The Weekly Observer.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1845.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 17.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents.) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company of Boston.

Marine Agency at Saint John.

THE Subscriber is authorised by the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, to take Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, to an extent not exceeding Ten Thousand Dollars on any one risk.

August 13. A. W. WHIPPLE.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers, hitherto doing Business together, under the Firm of J., W. & G. Beal, have this day by mutual consent dissolved Partnership. All persons indebted to the said Firm on Book Account, will please pay the same to George Beal, who is authorized to collect and discharge the same.

JOHN BEAL,
WILLIAM BEAL,
GEORGE BEAL.

Sackville, 18th Sept. 1845.—p.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the Business heretofore carried on by WILLIAM HAMMOND, in his own name, will in future be conducted under the Firm of WILLIAM HAMMOND & CO.

WILLIAM HAMMOND,
WILLIAM E. MOORE.

St. John, 8th July, 1845.

☞ I hereby request all parties indebted to me by Note, Bond, or Book Account, to pay the amount to William Hammond & Co.; and all those to whom I am indebted, will please render their Accounts to the new Firm for payment. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

St. John, 8th July, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of DANIEL CAMPBELL, late of the Parish of Sussex, King's County, Farmer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscribers, within Nine Months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to

JOHN B. CAMPBELL, } *Executors.*
DUNCAN B. CAMPBELL, }

Parish of Sussex, (K. C.) July 28, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Charles Robertson, late of the Parish of Lancaster, County of Saint John, Lime Burner, deceased, are desired to present the same, duly attested, within Three Months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

ROBERT ROBERTSON,
Sole Administrator.

Indian Town, June 14, 1845.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons having any demands against the firm of THOMAS NISBET & SON, *Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers*, or against the Estate of the late THOMAS NISBET, Junior, are requested to render the same forthwith; and all persons indebted to the said firm are requested to make immediate payment to the Subscriber, who continues the business under the same firm, and has now on hand an extensive assortment of superior NEW FURNITURE, of their own manufacture.

THOMAS NISBET.

St. John, N. B. 1st March, 1845.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Firm of "Robertson & Co." or Robert Robertson, as Lime Burners, are requested to present the same for payment; and those indebted to said Firm, or to Robert Robertson, for LIME, are desired to make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers.

JOSEPH ARMSTRONG,
ROBERT ROBERTSON.

Indian Town, June 17, 1845.

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber has removed his Business to the Store lately occupied by E. W. Greenwood, (*No. 19, South Market Wharf.*) and has now on hand—Superfine, Fine, and Middlings FLOUR, manufactured from prime Alexandria Wheat; RYE FLOUR; CORN MEAL; HORSE FEED, BRAN, &c. &c.

☞ He will also continue to attend to the sale of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

May 6, 1845.—2m. JOHN W. McLEOD.

Geneva, Wine, Brandy, &c.

Per Brig *Ariel*, Stewart, Master, from Glasgow:

15 HHDS. superior quality Pale Holland GIN;
10 Hhds. Old Cognac BRANDY;
2 Hhds. and 52 casks superior Old PORT WINE.

For sale low, by JOHN V. THURGAR.

St. John, 24th June, 1845.

CORDAGE.

Just arrived per "Severn," from Liverpool;

107 COILS "Jackson's" CORDAGE, consisting of Rope from 6 inch to 1 1-4 inch; Spunyarn, Marline, Anderline and Houseline—suitable for Rigging for a Vessel of 200 tons. For sale low while landing.

July 5. C & W. H. ADAMS.

S. K. FOSTER'S SHOE STORES,

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

MORE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Just received, per "Yorkshire," from London:

LADIES' FANCY SLIPPERS, of the newest and most Fashionable patterns,
Misses', Children's and Babes' Fancy PRUNELLA and VALENTIA BOOTS, in great variety.
Gentlemen's Wellington, Clarence, Albert, Coburg and other BOOTS.
DRESS SHOES, PUMPS, and SLIPPERS, of every style.—Together with a great variety of Cheap BOOTS and Shoes, of every sort and quality that can be named—for sale Wholesale and Retail, by

June 24. S. K. FOSTER.

Molasses! Molasses!!

Received ex Brig "Bluenose," from Havana—

A FULL Cargo, containing 252 Hhds. Retailing MOLASSES.—For sale in or out of Bond. N. S. DEMILL.

July 13, 1845.

SUGAR.

12 HHDS. choice Porto Rico SUGAR—per sch'r Algerine, Banks, master, from Halifax, on Consignment, for sale by

Sept. 30.—[Herald.] H. G. KINNEAR.

New BOOKS and STATIONERY.

V. H. NELSON

OFFERS for sale at the VICTORIA BOOK-STORE, an extensive and well selected assortment of Books and STATIONERY, including—SUPERFINE, fine, and common Post, Foolscap, Demy, Pot, and Note PAPERS;
500 reams Wrapping do.; Quills, Steel Pens, Sealing Wax, Drawing Pencils, Artists' Materials; Tissue, Fancy, and Coloured Papers,
Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Copying Books, and Copying Presses;
Blank, Memorandum and Copy BOOKS;
Blue, Black, Red, and Copying INK;
Primers, Spelling Books, Dictionaries, Geographies, Arithmetics, Catechisms, and School Books of every description;
Slates and Slate Pencils; Bibles, Testaments;
Prayer Books, Psalm Books, Methodist and Baptist HYMN BOOKS, together with a large assortment of miscellaneous works in Divinity, History, Arts, Sciences, &c.
Sunday School Books, Prizes and Presents, Juvenile Books, &c. &c.

☞ Agent for the Publications of Messrs. Chambers, and for the sale of Morrison's Universal Medicine. June 17, 1845.

IRON, TIN,

Copper, Anchors, Chains, &c.

The Subscriber is now landing ex "Nancy:"

200 TONS of well assorted English IRON;

Ex "Caroline":—

50 tons of do. do.;
50 tons PIG IRON;

Ex "Thomas":—

10 tons Spike Nails—4½ to 10 inches;
20 boxes DC TIN;

Ex "New-Zealand":—

200 tons Banks' best refined IRON, assorted;
150 do. English IRON, assorted;
100 dozen Farmer's SPADES;
9 casks Miner's SHOVELS, steeled;
100 bags Patent NAILS, from 4d'y to 24d'y;
15 tons SPIKE NAILS, from 4½ to 10 inch;
240 bolts best Navy CANVAS, No. 1 to 6;
8 casks Iron WIRE, well assorted;
7 tons Cast STEEL, *Naylor & Co.*, assorted,
2 do. COACH SPRINGS, Steel, assorted,
100 boxes TIN PLATES, well assorted,
6 tons Bolt COPPER, assorted, ⅝ to 1½ inch,
50 chests best CONGOU TEA;
20 bags Horse and Ox Nails, assorted,
20 dozen FRYING PANS, assorted,
1 cask VICES, assorted;
12 best (warranted) ANVILS, assorted;
40 cwt. best Short Link ⅝ inch CHAIN;
20 " " " 7-16 " "
40 " " " ½ " "
40 " " " ⅜ " "
40 " " " ⅜ " "
20 " " " ⅜ " "
20 " " " 1 " "
30 CHAIN CABLES, best proved, assorted, ⅝ to 1½ inch;
60 ANCHORS, assorted, 1 cwt. to 30 cwt.;

—ON HAND—

10,000 best Fire *BRICKS*,
100 boxes *TIN PLATES*,
25 tons *SHEET IRON*, assorted,
500 boxes Liverpool *SOAP*,
4 tons Sock Plates, single and double,
4 tons Buster *STEEL*,
200 TEA KETTLES, assorted numbers,
25 dozen Ballast *SHOVELS*, assorted sizes;
20 dozen Garden *SPADES*, do.;
20 Register *GRATES*, assorted;
50 Half Register do. do;
10 tons Plough Plates, 2 to 5 inches,
5 do. *HOOP IRON*, from 1 to inches,
200 do. assorted English Iron;
100 do. best Refined do.;
20 do. Swedish do., best brand, assorted,
10 bars best low Moor Iron, 4½ & 5 inch square,
20 dozen Kiln Tiles.

Daily expected ex "Wakefield":—

10 tons Swedish Iron, assorted,
10 tons Refined Round Iron, from ¼ to ½ inch,
2 tons Blister *STEEL*,
4 tons *SHEET IRON*, No. 16 to 24,
12 pairs Forge *BELLOWS*, 24 to 36 inch,
10 tons *OAKUM*,
50 tons Slates—Queen, Ladies & Countess;
100 tons *COAL*.

All of which will be sold on moderate terms for good payments.

July 1. WILLIAM CARVILL.

J. SHEWAN

Has received per *Caroline*, from Glasgow, and per *Nancy* from the Clyde; *Emigrant*, and *Thomas*, from London, a general assortment of Scotch and English GOODS, which he offers for sale upon the usual terms.

CACHEMIRE, DeLaines, Merinos, Poplins, and Persian DRESSES;
Orleans, Coburgh and Alpaca CLOTHS,
Earlstoun and Glasgow GINGHAMS,
Printed COTTONS, Handkerchiefs, &c.
Gro de Naps, Tuns Satins, Sarsnets, &c.
SHAWLS and Handkerchiefs, in Crape, Silk, Satin, Indiana, and Wool Net.
Sewed Collars, Habits, Chemizettes, Cuffs, Trimmings and Edgings.
Ladies' and Children's Sewed ROBES.
LINENS, Lawns, Diapers and Damasks,
9-4, 10-4, and 12-4 LINEN SHEETINGS,
Cotton and Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
MUSLINS of all kinds,
HOSIERY and GLOVES,
BROAD CLOTHS, Tweeds and Doeskins,
Gents' Gossamer and Beaver HATS, &c. &c.

Prince Wm. Street, 17th June, 1845.

☞ A large supply of Damask TABLE CLOTHS and Napkins, daily expected from Belfast. J. S.

Powder, Shot, Blacking, &c.

Ex ship "Severn," from Liverpool:—

50 KEGS DS.F. GUNPOWDER,
50 Canisters best extra strong Diamond Grain Sporting Gunpowder;
2 Casks SHOT, from BB to No. 9,
12 Sides PUMP LEATHER,
60,000 Pump TACKS,
12 Casks Day & Martin's Liquid BLACKING, in half pints, pints, and quarts;
4 Do. PASTE do. in Tins,
6 Boxes SUGAR CANDY.

IN STORE:

A large assortment of BRANDY,—"*Martell's*" and "*Henncssey's*"; HOLLANDS; WINES; TEAS; DRY GOODS, and GROCERIES.

—ALSO—

4 Tons SHIP BREAD; Tobacco PIPES, &c.

Which will be sold low for satisfactory payments at his Stores, North Market Wharf and Reed's Point.

July 15, 1845. JOHN KIRK.

SOAP, CANDLES, etc.

Ex "Themis," "Britannia," and "Severn."

200 BOXES *Steele's* Liverpool SOAP,
100 boxes Imperial Crown do.
100 boxes *Steele's* Family White do.

—IN STORE—

50 boxes American Soda and Fancy SOAP,
100 boxes Wax Wick Mould CANDLES,
50 boxes Dip CANDLES,
400 brls. *MESS and PRIME PORK*,
50 do. Mess and Prime BEEF,
400 packages TOBACCO, various brands;
200 do. TEAS, of superior quality; and other Goods, at lowest market prices.

June 24. JOHN KERR & CO.

THE GARLAND.

THE DEAD.

BY J. AITKEN.

Thou art not in yon lovely star,
The brightest of the sky,
Whose lustre, beaming from afar,
Hath caught my moisten'd eye.
Thou art not in the passing breeze
That cools my burning brow,
Murmuring like music through the trees,
But with the dead art thou.

The Dead! What are the Dead? Where dwell
Those masters of the past?
Haply some wand'ring ghost may tell
Who join'd their conclave last:
Had one, so young and fair, disbark'd
Upon this mortal shore,
Unnumber'd gazers would have mark'd
What course the stranger bore,

And do ye not, ye ghastly host,
Thus give the wand'rer cheer,
Who for your dark and dismal coast
Leaves many mourners here?
Then what are ye? And where are they,
The beautiful, the good,
Who fled as sunshine fades away,
As only star-light should?

And where is she, the sainted one,
That o'er us shed such light—
Whose glory from our home hath gone,
Her image from our sight?
Oh! not to earth! For one so dear
Its bosom were unmeet;
Unmeet the cold clay sepulchre
To shelter aught so sweet.

Yet thou wert laid in earth, young one,
These eyes beheld the dead,
And wept that thou should'st sleep alone
Within thy narrow bed.
And tears were shed above thy bier,
And words of anguish said,
Ere broken hearts which linger'd near
Could leave thee with the dead.

Not with the dead—though dies the flower,
Its odour flies to Heaven,
And spring renews the ruined bower
By wintry tempest riven:
Though darkness o'er a slumbering world
Her sable mantle throw,
Returning splendours are unfurl'd
And all is bright below.

Not with the dead. Although withdrawn
Like dew drops from our sight,
More radiant than those gems of dawn,
Thou art enthron'd in light.
Fair flow'ret of immortal worth,
To thee the crown is given,
Thy buds though blasted on the earth
Are blossoming in Heaven!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Ladies' National Magazine for May.]

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

The little town of Chichester, situated on the M—— river, was once far more important than it is at present; for while everything else in this wide country prospers, it is falling slowly but surely to decay. Many years have passed since I visited it, and even then it was a melancholy sight. Houses which I could remember as once inhabited, were tenantless, and often roofless—and fields which when I last saw them were waiving with corn, now lay white and desolate, scorched by the rays of an August sun. Fences were torn down—tenements were tottering to ruin—the skeletons of old sloops lay bleaching on the shore—even an ancient church-yard hard by was turned into a desolate common, and over the whole scene decay appeared to reign with melancholy sceptre.

It was different once, though that was years ago. But I only allude to the place to call to mind how fleeting everything is in this care-worn world.

About a mile back of the village stands an old, weather-beaten house, built of thick hewn logs, and consisting of a single room below, and a narrow garret above. It now forms the kitchen of a more modern structure, but at the period of the Revolution, and indeed, until within a few years, it stood alone. It is a plain old tenement, and stands at right angles with the road. Behind it is, or was, a garden, stretching down to a little swamp, through which runs a stream of clear, cool water, at which many a time I have drank. An apple orchard once stood on the right of the house, and a modest barn in front, though time may have levelled both these, long since, with the dust. But that is neither here nor there—so I will go on with my story.

It was a bright day in early summer, when a young girl stood at the door of the house, looking anxiously up the road, as if watching for some expected one. The sun was just sinking behind the forest trees, pouring his mellow light along the sandy road, and over the dark sombre green of the melancholy pines. Everything was in repose. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaves—the lowing of cattle was heard faint from afar—the ripple of the little stream came pleasantly to the ear, and the hum of insects growing every moment more low, died at last away. Still that young girl watched. She was beautiful, but it was the beauty of a high resolve and of a proud form. Neither did she, when you looked at her a second time, appear so young as she first seemed. She was perhaps eighteen, she could not be over twenty, and yet had it not been for an air of womanly dignity about her, she might have passed for a girl of sixteen only.

"What can detain him?" at length she said, as shading her eyes with her hands, she looked anxiously from the door.

The words had scarcely been spoken before a figure emerged from the woods up the road, and with a glad smile, she was rushing forward a pace or two to meet the comer, when suddenly she checked her steps, she turned as pale as death, and scarcely ejaculating "The Refugee!" she hurried back to the house.

The cause of her emotion was easily explained by the character of her approaching visitor. The Refugees were, at that day, the brigands of the country. Taking advantage of the turmoil of the times, and of the absence of most of the male population in the continental army, they ravaged the country at will, plundering and burning farm-houses, and even in some instances, committing personal violence upon females. They were consequently the terror of the country.

Of these men, David Rowel, or as he was familiarly called, from the darkness of his complexion, "Black Davy," was the most notorious. Sometimes moving alone, and sometimes accompanied by others, but always marking his track with some outrage, he had gained for himself a notoriety as wide-spread as it was terrible. It was the sight of this individual which checked the steps of the young girl, and drove her trembling, to seek refuge in her home.

But her fear, it seemed, soon vanished. She had scarcely crossed her threshold, before, as if actuated by some sudden recollection, she hastily turned back, and with an unshrinking face, though a beating heart, confronted the Refugee. Whatever was her motive, her fearless demeanor abashed the renegade. He stopped, and was silent.

"What want you—what would you have, sir?—why do you seek a lonely house like this at such an hour?" asked the girl with flashing eyes.

The abashed Refugee had by this time recovered his confidence; and with an easy air he whistled aloud, and then answered the girl:

"Not so fast, mistress, not so fast—we are here after your good man, my dear: and though you have been married only a fortnight or so, we must settle our account with him. I have signaled my men, and you see they are coming. We must search your house—come on boys!" and with these words the renegade, accompanied by three rough-looking men, who had just come up in answer to his call, passed into the house.

The young wife—for such she was—gazed after them, and lifting her hands on high, murmured a thanksgiving that her husband had not yet returned.

In about a quarter of an hour the men returned, and swearing loudly at their ill success, began to search among the few out-houses for the master of the place. But their efforts were in vain. The young wife meanwhile, though betraying no sign of fear, stood there, scarce knowing whether the enraged ruffians would not, the next morning, take her life.

"By ——, this is too bad," said the leader, after their unsuccessful search; "he will certainly be here some time to-night—let us wait for the rascally rebel, and shoot him down on his own threshhold."

The brutal proposition just suited his desperate followers, and taking up their quarters within, they ordered the young wife to prepare them some supper. Though loathing the sight of her tormentors, and trembling momentarily lest her husband should arrive, she was forced to obey their commands. She contrived, however, always to keep in sight of the door, so as to obtain a view of her husband as soon as he merged from the woods, determining to warn him at once to flee, though she herself would risk her own life by the generous act.

Suddenly she darted toward the door, for her keen eye had detected the one so long looked for, and waiving her hand, she shouted:

"Fly—fly—Richard—fly."

"What the —— does the jade mean?" angrily exclaimed the leader of the refugees, rushing after her: and lifting his piece, he continued, "come on, or you are a dead man."

For an instant the husband paused. He saw at a glance the situation of affairs, and though it was agony to leave his wife in such hands, he knew it would be certain death for him to approach the house. His firm Whig principles had made the refugees and tories his political foes, and he knew that more than once "Black Davy" had sworn to take away his life. His only hope, therefore, was in a precipitate retreat. That no personal injury would be offered to his wife, he felt almost certain, for deeds of that character had never yet been attributed to the present leader of the refugees. These rapid thoughts caused a momentary delay, which had well nigh proved his ruin. The refugee captain had already raised his piece, and when he saw the husband turn to flee, he fired. But the self-devoted wife, at that very instant, sprang forward and struck up the musket, at the peril of her life. The ball whizzed harmlessly over her husband's head, and in another moment he was lost in the surrounding forest. The ruffian turned with the scowl of a demon on his face, and lifting his heavy piece into the air, struck down the heroic wife. She fell senseless and bleeding to the earth. The refugee gazed on her a moment, and then, with a curse, called his men to follow him in pursuit of the flying husband.

An hour after, the husband returned, having thrown his pursuers at fault. Language cannot describe his emotions on beholding the condition of his wife. A neighbour chancing to pass, apparently some ten minutes after the refugees had departed, discovered her senseless on the ground. She was now scarcely revived, and could with difficulty speak. Yet she strove to smile, and faintly extended her hand to her husband, calling him in those fond tones which only a wife may use.

"By all that is holy," exclaimed the agonized man, as he rushed from her bed side, "I will avenge this on that renegade, or die in the attempt. But Ellen must not know of it. I will wait until she is asleep, and then depart on my errand. God will favor the right."

The stars were faint and few that night, as the bold farmer, extorting from the kind neighbour a promise of secrecy, stole out into the air, armed with his trusty piece, and after looking a moment at the sky above, struck rapidly across the forest. In less than an hour he had visited two farm houses and obtained three neighbors to aid him in his design. Striking into the heart of the forest, they pushed on for several hours without any apparent fatigue, and almost in silence. At length they came to a halt.

"Their haunt is somewhere about here, I have learned," said the husband, "I heard it by chance from one of their gang, who mistook me for Bill Richings, who, you know, was supposed to have no objection to their ways. I shouldn't be surprised, if the knowledge of my possessing this information has led to the attack to-night."

"Hark," said one of the band, "do you not hear a tread coming through the woods?"

"It is—it is—we have found them—lie close now, and wait till they come up."

The group instantly relapsed into silence, and each of them taking up a position behind a large tree, or some fallen trunk in the swamp, waited breathlessly for the approach of the comers, whose tread might now be heard, growing more and more distinct, as they approached. Directly voices were recognised, conversing in a careless tone, then a loud laugh rang across the night, and after a momentary silence, one of the approaching band burst into a song.

"Now is our time," whispered the husband to one of his companions, "take the right hand man, and leave the leader to me; ready fire."

The report of their rifles rang sharply through the woods, and three of the refugees leaping into the air, fell dead upon the ground. The piece of the fourth dashed in the pan, but did not go off. The captain of the renegades was unharmed. Springing back a few steps from the covert where his residence he concealed, he shouted:

"We are betrayed—we must run for it my boys!" and before the enraged pursuers could well understand his intention, he had turned and fled, followed by those of his band who still remained behind. It was no time, however, for hesitation. The baffled husband was the first to dash from his covert, and without pausing to see whether the fallen men were dead or not, he thundered:

"Forward—forward—pursue them to the death!"

As he spoke, he dashed off in pursuit. His companions hesitated but a moment, and then followed his example. Three of the refugees had escaped, but there were four in pursuit. Fear seemed, however, to have seized upon the renegades, else why should they have retreated before a force so little exceeding their own? It is probable hower, that they imagined a far greater number of the enraged inhabitants were on their track, for they could scarcely suppose that four men would have the hardihood to penetrate to their fastness, when their full number was known to equal a dozen. Whatever was their motive, however, they continued their flight, their pursuers the while pressing hotly in their rear.

It was towards morning when two individuals emerged upon the edge of an abrupt hill, many miles from the fastness of the refugees. One of them was the captain of the refugees—his pursuer was the injured husband. Both the companions of the outlaw had already been overtaken and slain. The eagerness of the husband had outstripped the pace of his companions, and after a pursuit of hours, he was now on the point of coming up with the refugee.

The rapid pace of the two men, pursuing and pursued, brought the latter to the edge of the abrupt hill before he was aware of it, and he saw at a glance that further flight was impossible. He turned and beheld only one foe in sight. He could hear the shouts of the others far behind in the forest, and he resolved to grapple with the foremost pursuer, and by destroying him effect his escape before the others came up. He turned at bay. The rifles of both the combatants had been discharged in the pursuit, and they now stood face to face, with no weapons but their hunting-knives. A moment they gazed at each other with all their mutual hate sparkling in their eyes.

"Villain—murderer—traitor," hoarsely ejaculated the husband, pale with passion, as he darted at the refugee.

The outlaw made no answer, but he scowled a mortal defiance at his foe, and drawing his knife, awaited the onset of his antagonist. And it was terrible. For a few moments so incessant was their thrusts at each other, and so rapidly were these thrusts mutually parried, that the eye could not follow the motion of the combatants. Now one—now the other seemed to have the advantage. The dry leaves flew in showers around the contending foes, and the dust rose in clouds, hiding them often from the sight. Not a word was spoken by either combatant. At length, after one or two slight wounds on either side, at a desperate thrust made by the husband, his knife struck against the iron buckle at his antagonist's belt, and was shivered into pieces. The refugee saw his advantage, and raised his knife to strike. As a last hope his pursuer grasped his wrist. A desperate struggle ensued. Both were men of great personal prowess, but the outlaw having already received a wound in his right arm, was perhaps the weaker of the two. After a protracted contest he yielded, and in a fierce effort made by the husband to obtain the knife, it flew from the refugee's hand to the distance of some yards. By this time they had imperceptibly been drawn to the very edge of the hill, where a rugged precipice of some fifty feet, shot perpendicularly downward beneath them. Gathering every energy for this last endeavor, the pursuing husband strove to force the outlaw over the precipice, and had partially succeeded in it, when he felt the gravelly bank giving way beneath them. With one hand he hastily grasped a twig, and with the other, making a gigantic effort, he threw his antagonist over the precipice, so that the outlaw dangled in the air, having no support but the hold he kept upon the left arm of his antagonist. All hope for the refugee was over, but he determined that his foe should perish with him. Moments passed away, at every one of which the bank gave way more and more. The utmost efforts of the victor to shake off the dying man were in vain, and he felt that his last hour was come. He heard no more, even the shouts of his friends; and with a sickening sensation, he felt that they had either lost their way or deserted him.—Could they only have come up, he might have been saved. He felt the twig to yield—he had already slipped half off the bank—and the struggles of the dying man were becoming more desperate every moment. He gazed at the gulf below. Broken limbs of trees, and uprooted pines lay mingled promiscuously together, so that to fall into the abyss would be certain destruction. The countenance of the outlaw already wore a demoniacal smile in contemplation of the ruin to which he was dragging the young man. And that bride-groom—was there hope for him? Alas! all was gone. He gave one thought of his bride—one look toward heaven—one prayer to his God, and then shut his eyes against the awful catastrophe he felt had come. Suddenly, however, a sharp report, as of a rifle, rang wildly in his ears, and at the same instant he felt the hold of the outlaw relax from his arm. He opened his eyes only to behold the dying man shooting like an arrow down the abyss—only to see his mangled body lying scattered on the trunks of the trees below. In a moment he was drawn away from the bank, and clasped in the arms of his companions, who, coming up at the very last moment, had, by shooting the outlaw in the heart, rescued their friend from a horrid death.

It was a glad night, that one, at the little farm-house, after the return of the hardy adventurers from their expedition. Mary was by that time completely recovered, and a happier evening never was spent by two fond young hearts than by the young bridegroom and his bride.

The refugees were from that time extirpated in the vicinity. But their memory yet survives, and though the incidents of this tale, depending hitherto on tradition for preservation, are now known to few, yet there are still living, or were some years ago, one or two tottering patriarchs, whose eyes would kindle, and whose breath would come quick as they told of the outlaw's fate.

The spot where the fastness of the refugees was located, is deep in one of those tangled swamps, which skirt the shores of M—— river, and which are almost impervious to the sunshine, and impenetrable to the feet of men. It is many a long day since the writer of this little sketch penetrated to it under the guidance of an old woodsman; and he will never forget the refreshing draught he took at the little spring of cedar water, hard by the site of the tenements. The rude cabin which the outlaws had constructed, had for years lain rotting on the earth; the wild deer had trotted gaily over the spot were it once stood; young saplings, and then rugged trees, had sprung up within the circuit of its fallen walls, and only a few decayed timbers, crumbling with age, and covered with moss, betokened the position of the dreaded habitation.

The hill on which the final encounter of the combatants took place, is, to this day, shown not far from a little creek, emptying into the M—— river, some miles from Chichester. It it is still a bold, rugged, broken precipice, though within the last forty years it has fallen considerably away, through the action of the snows and rain. The little ravine into which the outlaw fell, is now half filled up with slides of earth from the precipice above. Tradition, however, still preserves the exact spot where the last conflict occurred; and well do we remember the eagerness with which, in our boyish days, we listened, as we stood on the very brow of the hill, to an old veteran's thrilling account of the outlaw's death-struggle.

Louis Phillippe and the British Navy.—The following anecdote, illustrative of the cordial spirit displayed by the King of the French towards those from whom he early life he received the slightest courtesy, has been communicated by a correspondent. The late estimable Duchess Dowager of Orleans, whose virtues were recognised by even the ferocious Robespierre, having obtained from him a passport and safe conduct to Spain, took up her residence at Port Mahon, whilst the British fleet under Lord Exmouth, which occasionally refitted there, was on the Mediterranean, and with her son, became acquainted with the gallant admiral and officers by whom he was accompanied; his Majesty cruising with them whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself. A few days ago a distinguished flag-officer, who commanded a frigate under Lord Exmouth, having left his card at the Tuilleries, was waited upon a few hours afterwards by an aide-de-camp of his Majesty, with an invitation to the chateau. His reception was most cordial and flattering. 'I thought,' said his Majesty, in excellent English, "that it was you: and when I looked into my pocket-book of those days and saw "Success" (the name of the frigate) against your name, I instantly identified you. I need not tell you how happy I always am to see my old naval friends. Is your family with you?' It was replied to in the affirmative. 'Well, then,' said his Majesty, 'bring your wife and family to-morrow, and we will have a quiet lunch together.' On the following day Louis Phillippe, the Queen, and the Princess Adelaide welcomed the gallant Admiral and his family, who were received with that dignified *bonhommie* so characteristic of this truly great Monarch. On taking leave of this hospitality the King thus addressed him:—"I beg you, Admiral, to convey to all my naval friends my strong recollection of their kindness towards me in all parts of the globe. How happy should I be to revisit the shores of England, where the cordial reception I received from the people is of so gratifying a character as never to be effaced from my heart.—*Globe.*

Legal Exclusiveness.—There is one class whose avocation, one followed, is declared to cause a perpetual disqualification for admission, like that of the clergy. This is composed of persons who have held the situations of clerks of barristers, conveyancers, special pleaders, or equity draughtsmen, and actually received the perquisites of such service. (The son of a barrister's clerk is not under the same ban as his father, as a present eminent Queen's Counsel can testify.) Let an individual have successfully emerged from any other key employment, though the most humble, he may freely traverse the road to the highest distinctions and dignities attainable by a lawyer; but the clerk of a barrister, or other certificated practitioner of an Inn of Court, is as much forbidden the hope of reaching the level of his master as a Windoo swineherd of becoming a priest. There is room to suspect, that this harsh provision has been evaded in one or two instances; but the mystery often attending the origin of fortunate barristers, who have risen from low beginnings, prevents our ascertaining whether our suspicions be really well grounded. This regulation is said to be founded on a supposed impropriety of the servant ever meeting his master in the same circle. However little regarded in other walks of life, the bar carefully repel it. The clerks and other servants of merchants, attorneys, tradesmen, &c., may meet *their* masters in the sacred halls—these may salute each other—"da jungere dextrane"—but the presence of barristers' clerks is profanation. Their company at a "Bar mess" is spoken of as forming an intolerable incongruity, only to be contemplated to be guarded against. A barrister (and no one else) would feel it difficult to reciprocate compliments and familiarities over the bottle, in the Hall, with a man who, perhaps, but a few short years, in the memory of all, had received his gratuities, run his errands, and it might have been, served as his groom, lacquey, or shoeblack, as well as clerk. Then, how could a former master call his quondum servant in court, "My learned friend?" Impossible! "Confusion worse confounded" could not equal that which would follow the admission of such persons to the honour of the bar;

—the treasure
Of Nature's fairness tumbling altogether,
Even till destruction sicken,"

would afford only a faint comparison to it.—*Hood's Magazine.*

Cavern of the Early Christians.—A cavern remarkable in an archæological point of view has just been discovered at about eight leagues from Guelma, in Algeria, on the side of the Mlaia Mountains. It is hollowed out of an immense calcareous rock, and a circular entrance of seven or eight yards in diameter, is about 400 yards in depth, and runs from 1000 to 1500 yards in length, taking an inclined direction, and requires 35 minutes to reach its extremity. A thousand stalactites of various forms adorn its inside, and the ground so encumbered with a prodigious quantity of enormous blocks fallen from the vault. But what gives it its greatest interest is the number of Latin inscriptions at the entrance. They are for the most part illegible but the name of Donatus is to be deciphered in more places than one. It belongs to the earlier times of Christianity, as the names of unknown martyrs appear, and there is no doubt the cavern was the refuge of the then persecuted Christians. The Arabs have many fabulous legends on the subject, and dread entering it, lest they should be seized and detained by an evil genius or spirit. And yet it was an Arab, the Chiek Derradji Ben Kerad, who led some Frenchmen into this cave, the silence of which has not been before disturbed for ages.—[Galignani.]

Fighting a Duel.—Napoleon, when he was told that a cannon ball had killed a sailor who had hid himself in a coil of rope in the hold of a man-of-war, observed, "A man can never avoid his fate:" a fact well illustrated by the following circumstance:—An Englishman, 'brave as Julius Cæsar,' challenged a Frenchman to mortal combat. Knowing John Bull to be a dead shot, the Frenchman, being the challenged party, and having the choice of place, time, and weapons, selected night; a large dark apartment, and pistols. The seconds were to remain outside and give the word, after which each was to fire when he pleased. "Fire!" cried the seconds, when the combatants had been locked in, and declared themselves "ready." But no sound was heard. Johnny Bull could find no mark for an aim; and his adversary hearing him groping about the room fired at random. John was safe enough now; and, after searching every corner of the room in vain for any indication of the whereabouts of his antagonist, at length exclaimed, "Come, I'm tired of this fun; besides, I'm satisfied;" and he accordingly groped his way to the fireplace, and fired up the mouth of the chimney. There was a shriek, and a yell, and down came the Frenchman, dead as a door nail!—*American paper.*

Kemble's Select Audience.—"While John Kemble was manager of a theatre at Portsmouth, which was only opened twice or thrice in the week, a sailor applied to him on one of the nights when there was no performance, and entreated him to open the theatre; but was informed, that as the town had not been apprised on the occasion, the manager could not risk the expense. 'What will it cost to open the theatre to-night? for to-morrow I leave the country, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again,' said the sailor. Mr. Kemble told him that it would be five guineas. 'Well,' said the careless tar, 'I will give it upon this condition, that you will let nobody into the house but myself and the actors.' He was then asked what play he would choose? He fixed upon 'Richard the Third.' The house was immediately lighted, the rest of the performers attended, and the tar took his station in the front row of the pit. Mr. Kemble performed the part of Richard, the piece happening to be what is styled one of the stock-pieces of the company. The play was performed throughout; the sailor was very attentive, sometimes laughing and applauding, but frequently on the look-out lest some other auditor might intrude upon his enjoyment. He retired perfectly satisfied, and cordially thanked the manager for his ready compliance."