

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Wilmington, North Carolina.

VOL. III. NO. 35.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1838.

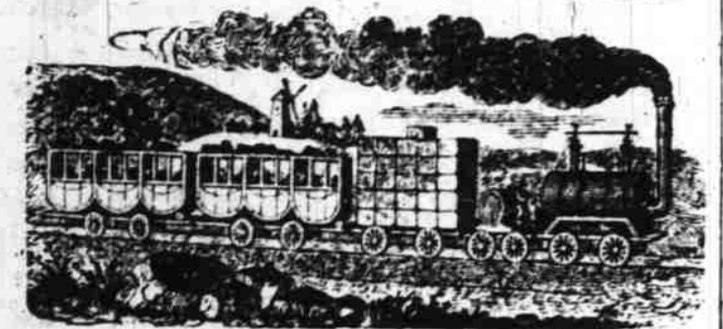
WHOLE NO. 139.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. ADVERTISEMENTS Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion.

No Subscribers taken for less than one year, and all who permit their subscription to run over a year, without giving notice, are considered bound for the second year, and so on for all succeeding years.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. OFFICE on the South side of Market Street, below the Court House.



Office of the Portsmouth & Roanoke R. R. Co., Portsmouth, Va., May 28th, 1838.

Great Central Route

BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH, Via the Portsmouth and Roanoke Railroad, and the Chesapeake Bay Steamboats.

THROUGH from Halifax, N. C. to New York, in FORTY ONE HOURS, being THREE HOURS IN ADVANCE OF ANY OTHER LINE, and this without a moment's night travelling on railroad south of Philadelphia, and WITHOUT THE LOSS OF SLEEP.

From Halifax to Portsmouth, 6 hours. Portsmouth to Baltimore, 11 " Baltimore to Philadelphia, 8 " Philadelphia to New York, 8 "

Stoppages, 36 5

Leaves Halifax every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and Washington City every Wednesday. Fare from Halifax to Philadelphia, including every expense, (meals, portage, &c.) \$18.

To be published until forbid in the Augusta Chronicle, Savannah Georgian, Charleston Courier, Norfolk Herald, Baltimore Patriot & American, National Intelligencer, U.S. Gazette, Pennsylvania, and New York Star, and accounts sent to the Office of the Portsmouth & Roanoke Railroad Company. 125 if

Travellers going North,

BY THE WILMINGTON & RALEIGH RAILROAD COMPANY'S LINE.

ARE respectfully informed, that they will find the route through Halifax, Gary's, Petersburg, Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore, the most expeditious, the time from Charleston to New York being by this line (through Petersburg, &c.) half a day less, than by any other interior route.

The Petersburg Railroad Company have always locomotives, with coaches, &c. at Gary's, ready to proceed immediately for North, upon the arrival of the passengers and travellers are referred to Mr. B. F. Halsey, their agent at Halifax, upon whose representations they may implicitly rely.

There is no uncertainty or detention on this route. All the lines north of the Roanoke run in regular connexion; and the engineers being careful, circumpunct, and sober, and every other precaution taken to render this line safe and comfortable, the attention of the public is invited to it.

An agent attends at Gary's, and takes charge of all baggage, and accompanies the same, without trouble to the traveller, all the way to Washington.

Petersburg Railroad Company's Office, August 22d, 1838. 137 if

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS.

ALL Merchandise, &c. intended to be forwarded on the Railroad, must be sent between sunrise and eight o'clock, A. M. Any thing sent after that time cannot be taken on that day. Nothing will be received, unless it is put up in the most substantial manner. Every thing must have the owner's name marked distinctly on it, and a bill accompanying it, specifying the weight, stating who it is from, who it is for, and where it is to be left.

The merchants will be held responsible in every case, for the freight on every thing sent by them. Merchants having consignments of produce, and other articles from the country, must take them away the day that they arrive, as the Company will not be responsible for any thing suffered to remain at the Depot all night.

Articles will be delivered at and taken from the following points on the road, viz. Rocky Point Depot, Water Station, near Burgaw Swamp, and the Depot, near South Washington. L. L. H. SAUNDERS, Agent of Transportation. 122 if

HENRY NUTT,

PROPRIETOR OF The Eagle Distillery, and Dealer in Naval Stores, I prepared to supply orders for Spirits of Turpentine, Bright and Black Varnish, Rosin, Pitch, &c. Wilmington, March 24th, 1837. 11 c.

NOTICE.

To Messrs. Miller Ripley & Co. J. W. Y. Walton, Carson & Hamilton, Eglund & Hayden, James Thomas, J. J. McCarter, and Henry W. Gleason, J. C. of Charleston; J. Bishop & Co., John M. Nislon & Co., James H. Bryant, and Benjn. Ezum, of Camden; David Hagens of Bell Air, Lancaster District S. C. You and each of you will take notice, that on the 10th day of September next, I will proceed to take the benefit of the act made and provided for the relief of Insolvent Debtors, when and where you may attend and object if you have cause so to do. Wm. C. EMMIT. Aug. 25. 136 3c.

DWELLING HOUSES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale that desirable, and pleasantly situated HOUSE AND LOT, on the north side of Market Street, between Second and Third Streets, at present occupied by Mr. A. A. Brown. This is a large, convenient, and pleasant house, and the lot is unusually large, with every convenience, vacant space at both ends of the house, a large yard, and fine garden spot, stables, &c. and situate in the most healthy and pleasant part of Wilmington.

ALSO, That convenient and pleasant BRICK DWELLING, with an excellent store underneath, situated near the Town Hall, and adjoining Mr. John Wooster's, at present occupied by Mrs. Laspyre. This is a very convenient and pleasant house, in excellent repair, near the market, and very convenient to the business part of the town. The lot extends from Market Street back to an alley.

For particulars, apply to Mr. Wm. Wilson, T. H. BYRNE. August 3d, 1838. 133 if

ICE! ICE!!

THE Subscriber having purchased the Cargo of ICE just arrived from Boston in Scher Splendid, is now ready to dispose of the same in any quantities. The prices will be as follows: Families, regular Subscribers, 3 cts. per lb. Transient purchasers, 4 " Bar Rooms, or quantities of 100 pounds, or over, 2 1/2 cts per pound.

At Ice House back of Berry's & Bryant's Ware House. N. B. If sufficient regular subscribers can be obtained, it will be delivered at their houses every MORNING. August 9th. 134 if

NOTICE.

I HEREBY forewarn all persons from trading for a Note of Hand given by the subscriber to John Curry, dated some time in June last, six months after date for thirty dollars, as I am determined not to pay said note, as it was fraudulently obtained against me. S. W. MORSE. August 13th, 1838. 135 if

NOTICE.

THE subscriber being about to remove from the State, has placed all accounts and notes due him, in the hands of Mr. Thomas C. Miller, Attorney, for collection. SAMUEL N. CANNON. Wilmington, Aug. 14th, 1838. 135 10w.

BALE ROPE & COTTON BAGGING.

110 COALS Bale Rope of good quality, 40 pieces Cotton Bagging. FOR SALE BY R. W. BROWN & SON. 15th August, 1838. 135 5w.

CORN.

1000 BUSHELS Corn of excellent quality, in store. FOR SALE BY R. W. BROWN & SON. Aug. 31, 1838. 137-3t.

FOR RENT.

THE STORE north end of Custom House Range, with warehouse back, and with out the wharf, is for rent from the 1st of October. If not previously taken, it will on that day be rented at public auction. Apply to O. G. PARSLEY.

300 to 1000 Bushels Oats, and a few bales of GOOD HAY, for sale at the above place. O. G. P. August 29th, 1838. 137 4w

One Cent Reward.

ABSCONDED from the subscriber on Tuesday the 28th day of August last, an apprentice boy, named JOHN HARRISS. John is a mulatto, aged about eighteen years. The above reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery of said boy John.—All persons are hereby notified not to harbor or maintain the said John, from any pretence whatsoever, under the penalty of the law. PHILIP BAZADIER. September 5th, 1838. 138 if

One Cent Reward.

FOR my apprentice boy WM. FURPLES, who absconded on the 31st of August, 1838. He is about seventeen years of age, about five feet high, and has a sneaking look when spoken to. I forewarn all persons from harboring, employing, or trading with the said boy, under the penalty of the law. T. G. FRALEY. Wilmington, Sept. 4th, 1838. 138 if

RATES OF TOLL

AT THE NEW BRIDGE, NEAR HILTON. FOR a Gig, or Sulkey and Horse, twenty cents, (20 cents.) Wagon and four Horses, fifty cents, (50 cents.) a four wheel Wagon and two Horses, twenty five cents, (25 cents.) for a Carriage and Horses, thirty cents, (30 cents.) for a Cart and Oxen, sixteen cents, (16 cents.) for a four wheel Carriage with one Horse, twenty five cents, (25 cents.) for a foot Passenger, four cents, (4 cents.) for Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep, two cents each, (2 cents.) for Turkeys, one cent each, (1 cent.) for single Horses, four cents each, (4 cents.)

A true copy from the minutes. Witness, THOS. F. DAVIS, Clerk.

Mackerel, Herring, Flour, &c.

30 Bbls. No. 3, 5 half Bbls. No. 1, MACKEREL, 5 " do. No. 2, 10 Qr. do. do, 40 Boxes No. 1, HERRING, 40 " do. No. 2, 20 Bbls. SUP. FLOUR, 20 Half Bbls., 2 Crates Onions—1000 bunches, 10 Bbls. Potatoes, 5 " Beets, 10 Boxes Sperm Candles, 20 Qr. Casks Sweet Malaga Wine, Just received from Boston and New York, and for sale by BARRY & BRYANT. September 14th, 1838. 138 if

SPRING VILLA FRENCH AND ENGLISH SEMINARY

For Young Ladies,

AT BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

THE duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Monday, the 24th September next.

The peculiar feature of this establishment consists in its being essentially a French School, that language being constantly spoken by the pupils in their intercourse with each other and with their teachers.

The department of modern languages is under the charge of the subscriber himself, assisted by a lady lately from France.

The English department is entrusted to Miss M. Turner, from Boston, who is assisted by Miss E. Lunt, from Portsmouth, N. H.

Music is taught by Mr. Edward R. Hansen, from Denmark.

Drawing, Mr. Engstrom, Mr. H. White.

For information concerning the character of the Institution, the subscriber begs leave to refer to Col. J. D. Jones, and Levin Lane, of Wilmington, Mrs. Winder, of Smithville, Gen. Wm. Hill, of Duplin county, and John Burgwyn, of Newbern, who now have children under his care.

A catalogue containing terms, &c. may be had at this office. For further particulars, application may be made either personally, or by mail, to

A. N. GIRAULT, Principal. 138 if

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers have this day entered into a copartnership, under the firm of

MILES COSTIN, & CO.

for the transaction of a GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS. They will pay particular attention to the sale of Lumber, Timber, and any other kind of country produce that may be sent to their care. They have a large wharf, and the best timber pen in the place, which enables them to keep timber on hand for a price, without any risk of its being lost.

MILES COSTIN, ARTHUR LEWIS. Wilmington, N. C. Sept. 1st, 1838. 138 3mo

PERSONS having unsettled accounts with the subscriber, are requested to come forward and settle the same without further delay. If they should neglect to do so, they will find their accounts in the hands of a collecting office.

MILES COSTIN. September 1st, 1838. 138 3mo.

FRESH TEAS.

A NEW supply of first rate FRESH TEAS, purchased from a late arrival in New York, by a good judge, for cash. Also, old PORT WINE, in bottles. Apply to Wm. A. WILLIAMS, No. 25, Market Street. 138 3w

September 4th, 1838.

INVITATION TO DINNER.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I'll get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant the must speak with his master immediately, for he can save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." (Out came the master.)

"What is that, sir; that you can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again."

"O, pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, "Well sir," said the man the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."

"I do so."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

The master of the house rose in a passion, and turned him out of doors.

The Thames Tunnel.—Mr. Walker, the celebrated engineer, has, at the instance of the Government, made a report on the great national work, the Thames Tunnel. He is decidedly of opinion that it would be imprudent to carry on the excavation farther with adopting some plan for giving greater solidity to the bottom of the river, between the Middlesex shore and the point which the shield has now reached. The ground under this part of the river is composed of materials so loose that it would be an incalculable expense, as well as a dangerous experiment, to proceed further with the shield, under present circumstances. Mr. Walker recommends that two rows of clove piles should be driven into the bed of the river, one row on each side of the line of the tunnel; so that the tops of the piles shall be as high as the tide at low water, and that the space between the rows, after having been emptied of the silt, sand, &c. shall be filled with clay. A considerable time must then be allowed for solidification, after which the work may be resumed with every prospect of success. The expense of the piling Mr. Walker estimates at 10,000.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE OLD PAINTERS, by the author of "Three Experiments of living."

This is a most agreeable little volume, just published by Hilliard, Gray & Co. of Boston.

The author has given a series of brief sketches of the lives of the old masters of the picture art, dwelling particularly on such anecdotes as are of peculiar interest, which she has taken the liberty of embellishing in a very graceful manner, with such minor and accessory circumstances as her fancy suggested.

We give, as a specimen of these, an incident from the sketch of Claude Lorraine. Claude had wandered to Italy, where he was engaged as a domestic, by Agostino Trasso, a painter. He was employed to grind his master's paints and clean his palette and pencils. The story thus proceeds:—(N. Y. Eve. Post.)

Most thankfully did Gelee enter upon his new office. From this time he was one of the household.

Was it the voice, the speaking glance of Agostino's niece, the gentle Calista, that first awoke the germ of genius in the mind of the youth? Was it not there from infancy, fostered by that divine love which shed such resplendent beauty among his native hills? Does not the Creator watch over the noblest part of his works, the thinking, reasoning mind?—The young Gelee had been gradually conducted to this period; suffering and solitude had been agents in the mighty process; even abstinence had sharpened his spiritual perceptions, and now the spark of intellect burst into a flame. He performed cheerfully the menial labors assigned him; but sometimes, when it became his duty to clean his master's palette and brushes, he entreated that he might use them. The good Agostino smilingly assented, and furnished him with implements; he was pleased to see that his beloved art could awaken sympathy even in Claude Gelee.

Agostino Trasso had received orders from the Duke of Lorraine to furnish him with two paintings for his gallery. The artist rather affected the style of Michel Angelo; but what was grand and sublime in that mighty master became stiff and cold in the hands of Agostino. One picture, however, was completed and sent to his patron, who returned a liberal recompense.

In the mean time the young Gelee continued secretly at work. Calista was his only confidant, and she assumed most willingly a double portion of household labors, that her companion might drink at the fountain of delight which had so lately opened to him. At length his picture was completed; and, after placing it in a favorable light, and shading it with the mantilla of Calista, who assisted in the arrangement, Agostino was invited to view it.

What was the astonishment of the artist! he almost doubted whether it was a representation on canvass, or whether nature had started forth, living and breathing. Could this be the work of his household servant, or had some mighty magician touched the canvass with his wand?

Great was Gelee's triumph, Calista's was still more exquisite; her heart swelled almost to bursting, when she perceived the effect the picture produced upon her uncle; her eyes were suffused with tears, her cheeks tinged with the roseate hue of morning, a radiant smile played round her mouth, while her lips, gently parted, seemed about to pour forth the language of inspiration.

Once more Claude seized the pencil.—A sketch was completed; but it never was exhibited—it became the companion of his solitary hours. It hung opposite his couch, in the little attic; the beautiful eyes looking down upon him, the head inclined forward, supported by its swanlike neck. Morning, noon and evening it looked upon him, the image mingled with his matin hymn and vesper song.—Is it wonderful that it became the object of his worship, the Madonna of his religion?

Agostino felt the beauty of Gelee's landscape. With the permission of the youth, he sent it to the Duke of Lorraine, as the production of a self taught artist. The astonishment of the trio was great when a recompense was returned far exceeding the amount which Agostino had received, and also orders for a second painting.

Claude was no longer to continue the household servant of Agostino. Another was procured to supply his place, and his whole time devoted to the pencil.

His master, with an honorable generosity, endeavored to teach him the rules of perspective; but he was an impatient pupil. His was a beauty which he perceived and painted intuitively.

So wholly was Claude occupied that he seemed to live in a religion of his own. His labor in completing the second landscape, entirely engrossed him. Content with the secret worship of his Madonna, he scarcely appeared to note his living representative, otherwise he would have perceived that the cheek of Calista had lost its bloom,—that the sparkling animation of her eye had melted into the lustrous softness of his own native sky,—that the form so round and graceful, was losing its waving outline,—that the voice which fell on his ear in strains of melody when he first threw himself at the threshold, was now faint and broken, and scarcely exceeded a whisper. All this was unheeded by the artist; he was now studying to blend the bright sunny skies of

Italy, his adopted home, with the softness that first impressed his youthful imagination, and to throw that aerial veil over the whole which gives mysterious meaning to inanimate objects.

Sometimes Agostino urged him to introduce groups of peasants into the foreground; but he submitted unwillingly, and they did not partake of the inspiration of his pencil. "Man," he exclaimed, "has made himself inferior to the glorious world he inhabits; his presence destroys the harmony of the scene."—One figure, however, was introduced,—a fair girl, with her white veil thrown back from her head, and her golden locks sporting upon her neck, as they were moved by the passing breeze. She stood on a gentle eminence, the soft effulgence of the setting sun casting a halo round her head. Agostino recognized it at once, as the figure of his niece, his "little Calista," as he always called her.

"It was an excellent likeness," once, said he, with a deep sigh.

"Yes," said the youth, blushing; "but it wants her mind to animate the form.—Still, however, it is in keeping with the picture; it has the same perfection that belongs to the inanimate creation. I have looked at it, till it seemed to me to move. See," continued he, "the foot is a little advanced; does it not give an idea of her light step, which scarcely seems to bend the flowers upon which she treads?—Then observe the quick and animated turn of the head; we need not look in the face, to read the beauty of the soul."

"Alas!" said Agostino "such things were; but the remembrance of them comes over me like the strains of the Æolian harp, mournful and low."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Claude, throwing down his brush. The deepest anguish was expressed in Agostino's countenance, as he replied, "I must part from her; she is fast fleeing to the world of spirits; in a few months, I shall be alone!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the youth, can this be true?"

"Too true," replied Agostino; "her doom is pronounced by the most experienced in the healing art. The physician says she can continue but a few weeks longer."

"And you have kept it secret from me?" "You were too much engrossed by your pencil," replied Agostino, "to think of my poor girl. Ah!" continued he, with a melancholy smile, "it was once so with me. Painting is a more tyrannical mistress than Music; for she will have the whole heart, but her tuneful sister, derives part of her charm from answering cadences."

"Can it be," said Claude, "that I have been thus insensible, thus selfishly engrossed?" Let me fly to her. Where may I find her?"

"She wanders among the fig-trees, in the little grove behind the house."

Claude hastened to the spot: he saw her at a distance. Her veil was thrown back, her step feeble and slow: even then he thought of his art; there was something in her shadowy form so like his own ideal, that he hesitated to destroy the illusion by approaching too near. It was only for a moment, and then he was by her side.

She smiled and extended her hand.—"Have you come to me at last?" she exclaimed.

"Calista!" said the painter, casting himself at her feet, "yes thou art she whom I have so long secretly worshipped."

Faint and exhausted, she sank upon the bank; the youth knelt by her side; for the first time their hearts communed. Calista learned how deeply she had been beloved, that while she looked upon the menial of her uncle as too bright a star for her own orbit, he had not dared to lift his eyes to a being so radiant with beauty and goodness.

"These are precious moments," exclaimed the maiden, "but they are fleeting. I am called hence; I must away."

"Live for me, my own Calista," exclaimed Claude, "thou hast been my animating genius; live to lead me to immortality, to an undying name."

"That may not be," replied the maiden; "thy own genius will obtain for thee an undying name; but a far more glorious immortality awaits thee."

Other landscapes were completed, and recompense returned far beyond expectation. Claude was now no longer unknown; he was distinguished by Kings and Princes; and when he was called the Italian artist, his native province asserted its prior claims.

Who has ever seen an original of this painter, without feeling that he possessed a power which belongs to no other?—There is a depth in his skies which leads the mind far beyond the surface; you look through the mysterious veil, behind the golden clouds, into the very heaven of heavens.

Where was the stupid apprentice of the pastry cook? Is it indeed true, as has been suggested, that his faculties were obtuse on every subject but those of his art? Who that has any comprehension of what the divine arts will believe this? This observation might apply to a mere copyist; but he to whose pencil, taste, and imagination bring their tributary stores—he who can give life and senti-

ment to canvass—can he be void of every other talent?

The image of Calista had been not only his own ideal, but incorporated with his religious worship of the blessed Virgin. It had filled and satisfied his heart; he had never thought it possible he could awaken in her emotions corresponding to his own; she was the beloved niece of his master, and he but a menial. Now, however, the veil was removed, and he found himself the first object of her affection. Happy Claude! what hast thou more to desire? Love, fortune and genius smile upon thee; yet who to see, so heart-broken? Happiness is not made for this world. Every day Calista grows weaker, her voice fainter and fainter; she resembles the light of his own picture, fading insensibly away into heaven.

Italy has always been celebrated for its beautiful twilights; it was on one of those lovely evenings, tinged with gray, when the valley was already sleeping in darkness, while every hill, tower, and tree was illumined with golden light, that Calista expressed a wish to see a landscape Claude had nearly completed.—He conducted her to the room he had hired for his occupation, which was but a short distance from the dwelling. It was part of a ruin on Monte Pineto, manied with evergreen. Through its dilapidated wall the last rays of the setting sun entered aslant, and gave to the picture an extraordinary brilliancy; it was precisely the light which was meant to be represented. Calista gazed with enthusiasm—her whole figure became animated, and she looked like a being of heaven rather than earth. "My friend," said she, holding up her hand which the bright light rendered almost transparent, "I read in thy picture thy immortality, but not the immortality for which thou art striving; the time will come, when the works of genius shall crumble, and the artist be forgotten; but the spirit which executed them will live forever." As she spoke, her head sunk upon his bosom, several moments passed before he perceived that her breath had fled, and that he was supporting a lifeless form.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "the spirit will live forever!"

Claude Gelee was born in 1600 and died in 1668. The remainder of his life was spent much in solitary devotion to his art. In this he was laborious, frequently repeating the same subject. The prediction of Calista is partly accomplished. Many of his works are decayed; a few yet remain. Agostino Trasso is only remembered as connected with his illustrious pupil, while the name of the scholar is still familiar, not as Claude Gelee, but claimed by his native province as Claude Lorraine.

Allan Cunningham with Marshal Soult.—Our good friend Mr. Allan Cunningham was introduced to Marshal Soult, and as the interview was interesting, the reverse of displeased to peruse a hurried note of it, given as nearly as possible in his own words:—"I saw him in his residence in Portland House; he received me kindly, and took me by the hand, placed me on a sofa beside him, and said he was indebted to his friend, the Baron de P. for making us acquainted. I said I had desired to see a man of great and strong talent by nature, and not by act of Parliament; that I had long admired him for his generous tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, and looked upon him as one of the noblest minded of our foes. He smiled at this, and turning to me said—"Foe! I never was your foe, at least in the coarse sense of the word; I was taught to respect you in the sternest of schools, the battle-field; and it was only yesterday I told your young Queen that Britain and France had tried the sword long enough to each other's harm, and should now try what friendship could do, and thus insure the peace of Europe." I bowed, and replied—"Marshal, you are still in the field; you have won other countries by the sword, and now you are come to conquer us by courtesy." As I said this, he pressed my knee gently with his hand, and made some allusion to poetry. He is a noble martial-featured man; tall, tall, and vigorous; and I thought of Australia, and many a bloody field as he shook hands with me at parting. But we are not parted yet; he has sent me a card for his great ball of this evening (6th July) when I shall again see, I feel assured, the same simple, easy, courteous man I found during the interview I have attempted to describe.—Scotch paper.

Havana contains about 150,000 souls, including strangers and garrison; about half of whom only are whites, and of the blacks about one third, or 25,000, are slaves. It is a difficult matter, however, to obtain any statistical information, other than of a commercial nature, on which any dependence can be placed. This population is extended over a large tract of country, as the city proper, or "within the walls," does not contain but one fourth of it.

Sound Doctrine.—Peel once told Brookham, after a warm debate, that he came near "spitting in his face!" "If you had," said Brookham, "you would have been considered a black-guard!"