

NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

VOL. XVIII.

NEWBERN, FRIDAY, MARCH, 21, 1834.

NO. 883

PUBLISHED

BY THOMAS WATSON.

TERMS.

Three dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

London, December 10th, 1833.

I arrived here from Paris about two weeks since, and of course have not as yet had time to survey one half the splendour and rags, magnificence and mud, of this vast city. I should not have been able to complete the round of the marvellous even by the broad light of the sun, much less through that lurid gloom which here discolors and confounds all objects to the curious and impatient eye. There is no sky here with its soft and yielding depths of blue—but instead thereof, a vast, all-shadowing cloud of smoke, so thick that the stars ascend and their watch-towers unseen, and even the burning orb of day appears so shorn of its beams, that you conceive it is merely the moon lingering above the horizon. Yet I have found in this place of gloom, one spot of light and cheerful comfort—it is a good coal fire in the North and South American Coffee House. This excellent establishment, I find, is of long standing, and has a reputation equally eminent and deserved. The Landlord is one of those whole-souled men that you like to meet with, whether at home or abroad. He is ever at your service, and appears more solicitous about your comfort, interest and happiness, than any pecuniary returns for his attention. His wife, in spirit, devotion and action, is so like him, that you would say they were but one, designed originally by nature to head an establishment of this kind. I find in the reading room, which is very spacious, elegant and well lighted, papers from every part of the world. You can hardly name a country, or community, that has not the offerings of its press here. The house is near the Royal Exchange—the very centre of business—and where, if you are a mere spectator, you may see all London pass within the hours of the day. Any American who may wander to this city of noise and cloud, will find, as I have done, a cheering refuge in the North and South American Coffee House.

The King is at Brighton—so I shall not see the great Reformer, whose popularity fills the noblest realm. The Cabinet—strange to say—have been running down a little red-tailed fox, that after all got away from them, to be chased again, perhaps, by some troop of noble Peers, with hounds, which they say, can out-see the lightning. The Nobility are in the country, or on the Continent, with here and there one lingering behind, like the last representative of a fallen dynasty. Not being able to see the King, I went to see a dear relative of Major Andre—to whom I was introduced by Dr. B., an eminent physician of this city. We discoursed some time on the events of our Revolution, especially that one in which his lamented kinsman fell a sacrifice to his royal daring. He spoke with much good sense and affectionate remembrance, and I involuntarily responded, with that indefinable grief which one must feel in seeing so noble a being fall a victim to the majesty of a severe but salutary law.

The balloon, from which I expected to look down upon the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of this city, being laid aside in its winter quarters, I took to the opposite extreme, and went under the Thames, through a long, spacious gallery, splendidly arched and lighted, and which is vulgarly called a tunnel, though it looks like a place designed for a mysterious communication between two sunken worlds. While standing there, with massive ships drifting above me, I felt as many fathoms down, as he who descends to the shades of Avernus. Though the present is an age of unprecedented enterprise, yet this work under the Thames notches forward a century. I hope it will be completed, for it is now like the Tower of Babel when the builders ceased their work.

When in the Tower, I gave three shillings to see the crown of George the IV. It is verily a most brilliant bauble, and never were five millions of dollars more foolishly squandered. What must the thousands say of it who are starving for bread? Were some of them to steal it, and barter it for food, if I were their judge, upon a charge of theft, or burglary, I would neither hang them, nor send them to Botany Bay. One evil inseparable from a monarchical government, with an aristocracy, is an irresistible passion for show—a reckless prodigality in the mere glitter of the throne. Give me rather republicanism with all its nice frugality, simplicity, and contempt of adventitious distinctions.

Our countryman, Mr. Colton, in his defence of the Americans and their of Northern Lakes, is making quite an impression here. He has passed the ordeal of many of the Reviews, and come off not only without a broken bone, but with many offerings of esteem and admiration. He has consigned Capt. Hall to the dust and silence of the upper shell, and buried Madam Trollope in the grave of forgetfulness.

THE COMING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT—ITS DOINGS AND DANGERS.

LONDON, Dec. 16.

The busy note of war is sounding through the country. Quindones are on the *qui vive*; the papers are full of military and naval intelligence, and we are all of opinion that there is 'work' to be achieved. The army is elated at the thought; every soldier is panting for the sound that shall summon him to the field, and all the barracks and depots are being filled, the troops carefully inspected, and the arms and munitions minutely examined. At the various arsenals a still greater activity is observable; more hands have been thrown into the dock yards, several new ships are to be immediately completed, many now lying in ordinary are to be forthwith commissioned, the new steam frigates are to be in readiness, and the usual rendezvous are opened for the enlistment of marines, and, I was going to say, the impressment of sailors.

The Ganges 84, Belleophon, 80, and Resident, 52, now lying at Portsmouth; the Calcutta, 84, Minden, 74, and Portland, 52, at Plymouth; the Blenheim, 74, and Worcester, 52, at Chatham; are the vessels that have been commissioned, and a very snug little fleet they will make. It is expected that they will be sent to increase the already very large force of Sir Pulteney Malcolm. This vigorous display is intended to back certain remonstrances addressed to the Czar, relative to the late treaty with Turkey, and to show him that England will support the independence of Turkey. This demonstration is, I fear, a little bit too late. The domineering power has already a very large force in the Black Sea, one in the Baltic, and another in the Mediterranean. But of the Muscovite navy I have no dread, and I think our tars would be but too happy to commence broadsides. It is said that the large fleet now fitting out at Toulon, is destined to co-operate with the British squadron.

Parliament assembled the other day, that is, the Lord Commissioners took their seats upon the throne, summoned the House of Commons in the person of one of the Clerks, and read his Majesty's pleasure for its further prorogation to the fourth of February. It will then meet for the dispatch of business, which it is expected will be greater and more laborious than at any preceding session. Ministers intend to bring forward some very important measures, and are willing to stake their reputation upon their mode of introdu-

cing and carrying them. An alteration in the Reform Bill is spoken of, but how or in what particular point, whether the extension of the franchise, or the removal of the clause which renders the payment of rates the ground of qualifications, I have not been able to ascertain. That some change must be made there can be no doubt; and that it must embrace either one or both of the above named evils, I am most decidedly of opinion. The late ferment about the assessed taxes was considerably aggravated by the circumstance of those who were unable to pay, being completely disfranchised. It is presumed that in the Borough of Marylebone there are 5,000 electors in this annoying predicament.

The next measure will be the very ticklish one of Church Reform, and which has already excited the Tories, and called forth their dread and indignation. The organs of the Church and King's party are already sending forth the note of alarm, and endeavouring to convince the country that Religion must be endangered, if even a single cob-web should be sacrilegiously removed from the walls of the establishment. But this will not do—the tocsin will be sounded in vain. The people of England have at last discovered, that Religion does not consist of the pomp of episcopacy, or piety in the number of fox-hunting parsons, and clerical justices. They like to have their own clergymen and their own church; and they begin to consider it a very erroneous burthen, a positive oppression, to be forced to pay towards the building of an edifice which they never enter, and support a minister whom they never hear, and whose doctrines they may conscientiously oppose. The country, therefore, will be with the government in this question, and though a violent opposition may be made by the conservative Peers, and the bench of Bishops, yet the voice of the people will succor, support, and make the ministers successful.

When the Church shall have undergone a thorough reformation, the Municipal corporations will have to submit themselves to the knife. This question will be a highly interesting one, and will give rise to many important debates in both houses. But as the Commons are entirely under the control of the Treasury, the Minister will be enabled to carry his bill to the Lords, where, it is expected it will be very roughly handled, if not thrown out. Very heavy bills have been made, and even odds offered, that neither the Church nor Corporation Reform Bills, will be permitted to reach the throne. In the event of such a dilemma taking place, the Ministry must retire, unless they can manage to get the House of Commons to pass a vote of approbation and confidence; but when we consider the present tone of the radicals, and feelings of the Irish opposition, numbers may be very evenly balanced, and perchance a minority may be the fate of the government. The repeal of the assessed Taxes would have appeased the radicals for a time, and a little gentleness in Ireland, and the withdrawal of the Barret prosecution, would have soothed the repealers. But owing to the impolitic conduct of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, such an advantage has not been procured, and unless he has in store 'a sop for Cerberus,' his days as Minister are unquestionably numbered.

These are the principal and most important measures which must occupy the attention of the forthcoming Parliament, and it is impossible to say whether the Lords may not avail themselves of an opportunity to stir up a little more mischief, and if possible, add to their iniquity and unpopularity. The absence of the genius of evil, the Duke of Cumberland, may perhaps prevent the energies of the ultra party being directed to any specific object, as without his royal highness, I firmly believe that their opposition would only consist of a fanfaronade. The Law of Libel must also undergo a change, as must the one relating to debtor and creditor. Lord Brougham's Local Court Bill will again be brought forward, and I think, will this time be successful. The Chancellor is pledged to the measure, and he has not yet got over the netting of defeat; he will therefore try his best to secure its final and complete triumph.

The important question of Triennial Parliaments will be forced upon the government, as Colonel Evans, the member for Westminster, has pledged himself to bring the subject forward. It is generally believed that a compromise will be entered into, and that five years, instead of seven, will be the allotted period for the sitting of future Parliaments. The Corn Laws will be frequently discussed—but not revised. The greater portion of the Administration are landed proprietors and are too much interested in the present system to be sincere in the desire for a change. I therefore, do not anticipate any alteration from the Whigs. If they should do so, it will be by force, as they are the very reverse of Falstaff, and do every thing as it were, only upon compulsion. The Assessed Taxes will of course form an item in the debates, and I presume, will be repealed. A property tax will be brought forward by Mr. Fergusson, but it is not thought that it will be carried. Monied men, the Barings, and the other fund holders, have no great admiration of such an impost, and if they can prevent it, they will never tax themselves.

There are other important measures which I cannot find time or space to dilate upon, and which must occupy the most serious attention of the House of Commons. The first difficulty which Ministers will have to encounter, will be an explanation of their infamous conduct towards Turkey. This they will find it no easy matter to perform, as public opinion is certainly opposed to this portion of their foreign policy, and many of their most ardent admirers, both among members of Parliament and the press, have openly denounced the apathy of Lord Palmerston, and are indignant at the insolent attitude of the Russian Autocrat. The Session will be a busy one, and I hope that it may contribute to the stability of the government, the satisfaction of the people, and the prosperity of the country.

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING AND THE UNKNOWN TONGUES.

LONDON, Dec. 1833.

On Sunday last I visited the place where Irving holds forth, and I endeavoured, in as few words as I possibly can, to give you a faint idea of what I heard and witnessed. Driven from the magnificent edifice which the piety and attachment of his followers had erected, he sought refuge for himself and his doctrines in obscure places in different parts of London, until he succeeded in inducing a weak minded but wealthy broker, whose name is Drummond, to purchase two large houses, adjoining each other, in Newham street, and throwing them into one, he has produced a tolerably good, if not a handsome chapel. On entering the gateway, I had to go through a long passage, until stopped by a hatch of wicker work, beyond which were closed red baize doors, for the entrance of the known and initiated.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, and about one or two hundred persons were already waiting in the space between the gate and the door just mentioned, and as many more were crammed into the staircases, which on the right and left led up into a small balcony, opening upon the gallery of the Chapel. The voice of some one within, and a hint from the doorkeeper, convinced me that the crowd were waiting until a prayer had been concluded, and not from any want of accommodations within. After an hour and fifteen minutes had elapsed, the doors were opened, and a

tremendous rush took place; ladies lost their shoes, gentlemen the tails of their coats, (no doubt cut off for the sake of their contents) and a number of females and long continued screams. I had managed to push myself as far forward as I could, and when the movement commenced, I was regularly borne along without any other difficulty or detriment than that occasioned by a vinegar faced, skinny old daughter of Eve, having driven her sharp pointed left elbow into my right side, and near stunned me with her groans and shrieks. At last, however, I was thrust through the dozen doors, down three or four steps and over as many benches, to the sacrifice of some blood from my nose, a sprained ankle, and the great amusement of those who were in perfect safety.

Those who followed came pouring in, and most of them suffered, the same or a worse fate than myself. It was some time before any thing like order could be restored, and when it was finally obtained, and the agony which I was enduring had become less violent, I began to survey the place and the extraordinary scene which attracted my curiosity. I found myself in a very lofty room, about four hundred feet long and one hundred in width, its extremity terminating in an archway, behind which was a lesser room of a semi-circular form, filled up with tiers of benches, rising above each other, and capable of accommodating some three hundred persons. The whole building is neat in its architecture, painted white, and the greater portion of it fitted up in the same manner as ordinary places of worship. A large glass cupola was the only window, (if so it may be called,) which lit up the building, and suspended from the centre of its summit was a very handsome carved gilt chandelier. Beneath the arch which I have mentioned, a platform is erected, covered with red cloth, and having much the appearance of a Dais. It is ascended by twelve steps, which run completely round it, and on which are seated, at certain distances, as many persons, who are denominated deacons.

Upon the elevated spot, and on its extreme right, a bronzed pedestal is erected, which is peculiarly classical in its appearance, and is far from being unlike the small altars of incense in use by the ancients. The top of it is covered with a very beautiful cushion, in stamped scarlet velvet, and upon that, a large closed folio Bible, superbly bound, was conspicuously placed. In a handsome chair, modelled from the curls, and in the centre of the site of dignity, sat the great lion of the place—the Rev. Edward Irving. He was attired in full dress, black, and his well made legs were stretched out, displaying their silk and symmetry upon a splendidly cushioned footstool. His head reclined upon his right hand, and his long black curling hair hung over his shoulders, in a manner which looked peculiarly wild, and unquestionably contributed considerably to the effect. Behind the getter up of this theatrical concert, and at a short distance from the platform, six seats, or chairs of an antique form, were placed, and all of them were occupied by those among the followers of the chief, who had either been remarkable for their violence of belief, or the extent of their pockets and credulity. These persons are called elders, brothers and exhorters.

I had scarcely concluded my inspection of the place, before the senior of these personages arose from his seat with much solemnity, and after reading aloud a verse in the Bible, proceeded to deliver an exhortation upon mercy. He was followed by all the others in succession, and who selected points of Scripture as the basis of their observations. On the conclusion of their discourses, each lasting about a quarter of an hour, the High Priest got up from his luxurious position, advanced to the bible, and opening it, read a verse for his text and commenced his sermon. He had not proceeded more than ten minutes, before I was startled and horrified with one of the most alarming shrieks I ever heard, rapidly followed by some unknown sound, in a powerful and shrill female voice, and then gradually dying away in (I presume) an intended translation. Though I had expected to hear the "tongues," and was perfectly prepared for some outlandish cries and screaming gibberish, yet I assure I was quite terrific when these unearthly sounds fell upon my ears. I cannot give any accurate idea of their nature, character or effect. They must be heard—they cannot be described.

I was not alone in my sensations. Several females shrieked, many fainted, some got into hysterics, and the men appeared so completely paralyzed, that it was a few minutes before they were capable of rendering the sufferers any assistance. During the whole of this extraordinary scene, the speaker stood unmoved, and when those who were frightened had been removed and quite restored, he continued his discourse as if nothing had occurred to give him any interruption. The sounds, as well as I remember them, were these—"Cheios—Cheios—Cheios—Zegara—Zegara—Inesta—Lemick—REMINER—Zegara."—And then bursting forth—"IT FLOWS—IT FLOWS—DRINK YE—DRINK YE—BE YE FILLED—BE YE FILLED—LET IT FLOW—LET IT FLOW—Let it flow."—I have endeavored, by underscoring this nonsense, to show you how the cadences were arranged; but your imagination must fill up for the ear, from the very scanty and trivial information which I am enabled to give to the eye. I record the stuff, also, because I wish you to judge of its true character.

The Editors of the Mercury have been favored with the following letter, dated

PARIS, Dec. 16, 1833.

Although this visit to the capital of France was made solely for business purposes—in the pursuits of which, my time has been almost wholly engrossed—yet it is difficult to pass through the streets of Paris, without meeting with some object of a novel and therefore an attractive character.

I have visited this city before as you know, and seen almost all the "Lions" of the metropolis;—though to examine the objects of curiosity and the collections of art with which it abounds, in a satisfactory manner, would require years of diligent application.

The Louvre, for instance, with its numerous Halls filled with the choicest specimens of painting and statuary of the ancient and modern schools;—the vast and boundless variety of the collections in the Museum of natural history and mineralogy;—the antique and naval curiosities, &c. would well repay the attentive examination of months. This, like most other objects of a like nature, is under the direction of Government, and is open to the public daily. A stranger has only to show his passport and enter his name on a book, to have the free and undisputed right of examining every part of this noble institution. The French nation certainly deserve the gratitude of the world for their endeavors to cultivate the fine arts, and to promote and cherish a taste for the arts and sciences. No expense has been spared, and no opportunity lost, for adding to the numerous facilities furnished by this Government to all who wish to improve their minds in science or arts. The Royal Library for example, groaning under the weight of its tens of thousands of volumes, is open at all times to all persons whether French or foreigners, who wish to read, study or examine. Then there are the medical and law and other schools, where lectures are delivered gratis, by the most able and talented men, besides numerous other institutions which I might name, having a similar object in view. These alone are great in-

ductions held out to the young men in our country to study a while in Paris,—and which I hope will operate to bring more of our countrymen here to complete their studies.

Among other things of interest at present is the celebrated "Cleopatra's Needle," which has recently arrived in the Seine, and only waits for the river to rise, in order to come up to this city where it is to be re-erected. The expense of bringing this from Egypt has been immense, and the difficulties in the way would have rendered the undertaking impossible, with any other than the French.

I have been much amused this forenoon by a visit to the Bourse, or Royal Exchange, where business is conducted in quite a novel manner to me. The building itself is of white granite, quadrangular in form, and elevated 16 steps from the street—and quite isolated from any other building. The projecting roof is supported on two sides by 15, and on the other two sides by 20 beautiful Corinthian columns, and externally this building presents, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of modern architecture in the world. Its whole proportions are symmetrical—unique—and in perfect accordance with good taste. I shall never be satisfied with gazing upon it. The interior of the building is not only equally tasteful, but admirably adapted to the object for which it was built.

A superb flight of stone steps leads to the gallery, from either side of which you can look down upon the amphitheatre where the business is principally conducted. This presents a most animating and busy scene. In the centre of the court or amphitheatre, is a circular enclosure about 15 feet diameter, which is again surrounded at about 4 feet distance by a similar railing. In the very centre are the stock-brokers, or "political gamblers" for here the buying and selling of stocks amounts to gambling in every sense of the word. Between the inner and the outer enclosure are stationed a number of persons, who communicate with the brokers, and also with the people who crowd about the outer enclosure. So great is the number of persons talking, that every word is uttered in a loud voice, so that all appears disorder, confusion and jargon, to a person in the gallery. People are shouting, taking memorandums, beckoning to others, and answering questions, all in one breath, and at the same instant,—but no doubt millions of francs change hands every day in this little Babel. The other parts of the room are occupied by those who have business of other kinds to transact—none of whom seem to hear or be at all disturbed by the stock brokers. The scene, as I before remarked, is a singular one; the hum of human voices from below—the constant waving of several thousand hats (for you cannot see the bodies in so crowded an assembly,) is very exciting and amusing.

In the gallery is presented another scene and of altogether different description. This is the female exchange. Not a buying and selling of ladies, either white or colored, but a female stock exchange! Hundreds of women attend here daily, and buy and sell stocks on their own account! This you will scarcely believe—but it is really so.

In my description of the building, I omitted to mention that the interior is covered by a roof beautifully and deceptively painted with different scenes, which appear to be statutory in relief,—and so well executed that one can scarcely believe his senses when assured of the fact. The whole is lighted by a centre sky light, so that no windows are required on the sides of the building. The room around the hall or court, and under the gallery, is divided into smaller apartments, and occupied as public offices.

Externally, Paris is a very uninteresting place. The streets are generally narrow, dirty, and without sidewalks, and while walking in them one is frequently obliged to step into a gateway, or stand close to the walls of a house, to prevent being overrun by the vehicles which drive with great rapidity. Besides, the gutters run in the middle of the street, so that one is sure to be splashed with the mud if he walks any distance in Paris. In the night they are lighted by lamps suspended over the centre by lines fastened to the buildings on either side. Now and then you meet with a beautiful Church, or triumphal arch, or some public building;—but in general, the appearance of things is not imposing. Its redeeming qualities are the Boulevards, which surround the city,—the public gardens, decorated with fine trees, shrubbery and flowers—the Louvre, and other institutions which I have before alluded to, and last but not least, the passages, or Arcades as we should call them, with their splendid shops,—and the Cafes, where you get delightful coffee and chocolate.

I need not recount to you the attractions which this city presents to the gay. You know full well that every opportunity is offered for those who are inclined to gaiety, or who are viciously disposed. And yet there is a remnant in Paris who fear the Lord, and who, notwithstanding the irreligion around them, let their light shine so as to glorify their Father in Heaven. Since the Revolution of 1830, several infant Protestant Churches have been established, and further efforts are making for the extension of true religion. I yesterday attended service in an English Church in the Champs Elysees, and in the afternoon heard the Revd. Mr. Wilkes preach an excellent sermon to a small but attentive audience. I met, at the latter place, much to my surprise, the Revd. Mr. Abel, who has been laboring in China and Siam for several years as a missionary. The poor man has returned for his health, and looks miserably.

I notice by the New York papers that a mutual friend of ours has been drilling the militia, i.e. taking them off. His descriptions are true to the life, and no caricature. I hope something will soon be done to remedy this miserable system of ours. At present it is a complete mockery—reflecting much disgrace on our country.

The following amusing description of the Carnival at Rome, is from a late publication styled "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," written by an English lady. As a lively picture of a novel scene, it will doubtless please its readers.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

The Romans, in throwing off the shackles of moral restraint, do not seem to have gained much gaiety or pleasure by their release. Nothing is more striking to a stranger than the sombre air which marks every countenance, from the lowest to the highest, in Rome. The faces even of the young are rarely lighted up with smiles; a laugh is seldom heard, and a merry countenance strikes us with amazement, from its novelty. Rome looks like a city whose inhabitants have passed through the cave of Trophonius. Yet, will it be believed that this serious, this unsmiling people, rush into the sports of the carnival with a passionate eagerness far surpassing all the rest of the Italians? They are madly fond of this catholic saturnalia; and, by a strange annual metamorphosis, from the most grave and solemn, suddenly become the most wild and extravagant people in the creation. It seems as if some sudden delirium had seized them. All ranks, classes, ages, and sexes,—under the same intoxication of spirits, parade the streets. The poor starve, work, pawn, beg, borrow, steal,—do any thing to procure a mask and a dress; and when the bell of the capitol, after mid day, gives license to the reign of folly to commence, the most ri-

diculous figures issue forth,—wild for their favorite diversion. Characters they can scarcely be called,—since there is no attempt at supporting, or even looking serious,—either in the corso in the morning, or the festino (the masked ball) in the evening. Their only aim is to dress themselves, and "to fool it to the top of their bent," and they do both to admiration. They assume rich, picturesque, grotesque, or burlesque costumes, according as it is their object to excite admiration, laughter, or love. They may assume any disguise but what is connected with religion or government. They may neither be cardinals, priests, nuns, pilgrims, hermits, friars, magistrates, or ministers. In general, the motley multitude is made up of indistinguishable monsters; but punch and harlequin abound. Pantaloon is a prime favourite. The doctor of Bologna is a great man; and *Pagliaccio*, a sort of clown or fool, dressed all in white, even to the mask, is the most popular of all. Turks, Jews, bakers, cooks, and cameriere, are common. The female costumes of the Italian peasantry,—especially of the vicinity,—imitated in gay spangled materials, are the favorite dresses of the young women. Some, however, go as Jewesses, because then they may accost whom they please, without any breach of decorum. Many, of both sexes, are dressed entirely in white, even to the masks, with shepherd's hats; many in black dominoes, their heads covered with a black silk hood, which is a complete disguise; and many,—perhaps the majority,—wear no masks at all, but appear in gray dresses. The proportion of masks, here, however, is far greater than at Naples. When a carriage contains masks, the servants, and sometimes the horses, are often masked also, and the coachman generally appears in the shape of an old woman.

The carnival is just terminated, and we found it as amusing here as it was stupid last year in Naples and Florence. Even Venice, I hear, has lost her ancient pre-eminence in its diversions; nor is it wonderful that, pining as she is under a mortal atrophy, she should want the spirit for gaiety now. Rome is the place in which it is now seen to the greatest perfection; and for a day or two it is really an amusing scene. The carnival, properly speaking, begins after Christmas-day, and ends with the commencement of Lent, and during that period the operas and theatres are licensed; but it is only during the last eight days,—allowing for the intervening Fridays and Sunday,—that masking is allowed in the streets. The corso, is the scene of this curious revelry: The windows and balconies are hung with rich draperies, and filled with gaily-dressed spectators. The little raised *trottoirs* by the side are set out with chairs, which are let, and occupied by rows of masks. The street is, besides crowded with pedestrians, masked and unmasked; and two rows of carriages, close behind each other, make a continual promenade. Notwithstanding the crowd, the narrowness of the street and the multitude of foot-passengers intermixed with the carriages, no accident ever happens; and though a few of the horse-guards are stationed at intervals to preserve order, and prevent the carriages from leaving their line, I never saw any occasion for their interference.

Both the masked and the unmasked carry on the war by pelting each other with large handfuls of what ought to be confetti; but these being too costly to be used in such profusion, they are actually nothing more than *pazzalana* covered with plaster, and manufactured for the purpose, under the name of *confetti de gesso*—(plaster.) This coating flies off into lime-dust, and completely whitens the figures of the combatants; but its pungency sometimes does mischief to the eyes, though otherwise it is quite harmless.

Strangers seldom attack you, but those who know you as seldom let you escape; and we, being unmasked, and in an open carriage, were generally most unmercifully pelted by masked antagonists. We took care to return the compliment with interest,—abundance of this material, which may be called the *wit of the masquerade*, being on sale, so that you can never be at a loss for a repartee.

Sometimes, indeed, we were assailed by an unexpected volley from some passing pedestrian mask, or whom we could, at the time inflict no retaliation; but we never failed to mark him as a subject for future retribution, when the course of the promenade brought him again within our reach.

It often happens, in the many stops of the carriages, that two in the opposite lines begin the assault, and quantities of ammunition being poured in, a furious pitched battle is carried on, until the valencade being put in motion again, separates the combatants. We sometimes received a discharge of real confetti; but they came "like angel visits, few and far between." Half a dozen masks were often hanging together on the back of our carriage, chattering to us in all languages; and in many of them we recognized our English or foreign acquaintance. But the Italians communicate with each other less by words than signs. It is wonderful with what rapidity and facility they can carry on this intercourse, at any visible distance; and they thus converse through the medium of the eye, not the ear. Whether this custom originated in that ancient jealousy which secluded Italian women so rigorously from society,—or in that inquisitorial government which still renders freedom of speech dangerous, I shall not enquire; but it struck me, that though at all times much in use amongst all classes, it is still more practised during the carnival than at any other period. Every day of the masquerade the corso becomes more crowded, or more animated, till, on the last, the number and spirit of the masks,—the skirmishes of sweet-meats and lime-dust,—and the shouts and ecstasies of all,—surpass description.

The whole ends by putting off the carnival. Just before dark all the masks appear with a lighted taper, labelling to blow out their neighbour's candle, and keep in their own. I can easily believe that you cannot conceive the fun of this, unless you were in the midst of it; but ridiculous as it may appear, I assure you we laughed ourselves merry at this absurd scene; and that truly great philosopher M., nearly went into convulsions. I am told the masking during the carnival used to be far more splendid in former times than it now is,—that eastern monarchs, followed by their Ethiopian slaves; Roman processions, and the triumph of Bacchus surrounded by Silenus and all his crew of drunken fauns and possessed bacchantes, used to parade the corso. But nothing so classically magnificent is now to be seen. On the last day, indeed, this year, one large car attracted every body's attention: It was covered with tapestry, and adorned with immense branches of laurel, amongst which were seated eight or ten black dominoes, or demons, sheltered by their own evergreens from the pelting of the pitiless storm, whilst their fury mercilessly round in showers of rattling hail.

Every day of the masquerade there is a race run by small spirited horses, without riders. Their impetuosity in the race, however, is not so much owing to their natural spirit, as to the agony of the goads, or balls, covered with sharp spikes of metal, suspended from their backs, which, at every motion, fall heavily upon the same spot, making large raw gory cuts over their bodies horrible to behold. Sometimes, or eight of these goads are beating their ribs at once, and as if this were not torment enough, it is likewise applied to them, so that the furious under these tortures, often cry out, by the force of eight or ten masks, cords which confine them at the discharge of a cannon, the