SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1848.

Weekly Telegraph Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 5.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNN & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Oct.		h. Sun.	h Moon	h. w
30	Saturday,	5 58	5 41	7 36
1	Sunday	5 59	5 52	8 11
2	Monday,	6 0	5 59	8 50
3	Tuesday,	6 1	6 48	9 33
4	Wednesday,	6 2	7 47	10 21
5	Thursday,	6 3	8 45	11 13
6	Friday,	6 4	9 43	Morn

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1 21
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2 24
2 56
3 30
4 25

First Quarter 5th, 9h. 17m. morning.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE, upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. Secretary.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, Chairman.

Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in CASH, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.

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WILLIAM J. STARR,
FREDERICK R. STARR,
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

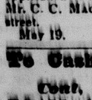
Wine, Pale Ale, Porter, *and* BROWN STOUT.

Now Landing Ex "Cambria" from London:

2 PIPES, 10 Hhds. 2 Qr. Casks Choice Old PORT WINE;
6 Hhds. Fine GOLDEN SHERRY;
1 Puncheon very old Jamaica RUM;
50 Casks Byass' best East India Pale Ale, Porter, and BROWN STOUT—in pint and quart bottles.

For sale by
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Farm for Sale.



A FARM fronting on the Fredericton Road, about 28 miles from the City St. John, containing 100 Acres, with a good frame BARN, and LOG HOUSE thereon; and about 15 of cleared Land. Possession can given immediately if required.—Terms of payment made easy on application to the Subscriber, or, at the Store of Mr. C. C. MACDONALD, No. 5, North side, King street.

May 19. SAMUEL BABBIT.

To Cash paying Customers.

Coat, Vest, & Pantaloons.

MADE to Measure, of all Wool Scotch TWEED—Warranted to fit or no Sale, ONLY 40s.

GARRETT & SKILKEN,
Tailors & Drapers
Pantechnotheca, Prince Wm street, June 1.

Clothing for the Boys!

LIST of Prices—A plain well made Suit for Boys from the age of 6 to 8 Years viz.:—
Jacket, Checked Pants and Vest, only 15s.;
Do. do. Cloth Jacket, white Pants & Vest 16s 3d.
Do. extra fine Cloth Jacket, Pants and fancy Vest, only 20s.;
Dress Suit, from the age of 8 to 16, fine Sack Coat, Pants, and Vest, from 22s. 6d.
Cash before leaving the Shop.

GARRETT & SKILLEN.
Pantechnotheca, July 14.

SOAP.—Ex ship *Orleans* from Liverpool, on Consignment—200 Boxes *Slade and Son's* hard Yellow SOAP, in 64 and 36 lb. Boxes; For sale at Hammond's Brick Building, 20, Dock street, by [June 16] H. G. KINNEAR.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,

Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market.

GEORGE CRAIG.

September 3.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1846.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuse DEALS, BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (delivered either at the Mills or in the city.)

WILLIAM CARVILL.

February 18. *Nelson street.*

Salt, Sugar, Molasses.

Ex schr. *Democrat*, Clements Master, from Yarmouth, now landing at York Point Slip:

2500 BUSHELS Turk's Island SALT;
56 Hds. SUGAR;
Hhds Molasses.

For sale low from the vessel.

March 31. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

OIL, VARNISH, &c.

10 CASKS Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL. 10 barrels Bright VARNISH.

7 barrels Spirits of TURPENTINE—just received and for sale at No 1, North side Market square, by [June 23] W. O. SMITH.

By the Lord Wellington:—

20 KEGS Superfine MUSTARD,
200lbs Best Ground GINGER,
1 case Real CINNAMON.
1 do CASTOR OIL.
1 cask CARRAWAY SEED.
1 case Pearl SAGE.—For sale by
JOHN KINNEAR.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.

Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chigo-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, *No 1, King Street, St John, N. B.*

Miscellany.

MONASTERIES IN ROME: ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—All this applies only or chiefly to the novice, to whom the opportunity is nominally offered of withdrawing if she wishes. The truth is, that she dare not refuse this nominal offer, however much or anxiously she may wish it. The feelings of her own family, and the state of public feeling, impose an insuperable obstacle to her fulfilling her desires; and she passively resigns herself to her hard fate. It is not that she finds her noviciate a happy springtime, as some have imagined; nor is it that the other nuns, though naturally anxious for some new companion to lighten the dull monotony of the cloister, weave all their arts to fascinate and ensnare the novice; it is not this that impels and precipitates the fatal step, but it is the impossibility of overcoming the obstacles arising from the feelings of her family and the tone of public feeling on the subject. If her parents oppose her wishes, she has no alternative but to take the final plunge, unless, indeed she can depend on the honour and love of some man who may have won her affections, and who will open to her a home and secure to her protection. A curious instance of this kind occurred at Rome, and was narrated to us by a general officer who was present at the time. A young lady was destined by her parents for the cloister. She had fregarded herself as the wife of one to whom she was much attached. The parents not approving this marriage, placed her, as is usual in such cases, in a monastery, where she could never see him; and she commenced her noviciate. Before doing so, however, the young gentleman found means to communicate to her that he would attend in the church at the conclusion of her noviciate; and that, if she still loved him and preferred marriage with him to the taking of the veil, he would be there to claim her, and give her the home and protection which her own family would deny her. The year rolled slowly away. The noviciate had ended. The *profession* was publicly announced: the bells merrily rang as for a bridal; the first flowers of spring were blooming on the floor of the monastic chapel. The cardinal had arrived: the young novice, fair as the young moon in May, knelt with her white veil floating behind her eye glancing eagerly from face to face in the assembly till it rested on him, whom for that long and sad noviciate, she had never seen, and whose presence at this moment assured her of his faithfulness in the past. The service proceeded till the cardinal asked the usual question as to her willingness for the life of a cloister: she at once declared her unwillingness.—The cardinal was astounded. The assembly was greatly excited; and on her being asked again for her reasons, she pointed to the young man who was present, and said boldly, "My wish is to be married to that gentleman." She was the next instant on her knees to the cardinal, beseeching him to forgive her, and to permit the marriage. The feelings of the cardinal and all the assembly were deeply moved. The service ceased. The cardinal declared that she must not be received into the sisterhood, as she had herself refused her consent; he made inquiry, and in the end himself married the young couple. And thus she found at once the home and protection she required, and the want of which would otherwise have consigned her against her own wishes to the cloister for ever. This, however, is a scene that cannot be of frequent occurrence.—*Mr. Seymour's Pilgrimage to Rome.*

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.

Be *brisk, energetic, and prompt!* The world is full of boys, (and men too) who drawl through life, and never decide on anything for themselves—but just draggle one leg after the other, and let things take their own way. Such people are the dull stuff of the earth. They hardly deserve as much credit as the wooden trees; for trees do *all the good they can*, in merely growing bearing leaves and seeds. But these drawling, draggling boys do not turn their capacities to profit, half as far as they might be turned; they are unprofitable, like a rainy day in harvest time. "... Now the brisk, energetic boy will be out and awake, not merely with his bodily eyes, but with his mind and attention—during the hours of business. After he learns what he has to do, he will take a pride in doing it *punctually* and *well*—and would fell ashamed to be *told* what he ought to do without telling. The drawling boy loses in five minutes the most important advice: the prompt, wide-awake boy never has to be taught twice—but strains hard to make himself up to the mark, as far as possible out of his own energies.—Third-rate boys are always depending upon others; but *first rate boys depend upon themselves*, and after a little teaching, just enough to know what is to be done, they ask no farther favours of any body.—Besides it is a glorious thing for a boy to get his noble manful *self reliance, purity, and energy*. Such an one is worth a hundred of the poor draggling creatures, who can hardly wash their own hands without being told *each time* how it is to be done.—Give me the boy who does his own work promptly *and well*, without asking (except once for all, at the begining) any questions; the boy who has wits about him, is never behindhand, and don't let the grass grow under his heels.

IDENTITY OF DIAMOND AND COKE.—Mr. James Naysmith of Bridgewater Foundry, near Manchester, has tested, as it were, and proved the fact of the identity of diamond and coke, by the discovery that the minute laminated crystals or crystlets of coke are capable of cutting glass with the true diamond clearness of cut, or without merely scratching. No other setting, too, is necessary to prove this fact, than the crumbling consistency of the coke itself in mass; so that a fragment of coke, switched at random across a pane of glass in the sunshine, is sufficient to exhibit not only the depth of the clear cut, but the prismatic colours in all their purity and beauty. Ground to inpalpable powder, Mr. Naysmith has found that coke constitutes what we may call the true "diamond paste" for sharpening razors, —probably, indeed, if we may venture to say so, the only secret of the diamond paste so largely advertised, if they merit even so worthy a supposition. The adamantine properties of black oxide of manganese, and its peculiar affinities, induced an ingenious chemist to suggest its strong analogy to carbon; it is possible that it too, when in fragments, much more firmly crystalline as it is in mass than coke, may cut glass with practical facility? —*Builder.*

☞ "Will you be after tellin' us what's the time Patrick?" asked Tim of his friend the other day—"An' sure I'd do it, but the watch is most two days too fast," was the prompt reply.

YOUNG MEN.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and the good. Where you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was inculcated, and the indecent story told to excite laughter or influence the bad passions.

Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you never will be found in the sinks of pollution, or on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course; once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—The following eloquent passage appears in a Western paper:

"Gentlemen of the jury.—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man what has afers sustained a hight degradation in society, a man you all on you respect and esteem for his many good quantities; yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks more not a quart a likker a day, can you I say, for an instant, suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hooking a percushum caps? Rattle snakes and coon skins forbid! Picture yourselves a feller fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side—a natur hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but muttering of the silent thunder, and the hollerin of the bull frogs; then imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful happy family, and in the most mendacious and dastardly manner, hooking a whole box of percushum! Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene! My feelings turn from such a picture of moral turpentine, like a big wood chuck would turn from my dog Growler! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these diggins much less this ere man could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankerous and unexampled discretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, let me retreat of you to make up your mind candid and impartially, and give up such a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from such an enlightened and intelligent body of our fellow citizens; remembering that in the language of Nimrod, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten innocent men should escape than that the one guilte should suffer. Judge, give us a chew of tobacker."

☞ That vast Theatre, the World, changes not its actors: It is always man who appears there, though he varies; and all changes depend on some great passion, whose circle has long and oft been trod. It would be strange if, in the little combinations of private life, the experience, the science of the past, were not the plenteous source of useful instruction. Honor your fathers and your mothers then; respect them, if but for the asske of their bygone reign, the time of which they were the only rulers—if but for the years forever lost, whose impressed seal is imprinted on their brow. Know your duty, presumptuous children, impatient to walk alone in the path of life. They will leave you, do not fear it, though too tardy in yielding you place;—that father, whose discourses are still tainted by unwelcome severity: that mother, whose age imposes on you such tedious cares. They will go, those watchful guardians of your childhood, those zealous protectors of your youth, they will depart, and you will seek in vain for better friends: when they are lost, they will wear aspects, for time, which makes the living old before our eyes, renews their youth when death has torn them away. Time lends them a might unknown before: we see them in our visions of eternity, wherein there is no age, as there are no gradations; and if they have left virtuous memories behind, we adorn them with a ray from heaven: our thoughts follow them to the home of the elect; we see them in scenes of felicity, and beside the bright beams of which we form their glory; the light of our own most dazzling triumphs is extinguished.—*M. Neckar.*

GENIUS.—He is not the greatest man, who, with a giant intellect, can startle the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left on the mind is not agreeable and lasting. He who would stir up the soul, must have a calm sympathising heart. It is this, which vibrates through the human heart, leaps through the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy.—The man whose sympathies are with common humanity—whose heart is moved by pure benevolence—breath thoughts that will never die. Like the silent dews, they descend in the bosom to cheer, to bless and to save. The breath of true life is thus felt in the heart. Such a writer blends genius with humanity, and is destined to sway the multitude and urge them on to deeds of mercy and unending glory.

AN EXAMPLE.—Cyrus had taken the wife of Tigranes, and asking him what he would give to save her from servitude? He replied, all that he had in the world, and his own life in the bargain. Cyrus upon this, very generously restored her, and pardoned what had passed. All were full of his praises upon this occasion, some commending the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person.—Tigranes asked his wife whether she did not greatly admire him. "I never looked at him," says she. "Not look at him!" returned he. "Upon whom, then, do you look?" Upon him," replied she, "who offered his own life to redeem me from slavery." This charming example should be copied into our behavour in the house of God, where we should behold and contemplate the beauties and perfections of that blessed Person alone, who actually did give his life a ransom for all.—*Bishop Horne.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.—At Dalnacroich, in the parish of Strathconn, resides a hale eccentric old man, of the goodly age of eighty. From his whitened hairs, advanced years, and declining strength, he knows that his lease of life will soon be out; and in order to perpetuate the custom of one of his ancestors, he has resolved to await the last twinkling of his life in an old arm-chair, which has been handed down in the family for the last two centuries. So determined is he in this strange resolution, that he has caused his sister to burn his bed, lest, by his infirmities overcoming his purpose, he should be tempted to repose upon it, and thereby be baulked in his intentions. He sits upon his chair night and day, and sleeps little, for the purpose of dying awake.—*Rosshire Advertiser.*

POPISH MUSE.—It is amusing enough to remark the ignorance of town bred children of the commonest matters of country life. A friend tells us that a girl from the metropolis, who had visited a country place, not many miles from New York, was filled with surprise at the sight of a girl milking a cow. "I didn't know you did it that way" she exclaimed, with round eyed wonder; "I thought they took hold of the cow's tail and *pumped* the milk out of her! What has she got such a long tail for else."

From Marsten; or, the Memoirs of a Statesman.

The old French Revolution.

(CONCLUDED.)

Within twenty four hours of this interview the ministry was dissolved! Dymeurier was gone post haste to the command of one of the armies on the frontier, merely to save his life from the mob; and I went to bed in the Place Vendome, by the light of Lafayette burned in effigy in the centre of the square. So much for popularity.

At dusk, on the memorable ninth of August, as I was sitting in a cafe of the Palais Royale, listening to the mountain songs of a party of Swiss minstrels in front of the door, Mendoza, passing through the crowd, made me a signal; I immediately followed him to an obscure corner of one of the galleries.

'The insurrection is fixed for to-night,' was the startling announcement. 'At twelve by the clock of Notre Dame, all the sections will be under arms. The Jacobin club, the club of the Cordeliers, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, are the alarm posts.—The Marseillais are posted at the Cordeliers, and are to head the attack. Danton is already among them, and has published his address.

He gave me the placard. It was brief and bold.

'Citizens—The country is betrayed. France is in the hands of her enemies. The Austrains are advancing. Our troops are retreating, and Paris must be defended by her brave sons alone. But we have traitors in the camp. Our legislators are their accomplices: Lafayette, the slave of kings, has been suffered to escape; but the nation must be avenged. The perfidious Louis is about to follow his example and fly, after having devoted the capital to conflagration. Delay a moment, and you will have to fight by the flame of your houses, and to bleed over the ashes of your wives and children. March, and victory is yours. To arms! To arms! To arms!!!'

'Does Danton lead the insurrection?'

'No—for two reasons: he is an incendiary but no soldier; and they cannot trust him in case of success. A secret meeting of the heads of the party was held two days since, to decide on a leader of the sections. It was difficult, and had nearly been finished by the dagger. Billaud de Verrennes, Vergniaud, St. Angely, and Danton were successively proposed. Robespierre objected to them all. At length an old German refugee, a beggar, but a soldier, was fixed on; and Westerman is to take the command. By one o'clock the tocsin is to be rung, and the insurgents are instantly to move from all points on the Tuileries.'

'What's the object?'

'The seizure, or death, of the King and Royal Family.'

'And the result of that object?'

'The proclamation of a Republic!'

'Is this known at the palace?'

'Not a syllable. All there are in perfect security; to communicate intelligence there is not in my department.'

And I looked at the keen eye and dark physiognomy of my informant there was an expression of surprise in mine at this extraordinary coolness, which saved me the trouble of asking the question.

'You doubt me,' said he; 'you feel distrust of information unpaid and voluntary. But I have been ordered by Mordecai, the chief of our tribe in England, to watch over you; and this information is part of my obedience to the command.' He suddenly darted away.

Notwithstanding the steadiness of his assertions I still doubted their probability, and to examine the point for myself I strayed toward the palace. All there was tranquil; a few lights were scattered through the galleries, but every sound of life, much less of watchfulness and preparation was still. The only human beings in sight were some dismounted cavalry, and a battalion of the national guards lounging about the square. As I found it impossible to rest till I knew the truth or falsehood of my information, I next wandered along the Boulevards, in the direction of the Faubourg St Amoine, the focus of all the tumults of Paris; but along this fine avenue was hushed as if a general slumber had fallen over the city. The night was calm, and the air was a delicious substitute for the hot and reeking atmosphere, of this populous quarter in the day. I saw no gathering of the populance no hurrying torches, I heard no clash of arms, or tramp of armed men; all lay beneath the young moon, which, near her setting, touched the whole scene with a look of soft and almost melancholy radiance. The character of my Israelite friend began to fall rapidly in the scale, and I had made up my mind that insurrection had gone to its chamber that night; when, as I was returning by the Place de Bastile, and was passing under the shadow of one of the huge old houses that then surrounded that scene of hereditary terror, two men, who had been loitering about the parapet of fosse, suddenly started forward, and planted themselves in my way. I flung one of them aside, but the other grasped my arm, and drawing a dagger, told me that my life was at his mercy. His companion giving the signal, a group of fierce looking fellows started from their lurking places: and of course further resistance was out of the question. I was ordered to follow them, and regarding myself as having nothing to fear, yet uneasy at the idea of compulsion, I remonstrated but in vain; and was finally led through a labyrinth of horrid alleys, to what I now found to be the head quarters of the insurrection. It was an immense building, which had probably been a manufactory, but was now filled with the leaders of the mob. The few torches which were its only light, and which scarcely showed the roof of the building, were, however, enough to show heaps of weapons of every kind—muskets, sabres, pikes, and even pitchforks and scythes, thrown on the floor. On one side, raised on a sort of desk, was a ruffianly figure flinging placards to the crowd below, and often adding some savage comment on their meaning, which produced a general laugh. Flags inscribed with "Liberty—Bread or Blood—Down with the Tyrant,"—and that comprehensive and peculiarly favourite motto of the mob—"May the last of the kings be strangled with the entrails of the last of the Priests"—were hung from the walls in all quarters; and in the centre of the floor were ranged three pieces of artillery surrounded by their gunners. I now fully acknowledged the exactness of Mendoza's information—and began to feel considerable uncertainty about my own fate in the midst of a horde of armed ruffians, who came pouring in every moment, and seemed continually more ferocious. At length I was ordered by the men to go forward to a sort of platform at the head of the hall, where some candles were still burning, and the remains of a supper, gave signs that there had been gathered the chief persons of that tremendous assemblage. A brief interrogatory from one of them attired to the teeth, and with a red cap so low down on his bushy brows as almost wholly to disguise his physiognomy, enquired my name, my business in Paris, and especially what I had to allege against my being shot as a spy in the pay of the Tuileries. My answers were drowned in the roar of the multitude. Still I protested firmly against this summary trial; and at length interested them with the vengeance of my country. This might be heroic, but it was injudicious. Patriotism is a fiery affair, and a circle of pistols and daggers ready prepared for action, and roused by the word to execute popular justice on me, waited but the signal from the platform. Their leader rose with some solemnity, had taken off his cap to give the ceremonial a more authentic aspect, declared me to have forfeited the right to live by acting the part of an *espion*, and ordered me to be shot in "front of the leading column of the army of vengeance." The decree was so unexpected, that for a moment I felt absolutely paralyzed. The sight left my eyes, my ears tingled with strange sounds, and I almost felt as if I had received the shots of the ruffians, who now uncontrolable in their first triumph, were firing their pistols in every direction in the air. But at the moment so formidable to my future career, I heard the sound of the clock of Notre Dame. I felt a sudden return of my powers of recollections, but the hands of my assassins were already upon me. The sound of the general signal for the march produced a rush of the crowd towards the gate. I took advantage of the confusion, struck down one of my captors, shook off the jother, and plunged into the living torrent that was now pouring out before me.

But even when I reached the open air—and never did I feel its freshness with a stronger sense of revival—I was still in the midst of the multitude, and attempt to make my way alone would have obviously been death. Thus was I carried on along the Boulevards, in the heart of a column of a hundred thousand maniacs, trampled, driven, bruised by the rabble, and deafened with shouts, yells, and cries of vengeance, until my frame was in a fever, and my brain scarcely less than a frenzy.

That terrible morning gave the deathblow to the mighty monarchy of the Bourbons. The throne was so shaken by the popular arm, that though it preserved a semblance of its original shape a breath was sufficient to cast it to the ground. I have no heart for the recital. Even now I can scarcely think of the tremendous pageant of popular fantasy, fury, and the very passion of crime; or bring to my mind's eye that column, which seemed then to be boundless and endless, with the glare of its torches, the rattle of its drums, the grinding of its cannon wheels, as we rushed along the causeway, from time to time stopping to fire, as a summons to the other districts, and as a note of exultation; or the perpetual, sullen, and deep roar of the populace—without a thrilling sense of perplexity and pain.

Long before day-break we had encountered every minor resistence before us, plundered the arsenal of its arms, and taken possession of the Hotel de Ville.—The few troops who had kept guard at the different posts on our way, had been captured without an effort, or joined the insurgents. But intelligence now came that the palace was roused at last, that troops were ordered from the country for its defence, and that the noblesses remaining in the capital were crowding to the Tuileries. I stood beside Danton when these tidings were brought to him.—He flung up his cap in the air, with a burst of laugher. "So much the better!" he exclaimed, "the closer the preserve, the thicker the game." I had now a complete view of this hero of democracy. His figure was herculean; his countenance, which possibly, in his younger days, might have been handsome, was now marked with the lines of every passion of profligacy, but it was still commanding. His costume was that which he had chosen for himself, and which was worn by his peculiar troop; a short brow manile, an under-robe, with the arms naked to the shoulder, a broad leathern belt loaded with pistols; a huge sabre in hand, rusted from hilt to point, which he declared to have been stained with the blood of aristocrats, and the republican red cap, which he frequently waved in the air, or lifted on the point of his sabre as a standard. Yet, in the midst of all this savage disorder of costume I observe every hair of his enormous whiskers to be curled with the care of a Parisian merveilleux. It was the most curious specimen of the ruling passion that I remember to have seen.

At the Hotel de Ville Danton entered the hall with several of the insurgents; and the crowd, unwilling to waste time, began to fire at the little statues and insignia of the French kings, which ornamented this old building. When this amusement failed—and the French are easily enamored—they formed circles, and danced the Carmagnole—Rum and brandy largely introduced among them, gave them animation after the night's watching, and they were fit for any atrocity. But the beating of drums, and a rush to the balconies of the Hotel de Ville, told us that something was at hand; and in the midst of a group of municipal officers, Petion, the Mayor of Paris arrived. He was received by the rabble with shouts, and after a show of resistance, just sufficient to confirm his character for hypocrisy, suffered himself to be led to the front of the grand balcony, bowing as a man of the people. Another followed, a prodigious patriot, who had been placed at the head of the National Guards for his popular sycophancy, but who, on being called upon to swear "death to the King," and hesitating, felt the penalty of being unprepared to go all lengths on the spot. I saw his throat cut, and his body flung from the balcony. A cannon shot gave the