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WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

A MONTHLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER - - - - - PRICE, FIFTEEN PENCE A YEAR.

VOL. 1.

BELLEVILLE, C. W., OCTOBER 15, 1847.

NO. 2.

Sketches of Aboriginel Life.

THE AZTEC PRINCESS; OR, THE DESTINY FORESHAD- OWED OF THE DOWNFALL OF THE ANCIENT HOUSE OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

Rapacious Spain
Followed her bold discoverer o'er the main;
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steeled to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their path the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms
they trod,
They worshipped Mammon, while they vowed
to God.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The meeting of the parties was one of no little pomp and ceremony, for the courtly manners and chivalric bearing of the European cavaliers were scarcely superior, in impressiveness and effect, to the barbaric splendour, and graceful consciousness of power, which characterized the flower of the Aztec nobility. The chief, advancing towards the invaders, bowed low to earth, touching the ground with his right hand, then raising it to his head, and presenting it to his guest, announced himself as the envoy and servant of the great Montezuma, sole monarch and master of all the realms of Anahuac; and demanded the name of the stranger, the country from which he came, and the motives which induced him to trespass on the sacred territories of his royal master, and to presume to ask an interview with the emperor in his capital. The Castilian chieftain, with a courteous and knightly bearing replied, that his name was Hernando Cortez—that he was one of the humblest of the servants of the great Charles, the mighty monarch of Spain, and sovereign ruler of the Indies; and that he had come, with his little band of followers, to pay his court to the great Montezuma, and to bear to him the fraternal salutation of his master, which he could only deliver in person.

The reply of the Mexican was dignified, courteous, and pointed, and left no hope to the Spaniard, that he would then be able to effect his purpose, of visiting in person the golden city. "If," said the prince, "your monarch had come himself to our shores, he might well demand a personal meeting with our lord, the emperor, but when he sends his servant to represent him, he surely cannot presume to do more than communicate with the servants of the great Montezuma. If it were possible that another sun should visit yonder sky, he might look upon our sun in his march, and move and shine in his presence. But the moon and the stars cannot shine when he is abroad. They can look upon each other only when he withdraws his light."

The royal message having been delivered, the presents which accompanied it were brought forward, and spread out upon mats, in front of the general's tent.

The Spaniards were struck with surprise and admiration at the fineness of the texture of the cloths, the richness of their dyes, the gorgeous coloring and tasteful arrangement of the feather-work, the masterly workmanship and exquisite finish of the jewelry, and, above all, the immense value, and magnificent size of the golden toys which were presented them. They conceived at once, the most exalted ideas of the riches of the country, and the munificence and splendor of the monarch that ruled over it. Their avarice and cupidity were strongly excited, and more than one of the senior officers, as well as their general, formed the immediate resolution, that in despite of the imperial interdiction, they would endeavor, either by diplomacy or by force, to win their way to the capital, which they supposed must of necessity be the grand

depository of all the treasures in the empire. Their intentions were kept secret, even from each other, and under cover of a specious submission to the expressed will of the monarch, Cortez requested permission to delay his departure, till his men should be recruited, and his stores replenished for his long voyage.

Meanwhile, taking advantage of this unauthorized reprieve, the artful and undefeatable Castilian contrived to draw off from their unwilling and burdensome allegiance to Montezuma, the Totonacs, a considerable tribe, residing in that part of the country where he had effected his landing; and so to impress them with a sense of his own power and the lenity of his government, as to bind them to him in a solemn treaty of alliance. He also sent an embassy to the Tlascalans, a nation that had long maintained its independence against the ambitious encroachments of Mexico, and held Montezuma their natural and only foe. They were a brave and warlike people, and nearly as far advanced in the arts of civilization as their enemies. Their government was a kind of republic. Cortez, with magniloquent pretensions of invincible power, and inexhaustible resources, proposed to assist the Tlascalans in reducing the power of Mexico and putting an end to the oppressions and exactions of Montezuma. For this purpose, he asked leave to pass through their country, on his march to the great capital.

Distrusting the intentions of the strangers, and fearing that, instead of a disinterested friend and ally, they should find in them only a new enemy, whom once admitted, they could never expel from their dominions, and whose yoke might be even harder to bear than that which the Aztec monarch had in vain attempted to fasten on them—the proposed alliance of the Spaniards was rejected, with such bold and ample demonstrations of hostility, as left no room for doubt, that any attempt to force a passage through their territories, would be fiercely and ably contested.

Never daunted by obstacles, though somewhat perplexed, the brave Cortez rushed forward, encountered the almost countless hosts of the Tlascalan army, and, after several severe and deadly contests, in which the skill and prowess of his handful of men, with their terrible horses and yet more terrible fire-arms, were nearly overpowered by the immense numbers, astonishing bravery, and comparative skill of the enemy, he succeeded in terrifying them into submission, and winning them to a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, against the tyrant Montezuma, the common enemy of all the nations of Anahuac. By these singular and unparalleled successes, the little band of Castilian adventurers found themselves fortified, in the heart of the country, in close alliance with two powerful tribes, who swelled their army to ten times its original number, besides supplying them liberally with all the provisions that were needed for themselves and horses.

Never was adventure so rashly undertaken, or so boldly pushed, as this singular expedition of the Spanish cavaliers. And never, probably, were there associated, in one little band, so many of the master spirits of chivalry, the true material of a conquering army. The compeers of Cortez, who submitted to his authority, and acted in perfect harmony with him, as if they were but subordinate parts of himself, were each competent to command a host, and lead it on to certain victory. The impetuous, daring Alvarado, the cool, courageous, rusty Sandoval, the high-spirited, chivalrous Olid, the rash, head-long, cruel Velasquez de Leon, and others, worthy to be comrades of these, and of Cortez—when have the ranks of the war-god assigned so many master spirits to one enterprise? And the brave, the gifted, the indomitable Nicotencatl, the mountain chief of Tlascala, whom the Spaniards, with so much difficulty, first subdued and then won to their cause, as an ally—what a noble personification of the soul and spirit of heroism, realizing in personal bravery, martial skill

and prowess, and in all the commanding qualities of person and of character, which go to constitute the victorious warrior, the best pictures of the type-heroes of epic poetry and history.

In all their previous discoveries in the New World, the progress of the Spaniards to victory was easy, and almost unresisted. The invaders of Mexico, however, found themselves suddenly introduced to a new people, and new scenes—to nations of warriors, to races intelligent, civilized, and competent to self-government and self-defence. And all the skill, courage, and energy of their ablest commanders, and their bravest men, would have availed them nothing in their herculean enterprise, if they had not craftily and skillfully worked upon the jealousies and differences existing between the various tribes and nations of Anahuac, and fomented the long smothered discontents, and unwritten complaints of an over-taxed and sternly-governed people, into open and clamorous resistance to the despotic sway of Montezuma. It is curious and melancholy to observe, how eagerly they shook off the golden yoke of their hereditary monarch, for the iron one of a new master, and exchanged their long-established servitude to their legitimate king and their pagan gods, for a more galling, hopeless, and wasting slavery to the cruel and rapacious invader, under the life-promising Sign of the Cross, the desecrated banner of the Prince of Peace.

CHAPTER III.

SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR AND VASCILLATING POLICY OF MONTEZUMA.

The land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of woods and streams—
Our warriors, strong in heart and hand,
Our daughters, beautiful as dreams.

And then we heard the omen's say,
That God hath sent his angels forth
To sweep our ancient tribes away.

While these events were transpiring in the ever moving camp of the victorious invaders, the imperial court of Tenochtitlan was agitated and distracted by the divided counsels and wavering policy of the superstitious, fear-stricken monarch, and his various advisers. At one time, deeply offended by their audacious disregard of his positive prohibitions, and roused to a sense of his duty as a king, by the prophetic warning of Karec, which never ceased to ring in his ears, Montezuma was almost persuaded to give in to the war-party, and send out an army that should overwhelm the strangers at a blow. But, before this noble purpose had time to mature itself into action, all his superstitious fears would revive, and, without coming to any decision either to move or stand still, he would pause in timid inaction, till some new successes had made the invaders more formidable than before, and invested their mission with something more of that preternatural sacredness, which alone had power to unman the monarch, and disarm his craving ambition. At each advance of the conquering Castilians, he realized the growing necessity of prompt and efficient measures of defence, while at the same time he felt a greater reluctance to contend with fate. The result was, that he only dallied with the foe, by continually sending new embassies, each with larger and richer presents than the preceding, having no effect but to add fuel to their already burning thirst for gold, and strengthen their determination to accomplish their original purpose.

These royal embassies were less and less firm and peremptory in their terms, until they assumed the tone of expostulation, and assigning various and often conflicting reasons why the Spaniards should not pursue their route any farther towards the imperial city. At length, when the courier announced the arrival of the mysterious band at Tlascala, and the consummation of the alliance between them and his old and bitter enemies, together with the defection of many cities and districts, he felt it impossible to remain any longer

undecided. His throne trembled under him. He must act, or it would fall, and involve him and his house in inevitable ruin. Instead, however, of a bold and masterly activity in the defence of his capital and crown, he changed his policy altogether, and sending a new embassy with more splendid gifts than ever, invited the strangers to his court, and pronounced them all the hospitality of his empire. He designated the route they should pursue, and gave orders for their reception in all the towns and cities through which they should pass.

Montezuma was politic and wise in some things, and the purpose he had now in view, if it had not been frustrated, would have been deemed a master stroke of policy, worthy of the ablest disciples of the Machivellian school. Perceiving the necessity of breaking up this combination of new and old enemies, he had recourse to stratagem to effect it, intending that the strangers, whom he dared not to oppose with direct violence, should fall into the snare they had laid for themselves, in thrusting themselves forward, in despite of his repeated remonstrances, into the heart of his empire. He feared to raise his own hand to destroy them, because they were, in his view, commissioned of heaven to overturn his throne; but he deemed it perfectly consistent with this reverence for the decrees of fate, to lay a snare into which they should fall, and so destroy themselves. He little understood the watchfulness and circumspection of the man he had to deal with, or the tremendous advantage which their armor of proof and their engines of destruction gave the Europeans over the almost naked Mexicans, with their primitive weapons of offence. It was his plan to separate the foreigners from their new Indian allies, and invite them to come alone to the capital, as was first proposed. And he designed to assign them accommodations in one of the ancient palaces, in the heart of the city, where, surrounded by high walls, on every side, they should be shut up from all intercourse with the people, and left to perish of famine.

When this purpose was formed, the monarch kept it a profound secret in his own breast. The ambassadors whom he sent to the Castilian camp, were of the highest ranks of the nobility, and were accompanied by a long train of slaves, bearing the rich presents, by which the wily monarch hoped at the same time to display his own royal munificence, and to propitiate the favor of the dreaded strangers. Every new display of this kind only served more effectually to decant his own hopes; for the advance of the Spaniards, whose lust of gold was absolutely insatiable, was so far from being satisfied with this profusion of royal gifts, that it was only the more inflamed with every new accession to their treasures. The only effect, therefore, of these repeated embassies was to confirm the Spaniards in their convictions of the conscious weakness of the Mexicans, and make them the more resolute in pushing forward to complete the subjugation of the whole country, and possess themselves of all its seemingly inexhaustible treasures of gold.

Montezuma had now another difficulty to contend with, in his endeavor to rid himself of the intruders. The Tlascalans represented him to Cortez as false and deceitful as he was ambitious and rapacious, and used every argument in their power to dissuade him from committing himself to his hands. But the bold adventurer, always confident in his own resources, seemed never to think of danger when an object was to be accomplished, or to regard any thing as impossible which he desired to attain. As soon as the door was thrown open to his amicable approach to the capital, he set himself to prepare for the march. The expostulations and suspicions of the Tlascalans made him, perhaps, more careful in his preparations against a surprise, and more rigorous in the discipline of his little corps, than he might otherwise have been. Wherever he was, his camp was as cautiously posted, as fully and rigidly guarded as it on the eve of battle, he was hourly expecting an assault. This watch-

obedience was maintained throughout the whole adventurous campaign, as well when in the midst of friends and allies, as when surrounded by hostile legions.

After the royal ambassadors had departed with their pacific message, the mind of Montezuma was harassed and agitated with many doubts of the propriety of the course he had adopted. His nobles, and the tributary princes of the neighboring cities of Tezcuco, Tlacoapan, and Iztapalapan, were divided in their opinions. Some complained, though not loudly, of the weak and vacillating policy of the king. Some, even of the common people, feared the consequences, anticipating the most disastrous results, in accordance with their superstitious veneration for the oracles of their faith. The third day after the departure of the envoys, the king was pacing up and down one of the beautifully shaded walks of the royal gardens, listening with a disturbed mind to the powerful expostulations of his brother, Cuitlahua, who, from the beginning, had vehemently opposed every concession to the invaders, and urgently solicited permission to lead the army against them, and drive them out of the land. Suddenly, a voice as of a distant choir of chanters arrested his ear. The melody was solemn, sweet and soothing. It seemed to come sometimes from the upper regions of the air, in tones of silvery clearness and power, sometimes from beneath, in suppressed and muffled harmony, as when the swell organ soliloquises with all its valves closed,—sometimes it retreated, as if dying into an echo along the distant avenues of royal palms and aged cypresses, or the citron and orange groves that skirted the farther end of the garden, and then, suddenly, and with great power, it burst in the full tide of impassioned song, from every tree and bower in that vast paradise of terrestrial sweets. Enchanted by the more than Circean melody, the brothers paused in their animated discourse, and stood, for a few moments, in silent wonder and fixed attention. Presently the chanting ceased, and one solitary voice broke forth in plaintive but emphatic recitative as from the midst of the sparkling jet that played its ceaseless tune in the grand porphyritic basin near which they stood. The words, which were simple and oracular, struck deep into the heart of Montezuma, and found a ready response in that of his royal brother.

The lion* walks forth in his power and pride,
The terror and lord of the forest wide—
When the fox appears, shall he flee and hide?

The eagle's nest is strong and high,
Unquestioned monarch of the sky—
Should he quail before the falcon's eye?

The sun rides through the heavens afar,
Dispensing light from his flaming car—
Should he veil his glory, or turn him back,
When the meteor flashes athwart his track?

Shall the eagle invite the hawk to his nest?
Shall the fox with the lion sit down as a guest?
Shall the meteor look out from the noonday sky,
When the sun in his power is flaming by?

The pauses in this significant chant were followed by choral symphonies, expressing, as eloquently as inarticulate sounds could do, the most earnest remonstrance, the most moving expostulation. When this was concluded, the same sweet voice broke forth again, in tones of solemn tenderness and majestic power, in a prophetic warning to Montezuma.

Beware, mighty monarch, beware of the hour,
When the pale-faced intruder shall come to this bower!

Beware of the weakness that whispers of fear,
When the all-grasping, gold-seeking Spaniard is near!

Beware how thou readest the dark scroll of fate!
Its mystic revealings may warn thee too late,
That the power to command, and the strength to oppose,

Are gone, when thou openest the gate to thy foes.
The white men are mortal— frail sons of the earth,
They know not, they claim not, a heavenly birth;
They bow to disease, and they fall by the sword,
Pale fear can disarm them, grim death is their lord;

And those terrible coursers, so fiery and strong,
That bear them like ravenous tigers along,
The fleet winged arrow shall pierce them, and slay,
And leave them to eagles and vultures a prey.

* As Americus Vesputius, in his letter to Lorenzo Di Pier-Francesco De Medici, reports having met with the lion in South America, I have taken the liberty to introduce him as a native in our forests, notwithstanding the prevalent opinion of naturalists to the contrary.

Up, monarch! arouse thee—the hour is at hand
When the dark howling tempest shall sweep o'er thy land.

Thy doubts and thy fears, ever changing, are life
With peril to liberty, honor and life;
And this timid inaction shall surely bring down
To the dust, in dishonour, thy glorious crown;
And leave, to all time, on thy once-honored head,
The curse of a nation forsaken, betrayed.
Oh! rouse thee, brave monarch! there's power in thy hand
To scatter the clouds that hang over thy land.
Speak, speak but the word, there is magic in thee,
Before which the ruthless invaders shall flee,
And myriads of braves, all equipped for defence,
Shall leap at thy bidding, and banish him hence;
And the gods, who would frown on the recreant slave,
Will stand by their altars, and fight for the brave.

The effect of this mysterious warning upon the mind of Montezuma was exceedingly powerful, and seemed, for a time, to change his purpose and fix his resolution. With an energy and decision to which he had long been a stranger, he turned to his brother, and said, "Cuitlahua, you are right. This realm is mine. The gods have made me the father of this people. I must and will defend them. The strangers shall be driven back, or die. They shall never profane the temples and altars of Tenochtitlan, by entering within its gates, or looking upon its walls. Go, marshal your host, and prepare to meet them, before they advance a step further."

Exulting in this sudden demonstration of his ancient martial spirit in his royal brother, and fired with a double zeal in the cause he had so much at heart, by the thrilling influence upon his soul of the mysterious oracle, whose message had been uttered in his hearing, Cuitlahua scarcely waited for the ordinary courtesy of bidding farewell to the king, but flew with the speed of the wind, to execute the grateful trust committed to him. Despatching his messengers in every direction, only a few hours elapsed before his army was drawn up in the great square of the city; and, ere the sun had gone down, they had passed the gates, traversed the grand causeway that linked the amphibious city with the main land, and pitched their camp in a favorable position, several leagues on the way to Cholula.

The ardent imagination of the prince of Iztapalapan kindled at the prospect now opened before. The clouds, so long hanging over his beloved country, were dissipated as by magic, and the clear light of heaven streamed in upon his path, promising a quick and easy conquest, a glorious triumph, and a permanent peace. He had been in many battles, but had never been defeated. He believed the Mexican army invincible any where, but especially on their own soil, and fighting for their altars and their hearths. Terrible as the invading strangers had been hitherto, he had no fear of the coming encounter. He confidently expected to annihilate them at a blow. Happily his soldiers were all animated with the same spirit, and they took to their rest that night, eager for the morning to come, that should light them on their way to a certain and glorious victory.

No sooner had the army departed, than a change came over the spirit of the ill-fated Montezuma. The demons of doubt and fear returned to perplex and harass his soul, and to incline him again to that vacillating policy, those half way measures, by which his doom was to be sealed. In an agony of distrust and suspense, he recounted to himself the history of the past, reviewing all those dark and fearful prophecies, those oft-repeated and mysteriously significant omens, which, for so many years, had foreshadowed the events of the present day, and revealed the inevitable doom of the empire, sealed with the signet of heaven. The impressions produced by the recent warnings of Karee faded and disappeared before the deep and indelible traces of those ancient oracles, on which he had been accustomed from his youth sacredly to rely. He was once more adrift in a tempest of contending impulses, at one moment abandoning all in a paroxysm of despair, at another, vainly flattering himself with the hope of deliverance in some ill-formed stratagem, but never nerving himself to a tone of resolute defiance, or venturing to rest a hope on the issue of an open encounter.

The result of all this agitation was, another abandonment of his noble purpose of defence, and a new resort to stratagem. But the plan of operations, and the scene of execution, were changed. Cholula was selected as the theatre of destruction. The Spaniards had already been invited to take that

city in their route, and orders had been given, and preparations made for their hospitable reception. It was now resolved to make their acceptance of that invitation the signal and seal of their destruction. They were to be drawn into the city, alone, under the pretence that the presence of their Tlascalcan allies, who were the ancient and bitter enemies of the Cholulans, would be likely to create disturbance in the city, and lead to collision if not to bloodshed. The Cholulans were instructed to provide them with a place of encampment, in the heart of their city, where they could easily be surrounded, and cut to pieces. The streets of the city were then to be broken up by deep pits in some places, and barricades in others, to impede the movements of the horses, more dreaded than even the thunder and lightning of their riders.— This being completed under cover of the night, the city was to be filled with soldiers ready to do the work of execution, while the brave Cuitlahua, with the flower of the army of Tenochtitlan, was to encamp at a convenient distance without the walls, to render prompt assistance, in case it should be needed.

This plan being fully arranged in the mind of the Emperor, messengers were despatched with the light of the morning, to arrest the movements of Cuitlahua, and convey the necessary orders to the governor of Cholula. The warlike chieftain was deeply chagrined, and bitterly disappointed, in finding his orders so suddenly countermanded. He saw only certain ruin in the ever wavering policy of the king, and was unable to conceive of any hope, except in striking a bold and decisive blow. He was willing to stake all upon a single cast, and drive back the insolent invader, or perish in the attempt. But Montezuma was the absolute monarch. His word was law; and, though not irreversible like that of the Medo-Persian, it was never to be questioned by any of his subjects. The hero must therefore rest on his arms, and await the issue of a doubtful stratagem.

Meanwhile, the eager and self-sufficient Castilians had pushed forward to Cholula, and entered its gates, under a royal escort, that came out to meet them, and amid the constrained shouts and half-hearted congratulations of a countless multitude of natives, who with mingled fear, hatred and curiosity, gazed on the conquerors as a superior race of beings, and made way for them on every side, to take possession of their city. They were received with the greatest deference and consideration by the chiefs of the little republic, and the ambassadors of Montezuma, who had halted on their way, to prepare a more honorable reception for their guests, and further to ingratiate them with their master, by doing away, as far as they could, the unfavorable impressions on him & his people, which might have been made on their minds, by their intercourse with their old and implacable enemies of the republic of Tlascala.

Such was the mutual jealousy and hatred of these neighboring nations, that, while the Cholulans could in no wise agree to admit the Tlascalans to accompany Cortez into their city; they, on their part, were extremely reluctant to allow him to go in alone, assuring him in the strongest terms, that they were the most treacherous and deceitful of men, and their promises and professions utterly unworthy of confidence. Scorning danger, however, and determined at all hazards, to embrace every opening that seemed to facilitate his approach to the Mexican capital, he marched fearlessly in, and took up his quarters in the great square, or market place. Here, ample accommodations were provided for him and his band. Every courtesy was extended to them by the citizens and their rulers. Their table was amply supplied with all the necessaries and luxuries of the place. They were regarded with a kind of superstitious awe by the multitude, as a race of beings belonging to another world, of ethereal mould, and supernatural powers; and their camp was visited by those of all ranks, and all ages, eager to catch a view of the terrible strangers.

A few days after their arrival, a new embassy from the imperial palace was announced. They held no communication with Cortez, but had a long consultation with the previous envoys still remaining there, and with the authorities of the city. From this time, there was a striking change in the aspect of the Cholulans towards their guests. They were soon made to perceive and feel that, though

invited, they were not welcome guests. The daily supplies for their table were greatly diminished. They received but few and formal visits from the chiefs, and but cold attention from any of the nobles. Cortez was quick to perceive the change, but unable to divine its meaning. It caused him many an anxious hour, especially when he remembered the serious and urgent representations of his Tlascalcan allies of the deceitful and treacherous character of the Cholulans. His apprehensions were by no means diminished, when he learned from the morning report of the night guards, that through the entire night, which had hitherto been a season of perfect silence and repose in the city, sounds were heard on every side, as of people earnestly engaged in some works of fortification, sometimes digging in the earth, sometimes laying up stones in heaps, and in various other ways, "vexing the dull ear of night with uncouth noise." It was found, on examination, that the streets in many places were barricaded, and holes, in others, were lightly covered with branches of trees. Unable to explain these matters, and not wishing to give offence to his entertainers by enquiring too curiously into what might be no more than the ordinary preparation for a national festival, he sent one of his chief officers to report to the Tlascalcan commander, without the gates of the city, and enquire what might be the meaning of these singular movements. Having learned in reply, that a hostile attack was undoubtedly contemplated, and that a large force of Mexicans, under command of the brave Cuitlahua, brother of Montezuma, was encamped at no great distance, ready to co-operate with the Cholulans at a moment's warning, and that a great number of victims had been offered in sacrifice, to propitiate the favor of their gods, the haughty Spaniard found his position anything but agreeable. He was a stranger to fear, but he was certainly most sadly perplexed. And, when, in addition to the information already received, he learned from Marina, his female interpreter, that she had been warned by a friend in the city to abandon the Spaniards, that she might not be involved in their ruin, he was, for a time, quite at a loss what to do. To retreat, would be to manifest fear, and a distrust of his own resources, which might be fatal to his future influence with the natives. To remain where he was—inactive, would be to stand still in the yawning crater of a volcano, when the overcharged cauldron below had already begun to belch forth sulphurous flames and smoke.

The character of the conqueror was one precisely adapted to such exigencies as this. Through the whole course of his wonderful career, he seems to have rushed into difficulty, for the mere pleasure of fighting his way out. In order to extricate himself, he never lost a moment in parleying or diplomacy. His measures were bold, decided, and direct, indicating a self-reliance, and a confidence in his men and means, which is the surest guaranty of success. In this case, having satisfied himself of the actual existence of a conspiracy, he sent for the chief rulers, upbraided them with their want of hospitality, informed them that he should leave the place at break of day the next morning, and demanded a large number of men, to assist in removing his baggage. Promising to comply with this demand, which favored the execution of their own designs, the chiefs departed, and Cortez and his band, sleeping on their arms, prepared for the coming conflict.

Punctually, at the peep of dawn, the princes of Cholula marched into the court, accompanied by a much larger number of men than Cortez had required. With a calm bold air, the haughty Castilian confronted them, charging them with treachery, and detailing all the circumstances of the concerted massacre. He upbraided them with their duplicity and baseness, and gave them to understand that they should pay dear for their false-hearted and cruel designs against those, who, confiding in their hospitality and promises of friendship, had come to their city, and slept quietly within their gates.

Thunderstruck at this unexpected turn of affairs, and fearing more than ever the strange beings, who could read their very thoughts, and fathom the designs which were yet scarcely matured in their own bosoms, the disconcerted magnates tremblingly pleaded guilty to the charge, and attempted to excuse themselves, by urging their allegiance to

Montezuma, and the duty and necessity of obeying his commands, however repugnant to their own feelings.

It was not the policy of Cortez to admit this plea, an extenuation of their treachery. He preferred to cast the whole burden upon them alone, and leave the way open for an easy disclaimer on the part of the emperor, hoping thereby the more readily to gain a peaceable entry into the capital. Without waiting, therefore, for any further explanations, or instituting any inquiry into the comparative guilt of the parties, he gave the signal to his soldiers, who, with a general discharge of their artillery and fire arms, rushed upon the unprepared multitude, mowing them down like grass, and trampling them under the hoofs of their horses. A general massacre ensued. Not one of the chiefs escaped, and only so many of their panic-struck followers, as could feign themselves dead, or bury themselves, till the tempest was past, under the heaps of their slain comrades.

Thus taken by surprise, and driven, before they were ready, into an unequal conflict with enemies who had, by some miracle, as they supposed, anticipated their movements, and struck the first blow, the Cholulans rushed in from all parts of their city, hoping to retrieve, by their numbers and prowess, the disadvantage of the lost onset. Cortez had prepared for this. He had ordered his artillery to be stationed at the main entrances to the square, where they poured in a raking fire upon the assailants, rushing in from all the avenues. The surprise being so sudden, and the leaders having been shot down at the first charge, confusion and consternation prevailed among the discomfited Cholulans, who alternately fled, like affrighted sheep, from the scene of slaughter, and then rushed back, like exasperated wolves, to the work of death.

In anticipation of this conflict, the Spanish general had concerted a signal with his Tlascalcan allies, without the gates, who now came rushing in, like hungry tigers, revelling in the opportunity to inflict a terrible vengeance upon their ancient enemies. Falling upon their rear, as they crowded in from the remoter quarters of the city towards the field of carnage, they drove them in upon the weapons of the Spaniards, from which there was now no escape. Turning upon this new enemy, they fought with desperate bravery, to win a retreat. But they were cut down on this side and that, till the streets were scarcely passable for the heaps of the dead and dying that cumbered them. Those who took refuge in their houses and temples, found no safety in such retreats, for they were instantly fired by the Tlascalans, and their defenders perished miserably in the flames.

There was one scene in the midst of this desolating conflict, that was truly sublime,—one of those strange combinations of moral and physical grandeur, which sometimes occur in the dark annals of human warfare, investing with a kind of hallowed interest, which the lapse of ages serves only to soften, but never destroys, those spectacles of savage but heroic cruelty, where every death is elevated into a martyrdom, and the very ground saturated with human blood, becomes a consecrated field, clothed with laurels of never-fading green. It was the last in that bloody drama, enacted on the lofty summit of the great Teocalli, the principal temple of Cholula, and the centre of attraction to all the votaries of the Aztec religion, throughout the wide realms of Anahuac. Driven from street to street, and from quarter to quarter, and falling back, as a forlorn hope, upon the sanctuary, and the support and encouragement of the hoary men, who presided over the mysteries of their faith, they made a bold and desperate stand, in defence of all that was dear and holy in their homes and their altars. Step by step, they contested this hallowed ground, till they reached the upper terrace, where the great temple stood. This was an area of four hundred feet square, at an elevation of two hundred feet from the level of the surrounding streets. On this elevated platform, the furious combatants fought hand to hand; the priest, in his sacred garments, mingling in the savage conflict with the humblest of his followers—the steel-clad Castilian, the Tlascalcan and the Cholulan, of every rank and grade, each eager only to slay his man, grappled in the mortal conflict, till one or the other fell in the death struggle, or tumbled over the side of the mound, to be dashed in pieces below. As the

half-armed, half-naked natives melted away before the heavy and destructive weapons of the invulnerable Spaniards, they were repeatedly offered quarter, but scorned to accept it. One only submitted, when, pierced with countless wounds, he could stand no longer. All the rest, to a man, fought desperately till he fell, and many, even then, in the agonies of the last struggle, seized their antagonists by the legs, and rolled them over the parapet, to the certain death of both.

At length the conflict ceased for want of a victim, and the conquering Castilian, with a few of his Tlascalcan allies, stood alone, in undisputed possession of this lofty vantage ground. The disheartened Cholulans, without leaders, without counsellors, seeing their sacred temple in the hands of their enemies, felt that all was lost. Not another blow was struck, but every where they bowed in submission to the irresistible conqueror.

The thunder of the artillery, and the smoke of the burning buildings, rising in a heavy column to the skies, announced to the Mexican army the conflict that was raging within the city. But having orders not to engage in the fray, unless notified by the Cholulan chiefs that his assistance was necessary, the brave Cuiclahua was compelled to wait the summons. Burning to vindicate the honor of the Mexican arms, the hero chafed under this cruel restraint, like a tiger chained in full view of his prey. He little doubted that the Castilians would fall by the hands of the Cholulans, encompassed as they were on every side with no room for escape, or for the action of their horses. But he longed to have a share in the victory. Drawing up his forces in the order of march, he stood, the whole day, in readiness to move at a moment's warning; and in this attitude, he was still standing, when the tidings of the terrible disaster in the city reached him.

His veteran legions were with difficulty restrained from rushing to the rescue. The army was almost in a state of mutiny, from their eagerness to avenge their slaughtered brethren in Cholula; and all the military authority, and unbounded influence of Cuiclahua were required to keep them in a state of due subordination.

The influence and authority of Cortez, on the other hand, were scarcely sufficient to restrain his victorious allies from ravaging the city, and putting men, women, and children to an indiscriminate slaughter. So bitter and pervading was the old national animosity, that life was scarcely worth possessing to a Tlascalcan, if he must share its daily blessings side by side with the Aztec. He hated the whole nation with a perfect implacable hatred. He execrated the very name, and never uttered it without a curse. Of this universal malediction, the Cholulan was honored with more than his appropriate share. The other subjects and tributaries of Montezuma they feared as well as hated. The Cholulans they affected also to despise, though their contempt was not so thorough as to mitigate in the least their fierce and uncontrollable hatred.

(To be continued in our next.)

A LIFE SAVED.—While the steamer Ontario was on her way from the head of the lake to Canandaigua, on the 26th of August, Mr. GEORGE SHEA by an accident fell into the water while the boat was under way, and being unable to swim, came near drowning. Mr. ISAAC WEBSTER, of Canandaigua, perceiving his perilous condition, plunged from the deck of the steamer into the lake, swam to Mr. SHEA, and though twice drawn under by the drowning man, he succeeded in keeping hold of the drowning man until the boats came to his assistance and rescued them both.—Such noble and humane conduct is deserving of all praise. The passengers passed resolutions and made Mr. W. a present to show their appreciation of his conduct. —*Rochester Dem.*

TESTAMENTS.—Fine Glasgow Edition, Gilt Edged, Embossed Binding. Psalms, Paraphrases, and Music. Price only 1s 3d. For sale at the Victoria Bookstore, by J. WILSON, Publisher.



From the Flag of our Union.
MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

My cottage home, my cottage home,
Here in thy cherished loved embrace
I'll pass my allotted hours to come,
Nor seek to find a lovelier place.
Here was I born, here will I die;
Here will I taste life's joys and ills,
Here will I leave my latest sigh,
In my cottage home among the hills.

No noisy crowds here mar the peace
Of nature's calm, unruffled breast;
All worldly tumult here shall cease,
Each busy care is hushed to rest.
The wood-bird's wild and plaintive sound,
Within my breast each passion stills;
And flowers most rare are blooming round
My cottage home among the hills.

I am not poor; I have the wealth
Of pure affection round my hearth;
While labor paints my cheek with health,
As flowerets paint the smiling earth.
Content sits smiling at my door,
While peace within my bosom thrills;
Life's choicest blessings hover o'er
My cottage home among the hills.

What do I care for worldly fame?
'Tis but a fleeting, airy bubble;
What do I care for wealth or name?
They're fraught with worldly care and trouble;
The prince's gilded coronal,
With princely wo the bosom fills;
I would ne'er exchange for monarch's hall,
My cottage home among the hills.

A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—A boy, on perceiving a butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose: then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a spring of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts.

At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatched at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words:

"Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the bene-

fit of thy future life, that pleasure like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp."

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things.—God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.

RECIPE.—Many of our farmers now keep bees, and as the comb, as well as the honey, is, from various reasons, a valuable article, and as the labour of separating them is often attended with considerable trouble, we append the following recipe:—
"Tie the comb in a linen or wollen bag; place it in a kettle filled with cold water, and suspend it over a fire. As the water becomes heated, the wax will melt, and rise to the surface—the extraneous matters, or impurities, remaining in the bag. This is a cheap and effectual method,—in fact, superior to any we have ever tried."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Don't be startled! We have no rule by which all can make money. If we had, we know several gentlemen who would try their hands at it. But we mean how some people make money.

Some time since—not very long—a man, very plainly dressed, with rough looks, and rather unpromising in the fashionable line, and not exactly indicative of a man of wealth, walked into the office of Mr. Belmont, agent of the Rothschilds, in New York. He was a stranger, and the broker raised his eyes inquiringly, as much as to say, what business had he?

"Sir," said the stranger, "can you draw me a Bill of Exchange on Berlin or Amsterdam for sixty thousand dollars?"

Mr. Belmont supposing the man was inquiring for some broker who had sent him, said—
"Yes, I can draw such a bill; but who wants it?"

"I should like to get it on reasonable terms," said the man.

"You," said Mr. Belmont, surprised, "you cannot want such a bill?"

"Yes, I do, and I suppose if I pay for it you have no objections?"

"Certainly not; have you the money?"

"Yes sir; what are the terms?"

Mr. Belmont stated the terms, and the bill was drawn, purchased and paid for. When the transaction was closed, Mr. Belmont was curious to know how such a man came by such a sum, and he inquired his history. The man informed him that he was a German, who had come to this country some ten or twelve years before, to try his fortune; that the making of Lucifer matches was then just begun, and that foreseeing they would come into general use, he immediately commenced the manufacture of matches, and by taking the tide in its flow, had in ten years, made more than sixty thousand dollars, and was now returning to his native country to enjoy it!

SINCERITY.—To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we appear to be.

THRILLING JOURNAL.

Copy of a Journal kept by a suffering emigrant on the California Mountains from the 31st of October, 1846, to March 1st, 1847.

TRUCKEE'S LAKE, Nov. 20, 1846.

Came to this place on the 31st of last month; went into the Pass, the snow deep we were unable to find the road, and when within three miles of the summit, turned back to this shanty, or Truckee's Lake. Stanton came up one day after our arrival here; we again took our teams and waggons and made another unsuccessful attempt to cross, my company with Stanton; we returned to the shanty, it continued to snow all the time. We have now killed most of our cattle, having to remain here until next spring, and live on lean beef without bread or salt. It snowed during the space of eight days, with little intermission, after our arrival, though now clear and pleasant, freezing at night; the snow nearly gone from the valleys.

Nov. 21—Fine morning, wind N. W. twenty-two of our company about starting to cross the mountains this day, including Stanton, and his Indians.

Nov. 22—Froze hard last night; fine and clear to-day; no account from those on the mountains.

Nov. 23—Same weather wind west; the expedition across the mountains returned, after an unsuccessful attempt.

Nov. 25—Cloudy; looks like the eve of a snow storm; our mountaineers are to make another attempt to-morrow, if fair; froze hard last night.

Nov. 26. Began to snow last evening, now rains, or sleet; the party do not start to-day.

Nov. 29. Still snowing; now about three feet deep; wind west; killed my last oxen to-day; gave another yoke to Foster; wood hard to be got.

Nov. 30. Snowing fast, looks as likely to continue as when it commenced; no living thing without wings can get about.

Dec. 1. Still snowing; wind west; snow about six or six and a half feet deep; very difficult to get wood, and we are completely housed; our cattle all killed but two or three, and they, with the horses and Stanton's mules, all supposed to be lost in the snow; no hopes of finding them alive.

Dec. 3. Ceases snowing; cloudy all day, warm enough to thaw.

Dec. 5. Beautiful sunshine, thawing a little; looks delightful after the long storm, snow seven or eight feet deep.

Dec. 6. The morning fine and clear; Stanton and Graves manufacturing snow shoes for another mountain scramble; no account of mules.

Dec. 8. Fine weather; froze hard last night; wind south west; hard work to find wood sufficient to keep warm, or cook our beef.

Dec. 9. Commenced snowing about 11 o'clock; wind northwest; took in Spitzer yesterday, so weak that he cannot rise without help, caused by starvation. Some have a scant supply of beef Stanton trying to get some for himself and Indians; not likely to get much.

Dec. 10. Snowed fast last night, with heavy squalls of wind; continues to snow; now about seven feet in depth.

Dec. 14. Snows faster than any previous day; Stanton and Graves, with several others, preparing to cross the mountains on snow shoes; snow eight feet on the level.

Dec. 16. Fair and pleasant; froze hard last night, the company started on snow shoes to cross the mountain; wind southeast.

Dec. 17. Pleasant; Wm. Murphy returned from the mountain party last evening; Balis Williams died night before last; Milton and Moah started for Donner's eight days ago; not returned yet; think they are lost in the snow.

Dec. 19. Snowed last night; thawing to-day; wind northwest, a little singular for a thaw.

Dec. 20. Clear and pleasant; Mrs. Reed here; no account from Milton yet; Charles Burger set out from Donner's; turned back, unable to proceed; tough times, but not discouraged, our hopes are in God; Amen.

Dec. 21. Milton got back last night from Donner's camp; sad news; Jacob Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, Rhineheart and Smith are dead; the rest of them in a low situation; snowed all night, with a strong southwest wind.

Dec. 23. Clear to day; Milton took some of his meat away; all well at their camp. Began this day to read the "Thirty Day's Prayer." Almighty God grant the request of unworthy sinners.

Dec. 24. Rained all night, and still continues; poor prospects for any kind of comfort, spiritual or temporal.

Dec. 25. Began to snow yesterday, snowed all night, and snows yet, rapidly; extremely difficult to find wood; offered our prayers to God this, Christmas morning; the prospect is appalling but we trust in Him.

Dec. 27. Cleared off yesterday; continues clear; snow nine feet deep; wood growing scarce; a tree when felled sunk into the snow, and is hard to be got at.

Dec. 30. Fine clear morning; froze hard last night; Charles Berger died last evening about 10 o'clock.

Dec. 31. Last of the year; may we with the help of God, spend the coming year better than we did the past, which we propose to do, if it is the will of the Almighty to deliver us from our present dreadful situation; Amen. Morning fair, but cloudy; wind east by south; looks like another snow storm; snow storms are dreadful to us; the snow at present is very deep.

Jan. 1, 1847.—We pray the God of mercy to deliver us from our present calamity, if it be his holy will. Commenced snowing last night, and snows a little yet; provisions getting very scant; dug up a hide from under the snow yesterday; have not commenced on it yet.

Jan. 3. Fair during the day; freezing at night; Mrs. Reed talks of crossing the mountains with her children.

Jan. 4. Fine morning, looks like spring; Mrs. Reed and Virginia, Milton Elliott, and Eliza Williams started a short time ago, with the hope of crossing the mountains; left the children here; it was difficult for her to part with them.

Jan. 6. Eliza came back from the mountain yesterday evening, not able to proceed; the others kept ahead.

Jan. 8. Very cold this morning; Mrs. Reed and the others came back, could not find their way on the other side of the mountain; they have nothing but hides to live on.

Jan. 10. Began to snow last night; still continues; wind west northwest.

Jan. 13. Snowing fast; snow higher than the shanty; it must be thirteen feet deep; cannot get wood this morning; it is a dreadful sight for us to look upon.

Jan. 14. Cleared off yesterday; the sun shining brilliantly renovates our spirits; praise be to the God of heaven!

Jan. 15. Clear day again; wind northwest; Mrs. Murphy blind; Lanthorn not able to get wood; has but one axe between him and Kiesburg; it looks like another storm; expecting another account from Sutter's soon.

Jan. 17. Eliza Williams came here this morning; Lanthorn crazy last night; provisions scarce; hides our main subsistence; may the Almighty send us help.

Jan. 21. Fine morning; John Mat-tice and Mr. Denton came this morning with Eliza; she will not eat hides; Mrs. — sent her back to live or die on them.

Jan. 22. Began to snow after sunrise; likely to continue; wind north.

Jan. 23. Blew hard and snowed all night; the most severe storm we have experienced this winter; wind east.

Jan. 26. Cleared up yesterday; to-day fine and pleasant, wind south; in hopes we are done with snow storms; those who went to Sutters, not yet returned; provisions growing scant; people growing weak; living on small allowance of hides.

Jan. 27. Commenced snowing yesterday; still continues to-day. Lewis (Sutter's Indian) died three days ago; food growing scarce; don't have fire enough to cook our hides.

Jan. 30. Fair and pleasant; wind west; thawing in the sun; John and Edward Breen went to Graves this morning; the — seized on Mrs. —'s goods until they would be paid; they also took the hides which herself and family subsisted upon. She regained two pieces only, the balance they have taken. You may judge from this what our fair is in camp; there is nothing to be had from hunting, yet perhaps there soon will be.

Jan. 31. The sun does not shine out brilliant this morning; froze hard last night; wind northwest; Lanthorn Murphy died last night about 1 o'clock; Mrs. Reed went to Grave's this morning to look after goods.

Feb. 5. Snowed hard until 12 o'clock last night; many uneasy for fear we shall perish with hunger; we have but little meat left, and only three hides; Mrs. Reed has nothing but one hide, and that is on Grave's horse; Milton lives there, and likely will keep that; Eddy's child died last night.

Feb. 5. It snowed faster last night and to-day than it has done this winter before; still continues without intermission; wind southwest; Murphy's folks and Kiesburg say that they cannot eat hides; I wish that we had enough of them; Mrs. Eddy is very weak.

Feb. 7. Ceased to snow at last; to-day it is quite pleasant; McCutcheon's child died on the 2nd of this month.

Feb. 8. Fine clear morning; Spitzer died last night, we will bury him in the snow. Mrs. Eddy died on the night of the 7th.

Feb. 9. Mr. Pike's child all but dead. Milton is at Murphy's not able to get out of bed; Kiesburg never gets up, says he is not able; Mrs. Eddy and child were buried to-day; wind southeast.

Feb. 10. Beautiful morning; thawing in the sun. Milton's Elliot died last night at Murphy's shanty; Mrs. Reed went there this morning to see after her effects. J. Denton trying to borrow meat for Graves; had none to give; they had nothing but hides; all are entirely out of meat but a little we have; our hides are nearly all eat up, but with God's help spring will soon smile upon us.

Feb. 12. Warm, thawing morning.

Feb. 14. Fine morning, but cold. Buried Milton in the snow; John Denton not well.

Feb. 15. Morning cloudy until 9 o'clock, then cleared off warm. Mrs. — refused to give Mrs. — any hides. Put Sutter's packhides on her shanty and would not let her have them.

Feb. 16. Commenced to rain last evening, and turned to snow during the night, and continued until morning; weather changeable, sunshine, then light showers of hail, and wind at times. We all felt very unwell; the snow is not getting much less at present.

Feb. 19. Froze hard last night. Seven men arrived from California yesterday evening with provisions, but left the greater part on the way. To-day it is clear and warm for this region; some of the men have gone to Donner's camp, they will start back on Monday.

Feb. 22. The Californians started this morning, twenty-four in number, some in a very weak state. Mrs. Kiesburg started with them, and left Kies-

burg here, unable to go. Buried Pike's child this morning in the snow; it died two days ago.

Feb. 23. Froze hard last night; to-day pleasant and thawing—has the appearance of spring, all but the deep snow; wind south-southeast. Shot a dog to-day, and dressed his flesh.

Feb. 25. To-day Mrs. Murphy says the wolves are about to dig up the dead bodies around her shanty, and the nights are too cold to watch them, but we hear them howl.

Feb. 26. Hungry times in camp; plenty of hides, but the folks will not eat them; we eat them with tolerably good appetite, thanks be to the Almighty God. Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday, that she thought she would commence on Milton and eat him; I do not think she has done so yet; it is distressing. The Donners told the California folks, four days ago, that they would commence on the dead people, if they did not succeed that day or next in finding their cattle, then ten or twelve feet under the snow, and did not know the spot, or near it, they have done it ere this.

Feb. 28. One solitary Indian passed by yesterday; came from the lake; had a heavy pack on his back; gave me five or six roots resembling onions in shape; tasted some, like a sweet potato, full of tough little fibres.

March 1. Ten men arrived this morning from Bear Valley, with provisions. We are to start in two or three days, and catch our goods here. They say the snow will remain until June.

The above mentioned ten men started for the valley with seventeen of the sufferers; they traveled fifteen miles, and a severe snow storm came on; they left fourteen of the emigrants, the writer of the above journal and his family, and succeeded in getting in but three children. Lieut. Woodworth immediately went to their assistance, but before he reached them they had eaten three of their number, who had died from hunger and fatigue; the remainder of them Lieut. Woodworth's party brought in. On 29th of April, 1847, the last member of that party was brought to Sutter's Fort. It is utterly impossible to give any description of the sufferings of the company. Your readers can form some idea of them by perusing the above diary.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE MCKINSTRY, JR.
Fort Sacramento, April 29, 1847.

A MOUSE STORY.

A SINGING MOUSE.—It is now more than a month since we obtained possession of the little creature which I shall attempt to describe. A member of the family sleeps in a chamber where two canary birds are generally kept in separate cages. He was awakened one night by a peculiar sound in the adjoining bath-room, which he compares to the twittering of birds when alarmed. Supposing that some virmin was endeavoring to get into the cages, he got up and made an examination, without being able to perceive anything unusual about the shelf where they rested, but immediately upon returning to bed the noise recommenced, and he again got up and examined without success. In moving a chair, however, on his second return, a mouse sprang by him, to whose presence, of course, the uneasiness and alarm of the birds was attributed; accordingly a trap was set, and in the morning three little prisoners were found in duration and sentenced on the spot to be drowned in a bucket without benefit of clergy. But our surprise and astonishment may better be conceived than described, when one of the little beauties perched upon his hind legs like a squirrel, commenced a plaintive appeal to our compassion in a strain at once the most mournful and expressive,

all the time pressing his sleek little nose against the cruel bars, and staring at us wildly with his tinny eyes like black beads.

A mouse is by no means an extraordinary animal, nor is it at all remarkable that being once in a trap, he should make strong demonstrations of a desire to get out of it; but that a mouse—a veritable hole-gnawing, cheese-stealing, book-destroying mouse, (with nothing peculiar about his physiological structure to distinguish him from the "profanum vulgus" of mice,) should look right in a body's face, singing mournfully all the while, and with a cadence now rising, then falling, like the notes of a timid young canary bird, was an event that required almost more than seeing, and hearing to believe.

The sounds produced by this mouse are of a varied character, and denote most distinctly the presence of fear, distress, contentment, and pleasure. Certain of the family faces have become so agreeable to him that he at once recognises them amongst others, and testifies his satisfaction by sitting bolt upright with his nose protruded between the wires of his box, and uttering the while a peculiar comfortable chirrup not unlike that of a young chicken when the hen is about covering it.

The faculty which in our estimation entitles him to the appellation of a singing mouse, is indeed a most extraordinary character; and but few birds that I know of more deservedly enjoy the honor of musical merit, either for variety or sweetness of notes; his voice, to be sure, is neither loud nor powerful; still it possesses a very considerable compass, and the transitions from the note to another, with all the diversities of the gamut are at once startling and delightful to the ear; flats, sharps, semitones, barytones, quivers, demisemiquavers, staccatos, trills, are all performed with marvelous grace and accuracy, and the most untutored ear could not fail to detect expression and harmony in the notes which he pours forth at times in a wild or tender strain just as the inspiration is upon him.—*Phil. Enquirer.*

THE LAST MELODY.

The Emperor Alexander was dead. His next brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, was the natural successor to the throne of Russia, but, by a deed, till then kept secret, Constantine, in Alexander's lifetime, had renounced his claim to the throne in the favor of his younger brother, the present Emperor Nicholas. The accession of the latter to the throne, on the death of Alexander, not only excited general surprise, but an unsettled feeling soon manifested itself amongst the people and the army. The time appeared favorable to the breaking out of a conspiracy that had been fostering for some years; and an insurrection took place at St. Petersburg, on Christmas day, 1825; but the conspirators was too hasty, and their attempt not being soon seconded by troops, failed.

One hundred and thirty-six leaders, of the rebellion were seized, tried, and condemned; and almost all of them were sentenced to perpetual labor, or to exile in Siberia. The five principal chiefs were condemned to be broken on the wheel, but did not undergo that punishment—the gibbet being substituted by an ukase of the Emperor.

Among these five chiefs, the first and most remarkable was Paul Pestel, Col. of the Infantry regiment of Wiatka.

The long and arduous task to which he had devoted himself had not wholly engrossed the mind of this brave and preserving conspirator. Alive to the charms of the arts, he cultivated them with success and, in particular, he was an excellent musician.

The young and beautiful Catharine W.— had conceded a devoted attach-

ment to Pestel.—Gifted with an exquisite voice she loved to sing his melodies. The passion, with which she inspired him was equally fervent as her own; and if ever the brave conspirator could forget his gloomy reveries, it was when he was seated by Catharine's side, and dreaming of her love and happiness.

On the eve of the day when insurrection was to break out, Pestel, more absorbed than usual, scarcely answered Catharine when she spoke to him, and at times seemed not to hear her.

"What ails you to-day, Paul?" she said, taking his hand; you do not look at me—you do not speak to me as usual. I never saw you so cold, so absent, when you were with me before."

Pestel looked at her sadly. "What would you do, Catharine, were you never to see me again?"

"I should die!" said Catharine, with enthusiasm, and then added, in a voice of terror,

"But good God, why this question? Paul you cannot think of forsaking me?"

Pestel was silent.

"It cannot be," said Catharine: "you have sworn to love me till death."

"Yes, Catharine! while this heart beats it is yours. But, (embracing her with ardent but melancholy tenderness) he added, "promise me Catharine, if I die that you will for the sake of your old father, and that, even when I'm dead, I shall never cease to occupy your thoughts."

"I promise you to live as long as my grief will allow me. But, Paul, it is not I who shall have to undergo this cruel trial."

"There are presentiments Catharine, which I cannot mistake," said Pestel, declining his head on his breast; "an inward monitor warns me that I must abandon my two visions of happiness—the bliss of living in the enjoyment of your love, Catharine, and the glory of securing the freedom and independence of my country."

"What do you mean?" said Catharine, whose fear and agitation increased every moment, "what mean these mysterious words, these gloomy predictions? Paul, you are concealing a secret from me."

"Yes, Catharine."

"A secret from me, Paul, who has never kept one from you?"

"You have had all mine—but this does not belong to me."

"Alas! if I imagined from your looks, your words, your thoughts of death and parting, it must be something very terrible!"

"It is terrible, indeed!"

After a moment's silence, Pestel continued:

"Hear me Catharine, when I give you my parting kiss this morning, it may perhaps be the last you will ever receive from me. But, whatever may be my lot, if you are told, 'Paul is dead, come, and you shall find a remembrance of me for you! for I swear to you, Catharine my last thought shall be of you.'"

Pestel's presentiment did not deceive him!—He saw her no more.

The day after the execution of sentence a young female, bathed in tears, obtained permission to visit his cell. It was Catharine. After a long search, she discovered some lines of music pencilled on the wall. Above them, there was only two words, "FOR HER!" Underneath was Paul's name.

Two years after, a poor maniac died in a lunatic asylum, whose madness consisted in singing, every day, at the same hour, the same little melody that was pencilled on the wall of the cell. The poor maniac was Catharine—and the air she sang—*The Last melody of Pestel.*

CURIOSITIES.—"Buzz" sends us, for our collection, "A tooth from the mouth of a backbiter."—This may might sink a steamboat!

HOW JEDEDIAH WAS SUCKED IN.

"Is the Squire tu hum?" inquired an elongated individual yesterday, who pushed his head into the Recorder's office. It being about the dinner hour none of the officials happened to be "tu hum," but a couple of cits, who were lounging inside, invited him in, and inquired his business.

"Well," said he in a beautiful nasal, "my business ain't much, but tell me which is the Squire?"

"He is at dinner sir," said one of the pair "but if you have anything very urgent, we will send for him."

"Well, I ain't got much in particular," answered the Eastern man, "but jest this mornin' a feller from the 'jinin Stste of Illinois played me one of the allfiredest mean tricks I've heern on lately," "What was it like?" inquired the listener.

"Well, it wan't much like anything," said he, "but an all created suck in. Where is that Squire," he burst out again: "I'll hev the mean critter jerked into a jail of 'most ac a dollar."

"What did he do?" persisted the questioner.

"Well, 'twant much of anything except a sell," said he: and then breaking out again, he exclaimed: "Oh Jedediah Dexter! that anything cute as you're allowed tu be shud be drawn into sech a scrape by a yaller lookin', uger shaken, corn raisin', sarpint as that feller!"

"Was he a Sucker?" inquired the gent.

"Well he wan't much else," said the afflicted mourner, "and the fullist grown one I've seed lately—cuss his picture,"

"But you have not told us what his offence was," continued the other,

"No," said he, "I ain't; and what's wusser a darned sight, I'm ashamed tu; all ere-a-tion! that I shud a been so teetotally green. I swow," said he, starting, "I believe I won't tell it; I'll jest let the mean vermint slide. It won't bear tellin' on."

Why, ef they shud heer it down in Connecticut, I couldn't never show myself at any futur' Thanks-given' in them latitudes; they'd holler at me jest as quick as they'd clap eyes on me."

"Oh, come!" shouted both listeners, "you are not going to leave without enlightning us, now that you have raised our curiosity!"

"Well, I guess it won't hurt you much ef you don't heer it," and he was about to move when one of his auditors informed him that it was absolutely necessary that he should stop and lodge his complaint, for that evidently some wrong had been committed, and if he kept silent, and allowed it to pass unpunished he would be conniving at the evil, and thereby lay himself liable.

"Is that the law with you?" inquired the bitten complainent.

Both listeners signified the affirmative to the query.

"Well, I don't want to go agin law much," said Jed, "so you kin hev the hull upshot of this in a minit, and you'll allow it is mighty mean. A Illinois feller this mornin' walked into my shop where I'm merchandizin' along side on the market, and got tu dickerin' some utter with me for groceris and other notions. His pots of cow's grease were dreadful nice on top, and tasted like new milk arter spring grass. It just tuck me all of a heap and I bargined for all the critter had and got tu sellin' him the fixins in exchange. He looked so etarnal soft, and swayed round so all-fired green, that I didn't once hev a dreamin' of the critter's being tricky; so the trade was did up mighty short, and he travelled. Well, just a minit sence, I turned out a pot to sell a customer, I swan tu man of two-thirds on wasn't an *Injin meal dumplin'!*" A burst of laughter here broke from his auditors, and, as they appeared to keep on at it, instead of sympathising with Jed, he

raised himself proudly up under his load of suprise, and moved to the door.

"Ah! ha, ha, ha! *Injin dumplins!* ha! ha!" shouted one of the convulsed listeners as Jed. was retreating.

"You need'nt take on so," says Jed., "for ef he don't think of his sins when he swallers that tea I sold him, then I'm mistaken in the yarb. It's perfectly awful on a man's bowels; specially when he ain't used to it!" and amidst a shout of laughter, Jed disappeared, congratulating himself at least on being even.—*Reville.*

THE TAYLORS AND THE SCOTTS.—

There was quite a scene in the Recorder's office yesterday morning, between two ladies, each of whom had a child in her arms. Mrs. Taylor was a short dumpy woman, with a pair of shoulders broad enough to bear most of the burden of life. She was rather negligent in her dress, but there was an honesty and determination in her face that aroused the dormant sympathies of even the policemen. Mrs. Scott, on the contrary, was a tall woman, with rather a lady like figure. She wore a red shawl, and her gimp bonnet was decked with a profusion of gaudy artificial flowers, thus affording a strong contrast to the plain cap and homely dress of Mrs. Taylor. The infant Scott seemed very delicate and languid, while the infant Taylor was as sturdy a little brat as ever played in a mud puddle, or got scalded by the upsetting of a tea-kettle.

"Ladies," said the Recorder, with his accustomed blandness, "please state your cases." Here a slight squabble took place, which finally ended in Mrs. Scott's being allowed to speak first. Gracefully adjusting the folds of her shawl, with a slight "hem" and an indistinct "huh," she commenced:

"You see, sir, I live next door to that woman; her husband is a common man, who works on a farm up the coasts while my husband is head waiter in a restaurant down town. She is continually insultin' me, and throwin out hints that my baby (not quite three months old, sir) is dyin' of the measles, and the whooping cough kimbinded. Yesterday she told Mrs. Jinkins that I bought the poorest meat in all Poydras market, and that my iggs never was fresh. The day before that she throwed a basin of cold water on my head, as I was walking past with little Winfield in my arms, and the poor child has been sick ever since. I talked to her about it, sir and said I should tell you of it, when she got into a passion, throwed down her own dirty little brat, and struck me in the face."

"That'll do Mrs. Scott; and now for your part of the tale, Mrs. Taylor."

"That woman, yer honor, is intirely above herself.—This here blessed child that's in my arms was born the day that the battle of Pully Altar was fought, and my old man said as how his name should be Zack Taylor, and Zack Taylor I had him christened. Elizer Scott had'nt no baby then, and she's been jealous of me ever since.—She treats me as if I was a nigger, and now she's got young Winfield, she's prouder than ever. She says that my frocks ain't as good as her'n, and that my little Zack when he grows up, will go to the penitentiary. She called me a bad name the other day when I throwd the basin of water on her—I got into a passion, and hit her, and if she bothers me or my little Zack any more, I'll hit her again."

The Recorder gave Mrs. Taylor a sound lecture, and bound her over to keep the peace; whereupon, Mr. Scott walked out of the police office, as happy as a peacock with a full tail strutting in the sun.—*New Orleans Delta.*

"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide, if you won't have me." "Well John, as soon as you give me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."

THE EXPERIMENT.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1817.

Our Experiment, Our Town, Our District, Our Country, and Ourselves.

Our Experiment, only one month old to-day, has a subscription list of over one thousand, thus showing the popularity of the first number, and proving what we have frequently asserted, that all the Canadian people required to make them readers, was a sufficient supply of cheap, interesting, and useful reading to be placed continually before them, and this is the intention of the Experiment, *emphatically* a paper for the *Million*, intended to interest, excite, and draw out the mental and moral faculties of the young, to improve those advanced in years, and to please and cheer the path of the aged. This is a paper, from its cheapness and popularity that will eventually find its way into every family; where there is one in that family that can read, in the Canadas; then who cannot partially foresee the result of this grand "*Experiment*," the amount of talent that it will be the direct agency, in drawing out, that without such agency would ever have laid dormant. We do not mean to be understood that we are more capable of ourselves to draw out, cherish and direct *this talent*, than all that have preceded us, or that is now in the field; but we do mean to be understood, that the Experiment will be read by thousands which no other publication could reach, and from the exciting and *deeply interesting Stories*, its useful and Scientific information, its condensed Summary of all the news of the day, its Biography, together with all the improvements of our country, it will have a direct tendency to *create and foster a taste for reading*, and thereby excite to *action, much talent* that otherwise would never be called out.

Our Towns.—As many of our readers will be anxious to know something about Belleville, for we presume we have some readers that never heard of the place before they saw the name in the Experiment. Well, Belleville is situated on the Bay of Quinte, near its head, which is an arm of Lake Ontario, which stretches and winds its way through one of the richest and most interesting parts of Canada, for a distance of about 75 or 80 miles; the scenery on this Bay is most beautiful, ever reminding one of a trip on the North River, only in a more primitive state. The valley of the Bay of Quinte is not surpassed for richness of soil, or healthfulness of climate, in the Canadas, and we do not know but we might add, for the wealth and intelligence of its yeomanry. This Bay forms a very safe steam-boat navigation, which connects with the great River St. Lawrence at Kingston, and by the late improvements on this River, an uninterrupted steam navigation is connected with the Ocean, through the Gulf of the St. Lawrence; this is all North-easterly from Belle-

ville. This Bay also connects at Kingston with the Lake navigation, which by the aid of the Welland Canal, forms a steam communication through all the great Lakes, running West, North-West, and South-West, from Belleville, for many hundred miles, thus making it as central, and as safe a point as there is in the Colonies. Belleville now numbers nearly four thousand inhabitants, has a Court House and Gaol, six places of public worship, a number of extensive mercantile houses, who import their goods direct from the mother country, some large and beautiful mansions, as well as many neat and tasty cottages. Running through the length of the Town is the Moira River, forming an excellent and unfailing water-power, on which stream is now erected, and erecting, five flouring mills; there are two woollen factories, and a cloth dressing establishment, now in operation, besides much other machinery, such as sash making, pul making, planing, turning, &c. &c., and several saw mills. In short, to give our readers an idea of its rapid growth, we have only to state that last year there were seventy six buildings of different sizes put up, and the present season we would judge there were nearly as many. There are three furnaces in successful operation, and much other manufacturing done. Indeed we look forward to no very distant period when it will be one of the largest manufacturing towns in Western Canada.

Our District, our Country, and Ourselves, we will reserve for another chapter in our next.

We give our readers as full a statement of Mexican news as we were able to gather from the conflicting reports received; but the summary we publish to-day, is from the *New World*, edited by Park Benjamin, Esq., probably as near correct as any yet received.

The Foreign news, as received by the arrival of the *Hibernia*, is of some importance, and somewhat lengthy. It is a condensed summary of all that is important.

It was not our good fortune to be at home when the Ladies' Bazaar came off, as mentioned in our last, but we are told that it was all that we predicted that it would be, a splendid affair. Receipts, £160 some shillings.

Two Weeks Later from Europe.**ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.**

IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.
ADDITIONAL FAILURES.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE CORN TRADE.**Decline in Cotton.****TORNADO IN ST. PETERSBURG, 400 Houses Destroyed.****Probable Troubles in Ireland.**

The steamer *Hibernia*, Capt. Ryzic, was telegraphed off Boston at ten o'clock Saturday morning. She reached the wharf at East Boston at twenty minutes of two in the afternoon.

The commercial intelligence by this arrival is of great importance. Failures still continue.—The following is a list of the principal bankrupt houses.

Allison, Cumberledge & Co., London, liabilities not stated.
Thomas Booker, Sons & Co., London, £50,000
Burnet & Co., London, not stated.
A. & A. Custom, Genoa, £80,000.
Demison & Co., Limerick, not stated.
D. & A. Denny, Glasgow, £100,000.
Ende Bordee, Honfleur, £120,000.
Eels & Co., Venice, not stated.
E. Gemmel, Glasgow, £200,000.
A. A. Gower, Nephew & Co., ———, £1,000,000.

Hartie & Hutchison, London, £100,000.
Oogle & Co., Venice, £30,000.
Matthew Persim, Glasgow, £45,000.
Reid, Irving & Co., London, £1,500,000.
Sanders, Wetherill & Co., Stockton, £30,000.
Sanders & Co., London, £1,500,000.
Thomas Usborn & Co., London, £200,000.
Westlake & Co., Southampton, not stated.
There have been many more extensive failures, and great commercial embarrassment was felt all over Europe.

The stoppage of Messrs. Gemmel, Brothers, was caused by the non-arrival of the last China mail, and its effects have already widely extended, as the commissions of the house were considerable, with Canton, Lima and Valparaiso.

It is stated in the *London Exchange* that a gentleman connected with the firm of Prime & Co., of New York, arrived by the *Cambria*, and that his presence in the city had given confidence and satisfaction. The bills of this house upon Overend, Gurney & Co., which arrived by the *Cambria*, have been accepted in due course. The amount however, was only £2,000.

THE CORN MARKET.

The continued failures in the Corn market sufficiently account for the further depression in the prices of grain. During the first week of the month, on the market day of the 6th ult. prices still continued to recede; but toward the close of the week, both Wheat and Flower were in active requisition. This improvement was farther maintained on the market day of the 13th, when Wheat advanced about 5 s. per quarter, on the quotations of the 6th, and Flour, for which there is an immense demand both in London and Liverpool, advanced 3s. to 4s. per bbl. The top quotation for the better descriptions of Wheat was 62s. per quarter.

In Liverpool the best Western Canal Flour, which on the first was quoted at 25s. per bbl., and barely fetching that price, was selling on the 18th at 28 to 30s. Indian Corn, also, has been in more demand, and higher rates had been paid for it, and the Corn market, at the latest moment, appeared firm; but as large supplies were still expected from abroad, and as the English harvest was admitted to be an abundant one, it is very doubtful whether farther fluctuations would not take place before prices reached their natural level.

Considerable purchases have been made in the market for Belgium and Holland, in consequence of the diseased appearance of the potato crop in those countries, and these purchases have tended to strengthen the market.

The state of commercial affairs and of the Corn trade especially; render it a matter of great difficulty to form a correct judgment on the future course of prices.

At Mark-Lane, both on the 15th and 17th ult., prices were a little higher. There was a limited supply of Wheat, and the stocks of the houses which had failed being withheld from the market, aided to produce a firmer tendency.

The tenor of the advices from the United States, by which it is ascertained that no great supplies can go forward, has contributed to create a better feeling in the corn trade.

Flour was quoted in Liverpool on the 18th at 28s 6d. to 30s, and in London on the 17th at 29s.

THE COTTON MARKET.

The great want of confidence which the late important London failures have produced in the money market, and the fact of the consumption of Cotton still continuing upon a very contracted scale together with the alleged unremunerating state of trade, have tended throughout the week ending 17th

ult., to considerably depress the Liverpool Cotton Market, and to reduce quotations 3-8 of a penny per lb.

This quoted reduction, however, is perhaps rather more than the reality, except for the qualities which have been mostly acted upon, namely:—the middling and inferior, and these are the descriptions which are not fixed by the Broker's Association in the standard price. It is in these that the greatest decline has been seen.

It is quite certain that all reasoning still continues in favor of Cotton; but it is equally certain that if money is not only to be dear but scarce, the trade of the country must suffer to such an extent as very soon to force upon Government the necessity of considering whether the monetary system of the country is fixed upon a right foundation.

Brazils, Egyptians and Surats have all partaken of the fall equally, and the transactions at the decline have been very limited.

The sales for the week ending the 17th, with 1,000 bales on that day, and a very quiet market amount to 14,880 bales, including 120 American and 50 Surat for export.

The quotations, according to the standard of the Brokers' Association are, Fair Upland 6 a 6 3-4, Fair Mobiles 6 7-8: Fair Orleans 7 1-8.

The imports for the week were 40,708 bales, exclusive of four vessels arrived but not reported.

IRELAND.

In Ireland there appears to be a general inclination to resist the repayment of the loans advanced by the Government through the Relief Commissioners to the several poor law boards throughout Ireland for the purpose of alleviating the universal distress which prevailed in that country during the past year. Such conduct will no doubt lead to very serious results, especially if the Government insists upon the repayment of the money.

RUSSIA.

Letters from St. Petersburg of the 7th inst. state that the city had been visited with the most terrible storm of wind and rain ever experienced within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It rained incessantly for 48 hours, while the wind blew with intense violence. The result of this visitation was the destruction of above 400 houses. At one period fears were entertained for the safety of the entire city, and some timid and superstitious persons apprehended that the end of the world was at hand.

Latest Intelligence from Mexico!**THE CAPITAL TAKEN BY GEN. SCOTT.**

AMERICAN LOSS 1,000 TO 1,700!
MEXICAN LOSS 2,500.

GEN. WORTH WOUNDED. GENERAL BRAVO KILLED.**Santa Anna wounded. Riley and his Companions Hung, &c. &c.**

By means of the Express between Mobile and Montgomery, news was received here on Saturday evening from the seat of war in advance of the Mail. The *Sun* and *Herald* issued Extras. The accounts are in some respects exceedingly confused, but there is no doubt that Gen. Scott has taken possession of the Capital after various severe conflicts with the Mexicans. All hopes of speedy peace are now at an end, and we have before us a dark and bloody perspective. We give the particulars as they have reached us:

The steamer James L. Lay, arrived at New Orleans on the 25th ult. with the most important intelligence yet received from the seat of war.

We extract from the *New Orleans Picayune* of the 25th ult. the following particulars:

The *Arco Iris* of Vera Cruz had received letters from Mexico, under date of the 9th, stating that on the 7th the Mexican Commissioners declared that the propositions made by Mr. Trist were inadmissible; in consequence of which General Santa Anna convoked a council of generals, who decided that notice should be given to Gen. Scott that the Armistice was at an end, and appointed the 9th for the recommencement of hostilities.

On the 6th of September, Gen. Scott addressed a letter to Santa Anna from Tacubaya, accusing him of having violated several articles of the armistice, one of which was that not allowing the American army to obtain supplies from the city of Mexico. Gen. Scott demanded an explanation, and concludes as follows.

The account given by the Boletin, represents the battle to have been the most bloody and severely contested of the whole war. This, however, is a Mexican account, it concludes as follows:

"At 11 o'clock the enemy commenced a retrograde movement, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon he withdrew all his forces to Tacubaya, abandoned the two points he had occupied, and blew up the house at Mata, although some say it was set on fire by a bomb from Chapultepec.

"It is believed that Generals Twiggs and Pierce directed the attack, and that they put in motion about 8,000 men.

"It is certain that the fire was more intense and brisk than at Churubusco.

"It is impossible to ascertain the loss of either side. Ours does not amount to 100 killed and 250 wounded.

"There are a few missing—nearly all not killed or wounded retiring to Chapultepec.

"The enemy, according to the confession of an Irishman, who came over to us in the evening, carried off 400 dead and 600 or 700 wounded.

"We have to lament the loss of Gen. Leon, since dead; that of Col. Balberas, of the valiant Cols. Huerla and Galeati, and of the determined Capt. Mateo of Puebla."

A Mexican letter announces that Riley and his Legion of St. Patrick, 70 in number, were ordered by the Court Martial to be hung. The sentence was approved by Gen. Scott, and on the 8th of September the whole Legion were hung in the presence of the army; as also of the enemy.

I hereby formally notify you that if I do not receive the most complete satisfaction on all these points, before 12 o'clock to-morrow, I shall consider the armistice as terminated from that hour.

To this letter General Santa Anna replied at considerable length, and with great severity. He accused General Scott of having violated the terms of the armistice in refusing to allow flour, from the mills in the vicinity, to be brought into the city, and says that the American wagons were driven out of the city on account of the objectionable conduct of the officers accompanying them. Santa Anna also charges Gen. Scott with having sacked the Mexican towns in the vicinity of the capital, and robbed and desecrated the churches, and stealing and destroying articles held sacred by every Mexican. He concludes as follows:

"I flatter myself that your Excellency will be convinced, on calm reflection, on the weight of my reasons; but if by misfortune you should seek only a pretext to deprive the first city of the American continent of an opportunity to free the unarmed population of the horrors of war, there will be left me no other means of salvation but to repel force by force, with the decision and energy which my high obligations impose upon me."

On the 7th, Gen. Herrea, as Commandant of the City of Mexico, addressed the clergy, exhorting them to exert all their influence to incite the people to arm themselves, and prepare to resist the American army.

On the 8th Gen. Scott attacked the Mill del Rey or King's Mill, in the immediate vicinity of Chapultepec, and according to the *Diario del Gobierno* and the *Boletin*, published at Athlisco, near Puebla, our army was repulsed, after a short conflict, in which we lost about 400 in killed, and from 600 to 700 in wounded, and fell back upon Tacubaya.

We translate the subjoined letter from Jalapa to the *Arco Iris*, without vouching for its correctness.

"When Gen. Perez abandoned the mill El Rey, a bomb discharged from Chapultepec, fell among the ammunition waggon of the enemy in the yard of the mill, causing four of them to explode, by which 800 Americans are said to have been blown up, including Gen. Worth, who according to the accounts, had not been seen or heard from the following day at Tacubaya."

The next accounts we have from the Capitol, come in a letter to the *Arco Iris*, dated the 10th inst., of which the following is an extract

"The Mexican Government has taken three hundred thousand dollars, which were being sent by a commercial house to the enemy's camp.—Gen. Smith has expired. By the enclosed slip you will see that the Americans mutilated and cruelly assassinated the poor Irish who were taken at the battle of Churubusco."

Another letter from the Capitol, under date of 11th and 12th, says:

"It appears that the enemy is convinced of the improbability of reducing the city by any other means than by bombarding it: because there is no doubt that he has lost 900 to 1,000 men, who were placed *hors du combat* by the action of the 8th, and among them thirty-seven officers and three colonels were killed, and one wounded. It appears that the death of Gen. Pillow is uncertain.

"They have expelled from their houses all the inhabitants of the village of Mixcoac, in order to establish there their hospitals and headquarters."

"On the 12th Sept, at 5 o'clock in the morning the bell awoke us by the announcement of an alarm. The batteries of San Antonio Abad, and corresponding battery of the enemy, opened upon each other. We have seen discharged by the enemy a multitude of bombs, the greater number of which burst in the air long before they reached our trenches. At the same hour a firing commenced at Chapultepec, on the right side of the town, and in the mountains whence came the attack. A short distance from the enemy were stationed our forces of cavalry and infantry, who were watching the foe. We opened at half after six, from the battery of Garipa de Belen, or it may be from that starting from the end of Bacco Nuevo, which is situated in the angle, formed by the causeway leading to the villages of La Piedad and Tacubaya."

This brings us, says the *Picayune*, to the 12th but at what hour of the day the letter was closed we are not informed. Of the eventual denouement, we have only a brief account, but sufficient to assure us that the Americans have achieved a brilliant triumph, and that our army is revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas. The only reliable account we have of the struggle before the Capital, is in a letter addressed to Mr. Diamond, our Collector at Vera Cruz, from Orizaba.

Our friend of the *Picton Sun* tells us of a large Watermelon presented to him, weighing a good many pounds, and measuring some feet in diameter, grown by D. Leavens, Esq. Then he again tells us of the productiveness of one pumpkin seed, producing 400 lbs. of pumpkin in the aggregate; thirteen in number, the largest weighing 50 lbs. Then winds up by saying that this was all done by only an Irishman—insinuating that a Yankee could have grown them much larger.

Then our friend of the *Chronicle* comes out with his large Potato, weighing 2 lbs., grown by D. Jones, Esq., and he not an Irishman! and his large Beet and Carrot, grown by Mrs. Houson.

But what is all the above in comparison to what we ourselves have grown, the present season, in our own door yard, small as it is?—From one Citron seed we produced 666 ft. 9 in. of vine, and 66 1-2 lbs. of Citron. And also, a Radish which weighed 5 lbs. Beat this will you?

SOLUTION OF THE MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, proposed in the September number of the *EXPERIMENT*.—By the Proposer.

Let A's share of the potatoes be equal x , then B's share = $2,200 - x$ and $1,500 - x$; the price A pays per bushel, $1500 - 2200 - x$; the price B pays per bushel. But A pays 3d. more than B, therefore $1500 - x$; $1500 - 2200 - x \times 1 - 4$ by multiplication and transposition, we have $1 - 4 \times 3,550 - 3,300,000$ then x^2 ; then $x = 2 - 14200x$; $132 - 6000$, then $x^2 = 14,200 \times 50,410,000$; $37,210,000$ then by extraction of roots we have $x = 7,100$; $-6,100$, but the plus sign cannot be taken because $x < 2,200$, therefore $x = 7,100$; $-6,100$, whence by transposition we have $x = 7,100 - 6,100 = 1,000$ and $1,500 - 1,000 = 500$. 1s. 6d. A's price per bushel, and 1s. 3d.; B's price per bushel $2,200 - 1,000 = 1,200$, the number of bushels for B, therefore A gets 1,000 bushels at 1s. 6d., B gets 1,200, bushels at 1s. 3d.

A MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

For the Experiment. It is required to divide 34 in two parts, that if the greater be divided by the less, and the less by the greater, that the greater quotient be equal to the lesser multiplied by 25.

G. R. N.—3.

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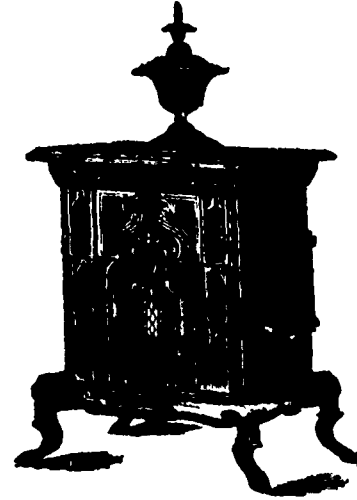
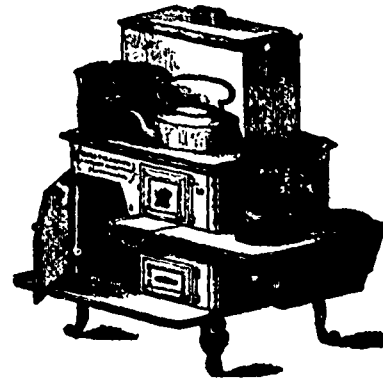


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Front Shop directly opposite the Farmer's Inn, and a few doors above the Victoria Building's, Front Street Belleville.

Belleville, October 11, 1847.

TO LET.

THE BRICK STORE,

partially occupied by John Reid, Esq., and situated on the corner of Front and Bridge Streets. This Store has recently undergone alterations and improvements, by which it is rendered one of the best places for business in Town. Rent Low. Apply to

JOHN ROSS.

Belleville, 15th October, 1847.

"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite and accomplished gentleman, upon a certain occasion, "but I would merely remark in the language of the poet, that to him 'truth is strange—stranger than fiction!'"

BROKEN FORTUNES.—Broken fortunes are like broken columns, the lower they sink, the greater weight they have to sustain.—*Ovid*.

THE LAST CURIOUS.—A friend has presented us with the autograph of the black-smith that riveted the public gaze.

An honest farmer thus writes to the Chairman of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society: "Gentleman, please to put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

ANOTHER EXPRESS ROBBERY.

Yesterday morning about 9 o'clock, a robbery was committed at the depot of the Reading railroad, corner of Broad and Vine streets, as the cars were about starting. The conductors upon the road are in the habit of doing business, carrying money, &c., for the banks and coal companies, and other persons, of this city, to their agents in Pottsville, and for this purpose carry a strong box for the reception of packages, and which is usually locked up in the forward car, in a closet made expressly for the purpose. Yesterday morning Mr. Frederick Keely, one of the conductors, placed his box as usual in the closet, which he securely fastened, but while he was getting the hind cars of the train connected, the door of the closet was unlocked, and the box abstracted by some daring villain, and the door left open.

The box contained a package of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, addressed to Mr. Keely, containing \$2,000 in \$5s and \$10s of said bank; a package of gold containing from \$800 to \$1,000, the property of F. M. Drexel, and another package containing about \$1,200, \$700 in Girard \$5s and \$500 Bank of Northern Liberties \$1s and \$2s, besides \$30 in specie, directed to John Curran, of Mount Carbon, forwarded by the Coal Company. The box was about two feet long and one wide, painted green, and marked F. K.

It is believed the robbery was committed by experienced hands, and probably more than one was concerned in it, for the conductor was not absent over five minutes. The whole amount of money stolen is stated to be \$4,780.

From the Pennsylvanian

About noon a man was arrested charged with the robbery, and taken before the Mayor, but there being no evidence against him, he was honorably discharged.

In the afternoon, a man named James Stroud, was arrested in the district of Spring Garden, by constable Keyser, upon suspicion, and taken before Alderman Lutz, Vine street near 13th. After a patient hearing, he was held to bail for a further hearing to-day. A female who was seen in company with the prisoner in the morning, was also arrested as an accomplice. Her innocence being fully made out, she was set at liberty.—*Phil. News*.

GENERAL TORREJON.—This Mexican officer appears to be favored with an extra supply of lives, for he has been killed in every one of the great battles. At Palo Alto he was slain by a grape shot; at Monterey by a Texacan rifle bullet; Buena Vista by a thrust from a bayonet; at Cerro Gordo his body was found upon the field at the close of the fight; and now he has been killed at Contreras. It is unlucky for him that his aptitude for getting himself killed is on a par with his faculty at coming to life again.

Cheap Publications.

HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY. Price, One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

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TABLE TALK, by William Hazlitt. Price, One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN, by Sir Francis Bond Head. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, by Roscoe. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

All the above are from Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading and Foreign Library. That, together with the Authors' names, is quite sufficient to recommend them to the public.

For sale at the Victoria Bookstore, by J. WILSON, Publisher, Front-st., Belleville.

BEAUTY.

We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality; but we cannot think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she is gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper, good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reverence and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled tea cup; for we should expect nothing from it. We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and is full of good nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Reinwilliers, the famous prisoner. The word was no sooner spoken, than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fit seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrank from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. We have been so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in our eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who snuggled with the Goule in the 'Arabian Nights,' must have been a beauty of this species.

A PERUVIAN PARADISE.—The favorite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distance from the capital. In this delicious vally, locked up within the friendly arms of the sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and toil of the city, they loved to retreat, and solace themselves with the society of their favorite concubines—wandering amidst groves and airy gardens, that shed around their soft intoxicating odors, and lulled the senses to voluptuous repose. Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of chrysal water, which were conducted through subterraneous silver channels into basins of

gold. The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers, that grew without effort in this temperate region of the tropics; while parterres of a more extraordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skilfully imitated in gold and silver. Among them, the Indian corn—the most beautiful of American grains—is particularly commemorated; and curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that flowed gracefully from its top. If this dazzling picture staggers the faith of the reader, he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold; that the natives understood the art of working the mines to a considerable extent; that none of the ore, as we shall see hereafter, was converted into coin; and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign, for his own exclusive benefit whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is, that no fact is better attested by the conquerors themselves, who had ample means of information, and no motive for misstatement. The Italian poets, in their gorgeous pictures of the garden of Alcina and Morgana, came nearer the truth than they imagined.—*History of the Conquest of Peru.*

FUNERAL OF SILAS WRIGHT.—The Ogdensburgh Republican, of the 31st ult., has the following:

The funeral service and burial was held at Canton, on Sunday last. The number of our citizens from all parts of the country who were present, was so great, that a part only were able to obtain a place within the spacious church where the services were held. The discourse was delivered by the Rev Hiram S. Johnson, an old friend and neighbor, than whom probably no man living was more intimate with the deceased. When he mentioned the commencement of his early acquaintance with Mr. Wright, in the year 1811, as a fellow student, and continued and uninterrupted friendship existing between them ever after, he was most deeply moved. He spoke from his knowledge of the private virtues of the deceased in early life, with a truthful earnestness, deeply affecting the entire congregation.

The mortal remains of our distinguished and beloved friend and neighbor are deposited in the grave! The decrees of Providence are inscrutable, and we bow to the severe affliction.

A REMARKABLE COUPLE.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1777, gives the following as the extract of a letter from Lanark:—"Old William Douglass and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; that they were constant companions, till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and at the age of nineteen were married with the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sickness until the day before their deaths; and the day on which they died they were exactly one hundred years old.—They died in one bed, and were buried in one grave, close to the font were they were christened.

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