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FOREIGN.

Edinburgh Review for March, 1817.—In the number of works selected for the new series of the *Edinburgh Review*, a notice is given of the life and death of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, &c. by Francis Maciaroni, late aide-de-camp to king Joachim; and a highly interesting extract is given, with the following introduction by the reviewers.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

The most interesting part of the tract before us consists of the adventures of Murat, after his ill-adviced operations in the north of Italy had failed, and he had been obliged to save himself by a precipitate retreat upon Naples with the scanty remains of his army. There is nothing in ancient war, or the romance of dark ages, more entertaining than the story of his escape to France; his concealment at Marseilles; his subsequent flight to Corsica; and the wild attempt in which he lost his life. We confess that we feel much less interest in the fortunes of this man than M. Maciaroni, who openly and honestly avows both his esteem for one with whom he had served, and his gratitude to him as a benefactor. Regarding him as a mere soldier of the French school, a man brought up in the contempt alike of death and of civil duties; whose only merit was great courage, accompanied with the virtues of frankness and generosity, which a thoughtless spirit stamps upon characters otherwise sufficiently dark; one in short of that class of military adventurers, who have retarded the improvement of mankind, and inflicted upon their own generation incalculable evils.—It is impossible for us to feel any portion of the warmth towards his person, or the regret for his fate, which M. Maciaroni may be both natural and becoming. But every one must be interested with the story of his adventures; which are here related with a great air of truth and authority. The following extract will convey to the reader part of the entertainment we have derived from the perusal of this narrative. Murat, by accident, lost the opportunity of escape from Marseilles in a vessel which he had freighted, and in which he had embarked his wife and his property, which, in this way, went out to sea without him.

Fortunately for king Joachim, it occurred to him that it might be imprudent to return to the place of refuge which he had just quitted; had it been otherwise, he would inevitably have perished; for at that moment the bloodhounds who pursued him were in the act of visiting the very spot.

He best his steps whether chance directed him; carefully avoiding the vicinity of the forts, or of any large dwelling, lest the first house he approached might prove to be the habitation of the enemy. He wandered about the woods and vineyards for several days and nights, with scarcely any sustenance, and without shelter.—At length, compelled by weariness and hunger, he determined to enter a farmhouse, where he flattered himself he might not be known.

He found only an old woman in the house, and informed her that he was an officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon; that he had been taking a long walk across the country; that he had lost his way, and had no dinner; he therefore begged her to prepare him something to eat. The good old woman in the most courteous manner and with the greatest cheerfulness, assured him, that he was a welcome guest, and that he might depend upon being instantly provided with the best fare her dear master's house could furnish. This mention of her "dear master," not a little alarmed the king, who immediately inquired his name, and if she expected him soon home? She satisfied his curiosity, adding that he was only gone out for a walk. The good woman, during this conversation, employed herself in preparing an omelet; but before she had finished either her cooking, or her story, her master returned.

"The king disguised the uneasiness he felt in this gentleman's company, who, however, very civilly made him welcome, and seated himself at the table prepared for the king,—at the same time desiring the old woman to make ready another omelet for himself. The king, who, as may well be supposed, was extremely hungry, had begun his meal previous to the declaration of his host, that he would join him.

No one who had ever beheld the stately figure and affable countenance of king Joachim, could get him; and our host, who, though he had never seen him, had yet seen his portrait in the Marshal's saloon at the Thuilleries, as well as on his own coins of the grand Duchy of Berg, and the kingdom of Naples,—and had also heard of his being then in the vicinity, as well as of the persecution to which he had been subjected, soon recognised in his guest the person of the king,—when, starting from his seat with every mark of the most profound respect, with tears in his eyes, he begged the king to pardon the familiarity into which he had been

betrayed; assuring him, that he would readily risk his life to preserve him, and that his person, and all were at the king's disposal. At this moment, the old nurse, who was assiduously engaged at the fire, hearing the master's respectful and passionate address, from which she learnt the rank of the personage for whom she had been exercising her culinary skill, was seized with an universal tremor; and in throwing herself at the king's feet, overturned the frying-pan and its contents into the fire.

"The king remained concealed in the house of this worthy gentleman for several days, when some circumstance made it necessary that he should be removed. Another country house was provided, which was then unoccupied, and a naval officer, whose name I shall not mention, was intrusted with the secret. An old woman, whose fidelity could be depended upon, was left in the house to wait upon the king, while the naval officer, and an associate named —, were employed in occasionally attending upon his person in bringing him necessaries and refreshments from the neighbouring town, and in guarding against any circumstance which might menace the king's safety.

"In the mean time, king Joachim's enemies by no means relaxed their exertions to take him. The report of his having gold, and jewels to an immense amount about his person, not a little contributed to increase their activity. The good old woman, who was employed to wait on the king, was indefatigable in her attention. She constantly kept watch during the night, while the king reposed, and would never retire to rest but in the middle of the day, when there was no danger of surprise; his faithful companions generally slept in the town to avoid observation.

"It would appear, however, that something had led to a suspicion of the king's retreat; for, at mid-night, on the 13th of August, a party of 60 men, headed by one Mocaou, son of the general of that name, repaired to the villa in which the king was concealed. The house being placed upon an eminence, it would have been difficult to approach it in the day, without discovery; but aided as this party was by the darkness of the night, they made quite sure of taking their victim by surprise, which must inevitably have happened if these imprudent assassins had not provided themselves with a lantern. The old dame, who was most fortunately watching at a window that looked towards the path which the ruffians were ascending, was alarmed at the appearance of the light; and, immediately awaking the king, who was sleeping in his clothes with his arms beside him, apprized him of his danger. He instantly covered himself with his great coat, seized his pistol and two pairs of pistols, slipped out at a back door, and concealed himself under the thick foliage of the vines, at about 30 yards distance from the house. The old woman fastened the door after him, whilst the gang surrounded the house. She had the presence of mind to make some delay in opening the door, under the pretence of requiring time to dress herself. In a few moments she disposed of the king's mattress, and set all to rights. This privileged banditti examined every corner of the house, and a party extended their search to the garden and vineyards; in doing which, the king heard several of them pass within a few paces of him, expressing their wish that they might find him, to enjoy the pleasure of cutting him to pieces, and dividing his spoils; but after an unsuccessful search, they left the house. The king afterwards informed me that it was his intention, in case he had been discovered, to kill as many of his assassins as he could; and then, rather than suffer himself to be taken alive, to discharge his last pistol at his own head."

Edinburg Review.—From the same number of this valuable periodical work, from which we gave an interesting extract in yesterday's paper, we now present another:—

N. Y. Ev. Post.

The rest of M. Maciaroni's work contains an account of what befel himself upon his return from Corsica, whether he had been sent by prince Metternich and sir C. Stuart, with the offer of an asylum to Murat. On his arrival at Marseilles, he was arrested by M. de Riviere, and grossly reviled by him, for having been an adherent of Murat, and having obtained for him the protection of Austria. He was then, though acting under the authority of passports and credentials exhibited to the marquis, and admitted by him to be perfectly regular, thrown into a dungeon, and treated with the greatest harshness. In this state he was kept for about three weeks, and then sent a prisoner to Paris, where, after strict examinations, according to the truly inquisitorial forms of the French proceeding, he was finally set at liberty.

During those examinations, he was interrogated as to the circumstances of Berthier's decease; and having mentioned, that he heard of his having been put to death by orders, he was told, that there was a connection supposed to have been traced between that event and the mysterious death of a great personage at Paris, in October or November, 1814. M. Menars, secretary of M. de Cazes, the minister of police, in order to obtain from him what he knew, said, that "a great personage had died at Paris, under circumstances of the greatest mystery, privacy and suspicion. That his death, &c. had been witnessed, and at that time, had been known only to two individuals. He added, that the death of this personage, and the murder of Berthier, were most particularly connected, and that one was the consequence of the other." M. Maciaroni answered, that all

he knew of Berthier's death was, the fact of its not having been accidental; but he adds, in a note, the following very extraordinary particulars, respecting the other death mentioned by M. Menars, having learned them since his examination. We do not pretend to be in possession of the key of the mystery; and must add, that the story does not strike us as being over and above credible.

"About the month of October or November, 1814, a reputable mid wife was accosted in the streets of Paris, near the church of St. Sulpice, by two strangers, who, it would seem, were acquainted with her profession, as they invited her to accompany them to the house of a person who was in need of her assistance. As the present case frequently occurs at Paris, and was by no means new to the mid-wife, she consented, without opposition, to be blindfolded, and in that state to be conveyed in a coach with the two strangers. They conversed with her as the coach drove on, she knew not whit-her; but the motion and the sound enabled her to perceive, that it made frequent turnings, and that at length it rolled through a gateway, and into a spacious court, where it stopped at the foot of a staircase, under a vestibule. She was now led out of the coach, and after having uncovered her eyes, the two strangers conducted her into a low room, (*entresol*), where she beheld extended upon a bed, and apparently at the point of dissolution, a man who gave no other signs of life than those of a short and difficult respiration, interrupted by faint, but frequent hiccups. His face was pale and bloated; his lips swollen and black; on a chair near the bed was thrown an embroidered coat, or uniform decorated with a star and with several ribbons of different orders of knighthood.

"The two strangers who had introduced the mid-wife to this scene, now proceeded to desire that she would bleed the unhappy man who lay before her. She excused herself on the plea of being unskilful in the operation, and unprovided with a lancet. The men persisted in their injunctions, and produced a lancet. She was thus forced to comply;—on which the dying man opened his eyes. At this moment one of the assistants left the room, for some necessary application, and, before he returned, the other was led to do the like, to learn the cause of some noise, which it appears alarmed him. It was then that the wretched victim, with difficulty, and in a feeble tone, pronounced the name of Berthier. He looked as though he would proceed: *Vain effort!* His black and tumid lips in silence quivered; his inflamed and glaring eyes rolled in horrid anguish;—then closed for ever.

"The poisoned man had no sooner expired, than the mid-wife, in compliance with the orders of the strangers, sewed up the body in a sheet; which, after being secured, and being again blindfolded, she was conveyed from this mysterious and horrid scene, in the same manner as she had been brought thither.

"These particulars of this mysterious death, which is undoubtedly the same to which M. Menars alludes, formed the subject of a solemn deposition upon oath, made before the minister of police, by the mid-wife who had been so strangely employed. I must add, that this account of her's is implicitly believed by those who are the most competent judges of her character and credibility; and who, besides, being acquainted with much more of the matter than I have related, see the connexion which this dismal paragraph holds with the rest of the story. For my part, I do not think myself warranted, at the present moment, in saying any thing further. My readers must be aware, that to dwell on a subject, from which such serious allegations might be deduced, would be highly inconsistent, both with prudence and with justice."

[It requires a considerable share of good natured credulity to believe this story. We must first, I think, relinquish the current opinion, that men never act without motives.]

THE CITY OF VALENCIA, IN SPAIN.

Extract of a letter of recent date, from a young Bostonian, now in Valencia, to the Editors of the Boston Patriot.

"I am surprised to find, that so fine a city as Valencia is, containing upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, abounding in elegant and noble buildings, well worthy the attention of the historian and the inspection of the traveller,—should have been so little known.

"Valencia, from the sea, can be best partially seen, in consequence of the Groat, or shipping fort coming directly in front, so as to intercept the view. The immense tower of the cathedral, however, is perceptible a great distance; as also are many domes of the churches, which being covered with burnish-tiles makes a very pleasing appearance. From the Groat to the city, the distance of which is about two miles, is an elegant walk, called the Alameda, which is most beautifully adorned with orange, lemon, and mulberry trees, with a great profusion of the most choice flowers and plants. The walk for pedestrians is paved with handsome flag stone, and on one side runs a small canal. The other is appropriated for flower arbours, benches, &c. The whole forming a most romantic and pleasing scene. On first entering the city by the gate of Del Mar, I was struck with the fine appearance of the piazza St. Domingo, which is a fine square, containing many noble buildings, particularly the custom-house, &c. From this I was led to expect an elegant city, but was soon disappointed, by finding those narrow and dirty streets which characterise all the principal cities in Spain.

The city contains many fine buildings, among which may be named the Cathedral, Exchange Hospital, the archbishop's palace, and many

convents and churches. Smugglers chained in pairs are employed to clean and repair the streets.

One great nuisance is the multitude of beggars which infest the streets. It is impossible to pass twenty yards without meeting six or eight of them at their regular stands. There are hundreds of other mendicants, called monks, who likewise traverse the streets to the great annoyance of strangers—nor are they the most modest beggars to be met with.—They generally begin by demanding, especially if you are a stranger, an half dollar, but will very graciously condescend to accept of a copper quarto. The principal amusements are the theatre, dancing, &c. There is not a week passes, however, but as more or less holidays, which bring with them their different diversions and grand processions. Sunday is considered a grand day of amusement, and is generally devoted, except in the morning hours, to horse-racing, fencing, quoits, &c. and in the evening, balls, cards and dancing.

The people here generally possess a great disregard for agriculture and commerce, and indeed for human industry in general; an excessive pride and arrogant contempt of all other nations, a temper of the most malignant cast, which drives them to seek revenge in a most cowardly and dastardly manner: there are, however, some few exceptions from this general rule. They are also remarkable for their superstitious veneration of the clergy.—The women are handsome, good tempered, and much prone to gallantry, which gives them an additional advantage in the eyes of a stranger.

The following will give you some faint idea of their superstition.

On St. Vincent's day (the patron of the kingdom of Valencia who flourished about 450 years ago) numerous stages are erected in all the principal squares of the city, on which are represented the miracles said to have been performed by this good Saint. One representation is the Saint's recovering an immense rice cake that had been stolen; another stopping a ferocious Bull with his holy water sprinkler. A moor, who had fallen from the top of a house is kept suspended in air; the scattered members of a child that had been cut to pieces are instantly joined by a touch of his crucifix. What a sublime representation in honor of the deity!

The Host, or Sacrament, is administered to sick persons, who have been pronounced past recovery. It is carried in the day or night, as occasion may require, with great pomp and parade, escorted by a guard of soldiers, with a band of music. It moves slowly along, the monks chanting, and bearing in their hands a long lighted candle of wax. This they believe is the most precious relic of the deity. You are warned of its approach by the ringing of a small bell. As soon as it appears, down upon your knees you must go, and take off your hat, if you value your life. If in the night, lights must be placed in all your windows. If in the day, your balconies must be decorated with crimson, silk, &c.

The country for several miles round Valencia is one continued plain, under the highest state of cultivation; presenting, now, the appearance of a New-England August. Luxuriant fields of wheat and corn, with plantations of olives, mulberry fig and orange trees, &c. The country, however, wants that diversity of scenery, so common and beautiful in America. You are soon tired of wandering over a prospect which presents the same object at every turn of the eye. The soil is extremely rich, and produces two crops of wheat a year. Every month brings with it new seed times and new harvests, so that the husbandman has no respite the year round. Apricots, strawberries, cherries, &c. are now in great perfection and plenty, and for about 80 cents sufficient could be bought to furnish a desert for ten people.

A few days since I visited, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, Murviedro about 12 miles distant, where once stood the ancient Sanguantum. The town contains about 500 inhabitants, who are principally engaged in agriculture. It is defended by a strong and large castle, where the French, consisting of 1000 men, kept at bay 8000 Spaniards and English, under Gen. Roche, who were compelled to retire. Among the most conspicuous of the ruins, are plainly to be seen the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, situated on the declivity of a hill; 9000 people it is said could be accommodated here, and the gradations of the seats are still to be seen.

After all I have seen in the new world, I pant again to visit my dear and native place. I have seen quite enough of this country to disgust me, and to render the one I left far more valuable. I have seen sufficient of kings and nobles, to endear me still more to the beloved and simple Republicanism of my country.—That country whose rising greatness I contemplate with so much pleasure; that country of which I am proud to call myself a citizen. It is indeed with pride that I say it. I am a citizen of the only free country on earth. Feared and respected by all, whether enemies or friends.

The will of the late Countess of Letrim, who lately died in England, was allowed, although it had neither date, signature nor witness; but it was soon discovered to have been found among her papers, and to be her writing.

WRAPPING PAPER, drawing, den writing, cut and un-cut foolscap a letter do. for sale at this office, by the rear or quantity. October 1, 18