform Bill has come into operation; and which no wisdom or firmness, on the part either of Government or of the legislature, will be able to avert:—

"1. The duties on Baltic Timber will be repealed. —This measure will be warmly supported by the £10 householders: to such men the prospect of getting the best wood at half its present price will be an invincible argument for such a measure. By this means Canada will be lost; and a Colony possessing nearly a million of souls, taking off annually 50,000 emigrants, employing 400,000 tons of British shipping, and consuming £2,500,000 of British manufactures, will be lost to the empire.

"2. The protecting duties on East India sugar will be repealed and the immediate emancipation of the negroes forced on the West India proprietors. By these means either the flame of revolt will be spread among the slave population, and 130 millions of British capital perish in the flames which have consumed St. Domingo, and rendered that flourishing colony a desert, or the planters will throw themselves into the arms of the Americans. In either view, the West India, the great nursery of our seamen, will be for ever lost to England. The mother country, distracted with her own troubles, will be as unable to preserve its dominion over those distant possessions, as the French Revolutionary Government was to save the wreck of its once flourishing West India colonies.

3. India and the China trade will be thrown open to the clamorous multitudes, who will seek in the eastern world that subsistence which the passions of the demagogues have denied them in their own country.—They will carry with them to the shores of the Ganges the fierce passions and unbending democracy of the mother state; and the airy fabric of our Indian empire, now upheld only by the steady rule of a stable and despotic government, will be overthrown. Fifty thousand men can never maintain their sway over one hundred millions, but by the firm hand of absolute power. The passions of a democracy will speedily tear that splendid, but unstable and flimsy empire, into pieces. The loss of our colonies may be looked forward to as the inevitable result of the Reform Bill. —How can it be otherwise with a measure which at once disfranchises all the colonial interests, which closes the door by which they have hitherto been represented?

"Such extreme disasters will for certain produce one effect. All parties will become weary of distraction and suffering; the period, the inevitable period, will arrive, when the dominion of a firm hand will be required to staunch the wounds of the state. A Cæsar, a Cromwell, a Napoleon, will seize the sceptre, and military despotism close the drama of British Reform. It will close it after years of anguish and suffering; after the empire has lost its colonies, and with them its naval supremacy; after the unheard of suffering has tamed our people and the glories of the British name are closed for ever."

A pedestal composed of granite, 16 feet square is now being erected close within the railings of Parliament-square, and nearly facing the centre of Palace yard, on which will be placed an elegant statue of the late Mr. Canning.

A posthumous work by Thomas Hope, author of the celebrated Romance of Anastasius, has lately been printed in London. It is entitled, an "Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man," and the Literary Gazette pronounces it altogether one of the most extraordinary productions of the age in which we live.

Sir Walter Scott, it is stated, proposes spending the winter at Naples. The frailties of age are stealing upon him.

In Russia, as soon as the grass is cut for hay, it is, without having been spread, formed into a rick, in the centre of which is placed a kind of Chimney, made of four rough planks. The heat of the fermentation evaporates by this chimney, and the hay retains all its natural color and its primitive flavor.

* Duperret, a patriotic member of the Convention; guillotined by the Jacobins.

† Barbaroux was the representative for Marseilles; an honest republican. He died on the scaffold, of course.

* Vergniaud, one of the most powerful and eloquent orators of the Convention. He was guillotined during the Reign of Terror.