FOREIGN NEWS.

From the N. Y. Standard.

LATEST FROM FRANCE

The ship France, Capt. Funk, arrived yesterday with dates from Harve of 21st, and Paris of 19th ult.

The news appears to be of little interest, unless it be the increased probability of a recurrence to arms to settle the difficulties between Belgium and Holland. On this subject, the Paris correspondent of the Journal du Havre, under date of 19th, state that the Conference in London had almost ceased its deliberations, finding it impossible to produce an arrangement of the questions in dispute. Lord Palmerston, the British Minister, however still continues his endeavors alone and had transmitted to the Hague a project for the definitive settlement of the different points unadjusted. This step had not been more successful than those which preceeded it, and six days before, the French government had received intelligence from their minister at the Hague, the Marquis of Dalmatia, that the project of Lord Palmerston had been rejected. A cabinet council was immediately, summoned and on the 14th, instructions were transmitted to M. Durand de Maeruil, the French Ambassador at London, of which the following is said to be a copy,

"We have learned from our Minister at the Hague, that the proposals made by Lord Palmerston, have not even been taken into consideration by the Cabinet of the King of Holland, and in consequence, we are convinced that the project of Lord Palmerston, will neither receive any attention from the Northern powers, it having been drawn up and sent without their participation.—The question of Holland and Belgium is however of too vital importance for Europe, and particularly for H. M. Louis Philip, to allow the Ministers of his Majesty to hesitate longer about bringing it to a close. It is absolutely necessary that his Majesty's speech at the opening of the Chambers he should be able to say, "Affairs between Belgium and Holland are adjusted,' or else "We are compelled to have recourse to violent measures to bring about a settlement of the differences between Belgium and Holland." You will communicate to Lord Palmerston the instructions we now send you, and you may add, that confiding in the friendship of his Britanic Majesty, the French Government considers it indispensible to send a note to the King of Holland, in the names of France and England, announcing to him that a short delay will still be granted him to give a decisive reply to the different proposals, and that the French Government will then consider itself obliged to have recourse to arms."

These instructions further direct the French Ambassador at London, to invite the English Cabinet to unity with the French, in adopting coercet measures, if the demand about to be made of the Dutch Government should be as unavailing as the preceding. While waiting a reply from M. Durand de Marcuil, the French Ministers had frequently assembled to deliberate on the important subject. On the 17th September the Council of Ministers met and long discussions ensued without deciding any thing.—at last it was settled, that each one of the Ministers should reflect separately on what coercive measures should be taken; and on the 18th it was determined to resume the old project of assembling a fleet at Oherbourg, to act in concert with the English fleet. M. de Rigney will command in person the French Squadron. Marshal Soult had declared that it would take but eight days for Marshal General with 30,000 troops to enter Antwerp.

These resolutions have been sent to M. Durham and de Marcuil, that he may submit them to the consideration of the English cabinet. Orders have been sent by telegraph to assemble an army on the frontiers of Belgium. It appears that besides the army of 30,000 men which is to enter immediately in Belgium, another army will be formed on the frontiers in case a larger force should be necessary.

The accounts from La Vendee are again alarming. The Duchess de Berri is still there, and the loyalist papers relate a number of romantic anecdotes concerning her and her hair breadth escapes.

At Marseilles also Carlist disturbances had occurred, which were not entirely settled at the last accounts from thence.

The French Ministry had not yet been recognized. The Paris papers speak of the different attempts made by the King for that purpose, but without effect. *M.* Guizot, the doctrinaire, was the last person with whom negociations had been going on.

The Swabain Mercury, under the head of Rhenish Bavaria, September 9th, says: "The mania for emigration to North America still increases in this country.

We have just learnt that 30 persons, each possessing a capital of from 20,000 to 25,000 florins, have agreed to make one common stock, and proceed to America.

The Patriote du Puy de Dome gives the following letter from Brioude, of the 16th inst.—"Our town has given a most brilliant reception to Gen. George Lafayette, who arrived at 9 o'clock last night. In ten minutes the bands and drums of the National Guards assembled before his windows, and played the national airs of the Marseillaise and the Chant du Depart. An immense crowd assembled; in the midst of which M. George Lafayette descended, presenting to it his son, saying: "I was desirous that he should breathe the pure air of the Monnes—that is the air of Auvergne—that is the air of Liberty." He was answered by the shouts of Vive Lafayette! *Vive la Liberte! Il a bu le juste milieu!* Some of the houses were illuminated, and the evening passed off without the slightest occasion for the interference of the magistracy. In the morning on his departure for his country seat, he was accompanied by a numerous cavalcade as far as Vielle-Brioude."

PORTUGAL AND SPAIN.

A courier from Madrid arrived at the Spanish Embassay on Sunday, with letters from that capital to the 11th, and from Oporto to the 6th inst. The army of Don Miguel was very much discouraged, and dared not act on the offensive; the commandant, Lopez da Rigua, having little confidence in the fidelity of his soldiers, had applied to his sovereign for new reinforcements. The despatch addressed by the General-in-Chief of Miguel's army to the Ministers, of the Marine, he states that unless the mouth of the Douro be blocked up, it will be impossible for him to attack the rebels, whose forces are continually increasing. Don Miguel, afraid of sending out the fleet, as Admiral Sartorius is still cruising off the Tagus, has sent the despatch of the General-in-chief to Madrid. This despatch, it is said, was accompanied by a letter from Don Miguel to his uncle Ferdinand, by which the former proposes the sending of some Spanish vessels to the Douro, under the pretext of ill treatment said to have been offered to the English Consul. The affairs of Don Pedro are taking a favorable turn. If the enemy venture an attack he will be defeated. A retreat without attacking would be fatal to him, and a state of inaction would not be much better. The accounts from Spain are not very satisfactory. It is asserted, by letters from Madrid, that in Andalusia, Jose Maria's band of Carlistas is increasing, and that two chiefs have the courier above mentioned, brought instructions for Count d'Ofalia to urge the conclusion of the Portuguese affairs, as a prolongation of the struggle might be of serious consequence to Spain.

By the packet ship France, Capt. Funk, from Havre, we have received our files of Havre papers to the 20th, and Paris to the 18th of Sept.

The news is not very important.

PORTUGAL.—Nothing new appears to have taken place in Portugal; but reports through Spain are more unfavorable to Don Miguel, whose army is said to be greatly disaffected.

BELGIUM.—The project submitted to the Conference by Lord Palmerston, for the definitive arrangement of the affairs of Belgium and Holland has been rejected; and after further delays, it is stated by a French paper that the British and French ambassadors assumed a very threatening attitude, and menaced immediate military measures, to bring the important question to a decision. Particulars are given; but the truth of the story is not yet sufficiently authenticated, and other accounts do not appear to correspond with it.

FRANCE.—The Duke of Brunswick has been arrested in Paris, for attempting to rise royalist troops.

The Duchess of Berry is said to be still incognita in the south. The ministry remains in *statu quo*.

GREECE.

Extract of a letter from Napoli di Romani, August 11.

"The civil war has abated. It has almost entirly ceased in the Morea, the deputies of that country, and of the chiefs who have influence over the inhabitants, have addressed to them a proclamation, by which they exhort them to remain quiet and faithful to the government. But continental Greece, begins to be agitated by the same disturbances as those in the Morea. Several chiefs of the Roumeliotes with a part of the population are in a state of insurrection Some encounters have already taken place between them and the troops of the government, but without any decisive result. It is hoped that the fresh troops which are expected will restore order. The National assembly proceeds in its labors with great activity. Its first decree is a general amnesty and complete oblivion of the past

SWABIA.—The Swabian Mercury, under the head of Rhenish Bavatia, September 9th, says; "The mania for the imigration to North America still increases in this country.

We have just learnt that 30 persons, each possessing a capital of from 20,000 florins, have agreed to make one common stock, and proceed America."

ORIGIN OF THE PERRIER MINISTRY.

The recently published work, entitled *Lafayette and the Revolution of* 1830, by M. Sarrans, from which we have already given some extracts, details all the secret transactions manœuvres by which the elevation of the Orleans dynasty was brought about. The publication exhibits Louis Phillippe and the leading men of the *juste Milien* administration in a very unfavorable light. We insert the following extraordinary disclosure of the cause of Lafitte's resignation, and the subsequent appointment of Casimer Perrier, as a curious example of Court intrigue.

"A short time after the discussion relative to the affairs of Italy, that is to say on Tuesday the 5 of March, 1831, a cabinet messenger brought M. Sebastiani as a despatch from Marshal Maison, stating that M. de Metternich had just made known to him that the Austrain cabinet had resolved not to acknowledge the principle of non-intervention, but to interfere with an armed force, not only in the insurrections of Parmia and Modena, but in every part of Italy where there might be a popular movement. Hitherto, said M. de Metternich, we have allowed France to put forward the principle of nonintervention; but it is for her to know that, so far as regards Italy, we shall send an armed force in every province where there shall be an appearance of insurrection. If such interference leads to war, then let war come. We perfer running its chances to perishing in the midst of a revolt

"You know 'wrote our Ambassador,' that hitherto no one has proved a more strenuous and open advocate for peace than I; but I am no convinced that, to avert the dangers which threaten France, advantage must be taken of the Austrain levies not being yet organized, to begin the war, and throw an army into Piedmont."

"This important despatch arrived at the office for Foreign Afairs on Saturday the 5th of March. A copy made by M. Sebastian's son-in-law, was immediatly sent to the King, and yet, on the Tuesday following, no notice of the arrival of such a despatch had been given to the Council of Ministers. Lafitte was only informed of it through the indiscretion of a Clerk in the Foreign office. He immediately went to the Palais Royal, and asked the King whether he knew any thing of a despatch from Vienna, said to have arrived three days before. The King replied in the affirmative; and upon Lafitte expressing his surprise that the circumstance had not been made known to the Cabinet, explained this reserve by the necessity of providing against the indiscretions sometimes committed in the council Whilst this conversation was going on, the War Minister atrived.

"Upon Lafitte asking Marshal Soult the same question as he had addressed to the king, the marshal replied, that he was wholly ignorant of the circumstance, and expressed great indignation against M Sebastiani, whom he termed a traitor. At length came the latter, who was much confused at M. Lefitte's question, and stammered out that it was true he had received a despatch from Marshal Maison, but of no great importance, and that he had not time to communicate it to his colleagues. However, at Mr. Lefitte's particular request, he was obliged to go and fetch the despatch. The opinion of the Cabinet members from whom this document was at first concealed was, that it was the intention of the king and M. Sebastiani never to let it be known to them.

"From this time, although it was promised, that such a mystification should never be repeated, M Lefitte determined to retire from office. I can boldly affirm that the principal cause of this determination was the king's opinion upon the external policy of France. The latter would have peace at any price, and openly declared that whatever might be the opinion of his ministers, he was irrevocable. Nevertheless he combatted, or feigned to do so, M. Lefitte's resolution, by which he said, his friend Lefitte would do him a greater injury than he had done him good by helping to put a crown upon his head. However, at the close of a cabinet council, in which he had stated his system, diametrically opposed to that in which the king announced his pretensions in persisting, M Lafitte begged his majesty to receive his resignation, and appoint M Casimer Perrier prime minister. The king however, refused the resignation, and expressed the strongest repugnance to the proposed successor to the office of M Lafitte. At the time that Louis Phillippe declared that the overbearing temper, constant state of ill health, and even the complexion of L. Casimir Perrier, were to him objects of insurmountable disgust.

"M Lafitte, however, now determined at all events to get out of the equivocal position in which he stood, called a cabinet council the next morning, in which, after stating that the system then pursued, was fatal to principles upon which the revolution was founded, & to the honor of France he again developed his policy, and called upon his colleagues to choose between his system and his immediate retirement from office. No answer. He repeated his demand which was again followed by absolute silence. At length Montalivet said, that for his part, he preferred the policy of *M* perrier to that of M Lafitte. On this declaration the Council broke up. This was on the 11th of March; and the next day the president of the council tendered for the third time, his resignation, which was accepted by the same monarch, who, only a few days previous, had declared that "St. James and St. Philip were united on earth as in heaven."

From the Baltimore American.

The numerous friends of Bishop England will be gratified to learn that he has been received in his present visit to Ireland, with great warmth of welcome and numerous public testimonies of regard. At a public meeting held at the Chamber of Commerce in Cork, a congratulatory address was voted to him on his arrival, and a public dinner tendered to him, which was accepted, and accordingly took place on the 29th of August. The following is the appropriate conclusion of the Bishop's reply to the congratulatory address:

"I do love the land of my birth with the fondness of a child; but my conduct must be regulated by the principles of a man. I would wish to dwell amongst my earliest and exceeding kind friends, and to have my bones laid in the earth which covers these dear tome by every tie which can fasten the heart to its object.—But you have well indicated the principles which commend me to return to the scene of my labors, the discharge of my indispensable duty, and the society of a people to whom I would be more than ungrateful if I did not love—they have upin me, whatever may be my real or supposed utility, every claim which kind partiality, warm affections, tender solicitude, and pastoral attachment could create. Like my friends in the land of my birth, they, in the land of my adoption, have far overrated my worth, and heaped upon me favors which I can never repay. I approve and I love those Institutions to which I have given the voluntary pledge of my fidelity; but though the waters may separate you and me, they shall not damp the ardor of my affection, nor wash away the remembrance of multiplied favors conferred upon one, who, whilst he lives, shall treasure in his inmost heart that gratitude which no words can express."

Vocal Statue of Memnon.—This statue has puzzled many travellers, who have endeavored to account for the sound that issues from it every morning at sunrise. This sound, for centuries considered as the greatest mystery of Egyptian priestcraft, was recently heard by an English traveller, Sir Edward Smith, who asserts, that the sound does not proceed from the statue, but from the pedestal, and that arises from the impulse of the air upon the stones of the pedestal, which are arranged so as to produce this surprising effect. The sound in question is said to resemble that of the breaking of the string of the lyre, and Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal, accounted for it this way: "The statue being hollow, the heat of the sun heated the air which it contained, and this air, issuing at one erevice, produced the sounds of which the priests gave their own interpretation." The Baron Humboldt, when in South America, examined, on the banks of the Orinocco, several granite rocks, from which the natives declared, that they had frequently heard towards sunrise, subterraneous sounds, resembling those of the organ. Sounds, like that of a string breaking, have been frequently heard by travellers in Egypt, at sunrise, issuing from a monument of granite, situated near the centre of the spot on which the palace of Carnac stands. There is, therefore, no doubt that the music of the statue of Memnon proceeds altogether from a natural cause, though the priests of Egypt inculcated a different doctrine. The author mentions other instances of a similar description.

English Cities.—In the year 1801, London was the only city in Great Britain, which had more than 100,000 inhabitants. In 1831, there were seven others which exceeded that number. Manchester is the second city, Glasgow the third, Liverpool the fourth, and Edinburgh the fifth.

Population of France.—The census of 1827, showed an increase in the population of France in the space of five years 1,100,000. That of 1832 shows an increase of but little more than 700,000. In the department of the Seine there is a positive diminution of 78,000 inhabitants.—This diminution is to be attributed to the political state of France. The present population of the kingdom is 32,560,934.

AN IRISH TRIAL.

Reader!—Have you ever witnessed an Irish trial? If not, you have lost a scene where the anomalous character of an Irish peasant is fully and forcibly pourtrayed in all its broad development of light and shadow; where the proud chivalrous spirit of our countrymen bursts at times in brief but dazzling splendor, through the dense clouds of craft and crime, in which centuries of degradation have enveloped them.

It was my fortune to be present at a spectacle of this description, during the Summer Assizes of 1826, in ——, one of the disturbed districts of the South. On my reaching the Court-house, I found the hall filled with groups of anxious-looking expectants. In one corner stood a knot of frize coated men, seemingly engaged in some interesting topic, for they spoke in low whispers in their own guttural language—perhaps discussing the impending fate of a friend or relative, who had come under the iron hand of the law, or concocting schemes of deadly vengeance upon some blood-thirsty oppressor. Amidst these juntos, the female sex, as in all societies, seemed to hold a paramount place, and I fancied I could observe in the eager voices and energetic gestures of these excited women, the invective to some act of desperate violence, from which even their rugged auditors seemed to recoil.

Obeying a nod from the sheriff, I bustled my way through a posse of Constables, Peelers, Processe-servers—*et hoc genus omne*, and obtained a seat on the Bench, from whence I could distinctly observe the whole proceedings. The trial was for a crime whose frequent recurrence cast a stigma on our national character, and strongly evidences their sterility and misrule which has ever characterized the Anglo-Irish, legislation.—A party of nocturnal depredators had attacked and cruelly murdered an unfortunate driver who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the people. The prisoner at the bar had been identified as having been concerned in the outrage; and his trial had excited considerable interest, from the fact of his having been formerly a respectable farmer of unblemished reputation; but who, by a series of oppressions and misfortunes, had been reduced to poverty, and driven by a tyrannical agent, from the hearth of his fathers, to wring from a cold and selfish world a miserable sustenance for a delicate wife, and five helpless children.

I observed him narrowly as he stood erect in the dock, with folded arms, his dress bespoke him of the better order of peasantry; his age might be about thirty-five; tall, muscular, and athletic, his open brow and ingenuous physiognomy bore no traits of cruelty or ferocity; but there was in his dark sunken eye a wild recklessness, and on his lip a little curl of defiance and contempt, as the Clerk of the Crown, in his loud nasal twang, charged the prisoner, "not having the fear of God before his eyes," with "wilfully killing and slaying, &c.

The first witness called was a thin, ferret-like figure, with a small restless grey eye, indicative of every evil passion, who had turned approver in order to save his own life; his direct evidence was clear and conclusive, but as he turned to identify the prisoner in the dock, I saw the wretch quail under the smile of withering scorn with which his victim recognised him. On his cross-examination, he reluctantly admitted that he had been the organizer of many illegal meetings and acts of violence—that he had been a convicted horse-stealer, perjurer coiner, and, in short, that he had been either principal or accessary in the most atrocious crime. Every instant, as the prisoner's counsel, by some ingenious hornethrast, shook the validity of his testimony; or, by an unexpected "flourer," destroyed his credibility with the jury, a buzz of applause ran through the court, which the temperate dignity of the Chief Justice (Bushe) could scarcely repress. At length, weary of dragging further to light this disgusting spectacle of moral turpitude, the wretched man was permitted to leave the table, amid curses and execrations—"not loud, but deep."

The next witness who appeared, had been a farm servant of the deceased; his lounging gait and vacant stare, gave him a most unpromising air of stupidity.—"The Book was handed him—"Neil Sossenagus?"—(no English,) said he, with an appearing look to the Judge "He speaks English, my Lord!" said the opposing counsel—and, turning to the witness, asked him suddenly, if he never had spoken English?—"Never, yer Onner," was the unguarded reply. "Then, my fine fellow, it is high time you should begin—take the Book, Sir!" Seeing he had fairly committed himself, he proceeded with that repugnance common to all the lower classes of the Irish, to give his evidence, in what he considered a *foreign* tongue.—Little was elicited from his testimony, though he had seen the whole transaction from his flock-bed, which was placed in the corner of a kitchen; and he became so bewildered on his cross-examination, with the multitude of questions respecting the relative situation of the room, and the persons in it, that he floundered from one dilemma to another, until his entire evidence became a tissue of absurdities.

The case for the prosecution having closed, a host of witnesses appeared, ready to prove an *alibi* for the prisoner; but his counsel, prudently contenting himself with one or two of the most respectable of these, endeavored to establish the point with the jury, but evidently with little effect; and the fact of the prisoner's guilt seemed so apparent to every person present, that there scarcely remained a shadow of doubt as to his conviction. But the struggle was not yet over; a busy hum of expectations arose—an eager pressing forward—and a whisper of curiosity passed through the Court, as a jolly-looking colossal limb of the law, the counsel for the prisoner, stood up, with a good-humored carelessness in his manner and countenance, that, to a superficial observer, seemed to partake more of shrewed drollery, than an extraordinary intellectual power. He opened his lips—and the broad, unsophisticated tones of a native Hibernian, grated unmusically on my anglicised ear; but as he proceeded, his rich and powerful language rivetted all my faculties. I heard him with delight pursue, with close and accurate perspicuty, his argument, through the tangled web of conflicting testimonies, bringing light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. I admired the inimitable tact with which he detected every flaw in the prosecutor's case, and seized for his client upon every offensive and defensive point in the evidence—from which he poured the irresistible flood of his eloquence into the very souls of his auditory. Yet, strange to say, his oratory was plain, I had almost said, unselect; but if it possessed not the polished elegance of Cicero's, it contained all the fiery energy of Demosthenes' harangues. The jury had leaned attentively forward in their box—every face gradually relaxing into an expression of acquiescence with the arguments of the eloquent counsel; even the dogmatical, hanging-looking old fellow, who sat bolt upright during the entire business, was, by some droll but flattering compliment, tickled into attention—a smile played around his puckered mouth, and I could see plainly, by his gratified chuckle, that he was fast forsaking his strict matter of opinions. It was now evident that, though the sword still remained suspended over the prisoner's head, the chances for his safety were momenterily doubling; for, as he drew near the close of his vehement and splendid appeal to the heart, the feelings and sympathies of the Court and Jury, every breath suspended—all was silent as death, save that one deep, powerful, and impressive voice. The unfortunate criminal watched his deliverer with looks, in which a faint ray of hope seemed hovering on the brink of despair—while his agonized wife, (who, like a ministering angel, had stood near him in the side dock, during the day) wiped with her checked apron, the cold dews which overspread his pale brow.

The speaker at length concluded, and, flinging himself back exhaustedly on his seat, the loud hum of admiration spread through the Court, and I had an opportunity of inquiring from a gentleman who sat near me, who that eloquent pleader was—"Who?" replied he in a tone of amazement—"Who could it be but O'Connell?" I was petrified—for here I had been listening above an hour to this great Leviathan of law and politics without being aware of his presence As I gazed on his portly figure—calm, good-humored face—rich smile, in which an indescribable comicality seemed to lurk, and quick piercing eye—I felt convinced, that of all men I had ever seen, he was the fittest for a popular leader.

The judge now summed up his charge coolly and impartially. A doubt, he said, had arisen, of which the prisoner ought to have the benefit: but he left to the Jury the consideration of it.—They retired—and, after an hour's torturing suspense, brought in a verdict of "*Not Guilty.*"

The prisoner, who had never faultered in the hour of peril—who had borne up manfully against his impending fate—no sooner heard the verdict pronounced than his fortitude forsook him—the transition from a prison and an ignominious death, to liberty and life, was too much—his spirits failed, and with a faint exclamation, he sunk forward, his face concealed in his hands, upon the bar of the dock; his wife sobbing loudly, flung wildly to his neck, holding up his infant boy to share his restored embraces. A few moments more beheld him a liberated man, exulting in the free, blessed air and light of Heaven, surrounded by a crowd of his friends and people; who, not content with evincing their delights by deafening *shillons*, lifted him on their shoulders, and bearing him in triumph down the main street, amid the waving of *caubeens* and *alpeens*, concluded the day's adventures by washing away sorrow, and all the remembrance of the "gloomy past," in oceans of *potteen* "that never saw the face of the murdhurin thief uv a guager."

[N. Y. Albion.

A MAGNIFICENT ROAD.

Willis in his twenty-six "First Impressions of Europe," gives the following beautiful description of the road along the borders of the Mediterranean from Nice to Genoa.

"It is impossible to conceive a route of more grandeur than the famous road along the Mediterranean from Nice to Genoa. It is near one hundred and fifty miles over the edge of mountains, bordering the sea for nearly the whole distance. The road is cut into the sides of precipices, often hundreds of feet perpendicular above the surf, descending sometimes into the ravines formed by the numerous rivers that cut their way to the sea, and mounting immediately again to the loftiest summits. It is a dizzy business from the beginning to the end. There is no parapet usually, and there are thousands of places where half a "shie" by a timid horse would drop you at once of the sea that breakes upon the shore. The loveliest little nests of vallies between, that can be conceived. You will see a green spot, miles below you, in turning the face of a rock, and right in the midst, like a handful of plaster models on a carpet, a cluster of houses lying quiet in the warm southern exposure, embosomed in every thing refreshing to the eye, the mountain sides cultivated in a large circle around, and the ruins of an old castle to a certainty on the eminence above. You ascend and descend, and wind in the curves of the shore, losing and regaining sight of it continually, till entering at a gate on a level, you find yourselves in a narrow, filthy, half white-washed town, with a population of beggars, priests and soldiers; not a respectable citizen to be seen from one end to the other, nor a clean woman nor a decent house. It is so all through Sardinia. The towns from a distance, lie in the most exquisitely chosen spots possible. A river comes down from the hill and washes the wall, the uplands above are of the very choicest shelter and exposure; you would think that man and nature had conspired to complete its convenience and beauty. Yet, within, all is misery, dirt and superstition. Every corner has a cross, every bench a priest, idleing in the sun, every door a picture of the Virgin You are delighted to emerge once more, and get up a mountain to the fresh air."

Profit and Loss.—A shopkeeper in Boston, who pretended to sell goods extremely low, made a practice of telling the purchasers that he lost money by every article he sold. "I wonder much," says one of his customers, "that you continue in so bad a line of business." "Oh," replied the shopkeeper, "I couldn't stand it at all, only *I do so much of it.*"

A Knotty Case.—Mr. Henson, a shoemaker, who resided at Woodead, near where the village house is now kept, was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions. He kept for sale, in the front of his shop, a few little matters most called for by the neighbors; such as beer, candles, fruit, bread, &c. One morning a wag stepped in, and purchased a bottle of beer. He stood talking a few minutes, and finally said that he was sorry he had purchased the beer, and requested Mr. Henson to exchange it for a loaf of bread, as the price was the same. To this the worthy cordwainer readily assented; the wag took the loaf and ate it while in the shop. As he was going out the vender hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid for the bread.

"Certainly I have paid for the bread, I gave you the beer for it."

"But, then, you haven't paid me for the beer"

"I didn't take the beer. It is before you at this moment."

The worthy Crispinian was astounded. He looked sedately, and rubbed his forehead; but all to no purpose; the case was still a mystery.

"True," said he, "you gave me the bottle of beer for the bread, and as I still have the bottle of beer I can't demand pay for *that*; but I *had* both—one is now gone, and I have received no money." Then he again gravely considered the matter, and finally, abruptly broke out with this conclusion. "Sdeath, take it, neighbor, it is just as you say, but I'll be darned if I can see into it."—*Lynn Weekly Messenger.*

Nodding Assent.—A monk who had introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, "My lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to the son. "You see, sir, that my lord, your father, gives his consent to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, "Father, is it your will that I should kick the monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given. The young man immediately rewarded the assiduities of the monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

"What means the spiking of that artillery," is a phrase peculiarly applicable to the condition of the opposition presses. A few weeks since, George Wolf could not be vituperated in terms sufficiently coarse but now its quite another affair. After doing their utmost to destroy him, and disgracefully failing, servilely request that he will join them. They will *accommodate* either way.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Dress of a Dandy 400 Years Ago

"What could exhibit," says Doctor Henry, "a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the 14th century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; those of one color on the one leg, & another color on the other: short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a cont, the one half white, the other half black, or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, bationed under his chin, embrodered with grotesque figures of animals dancing men &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones This was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward III.

A Friend having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions; one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith; desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the Friend," that the laws and liberties of m indulge people of our religious thinking in." "If I had it in m replied the justice, "I would h hat nailed to your head." "I thou he, dryly, "that thou hadst given larder of driving nails."

A WITTY RECRUIT.—A gentleman a number of mischievous little rogu act of carrying off a quantity of fruit orchard, without "leave or license," out very lustily, "What are you abo you rascals?" "About going," s as he seized his hat, and scamper a double quick time.

RATHER PREMATURE.—A peasa at confession, accused himself of ha len some hay.—The father confess him how many bundles he had tak the sack. "That is of no conse replied the peasant; "you may se wagon load, for my wife and I are fetch the remainder very soon."

A Fish Story!—Tell it to the M

The smack Evergreen, Appleton, on from New London to Charleston, Sout ne, was struck in the run by a needle fis accident occurred off Hatteras, on the 4t 6 P. M. The blow was so violent as to about two feet of the plank, and vessel all over. A part of the lower jaw fish was driven into the timber, and a le sioned, which rendered a resort to the pu cessary.

The following remarkable case is ted from Sir Astley Cooper's Lectu Surgery, now in course of publicati Messrs. Lilly and Wait, of Boston:

"I will mention a case to you, w should scarcely have believed if it h come within my own knowledge, t Sir William Blizard, and other Surg A person in this metropolis happe have bow shins. A part of his duti to teach young ladies to draw and and in the prosecution of this branch profession, he found his bow shins, himself declared to me, a very great He felt that his merits were less app ted, and his instructions less kindly ved, by reason of the convexity of shins, he was persuaded; in short th bow shins stood between him and preferment. Under this impressio went to a very noted person in this and said to him, "Pray, sir do you t you can make my legs straight?" said the doctor I think I can; if you take a lodging in my neighborhood, I I can scrape down your shins & make t as straight as any man's." A lodging taken; the father of the patient assisto operation; and the father and the do took a turn in scraping down the co shins.

A great deal of rasping was required openning of very considerable extent made in the shin, and an instrument, wh was at that time contained in the Surge trepanning case, called a rogue, was ployed to scrape the shin bone. W the doctor was tired of rasping, the father a spell. At last the shell of the bone came so thin, that the doctor said t must proceed no farther with that l The other leg was then rasped in a simi manner, and thus large wounds were p duced in both of the shin bones. T surfaces gratulated very kindly, and ve little exfoliations of the bones took pla but unluckily, in a part of this proce the doctor applied arsenic upon the li It was in consequence of the effect of th application that I saw the patient. Th arsenic was absorbed into the system, an he became paralytic in his arms and low extremities. A great number of exfoli tions took place in his legs; and he showe me a box in which the exfoliations we contained. I recommended him to go n to the country, where he staid for som time, and get rid of his paralysis. Th case made a great noise in town; and ther were some surgeons who expressed a stron desire to prosecute the doctor. I recommended, however that no steps should b taken until I had seen the patient himself when he next came to me, I asked hi whether he thought that his legs improve and if he would undergo the same opera tion, at similar hazard of his life, to hav his legs made little straighter. He replied that he would; and under those circumstances, I was of opinion that, as the young man was content, it was a folly to think of prosecuting the doctor. Some time has elapsed since the case occured, and the transaction is now, almost buried in oblivion The person who underwent the operation still lives, and is pleased with his improved legs; the doctor lives also, and is well known to most of us, at least by name.

Emigrations of Old Maids.—A society of young gentlemen in Connecticut, have adopted an article in their constitution to this effect, "that no member shall be permitted, under any circumstances, to marry and illiterate woman," and in consequence of this resolution forty old maids have removed into the western country in dispair.

A Giant.—On Monday, a man was walking about the streets of Boston who was six feet ten inches and three quarters high. He was one of the Boneparte's Mamelukes gurads and a native of Boston, in America. *Boston Hearld.*

A new Comet.—The Suabian Mercury has the following. "On July the 29, at night, Professor. Harding, of Gottingen; discovered a new comet in the head of the Serpent, which is different from any of those whose appearance is announced for this year. It is without a train, and its light is feeble, but its nucleus is more brilliant. Its direction appears to be towards the South-east. At 54 min. past its right ascension was 225 deg. 53 min. 33 sec. and its northern declination 14 deg. 10 min. 24 sec. the first had diminished 5 min. 44 sec and the second 2 min 40 sec."