Western Carolinian.

…sure will become satisfied that the beauties of the country are not to be discovered in a stage coach moving *night & day* at the rate of 7 miles an hour, and that the wonders of Niagara are not to be seen, nor its grandeur experienced in a hasty glance when the body and mind are alike labouring under the fatigue and excitement incident to a passage from Albany in the Telegraph. Notwithstanding the insufferable vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope's "*Domestic Manners of the Americans*," the old beldame has told some wholesome truths, and "done the State some service," and I almost wish she had touched upon the popular manner of making excursions to the country for health and *pleasure*.

New York Courier.

A party man.—An article in the Wabash Mercury furnishes the following faithful portrait of a thorough party or collar man:

"He uses an argument not because it is correct, but because it is put into his mouth by the powers that be: He adopts an idea, not because it is good, but because it is adopted by the President: He advocates a measure, not because it will be for the good of the country, but because it will be for the good of the party. He is a mere machine—he acts only as he is acted upon. The measure he advocates to-day, if abandoned by the party, he would condemn to-morrow. He is one of those beings whom Butler so admirably describes when he says—

"What proves all doctrines plain & clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,
And what was proved quite plain before,
Proved false again? Two hundred more."

He is like one of the following sheep of a flock: so soon as he ascertains by the tinkle of the bell, that the bell-wether is in motion, he shakes his tail, cries baa! and is off in a canter.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Having received the Journals brought by the last arrivals from England and France on Saturday morning but a short period before it was necessary to put our paper to press, we were unable then to give more than a summary of the principal items of intelligence. We now furnish additional extracts.

The great questions which have lately agitated Europe are now almost settled, save that in relation to the crown of Portugal; but that country and Spain have become of so little importance in the scale of nations, that the war there excites comparatively little interest. The expedition from Oporto, which has landed at Lagos, is composed entirely of Portuguese troops; the foreign mercenaries have remained behind at Oporto, with Don Pedro. It is difficult to conjecture the precise objects of this expedition.—At first it was supposed that it was destined for Lisbon, and that by a bold stroke at the heart of his rival's power Don Pedro would bring the contest to a speedy termination; indeed it is stated in one of the last London papers, that the general opinion in that metropolis was that it would still proceed thither; we, however, think this improbable, and that this new expedition has been undertaken with a view to give the people an opportunity to show, the attachment it is said they feel, to the constitutional cause, and to which, while Don Pedro was hemmed in at Oporto, there was little to encourage them. The appointment of General Bourmont to the command of Don Miguel's army, is a very extraordinary one. In the imperial armies of France his name was little known until the battle of Waterloo, and there it was coupled with treachery. The success of the expedition commanded by him against Algiers can hardly be considered a military trophy, for the force he commanded was so overwhelming that he looked down any thing like serious opposition. It would appear that General Solignac, who commanded in Oporto, had received a slight wound before he left that place for France. It is not mentioned in what engagement.

The French Chambers were prorogued at the close of the month of June, without any speech from the throne. It is maintained by the opposition papers that a dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies must ensue, for although the Chamber has not been in existence the full period allowed by the Charter, still having twice voted two budgets in one year, and the Charter not contemplating more than one should be granted to the Government during that period of time, the spirit and meaning of the Charter require new elections should take place. The subject of the fortifications of Paris is likewise one which continues to excite general attention in France.

The prorogation of the British Parliament is believed to be not far distant, unless a collision should take place between the two Houses, which now seems less probable. There are still four or five important measures, however, pending before them, … have quarrelled among themselves, because there seems a general eagerness to overreach each other in the distribution of the money. They dispute the justice of the rule laid down for allocating the bounty of Parliament, and in the avarice of all, there is danger of the measure being delayed. The plan originally proposed was that each colony should be estimated by its exports, but those whose foreign trade is scanty, demur, for it appears that while a slave, by this calculation, in one island would be worth only 15*l.* in another place he would be worth 76*l.* There is evidently something wrong here, but as Mr. Stanley's bill is not yet published, the objection may be obviated.

The bank question has evidently perplexed Lord Althorp; deficient in the firmness which renders less amiable men respectable, he has, in his wish to conciliate all, rather impaired his measure and not benefitted his own financial reputation.—The country bankers have triumphed over him, and yielding to their power, but not to their arguments, he has abandoned that part of his plan which related to them.—He has sacrificed a little to the cheap currency men, for he has made bank of England notes payable in gold no where but at the mother bank. By the original proposition, they were to be payable at the branch banks, but now that seeming advantage is done away with, and notes are to be convertible into sovereigns no where but in London. It is difficult to say how this plan will work, but as it will, no doubt increase without depreciating the currency, we may fairly calculate on its producing a beneficial effect on the industry of the country.

New York Courier.

LETTER FROM MAJ. DOWNING.

Boston, June 26, 1833.

Dear Uncle Josh.—I suppose that you have seen in the newspapers all that I and the Gineral have been about since we started on our tower; but I must tell you of our reception at Harvard College, a school as much beyond our school down at Downingville, as I am bigger than you be.—Well; yesterday morning, says the Gineral to me, Major Downing says he, I'm a going to see Cambridge College, that's flat.—I'm glad of it, Gineral, says I; 'twould never do for two distinguished strangers to go away without seeing it: and besides they want to make you L. L. D. Fiddle de dee! says the Gineral, as mad as a hen stuck in a fence, what the duce is that?—Why, Gineral, says I, it's a Doctor. A Doctor, says the Gineral, and he fetched his knuckles down upon the table with an eternal wipe, make a doctor of me! If they dare to do it, they'd better swallow nutmegs than the pills I'll give 'em—I'll crack them with my pestle—I've let blood afore now. Why how you talk! Gineral, says I, it's a doctor of laws they want to make out of you. I want to know! says the Gineral, I never heard of such a critter, but it's no bad notion—I guess I know something about that are business of doctoring laws. There's Clay's land bill that will never want a doctor no more—and the bank bill, I did the business for that in less than no time—quicker than ever doctor finished a sick man yet; and I'm apt to think it was that veto consarn that put the College into a notion of making me a doctor.

May be, Gineral, says I, it's what you had to say about that are second article.—You get out! says the gineral, says he, least said about that's soonest mended: that article might have made some of these very folks stand upon nothing, and pull hemp. However, Gineral, says I the long and short on't is, that the name Doctor of Laws, as I've heard tell, is a compliment that Colleges give to men of letters.—Like enough, says the Gineral, says he, and now I think on't I guess that Silas Dunsmoor letter of mine did the business—it's the prettiest thing I ever writ.—But Lord! Major Downing, says he, if they give them are compliments to men of letters, you ought to have one, sartain—for you've writ more letters than there are musquitos in New England: and I guess I'll just give some on 'em a nudge, to shell out one for you and one for Major Eaton—for he can say his letters about as well as I and you. So off we sot, I and the Gineral and the t'others, Mr. Van Buren and suchy, and soon got to the College; and then they stuck us up in the Chapel, and the President Quincy made a speech, and told us that he was near about ready to faint, he was so glad that we'd condescended to come and see 'em. Why! fact! Major Downing, says, the Gineral, Mr. Quincy's a talkin plain English—there an't a pot hook nor trammel in a word he says—I like that, for I can't make head or tail of your lingo-frank.

Stop a bit, Gineral, says I, and you'll get pot hooks and trammels to your heart's content. But Major Downing, says the Gineral, how am I to manage when I see pot hooks coming? Why Gineral, says I in a kind of a whisper, you've nothing to do but just to wink now and then, …d, and look ever so knowing … egin to think you know … utter than they do them … ghts, the pot hooks and … along, sure enough. A … up, and whippered away … e droll lingo, and the Gineral … bob and wink, and wink and … as knowing as a rooster in a … and now and then scrape out … as to be polite, as if he knew … well as the things at the head … of the 119th psalm; only once, … d his head down to me, and says … or Downing, says he, if you hunch … w now, and make me snicker, I'll … death of you.—Then President … y, he got hold of the pot hooks too, … give the Gineral his degree; and … as the Gineral had got it, nalloo, says … to the President, neighbor, says he, can't you got no more of these gimcracks? —I want one a piece for Major Downing here and Major Eaton, you know him; he that use to make my war reports. However, we came away with a flea in our ear, for the President of the College stood to it, that he'd got no more on hand—and I and Major Eaton must wait a spell before we come to be Doctors.

Your loving Nephew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

From the New York Evening Post.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Some time in the early part of the late war, between the United States and Great Britain, as the frigate President, Commodore Rogers, was standing in for Block Island, between Gay Head and Montaug Point, under a full complement of canvass she espied a long sharp "clipper built" schooner, with English colors under the lee bow, sailing towards her, bearing a set of signals which were not understood; the schooner was therefore pronounced to be an enemy's vessel.

The Commodore, however, by way of making a feint, ordered a flag run up, and hauled down again immediately. This had the effect intended; the Schooner, believing that his signals had been duly answered, and not willing to appear dull on the occasion, forthwith hauled down the signals and stood for the President; supposing her to be one of His B. M. frigates.

The President now hove too under English colors.—The Schooner came along side and was hailed, "What schooner is that?" "His M. Schooner Highflyer," was the answer. "come on board, Sir, with your papers." Aye, aye, Sir. The boat was now hoisted out, and a British Lieut. came along side. He was piped over the gangway, and immediately ushered into the cabin, where sat Com. Rogers, to whom he handed his instructions. Umph, so, Sir, you are looking out for the American Frigate President, Com. Rogers. Where did you leave the squadron? "Yesterday morning, off back Long Island, Sir." "How was Com. Hardy?" "He was very well, Sir." "Have you a sufficient description of the President to enable you to recognise her when you shall see her?" "O, yes, sir, we cannot fail to know her immediately."—"Well, Sir, without keeping you longer in suspense, I have the honor to inform you that you are now on board the U. S. ship President, and I am Com. Rogers!"

Meantime all hands being piped to dinner, the officer of the deck ordered the boatswain's mate to invite the men who were in the boat to come up and partake with the crew.

The boatswain's mate accordingly looks over the side, says—"Shipmates, come aboard and get some dinner.'—"Shipmates, eh," says a dry old fellow in the act of taking out his last hour's quid of tobacco, and looking up at the same time very quizzically at the President's jib—"I say, Tom, do you twig that *split cannas jib*? Shiver my topmasts, but *Brother Johnathan* has diddled us this time; as sure as the devil's in Lunnun.—But never mind, Tom, we'll go aboard and see our new messmates—mayhap we shall find plenty of Yankee grog, with a dish of *long sweetnings*, and a comfortable drop of old *Kentuck*.

LONG TOM.

The odd Family.—In the reign of William III. there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family*. Every event, whether good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour: the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rabah; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthews, Jonas, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by an accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed; all these except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen; the stump footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girls would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the childrens was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep saw-pit, where he was starved to death in the year 1701, and his wife refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1706 Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty three places, on the same day, in 1713, and Soloman and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames in the year 1723.

Mr. Jeremiah Swipes entered an apothecary's store a few nights since, with a pale haggard and wo-begone countenance; and after three or four heavy sighs, asked a young man behind the counter, if he had any poisons?

'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'we have a variety of poisons'

'Well—fill this 'ere bottle with laudanum—I'm sick, and want some poison.—Oh! my heart!'

The last ejaculation somewhat astounded the apothecary, and rather put him on his guard, for the wo-begone appearance of Jeremiah was well calculated to excite suspicion, he therefore filled the phial with colored water, and handed it to the customer.

'Will this do the business,' asked Swipes, shaking the mixture, and looking volumes of despair.

'I think it will,' replied the young man 'I have never known it to fail yet, even in the most desperate cases of your complaint, which appears to be *delirium peticotium*.'

'Oh! sir—I will take all, and—here's a quarter dollar—adieu, sir.'

The young wag determined to see the effect of his new nostrum, followed the desperate lover through a number of streets, until they reached a rickety old building in Essex street, which had from time immemorial borne rather a doubtful character. Jeremiah knocked at the door, which was opened by a sturdy looking wench, who, if she did not, as Byron has it, 'walk in beauty's light'—at least walked in the light of a two cent candle, which she held rather gracelessly in her hand.

'Oh! Susan!' exclaimed Swipes, drawing his hand across his eyes, 'I have come to bid you a long and last farewell. This 'ere bottle what I've got in my hand holds the stuff what will unite time and eternity; I told you, you treated me so cruelly, I meant to take poison.'

'Take it and be hanged' replied Susan, snubbing up her nose, 'but before you do, I think you had better settle up your scot with the widow for six weeks board and lodging—washing in the bargain. But Susan won't you have me!

'You! ha—ha! why I'd walk barefoot all the days o' my life, and die in the Almshouse, afore I'd have you!'

'Then the thing's settled,' groand Jeremiah, behold the victim of your cruelty.'

Suiting the action to the word, he swallowed the contents of the phial, he laid down on the pavement as he expressed it, to sleep the sleep of death! while the relentless fair slammed the door and retired to sleep, perchance to dream.'

Baltimore Visitor.

The Biter Bitten.—A few days ago, as one of the Merchant Tailors in Market street was patiently waiting the calls of customers, a robust, honest looking fellow, stepped into the shop, who looked as though he needed an outfit, his habiliments being rather the worse of the wear. After the usual inquiries as to prices, &c. he concluded to rig himself out with a new suit. He doffed his old coat and vest, and very soon found substitutes for them among the various samples spread out before him by the accommodating supplier. Having found pantaloons that pleased him, he walked into the back room to see whether they were of sufficient length and breadth, which being the case, he very unceremoniously kicked his old ones out of the way, and made for the back window. With wonderful dexterity he leaped over the different walls, woodpiles and high fences that obstructed his progress, and was soon farther than "speaking distance from the tailor's shop and his tattered rags. The honest shopkeeper began to wonder at his delay, and proceeded to the room where he had left his customer; but, lo! the bird had flown, and left not a wreck behind," save his threadbare breeches, no very profitable exchange for the new suit. He in vain looked through the window for the rascal, or peered into his own and the adjoining yards, and soon made up his mind that he might as well set down customer and clothes as among the missing. After thus disposing of the absentees, he very naturally and mechanically proceeded to ransack the pockets of the old trowsers, which were left, where he soon found a pocket book, forgotten, doubtless, by the gentleman in his haste to procure the spoils, upon opening which his glad eyes were greeted by the cheering sight of bank notes. When he unrolled them, he counted ten dollars—*three dollars more than the garments were worth which the unfortunate rogue ran off with.*

Albany Evening Journal.

Advantage of Religion in the opinion of an Infidel.

Who would dare in casting a glance at the career traced for us, to declare the succor of religion useless and superfluous! The sources of our sorrows are numerous: we may be persecuted by power, calumniated by falsehood. The bonds of a society altogether factitious, wound us. Destiny strikes us where we have garnered up our affections. Old age, that sombre and solemn epoch, steals upon us, spreading chillness and dullness over the objects by which we are surrounded. We search every where for consolations, and almost all our consolations are religious. When the world abandons us, we form an alliance above the world. When men persecute us, we create for ourselves an appeal beyond men.—When we see our most cherished illusions—justice, liberty, patriotism—vanish, we console ourselves with the belief that a Being exists who will reward us for having been faithful, in despite of our age, to justice to freedom, and to our country. When we regret a beloved object, we throw a bridge over the abyss that separates us, and traverse it in thought. Finally, when life glides away from us, we press forward to a new state of existence. Thus is religion the faithful companion, the ingenuous and indefatigable friend of the unfortunate. He who regards as errors all these hopes, should, in my opinion, be more profoundly affected than any others by this universal concourse of all suffering beings; by the demands of grief addressed to a heaven of brass, from all quarters of the globe, to remain without answer; and by the deception which gives a reply the confused noise of so many prayers, echoed in distance through the air. It is easy to exhibit the littleness of man and the immensity of the universe; but if we place the greatness of man in what really constitutes it—in his soul, in his sentiments, in his thought, all these philosophic declamations become as the idle wind. There is more greatness in a noble thought in a profound emotion, in a sublime act of devotion, than in all the mechanism of celestial spheres.

Benj. Constant's Posthumous Works.

From the Newbern Spec. of the 10th, inst.

On Tuesday last a meeting of the citizens of this town and county was held at the court-house, for the purpose of ascertaining and concentrating publick opinon on internal improvement. Mr. Gaston, and other spirited gentlemen, addressed the meeting, but as we were necessarily absent to nearly the close of the proceedings we are unable to report even the substance of their remarks. Of their effects, however, we can speak with certainty. Every person present was fully convinced of the necessity of energetick action, and of the sources of competence or wealth which are within our reach, and not only within our reach, but of easy attainment, if unanimity of purpose direct our councils—Nothing definite was done at the meeting, as will be seen by referring to the proceedings in another clumn, but we look forward with hope to the convention which will be held at Kinston, in September.—If there be amongst us any that are lukewarm on the subject of rail roads, we would cite to them the success of similar improvements in various parts of the Union.—The Camden and Amboy rail-road, between Philadelphia and New-York, cost upwards of $18,000 a mile exclusive of engines, cars, &c., and the stock of the company is now quoted at 155 to 160. The New Castle and French Town rail-road, in Delaware, cost $25,000 a mile and the stock is 166. The Hudson and Mohawk road, from Albany to Schenectady, which is said to have cost $50,000 per mile, produces a profit to the stockholders of 32 per cent. The Baltimore and Ohio rail-road, as far as completed, (about 70 miles,) which cost $30,000 per mile, is also found to be profitable, although the transportation of merchandise and passengers on it has hither to been effected by horses. The average cost of these northern roads is about 30,000 per mile. This statement might intimidate our fellow citizens from attempting so vast an undertaking; but when we inform them, from authentick sources and good authority, that a rail-road in North Carolina can be built for *one fifth*, or less than one fifth, of this average northern cost, we hope they will be encouraged to proceed. The South Carolina road is a fair experiment, and its cost did not go beyond this limit when engines, cars, survey &c., were included. The nature of the country through which our road will run, is such, that to lay down the road will be the only labour; no levelling is necessary; nature has done that most effectually. Timber is cheap and plentiful, the price of the lands through which it will pass is merely nominal, while those at the north were purchased at a high rate; and slave labour is at least 25 per cent. lower than that of white men.

U. S. Bank.—It is currently reported through the city (says the *Philadelphia Gazette*,) that the mission of Amos Kendall to the Philadelphia Banks, in reference to the Government deposits, has been altogether unsuccessful. With a solitary exception, it is said, all the Banks have refused the deposits on any terms.

London 23d June.—*Royal Institution.*—Friday evening Mr. Brockedon delivered a lecture upon the properties and present uses of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, the former uses of which were only for the rubbing out pencil marks. It was introduced into this country about a hundred years since, and is now used for making water-proof clothes, and elastic materials of every description. It is particularly adapted to surgical bandages, and all materials where an equal pressure is required, which can be regulated by the wearer. The lecturer stated that he was much indebted for the substance of his lecture, and the materials furnished, to Messrs. Cornish & Co. of Holloway, who have a very extensive factory. The cutting of the Indian rubber into fine threads is done by machinery, and so rapid are the effects of the machine, that two girls, by the aid of steam power, can cut into threads not much coarser than thick sewing thread, 240,000 yards per day, 80,000 yards of which weigh a pound. A curious experiment was also exhibited, the strengthening of rotten Indian rubber; a strand being dipped in a solution, immediately became perfectly strong. The lecturer stated, however, that his hearers might wish to have the knowledge of this secret. He was not acquainted with it, but the result was certainly most important to the professors of it. The machinery, and secret mode of strengthening the Indian rubber, although in the hands of Cornish & co., he stated was the invention of Mr. Sievier, the sculptor. Whale fishing lines, elastic cables, and ropes, were exhibited, and their utilities ably spoken of by the lecturer.

Equivocal Civility.—A customer having the other day complained to a grocer of the quality of his sugar, the knight of the tea chest told him if he did not like it he might *lump it*.

How are the Stars the Poetry of Nature?

Not certainly on account of their visual splendor; for the gas lamps in a single street of this metropolis outshine the whole hemisphere on the clearest winter evening; nor on account of their beautiful configurations; for the devices chalked on the floor of a fashionable ball room, to the mere animal eye, would be more captivating. It is from causes having affinity to mind, not matter; to truth, not semblance, that the stars may indeed be called the poetry of heaven. The bodies alone appear to us the identical luminaries, in size, lustre, movements, and relative position, which they appeared to Adam and Eve in Paradise, when—

"At their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth
and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent Globe,
And starry pole."—*Para. Lost, Book IV.*

They appear to us the same as they did to Noah and his family; when they descended from the ark in the silence of an unpeopled world; and, as they did to the builders of Babel, when the latter projected a tower whose top should reach Heaven. (By the by we do not know whether La Place would agree to *this.*) Once more—and oh! how touching the thought—the stars, the unchanging stars, appear to us with the same placid magnificence, as they were seen by the Redeemer of the world, when, having sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when even was come, he was there alone, "& continued all night in prayer to God."—Matt. XIV. 23—Luke VI. 12.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of his prayer;
The desert his temptatation knew,
His conflict and his victory too."—*Watts.*

The stars, then, have been the points where all that ever lived, have met; the great, the small, the evil, and the good, the prince, the warrior, statesman, sage; the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the bond and the free; Jew, Greek, Scythian and Barbarian. Every man that has looked up from the earth to the firmament, has met every other man among the stars, for all have seen them alike, which can be said of no other images in the visible universe! Hence by a sympathy neither affected nor overstrained, we can, at pleasure, bring our spirits into nearer contact with any being that has existed, illustrious or obscure, in any age or country, by fixing our eyes—to name no other—on the morning or the evening star, which that individual must have beheld a thousand times.

'In that same place of heaven where now it shines,' and with every aspect which the beautiful planet wears to us, and with which it will continue to smile over the couch of dying, or the cradle of reviving day."

J. Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry, &c.

The plan of the defence of New Orleans was laid by no less a personage than General Moreau, during his visit to that city in 1810. It happened on this wise; General Moreau, the Hon. Edward Livingston, and a French officer of engineers, were returning from an afternoon's ride in the neighborhood of the city, and passed over the ground that afterwards became the scene of the battle. With the quick eye of a military man of science, General M. observed the advantages presenting themselves for defensive military operations.—Pointing with his hand—"There," said he, "should your city ever be threatened by invasion—there is the proper place for the line of defence." Other conversation as to the details followed—and the ride was ended. Gen. Moreau returned to Europe, and fell in the ranks of Napoleon's enemies. The French officer of engineers settled in New Orleans. In process of time New Orleans was invaded. A general of energy but ignorant of tactics, who had "never set a squadron in the field," was sent to the command. Mr. Livingston and the French engineer volunteered as the aids of the General; the conversation with Moreau was recollected—and at the instance of these gentlemen, the plan of defence suggested by the great French commander, was adopted. The result is known.

N. Y. American.

Gomez, the Mexican Robber.—This infamous robber, with four hundred associates, inhabited the extensive forest of Puebla, Mexico, and committed the most atrocious and was guilty of the most heartless and diabolical cruelties. No traveller was safe, high or low, rich or poor; and the name of Gomez spread terror in every direction. His power was so great the government was intimidated, and was unable to rout him from his strong hold. The following is an instance of the refinement and cold blooded barbarity with which he inflicted death. A poor fellow travelling near St. Martin overtook a man on the road and entered into conversation with him, in the course of which he observed that he hoped that he might never fall into the hands of Gomez. 'Why so?' asked his companion. 'Because' continued the traveller, 'he is not only partial to robbing his victim, but he delights in shedding of blood, & in the exercise of cruelty.' 'And who told you that?' said his fellow pedestrian; 'common report,' said the traveller, 'and I know for certainty that he murders every man he captures, and washes his hands in the blood.' 'Indeed,' replied the other, 'now you shall be convinced; for here, said he, pointing to a path in the wood, 'is the way to the abode of Gomez and I will take the liberty to introduce you to him.' In vain the traveller expressed his detestation of his new acquaintances, and urged the importance of his business; he was forcibly conducted to the ground, and then had the inexpressible horror of finding the robber to be his companion.