FOREIGN.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship England, Maxwell, at New York, brings London papers to the 8th, and Liverpool to the 9th May, both inclusive. From the various journals before us, we make the following extracts:

By accounts from Havre of the 5th, we learn that Mr. Livingston, our Minister, embarked that day on board the Constitution, which, when the advices left, was under way for New York.

It appears by advices from Paris to the 5th, that the American question, which appears to be wholly absorbed in the more lively interest excited by the political trials, *still remains in an undetermined state;* so much doubt, however, exists as to the course which the Chamber of Peers will take in passing the Indemnity Bill, that Mr. Livingston had left Paris, accompanied by his family, for home. The diplomatic relations between France and the United States are, therefore, suspended for the present; for, although Mr. Livingston leaves a member of the Legation at Paris, that individual only remains to watch the progress of the Bill, and, on its passing without the required alterations being made, he, also, will immediately quit Paris, and return to America.

The elections in England, under the new writs, were going on. Mr. Steuart has been elected without opposition in Haddington, making the 12th member of the government re-elected since the writs were moved for in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell had been defeated in Devonshire by Mr. Parker, and the Tories boast that "not one of the three principal Secretaries of State can procure a seat in the House of Commons." Lord John Russell was, however, to be run in another district, not yet determined upon. He is threatened with a powerful opposition in either of the districts proposed.

The defeat of Lord John Russell, by the Tories, seems to have been expected, and to have been followed on the part of his colleagues in the ministry, with an exercise of the King's prerogative in a very unusual manner, by the revocation of the commission to Lord Heytesbury as Governor-General of India, and Lord Amherst as Commissioner to Canada, and of Sir Howard Douglass as Governor of the Ionian Isles. All these functionaries had been appointed by Sir Robert Peel, had made their arrangements, and were on the point of embarking.

Mr. Charles Grant, created Baron Gleneyl, is to be the Governor of India.

The majority of Mr. Parker, the successful opponent of Lord John Russell, exceeded 600, out of about 7,800 votes. This result and other Whig interests are large, and as against the file leader of Reform as Lord John is considered, backed on this occasion by all the Treasury influence, is somewhat ominous for Lord Melbourne's ministry.

If Lord Morphet, who is opposed for the west Riding of Yorkshire, by Mr. Steuart Wortley, should fail, it will, we apprehend, be decisive against the duration of that ministry.

In Spain, rumors, unconfirmed, of battles between Zumalacaraguay and General Valdez, had been circulating. Lord Elliot had effected one good result, that of inducing more humanity in the mode of conducting the war, and in the treatment of prisoners.

In Portugal, affairs are quiet. The young Queen attended in person to prorogue the Cortes.

Both Chambers had addressed her to choose another husband, and she had replied to the Deputations that though she was oppressed by her recent loss, she would take their advice into consideration, and that they might expect from her those sacrifices which the country demands.

Advices from Sydney, to the 20th December, state that it was expected that 8,000,000 pounds of wool would be exported from the colony, the produce of the year, being an excess of 2,000,000 pounds over the exports of last year. A steam vessel had been established between Hobart Town and Sydney.

Weslyan Missionary Society.—The anniversary of this Society was held at Exeter Hall, London, on the 4th of May. The meeting was one of great interest. It appears that this Society has 260 missionaries divided between 170 missionary stations. There were 48,304 members, and 37,965 children were educated. The amount of the year's revenue was £53,437 15s. 2d., being an increase on the former year to the amount of £1,201 8s. 2d. This did not include the splendid legacy of Horatio Cock, Esq., which was one-eighth of his whole fortune, amounting to £5,274; this raised the year's revenue to £60,865 15s., but the average would be about £54,000.

British and Foreign Bible Society.—This Society held their 31st anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall, May 6th. The meeting was more numerously attended than any former meeting; the great room was crowded to suffocation, and a smaller room in the lower part of the building was filled with the overflow from above stairs. Lord Bexley was in the chair.

The business commenced with the reading of the report by the Secretary. It showed that the amount of receipts during the last year exceeded any preceding year, and that a correspondent increase in the distribution of Bibles had taken place. In Paris, during the last year, 62,194 Bibles had been distributed. In Switzerland, 10,566 copies, besides 27,937 copies distributed by the *colporteurs.* 14,560 copies had been bought for the French schools, and 41,000 francs had been paid for them to the society. The report next gave an account of what had been done in Germany and the rest of the continental nations, from which it appeared that the efforts of the society had been progressively increasing in success. Double the number of Bibles had, in the last year, been distributed in Calcutta, as compared with the year preceding, and in America the distribution was increased considerably. The gross receipts of the year amounted to £107,926, and the balance now in hand, after defraying all expenses, amounted to £23,676. Among the speakers was Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio.

Emigrants.—A London paper states that on the 2d May, the large American ship Louisa, bound to New York, left St. Katharine's dock with 180 steerage passengers, and twenty cabin passengers, who intend settling in the United States. A great proportion of them are agriculturists, with their wives and children. They are chiefly from the counties near the metropolis.

FRANCE.

Diplomatique Corps.—Nearly all the French ambassadors are recalled from the respective courts at which they lately represented the majesty of France.

The great State Trials, for which we have so long heard the note of preparation, have commenced.

The military preparations were upon such a large and imposing scale, that we hardly anticipate any popular outbreakings of moment.

Our readers will recollect that on the anniversary of St. Philip, last year, some French seaman on board of the Suffren ship of the line were accidentally killed, and others disabled, on firing a salute from the American frigate United States. The day previous to the departure of Mr. Livingston, from Paris for Havre, that gentleman signed a convention with the Duke de Broglie, by which an annual pension of 120 dollars was secured to be paid during life to each of the sufferers, and a like sum to the parents of those who were killed.

CEREMONIES OF THE MOSQUE.

The Missionary Herald for June contains a letter from Mr. Temple, giving an account of the great Mosque of the city of Smyrna. We copy the following sketch of the ceremonies. Ramazan is the season of Lent.

The Mosque is a splendid and spacious building, covering, however, I should think, not a greater area than some of our largest churches, but more than any that I ever entered. It was perfectly illuminated within, from the top to the bottom, by one magnificent chandelier suspended from the lofty dome in the centre, and by several smaller ones on the right and left, and also in front. The dome itself was illuminated by a line of lamps extending quite around it, at a distance of not less than fifty feet from the floor. Besides these, there were several candles, and some of them very large, lighted in different situations. The top of the minaret, which is very high, is always illuminated at night, during the season of Ramazan. The whole appearance within was far more imposing than any thing which the exterior of the building had led me to anticipate. The floor or pavement in the centre was about six inches lower than the sides on the right and left. The whole was covered by carpets, and not a seat of any kind was any where to be seen.

There is a gallery on the north side, which is the front of the building, and on that side the people enter by three doors. This gallery is supported by massive pillars, three or four feet in diameter, but is not very lofty. On our arrival we ascended a few steps and stood for a short time in the piazza, or vestibule, looking through the windows at the few worshippers within. We were soon, however, invited to take off our boots and walk in, and immediately complied, leaving our boots in the hand of an aged and venerable-looking Turk, who occupies a small room just within the door. Having entered, we took our station, to avoid giving offence, in one corner of the mosque, near the door, in a squatting posture. As the Turks came in, they all took off their shoes, probably to avoid soiling the carpets, not less than from reverence, and proceeded to take their places side by side, in straight lines, extending from one end of the mosque to the other, all facing towards the south, as their holy city Mecca is in that direction. These lines were about four feet distant the one from the other, thus leaving a convenient space for their prostrations during their prayers. The gallery and the lower part of the building were both filled completely in the same manner, and at the same time with very little noise, each one advancing silently to his place. Thus arranged, each one began as if perfectly insulated, to move his lips, then to bow and kneel, and place his forehead on the floor between his hands, which were spread open and lying flat on the floor about six inches asunder. Thus far, no voice was heard within, the muezzin or crier being still in the minaret calling the people to come to prayers, no bells or any thing of the kind being used by Mahommedans. In a few minutes after this, the voice of the Imams, or officiating priests, stationed in the gallery, was heard. They bowed, and knelt, and touched their heads to the floor, then suddenly rose and placed each hand on the side of their faces, accompanying all these gesticulations by a continual tone. All these evolutions were performed at the same moment, with great promptness, by the whole congregation, above and below, all kneeling, bowing, prostrating themselves and rising, with as much precision as a well trained regiment of soldiers go through their military evolutions on a parade day.

The services continued nearly an hour, and the same words were repeated, and the same evolutions performed with very little variation till the scene became wearisome to me. There was no response of the people to the voice of the Imams till near the close of the service, when they responded in a low under tone, hollow and solemn, all on their knees, raising their hands as high as their faces, and spreading them forth with their eyes lifted up to heaven, with an air of much humility and devotion. In this part of the service there was something solemn and touching to my feelings; indeed the whole scene was an impressive one, partly, no doubt, from its novelty, but still more so from the decorous and solemn air that breathed through it all. There was no talking nor gazing about, nor even the least appearance of levity from the beginning to the close. Only a few who were very near us seemed to notice our presence. A boy, however, ten or twelve years old, as he entered, seemed much surprised to see us there, and stopped and gazed at us for some moments apparently lost in wonder, but without uttering a word or exhibiting any signs of contempt. The voice of the Imams was occasionally suspended, and then the whole congregation was apparently engaged in silent mental prayer.

As the services proceeded the voice of the Imams rose to a higher tone, and the fervor of the worshippers seemed to increase in the same proportion. It reached its highest key invariably only a moment before they all brought their foreheads to the floor; nor was it suspended while the Imams with the whole assembly lay thus prostrate. As they all fell upon their knees and prostrated themselves in this manner the mosque jarred with the violence of the motion, for the earnestness of the Imams' tone seemed to carry with it an electrifying energy through the whole assembly. The command of a general could not be more promptly and perfectly obeyed by the most thoroughly disciplined troops. The tone which we heard in the mosque differed very little from those which one hears in all the churches of these countries. Several voices were heard during the services, and all of them grated and unnatural.

LORD BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

By Washington Irving.

At about three miles distant from Newstead Abbey, and contiguous to its lands, is situated Annesley Hall, the old family mansion of the Chaworths. The families, like the estates, of the Byrons and Chaworths, were connected in former times, until the fatal duel between their two representatives. The feud, however, which prevailed for a time, promised to be cancelled by the attachment of two youthful hearts. While Lord Byron was yet a boy, he beheld Mary Ann Chaworth, a beautiful girl, and the sole heiress of Annesley. With that susceptibility to female charms which he evinced from childhood, he became almost immediately enamoured of her. According to one of his biographers, it would appear that at first their attachment was mutual, yet clandestine. The father of Miss Chaworth was then living, and may have retained somewhat of the family hostility; for we are told that the interviews of Lord Byron and the young lady were private, at a gate which opened from her father's grounds to those of Newstead. However, they were so young at the time, that those meetings could not have been regarded as of any importance. They were little more than children in years; but as Lord Byron says of himself, his feelings were beyond his age.

The passion thus early conceived was blown into a flame, during a six weeks' vacation, which he passed with his mother at Nottingham. The father of Miss Chaworth was dead, and she resided with her mother at the old Hall of Annesley. During Byron's minority, the estate of Newstead was let to Lord Grey de Ruthven; but its youthful Lord was always a welcome guest at the Abbey. He would pass days at a time there, and from thence make frequent visits to Annesley Hall. His visits were encouraged by Miss Chaworth's mother. She partook of none of the family feud, and probably looked with complacency upon an attachment that might heal old differences, and unite two neighboring estates.

The six weeks' vacation passed as a dream among the beautiful bowers of Annesley. Byron was scarce fifteen years of age: Mary Chaworth was two years older; but his heart, as I have said, was beyond his age, and his tenderness for her was deep and passionate. These early loves, like the first run of the uncrushed grape, are the sweetest and strongest gushings of the heart; and however they may be superseded by other attachments in after years, the memory will continually recur to them, and fondly dwell upon their recollections.

His love for Miss Chaworth, to use Byron's own expression, was "the romance of the most romantic period of his life;' and I think we can trace the effects of it throughout the whole course of his writings, coming up every now and then, like some lurking theme that runs through a complicated piece of music, and links it all in a pervading chain of melody.

How tenderly and mournfully does he recall in after years the feelings awakened in his youthful and inexperienced bosom, by his impassioned, yet innocent attachment; feelings, he says, lost or hardened in the intercourse of life:

"The love of better things and better days;
The unbounded hope and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world, and the world's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone."

Whether this love was really responded to by the object, is uncertain. Byron sometimes speaks as if he had met with kindness in return; at other times he acknowledges that she never gave him reason to believe she loved him. It is probable, however, that at first she experienced some flutterings of the heart. She was at a susceptible age; had as yet formed no attachments; her lover, though boyish in years, was a man in intellect, a poet in imagination, and had a countenance of remarkable beauty.

With the six weeks' vacation ended this brief romance. Byron returned to school deeply enamoured: but if he had really made an impression on Miss Chaworth's heart, it was too slight to stand the test of absence. She was at that age when a female soon changes from the girl to the woman, and leaves her boyish lovers far behind her. While Byron was pursuing his school-boy studies, she was mingling with society, and met with a gentleman of the name of Musters, remarkable, it is said, for manly beauty. A story is told of her having first seen him from the top of Annesley Hall, as he dashed through the park with hound and horn, taking the lead of the whole field in a fox chase, and that she was struck by the spirit of his appearance, and his admirable horsemanship. Under such favorable auspices, he wooed and won her, and when Lord Byron next met her, he learned to his dismay that she was the affianced bride of another.

With that pride of spirit which always distinguished him, he controlled his feelings and maintained a serene countenance. He even affected to speak calmly on the subject of her approaching nuptials. "The next time I see you," said he, "I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth," (for she was to retain her family name.) Her reply was "I hope so."

I have given these brief details preparatory to a sketch of a visit which I made to the scene of his youthful romance. Annesley Hall I understood was shut up, neglected, and almost in a state of desolation; for Mr. Musters rarely visited it, residing with his family in the neighborhood of Nottingham. I set out for the Hall on horseback, in company with Colonel Wildman, and followed by the great Newfoundland dog Boatswain. In the course of our ride we visited a spot memorable in the love story I have cited. It was the scene of this parting interview between Byron and Miss Chaworth, prior to her marriage. A long ridge of upland advances into the valley of Newstead, like a promontory into a lake, and was formerly crowned by a beautiful grove, a landmark to the neighboring country. The grove and promontory are graphically described by Lord Byron in his "Dream," an exquisite picture given of himself, and the lovely object of his boyish idolatry—

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill;
Green, and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn fields, and the abodes of men,
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man;
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were fair, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon in the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the verge of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."

I stood upon the spot consecrated by this memorable interview. Below me extended the "living landscape," once contemplated by the loving pair; the gentle valley of Newstead, diversified by woods and corn fields, and village spires, and gleams of water, and the distant towns and pinnacles of the venerable Abbey.—The diadem of trees, however was gone. The attention drawn to it by the poet, and the romantic manner in which he had associated it with his early passion for Mary Chaworth, had nettled the irritable feelings of her husband, who but ill brooked the poetic celebrity conferred on his wife by the enamored verses of another. The celebrated grove stood on his estate, and in a fit of spleen he ordered it to be leveled with the dust. At the time of my visit the mere roots of the trees were visible: but the hand that laid them low is execrated by every poetical pilgrim.

LONGEVITY.

We notice a statement that a woman is to be seen at a Museum in a Western city, said to be of the great age of 161. If this be true, she must be older than any person whose death and age are recorded in this country. The oldest within our knowledge was just 150. This was a woman too, and so have been, perhaps, half a dozen or so of the seniors next in order. We notice also the decease of a negro on one of the West India Islands, between the ages of 120 and 130. The ages of these negroes are apt to be *uncertain*, but we have a fact, from a friend just dropped in from the South, which indicates with something like a definite plausibility, an extraordinary instance of longevity in a negro. He lived on a plantation near St. Mary's, and died about eighteen months ago. Our informant's curiosity, on seeing him, was excited by his appearance, and by the statement of his fellows, that not one of them could remember the time when he had been called on *to work on the estate;* that is, he had been superannuated from time immemorial—probably 50 years at least. On enquiry of himself, he could remember but little. He stated, however, that in the Revolution he had been *too old to fight;* his grandson "went a sogerin" at that time. He also remembered "*the Deluge*" distinctly—referring to a memorable inundation which took place *about one hundred and twenty years ago*, when he must have been already grown up. In fact he was from 130 to 140 years of age, if not more. He still had good use of his eyes, and some teeth, and walked above a mile and back again, on the occasion alluded to above, for the consideration of a prime quid of tobacco—doubtless a *quid pro quo.* This is a good story certainly; and, what is better, it is true.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

COMPLIMENTARY TO MR. CLAY.

We have now before us the India Gazette of September 10, 1834, printed at Calcutta, in Indostan, containing, under the head of American eloquence, the speech of the Hon. Henry Clay, of Ky., in the United States Senate on the President's protest. Such a notice of him in a paper on the other side of the Globe, must be a high compliment to Mr. Clay. We knew that the speeches of American statesmen attracted much attention in Europe, but we were not prepared to believe, until the reception of the paper, that any of the millions in Southern Asia, ever read, at their homes, what was said in an American Congress. Who of us read speeches delivered in India, on any subject, except [illegible] of their own doings or sayings? Verily, to be known as a statesman throughout one whole continent, is no small honor; but to be quoted some ten thousand miles off in the way of a speech requiring hours to read it, is a high honor indeed, which even those of us who are politically opposed to Mr. Clay, must rejoice to see, as it confers distinction on our common country.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

From the New York Sun.

A DEVELOPMENT.

Not many years since, the body of a female Indian, not far from seventeen or eighteen years of age, was found floating in the Mohawk, between Whiteston and Rome, and which, upon examination by a Coroner's jury, was found to have been extensively mangled, and portions of the interior formation of her face and numerous muscles and bones removed; but whether before or after death could not, at the time of inquest, be ascertained. Subsequently, however, the circumstances of the girl's death and previous life, were accidentally discovered by one of the gentlemen in that county, and have been communicated to us at considerable length. It appears that the girl belonged to one of the Indian families settled at Brothertown, and was considered uncommonly handsome; that she was seduced by a young student of medicine in a neighboring city, and becoming *enciente*, the student, to avoid exposure, hired an abandoned wretch to waylay and strangle her, and then caused her remains to be removed to a deserted hovel in the woods, where they were used for anatomical purposes, and afterwards carried in a wagon to the Mohawk, and thrown in.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser, June 12.

EXECUTION OF THE SPANISH PIRATES.

The execution of five of the Spaniards who have been for some months under sentence of death in this city, for piracy on the high seas, took place yesterday, in the rear of the county jail, under direction of the United States Marshal. Of the two others, De Soto has received a reprieve for the period of sixty days, and an expectation prevails that he will be pardoned. Ruiz is reprieved for thirty days, in consequence of his being in a state of mental derangement. The five who suffered the sentence of the law were Pedro Gibert, the Captain of the Panda, Manuel Boyga, Angel Garcia, Manuel Castillo and Joan Montenegro. In consequence of a disposition which they had shown to commit suicide, every precaution was taken to prevent it, and a guard was employed to watch them. Notwithstanding these precautions, Boyga succeeded in inflicting a deep wound in his throat, about nine o'clock yesterday morning, by a piece of tin, and he was much weakened by the loss of blood; in consequence of which he was carried to the scaffold in an armed chair, and while there was seated upon it. We copy the following particulars of the execution from the Mercantile Journal:

At a few minutes past 10 o'clock, the prisoners were taken from their cells, and, accompanied by two clergymen, were conducted by the officers to the place of execution. The prisoners were each neatly but plainly dressed—their countenances appeared haggard, and their frames debilitated by long confinement, but they marched towards the scaffold with a firm and steady step. The captain, Pedro Gibert, took the lead in the solemn procession, exhibiting the same firmness and indifference which characterized his deportment when on trial. On reaching the scaffold, an involuntary shudder seemed to pass over some of the prisoners, and their fortitude seemed to be shaken. It was but momentary, however. But Gibert surveyed the awful apparatus of death and the crowd alternately, with a cool and steady gaze—and ascended the scaffold without betraying the slightest emotion. He afterwards kissed the face of Boyga, who was nearly insensible; and listened with composure to the reading of the warrant, which was interpreted to them. Soon after which the Catholic clergymen repeated their last protestations of innocence, and at half past 10 o'clock, the awful sentence of the law was executed upon them.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A striking instance of the enduring love of woman has lately been exhibited by the wife of the Spanish pirate, Bernardo de Soto, under sentence of death at Boston. Hearing, at Corunna, in Spain, of the trial and condemnation of her husband, this unfortunate woman, as we see it stated in the newspapers, immediately freighted a small schooner, and leaving her three children, sailed for Havana, from whence she arrived at this port six days ago. She has since visited Washington, returned to this city, and departed hence for Boston, to afford her husband the solace of her presence. This is truly a touching instance of the truth of the sentiment in Moore's song:

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art." *N. Y. Eve. Post.*

SAM PATCHISM.

A large concourse of persons assembled in the neighborhood of the Schuylkill yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, for the purpose of witnessing a sailor spring from the top of the mainmast of a full-rigged brig, into the Schuylkill—a distance of more than a hundred feet. The adventurer was dressed in light pantaloons trimmed with red, was without either vest or jacket, and had a bandanna handkerchief tied round his head. After reaching the "dizzy eminence," he remained there for about ten minutes, giving directions to those in charge of the boats in the river below, and appeared throughout perfectly calm and composed. Just before starting he made a short address to the crowd—stated he was about to make a "pretty considerable of a leap"—that several of his friends would take up a collection in his behalf, and expressed a hope that no one would contribute "less than a fip or more than a quarter."—After this he bade them an affectionate farewell and "downward plunged." He continued under water but a short time and on his reappearance was cheered as a matter of course by the crowd. So much for this new mode of raising the wind, which may answer for a little while by way of a contrast to balloon ascensions.—*Phil. Inq.*

William Swaim, of Philadelphia.—About twenty years ago, William Swaim, then a bookbinder, was affected with a severe scrofulous disease, which baffled all the efforts of his physicians. He expended all his little earnings in procuring medical aid, and was taken to the Pennsylvania hospital, his disease having been pronounced incurable. While at the hospital he undertook to cure himself, and composed a mixture for that purpose which had the desired effect. He was soon restored to perfect health with a constitution unimpaired by the disease through which he had passed. He then tried the virtues of his medicine on others afflicted with similar diseases, and found it proved equally efficacious. This mixture was *Swaim's Panacea.* It not only restored its inventor from sickness to health, but it has raised him from abject poverty to immense wealth. He makes it is said a good use of his wealth, contributing largely to the improvements of Philadelphia, and aiding with his name and purse its benevolent and charitable institutions.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A little boy after listening to a sermon on the absolute necessity of being born again to be saved hereafter, returned home much afflicted, and with tears in his eyes told his dear mother "I did not like the sermon, and ma, I don't want to be born over again, for who knows but I might then be a *gal.*"