farthest. They were quickly passing away. I almost gave myself up for lost.—I had scarcely a hope of escaping,

On the fourth day since my departure from the ship, I thought I perceived something at a distance : I looked at it intently—it was a sail ! Good heavens ! what were my emotions at the sight ! I fastened my handkerchief on a piece of wood, and waved it, in hopes that it would be observed, and that I should be rescued from my fearful condition. The vessel passed on its course ; I shouted—I knew they could not hear me, but despair caused me to try so useless an expedient. It passed on—it grew dim—I stretched my eyeballs to see it—it vanished—it was gone ! I will not attempt to describe the torturing feelings which possessed me, at seeing the chance of relief which had offered itself destroyed. I was stunified with grief and disappointment. My stock of provisions was now entirely exhausted, and I looked with horror, to an excruciating death.

A little water which had fortunately remained, quenched my burning thirst. I wished that the waves would rush over me. My hunger soon became dreadful, but I had no means of relieving it, I endeavored to sleep, that I might for a while forget my torments, and my wearied frame yielded awhile to slumber. When I awoke I was not however refreshed ; I was weak, and felt a burning pain at my stomach. I became hourly more feeble—I lay down, but was unable to rise again. My limbs lost their strength ; my lips and tongue were parched ; a convulsive shuddering agitated me; my eyes seemed darkened and I gasped for breath.

The burning at my stomach now departed ; I experienced no pain ; but a dull torpor came over me; My hands and feet became cold ; I believed I was dying, and rejoiced at the thought. Presently I lost all thought or feeling and lay without sense on a few boards which divided me from the ocean. In this situation, I was afterwards informed, I was taken up by a small vessel & carried to a seaport town. I slowly recovered and found that I alone of all who were on board the vessel in which I embarked, had escaped death The crew who had departed in the boats after murdering the captain, had met their reward—the boats were shattered against a rock.

A lady, a few days ago, says the *Washington Chronicle*, in passing rapidly around the base of the sky-light on the dome of the grand rotunda of the Capitol, suddenly fell upon the glass frame, broke through one of the panes, and was fortunately stopped in her descent by the narrowness of the aperture, and the extension of her arms. She remained suspended in that position for several minutes, 130 feet above a floor paved with stone, till one of the attendants came to her assistance, her companion being too much petrified to give her any aid. We trust this will be a warning to those whose curiosity may lead them to that splendid but dangerous apex.

Piracy.—We have been favored with the perusal of a letter which states that on the 24th June last, the May Flour, a Fishing vessel of 33 tons burthen, was captured by Pirates, about 20 milas to Leeward of Batahano, on the South side of Cuba, near the Isle of Pines, and the crew, consisting of eight men, barbarously tortured to death."

Fairly Done.—A New York merchant sent a lad to the post office to obtain letters ; but as it happened, he presented a bad bill, and was compelled to return for a better.—When he applied for his letters a second time they were missing—a person having called for the letters in a certain number, paid the postage and disappeared. As a draft on one of the banks was expected in one of the letters, word was immediately sent to the bank ; and within five minutes a draft of $250 was presented, when, to the great amazement of the gentleman, they seized him by the collar instead of counting off the money. He is in safe keeping.

A melancholy accident happened on the 1st inst. at the bleaching establishment near Utica, owned by Messrs. Marshalls of this city. A young man named Peter Dorsey, of Warwick, Eng. aged 22. accidently fell into the centre of the wheel during its rapid evolution, and was instantly crushed and torn to pieces.—*N. Y. Post.*

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

A clergyman being requested by some of his parishioners to pray for rain, he said he would do anything to oblige them, but it would be of no service as long as the wind continued in the same quarter. However, having obeyed the wish of the people, he was told by the beadle as he went out, that a heavy shower was coming on. 'I hope not,' said he, 'for I have not brought my umbrella.'

[From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.]

HOWE'S "SKETCH OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

The Massacre of Scio—the Greek Fire-ships—ths Intrepidity of Kanaris.

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The 3d Chapter of the Second Book affords a thrilling sketch of an act unparalled in all his ory. We allude to the desolation of Scio—to the plunder of its riches and the cold-blooded massacre of its inhabitants! We extract a portion of the Chapter, that our readers may have a specimen of the work which we recommend to their attention. The author commences the Chapter by referring to the comparatively happy and prosperous condition of the Sciotes—to their averseness to a participating in the insurrection—and to the means by which they were ultimately induced to take up arms. The island of Scio was garrisoned with a strong Turkish force, when in 1822, about 600 Samiote Greeks landed, defeated the Turkish party detached to meet them, and pursued the vanquished to the very walls of the Pashaw's castle. This success of the Samiotes encouraged the Islanders of Scio, and many of them joined their countrymen in arms, knowing that should the Samiotes be defeated, they, (the Sciotes) however reluctant to participate in the insurrection, would have nothing to expect from the mercy of the despotic Pashaw. Their estimate of the tyrant's character, was, as will be seen, too fully borne out by the horrid sequel! The Sciotes organized themselves into a petty government—armed themselves according to their ability—and despatched messengers to the General Government of Greece for arms to enable them to cooperate with the Samiotes more effectually. The joint force of Samiotes and Sciotes beleaguered the Castle of the tyrant—but of their further history, we leave the reader to gather the particulars from the extracts. The Historian says:—

The blockade of the Citadel was converted into a siege, (such as they could carry on,) and the Primates began to hope that the speedy arrival of their Deputies from the Peloponesus, with artillery and amunition, and the approach of the Greek fleet, would put them out of danger Suddenly on the 11th April a fleet was seen steering toward the port, soon from the size of the vessels it was known to be the Turkish, and the Greeks were in terror. The force of the Capitan Pashaw consisted of seven ships of the line, and twenty-five frigates and corvettes. With these he approached the town, and immediately opened his broadsides upon it; and the Turks from the Citadel, sallying at the same moment, drove off the Greeks who were besieging it. They retired about ten miles into the interior of the island, and were followed by most of the inhabitants of the town; about five thousand only remaining, choosing to trust to the mercy of the Turks.

Thus master of the town, and of several thousands of the inhabitants, the Capitan Pashaw commenced his measures, to put in execution the bloody scheme planned in the Divan at Constantinople; he landed about six thousand men from the fleet, and employed three days in bringing over a swarm of Turks from the coast of Asia Minor. While he was thus collecting his myrmidons, and setting them in array, the Capitan Pashaw neglected no means to lull the inhabitants into a fatal security, by solemn promises of forgiveness of their faults, and mercy and protection, if they would return each one to his home and resume his occupation. Many did so, relying on the faith of the Consuls of England and France, who came clad in their respective uniforms, and urged the Sciotes to throw themselves on the clemency of the Capitan Pashaw Convinced by this, many returned to the town, and about a thousand of the peasantry, openly separating from the insurgents, retired to the Monastery of St. Minas.

The fourth day the preparations of the Capitan Pashaw being completed, he ordered the Greeks who were in the Monastery to be brought out, and butchered one by one. This was the signal for the commencement of that tragedy to which modern history affords no parallel: the Turkish troops gathered round the town, rushed in among the defenceless inhabitants, and began to butcher all they found For hours every street resounded with the yells of the assailants, the shrieks of the women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying; the churches profaned and demolished. And a few hours were sufficient for all this; a few hours of rapine and murder had changed the beautiful town to a scene of utter devastation; to a slaughter house, still steaming with the blood of thousands of all ages, and both sexes, whose mutilated and headless bodies, lay in every direction about the streets; but there was no human voice heard there; the whirlwind of destruction had swept over it, and left it desolate: the Turkish hordes had gone out from it, and scattered themselves over the island, to renew in every village and in every hamlet, the work of murder and devastation.

For three days this went on in the neighborhood of the town, and the Turks had all the innocent and unresisting victims to immolate. But at the foot of Mount Opus, and near the sea-shore, a resistance was made by about two thousand Greeks; they were driven from their position, but not till many families had embarked in boats and fled. At Thymiana also on the sea shore, another body defended themselves with fury for some time; some ships were brought round to cannonade them from the sea-side. But one frigate getting on the rocks, the Greeks attacked her furiously, contrived to get on board of her before all her crew had left her, and put them to death notwithstanding their cry for quarter. The resistence, however, was short here. The Greeks soon scattered: the Samiotes had all fled: and several thousand Sciotes also put off in boats and small vessels, and saved themselves at Ipsara. There were now no armed men to offer resistance; the interior of the island was filled with the fugitive families from the sea-cost; and there was full scope for the exercise of the fury of the Turks, who thought the blood of a Christian an acceptable offering to God. They divided themselves, therefore, into small bands, and swept over every part of the island, plundering, burning and murdering. The Greeks who ran away, were shot down, or pursued and stabbed, those who gave themselves up, were violated and murdered; the desperate man who resisted, shared the same fate as the timid wretch who clung to the knees of the barbarians, and screamed in vain for mercy. None were spared but handsomest of the women and children, who were sent to town, and reserved for sale.

Such was the stite of the beautiful Scio for seven days. "My God! (says an eye-witness who escaped) what a scene was then presented! On what side soever I cast my eyes, nothing but pillage, and conflagration and murder appeared. While some were occupied in plundering the country houses of the rich merchants, and others setting fire to the villages, the air was rent with the mingled groans of men, women and children, who were falling under the yataghans and daggers of the infidels. The only exception made during the massacre, was in the favor of the women and boys, who were preserved to be sold as slaves. Many of the former were running to and fro half frantic, with torn garments, and dishevelled hair; pressing their trembling infants to their breasts, and seeking death as a preservation from the greater calamities that awaited them. The carnage then ceased for a time: and those wretches who had been reserved for sale, were driven to the town, where more than ten thousand women and children were collected. The boys were circumcised, in order to fit them to become Mussulmen, and the whole embarked on board the fleet, to be conveyed to Constantinople. The Capitan Pashaw, in order to renew the fury of his soldiery, then took the eight hostages, the oldest and most respectable men of the island, and hung them up at the yard-arms of the vessels; and the signal was instantly answered from the shore, by the butchery of seven hundred peasants who had been confined in the Citadel.

An attempt was then made to induce those of the Greeks, who in great number had fled to the mountains, and the almost inaccessible parts of the island, to come down and give themselves into the hands of their masters, who promised them mercy; and, strange to say, many of them did so, and were all butchered, except those whose beauty made them valuable.

The Capitan Pashaw then sailed, his vessels laden with beauty and booty of the once lovely Scio, but which was now a solitary waste, covered with the smouldering ruins of its villages, and the putrifying carcasses of its inhabitants. And where were now the eighty thousand people whom he found there? Twenty thousand had been butchered; fifteen thousand had escaped to the neighboring islands; the rest were now hiding among the rocks and mountains, like the beasts who are hunted from the plain. Many of them were taken off by the vessels sent to them from the neighboring islands. But several thousands took refuge in the houses of the different European Consuls, whose flag they knew would protect them from the Turks.

And how did the worthy representatives of the illustrious monarchs, who unite in Alliance,' yelept Holy,' for the peace and happiness of the world; how did these Consuls treat the miserable fugitives, who had cast themselves upon their mercy and the faith of their flags? Are the stories of their courageous defence of those wretches, their generosity and philanthropy in sending them off free, to be credited? No! just the contrary; they coldly speculated upon their miseries; they gave them their liberty, it is true, but it was only at the price of the last valuable they might have preserved from the destruction of their houses. The men were obliged to pay or obliged themselves to pay, large sums to the Consuls for their protection; and the women were obliged to strip off their jewels, or their rich garments, to satisfy these rapacious representatives of Christian tyrants.

Such a deed alone was wanting to crown the great tragedy which was acted in the face of this enlightened Christian age; acted by the orders of the Sultan, whose legality is acknowledged by all the kings of the earth!

But let us follow the movements of the Capitan Pashaw, for whom an offended God was preparing a just retribution. He steered for the coast of Asia Minor, where he landed many of his captives, and sent them by land to Constantinople.

Soon the Greek fleet, under Tombazi, appeared off Scio: and after taking on board several thousands of those who had concealed themselves in the mountains, the fleet went round to attack with fireships the Capitan Pashaw, who was lying in the Straits. But having a favorable wind, the Turkish vessels got under weigh, and came out to meet them. In the open sea the Greeks could gain no advantage: and the fleets were separated by a gale of wind, after an unimportant skirmish, which both parties, announced as a victory. The Capitan Pashaw then returned to the Straits of Scio, and the Greek fleet, after a vain attempt to attack him to advantage, was obliged to go to attempt to cover Candia, from an expedition which the Pashaw of Egypt Mchemet Ali, was preparing.

This situation of things being known to Government, and that it was impossible to effect any thing by a general attack, they accepted the offer of the intrepid Kanaris, to attempt burning the enemy's fleet with his fireship. He sailed for the Straits of Scio, in company with an Hydriote vessel. On arrival in the neighborhood of Scio, he fell in with some of the Turkish look-out vessels, but by an artful manoeuvre he completely deceived them; and made them suppose his vessels were merchantmen bound to Smyrna. As soon as it was dark Kanaris stood away boldly for the mouth of the Straits, within which lay the Capitan Pashaw's fleet: when about to enter the gulf, the Hydriote Captain hailed him, and begged him not to enter, since, should the wind remain in the same quarter, they must certainly be lost if they failed in their daring plan Kanaris, however, persuaded him the wind would change, and ran boldly in. Here new difficulties awaited him his crew began to feel those symptoms of fear which were naturally inspired by their situation; they were getting enclosed by the land on both sides: the wind was aft and they were driving down upon the Turkish frigates, and line-of battle ships, whose situation began to be known by the long line of lights which stretched across the Gulf, without a possibility of returning —

The sailors were refractory, and unwilling to go on; but this was the moment for a spirit like that of Kanaris, to blaze forth the modest retiring man become the hero, and his puny figure seemed to grow in hight, as he sternly said to the murmurers, you came here voluntarily, the ship shall go on, and you may go with her or jump overboard. They were silenced, and the vessels rapidly approached the lights,

The first they could distinguish were several Turkish frigates; but these were too ignoble prey; Kanaris had come to revenge the blood of Scio, and nothing but the blood of the leader of the barbarians could atone for it; the moon shone clear, he was in the middle of the Turkish fleet, which, securely anchored, dreamed not of danger, and he could see on the other side, the huge ship of Capt. Pashaw. Altering then his course, Kanaris bore down for him, and was soon within hail.—"Keep away ! Keep away ! cried the Turkish guard : still the fireship came on—when the cry of "Brulotta, Brulotta," apprised Kanaris that he was known.—That dreadful cry had aroused the sleeping Turks, and hundreds rushed to the deck in confusion; they began to fire—but still the strange sail rapidly approached them all Kanaris' men were crouched behind the bulwarks, and sheltered ; he alone stood up, and strong in his terrible resolution, steered his vessel full on the Pashaw's ship, regardless of the shot which began to whistle around him.—In a few minutes his bow struck her side with a terrible shock, and entaugled. Instantly the boat was lowered ; every Greek sailor jumped into it ; and Kanaris himself after crying out "*Kanaris cinai*," touched the train, and following his men, they pulled away. The train communicated with the combustibles, they flashed forth in one broad blaze, which instantly began to envelope the Turkish ship, where ensued a scene of horror and confusion, among the twelve hundred persons on board, more easily imagined than described. Nothing could be done on the crowded and choked up decks, to separate the vessels ; and the Greeks could only distingnish amid the wild uproar of voices, the agonizing shrieks of the timid, who leaped overboard in despair The sails and cordage were in a blaze, and the fire dropping on deck, lit up every thing there. The boats were lowered but instantly staved or sunk by the number of who rushed into them. The Capitan Pashaw and his officers succeeded in getting into a pinnace ; and by cutting away with their cimetars the hands of the swimmers who clung to her, he got a little way from the ship, when the mainmast falling, struck his boat, and crushed him to death with every soul in her ! ! ! !

The Hydriote fireship had stuck a Turkish seventy-four, and was fired ; but unfortunately she bounded off, and did no harm. The two boats, pulling each twenty oars, rowed rapidly down the straits, which were illumed by the bright glare from the burning ships ; at daylight they were of Cape Blenchо, and at 10 A. M. fell in with two Greek vessels which were cruising for them, and got safely on board without having lost a man.

TEACHER'S PLEASURE.

Messrs. Editors—Were you never school masters? It is one of the most bothersome, pleasing, aggravating, teasing employments, that man ever undertook.

'What letter is that,' said I, half out of humor with a young chuckle head, who hammered three months at the alphabet without knowing the first letter. 'Why—why—its B,' 'Master,' cries one, Sam pinches me!' 'Silence'—what letter is it? 'Why, why, its H.' 'master, call to Tom, he crowds.' 'The devil is surely in the children, thinks I. 'Thomas, come here, you young rascal! what have you been at?' 'Why, sir, the rest crowded me, and I couldn't help it," 'Take your seat, sir, and mind better for the future—well, what letter did you call it?' 'Why I said to twice a-ready.' The devil you did, thinks I, 'Its not rightly named' 'Well pray master, what is it then? 'Why its A, booby, 'Ha, ha.—a booby, why master, you never called it so a-fore.' 'Well A then,' (loud) 'A! (louder) 'There, take' your seat—you're among the incurables.'

Reading Class——'Chapter thirty-tenth. 'Halt, sir—who ever heard of a thirty tenth.' 'Stop, I said fortieth.' 'Yes, sir, fortyet.' 'Master please to let me fetch some water?' 'Where did I leave off last week?' 'Is this my lesson?' 'Is house a substantive or an adjective?' 'Are there more than one state in Pennsylvania?' 'Master, what does p p p h t t t his i i ic spell?' 'I thithisick.' 'T t t sick.' 'Master, what day of the month does the fourth of July come on next year?' 'Can't tell—I have seen no new almanacs. Who is making that noise? 'Why Banter says the master don't know much, or else he would tell what day of the month the fourth of July comes on."

LONDON, Sept. 24.

Dreadful Accident.—About two o'clock this day two houses in exeter-street, Strand, fell down. One had been a public house, but was empty and shut up; the other was a baker's shop. It is not known how many persons have been taken out dead. The Police-officers have cleared the street to prevent further accidents.

Loud cries are still heard from the ruins, and show that numbers are buried. One child has been taken out apparently dead. A cart and horses have also been crushed; one of the horses is partly visible, and the carman who drove them has just been got out and conveyed to a public house without any sign of life. The next house is tottering, and expected every moment to fall.

These houses were full of lodgers; and it is therefore feared that the numbers killed or wounded are very great. One of them had been a public house, the license of which had not been renewed, and it had remained in a state of decay, which may have contributed to the present accident.

Foreign Intelligence.—

IRELAND.—The aspect of political affairs in this country seems to be ominous of a bloody crisis. The public feeling is strongly tending to insurrection ; and counteracting measures are not, of course, lost sight of by a government sharpened into vigilance by the most tyrannous and selfish objects. As to the extent of the disposition for a rising, a faint idea may be formed by the statement of the Times. The editor says : "We are filled with pain, but by no means with astonishment, by our Dublin correspondence of this day. The letters from Clonmel, if we had none but reasonable minds to deal with might be left to work its own effect upon the public. It contains a narrative of certain alarming proceedings in the chief town of the populoes and powerful county of Tipperary. Many thousands of Catholics marched on Sunday last from various quarters of the county to the appointed rendezvous of Clonmel. The description of one brigade or corps of this multitude may serve for all of them "The Cahir party arrived first, *with band and colors*, about 500 horsemen, all stout, able fellows *dressed in green uniform* : they were followed by several thousands on foot, generally clothed in green jackets and pink facings white trowsers with a green edge run up the thigh. They marched three deep, and kept time, like the soldiers, to the tunes the band was playing" Then came the Arfinnan men, &c. But the Clogheen men, it appears, were the most formidable. There were of them at least 2,000 horsemen, 'for all the world like a cavalry regiments;' and so the account goes on.

These movements on the part of the people, though stimulated by long endured grievances, are, we fear, premature as regards sound policy. The parties can hardly avoid being crushed by the weight of the government force ; and blood will flow like the ocean tides, without ameliorating after all ! Perhaps it will be said—and the argument may be unanswerable—that further submission is impossible, and that death is a preferable alternative. If this be true, and we apprehend it is fearfully so, woe betide and befal the founders abettors of the system ! The parade of philanthrophy in the British nation as to Greece, Portugal, and Spain, cannot but be regarded as parade only, while this heart-eating incubus is permitted to prostrate a gallant portion of the empire so near at home. The Times seem to apprehend danger even to England itself. He says :—"If the Government will not at once come forward with a candid declaration of their desire to appease the Catholics, the passions of the Irish people—Protestants as well as Catholic—will prove too violent to be withheld. Events will outstrip the lazy meditations of men who heed not the prelusive rocking of the valcano. Yet, even if their dreams be dissipated by the first explosion, and their power destroyed by it, what indemnity have we—the English nation; for the ruin of this noble empire, in the downfall of its headstrong and stupid authors ?"

LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING.

Snch is the state of public excitement in the City that ten guineas per cent, to return 100*l if War between this Country and Russia* did not take place on or before the 31st of December, was offered and refused.

The Ministers have intimated to the Turkey merchants that coffee and sugar will be deemed provisions, and will not, of course, be allowed to pass the Russian blockading squadron at the Dardanelles.

The state of Ireland appears to be approaching an awful crisis. The people are meeting in thousands, and ten thousands in the County of Tipperary. A conflict has taken place, and a small party of the armed police were overcome, and their barracks destroyed.

Deplorable State of Greece.—An article from Zante gives the following account of the present state of Greece : "It is impossible to form any idea of the miserable state of Greece, after more than six years of devastation. From Janina (which is now nothing more than a few cabins, under the cannon of the Castle on the Lake, lately repaired by the Turks,) to Thermopylae, there does not exist a single village. The flocks are consumed, the lands lie uncultivated, and the few Christians who yet remain in Thessaly, are daily destroyed by the sword, by famine, or by sickness. Phocis and Bœotia are reduced to deserts, and the only inhabitants of Attica are those in the Acropolis, of which the Mahomedans have taken possession, resolved to bury themselves in the ruins rather than capitulate. The Morea is equally desolate, and Ibrahim Pacha, in re-