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Weekly Almanack.

September.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	H.	W.
2 Saturday,	5	24	6 35	7	43	0	34
3 Sunday,	5	25	6 33	8	0	1	2
4 Monday,	5	26	6 32	8	20	1	33
5 Tuesday,	5	27	6 30	8	44	2	15
6 Wednesday,	5	28	6 28	9	14	2	57
7 Thursday,	5	29	6 26	9	54	3	42
8 Friday,	5	30	6 25	10	46	4	47

First Quarter, 7th, 6h. 27m. aft.

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Poetry.

THE SAILOR'S HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MISS D. L. DIX.

At Sea, Sunday morning, May 8.

'Tis the hour of prayer—'tis the hour of prayer!
For the morning breaks, and the breezy air
Just curls the crest of yon gathering wave,
As onward it comes our bark to lave.
O sailor boy, wake, and send up to heaven,
The incense of praise for the blessings given!

'Tis the hour of prayer—'tis the hour of prayer!
The sun rises high, and the wind sets fair;
Broad swell the sails, as in power and pride
They waft us swift o'er the surging tide.
O sailor boy, kneel, and with vows sincere,
Render thanks unto him who preserves us here.

'Tis the hour of prayer—'tis the hour of prayer!
Bright glowe the west, and radiently there
Beams the evening star, true hearts to tell
Of the dear ones left in the home loved well.
O sailor boy, chaunt the sweet vesper hymn,
And God bless thy soul, and preserve thee from sin.

'Tis the hour of prayer—'tis the hour of prayer!
The watch is set, and the charge all share;
Night's star spangled banner waves widely unfirl'd,
To curtain in rest the o'er-wearied world.
O sailor boy, sailor boy, ere thou dost sleep,
Give praises to him who thy soul shall still keep.

'Tis the hour of prayer—'tis the hour of prayer!
The tempest rolls wild, and the red lightnings glare;
The thunders crash hoarse through the echoing sky,
And death and destruction are hovering nigh.
O sailor boy, now is the hour of need;
At the throne of God's mercy in fervency plead.

'Tis the hour of prayer—'tis the hour of prayer!
The danger is over—we banish all care.
And we list to the moan of the hurtling blast
Unappall'd now its force and its terrors are past.
O sailor boy, kneel, and add praise to thy prayers,
That the life may be blest which God graciously spares.

Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, IN THE EARLY CAMPAIGNS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

"The English people are warlike without being military, and, under the pretence of maintaining liberty, oppose all useful martial establishments."
Napier's Peninsular War.

The above extract from Colonel Napier cannot be too often repeated with reference to the state and discipline of the British Army. I shall endeavour to prove the force of his remark by looking to the state of the Army at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, and illustrate it in some degree by recollections of one or two of the campaigns of that period.

The establishment of the year 1792 has been often quoted by the economists as the standard one for peace, without any reference to the increase of population, or extension of our colonial system; but let them have credit for all they claim on this score, and then contrast this state of things with our utter poverty of means when war was declared. It is not my intention to discuss the point, whether the war of 1793 was "just and necessary;" it is sufficient to say that we were involved in it suddenly, and without any means in our power to bring it to a successful issue. I may here remark, that let the state of discipline and order in corps be individually what they may, the British Army, after a peace of eight or ten years' duration, have every thing to learn afresh, even in our advanced state of military science.

The nations on the continent, who place confidence in their armies, take very good care that, in the intervals of peace, their troops should keep up the knowledge so essential to them when they take the field: they have camps of instruction, where all the details of a campaign are gone through; and when the soldier is called into action he knows that he has other duties to perform besides keeping his arms clean, and wheeling as on a parade; he becomes perfectly acquainted with out-post duty, formation of camps, and entrenchments, bivouacking, foraging, and last, not least, preparing his food and cooking it.

What is the comparative situation of British troops in peace?—Scattered over the habitible world by half-regiments, in different garrisons, or frittered away in detachments in Ireland, the soldier has no other study but to keep his arms and accoutrements in order, to recollect as much of his marchings and wheelings as may save him from being sent to drill, and to be sober when he is ordered for guard-mounting. Lodged in good barracks, and his daily food placed before him, he gives himself no further trouble, and neither knows nor cares how the serious game of war is to be carried on at some future day. The regiments are in "apple pie" order; the General commanding the district tells them they are all he can wish; but, unless they happen to be in Dublin garrison, and witness a few sham fights in the Phœnix Park, they are utterly ignorant of the combined movements of a body of troops, even so large as a brigade.

If this is the case with the infantry, how much worse is it with the cavalry! Sometimes years elapse without even the whole of a regiment being brought together; they are dispersed all over the country in small detachments, doing the duty of gens d'armes and petty constables, and are only required to possess that degree of philosophy which enables a man to sit still in quiet self-possession under a shower of brickbats. When ordered on service, although possessing the best *material* in the world, in men, horses, and equipments, they are decidedly inferior to their opponents; and it requires at least two campaigns to bring them to a knowledge of their duties in the field, entirely from want of practice.

The Artillery is the only branch that, by being kept together, attain the knowledge requisite for an immediate entrance on a campaign; and even then they have a great deal to learn when they go first on service.

Setting aside the prejudice that exists about a large army being dangerous to the liberties of the people—which most sensible men of the present day consider a mere bug-bear,—it might easily be proved, on the score even of economy, that it is bad policy to reduce the Army and Navy to the present low standard. Let the actual saving be set out against the enormous expense incurred at the breaking out of a war, and we shall find little reason to exult in our savings. Suppose you want to raise thirty thousand men, the bounties (which are now nominal, and not more than will furnish a good stock of shirts and shoes) rise, like other commodities, with the demand; through the whole of the last war, sixteen guineas for recruits, and ten pounds from the militia. The first levy must be by recruiting: we shall tell the calculators to find out what that comes to for thirty thousand men, of which we may say two thousand are lost by desertion and death before they have gone through the first stage of discipline; and then, in supposition of an active campaign, to provide every year the same amount in bounties alone, and it will be found that the cheese-parings of the celebrated 1792, for example, have been soon evaporated.

I should venture as an opinion that, taking into view the extent of our colonies, and the ticklish position this country is in with the rest of Europe, the peace-establishment for Great Britain, including the troops in India, should not be less than 150,000 men, with thirty sail of the line, and a proportion of frigates and small vessels.

Let us take a glance at the state of Europe in this the twentieth year of peace. The nations of the north still stand to their arms, awaiting the settlement of one or two political questions, not likely soon to be arranged. We are at present ostensibly on very good terms with our neighbours the French; but that understanding is liable to interruption by any political change at present not foreseen. What then would be our relative possession?—In addition to a million and a half of National Guards, they have a regular army of 400,000 men, for the greater part ready, on the soil of France, for any "enterprise;" while we, out of our 84,000, could not muster (with what could be spared from Ireland) above 18,000 or 20,000 men. It should also be borne in mind that, since the invention of steam-vessels, the security of our insular situation has been much deteriorated, and the wooden walls afford no longer the defence they used.

Let us return to the year 1793.—When the the war broke out, it might have been said, that we had neither a navy nor army fit to accomplish anything. At the commencement of hostilities there were only a few ships in commission, badly, or at least weakly, manned: impressment of course, was resorted to; and in addition to that original grievance the men were badly fed, worse paid, and cheated in every direction: the consequence was that discontent arose, and ended in mutiny. The Army was a mere nucleus, good enough in itself, but powerless for any great enterprise. Whatever part of it was at all disposable was collected together, and sent off to Flanders, to be joined to the Austrians. The troops were animated with a good spirit, and brave, like all British soldiers, but they were entirely unused to the details of a campaign, and in that helpless state had to undergo all the severities of a retreat in the depth of a severe winter, the history of which is still fresh in the recollection of most people. The troops who remained after this disastrous affair were immediately shipped off to the West Indies, and there expended. It will not be too much to say that in the year 1794-5 there was actually no British Army. To fill up the vacuum, resort was had to that most ruinous and inefficient mode of raising men for rank, which opened a field to the most disgraceful traffic, without effecting the object in view. There was to be sure a great nominal increase: the regiments of infantry sprang up like mushrooms—there were 135 of them numbered, and either 32 or 33 regiments of cavalry; but this was "all sound, signifying nothing." Officers anxious to obtain rank were not very particular as to the subjects that offered; and those that passed them, having a fellow feeling on the subject, were not more precise. Hundreds of men made a regular trade of enlisting, passing, deserting and again enlisting: and in several instances in Ireland, men have been known to put themselves up to the highest bidder.

When the Duke of York took the command in chief at home, he saw at once all the evils of this system; he set to work directly: all these fungous battalions were reduced, and the few effective men in them drafted to the skeleton regiments returning from the West Indies. Still there was no army for any useful purpose. An attempt was made to get the supplementary militia to volunteer; but they were green and would not take, and it needs no further proof of the low state of our effective force from 1796 to 1797, then to say that Lord Cornwallis could only command four regiments of the line, when the French landed at Killala. From that time, until the general volunteering from the old militia in 1799, the Army might have been said to be at the lowest state of efficiency.

The measure of allowing the militia to volunteer into the line was brought early before Parliament, and was strongly opposed by many connected with that force—colonels, commanding officers, and some of the lord-lieutenants of counties; but Mr. Pitt would take no denial. Whatever the reluctance shown by some of the officers, there did not appear to be any on that of the men, as they came forward by thousands. They already thought they knew everything about soldiering at home, would like to see something to have to talk about: and in this idea were ably supported by the non-commissioned officers of the line, spread far and wide, who on this occasion were not sparing of what is called "gammon." Some of the colonels, more patriotic than their brothers, encouraged their men to come forward: and several ladies of high rank, who had influence in the counties, became excellent recruiting officers. The result was, that regiments of the line that could not reckon 300 rank and file, in the course of three weeks found 1700 or 1800 on their muster rolls, were obliged to form second battalions, and one of them, the 4th, had four. These were glorious times for promotion. I can give myself as an instance: being twelfth lieutenant, and in a fortnight at the top, being nearly a step a-day.

If the mode of raising this army was unusual, the manner in which the men joined was equally so: they came tumbling down to Barham Downs in every possible conveyance,—post coaches, post-chases with six horses, caravans, tilt carts, flying waggons, &c. &c. leaving the officer to plod his way on foot, with two or three who had either spent or lost all their money before starting. They talk of the folly of sailors in spending their money—soldiers can be equally fools on similar terms. Several, when they could no longer get rid of their money by the suddenness of embarkation, very quietly put the one and two pound notes between slices of bread and butter, and ate them like sandwiches—an interesting experiment for the old lady in Threadneedle-street. The inn-keepers of Canterbury differed from the "unborn children of Chevy Chase;" they did not rue "the coming of the day" that brought the militia men to give vent to the pent up liquors in their stores: I dare say they long recollected the finest harvest they ever had, without attributing it to a comet.

It may be easily imagined how degrading it would have been to have asked gentlemen just alighted from post chaises to attend drill, or even parades: it was with great difficulty the names could be got at and the regiments from which they came. The tailors worked "double tides" to get at least the facings of the regiments altered, but only succeeded in part.

While fresh men came dropping into the camp every day, intelligence arrived of the safe landing of Sir R. Abercromby at the Texel, which elevated the spirits of our heroes; and no doubt many libations were poured out in honour of the advanced guard. It was on that day also notified that Mr. Pitt would visit the army the next evening, and a *feu de joie* was to be fired for our recent success. A general sweeping was made next day of Canterbury and all the adjacent villages: and by three o'clock in the day every man able to stand or walk was brought into camp. We were drawn out in single line, extending from near the race course to the half-way house; and in due time the Premier and Mr. Dundas appeared in front, and seemed much pleased to see so strong a muster. The ceremony of priming and loading was gone through very decently, and the *feu de joie* commenced: it might have been called a *feu d'ivresse*, for there were certainly not five hundred men quite sober. It was thought prudent not to attempt marching past, and we were dismissed immediately.

The next day we received orders to march to Deal for exportation; which we accomplished in the night, and we arrived on the beach about eight in the morning, where a very exciting and novel scene presented itself. The Deal boatmen had volunteered to embark the Army, and on our arrival were planted in the boats, hauled up on the beach. The wind was easterly, fresh on the shore with a good deal of surf; but at a concerted signal the boats, containing a whole battalion, were launched through the broken water, sail made on them, and in a few minutes they were alongside the ships in the Downs: the whole Army was thus embarked in one day without accident, for their services on this occasion the Deal men were exempted from the impress. Previous to leaving Barham Downs, the grenadiers and infantry of these new-formed regiments were separated to form battalions, and with a fusilier regiment and 55th, a brigade under Colonel M'Donald: with one of these battalions I embarked. By this measure the want of coherence amongst the component parts of a regiment was increased, and there never was such a confusion of militia in the world. Fortunately, the two or three days on board ship, which reduced the men to sobriety, furnished them with an opportunity of opening their eyes, and seeing the officers under whom they were to serve: but the impression was very faint, and was soon obliterated by sea-sickness. Our battalion of 1100 men was picked from all the regiments of English militia, and if not the greatest heroes, they formed the *biggest* regiment that perhaps ever landed on an enemy's shore.

I shall not attempt a description of this disastrous campaign, but only mention a few incidents arising out of our utter want of discipline; and these are only applicable to the recent formations, the army that we joined under Sir R. Abercromby being composed of old soldiers, and a few battalions were mixed up with their less disciplined brothers. In addition to a badly organised Army, there was a defective medical staff, no commissariat properly so called: and to wind up, the elements were against us. The summer of 1799 was one of extraordinary humidity. From the time we landed until our return to England there were not twenty-four hours without rain, and this operating on the roads of Holland, which had no hard bottom, our marches was performed half way up the leg in mud; latterly they were nearly impassable, and trees were felled and thrown across them to enable the guns to be moved.

Having disembarked at the Texal we were marched up to the town of Schaagenbrug. The men were quartered in the churches, and the officers billeted in the private houses, where we were received with much civility. Schaagen is a pretty, neat looking place, and like most Dutch towns, has a canal with trees planted along, and the houses, with their gables towards the street, are painted in all sorts of gaudy colours.

On the 18th of September Sir R. Abercromby was ordered to march on Hoorn, with 10,000 of the best men of the army. All old soldiers, except our two great flank battalions of militiamen. The distance as the bird flies is not more than eighteen or nineteen miles, but by the circuitous lines of roads in Holland it could not be less than twenty-six, as we were all night in making the march: but this might be partly owing to the bad state of the road.

We were very well received by the people of Hoorn, who came out of the town in their holiday clothes, with orange cockades in their hats: and we waited anxiously for the orders to advance. It had been the intention, if the attack on the left of the French line had been successful, for Sir R. Abercromby to have turned their right, and marched on Amsterdam. From some mistake in the orders, the Russian army began the attack two hours too soon, and had no support: they carried the village of Bergen, began to plunder, and got drunk; were attacked in turn and forced to retreat. The whole plan was therefore disconcerted, and we were ordered to retreat. We had not started on our return above half an hour when the rain fell in torrents, making the road, which was previously scarce passable, one mass of mud. Our newly-enlisted heroes did not like this at all: many of them fell out in the dark, and we had to make several halts to pick up the stragglers. We could hear the words now and then—"D—d bad sort of soldering this!—I wish the man had his ten guineas again!" and other phrases of discontent. However, they were obliged to bundle along, half asleep and half awake. On one occasion there was a false alarm of the enemy: the men were ordered to fix bayonets, the adjutant shouted out, "Keep your places—form two deep!" when a fellow called out, "We are too deep already—we are knee-deep." At length, soon after daylight, we reached our cantonment, bringing but a small proportion of our mighty men with us. The company to which I was attached had about fifteen old soldiers, six Irish rebels taken at Vinegar Hill: the remainder of 110 being the militia aforesaid. When we reached our quarters we had two sergeants and eighteen rank and file, six of which were the boys from Vinegar Hill, who where indeed the best soldiers of the batch during the campaign.

(To be Continued.)

SCRAPS.

We soon forget not only our *sorrows*, but the lessons we learned from them.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

A tear is an oath in the sight of heaven to repent and reform.

A man will not risk goods or life, except for something more precious than either, and therefore a good man will defend another's property and person more zealously than his own, and a mother dares all things for her child, and nothing for herself.

The more tender and delicate the blossoms of joy, the purer must be the hand that will cull them.

The only praiseworthy indifference is an acquired one: we must feel as well as control our passions.

The overflowings of our passions are like those of streams, which defile the very fountain heads; but of what use would the fountains be, without the streams they feed!

A loving heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope, is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it is come or not.

Nothing is so favorable to love as a little discord, as the frost makes the grape tenderer and richer.

Modest men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for they consider the one as undeserved as the other.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE PIASA.

AN INDIAN TRADITION OF ILLINOIS.

No part of the United States can vie, in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluff of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore, is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles width, extending to a similar bluff that rises parallel with the river. One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends, with a few intervals, for many miles along the banks of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. In descending the river to Alton, the traveller will observe, between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa, its name is Indian, and signifies in the language of the Illinois. "The Bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents, was called by the Indians, "The Piasa"—and from this is derived the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the Upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly this:

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great Magalonix and Mastodon, whose bones are now dug up, were still living in the land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons, a full grown deer. Having obtained a human victim, from that time he sought human beings as his prey. He was artful as he was powerful—would dart suddenly and unexpectedly upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluff and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illinois. At length, Owatoga, a Chief whose fame extended as a warrior, even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit the Master of Life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of his fast, the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrows, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of the concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the piasa, which they must shoot the instant that he pounced upon his prey. When the Chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected, and placed in ambush as directed. Owatoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff eyeing his prey. Owatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and placing his feet firmly upon the earth began to chant the death-song of a warrior. A moment after, the Piasa rose into the air, and, swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung and every arrow sent to the feather in his body. The Piasa uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Owatoga was safe; not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him. The Master of Life, in admiration of the noble deed of Owatoga, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event this image of the Piasa was engraved in the face of the bluff.

Such is the Indian tradition; of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain: the figure of a large bird cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How, and for what purpose it was made, I leave it for others to determine. Even at this day, an Indian never passes the spot in his canoe without firing his gun at the figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rock are almost innumerable. Not a great while since I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois river, and above that of the Piasa. My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of the caves connected with the above tradition, as one of those to which the bird had carried its human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress, I stood at an elevation of more than 150 feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain my foot, the unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering we reached the cave, which was about fifty feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock, and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of the cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us—high over our heads, a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff—on the blasted top of which was seated a bald Eagle. No other sound of life was near us—a Sabbath stillness rested upon the scene—not a cloud in the heavens—not a breath of air was stirring—the broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and as smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspect as it did before it had yet met the eye of the white men.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height—the shape of the cave was irregular, but so far as I could judge, the bottom would average 20 by 30 feet. The floor of the cave through its whole extent, was a mass of human bones; skulls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extend, I am unable to decide—but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited. How, and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible to conjecture.

Alton Illinois May 31st, 1837. C.

Lord SANDON asked a question in the House of Commons on Friday evening of vast importance to the commercial interests of this country. Its import was this. Are the steam-vessels of France allowed to trade as coasters upon the sea-board of Spain, while a similar privilege is denied to the steam-vessels belonging to England? The answer by Lord PALMERSTON was in the affirmative. The noble secretary for foreign affairs admitted that a treaty had been concluded, some short time ago, by virtue of which France had obtained privileges in the coasting trade of Spain which were not conceded, or in other words, were positively refused to the trade of England!

Pray do us the favour, for a single hour, while you do not sleep, to think of this, ye liberals and professed patriots of England! Here is a country which has already cost England HALF A MILLION OF POUNDS STERLING within the last three years—expended for the purpose of supporting a worthless Queen upon the throne of Spain, and a dishonest ministry in office—expended to promote the designs of gamblers and swindlers—expended in a doubtful contest in which twelve thousand of our countrymen have perished by disease, starvation, or the sword—and yet by the government of Spain, which we have supported at such a sacrifice, we are actually treated as enemies, insulted by the power we have upheld, plundered by the dynasty we have propped, our rights trampled upon by the mendicants we have relieved, by the low jobbers we have countenanced; and France, who has refused to interpose on behalf of CHRISTINO, preferred in her trading speculations to England, who has actively interfered and devoted life and property in the cause of the regent and DONNA ISABELLA!

This is the reward of our national efforts, and national sacrifices! The bones of our countrymen, now picked by the ravens, and left to bleach on the fields of Navarre, bear witness to the folly of PALMERSTON and the whigs: but this last insult offered to cruelty, by pacifying the sordid at the expense of the disinterested, by selling the real friend to the false one, is a stretch of villany and dishonesty which none but the minister of such a regent could have planned or consented to, and none but such an impotent and miserable a driveller as Lord PALMERSTON would have submitted to for a single hour.

He says in the drawl of an emasculated dandy that these commercial advantages have recently been conferred by Spain upon France *by treaty*. Be it so. The confession of his knowledge of the fact makes the charge against him more unpardonable. Where were his diplomatists, his agents, and emissaries, when this treaty was proposed and concluded? The noble secretary knows, or ought to know, that every treaty made between this country and Spain recognises the principle that the ships of England shall be allowed to trade with Spain upon the same facilities granted to the *most favoured nations*. In our case this rule has been arbitrarily and dishonestly departed from. The right of trading, according to solemn treaties, has been violated to the disparagement of Great Britain. The vile government we have succoured, the odious gambling transactions which the whigs have connived at, the frightful waste of life and money which the British government have made in the cause of CHRISTINO and her daughter, have had no influence whatever upon the justice or gratitude of the ministry of Spain: but on the contrary, every boon we have conferred, every advance we have made, every sacrifice we have incurred, has only been considered a fresh reason and a safer guarantee for insulting and plundering us with impunity!

In short, the foreign relations of this country never were at any period of our history in so lamentable a condition. Insulted by Spain that is comparatively nothing; for we are hissed at, contemned and spurned, by the contemptible baboon government of Portugal. Spain cheats us, America robs us, France imposes upon us, the Sultan treats us as a fallen power, and Russia puts an iron collar round the necks of our "free-born" subjects, and engraves thereon—"Slave." Do we complain—do we threaten? No! no; whig policy is confined to narrow limits. Its personal ease in the quiet enjoyment of place, without any regard to national honour at home or abroad. Lord PALMERSTON, who had waded through all the depths and mud defiles of faction with one sole object, pelf, which his own folly or the justice of Providence has denied to the extent of his mean ambition, has nevertheless, when driven to extremity, proved himself to be an admirable and excellent whig—a man who under the shade of indolence shelters the most pitiful talent, and in inglorious ease fills up with a blank in the log book of the Foreign Office the most important events, which shall, when he is dead, no matter under what circumstances, be preserved as lasting materials in the dishonoured pages of the History of England.

Lord SANDON did his duty boldly in bringing the matter under the consideration of the house; but we cannot help thinking that the noble lord, for whom we entertain, in common with the electors of Liverpool, the highest respect and the deepest gratitude, did not follow up his inquiry with that spirit and determination which became his character. He should have asked when this invidious and dishonouring treaty was entered into with France, and whether any of its clauses and enactments were ever submitted to the British government? These are points with which we should like to be acquainted; but we are quite sure that the honourable viscount will not lose sight of so important a question.—*Liverpool Mail.*

ALMOST DISGRACEFUL SCENE.—We learn, says the New-York Gazette of Monday, that the German Reformed Church in Forsyth street, was yesterday desecrated by a scene of violence and disorder, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all parties concerned in it.

At about 11 o'clock, two clergymen, followed by their respective friends, simultaneously entered the church and made for the pulpit. On reaching the sacred desk, the passage was mutually disputed, *vi et armis*, and sticks and clubs were put fiercely in requisition: being supplied by breaking up the rails around the altar! Possession of the pulpit was gained alternately by both parties, and both parties alternately dislodged. While matters were in this frightful state of victory and defeat, the alarm bell was rung and the firemen rushed to the spot, determined we believe to throw cold water upon the fiery valor of the reverend belligerents. In the meantime, however, a strong party from the police office, parted the combatants, cleared the church and closed it: very much to the dissatisfaction of both parties. The clergymen are said to have fought like very Bluchers: having their clerical garments torn to rags, and one of them retiring with a remarkably bloody nose, received *ad ostium ecclesiæ*. On the whole, it is the grossest outrage that has ever occurred in this country, and it is mortifying to record a transaction so deeply disgraceful to the city, and especially to the ministers of religion engaged in it. If any of the particulars here given are exaggerated or erroneously stated in any respect, they shall be corrected with greater pleasure than we here give them.

THE COAST GUARD.

It is so much the fashion of the times to decry all our public establishments and their uses, that we are not surprised to hear some of our contemporaries, on more than one occasion, complain of the expenses of that of the coast guard service; but we feel assured that all impartial persons, on reading the following statement of what has been effected for the public benefit by this Institution, will agree with us in acknowledging their efficiency:—

In 1822, the coast guard was first consolidated with the Customs department, and in that year duty was paid on the following articles:

1,190,564 gallons of brandy,
2,350,766 gallons of rum,
9,162,408 gallons of British and Irish spirits,
27,130,180 lbs. of tea,
17,043,253 lbs. of snuff and tobacco,
5,055,901 gallons of wine.

And the revenue of the United Kingdom derived from the Customs was £15,504,869, with a charge for collection of £1,467,719, or about ten and one-tenth per cent.

Since that period the revenue has been progressively increasing, and during the last year the under named quantities have paid duty, namely:—

1,277,950 gallons of brandy,
1,324,892 gallons of rum,
26,774,300 gallons of British and Irish spirits
49,841,667 lbs. of tea,
22,348,427 lbs. of snuff and tobacco,
7,342,967 gallons of wine,

while, at the same time, the revenue has proportionably increased to £23,959,036, which has been collected for the reduced sum of £1,341,465, or less than five and a half per cent, said charge including all expenses of Coast guards, revenue vessels, custom-houses, land waiters, clerks &c.

Allahs has been effected by the establishment of the Coast Guards, and the excellent arrangements by which this inestimable force is controlled: nor should it be forgotten that its members of all ranks, are officers and seamen of his Majesty's navy, able and willing, at a moment's notice, and on any emergency, if required, to man a fleet, repel an invader, or assist the civil authorities in support of the law.—*United Service Gazette.*

COMFORTS OF TRANSPORTATION.—A London thief of any notoriety, having been a short time in Sydney would scorn to place himself, or his assigned wife in so mean a vehicle as a gig: nothing less than a carriage and a pair is commensurate with the rank in felony to which they arise in Australia. A better idea of the effect of all this upon a stranger cannot be conveyed than by the following anecdote of an officer who visited New South Wales on leave of absence from his regiment in India. Having gone with a friend in a gig from Sydney to the races at Paramatta, they were passed on the road by many genteel equipages, including close carriages, curricles, and landaus. In answer to the stranger's question his companion informed him that one brilliant "set out" belonged to Sam Such-o-one; who had been a convict but was now a free man and a man of fortune; that another was the property of a convict who kept a draper's shop in Sydney but that was assigned to his wife, who had brought out with him a large sum of money, that a third belonging to a ticket of leave man, who had obtained indulgence almost immediately after his arrival in the colony—and so on. At the race course, where "all the beauty and fashion" of felony was assembled, the stranger's astonishment was complete at the number of instances in which he obtained similar answers. After some grave reflection on so singular an exhibition, he ironically remarked, that he thought he had better return as soon as possible to England, for the purpose of there committing some crime that should subject him to a short sentence of transportation, for it really seemed to him that it was the best way of getting on in the world.—*London Times.*

Who would not be a Female Criminal.—When a female transport-ship arrives at Sidney, all the *madams* on board occupy the few days which elapse before their landing in preparing to produce the dazzling effect at their descent upon the Australian shore.—With rich silk dresses, bonnets *a la mode* ever-pendants three inches long, gorgeous shawls and splendid veils, silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odours from their profusely perfumed forms, they disembark and are assigned as servants, and distributed to the expectant settlers. On the very road to their respective places of assignment, the women are told of the easy retirement of the factory, and advised to get themselves there where they will be allowed to marry, without having to obtain the consent of an assigned master. Offers of marriage are made to some of them from the way-sides; and at their new habitations they are besieged by suitors. The hapless settler, who expected a servant able, or at least willing to act, perhaps both as house and dairy maid, finds he has received quite a *princess*. Her highness, with her gloved and delicate fingers, can do no sort of work. Attempts are made to break her in, but in vain. "If you don't like me send me to the factory," is the constant report; and the master having no alternative, takes her before a bench of magistrates, by whom she is returned to government, and consigned to the factory accordingly. And in this way England punishes female criminals, sending them to a colony where they are flattered and worshipped into consequence and insolence.—*Mudie's Felony of New South Wales.*

ACCIDENT TO LORD LANSDOWNE.—On Thursday afternoon his lordship, after paying his respects at the palace at Kensington, proceeded to Holland house; and on his way back, near the church, his horse tripped, and fell on his right side. The noble lord was thrown out of the saddle, and pitched with great force on his head: the concussion was so great that the hat was beaten completely flat, and a cut, as sharp as if inflicted by a knife, which separated the crown down to the rim. His lordship, being completely stunned by the fall, was carried into the shop of a tradesman; and, on recovering his senses, was sent home in a fly. Dr. Holland and Mr. Copeland attended, and bled the patient; copious applications of cooling liquids removed the tendency to fever. His lordship passed a tolerably quiet night, and yesterday the pain had greatly abated. His His lordship received a cut over the eyes.