



AND CONCEPTION BAY JOURNAL.

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Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours in future, having purchased the above new and commodious Packet-Boat to ply between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove, and, at considerable expense, fitting up her Cabin in superior style, with Four Sleeping-berths, &c.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice start, from Carbonear on the mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet-Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 8 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

—Terms as usual.

April 10

THE ST. PATRICK.

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which, at a considerable expense, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after one adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping-berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen, with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts, give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it shall be his utmost endeavour to give them very gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the COVE, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning and the COVE at 12 o'clock, on Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS

After Cabin Passengers, 10s. each.
Fore ditto ditto, 5s.
Letters, Single or Double, 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., will be received at his House, in Carbonear, and in St. John's, for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Crute's.

Carbonear, June 4, 1834.

St. John's and Harbor Grace Packet

THE EXPRESS Packet, being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort, and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbor Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Portugal Cove at Noon, on the following days.

FARES.

Ordinary Passengers 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Do. 1s.
And Packages in proportion.

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOR GRACE.
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, ST. JOHN'S.

Harbour Grace,
May 4, 1835.

FROM IRVING'S TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

News of the Rangers. The Count and his Squire. Halt in the woods. Woodland Scene. Osage village. Osage visitors at our evening Camp.

In the morning early October 12, the two Creeks who had been sent express by the commander of Fort Gibson, to stop the company of rangers, arrived at our encampment on their return. They had left the company encamped about fifty miles distant in a fine place on the Arkansas, abounding in game, where they intended to await our arrival.—This news spread animation throughout our party, and we set out on our march at sun-rise with renewed spirit.

In mounting our steeds, the young Osage attempted to throw a blanket upon his wild horse. The fine sensitive animal took fright reared, and recoiled. The attitudes of the wild horse and the almost naked savage would have formed studies for a painter or a statuary.

I often pleased myself in the course of our march, with noticing the appearance of the young Count, and his newly enlisted follower, as they rode before me. Never was preux chevalier better suited with an esquire. The Count was well mounted, and as I have before observed, was a bold and graceful rider. He was fond too, of carolling his horse, and dashing about in the buoyancy of youthful spirits.—His dress was a gay Indian hunting frock, of dressed deer skin sitting well to the shape, dyed of a beautiful purple and fancifully embroidered with silks of various colors, as if it had been the work of some Indian beauty, to decorate a favourite chief.—With this he wore leathern pantaloons, and moccasins, a foraging cap, and a double barreled gun, slung by a bandolier athwart his back—so that he was quite a picturesque figure as he managed gracefully his spirited steed.

The young Osage would ride close behind him, on his wild and beautiful mottled horse which was decorated with crimson tufts of hair. He rode with his finely shaped head and bust naked—his blanket being girt round his waist. He carried his rifle in one hand, and managed his horse with the other, and seemed ready to dash off at a moment's notice, with his youthful leader, or any mad cap foray or scamper. The Count, with the sanguine expectations of youth, promised himself many hardy adventures and exploits with his youthful brave, when he should get among the buffaloes in the Pawnee hunting grounds.

After riding some distance, we crossed a narrow, deep stream, upon a solid bridge, the remains of an old beaver dam; the industrious community which had constructed it, had all been destroyed. Above us, a streaming flight of wild geese, high in air, and making a vociferous noise, gave note of the waning year.

About half past ten o'clock, we made a halt in a forest, where there was abundance of the pea vine. Here we turned the horses loose to graze. A fire was made, water procured from an adjacent spring, and in a short time our little Frenchman, Tonist, had a pot of coffee prepared for our refreshment.—While partaking of it, we were joined by an old Osage, one of a small hunting party who had recently passed this way.—He was in search of his horse, which had either wandered away or been stolen. Our half bred Beattie made a wry face on hearing of Osage hunters in this direction. "Until we pass these hunters," said he, "we shall see no buffaloes. They frighten away every thing, like a prairie on fire.

The morning repast being over, the party amused themselves in various ways. Some shot with their rifles at a mark; others lay asleep half buried in the deep bed of foliage with their heads resting on their saddles; others gossiped round the fire at the foot of a tree, which sent up wreaths of blue smoke among the branches. The horses banqueted luxuriously on the pea-vine, and some lay down and rolled themselves amongst it.

We were overshadowed by lofty trees with

straight smooth trunks, like stately columns and as the glancing rays of the sun shone through the transparent leaves, tinted with the many coloured hues of autumn, I was reminded of the effect of sunshine among the stained windows and clustered columns of a Gothic cathedral. Indeed there is a grandeur and solemnity in some of our spacious forests of the west, that awaken in me the same feeling that I have experienced in those vast and venerable piles, and the sound of the wind sweeping through them, supplies occasionally the deep breathing of the organ.

About noon the bugle sounded to horse, and we were again on the march, hoping that we might arrive at the encampment of the rangers before night; as the old Osage had assured us it was not above ten or twelve miles distant. In our course through a forest we passed by a lonely pool, covered with the most magnificent water lilies, that I ever beheld, among which swam several wood-ducks, one of the most beautiful of water fowl, remarkable for the gracefulness and brilliancy of its plumage.

After proceeding some distance farther, we came down upon the banks of the Arkansas, at a place where tracks of numerous horses all entering the water, showed where a party of Osage hunters had recently crossed the river on their way to the buffalo range. After letting our horses drink in the river, we continued along its banks for a space, and then across prairies, where we saw a distant smoke, which we hoped might proceed from the encampment of the rangers. Following what we supposed to be their trail, we came to a meadow in which were a number of horses grazing; they were not, however the horses of the troop. A little farther on, we reached a straggling Osage village, on the banks of the Arkansas. Our arrival created quite a sensation. A number of old men came forward and shook hands with us all severally; while the women and children huddled together in groups staring at us wildly chattering and laughing among themselves. We found that all the young men of the village had departed on a hunting expedition, leaving the women and children and old men behind. Here the commissioner made a speech from on horse-back, informing his hearers of the purport of his mission, to promote a general peace among the tribes of the west, and urging them to lay aside all warlike and bloodthirsty notions, and not to make any wanton attacks upon the Pawnees. This speech being interpreted by Beattie, seemed to have a most pacifying effect upon the multitude, who promised faithfully that as far as in them lay, the peace should not be disturbed; and indeed their age and sex gave some reason to hope that they would keep their word.

Still hoping to reach the camp of the rangers before night, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under the trees, at the bottom of the dell while we pitched our tent on a rocky knoll near a running stream. The night came on, dark and overcast, with flying clouds with much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber looking groups that were cooking, eating and drinking around them. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched every thing that was going on round them in silence, and looked like figures of monumental bronze. We gave them food, and what they most relished coffee, for the Indians partake in the universal fondness for that beverage which pervades the West.

When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves side by side before the fire, and began a low nasal chant; drumming with their hands on their breast by way of accompaniment.

Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection huh uttered almost like a hiccup. This, chant, we were told by our interpreter Beattie

related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all that they knew of our plans. In one part they spoke of the young Count, whose animated character and eagerness for Indian enterprise had struck their fancy, and they indulged in some wagery about him and the young Indian beauties that produced great merriment among our half breeds.

This mode of improvising, is common throughout the savage tribes; and in this way with a few simple inflexions of the voice they chaunt all their exploits in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humour and dry satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone, than is generally imagined.

In fact the Indians that I had an opportunity of seeing in real life, are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics they are represented; taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn in like circumstances.—When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips.—Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated and who have supposed them impressed with a profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting every thing in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally exchanging a glance and a grunt with each other, when any thing particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone.—Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games, and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation; and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears they have them in abundance both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a friend; and at stated times they repair to lament and howl at the graves. I have heard doleful wailings at daybreak in the neighbourhood of Indian villages made by some of the inhabitants, who go out at that hour into the fields, to mourn and weep for the dead; at such times I am told the tears will stream down their cheeks in torrents.

As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction, is like the Shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes.

The nasal chaunts of our Osage guests, gradually died away; they covered their heads with their blankets and fell fast asleep and in a little while all was silent, excepting the pattering of scattered rain drops upon our tent.

In the morning our Indian visitors breakfasted with us, but the young Osage who was to act as esquire to the Count in his knight errantry, was no where to be found. His wild horse too, was missing, and after many conjectures we came to the conclusion that he had taken "Indian leave," of us in the night. We afterwards ascertained that he had been persuaded so to do by the Osages we had recently met with; who had represented to him the perils that would attend him in an expedition to the Pawnee hunting grounds, where he might fall into the hands of the implacable enemies of his tribe; and what was scarcely less to be apprehended, the annoyances to which he would be subjected from the capricious and overbearing conduct of the white men; who, as I have witnessed in my own short experience, are prone to treat the poor Indians as little better than brute animals.—Indeed he had had a specimen of it himself, in the narrow escape he made from the infliction of "Lynch's

aw, by the worthy of the frontier, for the flagitious crime of finding a stray horse.

The disappearance of the youth was generally regretted by our party, for we had all taken a great fancy to him, from his handsome frank and manly appearance, and the easy grace of his deportment. He was indeed a native born gentleman. By none, however, was he so much lamented, as by the young Count, who thus suddenly found himself deprived of his esquire. I regretted the departure of the Osage for his own sake for we should have cherished him throughout the expedition, and I am convinced from the munificent of his patron, he would have returned to his tribe laden with wealth, of beads and trinkets, and Indian blankets.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A short time ago, a celebrated physician, and author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of Justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin, a man who had been born of distinguished parents.—The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in his family had obtained leave of the minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution; and that the easiest death he could die would be by blood letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition which he would otherwise have been made of, and rejoiced in being thus enabled to spare the feelings of his friends and family. At the time appointed, the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and every thing being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with a pen. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains, filled with water, from which issued small streams, falling into basins placed to receive them.—The patient thinking that it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker and weaker by degrees, and the remarks of the medical men in attendance in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood, (made with that intention) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountains, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were gone, although before a very strong man, and he died without having lost a single drop of blood.

NOURISHMENT FOR HORSES.—The practice is becoming general in Silesia, of feeding horses with bread. After an experience of four years, an intelligent husbandman is convinced of its utility in the double relation of economy and health. The bread is made by taking equal quantities of oatmeal and rye meal, mixing it with leaven or yeast and adding one third of the quantity of boiled potatoes. To each horse is given 12 pounds per day, in three rations of four pounds each. The bread is cut into small pieces, and mixed with a little moistened cut straw. By this means he saves in feeding seven horses, 49 bushels of oats in 24 days; while the horses perform their common labour, and are much better in looks, health and disposition.

VITTORIA WHEAT, YIELDING TWO HARVESTS IN THE YEAR.—London's horticultural and agricultural notices, last autumn, gave satisfactory accounts of the experiment tried in Somersetshire, of planting this valuable present made to his country by Sir Robert Ker Porter, our consular resident in that part of South America where it is a native of the soil. London reports it to have given great promise, both from its spring and summer sowing. In Warwickshire, we ourselves know that it succeeded so well as to produce a fine crop in July last year, though by accident it had been planted a month too late; and it yielded a particularly sweet and well tasted flour, from which excellent bread was made. The proper times for sowing are February (which gives its harvest in June), and in June, which gives its harvest in October. June being now at hand, we send forth this memorandum to any of our agricultural readers who may be in possession of a sample of these valuable seeds.

It is reported that Mr Thornton, the great holder of Portuguese Regency Bonds, has won wagers to the amount of £25,000 by the circumstance of these bonds having been at par on the 25 of April.

A protest has been signed by about 5000 of the 10th legion of the National guards, against being placed under military authority, and binding themselves in honour not to do duty at Luxembourg.

(From Halifax Papers, June 16-22)

ALOES.—The French have discovered a new mode of administering this bitter drug. Since their occupation of Algiers, they have ascertained that it has properties not only internally drastic, but externally compressive. In other words, that they have found that the aloe contains the material of ropes of a very superior quality. A series of experiments are said to have been made at Toulon to ascertain the comparative strength of cables manufactured from hemp and from aloe. They all resulted in favour of the latter. Of cables of equal size, that made of aloe raised a weight of two thousand Killogrammes—that made of hemp, a weight of only four hundred Killogrammes.

LEGISLATION EXTRAORDINARY.—Missouri Legislature, Jan. 1. The Speaker laid before the house a communication from his Excellency the Governor, inviting the members to take a glass of wine with him at three o'clock—whereupon the House adjourned.

NIAGRA, MAY 19.

DREADFUL SCENE.—BURNING OF 51 HORSES.—The *St Louis Republican* of the 7th instant, relates a most calamitous event, which took place in that city on the night previous. A terrific fire broke out in Market Street in the interior of the extensive Livery stable owned by Laville and Morton, in the occupancy of John Calvert. The first intimation of the fire was given by the flames bursting from the building, and as it was of wooden materials, and contained a large quantity of hay and other provender all efforts to save it were fruitless. Attention was instantly directed to the rescue of the horses, but horrible to say, 51 of these noble animals are supposed to have been burned with the building. Others were let loose, wild with agony and fright—their manes on fire, and presenting a terrific spectacle; to relieve them from suffering, several were shot down. From the stable, the flames communicated to the old catholic church, which having been abandoned, was temporarily occupied as a warehouse. The walls of this building alone, are left standing. The goods eighty to one hundred crates of china, queen and glassware are all destroyed. Fortunately, no other damage was done.

BOSTON, June 6.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE.—An arrival at Baltimore from Valparaiso, brings intelligence that the interesting Island of Juan Fernandez has been destroyed by an earthquake. The Town was situated on a valley, and on the first alarm, the inhabitants fled to the mountains. The sea at first receded from the Island, and then returned, overflowed the town, and in its return swept away the houses which had been previously prostrated, leaving on the site an immense mass of black mortar.

ST. JOHN, JUNE 19.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—We are informed that hay sold in our market last week for the enormous price of £12 10s per ton!

MIRAMICHI, JUNE 16.

THE WEATHER.—For the last fortnight the weather has been very propitious for the husbandman, and his work was progressed accordingly. The season has also been favourable for the labours of the lumberman. The great depth of snow and the seasonable rains, caused great freshness; and we believe with hardly one exception, all the parties have succeeded in getting their timber into the main streams; and as there was a large portion of last year's timber remaining in the brooks, owing to the scarcity of water last season, the stock brought to market will be unusually large. These remarks will also apply to the neighbouring counties of Kent and Gloucester.

QUEBEC, JUNE 8.—United States traders have this year come into Canada, brought up wheat, flour, provision and lumber, and paid heavy duties on their transport out of the country. We believe that the rise in prices which warranted these experiments, was more speculative than founded upon scarcity, although scarcity to some extent exists in the great producing countries to the west, where extensive emigration has recently turned exports westward instead of eastward.

FRANCE.—The Chamber of Deputies, on Thursday, pronounced finally against any mitigation of the horrors of slavery in the colonial possessions of France, by voting for the Ministerial demand for a large sum of money for the purpose of dealing more rigorously with those possessions, by a majority of 240 to 51. This gives the *coup-de-grace* to the hopes of those who had looked for some change in the system, at least for the next year. The example of England, often appealed to the Abolitionists during the discussion, was repudiated by the Ministers and their friends, upon the ground that the French slaves were not as prepared for emancipation as those of Britain and those views prevailed.

The number of troops now in Paris, and the immediate neighbourhood, amounts already to 100,000 men, and that number will

be augmented, as fresh regiments have been ordered to march upon the capital.

NAPLES.—This kingdom is rapidly improving. The King takes the lead, and the spirit of association is extending daily. Several societies for the encouragement of agriculture and other branches of industry, and for securing property by means of insurance, have been formed and are flourishing. Preparations are making upon an extensive scale, for draining the marshes, and the cleansing of the canal, or *emissario* of Claudian, which is upwards of a league in length, and has remained choked up ever since the death of the emperor Adrian, is nearly accomplished by which about 40,000 acres of fertile land has been restored to cultivation, and all the fields and populous and industrious towns which surround Lake Facino are saved from future inundations.

TURKEY.—By accounts received from Constantinople we learned that commerce had assumed a very active appearance, and that extensive sales had been of British manufactured goods throughout the Levant. Colonial articles were also in demand for the interior. The grain crops promised well.—The Greek Government had contracted for the construction of five steam vessels, with a view to form a line of packets between Great Britain and the Archipelago, which would not only convey passengers but merchandise also. The most beneficial results to the new kingdom of Greece were anticipated by this increased facility of communication.

Great activity continued to prevail in the arsenal of Constantinople. A very large frigate was nearly ready for launching, and an enormous four decker to carry 140 guns was to succeed her on the stocks. The want of efficient crews, however, to man these vessels rendered their importance of a very secondary character.

A squadron of eight ships of war, six frigates, and two ships of the line, had been equipped, according to report for Tripoli.—From the importance of the force, it was generally thought that some more consistent destination was intended.

ALEXANDRIA, MARCH 5.

THE PLAGUE.—All political and commercial business is at a stand; the plague absorbs every thing; its ravages are becoming more and more frightful. The number of its victims on an average, are 150 daily; yesterday there were 180. It rages chiefly among the natives, but the Franks are not wholly exempt. All the villages on the banks of the Nile are suffering under its visitation. It is to be feared that it will soon spread over all Egypt. The evil is so great that all measures of precaution are given up; the infected houses are no longer closed or purified. The people besides submitted unwillingly to the measures of precaution.—The oldest inhabitants believe that the disorder will be much more general when the milder weather sets in. The Pasha's fleet is for the most part gone to the harbours of Candia. A new case of plague had occurred on board the admiral's ship. There was a mutiny before the fleet sailed, supposed to have been caused by the rigorous sanitary regulations. Several executions took place. On the first appearance of the disorder, Mehemet Ali set out for Upper Egypt, and Ibrahim on a tour in the Delta for the alleged purpose of examining the state of agriculture. We do not hear of his return to Syria, but it cannot be near at hand, if he is to take fresh troops to that country.

CAIRO, MARCH 13.—Though the fleet has sailed to Candia, from 200 to 220 persons daily die at Alexandria of the plague; and here too, it begins to spread over the whole city. What will become of Egypt, the population of which is already so scanty.

On Thursday sailed from Gravesend, the ship Canton, chartered by the colonial emigration agent, Mr Pinnock for the exclusive conveyance of about 240 female emigrants to the flourishing colony of Van Dieman's Land.

The Sultan's eldest daughter, whose marriage to Halil-Rifant has been announced, has just given birth to a child, who has been named Abdul Hamed, and raised to the dignity of Vizier. It is the first instance in the Ottoman empire of a male child belonging to one of the first functionaries of the State not having been smothered. This striking evidence of the progress of civilization has made a favourable impression. The Sultan immediately after the *accouchement* went and congratulated his daughter.

A Lyon Journal, adverts to the probability of the silk crop being much injured by the late severe weather, and wishes the French government to encourage the cultivation of silk at Algiers, as the English have cultivated it in India.

Lady Roberi Peel is a native of India, having been born at Trichinopoly, where her father, General Sir John Floyd, served in the war against Tippoo Sultan. On the armorial bearings of the Floyds, is repre-

mented the standard of Tippoo Sultan. The only surviving sister of Lady Peel, is married to Lieutenant General Sir Joseph Fuller.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.—On Monday, Dr. George Gregory read a paper on the mutual relation between small pox and cow pox. He considered the vaccine lymph to have lost much of its virtue, from having passed through the system of too many persons; he was led to this conclusion from the circumstance of small pox being at present so prevalent one naval officer of distinction had recently died of small pox. It is now thirty five years since matter was abstracted from the cow, and he thought it necessary, for vaccination to have a proper effect, that fresh matter should be procured from its original source.

It is intended to establish a steam packet communication between Marseilles and Malta and the Italian ports; by which a person from Marseilles may reach Maltr in five days visiting Genoa, Leghorn and Naples; on the eighth day he may reach Athens, and on the eleventh day, Constantinople. The King of Greece has exempted these vessels from harbour dues for 12 years.

On the 2nd of April, in the evening, there was another explosion of Vesuvius. The shocks were so violent, that the five craters vanished, and were all united in one frightful abyss. Immense masses of rock were projected to a vast height, and fell like a tremendous shower on the ribs of the mountain. At Torre del Greco, and the environs great fears were entertained; but the explosion was of short duration, and at one o'clock in the morning, the mountain was quiet.

According to accounts from Alexandria, the introduction of the plague into that country, was owing to a Maltese dealer in silk, who smuggled from Syria, a bale of that article in a state of infection. The house in which the plague first appeared was burnt down, and the Maltese shot, according to the law in that case provided.

There is every prospect of Prince George of Cumberland being restored to sight, in which case, he will accompany his illustrious mother to England next spring.

A letter from Toulon, dated May 7, published by the *Courrier Francais*, states that the steamer La Chimere arrived that day from Algiers, brought intelligence that hostilities had recommenced between the Arabs and the French. Oulidou Rabah, with whom a treaty of peace was recently made, had attacked with a large body of cavalry, the French troops, and was not repulsed until he had occasioned a considerable loss in killed and wounded to the French.

The English government has announced its intention of reducing the duty on tea.

The Duke of Palmella has retired from the ministry of the Queen of Portugal.—The young Donna Maria has not yet got a husband.

A fatal duel recently took place near Naples, between Mr Jones, an *attache* of the British Embassy or Legation at Florence, and M. Monte Fiano, Count of Arragon, a Neapolitan nobleman, in which the latter was killed. The dispute arose at cards.—Mr Jones and three others, who were parties concerned, were all taken into custody by the authorities. The French envoy or Charge d'Affaires at Rome, was endeavouring to procure the release of his countrymen, but as there exists a treaty of *extradition* between Rome and Naples, it is believed that the whole party will be handed over to the Roman government, to be dealt with according to the laws of Rome, which respects duelling and duellists are extremely severe.

MILITARY FLOGGING AND COURTS' MARTIAL.—On the 24th of August, 1833, orders were issued by the commander-in-chief, by desire of the government, that corporal punishment in the army should be restricted to the following offences—mutiny, insubordination, and violence; drunkenness on duty, sale of arms, ammunition &c, and stealing or other disgraceful conduct. It appears from a return, that during the 18 months previous to that order, the number of courts martial held, was 3,693 in regiments in Great Britain, and 3,364 in those in Ireland—total 7,027; and that the number of non-commissioned officers and soldiers in regiments in Great Britain, imprisoned during that time was 1,144, and in Ireland 791—total 1,935. During the 18 months subsequent to that order, the number of courts' martial in Great Britain, was 3,774, and in Ireland, 3,856—total, 7,639. The number of non-commissioned officers and soldiers imprisoned in Great Britain was 1,839, and in Ireland, 1,179—total, 2,918.

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

Viscount Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury. This nobleman, who has just completed his fifty-sixth year, is brother-in-law to Lord Duncannon. He is a widower,

since 1828, with an only son. His Lordship's father, Sir Peniston Lamb, Bart., was raised to the peerage in 1770.

Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council, is the younger son of the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, who became Prime Minister at the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1782, and who was displaced by the coalition of Fox and North.—The Marquis, while Lord Petty, during the lifetime of his elder Brother, filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer to the short lived Whig administration of 1796. His lordship is in his fifty-fifth year, and married to a daughter of the Earl of Kerry, M. P. for Calne.

Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty, represents a branch of the ancient family of Eden, formerly Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, created Baron Auckland in 1793. His Lordship is first cousin to Lady Brougham, and his sister is married to Lord Bexley. He is in the 51st year of his age.

Lord Holland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is nephew of the illustrious Charles James Fox, to whom he bears a strong personal resemblance. He is the only son of Stephen, late Lord Holland, and cousin-german through his mother Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory, to the Marquis of Lansdowne. He is in his 69th year.

Lord Duncannon, First Commissioner of the Woods, Forests, and Privy Seal, is the eldest son of the Earl of Besborough, first cousin to Lord Spencer, and brother-in-law to Lord Melbourne. The Ponsoby family, which the noble Lord represents, is an ancient one in the North of England, was established in Ireland during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and has since maintained a leading position in the sister island. Lord Duncannon is in his 52nd year, and married to Lady Maria Fane, third daughter of the Earl of Westmorland. His second daughter is the Countess of Kerry.

The Right Hon. T. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, represents and possesses the Estates of two ancient families settled in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, the Rices of Mount Trenchard and the Springs of Castlemaine. He has just completed his 43rd year, and is married to the Lady Theodosia Pery, second daughter of the Earl of Limerick. Of Mr. Spring Rice's ancestors, James Rice was made Count of the holy Roman Empire by Joseph II., and Sir Stephen Rice, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the reign of James II., was created Lord Montague by that monarch after his abdication. Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry, is nearly related to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., President of the India Board, is the son and heir of the late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, (created a Baronet in 1812.) Sir John Hobhouse is known in the literary world, as the confidential friend and fellow traveller of Byron, and the historical illustrator of "Childe Harold." He married in 1828, the Lady Julia Hay, youngest daughter of the late Marquis of Tweeddale, and has been left a widower within the three last few weeks, with, we believe, two daughters. He is in his 49th year.

Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thomson President of Board of Trade, is the eldest son of J. Poulett Thomson, Austin Friars, and brother to Mr. Poulett Scrope, the member for Stroud. He was originally a merchant in London, but, becoming a minister of the crown on the formation of the Grey administration, withdrew from commercial life.

Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Home Department, is the youngest son of the Duke of Bedford, by his first marriage with Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Torrington, and nephew of Duke Francis, the friend of Fox, Lord John Russell is in his 43rd year, and has just been married to Lady Ribblesdale, sister of Mr. Lister, author of "Granby," and daughter of the late Thomas Lister, Esq., of Arnytage park.

Viscount Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This nobleman was born in 1784, and inherited his title, an Irish peerage, in 1802. He springs from a scion of the Temples of Stowe (now represented by his Grace of Buckingham,) and is the direct descendant of the learned and accomplished Sir W. Temple, of the days of Elizabeth. His Lordship's Brother, the Hon. W. Temple, is Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples.

The Right Hon. Charles Grant, Secretary of State for the Colonies, is the son of C. Grant, Esq., formally Chairman of the Court of East India Directors, and brother of the Right Hon. Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. He is about to be raised to the Peerage.

Lord Howick, Secretary at War, is the son and heir of Earl Grey. He is in his 33rd year.

Francis Baring, Esq., Joint Secretary of the Treasury, is the eldest son of Sir Thomas Baring, and married to Miss Grey, niece of Earl Grey. The importance of the Baring family was founded by the celebrated Sir Francis Baring, whom Erskine once appropriately designated "the first merchant

in the world." It came originally from Germany, and was, long before its commercial aggrandizement, of rank in the County of Devon.

Edward John Stanty, Esq., Joint Secretary of the Treasury, represents a branch of the great family of Stanty, which has been seated for centuries at Alderley park in the county of Chester. He is the eldest son of Sir J. T. Stanty, Bart.

Sir John Campbell, Attorney General is the son of Dr. Campbell, minister of Cupar, Fifeshire, and son-in-law of Lord Abinger.

Robert Monney Rolfe, Esq., Solicitor General, is related to the late Lord Nelson, and is recorder of Bury, St. Edmunds.

Right Hon. Robert Cutler Ferguson, Judge Advocate General, practised formerly as a Barrister in India, and realized a considerable fortune. He possesses the estate of Craigdaroch, in Dumfrireshire.

Sir Henry Parnell, Paymaster General and Treasurer of the Navy, is the son of the late Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and married to Lady Caroline Dawson, daughter of the Earl of Portarlington. The family was established in Ireland by the celebrated poet, Archdeacon Parnell, and has since maintained a leading position there. Sir Henry is in his 50th year.

Marquis Conyngham, Paymaster General, inherited the honors and great estates of his family in 1837, his Lordship is in his 38th year.

Lord Plunkett, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He is the youngest son of the late Rev. Thomas Plunkett, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, officiating in Dublin, and brother to Dr. Plunkett, a physician of that city.

Lord Morpeth, Secretary for Ireland, is the eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle, nephew to the Duke of Devonshire, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Sutherland. His Lordship was born in 1802.

THE STAR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1835.

His Excellency the Governor accompanied by Hon. J. CROWDY, and Major GRIFITHS—arrived at Harbour Grace, in the Colonial Yacht *Maria*, from *Trinity*.—About twelve o'clock, his Excellency disembarked, and was met at his landing by the Civil authorities, the gentlemen of the Bar, the members of the Commercial body, and many of the respectable inhabitants of the Town, who escorted his Excellency to the Court House. After inspecting the Court House and Gaol, his Excellency and suite proceeded to *Carbonear*, where after remaining a short time, they returned to *Harbour Grace* by the *Musquitto* road.—*Mercury*, July 10.

A memorial was presented to his Excellency the Governor, last week from the persons connected with the *Newfoundland Patriot*, and their abettors, praying for a computation of the sentence of imprisonment lately passed upon the Printer of that establishment for contempt of Court. His Excellency (as might have been expected) declined interfering with the course of Justice, and refused the prayer of the petition.

The Grand Jury for the present term have found true bills in the following cases:

Thomas Phillips, for larceny—Pleaded not Guilty, and convicted.
Richard Fleming, for larceny—Pleaded Guilty.

William Lewin, for larceny—Pleaded Guilty.

James Godso, for larceny of sovereigns the property of Alexander Thompson—Acquitted.

Edward Campbell, for larceny—Arraigned and convicted.

John Smith, for larceny—Out on his recognizance, on which he was called and answered not.—*Public Ledger*, July 7.

Married

At St. John's, on the 14th instant, at the Congregational Church, by the Rev. D. S. Ward, Joseph Noad, Esq., His Majesty's Surveyor General, to Emma Gaden, fourth daughter of George Lilly, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and Master-in-Chancery.

DEPARTURE.—On Saturday last, in the Brig *Experiment* for Poole, ROBERT PACK, Esquire, M.C.P., and J. P., Mrs PACK, and Mrs WILLIAMS.

On Friday, in the Schooner *Adelaide* for Bristol, Mr SOFER, of Harbour Grace, Merchant.

SHIP NEWS

CARBONEAR.

CLEARED.

July 8.—Brig Sisters, Johns, Poole, 105 tons 219 galls. seal oil, 9,132 seal skins, and 5 hides.

Schooner *Adelaide*, Davis, Bristol, 63 tons

33 galls. seal oil, 1000 seal skins, 379 galls. blubber.

ST. JOHNS.

ENTERED.

July 2.—Schooner Elizabeth, Hicks, Figueira, salt.

3.—Brig Apollo, Wilson, Lisbon, salt. Brigantine John and William, Stanley, Figueira, salt.

Schooner Trusty, Wills, Figueira, salt.

4.—Schooner Dolphin, Rendell, Figueira, salt.

Brig Terra Nova, Gordon, Miramichi, shingles, board.

Schooner Tweed, M'Alpine, Halifax, molasses, and butter.

6.—Schr. Sarah, Allen, Demerra, molasses, and rum.

Schooner Arab, Smith, Figueira, salt.

Clyde, Martin, Figueira, salt.

Brig Cove, Willis, Belfast, coal, potatoes pork.

Ormond, Long, Hamburg, bread, butter, bricks, & sundries.

Schooner Sir Charles Hamilton, Blake, Bay Verte, lumber, shingles.

Schooner Milly, Bondrot, Nova Scotia, lumber, shingles.

9.—Schooner Abeona, Hawson, Gibraltar, salt.

Nine Sons, Thornton, Sydney, coal.

Spanish Schooner Amable Maluegua, Matea Havana, cocoa-nuts.

11.—Brig Dingwell, Martin, Gibraltar, salt, wine.

CLEARED.

July 3.—Brig Palmetto, George, Grenada, fish.

Schooner Success, Deagle Cape Breton, ballast.

Brig Mary Anne, Tucker, Havre de Grace, (France) oil.

Eleanor, Weakner, Quebec, ballast.

Brig St. Lawrence, Harrison, Miramichi, ballast.

Brig Douglstown, M'Kenzie, Demerara, fish.

4.—Brig Nelson Packet, Noseworth, Quebec, rum.

Brig Edgecombe, Evans, Brazils, fish.

Schooner Assistance, Chessong, Margarea, salt.

Brig Meteor, Gibbs, Greenock, seal skins, oil.

6.—Brig Maguasha, Russell, Mirimichi, ballast.

Brig Jane and Margaret, Munden, Cork, oil, seal skins.

7.—Schooner Elizabeth, Hicks, Mirimichi, salt.

Brig Sulph. Wainwright, Barbadoes, fish.

Brig Velocity, Blackstone, Liverpool, oil, seal skins.

Notices

REMOVAL

STEPHEN J. DANIEL,

BEGS Respectfully to acquaint his FRIENDS, and the PUBLIC Generally, that he has removed his

ESTABLISHMENT,

To those eligible WATER-SIDE PREMISES, recently occupied by Messrs. PROWSE and JACQUES, where he intends doing Business as usual.

Carbonear, July 15, 1835.

TO JOURNEYMEN TAILORS.

WANTED, TWO good WORKMEN in the above line, who will meet with constant employment, and liberal Wages, by applying to

WILLIAM JACKMAN.

Carbonear, July 1, 1835.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing in this Town, under the Firm of

HEARDER & GOSSE,

is this day DISSOLVED by Mutual Consent.

ALL DEBTS owing to and from the said Concern, will be RECEIVED and PAID by the undersigned HENRY HEARDER.

Witness our hands this Thirty First day of May, 1835.

HENRY HEARDER,

WILLIAM GOSSE.

LIST OF LETTERS'

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE which cannot be forwarded without the Postage.

Mrs. Margaret Cahill, (care of Jas. Veary)

Catherine Connors, (care of E. Pike)

Dennis Fitzgerald, (care of John Fewton)

John Day, South Side

Wm. Connor, South Side

Edward Welsh, Cooper

Philip Smith, (care of Wm. Rogers)

Mrs. Jane Morea

Daniel M'Carthy

Wm. Harding, Cooper

George Osard, Cooper.

S. SOLOMON,

St. John's, May 25, 1835.

Notices

HARBOUR GRACE, } 8th MAY, 1835.
NORTHERN DISTRICT.

In General Sessions.

IN pursuance of a Colonial Act passed the 31st day of May, 1853, in the Third Year of the Reign of His present Majesty, King William the Fourth, authorising the Justices in Sessions to make Rules and Regulations respecting Entire HORSES going at large or astray, DOGS and GOATS, being at large, without being properly Logged and Yoked.

Ordered that throughout CONCEPTION BAY, in the said Northern District, No ENTIRE HORSES shall be allowed to go at large.

No DOGS shall go at large without a Log twelve inches long, and three inches square, or without Collars round their necks, with the Owners names thereon.

No GOATS shall go at large without Yokes, the bar of which, to be two feet and an half long.

All Constables residing in the said District are required and strictly enjoined to carry the said Orders and Regulations into effect as the Law directs. And all Persons concerned are desired to govern themselves accordingly.

By Order,

MATTHEW STEVENSON,

Clerk Peace.

Genteel Board and Lodgings.

MRS CATHERINE MARA (Widow of the late Mr. THOMAS MARA) begs permission to acquaint her Out Harbour Friends, she is prepared to accommodate GENTLEMEN or LADIES, from any of the Out Ports, coming to St. John's, with comfortable BOARD AND LODGING, at her House near the *Old London Tavern*—where every attention will be paid them, and on the most reasonable terms.

St. John's, May 1, 1835.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AND FOR SALE,

At any of the residences of the METHODIST MISSIONARIES, or at the STAR Office,

PRICE, NINE PENCE EACH.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

A SERMON

From the 2nd Tim., 4th chap. 7th & 8th vs.

Preached in the WESLEYAN CHAPEL, at Port-de-Grace, on the 15th Feb., and at Bay Roberts, on the 22d Feb. 1835.

BY THE

REV. G. ELLIDGE,

Wesleyan Methodist Missionary,

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. GEORGE VEY,

Formerly of Port-de-Grace.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven."

Young's Night Thought

Carbonear, July 8, 1835.

BLANKS of every description For Sale at the Office of this Paper. Carbonear.

TO BE LET

ON A BUILDING LEASE,

For such a Term of Years as may be agreed on,

WATER-SIDE, well calculated for Shipping of every description. With a Plot of LAND, bounded by the Widow ANN TAYLOR's on the South-side.

For further particulars, apply to

JONATHAN TAYLOR, Sen.

Carbonear, June 17, 1835.

DESERTED

FROM the Service of the Subscriber, on FRIDAY, the 12th Instant,

ISAAC LONG

a Native of BONAVISTA BAY, about five feet ten inches high, sandy complexion; wore when Deserted the Service, a Blue Whitney Jacket and Trowsers, new Hat, and fine Shoes.

WILLIAM GORDON.

Musquitto, June 13, 1835.

FOOLSCAP PAPER

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Cheap for CASH.

Carbonear, June 17, 1835.

POETRY

HOME.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

(From the Noyascotian.)

Home of the beautiful and brave,
My own—my father's home;
Small is the boon from fate I crave,
To find in thee a tomb;
My home—my home—I've never seen,
A dearer spot than thou hast been.
My loved—my native land,
When Fortune scowl'd on me,
I yielded to her stern command
And wander'd far from thee;
From thee to 'scape her frowns I fled
And shelt'ed my devoted head.
Years—few and evil years,
Have tardily gone by,
Yet memory scarce their impress bears,
Save where they bring a sigh:
Though pall'd in many scenes of ill,
My heart was, ay, in Scotia still,
For other days are come,
Misfortune's hour is past,
Hope glides the paths of life—the 'some
Are gloomy to the last:
But fortune softens her dear eye
And bids me come again to thee.
The little worth of fame—
To grace her poet brought,
Aidst the wreck of years—became
A distant dream—forget;
But not one hour of fleeting time,
Have I forgot thee—gen'rous clime.
Home—what a pleasant tale,
In distant climes to tell;
Blest talisman to me unveil,
The secrets of thy spell;
Years vanished like a cloud from thee,
Appears like yesterday to me.
Thrice welcome happy day,
So often said my dreams;
Thrice welcome did I fondly say,
Not so in truth it seems;
Alas! my friends where are ye gone,
Am I a stranger left alone?
Companions of my youth—
My boon companions still;
Have ye—has Scotia aught to sooth
A heart that sorrows chill;
Yes—come and bid me welcome home,
Come—O my friends, my lover come.
Not one is left—not one,
That sigh'd to me Farewell!
And every relic there is gone,
I loved so long and well;
Unknowing and unknown to me,
Save yonder weeping willow tree;
Where is my father's cot—
The cot I called my own,
Ah me! it is a dreary spot,
And weeds have o'er it grown;
Time's countless chaplets there are seen,
Where youthful banquetings have been.
My grandsire's horologe,
A hieroglyphic zone,
That told the measure of the stage
Time made his transits on;
That, only that I now can see,
Of all that was so dear to me.
With eager gaze I sought,
Some one I left behind;
One that commingled every thought,
Where love's sweet tissues twin'd;
Alas! my father and my bride,
In death lay sleeping side by side.
The stream, the sylvan stream,
Still cleaves the flow'ry vale,
The twilight stars that on it gleam,
The summers' sun tide hail;
But nought around, above I see,
That ever seems to welcome me.
The broomwood copse, where oft
My truant limbs I laid;
The couch of moss so sweet, so soft,
Where Spring's first blossoms play'd,
All, all I lov'd when I was young,
With gloom and solitude are hung.
Ambition revell'd there
With his unhallowed crew,
And some proud minion's princely lair,
Amidst the ruin grew;
Still that is home, her folded arms,
But ill conceal her widow'd charms.
Home of the beautiful and brave,
My own—my father's home;
Small is the boon from fate I crave,
To find in thee—a tomb;
My home—my home—I've never seen,
A dearer spot than thou hast been.

THE ASSAULT ON IVREE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

(From La Revue Française for March)

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and of Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle field of Marengo, had yet to surmount that first Alpine barrier which extends from St Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and skill the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of 4000 Austrian soldiers and twenty five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, and commanded by the three youngest but already most illustrious generals in Europe,—Massena, Lannes, and Bernadotte. Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his positions for the investment of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the 25th day of May, 1800, ordered the division of general Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of defenders driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of adjutant-general H—, with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran, was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loopholes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded, for a last desperate resistance. Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in company of two battalions to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer equally distinguished among his fellow soldiers for his impetuous courage and ferocity soon forced his way at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H—, the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation opposed the entrance of the republicans, and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence the old gentleman aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once, and for ever, had it not been skillfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded veteran; he fell, and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans. The Frenchman who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the 15 years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale and distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair— "Spare him, on spare him, do not take his life, for he is my husband, the father of my child." The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace of anger or pity, and then deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart. The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting on her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself pale and trembling under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican and exclaimed, "Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work, and destroy the son." At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French General, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect coup de theatre. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; paleness overspread his features, and his limbs shook;

while Madame H—, as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the General with a single cry for vengeance! The General raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same time, an explanation of the scene before him. There was little need of words; the objects upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse, that female, upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with his pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father who answered not. The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted.—His eye flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon his left hand, he turned abruptly and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless and trembling, and exclaimed, "Sir, you are a coward and a savage! what! murder in cold blood, an unarmed man—defenceless, a veteran, before the eyes of a fiend!" "But general," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one that feels he is lost— "Be silent, sir," interrupted the general. "I listen to no excuse, I admit no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic.—Give me your sword, from this moment you are dismissed from the brigade which you have disgraced, from the army to which you are a stain." "The Major raised his head with a proud fierce look. "General," he said but with a voice that betrayed emotion, "I surrender my sword, but I demand a fair trial by my comrades." "You shall have it sir, and within an hour." Then turning to the officers who accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them— "Unite with me gentlemen, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy." The remainder of that dreadful day, was passed by Madame H—, in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honours, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body: but now when the assassin had undergone public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her, there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when early the next morning, a French Aide-de-camp waited upon her with a request from the Commander-in-Chief, that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of enquiry or remonstrance she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the Messenger of the General. Led to the council chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H— found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost, and of whom in after years, so many were to lose on battle fields, amid the intrigues of cabinets, or the corruptions of a court, the honour for which, they now were panting, or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche, and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the General, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation. On the entrance of Madame H—, he stopped abruptly—motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment on the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk— Madame H— began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception the silence that prevailed around her, all combined first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might afford a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum at a little distance startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the General, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below, the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished. "Look Madame," said he, in a calm, yet impressive tone; "the man whom you see lying dead upon the ground, was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms, have condemned to death, for the assassination

of an Austrian in a city taken by assault." He paused for a moment: then, glanced round upon the officers who stood near them he continued, "You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell Madame! report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French." This General, at that time First Consul, was afterwards THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON! "What a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller!" "I should be happy indeed madam," replied Garrick, "to be higher in your estimation!" Two Cardinals objected to Raphael, the great master of the pencil, that in one of his pieces he had put too much red in the countenances of St. Peter and St. Paul. "Be not astonished at that my lords, I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the church so badly governed." A company of young people, says Lorenzo Dow, going to a tavern, one of them said, "I will ride there as Christ rode into Jerusalem." Instantly his horse started, ran a distance, and threw him against a log. He spoke no more until he died—which was next morning. The abilities of man must fall short on one side or the other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down on your feet your shoulders are uncovered. What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow—to button up one cause of vexation and to unbutton another. The following new mode of begging has been lately adopted by a negro at Lyme:—"Massa, I do not beg—I must not beg; please lend me a halfpenny, when I come again I will pay you back good Sir—if I can." A man's nature runs, says Bacon, either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one, and utterly destroy the other. Let a Woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature—yet if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty. We are more afraid of shame than of sin. So vulgar minds hold their breath at the thunder which is harmless, but wink at the lightning which may be fatal. We send our banished culprits to Diemen's land, and Sydney's Cove; the Greeks sent theirs to Pity-us. A female in New York, whose house is infested with rats, has applied to the police for protection!! TOASTS.—The Greeks—May they receive sauce from other countries, the better to enable them to pick the bones of Turkey with a good relish. Old bachelors and old maids—a cold set—may they be toasted, till they are melted together. In the reign of Mary, 1553, a barrel of beer, with the cask cost only sixpence; and four large loaves of bread were sold for one penny! A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, the other morning, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. You are right said the other, a lawyer cannot be too barefaced. Truth can never suffer from argument and enquiry; but may be essentially injured by the tyrannous interference of her pretended advocates. He who never courts solitary reflection, knows none of the pleasures of an intellectual being. It would be far better for us to be a free nation of labouring peasantry than a nation of gentlemen wearing the chains of slavery, gilt by the gold of commerce. The following riddle is said to be the last production of Sheridan's witty pen:—"Sometimes with a head, sometimes without a head; sometimes with a tail, sometimes without a tail; sometimes with head and tail, sometimes without either; and yet equally perfect in all situations!" Answer—a Wig. A shopkeeper recommending a piece of silk for a gown told his customer, "Madam it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat afterwards." CURE FOR THE HOOPING COUGH.—Dissolve one scruple of salt of Tartar in a gill of spring water—add 10 grains of Cochineal finely powdered; sweeten this with loaf sugar.