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Weekly Almanack.

May—1832.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
9 Wednesday - -	4 46	7 14	2 57	7 0
10 Thursday - -	4 45	7 15	3 6	8 10
11 Friday - -	4 43	7 17	3 34	9 5
12 Saturday - -	4 42	7 18	4 0	9 50
13 Sunday - -	4 41	7 19	4 27	10 29
14 Monday - -	4 40	7 20	rises.	11 6
15 Tuesday - -	4 39	7 21	8 21	11 41

Full Moon 14th, 1h. 0m. evening.

Assize of Bread.

Published April 2, 1832.

THE Sixpenny Wheaten Loaf of Supey- *lbs. oz.*
fine Flour to weigh..... 2 4
The Sixpenny Rye,..... 2 14
And Shilling, Three-penny, and Penny-half-penny Loaves in the same proportion.

LAUCHLAN DONALDSON, *Mayor.*

THE GARLAND.

ODE TO MAY.

Loveliest Season of the year!
Welcome with thy buds and flowers!
How beauteous does thy morn appear
While sunbeams deck the golden hours!
Thy presence human care beguiles—
At thy approach all Nature smiles.

Hail, sweet delightful child of Spring!
Amid the beauties of the grove,
To thee the woodland minstrels bring
Their songs of harmony and love.
Clothed in the gifts thy treasures yield,
Creation springs in every field.

O breathe thy fragrance on the gales,
Imprint thy footsteps on the plain—
And every hill and every vale
Shall prove the influence of thy reign.
Touch'd by thy hand, the bud and flower
Confess thy life-imparting pow'r.

Celestial visitant! to thee
Mysterious attributes are giv'n:
Thou set'st imprison'd Nature free,
As in the morning light of Heav'n!
O welcome with thy garlands gay,
Enchanting, joy-inspiring May!

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

Tell me O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as low,
As he, when he told us his tale of wo?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played.
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight,
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;—
Yet, he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?

Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child,
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy, like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be!

For he knew that those with whom he had played
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world have passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

Though ours be a pillared and a lofty home,
Where want's pale train may never come,
Oh! scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with wo, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!

MISCELLANEA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

[The following amusing account, by the simple-minded visitor himself, is abridged from the *Glasgow Chronicle.*]

The following are extracts from a letter of Dr. Burns, of Paisley, giving an account of his visit to the King, on Tuesday the 22d of November last. It is a pleasing proof of the King's accessibleness, and of the cordial interest which he takes in all his subjects:—

"Having communicated to Mr. Young, Lord Melville's private secretary, the wish of the publishers of Wodrow's *Church History*, to have the next edition of it dedicated to His Majesty, as the first had been to George I., and that His Majesty would be pleased to accept a copy of the work, in the course of a few days, I had an answer from Mr. Young, stating that His Majesty had most readily acceded to the petition, to have the work inscribed to him, and that he had ordered Sir Herbert Taylor to say that His Majesty would be glad to see me at the Pavilion at Brighton, and to receive the copy of the work which had been prepared for His Majesty's acceptance. Accordingly I went down, and after breakfast on Tuesday, I had a card from Sir H. Taylor, stating that His Majesty would see me at half past one. We drove up to the grand entrance. Afterwards the chief page made his appearance, and conducted me into a large and handsome saloon, where he told me to walk about for a few minutes till His Majesty was disengaged. I did so, and the page having soon returned, told me that Sir Herbert was in the ante-room, and was ready to introduce me to His Majesty. On going in to Sir Herbert, (who is a very tall and gentlemanly looking man, a general officer,) he told me that kneeling was dispensed with, and that I might just do as I would in the presence of any nobleman or gentleman of rank. He led me into the presence chamber, a large and elegantly furnished room, announced my name, and then retired, leaving me thus alone with the King. His Majesty was sitting at a table, but rose and returned my obeisance just in the way that one gentleman is accustomed to do to another. I then walked up to him with my volumes in my hand, and addressed him as follows:—"I have the honour of laying before your Majesty a work, which was published more than a century ago, and dedicated to George I. This is the second edition, with the life of the author, notes, and other additions; and your Majesty has here a specimen of the progress made in typography in the west of Scotland. The work is a national one, and has been highly approved by Mr. Fox, Mr. Chalmers, and others, as a correct statement of facts, illustrative of a very important period of our history. I have the honour of requesting your Majesty's acceptance of this copy, and to return your Majesty the best thanks of the publishers, and of myself, as editor, for the condescending manner in which your Majesty has been pleased to permit the new edition of the work to be dedicated to your Majesty." By this time His Majesty had got hold of the volumes, and was busily employed examining the title page, contents, plates, &c., with all which he expressed himself much pleased. On turning up successively the engravings of Sharpe, Claverhouse, Lauderdale, Carstairs, &c., remarks were made on each, and the King seemed to be very well informed in their respective histories.—'The work' he said, 'contains I think, the history of the persecutions in Scotland in the days of Charles II.' 'Yes, please your Majesty, it is the history of the eventful period from the restoration in 1660 till the revolution in 1668.' 'A very valuable record it must be,' he added. After speaking a little more upon the subject of the book, the King asked, 'Pray, Sir, what situation do you hold in Scotland?' I told him. 'Please your Majesty, I am one of the parochial ministers of Paisley, so well known for its manufactures, and where, I am sorry to inform your Majesty, there is at present very great distress among the operatives, 2,000 or 3,000 of whom are out of work.' His Majesty asked the cause, when I adverted to several causes—such as the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by the delay in the settlement of the reform question, the prevalence of disease on the continent, and the restraints on trade by quarantine, the trade being overdone with us, and the periodical results of speculation, &c. 'Have you many Irish in Paisley, and are they mostly Roman Catholics?' I told him we had a great many Irish families, that the greater part were Catholics, particularly those from the South and West—that it had a good many Protestants and Presbyterians from the North—that there are many poor amongst them—and that we felt the burden of supporting the poor of a country which has no system of poor-laws for itself. His Majesty said 'That is a great evil, and something must be done by the Legislature; but they must take time to deliberate on a matter of such consequence. The ministry are determined to do nothing rashly, and they have many things to occupy their thoughts of late.' I remarked that his Majesty's time must have been for some time past very painfully engaged with these matters; when he said, in reply, that he personally had not felt the burden so much, but that those who were his advisers had certainly done so. I expressed a hope, that with the blessing of Divine Providence, matters would soon be brought to a bearing, and the nation's best interests effectually secured, to which he cordially assented.—There was also a good deal said on the subject of the state of the poor in England, the objections to the theory and management of the poor laws, &c., and His Majesty showed that he understood the subject well, and entered fully into the objections against the system of paying the price of labour out of the rates, and thus degrading the labouring population of England into paupers, and representing those monies as given to the support of the poor, which are in fact appropriated to far different objects. 'You manage these things better in Scotland.' 'Please your Majesty, our poor do not expect so much as the English poor. I observed a case in point, the other day where the dispute lay between 5s. a head for each member of the family, and 2s. 6d. and the judge decided on a medium, 3s. 6d. In Scotland in place of 1s. or 1s. 6d. for this family of poor applicants, the sum allowed for one member of it would have been quite sufficient.' 'In Paisley you are all, I presume of the Church of Scotland?' 'Please your Majesty, we have many Presbyterians, dissenters from us, yet our Dissenters differ from us almost wholly on one point—the law of lay patronage. Our standards and mode of worship are the same. We have also an Episcopal Chapel in Paisley, to the building of which, if I am not mistaken, your Majesty was pleased to contribute; and I have to inform your Majesty then when I left Scotland a few weeks ago, the erection was in progress, and it will be a very great ornament to the town. 'Your people in Paisley, I think, are mostly engaged in weaving? I told his Majesty that weaving was our great staple—that about a hundred years ago Paisley began its career as a manufacturing town—that successively linen, thread, silk, gauze, and cotton in all its forms had been prominent—that like Spitalfields we feel deeply the depression of trade—yet that unlike Spitalfields we had not so near us the wealth and resources of the metropolis. I noticed, however, the great Kindness of the London Committee in 1822 and 1826, in contributing to our fund to the extent of £16,000 or £18,000. The King spoke of there being no predisposition to riot either in Englishmen or Scotsmen, and this led us to notice the causes of excitement, such as poverty, evil-advisers, bad publications, &c.—After again thanking his Majesty for the honor done me, and expressing my fear of having intruded too long on his time, his Majesty replied very graciously, and I retired. Sir Herbert was still in the ante-room, and asked me to take a sight of the apartments in the Palace—a suite of rooms, said to be unequalled in Europe for splendour; they exceed all my ideas of magnificence; yet, to attempt a description would be vain. I saw in one of the rooms the full-length portrait of the King, in which Wilkie is at present engaged—a very exact likeness; and as His Majesty had been sitting, or rather standing for it in the morning, I saw him not in the morning costume, but in full dress: he has not the portly (august) appearance of George IV., yet reminds me of a respectable and good-looking country gentleman. After regaling myself with these interesting sights, I bade adieu to the palace.

BRITISH DOMINIONS IN AMERICA.

Bouchette, in his work on this subject, states that their magnitude is nearly equal to the whole extent of the two Russias; it is almost double that of the totality of the European continent, and is more than twofold greater than the Persian empire under Darius, or the Roman Empire in the plentitude of its power. The crown of England extends over an aggregate surface of 4,700,000 square statute miles. The provinces which form comparatively but a small section of the aggregate British possessions in the Western hemisphere, occupy nearly four hundred thousand square statute miles of land, of which superfices scarcely 9,800 square miles have been as yet under cultivation. The population, in round numbers, amounts to nearly a million and a half of souls, and doubles itself every sixteen or eighteen years. The trade of these provinces now employs annually upwards of 1,800 sail of British shipping, exceeding 470,000 tons, and requiring more than 20,000 seamen. The value of the exports to them from Great Britain amounts to more than two millions sterling. It is computed that, in less than half a century, the number of inhabitants spread over the British possessions in America, will not fall short of sixteen millions.

Song in the American Woods.—Within the arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions, the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence of an arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus—their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep-green forests of tropical climes—that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the Great Creator.—*Zoology of North America.*

Golden Eagle.—This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country, which skirts the rocky mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honourable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets or smoking-pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of this harangue, an eagle was observed suspended, as it were, in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for, instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon.—*Ib.*

The Peak of Teneriffe.—The summit of this Peak (says M. Berthelot, in a letter to a friend written during a recent visit to that place) presents a cavity of about six hundred feet in circumference, and one hundred and twenty in breadth. The edges of this crater are going to decay; its bottom is covered with a reddish, slippery, heated substance, which appears to contain a considerable portion of the oxide of iron; this species of volcanic paste hardens quickly on removal. In some spots is a substance which is white and less doughy, and upon being analysed, yields sulphate in combination with ammonia. Beneath these layers of white and red substances, lie the well known crystals of sulphur. The bottom and sides of the crater are full of fissures, from which issue infected vapors, and the vicinity of these ducts is of so parching a temperature that it is impossible to remain long on the same spot. It is admitted that the heat of the crater has been gradually increasing for several years; if this be true, how painful is the inference to which it leads, under the critical situation in which the inhabitants of Teneriffe, would be placed if the Teyde should be roused from the slumber in which it appears to be buried! Hence the remark made by a preceding naturalist, "Under these circumstances, there is not a single hour which may not be the last of a whole race."

The National Debt.—If a man were employed to count the National Debt, supposing he reckoned 100 pieces every minute for 12 hours a-day, it would take him 36 years to count it in sovereigns; 600 years to count it in silver; and 14,100 years to count it in copper. In shillings placed in a line, it would reach ten times round the earth, or once to the moon (240,000 miles.) Its weight in gold is 5,625 tons; in silver, 89,000 tons; in copper, 21,400,000 tons. It would take 100 barges, 50 tons each, to carry it in gold; 1,600 barges to carry it in silver; or 882,000 barges to carry it in copper: these would reach 5,000 miles placed close to one another. To carry it in copper it would take upwards of 21 millions of carts, each one ton; to carry it in silver, nearly 90,000 carts; to carry it in gold, 5,625 carts.—*Entertaining Press.*

Grumbling.—If it be not part of the English constitution, it is certainly part of the constitution of Englishmen to grumble. They cannot help it even if they tried; not that they ever do try, quite the reverse, but they could not help grumbling if they tried ever so much. A true born Englishman is born grumbling. He grumbles at the light, because it dazzles his eyes; and he grumbles at the darkness because it takes away the light. He grumbles when he is hungry, because he wants to eat; he grumbles when he is full, because he can eat no more. He grumbles at the winter, because it is cold; he grumbles at the summer, because it is hot; and he grumbles at spring or autumn, because they are neither hot nor cold. He grumbles at the future, because it is not come; and he grumbles at the past, because it is gone; he grumbles at the present, because it is neither past nor future. He grumbles at law, because it restrains him; and he grumbles at liberty because it does not restrain others. He grumbles at the elements—fire, water, earth and air. He grumbles at fire, because it is so dear; at water, because it is so foul; and the earth, in all its combinations of mud, dust, bricks and sand; and at the air, in all its conditions of hot or cold, wet or dry. All the world seems as if it were made for nothing else than to plague Englishmen and set them grumbling. The Englishman must grumble at nature for its rudeness, and at art for its innovation; at what is old, because he is tired of it; and what is new, because he is not used to it. He grumbles at every thing that is to be grumbled at; and when there is nothing to be grumbled at, he grumbles at that.—*Atlas.*

Pepper Plantations.—In Malacca there are extensive Pepper Plantations. The plants, in rich luxuriance, support themselves by the boles of trees, or against posts fixed in the ground, up which they are trained. They grow to the height of seven or eight feet, much like hops, throwing out, in profusion, their clusters of green and unripe fruit. Indeed the latter is gathered green, and when dried in the sun becomes what is called *black* pepper. On some of the branches are found berries which are covered with a thin red rind. These are kept separate, and, this coloured coating being carefully rubbed off, the kernel is *white* pepper.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Voyages.*

The Countess of Orkney died lately, at the advanced age of 76. She was the daughter of Marrough, fifth Earl of Inchiquin, and afterwards first Marquis of Thomond, by Mary, Countess of Orkney in her own right, of whom the following curious anecdote is related. She was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753, by signs. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat Rostellas, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child (the lady lately deceased) the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child was sleeping, exposed an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who, like all persons of the lower orders in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," lifted it with an intent to throw it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone, not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense that was wanting in herself.—*Parisian Gem.*

Alarming Outrage.—About 8 o'clock on Monday evening last week, a little girl, aged 7 years, the daughter of Mr. Latham, a respectable citizen, residing in Provost street, was sent by her mother to perform some small errand; before she had proceeded more than ten or twelve paces from the door of the house in which her father resided, four ruffians sallied forth from an alley in which they had been concealed, fixed a rope about her neck, and instantly commenced dragging her with great force. The child screamed as loudly as she could, and her mother immediately raised the window of the room in which she was then standing, and gave the alarm—upon which the ruffians fled. The child was so much alarmed and hurt by the extraordinary attack, that it became necessary to carry her into the house. This occurrence, taken in connection with the many disappearances which have recently taken place, is of a character so alarming, that we would not have mentioned it, if there was a doubt of its truth. Our reporter saw the child yesterday afternoon at her father's house, after the affair had undergone investigation by the Police, and the marks left by the rope, and those visible around her throat, were such as to induce a wonder that strangulation did not ensue from the violence with which it must have been drawn. Under her ear the skin was torn away, as if by a knot. The child, who appears to be a very interesting and intelligent little girl, states that she did not cry out until she felt the rope hurt her; the perpetrators of the outrage she describes as "boys as big as her father or a little larger," but from the darkness of the night and the alarm of the moment she is unable to give a more minute description of the persons.—*N. York Courier & Enquirer.*

English and American Newspapers.—At a meeting lately held by the London Literary and Scientific Institution, on the subject of the restrictions on the British Press, it was stated in debate that in America, where newspapers are not taxed, 1,555,416 advertisements were inserted in eight newspapers in New York, while 400 English and Irish papers contained, in the same space of time, only 105,000—that the twelve New York daily papers contain more advertisements than all the newspapers of England and Ireland—that the number issued annually in America is 10,000,000, while in Great Britain it is less than one tenth of that number. Advertisements, which in England cost $17, are inserted in America for about $2 50; and an article, which costs annually for advertising in the United States $40, is liable in England to a charge of $900.—*Boston Telegraph.*

EAST INDIES.

From the Salem Gazette.

The ship *George*, arrived at this port, from Calcutta, has brought papers of that city, to the beginning of the present year.

The autumn of 1831, was memorable for the number and severity of the tempests in the eastern seas especially near the first of November, about which time the dreadful hurricane was experienced at Manilla. The India Gazette gives the following description of that disastrous event:

"The fury of the hurricane began at 11 o'clock at night on the 22d October, blowing W. N. W. and shifted gradually round to N. N. E., and E., where it ceased about four o'clock in the morning. Many houses were thrown down by the violence of the storm, entire ranges of strong wooden balconies were blown away, and thousands of stone tiles were struck from the roofs. The numerous and unfortunate natives to save their lives were obliged to abandon their dwellings, and assembled screaming and howling in the streets. It was accompanied not only with thunder and lightning, the thunderbolts falling and setting fire to the native huts in every direction, but also with frequent shocks of earthquake. The devastation discovered next morning was frightful. Every house, church, and convent has suffered more or less; and as far as the eye could distinguish, from one of the steeples, the native town, including trees and houses, has entirely disappeared, only a vast plain being presented to the view. The destruction of property is immense, the Sugar and Rice crops have been entirely lost.

Calcutta, Dec. 11.—While the Moulavees in Lower Bengal are so active and dangerous that horse, foot, and artillery, are sent out against them, the din of disturbance is coming down to us from the farther quarters of the empire.

We are compelled to admit that there is a growing belief that affairs are not proceeding in the calm and tranquil course they were wont to pursue: and we regret to state that, in addition to rumors of disturbances and resistance to our authority, there is a very general complaint of increasing poverty and wretchedness among the natives in the Upper Provinces—a remarkable falling off in the transactions of the part of them engaged in trade, and a general shaking of credit, which threatens to be attended with very serious losses and inconveniences in the native bazar of Calcutta. India appears to be participating with other parts of the world in the general stagnation of the labors of industry, and the general apprehension of some violent disorganization in the old and settled state of things.

Calcutta, Dec. 16.—According to the reports that reach us, which we have reason to believe are derived from very authentic sources, Cholera is even now very general in the suburbs of Calcutta, and we suspect that if it were possible to ascertain the depopulation that yearly takes place in the native villages all around Calcutta by fever, dysentry, and cholera, the world would be shocked and terrified by the details.—*India Gazette.*

A correspondent just arrived from the spot, has informed us that the cholera has, within the last week, made its awful appearance at Fultah and other adjoining villages.

He attributes the cause of the malady, in a great measure to the effect of diet; the new rice, being obtained at a very cheap rate, is eaten with unreasonable avidity, and produces obstructions in the viscera, from its turged prepensities.

A correspondent whose letter is not adapted for publication, mentions that "many thousand lives" have been recently lost by Dysentery and Cholera, in the suburbs of Calcutta.—*India Gazette.*

Madras.—H. M. Ship *Comet*, Capt. A. Sandilands, lately arrived from New South Wales, has had a most interesting cruize.

In consequence of an application from the Inhabitants of Pitcairn Island in the Pacific, (who our readers will remember, were the descendants of the Mutineers of the *Bounty*) to be removed to Otaheite from the great scarcity of, and difficulty in procuring water on their own Island, the Home Government ordered the authorities at New South Wales to comply with their wishes, and for this purpose, H. M. S. *Comet* was sent accompanied by the Transport *Lucy Ann.*—They accordingly left Sydney on the 13th October, and after touching at New Zealand proceeded to Pitcairn Island. The Inhabitants, however, on their arrival, seemed to have changed their minds, and naturally shewed great reluctance to leave the spot where almost all of them had been born and brought up. They have been described to us, as being a very superior race of people indeed, and much attention had accordingly been paid to their morals, and Religious Education—the more striking, as the *Comet* on touching at New Zealand had observed the reverse—for the greatest laxity of morals prevailed, and all the good seeds attempted to be sown by the Missionaries had been completely thrown away.

After a short sojourn, the whole of the population of the Island amounting to 87 souls, were embarked, and safely landed at Otaheite, where the Queen had prepared for them grants of land. It will be remembered that the Mutineers supplied themselves with Wives from this Island before going to Pitcairn, and two of the Women who accompanied the Mutineers, returned in the Transports to the place of their birth. The meeting between them and their relatives is described as almost ludicrous.

We regret to hear, that the state of things at Otaheite was fully as bad, if not worse, than at New Zealand. The inhabitants of many of the Friendly Islands were at war with one another, and the feelings of the peaceable inhabitants of Pitcairn Island cannot be easily described; in fact they were horror struck at every thing they saw: the greatest profligacy prevailed at Otaheite, and we really wonder at our Government allowing the change to have taken place.—*Govt. Gaz., December 8.*

ITALY.

The following purports to be the Papal Protest, against the hostile proceedings of the French. Its genuineness is however somewhat doubted.

"From the Chamber of the Vatican, Feb. 27th, 1832.

"The Undersigned Cardinal Secretary of the state has received by express from the Pro-Legate of Ancona, and from the commander of that fortress, two similar reports of an event which, in the very friendly state of the relations existing between his Holiness, and his Majesty the king of the French, after the repeated declarations of the government of his Majesty that it wished to guarantee the integrity and independence of the states of the Holy See, and after the two notes addressed by the undersigned to your Excellency, bearing the date of the 1st and 13th of February, appears absolutely incredible. This occurrence is probably known by this time to your Excellency, and the undersigned has no doubt that you will be equally surprised at it.

"On the 21st of the present month the French squadron consisting of the Suffren, of 90 guns, a frigate, the Artemise, of 46 guns; and the frigate Victoire, of 44 guns, coming from Algiers, the latter having still a portion of quarantine to perform, not having accomplished it at Toulon, presented itself before the city of Ancona, at a few miles distant from it. On the 22d Feb. the captain of the port went, in the name of the Representatives of his Holiness, to offer the commander of the squadron all that the latter might stand in need of, and also, his own personal services. The commander of the squadron expressed his grateful acknowledgements for the offers made him, and declared that on the morning of the 23d he would enter the port, and that he would not fail to fire the usual salutes, which were to be returned by the fort. The etiquette to be observed in case the squadron should land was also agreed upon. Nothing occurred between the Papal authorities and the commander of the French squadron which did not denote the most friendly understanding. The commander of the squadron manifested some displeasure, solely on account of the remaining portion of quarantine which the frigate La Victoire had still to perform. On the 23d Feb. at 3 o'clock in the morning, the French troops landed clandestinely and placed ashore 1,500 men, who began by throwing down the gate called Mavello, which was not guarded; from thence they proceeded to make themselves masters of the gates of the city, disarming at the same time the Papal guards. They surprised with about one battalion, the guards of the dwelling of Col. Lazzorini, commander of the fort and city. They then sent to the gates of the colonel's residence a serjeant of the Papal guards, whose voice was known to the people of the house, and at whose demand the doors were opened by them.

Col. ——— immediately presented himself to the commander, and declared to him that he was a prisoner of war of France until such time as he ordered the fortress to be delivered up to him. The commander refused to do so, and the Colonel caused him to be conducted, with the Adjutant-Major of the Papal troops, to the palace of the Pro-Legate, to which place the Colonel himself returned, to intimate to the Commander that he should not be set at liberty until the fortress was delivered up. Upon receiving another refusal, he declared that the Commander as well as the officers, functionaries, and military *employers*, were prisoners, granting them, on the parole of the Commander, permission to consider the city as their prison. About the same time, that is to say, at four o'clock in the morning, a superior officer introduced himself into the bed room of the Pro-Legate, accompanied by a Papal officer, who had been previously on guard on the place; he declared to the Pro-Legate that he had occupied the military posts of the city, and he demanded the cession of the fortress, to avoid the shedding of blood. The Pro-Legate, surprised at such a proceeding from the troops of a friendly Power, declared to the Colonel that he would not lend himself to such a demand, and protested both in words and in writing against this attack on the sovereignty of the Pope. Such is the genuine history of the facts stated in the official reports which the undersigned has received.

"On being informed of all this, his Holiness, although persuaded that so serious an act against his sovereignty cannot proceed from the orders of his Majesty the King of the French nor from those of his government, and that it had occurred without the knowledge of your Excellency, notwithstanding this, for the protection of his sovereign rights, he has commanded the undersigned to lay before your Excellency all the circumstances, and to declare as follows:

"His Holiness formally protests against the violation of the Papal territory which was accomplished on the morning of the 23d February by the French squadron, against all the attacks committed at the same time against the sovereignty, and against the infraction of the sanitary laws by the squadron, and declares the French Government responsible for whatever consequences may be the result of these acts. His Holiness demands that the French troops, who have entered in a hostile manner into Ancona, to depart from that city immediately.—At last the deep displeasure which his Holiness derives from such an unhappy event, he feels confident that he will obtain from the French government the just reparation which he demands. The Cardinal Secretary of State takes advantage of this opportunity, &c.

(Signed) "T. C. BERNETT."

The Journal du Commerce, after quoting the above protest, adds that a letter from Genoa, brought to Marseilles by the steam boat Sully, announces that the ambassadors of the three great northern powers have signified their approbation of the protest, and that another letter, dated Rome, February 28th, received by the same conveyance, declares that the Count de Saint Aulaire has applied for his recall (donne sa demission.) The approbation of the protest by the three Powers we much doubt.