

The Chronicle



Chronicle

"Voc Reue, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

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The Chronicle.

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THE GAMBLER.

A gambler wounded in a duel.—His miserable state of mind.—No hope to be conceived.—His change of fortune.—Dread of death.—Despair.—Bliss of heaven.—A final attempt.—It fails.—His death.

From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

When I attempted to pray by him, or read any portion of the Scriptures. At length I pressed him to receive the sacrament: he affected to receive my proposal with a smile of incredulous derision; but it was a smile, however, that betokened rather a secret of heart, than composure of spirit.

The awful moment of departure at length arrived. I was summoned to his bedside early in the morning. I proceeded, with delay, to witness a scene which I had for some time looked forward to with painful anticipation. The wretched man always received my visits kindly, though I could not prevail upon him to listen to the words of eternal life. He appreciated my attentions, but my exertions were lost upon him.

When I reached his chamber, I perceived a striking change. Pale and ghastly, he slowly rolled his eyes towards me, then fixed them with a morose stare, upon the ceiling. The lids were galled and red, the orbs within them glassy and bloodshot, as if the night had passed in the most fearful physical struggle. The broad forehead was puckered up into large wrinkles, though his age could not have exceeded forty, while the cheeks had sunk upon the bone, the skin hanging upon it on either side, like a shroud, and as one from suffering and neglect.

For several minutes the dying man stared not a muscle of his countenance, nor withdrew his eyes from the object upon which he had first fixed them. His mouth was open, showing the brown tongue, which protruded from between the relaxed jaws, giving an expression almost hideous to his countenance. I took him by the hand—the dew of death was upon it. I endeavoured to excite his attention by some words of comfort, though his soul could no longer be the recipient of comfort. My words, nevertheless, seemed to call him back to consciousness, for he turned his eyes upon me, and slugged down, opening them to the full extent, a look of dreadful conviction for a moment sufficed his torpid thoughts, and every feature was settled in a wild expression of horror. He absolutely shrieked under the excess of his mental agonies. A signal retribution, has indeed suddenly overtaken him. He became sensible that the hour of his departure was at hand, and was agitated under the fearful prospect.

"I am dying," he said, at length, almost with a sob. "I am going to hell—of hell—but, why there? What can a man do in forty years to merit such a doom for eternity? And yet, I know not, there may be an everlasting retribution—priests tell us so."

I made an effort to abate his extreme excitement, but it was unavailing.

"God go," he cried, "torment me not now—the torments of the damned cannot go beyond what I at this moment suffer. If this be a foretaste of future—wo—wo—wo! But why should I believe what I have ever denied? Leave me—let me die if assured, at least, and troubled, away by my over-thoughts."

His horror increased to a pitch of intense perturbation, as his end drew near. In spite of the pertinacity with which he rejected all spiritual consolation, he could not still those whispers within which told a fearful tale of blighted prospects and frightful apprehensions. He at length became sensible that to die, was to be cut off at once from every enjoyment and from every hope. The labors of his conscience were terrible. Renorse stung him to the soul, while his convulsed body writhed under the stern visitation. He had no power, from torment—no intermission of peace—no respite, and that most volatile which had length broken out into fierce eruption within, poured its burning tide upon his desolate heart, which shrank, blasted, under the inscrutable agony!

At times, during the pauses of his fiercer paroxysms, he would lay sullen and malignant, blaspheming that God whom he could no longer hope to propitiate, while the scalding excretions of despair trickled over his throbbing temples. His hair matted with perspiration, which streamed from his forehead, and trickled into the deeply worn furrows of his withered cheeks; and so visible and so intense were the inward agitations which convulsed his bosom, that the nurse, accustomed as she was to such scenes, wiped a tear from her eye, as she gazed upon the miserable sufferer.

The horror death approached the more acute were his internal struggles; and even in his very silence there was a something more dreadful than the tongue either dared or could avow.

Every now and then he gazed with strained and glowing eyeballs round his apartment, until his disordered imagination raised monstrous phantasies, which shrieked and gibbered before his disordered fancy, causing him, and welcoming him to their infernal abode. Upon the brightest occasion of his memory, scenes of past guilt were reflected with vivid fidelity; and, overpowered by these frightful visitations, he sank, at length, into a state of insensibility. His eyes were continually wandering, as if in pursuit of some sinister object, and he constantly shuddered, with a convulsive emotion, at the spectres which his appalled imagination continued to conjure up.

I did everything to alleviate the mental pangs, which, like a night mare, over his departed soul, and besought him with earnestness to receive the last consolations of religion. In vain! he would not listen, but repelled me with an angry scowl.

"Would you have me die a hypocrite?" he cried, with an energy which almost made me start. "No, let it not be said, that I lent myself to a mockery which I despise."

But, and I still leath to let him expire in such a state of spiritual bereavement, if but one spark of faith could be kindled in his soul—why should you think that a mockery which is the consolation of millions? Is it likely that the individual should be right in adopting a creed from which he derives no consolation, and that the million should be wrong in embracing a faith that imparts to them at least a relative happiness here, with the hopes of eternal and perfect happiness hereafter? Does not the utter uncertainty in which your principles of belief—end, fairly lead to the inference, that they are unsound? They supply no grounds of confidence. In your mind all uncertainty, and doubt, and gloom. On the other hand, the faith of the Christian believer brings him peace at the last. He has no misgivings. He feels certain of a blessed immortality, and dies with the conviction of being exalted to communion with his God. Weigh then these two facts together, and see on which side the balance of advantage inclines."

"It is too late now," he replied, mournfully; "my die is cast; and if there be a future retribution, I must be one of the doomed."

He gasped—but when I brought him to pray, he answered with a vehement acuteness of tone and gesture.

"Pray I cannot. I may mock the Omnipotent, but am unable to prostrate my stubborn spirit; the taint of guilt has pervaded too deeply. You have the written record of my past life, and you will there read, when these bones are mouldering under the sod, what a fruitless life mine has been—how stained with the dark lines of guilt."

"But a prayer for mercy at Heaven's throne may not, even now, be fruitless."

"From me, it would be worse than blasphemy. My lips may utter the accents of supplication; but

the aspirations of my soul can never go up for a memorial to Heaven. I have no hope. I have lived without God in time, and must, therefore, live without him in eternity. What then have I to do with prayer?"

He again gasped for breath, and his whole frame, because, for a moment, convulsed. There was a strange and almost supernatural glare in his eye, which indicated in characters not to be misunderstood, the violence of his mental conflict. The father was already heard in his throat; a clammy dew suffused his forehead; his lips became blanched; and it was evident that his last hour was come. Death stood over him, like an enemy and avenger, gazing in the grim severity of his countenance. The wretched man quailed beneath the stroke, as if he had been smitten with the arm of a demon. He stared wildly around him. The phlegm bubbled faintly between his lips, and his teeth were set.

"What a moment!" he exclaimed, shuddering, "how the fiends tear my polluted soul from the corrupt body, which it must so shortly quit! God, is there no mercy for me?"

"Repentance may still come," said I, grasping his hand.

"Do me never—contrition is beyond my power. Do not mock me. Cheat me not with the illusions of hope; they must soon vanish into horrible realities. I must soon pay for the past, because of my sin; for the future; but repent I cannot. My stubborn soul is too stiffly clogged with the principles of corruption, to be melted down into a holy and available penitence."

His words now came, from him in quick convulsive sobs; the phlegm rattled still more audibly in his throat, so as to render his articulation thick and indistinct.

"Here was my hope for me," he continued, "my heart would not now be on the rack of despair. The writhings of a distempored and condemned spirit clearly indicate my doom."

"The robber on the cross was pardoned," I observed, as he passed to breathe.

"But I am more than a robber," he cried, with a fierce hysterical laugh; "for a long term of years I have been familiar only with crime. I am not—I cannot be fit for the party of heaven. I have been such a place, for this eternal communion of sinners. There's a hell burning within me which gives me a terrible sense of what may be the condition of my future. My hand on the cross was pardoned, but the grasp of death on me—the howling of the damned now bursts upon my startled ear. Hear their shrieks!—hear their shrieks!—away—away Satan will have his own. They! there? I cannot lose me—save me—tear me from him! I am already in his grasp—ah—ah—ah—crush—rescue me! Now he smothered—he strangled—he gripped the hard—hard—hard—!—!—!—"

His glazed and rayless eyes turned inward with an expression of paralytic horror. He struggled, he groined, he could not—his teeth ground; he clenched his hands in agony; and with a strong convulsive shudder, expired! I have never witnessed so awful a death.

[To be continued.]

It has been found that by mixing certain colouring substances with the food of animals, the bones will soon become deeply tinged by them. (This fact was discovered accidentally by Mr. Bellier, who gives the following account of the circumstances that led him to notice it. Happening to be dining with a calico-printer on a leg of fresh-pork, he was surprised to observe that the bones, instead of being white as usual, were of a deep red colour; and on inquiring into the circumstances, he learned that the pig had been fed upon the refuse of the dyeing vat, which contained a large quantity of the colouring substance of madder. So curious a fact naturally attracted much attention among physiologists; and many experiments were undertaken, with a view to ascertain the time required to produce this change, and to determine whether the effect was permanent, or only temporary. The red tinge was found to be communicated much more quickly to the bones of growing animals, than to those which had already attained their full size. Thus, the bones of a young pigeon were tinged of a rose colour in twenty-four hours, and of a deep scarlet in three days; while in the adult bird, fifteen days were required merely to produce the rose colour. The dye was more intense in the solid parts of those bones which were nearest to the centre of circulation, while in bones of equal solidity but more remote from the heart, the tinge was fainter. When this diet was discontinued, the colour became gradually more faint, till it entirely disappeared.—*Reget.*

In an enclosure on the outside of my garden is a small heap of manure, the materials of which came partly from the stable and partly from the sea-shore. In a little hollow on the side of this heap, under a sort of pent-house formed by a lock of the sea-weed, a redoubt has built her nest, and hatched her young, unmolested by the gardeners or other persons who are continually passing by; for her situation is almost close to the garden-door; and to all appearance, insensible of any inconvenience from the manure-heap having been recently dug away, within a couple of feet of her nest, which she goes in an out of with little scruple, in the presence of any one who happens to be near. The fact is perhaps, not unworthy of notice, both on account of the substance on which the bird has chosen to establish herself, and of the public and much frequented situation.

A twelvemonth ago, I observed another redoubt's nest very pleasantly situated in a window of a house, at that time my residence, which stood in a garden. The house was almost covered with ivy; and round some of the windows was a light trellis, with which roses and other flower-

ing plants were interwoven. On the sill of one of the windows, and in a snug recess within the trellis, the redoubt took up her abode, where she might be continually seen from the parlour to which the window belonged, during the whole process of incubation, till, in due time, she carried off her young brood in safety. She was much the object of observation to different members of the family, and often would have escaped notice, as she sat patiently on her nest, but for the bright sparkling of her eye, which seemed to speculate on the observations as curiously as theirs did on her. But the window never being opened, and care being taken not to disturb her, she arrived prosperously at the termination of her maternal career.—*Field Naturalist.*

Notwithstanding the still great prevalence of sensuality in civilized countries, history shows that formerly it was far greater, and more general, and has decreased as civilization has advanced. For proof of this, examine historically the prevalence of almost any sensual and vicious propensity, the indulgence of which tends to shorten life, and it will be found to have been formerly far greater than now. Take the vice of drunkenness, which, as every one knows, has destroyed innumerable human beings, and history will show, that in proportion as men and nations have become enlightened, they have regarded this vice as more odious. Savages are generally prone to intoxication. They regard drunkenness as bliss, and will part with anything they have for rum. On the revival of literature after the dark ages, intemperance in drinking was exceedingly prevalent; but, as men became more enlightened, they had recourse to measures calculated to prevent it. And, it is a curious fact, that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Temperance Societies were formed by the most intelligent and influential men, for the purpose of stopping intemperance in drinking. One was called the Society of St. Christopher; others were called Temperance Societies, and the members of one took the appropriate name of the Golden Band. These societies were productive of great good; they improved the manners, and the establishment of good order. As respects intemperance in England, if we go back but one hundred years, we shall find it far more general than at present. One hundred years ago there was scarcely a store in London where intoxicating liquors were not kept for sale. The physicians of London at that time stated to Parliament, that the victims of intemperance were exceedingly numerous; and this caused the number of dram-shops to be limited by law. The French were once exceedingly addicted to intoxication; their rulers enacted many and severe laws to repress the habit; destroying all the vines of the country—imprisonment—stripping—cutting off the ears of those found intoxicated, were successively resorted to, but with little effect towards arresting the evil. The age of Louis XIV. by creating a taste for intellectual and refined pleasure, did more to arrest intemperance in France, than all the laws of former rulers. It is to the influence which a taste for intellectual pursuits exerts, that we must look, to effect and perpetuate a deliverance from sensuality. It was, in fact, increased intelligence, and a growing love for intellectual enjoyment, that enabled the people of this country to effect the reformation which they have produced, in the use of intoxicating drink. Temperance Societies, to be sure, did much good; but they were an effect themselves of the more general diffusion of love and knowledge, and could not have been sustained thirty years, nor by a people less intelligent.—*Brigham on Health.*

THE ORGANS OF SENSE.

Touch.—Five senses are generally attributed to the most perfect animals, viz. sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing, of which the eye, the nose, the tongue, and the skin or general surface of the body, and the ear, are considered the appropriate organs. Every animal possesses one or more of these faculties, which enable it to maintain its connexion with the external world, and deprived of which it would, in fact, cease to be an animal. For had it no sensations, it would want stimulus to action; but thought and motion are both action, and would both, therefore be extinct; and the animal, fixed to the spot, and insensible to all the objects by which it was surrounded, would cease to be an animal; it would be a plant. On the contrary, the more sensibility an animal possesses, the more energetic and frequent are its movements; the oyster, which in its perceptions is extremely limited, scarcely ever leaves the same place, its movements being chiefly confined to such muscular contractions as take place within its shell; while the bird, endowed with sensibility in a high

degree, is always in action. It has even been thought that the same distinction might be extended to man, and that those who receive very lively impressions from their senses, exhibit also a greater portion of energy and activity.

Touch is the most generally diffused of our senses, and the most generally useful. It enables us to acquire notions respecting the figure, size, weight, hardness, or softness, temperature, distance, &c., of bodies, and the great number of different objects to which it can be directed have caused, particularly of late years, a pretty general impression, that it should be considered rather as many than as one sense.

The use of the senses being to make us acquainted with the qualities of various objects, it became necessary that their organs should be placed in the surface of our bodies. The whole skin is, in man, of two distinct layers, the *dermis* or true skin, which is internal, and the *epidermis* or scarf-skin, which is external. The former, which constitutes the immediate and proper envelope of the body, is formed of fine plant, and flexible scales, closely matted together, and perforated by innumerable vessels, for the purpose of carrying on the perspiration and absorption which takes place from the surface, as well as by the extremities of the nerves, which, by an inspection by the microscope shows rising through it. These nerves, therefore, constitute the internal part of the organ of sense in touch; but were they directly brought into contact with the objects of which they are to judge, they would, from their extreme sensibility give us scarce any other perception than that of pain, which we know to arise when any sensation is carried to excess.

To prevent this, therefore, the external part of the organ of touch is added, namely the *scarf-skin*, which is a fine transparent flexible envelope, placed over the entire body, completely insensible itself, and blunting the sensibility of the nerves. It is, in fact, a sort of cushion, which, by its distance coming between them and the bodies touched. It is this scarf-skin which is removed by the application of a blister, and we well know what pain results from the simple exposure to the air of the unprotected ends of the nerves. The uses then, of the two parts of the organ of touch are perfectly distinct, and they have their peculiarity; that the external is used to diminish the force of the impression by which it reaches the internal, while in the eye and the ear the object seems to be to concentrate and increase.

Besides being an organ of touch, the skin is also meant to be an organ of protection. The conditions necessary for each of these ends are so inconsistent, that the one can only be perfected at the expense of the other; and as delicate sensibility is more important to man than in other animals, while these latter, being deprived of the resources afforded by reason, stand more in need of defence against external injury, we accordingly find that the skin is best adapted in man to convey the sense of touch, and in the lower animals for defence, and it is further adapted for this, by the addition of fur, bristles, hair, feathers, crust, shell, &c., all of which diminish its utility as a delicate organ. When the latter condition, however, becomes again requisite, means are taken to ensure its presence, and membranes of the wings of the bat, supplied with nerves, are so extremely sensitive, as to enable it by their alone, even when its eyes are shut, to avoid numerous obstacles placed in its way.

But the perfection of the sense seems to be situated in the hand, than which there is no organ more fully adapted for its exercise. At the extremity of a long flexible tendon, it can be easily applied and moved in directions round the object to be touched; composed of several small muscles (many are twenty-seven), it obtains motions on each other, a sufficient of flexibility, which becomes crossed towards the end, where it also into separate fingers thick supplied with nerves, numerous sensitive, supported, particular the ends of the fingers, by cushion, which enables them with the greatest accuracy while they are stimulated to act by the rush of blood to the tissue in which they are contained, the hand concentrates its sense in its greatest perfection, and is able to obtain perceiving in accuracy and delicacy, the paw, the tail, the lower animals.

ARTIFICIAL W. responded to the letter from Italy following ac

the residence of the Duke of Devonshire:

"The water works are beautiful. There is one pond with a jet in the centre, throwing water to the height of ninety feet, and another of sixty feet. The water tree is quite a curiosity, and I understand the Duke takes great pleasure in soaking his friends under it. It is a tall tree, the trunk, branches, and leaves of which are made entirely of copper, and painted to imitate nature. His Grace then invites a party of ladies, for instance, to examine this singular plant, and as soon as they are close to it, at a given signal, every leaf becomes a water spout, and at the same instant numberless streams issue from the ground and hedges around, and before persons can escape, they are completely drenched. Of course the victims must appear pleased with this ungracious act of His Grace. The gardener attempted to catch your humble servant in this way, but I smelt the rat, and told him that I could 'see as well a little farther off.' The most beautiful part of the work is the great cascade. By opening a valve, a vast quantity of water rushes violently from the roof of a beautiful temple, and from the mouths of lions, dolphins, sea-nymphs, &c.—its ornaments; and falling into a basin in front of it, from which also several fountains issue, it is thence discharged over a series of stone steps down a distance of 250 yards, and having reached the bottom sinks into the ground immediately at your feet, and disappears as if by magic. These works are supplied by a reservoir which is said to cover four acres of ground."

The manner in which corn is preserved in Morocco is deserving of mention. It is stored in deep pits, the sides of which are covered with reeds and straw, the top part being matted, and straw placed over it. The grain is then deposited, and protected at top by straw being piled over it; the opening is covered by a cloth over which the earth is he

applied, and the most generally useful.

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was sacred, his power and jurisdiction almost unbounded; he was the supreme interpreter of the laws. Not only was he bound to consult him in every doubtful case, and to receive his responses with implicit deference. An appeal lay from the Royal Judges, as well as from those appointed by the Barons within their respective territories. Even when no appeal was made to him, he could interfere by his authority, prohibit the ordinary judges to proceed, take immediate cognizance of the cause himself, and remove the party accused to the manifestation, or prison of the state, to which no person had access but by his permission. His power was exerted with no less vigour and effect in superintending the Administration of Government, than in regulating the course of justice. He was the prerogative of the justitia to inspect the conduct of the King. He had a title to review all the Royal Proclamations and patents, and to declare whether or not they were agreeable to law, and ought to be carried into execution. He, by his sole authority, could exclude any of the King's Ministers from the conduct of affairs, and call them to answer for their mal-administration. He himself was accountable to the Cortes only, for the manner in which he discharged the duties of his high office and performed functions of the greatest importance that could be committed to a subject.

It is evident, from a bare enumeration of the privileges of the Arragonese Cortes, as well as of the rights belonging to the justitia, that a very small portion of power remained in the hands of the King. The Arragonese seem to have been solicitous that their Monarchs should know and feel their state of impotence to which they were reduced. Even in securing allegiance to their Sovereign, they devised an oath, in such a form, as to remind him of his dependence on his subjects. We, said the justitia, to the King, in name of his high spirited Barons, who are each of us as good, and who are really a much more powerful than you, promise obedience to your Government, if you maintain our rights and liberties; but if not, not.

The Cortes not only opposed the attempts of their Kings to increase their revenue, or to extend their prerogative, but they claimed rights, and exercised powers which will appear extraordinary, even in a country accustomed to the enjoyment of liberty. It was the privilege of the Cortes to name the officers who commanded the troops raised by their authority. The attachment of the Arragonese to this singular constitution of Government was extreme, and their respect for it approached to superstitious veneration.

We are glad to find that Lord Palmerston has announced in the House of Commons, that the British Force now employed on the Coast of Spain would remain decidedly neutral with regard to the new Constitution imposed on the Queen Regent.

CONQUEST'S INQUEST.—An Inquest was held at Westmoreland Point, in the County of Westmoreland, on the 15th inst., by Andrew Weldon, Esquire, Coroner, on view of the body of Joseph Bulmer, who was knocked overboard on the schooner *Pilgrim* on the 29th August last. Verdict, accidental death by drowning.

It appeared in evidence that at the time the above-mentioned accident happened, the *Pilgrim* was under weigh near the head of the Bay of Fundy, with a heavy sea running, that Mr. Bulmer went forward to ease off the sail, when it struck him, and knocked him overboard; every exertion was made by the master of the vessel to save him, but without effect. Mr. B. was a single man, aged about twenty years.—*City Gazette.*

On the 9th inst., a small vessel, about 3 tons, having but a small quantity of ballast in the hold, and a number of barrels of pickled fish on deck, left Montserrat for the Grand Passage. Whereabout four miles from her place of starting, she was observed by some persons on shore, but suddenly disappeared; and it was supposed that, being struck by a gust of wind, her deck-load, which was not secured, rolled to leeward, and being without sufficient ballast, she upset. The names of the persons on board were Michael Ajiqoen, Vital G. Saulnier, and Peter J. Saulnier; who have not since been heard of, and have undoubtedly found a wery grave. Two of them have left families. The punt belonging to the vessel, as we understand, since drifted on shore.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

We learn that Judge Wiswell died on the 10th inst. at Annapolis. He was usually esteemed a worthy man, and an excellent Judge.—*Id.*

There is much satisfaction in publishing the talents and learning of our Chief Justice appear to be appreciated abroad as well as at home.—*Courier.*

Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Lewis C. Cass, Secretary of the Hon. Ward Chipman, Chief Justice of the Province of New-Brunswick, by the University of Hildesheim, at Harvard University on the 21st.—*Boston Evening Gazette, Sept. 2.*

From the Royal Gazette of Wednesday.

BY AUTHORITY.
WHEREAS, That in and to the Acts of Parliament passed for the better regulation of the Government of His Majesty's Colonies, it is enacted, that no money should be paid out of the Treasury for the payment of any account or claim, unless such claim is preferred within two months of the expiration of the year within which the same has been performed.

and no account or claim which such Officer may have against the Government, being first duly examined and allowed, to be paid by Warrant of the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief of the Province, for the time being, and no otherwise.

By command of His Excellency in Council,
Philip Hays, Esquire, to open the sum of fifty pounds, appropriated to explore a Road from Bois, on the Miramichi, to Woodstock.

CIVIL APPOINTMENT.
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HEAD QUARTERS, Fredericton, 23d September, 1838.
MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.
The Troop of York Light Dragoons, (commanded by Captain Wm. Woodford) attached to the 1st Battalion York County Militia, not having complied with the rules and regulations voluntarily entered into for its guidance:—
His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor or Commander in Chief has been pleased to order that the said Troop be dissolved.

By His Excellency's command,
GEORGE SHORE, A. G. M.

NEW ORLEANS, Sep. 6.—Our city is excited with the occurrences of the last few days, especially of the last night. There are many differing relations of the facts in the case.

It appears that a party of from six to a dozen persons proceeded to the house of Judge Bernadez, last night about nine or ten o'clock, as is supposed, for the purpose of assaulting the Judge. When the Judge and some one or two friends within, were apprised of their entering or wish to enter his house, the Judge appeared with those within, armed with pistols, dirks and swords, and in the strife three young men, of those without, were stabbed, and two died instantly; the other has since died. It is reported this morning. The Judge lost two fingers in the affray. This horrid affair grew out of the case and trial of Giguel. This young man had killed Mr. Bruz, a week ago, and a considerable excitement prevailed during his trial for the same. He was committed by Judge Prevail, and then brought before Judge Bernadez on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and by him admitted to bail. As this decision became known, excitement prevailed in the community generally, and among the friends of Mr. Bruz particularly; and it is supposed, to assault, or Lynch, the Judge. The feeling of the community appears to be opposed to the Judge; (know not whether justly or not). But they generally think that Giguel was a bad fellow. It is reported that he was a little orphan boy, who, a few weeks ago, for some trifling offence, was committed to the workhouse by Judge Prevail. The names of the young men killed were John C. Egan, John Bailey, Jr. of New York, and the other's name is as yet unknown to me. They are said to be of our most respectable young men.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

The Thermometer at New York, on Monday, stood at 82°, and on Tuesday at 84°.

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RAILWAY IN IRELAND.—The survey of the Great Central Irish Railway (Grand Junction) connecting Dublin with Liverpool, is in progress, and is proceeding with accelerated rapidity. The line is intended for this splendid undertaking is peculiarly adapted for railway construction, presenting a continuation of levels unequalled in this Kingdom. Whilst proceeding at a distance from either canal and from any other contemplated railway, at every stage it promises to become remunerative.—*Fremantle.*

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Interesting from Rio Grande.—By the brig *William Henry*, Capt. Winsor, at this port on Saturday morning from Rio Grande, we learn that information had been received from Port Alegre of a battle fought there on the 30th June between the insurgents numbered about 700, and attacked the entrenchments raised by themselves when in possession of the town, with heavy loss in killed and wounded and by desertion. The Imperial troops were reported to have lost but three men. This defeat was considered at Rio Grande as decisive of the safety of Port Alegre. There had been no direct communication between Port Alegre and Rio Grande for some time; but the commander of the Brazilian troops at the former had found means to apprise the Brazilian general at Rio Grande of his victory. Mr. Hayes, the American Consul, remained in prison at Port Alegre at the last accounts. It will be recalled that he was arrested on suspicion of favouring the designs of the insurgents. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made, by the entrenchments, principally at night. Their forces consist of about 800 infantry and cavalry, a few cannon, and some mortars, with which they threw some shells into the town. The boats of the American vessels in port had been at this several times, to convey residents ashore, in case the insurgents passed the entrenchments. The Imperial troops were 1200 strong, and had 16 pieces of heavy ordnance. The day before Capt. W. sailed, a Brazilian transport brig with 400 troops arrived at the bar, and was immediately conveyed to the city in a government steamer. It was the opinion of the residents that there was a strong probability that the insurgents would be quelled.—*Boston Patriot, Sept. 21.*

Robbery. The sum of \$39,000 in gold, which had been deposited, in a keg in the Captain's office on board the schooner *Rhode Island*, Capt. Taylor, at New York on Monday afternoon, was found on the arrival of the boat at Providence yesterday morning to have been stolen. It was found that the bottom of the keg had been taken out, and the money taken, and the empty keg was replaced in the same situation as before. It is of course unknown in what manner the thief obtained access to the keg, whether by the window or door of the office. The money belonged to the Fulton Bank of this city. It was insured at the Commonwealth and Ocean offices in this city, but whether against a loss of this kind is not informed. On the discovery of the robbery near Providence, the boat was detained in the stream, before the passengers landed and a search was made but without success. Six or eight passengers landed at Newport, before the robbery was discovered. It is probable that the money was conveyed away, either at that place, or before the boat sailed from New York.—*Id.*

On Sunday morning the metropolis and its suburbs were visited by a dreadful thunder storm, which appeared to extend not only over London, but for many miles in a south-easterly direction. For upwards of an hour the rain fell in torrents, and overflowed the lowlands to a great extent. In some parts of the metropolis the streets were under water for a considerable time, owing to the drains and sewers being choked up, and where they were in a defective state great mischief was done. The thunder and lightning were awfully grand, peal upon peal, and flash upon flash, following in rapid succession, and about 8 o'clock an unusually loud clap of thunder took place, which seemed to proceed from towards Blackheath, and continued for some time. A boy passing over the heath,

was at the same moment killed by the lightning, which, we are informed, struck a tree in the vicinity, and shattered it to pieces. The electric fluid went over Rotterdam, where many persons were greatly alarmed, and entering the top of the George public-house, near Commercial Dock, destroyed part of the roof, passed through several rooms, and went out at the side, doing considerable damage in its progress, and striking a girl, whose arm was so severely scorched that it is feared she will never recover the use of it. Mr. Wickers, an elderly inn, landlord of the King's Arms, a waterside public-house on Millwall, Poplar, was standing at his window, watching some plants and flowers, during the storm, and was knocked backwards by the force of the lightning, which, however, did not enter the room. He was for some time insensible, and it was several hours before he entirely recovered from the effects of this awful visitation. The electric fluid spread in all directions, and struck the mast of a sailing barge proceeding down the river, and shivered it and the sail in a thousand pieces. The man at the helm was knocked overboard by the shock; but he was immediately picked up by his mates, who were almost overcome with terror and the noise of the thunder, which resembled the fire of artillery. The violence of the storm abated soon after 8 o'clock, but the rain continued falling heavily until 11 o'clock. Some other accidents, but not attended with serious consequences, occurred during the storm.

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