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**PATRIOTIC SPEECH OF MR. EMMET,**  
AS DELIVERED AT THE SESSION HOUSE, DUBLIN, BEFORE  
LORD NORBY.

My Lords—What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it would become me to say anything to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by it. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the stain of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from sympathy, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter—I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammeled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to that down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it fit in some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal—I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over him which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice—the man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be allied to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope; I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeped in barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the tunic of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been through all this period and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view, than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and so patiently travell'd; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, that wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the conviction that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of an enemy; nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was again interrupted by the court.]  
Again I say, that what I have spoken, was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cherish him in the hour of his affliction—

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime, of which he had been a guilty party; that a judge has thought it is duty so to have done, I have no doubt—but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purpose of ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such fool and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court; I am a man, you are a judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, & dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you to calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhalloved policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear at the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or—

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lords, will a dying man be denied the privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or rather insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This no doubt may be dispensed with—and so might the whole ceremony of trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle, before your jury was empanelled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the Court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me; had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it, I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the paricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism.

I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt you to that proud station. Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it, as we had assurances we should obtain it; as auxiliaries in war—and allies in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succours of France were to aid; I looked indeed for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted! That they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid, which, by its example, would be as important as its valour, disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience, who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[Here he was interrupted by the Court.]

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of conspiracy." You do me honour over-much. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself; my lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues, I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonoured to be called your friends—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood stained hand—

[Here he was interrupted.]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has, and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor?—shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave as not to reply to it? I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhalloved ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the Judge interfered.]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it—No, God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind; and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and untroubled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence!—Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain unadorned, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—I have done.

## A BROKEN HEART.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I never heard

Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt  
With care, that like the caterpillar eats  
The leaves of the spring's sweet bud and rose.

It is a common thing to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature have convinced me of the contrary, and have satisfied me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, and the pleasures of society, there is still a warm current of affection running through the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly concealed. Indeed I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not however, consider it a madly often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of the early life or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But the woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire, it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul, in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

But woman's is comparatively a fixed and meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings, and if they are turned to minsters of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked, and abandoned and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when unfortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recess of her bosom, and there lets it cover and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of her existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through her veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood" until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowing with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it dropping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect and disappearing gradually from the earth almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven, and have repeatedly fancied I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But such an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them in the manner they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragic story of Emmet, the Irish Patriot, for it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave; so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated and Irish patriot. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him—when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. If then his fate could awaken even the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the ac-

quish of her whose soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being most loved on earth, who have sat at this threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had parted.

But the horrors of such a grave, so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell upon that could soothe the pangs of parting—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt the sorrow into blessed tears sent like the dew of heaven, to revive the heart in the hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so riven in by horror, they would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupations to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of so far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, loathly and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the step of the orchestra, and looking about sometime with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gay scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that it drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every eye in tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great sympathy in a country so remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the lead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed for the memory of a former lover. He however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with a solemn assurance that her heart was utterly another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

## THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

The following letter from JAMES HOGG, the Etrick Shepherd, was lately addressed to an American clergyman, in reply to one requesting from the Poet a literary favour.

"ALTRIVE LAKE, by Selkirk, June 20, 1833.

REV. SIR: Although I have no great regard for such things as those you request of me, I am almost daily obliged to contribute to the whims of other people in these matters. A lady I have not the heart to refuse; and I have always had such a veneration for the Ministers of the Gospel of Jesus, that I never once thought of refusing them anything in all my life. I have never been able to find out what class of society I belong to. I sing songs and argue about religion with the shepherds, and as I have the scripture mostly by heart, I am rather a heavy neighbor for them. I drink toddy and talk about the breeds of sheep and cattle, with the qualities of soils and wool with my brother farmers, and with the nobility and gentry I am most at my ease and at home, of all. In fact, a poet does not belong to any class of society. But as I am sure I do not belong to the clergy, so they are the only class whom I have regarded as above me, as holding their charter from a higher throne than that of an earthly sovereign. This brings to my mind a pleasant little anecdote which I must relate. The Rev. Dr. Yorkston was once examining in a farm house where I was a shepherd. He had been explaining to us who were our superiors, and whom we were to regard as our equals.—Then turning to a lad, Wm. Haining, he asked him who were his inferiors? "The tinkers," quoth Will. The minister was obliged to raise both his hands to cover his face and laugh. So if Will's sagacity could find out no class lower than himself, save tinkers, mine has never been able to discover any above me, save the divines of the church. I remain, dear sir, yours most respectfully.

JAMES HOGG.

*La Tablette De Chocolat: or Napoleon's Manner of Making a Duke.*—After the taking of Dantzic, Napoleon, wishing to reward Marshal Lefebvre for his distinguished services during the siege, sent for him one morning, at an unusually early hour. The Marshal obeyed the summons immediately, and his arrival was announced to the Emperor, who was then transacting business with Prince Berthier:

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Napoleon, "I see, with pleasure, that Monsieur, le Duc has not lost time at his toilet." Then, turning to an officer in attendance he added—"Go and tell the Duc de Dantzic, that my object in disturbing him at so early an hour was simply to have the pleasure of his company to breakfast!"

"But Sir," observed the officer, "I beg leave, respectfully, to remind your majesty that the person attending is not a Duke, but the Marshal Lefebvre." "Monsieur," retorted the Imperial Majesty, "when I make a Duc, I beg leave to remind you that it is *pot a comte*."

Disconcerted by this *jeu de mot*, the officer stood still.

"Go, Sir; go and tell the Duc de Dantzic," said Napoleon, laying much emphasis on the last words, "that he may come in, as breakfast is ready." The Marshal was introduced; and they sat down to breakfast. The repast was soon over, and they rose from the table. Napoleon then took from his bureau a small sealed square packet, in the shape of a cake of chocolate and presented it to the Marshal, saying—"Duke of Dantzic, I know that you are fond of chocolate; here is some of an excellent sort: such small courtesies cherish friendship." Lefebvre bowed, put the packet in his pocket, and considering what the Emperor had meant by calling him Duke during the whole time, soon after returned to his quarters. Once alone, he proceeded to open the parcel, and found not the smallest particle of the promised chocolate, but letters patent, creating him Duke of Dantzic, and moreover, bank bills to the amount of a hundred thousand francs.

*The largest tree in the world.*—The boabab or monkey-bred (*Adansonia digitata*) is the most gigantic tree hitherto discovered. The trunk, though frequently eighty feet in circumference, rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen feet in height; but on the summit of this huge pillar is placed a majestic head of innumerable branches fifty or sixty feet long, each resembling an enormous tree, densely clothed with beautiful green leaves. While the central branches are erect the lower series extend in a horizontal direction, often touching the ground at their extremity, so that the whole forms a splendid arch of foliage, more like the fragment of a forest than a single tree. The grateful shade of this superb canopy is a favorite retreat for birds and monkeys; the natives resort to it for repose, and the weary traveller in a burning climate gladly flies to it for shelter. The leaves are quinate, smooth, resembling in general form those of the horse chestnut. The flowers are white and very beautiful, eighteen inches in circumference. The fruit, which hangs in a pendant manner, is a woody ground capsule with a downy surface, about nine inches in length and four in thickness, containing numerous cells, in which brown kidney-shaped seeds are embedded in a pulpy acid substance. The timber is soft and spongy, and we are not aware that it is used for an economical purpose. It is easily perforated, so that, according to Bruce, the bees in Abyssinia construct their nests within it and the honey thus obtained, being supposed to have acquired a superior flavor, is esteemed in preference to any other. A more remarkable excavation is in however made by the natives; diseased portions of the trunk are hollowed out and converted into tombs for the reception of the bodies of such individuals as, by the laws or customs of the country, are denied the usual rites of interment. The bodies thus suspended within the cavity, and without any preparation or embalment, dry into well preserved mummies. The juicy acid pulp is eaten by the natives and is considered beneficial in fevers and other diseases on account of its cooling properties. The duration of the boabab is not the least extraordinary part of its history, and has given rise to much speculation. In it we unquestionably see the most ancient living specimen of vegetation. It is, says the illustrious Humboldt, the oldest organic monument of our planet; and Adanson calculates that trees now alive have weathered the storms of five thousand years.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XII.—Nubia and Abyssinia.*

*Manufacture of Cotton in the United States.*—We proceed, according to our promise, to give further statements of the state of the Cotton manufacture in the United States, in 1831, as collected by the Committee of the New York Convention. In our paper of Saturday last we showed that there were in 12 States of the Union, 795 cotton mills, with a capital of \$40,714,984, manufacturing annually 77,751,316 lbs. of Cotton, or 214,882 bales of 361.86-100 lbs. each.

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Number of Spindles                              | 1,246,903      |
| Do of Looms                                     | 33,506         |
| Pounds of Yarn sold                             | 10,642,000     |
| Yards of cloth made                             | 230,461,900    |
| Pounds of Cloth                                 | 59,604,925     |
| Males employed                                  | 18,539         |
| Females employed                                | 38,927         |
| Hands employed                                  | 57,466         |
| Pounds of Starch used                           | 1,641,253      |
| Barrels of Flour for sizing                     | 17,240         |
| Cords of Wood burnt                             | 46,519         |
| Tons of Coal do                                 | 24,420         |
| Bushels of Charcoal do                          | 9,205          |
| Value of other articles consumed not enumerated | \$599,223      |
| Spindles then building                          | 172,924        |
| Gallons of Oil consumed                         | 300,338        |
| Hand Weavers                                    | 4,760          |
| Total dependants                                | 117,626        |
| Annual value of Cotton Manufactures             | 26,000,000     |
| Aggregate or total amount of wages paid         | 10,294,914     |
|   | N. Y. Mer. Ad. |

The peach fever has commenced in New York—Hundreds of baskets of that fruit are daily imported from Jersey, and devoured with avidity. A basket of less than a bushel sells from \$1.25 to \$4. A man in Wall street gave \$16 for four baskets, which he sold in a few hours at from 2 to 12 cents per peach; and five hundred baskets met a ready sale at \$1500. This demolition of peaches is unparalleled in the history of the peach tree, and places this fruitful branch of our neighbors' taste in a very enviable point of view.

At Salem, Mass. the dry goods dealers have given notice that they will not give patterns of goods in future. This information will doubtless be agreeable to the ladies; but if generally adopted, would save them much time, and the fatigue they suffer in going from store to store with a bunch of patterns, so numerous as to involve their fancy in a labyrinth of indecision. The notice is certainly, an innovation on the accustomed laws of gallant accommodation; but it is, notwithstanding, a very judicious one.—*Philad. Chron.*

*Quick Letter Delivery.*—The late Duke of Queensberry undertook for a heavy bet to convey a letter fifty miles within an hour. The letter was enclosed in a cricket ball, and thrown from one to the other of twenty-four expert Cricket players, and delivered within the time.—*Quarterly Review.*