on this occasion, to ensure a Chamber agreeable to Majesty. The King himself appealed to the people —but it was against themselves he appealed; and his appeal was disregarded. He said, *as their father he was grieved at their conduct;* but they knew that they had only resisted encroachment, and would administer no balm to his griefs. He said, *as a King, he was offended.* They scorned his menace and derided his pretensions.---Love of glory, the noble master passion of the French, was also ministered to by the Government, to propitiate public favor, and bribe the popular vote. But Public Vigilance was at her post, and no *douceur* but redress of grievances was potent enough to medicine her to sleep. Amidst the roar of cannon, and shouts and rejoicings for their signal and splendid triumphs at Algiers, the people, true to themselves, gained a yet more signal and splendid triumph at the polls. The Civic Wreath was blended with the laurels of war, and encircled the brow of the Nation.—Again the Liberals triumphed—and the choice of the very men who had drawn down the royal displeasure, now subjected the nation itself to the formidable anger of the King.—Again the question was whether the will of one man, or of millions, should prevail. Virtue, humanity, policy, the security of his throne—all concurred in recommending to the king's adoption, the only course at once compatible with his safety, and consistent with his duty—acquiescence in the just demands of a united people. Happily for mankind—fatally for himself, he listened to other counsels.—Dazzled by the splendor that surrounded him—misled by the insignia of an unreal authority—flattered by his courtiers—urged on by the priests—trusting to his guards—the mad or infatuated monarch, regardless alike of his duty, and of his oath, resolved in frantic, to break down the ramparts of the Constitution, to crush the Liberty of the Press and to wrest away the Chartered Rights of the nation. He issued the insane *fiat* that was to disfranchise a whole nation, and reduce them to abject servitude. He rallied around him an immense military force—called to his side his chosen Swiss, whose fidelity to his person was no less secured by the largesses of the Crown, than by the unconcealed and ill-repressed hate of the People—and stationed troops every where through the country—to enforce obedience to his odious decrees. Not more impotent were the chains of Canute to curb the rising tides of the ocean, than are the shackles of the Despot to bind men resolved to be free.---The brave and chivalric French, cowered not beneath the frowns of the tyrant---quailed not before the terrors of offended Royalty---shrunk not before the arms of its myrmidons. They had intelligence to understand, and spirit to resent their wrongs. A nation whose very soul is honor, who feel a stain as a wound, felt that insult was added to injury. The immense multitudes of Paris rose as one man, to redress their wrongs---to avenge their injuries--to wash out, if they must, with the blood of the tyrant, the stain he had thrown upon the national horror---or drive him from a throne he disgraced. The very women unsexed themselves to participate in the glory of redeeming their country from oppression. Boys felt their hearts swell within them, as they caught the noble contagion of resistance to tyranny, and mingled, with a premature manhood, in the deadly contests of men. Unarmed citizens played with the bayonets of the soldiery---so superior is the spirit of a freeman to that of a slave.---The troops of the line felt they were French citizens. They saw that the cause of the King was not the cause of the country. They obeyed the call of honor, and of duty, and went over to the side of the people. The Monarch who yesterday was surrounded by thousands of flatterers, and courtiers, and armed men hanging upon his nod---eager to do his bidding---finds to-day "none so poor to do him reverence"---skulks a fugitive through a country he ruled but yesterday: -indebted for his life to the compassionate forbearance of a people to whom he shewed no pity.

Again as in '89, the practical powers of the government devolved upon the representatives of the people. Their sanction, higher than birth, or laws, or constitutions, was the *public will*.--Wisdom and moderation, on their part, were alone wanting to the courage and forbearance manifested by the people, to crown this interesting event with a lustre as imperishable, as its accomplishment was extraordinary, and its object glorious. They have done all that the exigency required---that their country expected---that the friends of liberty could have hoped. They have organized the National Militia, a State's surest defence---they have called to the command of it, one, who from his cradle upward, has ever approved himself the true friend of Freedom and of Man---Happy and illustrious man! Who in closing a long, eventful and glorious career, may repose his eyes in either hemisphere, on a free and mighty people who he has himself seen emerge from the gloom of political servitude---Whose bosom will thrill with a proud and happy emotion as, contemplating their prosperity, the thought rises in his mind, how largely he himself had contributed---fighting from youth to age the battles of freedom---to effect their emancipation: and who may assure himself,—as he goes away to final rest, of an embalmed and a glorious memory in their hearts forever.

To the administration of the different departments, the Provisional Government has called men of tried fidelity to the people, and of experience and ability in affairs. To the head of the state has been called the only Bourbon who ever sided with the people; a man who fought in support of the Constitution; who has been schooled in reverses; who receives power as a boon from the people; who will not, therefore, disregard their wishes.

Let it not be said the change is too sudden and violent to be lasting; that, besides, it is confined to Paris. They know little of the situation of that capital, or of the past history of that country, who know not, that Paris is the heart that circulates emotion and opinion to the extremities of the empire; is the *regulator* [so to speak] of France. They have attended little to the course of events, who do not perceive, that the ripening intelligence of the people had long since acquainted them with the secret of their power; and that the resistance of government to the public will, could not be enforced, and would not be submitted to. The influence exerted by that will, is in my opinion, the true criterion whereby to distinguish free from despotic institutions. This it is that essentially distinguishes our own most happy and admiral system—the government of England since 1688---and we may now add, the government of France—from all the other governments of the world. Ask not whether a government be Monarchical, Aristocratic, or Republican—Ask if the popular voice be heard in it; if the popular will prevails.—Wherever that is hearkened to *there* are the people, essentially, *free*; wherever that is stifled or disregarded *there*, whatever the form of government, essentially, the people are *slaves*. To secure to public sentiment its just sway is the great end the people of France have in view. This is the momentous object the late Revolution [I hazard the expression] *has accomplished*. For without hesitation I advance the opinion, that however the details of their government may finally settle down, never again in that country will any be found hardy enough to disregard the sober and deliberate expression of the public will!

France Emancipated!—What cheering visions may not the Friends of Liberty and of Man indulge? Who may now set limits to the spread of free institutions—to the march of principles? France, long the center of civilization—who has for ages, dispensed throughout Europe the trophies of Art, of Science, and of Letters; is destined now to crown her glory, and complete her triumphs, by shedding over the nations the Divine Light of Liberty. Fired at the spectacle of her emancipation!—emulous of her happiness and glory! animated by her example! inspirited by her success! thousands of high and noble spirits, dispersed through Spain and Portugal; through Italy and the other states of Europe; chafed by their chains; maddend by the sense of degradation; will wait but a favourable moment to wake their slumbering swords—avenge their wrongs, and cast off their oppressors.

To them, across the Atlantic wave—we, the sons of men, whose chief glory it will ever be to have heralded all mankind along the path of Liberty, send, in shouts of triumph and exultation over free and regenerate France the cheering evidence of our warmest sympathies, and a cordial *God Speed!*

[From the New-York Courier and Enquirer.]

STEAM-BOAT FUEL.

Since the introduction of Steam-boats, Pine Wood has rapidly disappeared from the shores of our navigable streams, and the scarcity of this article, has necessarily enhanced its value. All who have reflected upon the subject, have long since been satisfied that the time is not far distant, when coal must be substituted for wood, and the question has been asked, what coal can be procured which will ignite sufficiently easy, to produce steam as fast as required? Repeated experiments have been made with the Anthracite Coal, but without success. Within the last month, the Sydney Coal from Nova Scotia, has attracted the attention of the navigators of our steam-boats, and the results of their investigations are such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to all who wish to see navigation by steam, prosecuted at the present reasonable rates.

The first experiments were made in the small Steam-boat used by the Dry Dock Company, in towing vessels to their rail way. We were of the number who witnessed the result of this experiment, and were astonished to find, that without any alteration in the furnace which is used for wood, a fire was kindled of this coal with a common lamp, which in about half an hour enabled the boat to get under way, and then supplied as much steam as could be used. It was believed by all, even the most sanguine, that with an ordinary wood furnace, the draught would not be sufficient to generate steam as fast as required, and their astonishment and gratification at the result may be easily imagined.

In consequence of the success of this first attempt, the agent of the Mining Company in this City, proposed to Capt. BUNKER, of the Benjamin Franklin, to take in a supply of coal and use it instead of wood on his trip to Providence and back. He did so, and became so satisfied not only of its practical usefulness, but of its superiority over wood, that he endeavored at once to have his furnace altered for the purpose of using it to more advantage. It was found however, that the time required for altering the furnace would compel the boat to lose so many trips that it ceased to become an object to use it during the present season. All furnaces constructed for burning wood, are [illegible] coal, which is so much less bulky, and consequently the blaze is too far distant from the bottom of the boiler. To remedy this evil it is only necessary to raise the lower part of the furnaces now in use.

The facility with which this coal ignites, and its consequent capabilities of producing steam, having been fairly tested, the next question is—What are the advantages to be gained by introducing it into general use? We answer, *first*, the great saving in room occupied by the fuel; *second*, by the saving in the cost of fuel; *third*, by the saving in the weight of fuel; *fourth*, by the saving in labor in handling the fuel and feeding the furnace; and *fifth*, by the absence of sparks and cynders, by which the clothes of passengers are destroyed, and the awnings of our boats set on fire.

We give the following as the result of the different experiments which have been made:

One chaldron of Sydney coal measures 44 cubic feet.

One cord of pine wood measures 128 cubic feet.

One chaldron of coal will jet as much water into steam in the same space of time, as *three* cords of pine wood. Supposing the Benjamin Franklin to require 45 cords of wood per trip, to and from Providence, the space thus occupied by wood is 5,760 cubic feet. Fifteen chaldrons of Sydney coal will produce the same quantity of steam in the same period of time, and occupy but 660 cubic feet, or about *one-ninth* of the space required for the wood!

The wholesale price of Sydney Coal, New-York measure, is *per chaldron*,	$9 00
The wholesale price of 3 cords of wood at $4, is	12 00

This will shew a saving in the cost of fuel in favor of Coal, of 33⅓ per cent, or of $55 00 on every trip to Providence!

	ton	*cwt.*	*qr.*
One chaldron of Sydney coal, N. Y. measure, weighs	1	2	1
One cord of pine wood weighs	1	2	3

The weight of the Franklin's wood, therefore, is 51 tons 5 cwt. If she used coal, her fuel would weigh 16 tons 13 cwt. and 3 qrs!

The coal being less bulky, will require a less number of persons to handle it, and the saving in this respect, added to the safety of the awning and the clothes of passengers from sparks, will be far from inconsiderable.

We have neither time nor space to pursue this subject to-day, but consider it of so much importance that we shall refer to it again at our leisure. The only really important question which ever could arise in relation to coal—that is, will it generate steam sufficiently fast? has been satisfactorily tested, and this being the case, the value of it for steam navigation is apparent to the most casual observer.

LAFAYETTE.—A writer in the Boston Centinel, in stirring up the citizens to good works in behalf of those who suffered by the late fire at Gloucester, says.—"Our friend, and the friend of mankind, the great Lafayette, did not wait to be reminded of the distress of our town, occasioned by the fire of 1787. No, as soon as the calamity was known in France, he directed his banker to send two hundred Guineas, which was received through the hands of Mr. Breck, and paid over to the late Dr. Parker, Chairman of the town's committee.—(Vide Centinel, 1787.)—In England there were several liberal donations, which were duly received by the last named gentleman."

U. S. Gazette.

From the United States Gazette.

"THE KING OF THE FRENCH."

Every particular respecting the individual who has so unexpectedly been elevated to the throne of the French *people*, has become particularly interesting; and the following extract from a letter from a gentleman of the first respectability in N. York to his friend in this city, will, therefore, not prove unacceptable to our readers:---

"In the case of the Duke of Orleans, there was a strange presentiment took possession of my mind that he would on a future day be on the throne of France. In the close of the year 1799 he and his brother the Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujoli, came from the Havana and brought letters of introduction to me from your good self.

I had opportunities of showing them many civilities. The Duke was a very elegant young man and I was much delighted with him. There was dignity, tempered with mildness and a discretion in his conversation and conduct that constantly associated him in my mind with Gen. Washington; and I thought that Washington in his youth must have been such a person. Considering the unsettled situation of France at that period and knowing that the Duke was a favourite with the Republican party, having espoused their cause and fought gallantly with them at the battle of *Genappe*, it struck me forcibly, as the branch of the Bourbons, then driven from the throne, were odious to the Liberals, that the latter, wearied and disgusted with their own dissentions, might eventually call the Duke to sway the sceptre under new restrictions.---This opinion I expressed repeatedly to my friends and have, since, often mentioned my *prophecy*, as I termed it, although it did not then appear likely to be realized.

When Gen. La Fayette was last in this country I mentioned this to him, and he laughed and said that I was near becoming a true prophet:---for, he added, there was a time when, if the Duke had taken some bold steps, he would have been placed upon the throne; but, he observed, the Duke had such immense wealth that he perhaps was cautious of putting it in jeopardy.

I think, however, without any disparagement of the Duke's firmness, he might have hesitated to attempt to wrest the throne from his relative at the suggestion of even a respectable party of his countrymen; but would have no hesitation in risking all, as he has now done, on the entire fail and abdication of his relative and at the call of his country; as recently and unanimously expressed.

After the Duke's return to Europe he remained sensible of my attentions to him; and both he and his brother wrote several times to me, expressing that remembrance in the kindest manner. And lo! my prejudicion is fulfilled; and the amiable but then unfortunate Duke is verily KING OF THE FRENCH!",

In addition to the foregoing, we are informed that, whilst the Duke of O. and his brother remained at the Havana, they gained the good will of all classes of the people of that city. Among these, an elderly and very wealthy lady, gave up her spacious mansion to them and supplied it and them with the most costly means of supporting the establishment; and on their departure presented to them the additional means of defraying the expenses of, and making comfortable, their voyage; adding many other gifts of a very valuable nature. He and his brother frequently dined with and visited the American Consul (Mr. Morton) upon as sociable terms as if they were of an equality in condition; as in truth they, the poor Princes *then* were, or if there were any difference to be considered, it was in favour of the friendly Consul himself!

PIRACY AND MURDER.—[illegible] Mentos, which arrived at Boston, has furnished Mr. Topliff with the following statement:—

September 11, lat 13 10 N. lon. 45 52. W. at 2½ P. M. saw a vessel ahead standing SE. At 5, she rounded to, 10 miles ahead, hoisted her ensign union down, and lay by until we came up to her. When within two miles of her, she sent her boat with three men (two blacks, one an American, belonging to Baltimore, the other a W. Indian, and an Italian,) who stated that the brig was the Orbit, of New-York, Samuel M. Woodbury, late maser, 47 days from Axim, coast of Africa, bound to New-York. The West Indian, (who said he was acting mate) brought with him the brig's register, Mediterranean pass, shipping papers, log book, and $40 to pay for what we could spare, and informed us that Captain Woodbury died on the 18th August of the Coast fever, and that there was no one on board who understood navigation; the were short of provisions, sails all torn to pieces, nothing on board to repair them with, nd the brig very leaky; and her cargo consising of 100 casks palm oil, 1500 lbs. ivory, and only $200 in specie, and that they intended to go to St. Thomas with the brig.

We found the following in the log book kept by the W. Indian. "18th August 18[illegible], between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, Capt. Woodbury departed this life, after a lingering fever, from the Coast of Africa, having no officer on board after him, so the crew think it fit to make a minute of the time of his departing this world, for which reason they have all signed their names, Thomas Bower William Strike, Thomas Collinet, Joseph Gadet, Joas Antonia Demaris, Joseph Marion [illegible]oviel, Jacob Bristol."

At 6½ P. M. hove to abreast of the brig, when the supercargo, 2d mate and one of our crew went on board, (leaving the W. Indian on board the Mentos) to examine the vessel and see what state she was in, and found 13 inches of water in her, sails in very bad order, and nothing to repair them, with 20 days provisions on board; offered their services to navigate the brig to New York or to any other port in the United States, which the man acting the master declined accepting, alleging as a reason that the vessel was not in a condition to go to the United States, and that he intended to go to St. Thomas, and deliver her up to the American Consul. He was asked if he understood navigation and replied yes; he was then asked what was the course to St. Thomas, and answered S. W. when the true course was W. N. W. ½ W. This excited some suspicion that all was not right, and one of the crew, Strike an Irishman, wished to go in the boat to the Mentos, and on shoving off he was ordered on board, but replied he was only going for tobacco. All on board insisted that he should not go, and as was squally and dark, the boat left immediately for the Mentos and on arriving on board he voluntarily confessed, as well as Mr. Bowen, the horrible fact, *that Capt. Woodbury was barbarously murdered on the 18th Aug*, by Joas Antonio Demarais, the now acting master, between the hours of 12 and 1, A. M. while asleep on the starboard hencoop, he was struck on the head three times with the cook's axe, and stabbed two or three times with a knife and then thrown overboard.

Demarais then went forward and called the Captain's watch on deck; all obeyed but Strike, who was ordered on deck, and dragged aft by Demarais, who made him feel of the blood in the hencoop, and informed him he had murdered the Captain, and at the same time ordered him to remain on deck—in case he was found below his brains would be blown out. Immediately after the confession of Strike and Bowen, the W. Indian and Italian were put in irons, when they also confessed that S. and B's statement was correct.

It getting to be squally and very dark, and having no provisions to spare, nothing we could repair the sails with, and not a sufficient number of men attached to our own vessel to man both, it was thought most prudent to send the mutiners on board their own vessel, and keep Strike and Bowen with us, also the brig's papers, log book, &c. and a number of letters addressed to different merchants in the U. States, and $40 taken from the West Indian, and proceed on our course, as it was impossible to bring both brigs in with safety.

At 8½ P. M. put two mutiners in the boat, and ordered them on board the brig Orbit, without rendering them any assistance, and immediately proceeded on our course, it blowing at the time very fresh from E. N. E.

After the boat left us, Strike took out a small package of gold dust, and handed it to us for safe keeping, it being his proportion of the gold. He also informed us that he had on board about 900 Spanish dollars, his share of the silver.—Had he given us this information in the first place, we should have endeavoured to have got possession of all the silver and gold, but at the time, the brig was from 7 to 9 miles, or out of sight to windward of us, and it would have been impossible for us to have got to her during the night, and the Orbit being armed with two six pounders, muskets, pistols, cutlasses, &c. and we not having any arms, deemed it prudent to let her escape. Strike and Bowen refused to proceed on board the Orbit, saying they would rather be thrown overboard by us as a plot had been laid three days previous to murder them and one other, as soon as they made the land—this was also confirmed by the W. Indian. Both mates had been discharged on the Coast of Africa, and the brig left there without any.

The Orbit was of 199 tons, built at Bath in 1824, as appears by her Register, and belonged to Capt. Woodbury and Messrs. B. Aymar & Co. of New York.

Elections in England.—Basil Hall, who deplored so much the want of an aristocracy in France, will, in all appearance, be obliged to suggest some means for upholding that of his own country. Our attention has been attracted to an article in the London Morning Chronicle, headed "Buying Votes," from which it would seem that the purity of elections is going to be restored there, in some degree, because the candidates, being no longer able to sell themselves, do not find it worth while to buy the voters. During the war, while the nation was expending a hundred millions a year, it was a speculation, says the Chronicle, to lay out a large sum in an election-contest, to obtain a share of the contracts, &c. At present, the sum to be scrambled for is becoming less every year, while the expense of elections is as continually increasing. The number of voters is greatly increased. Every where it has been doubled or trebled, and the purchase of 1200 votes is a very different thing from that of 400---At least, the higher ranks have found themselves unequal to the expense, and the counties go a begging, while the populous venal boroughs complain that they "cannot get their fair share of the advantage of their franchise!"

We confess the voters of England do not appear to the greatest advantage in this picture. The Chronicle says, "the value of this franchise to a free-born Englishman is the number of pounds, shillings and pence it brings him." "Reform will take place to a considerable extent, [illegible] however, because the voters are less mercenary, for their ideas are so perverted that they deem the sale of a vote as proper as that of a horse or cow." The expenses of these elections are incredible in this country. The last Leicester election cost one candidate £19,000, and another upwards of £10,000. Without any contest, Yorkshire cost Mr. Marshall upwards of £30,000; and Warwickshire is said to have cost a gentleman, to stand against a subscription candidate, above £27,000. In this case there was no bribery. The great source of the expense is the conveyance of the out voters, persons residing, that is, in one place, and possessing the right to vote in another. These persons being conveyed at the cost of the candidates, were thus enabled to make a visit to their friends in the country; and it is almost a pity that these combined patriotic and social feelings should suffer this unlooked for divorce.

Thus it is that great evils cure themselves. We doubt whether democracy has any thing to compare to this bare faced bribery and prostitution; and as we are often entertained with dissertations on the evils of popular systems, we may be indulged with the passing remark, that such effects as are described by the English journalist could only take place where there was a vast inequality of wealth. With greater mediocrity and equality of fortune, neither the means for such corruption could be found on one side, nor the spirit or necessity for such prostitution exist on the other.—To be sure, the aristocracy might suggest another plan; they might like to sit in Parliament without encountering the vulgar horrors of a popular election, often so feelingly complained of; and it is a pity, for their share of the matter, that those who contribute so largely to pay the piper, should like to have their share of the dance.—*Balt. Amer.*

From the New York Gazette of Yesterday

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE WITH LOSS OF LIFE

About three o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the bakery of Wm. B. Humbert, No. 224 Bowery, between Spring and Prince streets, which resulted in the destruction of some lives and much valuable property. The following account of the buildings, &c. destroyed by this calamitous disaster, is believed to be as correct as circumstances and the confusion necessary upon such occasions could permit:—

ON THE BOWERY.

No. 223. A brick building, occupied above by Dr. Hibbard, and below by Mr. Timothy Hibbard as a drug store—roof burnt off and otherwise injured—furniture and goods partly saved.

No. 226 1-2. Brick front, occupied by Mr. Piercy, bookseller and proprietor of the N. Y. Cabinet—burnt down.

No. 226. Brick front, occupied by Mr. Golumbus Burr, jeweller—part of the property saved, but the loss still considerable—building consumed.

[The above property belonged to Mr. Fred. Shonnard, of Yonkers, N. Y. and was all insured.]

No 224 (where the fire commenced.) Brick, occupied by Wm. B. Humbert, Baker—building consumed. Loss in flour (70 barrels) wood and furniture, considerable.

No. 222. Wooden—Mr. Lamb's oil store—burnt down entirely—belonging to Mrs. Idley.

No. 220. Brick, occupied by Dr. Dayton—entirely destroyed; Insured for $2,000.

No. 218. Brick, occupied by L. R. Jarvis cordial-distiller—partially injured. Insured to the amount of 3,000.

On Elizabeth street, in the rear of the above.

No. 187. Brick front, occupied by widow Simonson, burnt down.

No. 185. James Simonson's slaughter-house—destroyed.

Nos. 183. and 181. Two frame houses, occupied by several families—entirely burnt down.

The cause of the conflagration could not easily be ascertained—nor could it be accounted for why it should have commenced in the bakery, as no fire was required at the time, Mr. Humbert not being in the habit of baking on Saturday nights.

Three persons (two apprentices, one a German, and the other French, and one journeyman, (bakers) are missing. The remains of 2 lads, in horrible condition, were found among the ruins—one of them was bereft of its arms, legs and head. They could not of course be identified, but are presumed to be the relics of the two boys mentioned above. The fate of one other has not yet been traced, but believed to be among the ruins. They were all asleep at the time. A lad of 14 escaped, by throwing himself from a two story window in his night attire.

The wind was light at first, but just at the close it sprung up briskly from the N. W. The flames were no doubt arrested by the extensive brick walls of the chandler's Melting House, in Elizabeth-street, and Mr. Jarris's Distillery on the Bowery, which bounded the southerly side of the scene of the conflagration.—It was well, perhaps, that an impediment of this kind was opposed, else the destruction must inevitably have been frightfully extensive, most of the buildings in the vicinity being of wood.

There was great complaint of the want of water, and many of the engines were useless on this account.—Inquires have since been made respecting the new Public Reservoir. Had it been in operation, it might have been a signal benefit.

A TIRESOME GUEST.

Sedet, eternumque sedet.—VIRGIL.

He sits, and will forever sit.

There is, belonging to the race of human bipeds, a sort of troublesome beings, who, setting no value on their own time, care very little how much they trespass on that of their more industrious neighbours. They are a sort of stay-forever persons, who having talked over the whole world at one sitting, commence again and talk it over anew; from beginning to end, before they are ready to take their leave. In a word, they sit, and sit, long enough to fully justify the motto we have just quoted.—Besides their disposition to hang on, there is generally about these persons a wonderful hebetude, a slowness at taking a hint, unparalleled with the rest of the human race.

To give a single instance of this sitting propensity, we will introduce the story of a plain spoken old lady from the land of steady habits.

"I never seed the beat of that 'are Captain Spinitout,' said she; "would you believe it, he called at our house last evening jest as I had done milking, and wanted to borrow my brass kittle for his wife to make apple-sauce in. O yes, says I, she may have it in welcome, Captain Spinitout; and I went directly and fetched it out of the back room, and set it down beside him. Well, presently our tea was ready, and I could'nt do no less than ax him to take tea with us. O no, he said, he could'nt stay a minute; but however, he concluded, he'd take a drink of cider with my husband, and so he did. Well, after we'd done tea, I took my [illegible] time honest people should be a-bed. But Captain Spinitout had forgot his hurry, and there he was still setting and talking with my husband, as fast as ever. I hate above all things to be rude, but I could'nt help hinting to the Captain, that it was growing late, and may be his wife was waiting for the kittle. But he did'nt seem to take the hint at all—there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Finding that words would'nt have any effect, I next rolled up my knitting work, set back the chairs, and told the gals 'twas time to go to bed. But the Captain did'nt mind the hint no more than if it had been the bite of a flea—but there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Well next I pulled off my shoes and roasted my feet as I commonly do jest before going to bed; but the Captain did'nt mind it no more than nothing at all—there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"I then kivered up the fire, and thought he could'nt help taking the hint; but la surs! he did'nt take no notice on't at all, not the least grain in the world—but there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Think says I you're pretty slow at taking a hint, Captain Spinitout; so I said plainly that I thought it was bed time—speaking always to my husband, but so as I thought the Captain could'nt help taking it to himself—but, la, it did'nt do no good at all—for there he sot, and sot, and sot.

"Seeing there was no likelihood of his going home, I axed him if he would stay all night. O no he said, he could'nt possibly stay a minute; so, seeing there was no use in saying any thing, I went to bed. But, la, would you think it, when I got up in the morning, as true as I'am alive, there was Captain Spinitout, setting jest where I left him the night before—and there," concluded the old lady, lifting up her hands in a despairing attitude, "and there he sot, and sot, and sot."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.

Public Honor to the Chief Magistrate.—Yesterday, about 2 o'clock, P. M. the Mayor of this City, and the Civil Magistrates (Justices of the Peace) of the City, Georgetown, and the County of Washington, generally, in a body, waited upon the President of the United States. When they were received by him, accompanied by Major Donelson, his Secretary, and a private friend or two, he was told by them that they did themselves the honor to call to pay their respects to him, and to congratulate him on his safe return to his official residence, for the purpose of resuming the more immediate discharge of the arduous and important duties of his public station. The President politely thanked them for their friendly attentions and congratulations; treated them with the dignity, courtesy, and republican simplicity, which always distinguish him; and, after about half an hour's entertainment and reciprocation of the most cordial feelings and congenial sentiments, they retired. The Magistrates all attended except a few, who were prevented by indisposition and the unavoidable want of notice, or some other cause.

We understand that Mr. Sutherland, a native of Scotland, a respectable mechanic, and for several years a citizen of Washington, was met, on his return home, on Wednesday evening last, by a man named Wm. Berry, with whom he had had some difference, and who was armed with a loaded musket. It is stated that a short scuffle ensued, when Sutherland was shot through the body and died of the wound about an hour after it was inflicted. Sutherland has left a wife and two children to lament their sudden and calamitous bereavement. Mr. B. was arrested, and is now in prison, awaiting his trial. It is believed that some others are implicated in this shocking transaction.—*Nat. Jour.*

Mr. Rives and the French Claims.—Certain journals, we observe, are making a ferocious attack upon Mr. Rives our Minister at Paris. We should have ascribed this solely to a spirit of hostility to the administration, did not the coarseness, and virulence of the abuse, in one or two instances, make us suspect that personal pique in some shape or other is at the bottom.—Those who knew Mr. Rives while a Member of Congress, observed his amiable manners and witnessed the exertion of his fine talents, will know what value to place on the malignant representations to which we allude. At all events, he shows himself a most faithful and able minister. How successfully his talents have been exerted to procure the long delayed satisfaction of our claims against the French nation, will appear from the following extract of a letter which appears in the Richmond Enquirer. The letter is dated August 10th. After dwelling at some length on the late events of the late revolution in Paris, the writer incidentally alludes to the state of our negotiations in the following manner.

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"The labors of our Minister here would have been crowned, as I have every reason to believe, by a final and satisfactory arrangement with the late ministry, notwithstanding the many difficulties he had to overcome with them, if they had remained in power one or two weeks longer. If he could, therefore, think of any special interest, amid the glorious triumph of the universal cause of human happiness and freedom which has just been achieved, he should have reason to regret that it could not have been postponed, at least for a short time. But I am sure that his heart disowns a regret, which would be unworthy the representative of a free government, whose example has been so nobly imitated; and his countrymen, in their generous rejoicings at the happy issue of a glorious struggle for the cause of human rights, will think much less of their commercial losses, than of the invaluable political blessings which have been acquired by their fellow freemen on this side of the Atlantic. In due season the prosecution of their rights will no doubt be resumed, with all the energy of which he is master; and, though under auspices in some respects more unfavorable, he will scarcely despair of ultimate success.

"I understand that he has had occasion to interpose his efforts in relation to a subject, which, as it is of particular interest to our own state, I will briefly allude to. A project had been gotten up here to put all the purchases of American tobacco for the supply of the Regie into the hands of a single contractor, and thus to establish a *monopoly on a monopoly*, the effect of which would in all probability, have been to reduce the value of tobaccoes destined for the French market 25 per cent. at least, or, in other words, to occasion a loss of from 150,000 to 200,000 dollars annually to the planters of Virginia. The scheme was thoroughly concocted, had been approved by the Regie, and was awaiting only the approbation of the Royal Council, when our Minister heard of it. He immediately addressed a vigorous remonstrance to the government against it, though, being a question of internal administration, he was aware it was a matter of some delicacy for him to interfere with. The remonstrance, however, was very well received, arrested the adoption of the measure for the moment, and will I hope, finally defeat it?

Reformation.—It has too often been a matter of the deepest regret to all who have the public good at heart, to observe how seldom a confinement in our prisons work a reformation in the morals of the convicts sent to them. The Daily Advertiser of Saturday mentions that an application is about to be made for the pardon of a man named Jones, who is now in the State Prison for a heavy Forgery, and states that this same man had been before convicted *twice* and twice pardoned, ere the full period of his imprisonment had elapsed. On Saturday, a young man named George Carlton Chapman, who was then out of the Penitentiary but three days, was arrested for stealing a pair of shoes, and committed to Bridewell; and a few days previous to that another young fellow was arrested for commission of a theft, the same day on which his term of imprisonment for a former offence had expired. In fact, three-fourths of the prisoners convicted of felonies at our Sessions, are recognised by the Police authorities, as persons who had previously been guilty of crime.—*N. Y. paper.*

Eastern Enterprize.—Our Eastern brethren never sleep upon their rights, and are always active and indefatigable in every measure that may, through the avenues of commerce, have a tendency to advance their interests. On the first of this month the Act reducing the duty on Molasses to five cents the gallon, went into operation, and as a preparatory step, to the advantages that *presented* themselves, many of our eastern vessels were in waiting at the Island of Cuba. On the 1st inst. six vessels entered at Portland Maine; their joint cargoes amounting to 2032 casks of Molasses.—Several of them arrived off the port two or three days previous, but delayed entering; the difference in the amount of duties will be at least $10,000.

The act reducing the duties was accompanied by another act, allowing a drawback of four cents per gallon on spirits distilled in the United States or the Territories thereof from foreign Molasses, on the exportation thereof to any foreign port or place other than the dominions of any foreign State, immediately adjoining the United States.—This measure will give immediate employment to our distilleries, and a large portion of foreign Molasses will be consumed in this way, and therefore will but partially, if at all effect the prices of the New Orleans article, which for the retail trade is generally preferred to the foreign produce.—*N. Y. Standard.*

A meeting has been called in Detroit to take into consideration measures for meliorating the condition of "seamen." This would seem to be an out of the way subject for people, so many hundred miles from the ocean; and yet such is the increase of the commerce upon the lakes, that *seamen*, or to speak more to the card, *lakeman*, have become sufficiently numerous, and have acquired so much of the characteristics of salt water sailors, that it is feared they may lose their intimacy with their land brethren, and not profit by the means of improvement now scattered abroad.

To cure sore eyes.—"Good morning landlord," said a man the other day, as he stept into a tavern to get something to drink.

"Good morning, sir," replied mine host, "how do you do?"

"Oh I don't know," said the man, raising his goggles and wiping away the rheum, I'm plagued most to death with these ere pesky sore eyes. I wish you'd tell me how to cure 'em."

"Willingly," said the merry host. "Wear your goggles over your mouth—wash your eyes in Brandy, and I'll warrant a cure."

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