

"O," replied Kerneguy, "I am one of those lovers who cannot endure absence. I must be eternally at the feet of my fair enemy—such, I think, is the title with which romances teach us to grace the fair and cruel to whom we devote our hearts and lives—Speak for me, good lady," he added taking up the instrument, "and show whether I know not my duty."

He sang, but with more taste than execution, the air of a French rondeau, to which some of the wits or songsters, in his gay and roving train, had adapted English verses.

One hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dapples with gold the eastern gray.
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear:
The toil and turmoil, care and care,
New griefs which coming hours unfold,
And sad remembrance of the old?
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labor on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or shell? ring
bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing
brow?
One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labor of the day;
The hopes, the wishes, flung away;
The increasing wants, and lessening
gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my
pains?—
One hour with thee.

"Truly, there is another verse," said the songster; "but I sing it not to you Mistress Alice, because some of the prudes of the court liked it not."
"I thank you, Master Louis," answered the young lady, "both for

giving me pleasure, and in forbearing what might offend me. Though a country girl, I pretend to be so far of the court mode, as to receive nothing which does not pass current among the better class there."
"I would," answered Louis, "that you were so well confirmed in their creed, as to let all pass with you, to which court ladies would give currency."

"And what would be the consequence?" said Alice, with perfect composure.

"In that case," said Louis, embarrassed like a general who finds that his preparations for attack do not seem to strike either fear or confusion into the enemy—"In that case you would forgive me, fair Alice, if I spoke to you in a warmer language than that of mere gallantry—If I told you how much my heart was interested in what you consider as idle jesting—if I seriously owned it was in your power to make me the happiest or most miserable of human beings."

"Master Kerneguy," said Alice with the same unshaken nonchalance, "let us understand each other. I am little acquainted with high-bred manners; and I am unwilling, I tell you plainly, to be accounted a silly country girl, who, either from ignorance or conceit, is startled at every word of gallantry addressed to her by a young man, who for the present has nothing better to do than coin and circulate such false compliments. But I must not let this fear of seeming rustic and awkwardly timorous carry me too far; and being ignorant of the exact limits, I will take care to stop within them."

"I trust, madam," said Kerneguy, "that however severely you may be disposed to judge of me, your justice will not punish me too severely for an offence, of which your charm are alone the occasion?"

"Hear me out, sir, if you please," resumed Alice. "I have listened to you when you spoke *en berger*—nay, my complaisance has been so great, as to answer you *en berger*—for I do not think any thing except ridicule can come of dialogues between Lindor and Jeanneton; and the

principal fault of the style is its extreme and tiresome silliness and affectation. But when you begin to kneel, offer to take my hand, and speak with a more serious tone, I must remind you of our real characters. I am the daughter of Sir Henry sir; and you are, or profess to be, Master Louis Kerneguy, my brother's page, and a fugitive for shelter under my father's roof who incurs danger by the harbor he affords you, and whose household, therefore, ought not to be disturbed by your unpleasant importunities."

"I would to Heaven, fair Alice," said the King, "that your objections to the suite which I am urging, not in jest, but most seriously, as that on which my happiness depends, rested only on the low and precarious station of Louis Kerneguy!—Alice, thou hast the soul of thy family, and must needs love honor. I am no more the needy Scottish page, whom I have for my own purposes, personated, than I am the awkward lout, whose manners I adopted on the first night of our acquaintance. This hand, poor as I seem, can confer a coronet."

"Keep it," said Alice, "for some ambitious damsel, my lord—for such I conclude is your title, if this romance be true—I would not accept your hand, could you confer a duchy."

To be concluded in our next.

FOREIGN.

New-York June 8

The packet ship Canada, Capt. Rodgers, arrived last evening, in 36 days from Liverpool. By this arrival the Editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* have received copious files of English papers, including London of the evening of April 29, and Liverpool of the 1st of May. There is no news of moment from the manufacturing districts of England, that is very important.

the operatives in Manchester, Blackburn, Chorley, and other places has driven them to madness and all but open rebellion. They have assembled in mobs, and in a spirit of infatuation, have directed their vengeance against the property of the master manufacturers. So formidable indeed, were these assemblages, that the troops have been compelled to fire upon them. Nay, there were not troops enough for the protection of property and the preservation of public peace, and expresses were sent to Ireland for assistance, and one regiment had arrived from Dublin at Liverpool. Some alarm was felt at the latter place lest the rioters should bend their steps thither, in the hope of finding there a rich booty. To guard against such an invasion, it is suggested in the *Albion* of May 1st, that a wall of cotton bales be thrown up on the land side, after the manner of the cotton fortifications of New Orleans. The same writer also proposes that the hundred of Salford buy up all the cotton in Liverpool and barricade the towns of Salford and Manchester. [Perhaps he is a large holder.] Our Liverpool correspondent writes at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, (May 1,) while the passengers and letter bag were leaving, as follows:—The accounts from Manchester up to this evening, are pacific. The troops which arrived yesterday from Dublin, remain in Liverpool under arms. A gentleman arrived this evening from Oldham, near Manchester, who states that they were under very great apprehensions in the former place, but nothing had transpired when he left this morning.

The *Liverpool Albion* says, these riotous men, "with their numerous families, are now in the most wretched condition to which human beings can be reduced; and they are only saved from the horrors of starvation, by the scanty meals which are provided for them and their families by the benevolence of their opulent neighbours. But, it is added, a knowledge of their sufferings will call forth the sympathy of the humane throughout the country, and

prompt relief will, we have not the slightest doubt, be extended to those unfortunate men and their families." "A public subscription is about to be set on foot in Liverpool, for the relief of the distressed manufacturers and weavers in the interior of the country, and a public meeting for this purpose was convened for the 2d of May, by the chief magistrate."

It is regarded as a happy circumstance, that feelings of political discontent have not any share in causing the present disturbance, which fortunately distinguishes them from those which took place under the desperate spirit of Luddism, in 1812 and 1813 and again during the years 1818, 1819, and up to Thistlewood's execution in 1820—periods which are fresh in the public mind.

The question of Parliamentary reform, has been debated with much warmth in the House of Commons—the speech of the mover, Lord John Russell, measures *one yard and a half* in length in the columns of the newspapers; and that of Mr. Hobhouse the seconder, *two yards* which is one foot longer than he is himself.

Letters from Havre, state the arrival of twelve ships from the United States, with 100,000 bags of Cotton, the largest arrival in one tide that ever took place.

The Duke of Wellington had arrived in London, from St. Petersburg, and had an audience of the King, and one of two hours with Mr. Canning.

The trial of *Beauchamp*, for the murder of Col. Sharp, took place at Frankfort, Ky. last month. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the 7th of July. His wife, who was supposed to be accessory to the murder, was acquitted. The *Kentucky Gazette*, of the 25th ultimo, furnishes the following particulars respecting the trial:

A most important and interesting case was brought to a close on Friday evening last. The jury went out about 5 o'clock, and, in less than an hour, returned with a verdict of *guilty*. We are informed the prisoner received it with considerable fortitude. The evidence was in proof that he made threats against Col. Sharp's life some time before the murder was committed; that, on his return, he (B.) told the very man in whose presence he had made the threat, that he had been to Frankfort, and carried home the *red flag of war and victory*; and, when asked the news, made no mention of Sharp's death further than what might be inferred from the remark about the red flag, &c. Mrs. Sharp swears to his voice, in the most pointed and direct manner, and says his size corresponds. In addition to this, a very long paper was read, written by *Beauchamp* in prison, containing six pages, and enclosed to his wife, in a pair of socks, with directions to be given to a Mr. Lowe. It was in the form of written instructions to Mr. Lowe, as a witness, propounding interrogatories, and dictating the answers the witness was to make on oath. The witness possessed too much integrity for the purpose intended, and kept the document and delivered it to the Commonwealth's attorney. It also purported to contain a conversation between Darby and the witness. (Lowe) where the former is made to offer the latter a bribe to swear to the handkerchief which was found in Sharp's yard; likewise a conversation which should have taken place between Kelly, one of the men that took *Beauchamp*, and Lowe, the witness, at the house of *Beauchamp*. Kelly is made to take Lowe to one side, and offer him one hundred dollars to swear to the handkerchief. The witness was also to swear, that Darby actually paid him twenty-five dollars not to mention he ever saw him; and at Court, when he swore to the handkerchief, he was to have whatever reward he would name. The object of this document was to fix the murder of Sharp on Darby, and acquit *Beauchamp*. It has completely failed, and fixes the guilt con-

clusively on *Beauchamp*. It was a deep laid scheme to entrap Darby, and might have succeeded, in part, but for the imprudence of *Beauchamp's* wife. Darby remained in Court all the time, and looked B. full in the face. Lowe declared, on oath, that, so far from Darby's ever offering him a bribe, he never saw him before in his life. The whole fabrication of Col. Sharp's murder, having been the result of political animosity, and of Darby's being in any way concerned, is completely put down by the disclosure made on the trial."

A proposition has been submitted in the Legislature of Massachusetts for an inquiry, touching "the expediency of passing an act to empower the selectmen and civil authority of the several towns in the State, to deliver the bodies of those who commit suicide, and those whose deaths were caused by intemperance in the use of spirituous liquors, into the hands of surgeons for dissection." The Editors of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* question the policy of such a law, on the ground that a man who had made up his mind to cut his throat, would not be deterred by any particular dread of the surgeon's knife; and to punish a cold lump of flesh for the deed of the disembodied spirit, would only be inflicting additional pangs upon bleeding and broken hearts. It would, indeed, be punishing the innocent for the sins of the guilty.

New Orleans, May 11.

In a Vera Cruz paper of the 20th ult. we find an account of insurrection which broke out on the 29th of January in the city of Alajuela, province of Costarica, Central America. The revolt was made in the name of the King of Spain, and caused much alarm to the Republicans on account of the proximity of the city to the coast among the Indians. The leader was Jose Zamora, a lieutenant colonel in the armies of Spain, who reached the province of Costarica from Colombia. Zamora was seven days at the head of the rebels, before he was taken, and such was the dread he inspired, that the Republicans shot him 12 hours after he fell into their hands which was on the 6th of Feb.

Several other prisoners taken on this occasion, were condemned to the mines.

Vera Cruz April 26.

"A Mexican frigate, two brigs of war, and several schooners, are now lying here, and the appearance of a Spanish fleet is daily looked for, by the inhabitants. Several suspicious vessels have been cruising off the Coast. The place is becoming very sickly; from 80 to 100 persons die daily and many foreigners have already fallen victims to the fever. General Packwood, the English Consul for Vera Cruz, arrived here in the sloop of war *Tweed*. Captain Hume: The United States' frigate *Constellation* is daily expected. The French frigate *Nymph* is still lying here, having brought out Commissioners with powers to treat and acknowledge the independence of the Mexican Government."

Washington's Letters—Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Washington have selected from the papers of the departed hero, a large portion of his correspondence with the eminent persons of the country.—They soon will be published by Carey & Lea.

Snakeology.—The *Belvidero Apollo* mentions the exhibitions of a collection of two hundred Rattlesnakes, at M'Murtie's Tavern, in that place. They are worthy of the attention of the naturalist; being, probably, the finest and largest collection of living Rattlesnakes ever seen in this country. They have all been caught within three weeks, principally in the counties of Pike and Wayne, Pennsylvania, and are now on their way to Philadelphia.