

# THE STAR,

And North-Carolina State Gazette.

[No. 23.]

RALEIGH, (N. C.) FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1816.

Vol. VIII.]

## FOREIGN.

### LAVALETTE.

To the Editor of the Journal de Paris.

The account which you have given of the escape of Lavalette is correct, with the exception of two circumstances.

You stated that the minister of general police and the prefect of police went to the prison, and immediately ordered the arrest of the gaoler. You would have stated that six minutes precisely after the escape of M. Lavalette, the gaoler, after ordering the keepers & myself (and it was I who stopped the sedan chair on the Quai des Orfèvres) to go in pursuit, proceeded himself to the prefect of police to inform him of the disastrous event.—It was then only that the prefect sent my father to the prison of the prefecture. Now, is it probable that if the gaoler had been guilty, he would have given an account so soon to the prefect of police, and placed himself at his mercy? would he not have concealed the escape until next day, nay, even disappeared himself before it was known?

Several journalists have said, that the gaoler seemed to be guilty of negligence: no, sir, he was not. The gaoler was present in the front lodge when M. Lavalette went out, disguised in his wife's clothes, supported by his daughter and an old servant, all three sobbing and crying, which appeared to him quite natural. It has been said, why was not the handkerchief taken from his face? But I ask those who put this question, would they have done so themselves to a female, to a female in the last agonies of despair, at seeing her husband for the last time previous to his ascending the scaffold? Would not such conduct have been an insult and a cruelty, with which the gaoler might have been justly charged?

It has been said, why was it not discovered at the various pickets, that a man and not a woman was going out? In answer to this it may be said, that madame Lavalette every time she came to see her husband, was covered with a large fur cloak, which seemed to accord, with her sickly condition, and under which her shape was completely disguised.

If my father had been capable of selling his honour, he would have accepted the offers made him by madame Ney to save her husband—offers of which I now can give an account from a conversation of which I took notes immediately after my father reported it to me:—

On the 17th of November, at 7 o'clock in the evening, she came into the lodge where I was;—she said to my father that she was desirous of speaking to him in private—I retired into the front lodge. After both were seated she spoke as follows:—M. Rocquette, I know that nothing but the misfortunes you experienced at St. Domingo reduced you to the necessity of becoming a gaoler—you have a large family. It may be possible, if you wish it, to place them in opulence.—“How so, Madame?” A victim is wanted, and my husband is marked out; it depends upon you to save him; set off with him; nothing can happen to you; depend upon it my fortune is considerable—I offer you half: nay the whole, if you wish it.” “What, madame, do you propose to me to forfeit my honor?” “Sir, honor is not affected when it is necessary to save an unfortunate person.” “No, madame, nothing can make me traffic with my duty. Your grief affects me, but I beseech you instantly to cease speaking of a proposal which hurts me beyond measure.” “What, will nothing in the world affect you in behalf of an unfortunate family?” “I participate most sincerely in your just grief, but I cannot do more.” “Then give me your word and honor that you will not mention what I have said to you to the marshal, who is ignorant of my proposal.”—He made her the promise, and rose in order to put an end to the conversation which was disagreeable to him. She said to him on going away, “will you think of it?—will you reflect on what I have said?” Madame, all my reflections are finished, I beseech you to think no more of the subject yourself.” From this moment he avoided being alone with madame Ney, lest she should renew the proposal.

I have the honor to be, &c.

(Signed)

“ROCQUETTE DE KERGUIDER, jun.”

The escape of Lavalette having touched the finest feelings of the human heart, the following minute circumstances may be read with much interest, as they discover the heroic presence of mind which is peculiar to females, and on what trifling circumstances (as we term them) our lives and fortunes are sometimes dependent.

When madame Lavalette visited her husband, she was carried from her carriage to the prison in a sedan; after she left the prison Lavalette was in the habit of leaning on the window with his head covered with his chamber gown, and his back toward the door where the turnkey entered, as one in the deepest distress. When he effected his escape, his wife, in his gown, took the place at the window in the same position, where she stood seven minutes only, before the turnkey discovered the deception. Lavalette having passed out of prison in his wife's clothes, leaning on the arm of his daughter, about fifteen years of age, who had been in the habit of accompanying her mother on these visits, when they came to the place where the sedan was left, three of the carriers were missing. The daughter inquired for them, and was told they were in a wine shop. She said to the one left, go and

tell them to come immediately, for my mother is very much exhausted and near fainting. By this incident three minutes were lost, leaving only four for his escape to his carriage.”

From the Boston Palladium.

From the Java Government Gazette, received by the ship Jacob Jones.

We are now enabled to give the public a full and interesting account of the Volcanic eruption that has recently taken place on the Island of Sumbawa.

The distance of Batavia from the Tomboro mountain is between seven and eight hundred miles, which appears so enormous a space for sound to be conveyed over, that we cannot help supposing the volcano on the Sumbawa is in some degree connected with other volcanic mountains in this island.

We may probably be wrong in our conjectures upon this subject, but it certainly appears to us, that any sound which could be conveyed over a space of six or seven hundred miles, must have been insupportable at the distance of 35 palls from the Crater.

Extract of a private letter.

On the 5th of April, a firing of cannon was heard at Macasser—the sound appeared to come from the southward, and continued at intervals all the evening. Towards sunset the reports seemed to approach much nearer, and sounded like heavy guns, occasionally with slight reports between.

During the night of the 11th, the firing was again heard, but much louder, and towards morning the reports were in quick succession—sometimes like three or four guns fired together, and so heavy that they shook the ship as they did the houses in the fort. Some of the reports seemed so near that I sent people to the mast-head to look out for the flashes, and immediately as the day dawned, I weighed and stood to the southward with a view of ascertaining the cause.

The morning was extremely dark and lowering particularly to the southward and south-west; the wind light and from the eastward—Perceiving a large prow coming from the southward, I sent a boat on board to get any intelligence she might have to give, as she was coming from the quarter from whence the firing had been heard.—The prow was from the island of Salayer. A Dutchman who commanded her stated that he heard the firing the whole night, but had seen no vessels or boats—he also stated that two days previous to his leaving Salayer, about the 4th or 5th, a heavy firing had been heard to the southward of the island; that the guns in the fort had been manned in consequence, conceiving it to be an attack by the Pirates on some part of the island, but as no vessels or boats had appeared, it was at length concluded to be an eruption from the volcano on the Island of Sumbawa.

In consequence of this information and being of the same opinion, I anchored the ship abreast of Macasser, and went on shore to the resident with the intelligence—I found that capt. Wood entertained the same opinion, as the house at Macasser had been shook by some of the reports.

Indeed by this time, which was about 8 A. M. it was very apparent that some very extraordinary occurrence had taken place. The face of the Heavens to the southward and westward had assumed a most dismal and lowering aspect, and it was much darker when the sun rose; at first it had the appearance of a heavy squall or approaching storm; but as it came nearer it assumed a dusky, red appearance, and continued to spread very fast over the Heavens. By 10 it was so dark I could scarcely discern the ship from the shore, though not a mile distant. I then returned on board.

It was now evident that an eruption had taken place from some volcano, and that the air was filled with ashes or volcanic dust, which already began to fall on the decks—by 11 the whole of the heavens were obscured, except a small space near the horizon to the eastward; the wind being from that quarter prevented for a short time the approach of the ashes; it appeared like a streak of light at day break, the mountains of Celebes being clearly visible, while every other part of the horizon was enveloped in darkness. The ashes now began to fall in showers, and the appearance altogether was truly awful and alarming. By noon, the light that had remained in the eastern part of the horizon disappeared, and complete darkness now covered the face of the day—our decks were soon covered with falling matter—the awnings were spread fore and aft, to prevent it as much as possible from getting below, but it was so light and subtle that it pervaded every part of the ship.

The darkness was so profound during the remainder of the day, that I never saw any thing equal to it in the darkest night—it was impossible to see your hand when held up close to your eyes—the ashes continued to fall without intermission through the night. At 6 the next morning when the sun ought to have been seen, it still continued as dark as ever, but at half past seven, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the darkness evidently decreased and by 8, I could faintly discern objects on deck—from this time, it began to get light very fast, and by half past 9, the shore was distinguishable; the ashes falling in considerable quantities, though not so heavily as before. The appearance of the ship, when daylight returned was most extraordinary, the masts rigging, decks, and every part being covered with the falling matter; it had the appearance of calcined pumice stone nearly the colour of the

\*Sumbawa, is in lat. 8, 54, S. lon. 110, 47, E.

wood ashes—it lay in heaps of a foot in depth in many parts of the deck, and I am convinced several tons weight were thrown over board; for although a perfect impalpable powder or dust, when it fell, it was, when compressed of considerable weight, a pint measure filled with it, weighed 12 3-4 ounces—was perfectly tasteless, and did not affect the eyes with any painful sensation—had a faint burnt smell, but nothing like sulphur.

By noon, on the 12th, the sun again appeared, but very faintly through the dusky atmosphere. The air still being charged with the ashes, and which continued to fall lightly all that day and the succeeding one.

On going on shore at Moressa, I found the face of the country completely covered to the depth of an inch and a quarter—great fears were entertained for the crop of paddy that was on the ground; the young plants being completely beaten down and covered by it—the fish in the ponds at Marressa were killed and floating on the surface, and many small birds lying dead on the ground. It took several days to clear the ship of the ashes; when mixed with water it formed a tenacious mud, difficult to be washed off—my Chronometer stopped, owing I imagine, to some particles of dust having penetrated into it.

From the 12th to the 15th the atmosphere still continued very thick and dusky from the ashes that remained suspended; the rays of the sun scarce able to penetrate through it, with little or no wind the whole time.

On the morning of the 15th, weighed from Macasser with a very light wind & on the 18th made the island Sumbawa—on approaching the coast passed through great quantities of pumice stone floating on the sea, which at first had the appearance of shoals, so much so, that I have too and sent a boat to examine one; which at the distance of less than a mile I took for a dry sand bank, upwards of three miles in length, with black rocks upon several parts of it, concluding it to have been thrown up during the eruption—it proved to be a complete mass of pumice floating on the sea, some inches in depth, with great numbers of large trunks of trees and logs among it, that appeared to be burnt shivered as if blasted by lightning. The boat had much difficulty in pulling through it, and until we got into the entrance of Bima bay, the sea was literally covered with shoals of pumice and floating timber.

On the 19th, arrived in Bima bay; in coming to anchor grounded on the bank of Bima town, shoaling suddenly from 3 fathoms; as the tide was rising, hove off again without any difficulty or damage. I imagine the anchorage at Bima must have altered considerably, as where we grounded the Ternate Cruizer a few months since lay at anchor in six fathoms. The shores of the bay had a most dreary appearance, being entirely covered with ashes, even up to the summit of the mountains—the perpendicular depth of the ashes as measured in the vicinity of Bima town I found three inches and three quarters.

From the account given me by the Resident of Bima, it appears that the eruption proceeded from the Tomboro mountains, situated about 40 miles to the Westward of Bima. On the night of the 11th, the explosions he represents as most terrific, and compared them to a heavy mortar fired close to his ear.

The darkness commenced about seven in the morning and continued until the middle of the day, twelve hours longer than it did at Macasser. The fall of ashes was so heavy as to break the roof of the Residency house in many places, and rendered it uninhabitable, as well as many other houses in the town.

The wind was still during the whole time, but the sea uncommonly agitated; the waves rolled in upon the shore and filled the lower part of the houses a foot deep; every prow and boat was forced from the anchorage and driven on shore; several large prows are now laying a considerable distance above high water mark.

On the 22d the Dispatch country ship arrived in the bay from Amboyna—this vessel had mistaken a bay, called Daupoor Sanjier bay, for Bima, and had gone into it: her boat was on shore at Sanjier, the Raja of which place informed the Officer that the greater part of the town and a number of people had been destroyed by the eruption; that the whole of his country was entirely desolate and the crops destroyed. The town of Sanjier is situated about 4 or 5 leagues to the S. E. of the Tomboro mountain; the officer found great difficulty in landing in the bay, a considerable distance from the shore being completely filled up with pumice stones, ashes and logs of timber; the houses appeared beaten down and covered with ashes.

In passing Tomboro mountain, at the distance of about 6 miles, the summit was not visible, being enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes, the sides smoking in several places apparently from the Lava, which has flowed down it not being cooled; several streams have reached the sea, a very considerable one to N. N. W. of the mountain, the course of which was plainly discernible both from the black colour of the Lava contrasted with the ashes on each side of it, and the smoke which arose from every part of it. The Tomboro mountain in a direct line from Macasser is about 217 nautic miles distant.

New-York, May 24.

LATEST FROM FRANCE.—By the arrival this morning of the brig Kentucky-Belle, in 40 days from Bordeaux, we have received Bordeaux papers to the 9th of April, inclusive, containing Paris dates of the 4th. They are filled with their

legislative proceedings, which are of a local nature. We find the following articles under the Paris date of April 3.

“Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of Mr. Patterson, a rich American, is now in this city. She comes to prosecute her claim as the legitimate heir of an ex-king, to the very large estates that he has left in this country. It is expected the trial will come on immediately.

“M. Hyde de Neuville, this day asked the Chamber, to grant him permission to be absent a sufficient time to attend to the mission, conferred upon him by his majesty, as minister to the United States. His request was granted.”

The brig Philip.—On Tuesday last, we announced the arrival at this port of four seamen, who lately belonged to the Philip, of Charleston, which vessel had been lost at sea. By the arrival at Boston of the ship Contest we have received the following particulars:—

The Philip, sailed from Charleston for Bordeaux, on the 13th of April. On the 24th, when in lat. 41, long. 45, she was struck by a Whale athwart her stern. By the blow the stem and cut-water were laid athwartship to the starboard from the scarf of the keel to the scarf of the stern which was a foot above water.

They then took in all sail, but the leak increased so fast upon the pumps, that in half an hour the water was above the cabin floor. The captain and crew used every effort to stop the leak, but all were in vain.

They now got out the brig's long boat, into which they threw some clothing and provisions. The passengers, consisting of a French lady and five children, the captain and crew, in all 15 souls, committed themselves to this little vessel. Next day they fell in with the Contest, and were received on board by captain George.

Paris, March 22.

Among the remarkable traits in the discourse of the Curate Vincennes, on the anniversary of the death of the Duke D'Enghein, the following was particularly noticed:—Awakened at midnight, on the 21st of March, to be conducted to the place of execution, the prince asked the officer who was the bearer of the order—“What do you want with me?”—A profound silence.—“What o'clock is it?”—Midnight,” replied the officer, in a gentle tone.—“Midnight!” exclaimed the prince, “that hour is fatal to me; at midnight I was torn from my house at Ettenheim; at midnight the dungeons of Strasburg were opened for me; at midnight I was torn from them to be conducted hither; it is now midnight. . . . I have lived enough to know how to die!”

The ceremony of the Duke D'Enghein's funeral took place yesterday at Vincennes, with affecting simplicity. Those who conveyed the remains from the castle to the place of interment were chiefly the companions of the long and glorious life of the prince of Conde, the warriors who had braved death with him and his sons on the fields of battle, who had at once looked in the face the perils of war and the fury of executioners, old servants of that illustrious house, or the companions of the infancy of the hero to whom they paid the last duties. Among others were present the duke de Vauguyon, the viscount Chateaubriant, count Lynch, and a number of military officers, together with several foreigners, among whom was remarked Sir Sidney Smith. The marquis de Puyvert pronounced a laconic funeral oration in the true military style of eloquence. The bishop of Chalont celebrated mass, and the rector of Vincennes pronounced the funeral eulogy—Many tears were shed, because it detailed with great simplicity many traits in the life and circumstances which attended the death of the young hero. The heartfelt grief displayed on every countenance formed the chief pomp of this affecting ceremony. This was not only visible among those who took part in it more immediately, but in the soldiery & inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who flocked together in great numbers. It is but justice to the French people to state, that however much they have been misled in other respects, they never for a moment remained insensible or blinded to the horror of the murder of the duke d'Enghein. At Paris, the consternation was extreme on the day of that dreadful crime. As a proof of this it has been strongly asserted that the consumption of articles of subsistence was less that day than usual. Terror was also at its height, and was indeed so great, that the conduct of the mayor of Vincennes, and that of M. Chateaubriant, who threw up their functions on the occasion, were deemed acts of extraordinary virtue.

The first and second council of war of the first military division will before the first of March, take cognizance of the processes in contumacy against generals Lallemand, Delaborde, Clausel, Excelemans, and Lefevre Desnouettes.

The Prefect of the Rhone has addressed the following details to several of his colleagues:

“General Mouton Duvernet, doubtless despairing to escape any longer from the searches simultaneously made in several departments, adopted the resolution of delivering himself up a prisoner at Montherison, and relying on the king's clemency. In transmitting this important news I seize with pleasure the opportunity to contradict the reports which are circulated respecting the situation of Lyons and the surrounding country. By correspondence from different and very distant departments, I learn that the most absurd accounts are spread and credited; and what appears remarkable, is, that while at Paris an anxiety seems to prevail as to the state of Lyons, stories equally destitute of foundation, are told re-