



THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST LIBERTY.

(From the Age.) Some years ago a Mons. Cottu, who was a barrister in some practice in Paris, came over here to inquire into the state of the administration of our criminal law, and to make a book thereupon. According to the Northern Circuit, sat daily in the courts, dined with the bar, drank the toasts, went through all the routine of the business, and after his three weeks' trip, went back again so well instructed in all the minutiae of the business, that he felt himself perfectly qualified to write a book upon the actual practice of the criminal law of England. This work was considerably puffed by the Whig authorities here; and abroad it was considered a perfect model of composition, and a treasure of information. Some people there were who expressed a doubt of the possibility of obtaining minute or correct information on so complicated a subject as the criminal jurisprudence, in theory and practice, of this country; but these cavillers were silenced by the assurance that M. Cottu travelled under the auspices of Sir James Scarlett! On inquiry such was discovered to be the fact, and M. Cottu was acknowledged to be therefore perfectly well qualified to perform his task. Sir James Scarlett, the Edinburgh Review informed us, had communicated all his ideas, and feelings to M. Cottu, who might, consequently, be looked upon as a second Sir James.

In those days that yet un-knighted lawyer was a Whig—a keen, bitter, King-bating, Queen-worshipping Whig. A patriot, of course, of the purest stamp, of the most enlarged and liberal ideas, a friend to freedom, the liberty of the press—"like the air, if we have it not we die"—and, as little Keeley says in some comedy, "all that sort of thing." M. Cottu was of the same creed—he was a liberal, a member of the extreme gauche, one of those who shouted for the charter, and denounced the Bourbons as beings behind the intelligence of the age. The revolution of years, however, went on—Mr. Scarlett became a knight with sword, and Attorney-General to the Duke. How M. Cottu was metamorphosed we know not, but certain it is that about the time his former chaplain on the Northern Circuit was let loose upon the press, M. Cottu had found his way from the extreme left to the extreme right, and was an Ultra of the Ultras—more Royalist than the King.

Precisely about the time that Scarlett was campaigning against the newspapers, M. Cottu was employing himself in writing a brochure to stimulate the French ministers into the career which has just closed so unspiciouly for them. He maintained that the Charter was mere waste paper—not a whit better than what Oliver Cromwell described our own Magna Charta to be; that trial by jury was a nuisance; that the Chambers ought to be suppressed; and the press—above all things, the press put down by main force. On this last hint his masters so far improved even Scarlett's practice, that an ordonnance was found after their flight, which directed that the crimes of the press—that is to say, any thing published against Ministers—were to be tried in future by Courts Martial, and the offending editors shot according to military law.

So slavish a book as Cottu's was never written. Even Sir Robert Filmer's work, that is cut to pieces by Locke, was not so servile. One would think that in the country of Locke it would have been received with unanimous indignation—but times are altered. The spirit of the author of the essay upon government no longer actuates even statesmen; and that of his exploded antagonist, the advocate of passive obedience, reigns in its stead. Accordingly it was determined to try how far public feeling here was prepared to applaud the panegyric upon despotism in a foreign country, before any attempt to establish it was made in our own, and the Quarterly Review was selected as the organ through which the minister was to signify his approbation to M. Cottu. The Quarterly is not decidedly ministerial, but Murray's connexion with the Admiralty, (as Lord Byron says—

But then you print the Navy List, Mr. Murray, renders it open to any paper which is particularly "pressing," and it was considered better that the *feeler* should be put forth in a work of character, and apparently neutral, than in any of the degraded hacks which prostitute themselves openly for the wages of the Ministry.

Hear, then, good people of England, what the Quarterly Review said of Cottu's slavish projects— "We hope and trust that the King and his present Ministry may succeed in establishing a censorship on the Press, and likewise in acquiring so decided a preponderance in the Chamber of Deputies, that its existence as an independent body, capable of bearding the monarchy, as it has recently done, shall no longer be recognised. This, we own, will be a virtual abolition of the charter; but the question is obviously reduced to this—Shall the monarchy, which is suitable to the country, be overthrown; or shall the charter, which, in every possible point of view, is unsuitable to it, be abrogated?"

Here it is hoped and trusted, that the censorship should be established, and despotism made the order of the day in France; but the writer meant England.

Again— "We should like to see a restoration of the ancient authority of the crown. The French nation will require to be governed with a tight hand."

In this sentence likewise, under the disguise of the French, the English nation is intended. It is the English nation that the Reviewer wishes to be governed with a tight hand, and that hand to be the Duke's, which we all feel to be tight enough.

Once more— "The necessity of the case requires that we should not shrink from the trial, but be prepared to witness, as the less grievous of the two evils, the re-establishment of a tolerably absolute authority on the part of the crown of France. If this be impossible, or if the attempt be bungled in the execution, we may bid adieu to repose and buckle on our armour for another quarter of a century!"

"The less grievous of the two evils"—the hypocritical scribbler meant the most desirable of all goods. Absolute authority he prays should be established in France, for no other reason than that it might serve as a precedent for establishing it in England—not, to be sure, vesting it in the crown, but somewhere else. The prophecy in the conclusion has been falsified by the event, but the hint is not to be misunderstood. The effort was to be made—the "bold step to be taken"—and the only fear that the suggester of the measure had was, it appears, that it "should be bungled

IN THE EXECUTION.

There is no fear that he would have bungled it. The author of this article in the *Quarterly* is Captain Basil Hall, as regular a place-hunter as exists; and he wrote for the purpose of recommending himself to the Ministry. It was inserted in the *Review* against the express dissent of Lockhart, who was over-ruled or over-persuaded. It affords another link in the chain of proofs that convict our authorities at home with the libellous designs of the French Cabinet. Here we have a slavish lawyer in France preaching up despotism, and who is he? Why the friend and protégé of Sir James Scarlett; and like him, too, a rat from the profession of liberal opinions. We find his work puffed in England. Where, and by whom? Why, in the courtly *Review*, by a Ministerial tool. And further, we find that said tool recommending the attempt to be made, which has just failed, with a significant warning not to blunder in its execution. That word came from head quarters.

Nobody doubts that Cottu was employed by Prince Polignac: who can doubt that Hall was employed by Prince Polignac's friend and patron? But they have been disappointed. The affairs in Paris will make even the iron nerves of somebody—since; and he too may blunder, as well as the French Premier, if he tries "a bold step." The press has triumphed in France—we do not think so ill of England, as to fear that M. Cottu's chapman, Scarlett, will be able to ensnare here. He may "swear a little, to be sure, but he dare not attempt to bite."

HUMANITY OF CHARLES X.

(From the Star.) In the *Tines* of this morning occurs the following anecdote, which is given on the authority of the Paris Correspondent to that Journal:— "I ascertained it as a fact that his old friend the Duke de C... Governor of the Palace of M... played the 25th, at St. Cloud, and that Charles smiled and looked more cheerful after each discharge of the cannon, which consumed thousands of his good people of the good city of Paris to destruction."

Supposing this to be true—and we have no reason to doubt it, for it is strictly in keeping with the character of a despot and a poltroon—what claims, even of common humanity, has Charles the Tenth on his subjects? Poor Louis the Sixteenth, who himself was neither tyrannical, nor inhuman, nor bigotted, but simply unfortunate, who never gave his troops orders to fire on the people, nor sailed when he heard the roar of the cannon that was sweeping them away by hundreds, was put to death with scarce a hand raised in his favour, as a monster of despotism; while Charles the Tenth is to be treated with punctilious politeness—and escorted out of his kingdom not so much as an outrageous malefactor, as a rash and inconsiderate Monarch! It seems to us, that there is a manifest inconsistency in this sort of conduct—that it is in fact but tinsel sentiment, and that the French have stopped as far short of justice in this revolution as they exceeded it in the last. If Louis XVI. deserved the guillotine Charles X. deserves it a hundred times more. The one had never known that best of all experience, which is the offspring of adversity; the other had been steeped in it to the lips for upwards of thirty years. He should therefore have profited by it proportionately, but not having done so, should pay the full penalty of all the disasters that have proceeded from his incurable fatuity.

SINGULAR CASE OF SLAVERY.

On Thursday, at eleven o'clock, A.M., a very curious and interesting case of slavery underwent investigation at the police-office of this town, before C. M. Skinner, Esq., J.P. William John Brown, aged about fifty years, was brought before that gentleman, under the following remarkable circumstances:—Brown was, according to his own account, a free black, born in Baltimore, and had a wife and family of five children, who resided with him in his own house. His domestic happiness, however, was effectually destroyed, by some of that class of men, styled in America, *slave speculators*, by whom he was kidnapped, and having been detained in their custody three days without food, he was suddenly hurried away by night, and compelled to cross the country in such a manner as rendered it impossible for him to form any idea of the route taken by the ruffians who had inhumanly torn him from the bosom of his family. Thus circumstanced, he was put on board of a vessel, in which he remained twenty-five days, at the end of which, he found that he had been conveyed to New Orleans. At this place he was detained three months, and his papers and vouchers, of which his persecutors had got possession, having been destroyed by them, he was sold as a slave, by one King, to a person named Jacob, who employed him in loading a vessel, called the *Planter*, the property of Mr. J. Vance, of this town. Brown, indignant, as he says, at the fraud which had been practised upon him, and anxious to regain his liberty, purchased a dollar's worth of biscuit, and contrived to conceal himself in the hold of this vessel, amongst a quantity of cotton stowed there. Immediately after he had secreted himself and his scanty sea stores, the vessel proceeded on a voyage to Belfast, and arrived in this harbour on the 4th instant. During the voyage he subsisted on the biscuit, gliding occasionally out of his retreat in the night time, in order to obtain water, and satisfy other calls of nature. Brown declares that none of the ship's crew knew of his concealment, save one man, whose name he would not divulge; and he was not seen on board by the captain, mates, or any other of the crew. He was not even seen getting on shore when the vessel came to the quay. One of the crew afterwards saw him in the street, and communicated the fact. This information led to his arrest, and of course, to the hearing of the case before Mr. Skinner. Some members of the Society of Friends, and others, actuated by that spirit of philanthropy, which forms a strong trait in the character of that most valuable community, attended on this interesting occasion, on behalf of the oppressed man of colour, and Mr. Skinner having, with much patience, and strict regard to justice, heard Brown's statement in detail, and pronounced him to be a *free man*, he was liberated at once, and left the office in company with those benevolent gentlemen who had so generously espoused his cause. He was also accompanied by an intelligent and spirited black, an inhabitant of Belfast, who evinced a lively interest in his behalf, and pleaded his cause with an animation and zeal which was honourable to his feelings. From Brown's appearance, he seems to have suffered much from hunger and confinement.—*Belfast Chronicle.*

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

(Ship's Papers, *Brig de France*, Aug. 1.) Monsieur—I had the honour to address to you, on the 31st of last month, several reports concerning the operations which have been carried into effect against Boua, and which have led to the submission of that place. It is to be this day occupied by the troops which M. Admiral Rissoul is about to disembark there, and the entry of which has been prepared by the most vigorous dispositions on the part of Captain Kerdran.

This day I address to your Excellency the reports of Captain Lobdane, of the *Brig de France*, and of Captain Ropert, Commander of the *Pullicour*, and of the station before Oran. M. Lobdane took into that part an officer from his Excellency the General in Chief, charged with proposals for the Bay, and who is, at the same time, to meet his submission to the King of France. The negotiation was protracted, and did not promise any favourable result. Captain Lobdane, in concert with Captain Ropert, determined to act a decisive part to profit by the hesitation of the Bey, and the dissensions of the militia, and to take possession of the fort, Mars-el-Kebir, commanding this bay, which affords, perhaps, the safest anchorage of all the harbours on the coast of Africa. The two frigates, reinforced by the *Evangelin*, came to anchor under the fort, and disembarked 150 marines. It was immediately occupied by the Turkish garrison, and it is now occupied by 100 marines. The position of this fort, at the extremity of a peninsula, renders it easy for the brig to protect the approaches to it with their artillery. The fort is provided with forty-two pieces of cannon.

His Excellency has determined that the port and town of Oran shall be occupied by the troops of his Majesty; they embarked, today, on board the frigates *Syrene*, *Amphitrite*, and *Ipogevia*. I entrusted the command of this expedition to Captain Messian. He will depart from this to-morrow, and I can pledge myself to your Excellency that it will be conducted with all that prudence and determination which characterize every act of this superior officer.

ALGIERS, AUG. 1.—It would be difficult to give you a just idea of our *caen* on board. We are in the bay of Algiers, and no one is tempted to go on shore, so detestable, shrewd, and dangerous, is this town. Dangerous? Yes; and I will tell you why. The Algerians feared us in the first instance, and when a Frenchman passed beside a group of these fellows they made way for him, and appeared to have some respect for us, but things are now greatly changed; the rabble, whom a system of moderation has enabled me, to-day raise their heads as high as ours, stare at us from head to foot insolently; they elbow us, insult us in their language, which we are beginning to understand; and if we wish to pay them off in the same coin, they show us *patience* concealed in the folds of their shawls, and dare to threaten us. This boldness is the result of a conspiracy which had existed for some time, and which, they believed, must certainly succeed from the precautions which they had taken. We were to have been assassinated on the 28th of July, I mean the garrison of the city, and corps of Arabs were to exterminate the French encamped outside.

A little too much promptitude in the commencement of the execution of this plot has given wind to their sanguinary projects. Our posts stationed outside the city stopped a score of mules laden with ammunition, and thirty of our soldiers were assassinated in Algiers before it was possible to assist them; the persons principally engaged in this conspiracy are Turks, and unless the utmost rigor be adopted we shall have every day a repetition of these outrages.

MURDER OF A NEW POLICEMAN BY A GANG OF BURGLARS.

Monday night, between twelve and one o'clock, police constable Long, No. 43 of the Division G, was barbarously murdered while on duty in the Gray's Inn-road. The unfortunate man, it appears, had for a considerable time previously been watching three men who had been seen lurking about his beat. He suspected them of an intention to break into some house, and he communicated his suspicion to some constables of Division G, whose boundary is on the opposite side of the road, desiring them also to keep a look out; but about the time stated, while he was passing a very extensive deal wall which encloses the St. James' burial ground, the villains followed him, and one of them plunging a knife into his body, the victim of this atrocious deed staggered a few paces, then fell into the road, and died almost instantly. The instrument with which it was committed is a sharp-pointed shearer's knife, which had been driven with such force that the murderer in withdrawing his hand, pulled away the handle only, and the blade was afterwards found buried in the body of the murdered man. The only person near the spot at the moment was a female, who had seen the three men approach the deceased, and seeing the latter fall she seized one of the men, who was coming away from the body, and called out "murder!" He broke away from her, however, but a man, who is said to be the same, was stopped presently afterwards, and secured, and the handle of the knife was picked up near the spot. Another man also was taken. The suspicions which the deceased had entertained of the purpose for which the men had been lurking about were confirmed by the fact of several house-breaking tools being picked up on the spot from which the villains had after committing the murder. The poor man has left a wife and six children to lament his loss. He was a watchman in St. Luke's parish previously to the establishment of the police force, and is stated to have been a man of good character.—*Globe.*

We have had no arrivals from France this morning; but so far as the revolution has gone, it has passed very satisfactorily for the people. The King of the French is every inch a King in the estimation of the nation, and he, undoubtedly, is a man of liberal principles, in his nature most accessible, and extensively attached to the friends of liberty. It was in striking of the yoke of tyranny, and putting on "the banner of light," accomplished a practical good. In electing the Duke of Orleans to preside over the destinies of the Kingdom, the nation recognized they had secured a permanent, and beneficial Government. The King of the French certainly hitherto has proved himself a Liberal in the most extended sense of the word. He associates and fraternizes with all; there is no distinction of classes; Peers or Pariahs, Deputies or Electors, Clergymen or National Guards, in the loose costume, with the *bonnet rouge*, are equally acceptable, to unbounded liberality.—*Belfast Times.*

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

(From the Literary Gazette.) The history of this interesting fragment is as follows; and we leave our readers to form their own judgment as to its authenticity. It appeared in a work which was immediately suppressed in France; and since that period no trace of it has been discoverable, so that this MS., copied from it at the time, has very nearly the value of an original. It purports to be part of a letter written by Buonaparte at the period of the execution of Louis XVI., and must be perused with peculiar feelings at this eventful moment.

"I learnt the next day that the advocate Targuet had refused his professional aid to his sovereign. This was, in the strongest acceptance of the term, to erase his name from the records of immortality! What were the arguments of his cowardly friend? 'I shall not save his life, whilst I bury his own.' Maloherbes, Tronchet, Deseze, faithful and devoted subjects, (whom I could not imitate, but whom, if I were a monarch, I would place at my right hand,) united to defend, by their zealous exertions, the descendant of St. Louis. Should they survive this courageous act of fidelity, I will never pass them without bearing my head. Detained by business at Versailles, I only returned to Paris on the 15th of January; I had, consequently, lost three or four scenes of this audacious tragedy, but on the 18th I attended the National Convention. Al! my friends! whatever these revolutionary maniaes may say, a monarch is not merely a man; his head will fall, it is true, with that of the shepherd; but he who can curls the murder will shudder at his own temerity—and will be not compelled by the force of his secret motives, the sentence would expire on his lips ere its utterance. I gazed eagerly on the intrepid mortals who were about to dare pronouncement on the fate of their virtuous sovereign. I studied their looks, scrutinized their very hearts. It was by the excess, the importance of their trespass, they were supported, whilst insidiously eyed by the rank of their victims: could they have ventured to retreat, the Prince had been saved! But unfortunately he had said, if his head does not fall today, our must soon submit to the stroke of the executioner. This was the predominant idea that dictated their votes. No pen could with justice describe the situation of the people in the galleries. Silent, gloomy, breathless—their looks were alternately directed towards the accused, his advocates, and his judge. Circumstances as strange as horrible, O'Connell's vote was—Death! The shock of electricity would have been less visibly felt; the assembly rose with one spontaneous start of horror, and the hall re-perforated the murmur of similar and responsive feeling; one man alone, immovable as a rock, kept his seat—it was I! I ventured to occupy of myself the cause of this indelicacy; I found it in addition—only such a sentiment could reconcile the conduct of the Duke of Orleans; to me, therefore, it was natural; he sought a throne to which he had no title, and such acquisitions are not to be made without forfeiting the right to virtuous estimation.

"I shall, my friend, become concise; I do not like unfolding of funeral creps. The King was condemned to death; and if the 21st of January did not for ever affix an odium on the French character, at least it added a glorious name to the list of martyrs! What a town was Paris on this awful day! The population appeared in a state of stupefaction; it seemed that the people assembled only to exchange gloomy looks, and to fly from each other without speaking. The streets were deserted, and houses and palaces wore the appearance of tombs. The air even seemed to smell of the executioner. To be brief, the descendant of St. Louis was led to death, through files of mournful automata, but lately his subjects.

"If any one be near you, my friend, when you read this dispatch—even were it your father, conceal from him what follows—it is a stain on the staff of which my character is made. That Napoleon Buonaparte should be so sensibly affected at the destruction of a human being, and constrained to keep his bed from the consequences of this impression, is a fact scarcely to be believed, though true, and on which I cannot allow without blushing with contempt for myself. Yes, I experienced a feeling which, however admirable in another, was disgraceful to one who had disavowed all the weakness of the human heart. The night preceding the 21st of January, I had not closed my eyes; yet I was unable to account to myself for the cause of my unusual agitation. I rose early, and eagerly ran wherever the crowd was assembling. I wondered at, or rather I despised, the passive imbecility of forty thousand national guards, of whom nine-tenths were only mechanically the agents of the executioner. At the Porte St. Denis I met Sartre; he was followed by a nervous staff; I should have liked to have cut off his ears; I spit at him, but being able to do no more. In my opinion, he post had been better killed by the Duke of Orleans; his object was a crown; and we all know that with a motive over-balance many considerations. Proceeding along the Boulevard, I reached the Place de la Revolution. I was I gazed on the fustian of the guillotine; and a cold perspiration crept over me. A stranger, who stood near me, attracted my attention and pointed to a peculiar interest in the King of France. 'Be of better cheer,' said he, 'he will not perish; the Convention is only desirous of proving its power, and he will meet his paragon at the foot of the scaffold.' If that be so, replied I, 'the gentleman conventionalists are not themselves far from their fall, and never would culprits more richly deserve their fate. He who attacks a lion, and would avoid being destroyed by him, should not wound, but throw him dead upon the spot! A low and confused noise was heard—it was the royal victim! I hurried forward, elbowing and elbowed; I approached as far as I could—all my efforts to get near were vain—the scaffold was hid from me by an armed force. The calling of drums suddenly interrupted the mournful silence of the assembled multitude. 'It is the signal of his release,' said the stranger. 'And it will rebound on his murderers,' I replied, 'in such a case, half a crime is a weakness.' A momentary silence ensued. Suddenly something fell heavily on the scaffold; the noise struck at my heart; I inquired the cause of a gendarme. 'It is the falling of the axe,' he replied. 'The King is not then saved?—he is dead! he is dead!' I pronounced at least ten times these words. 'He is dead? I became inassable for some minutes, and, without knowing by whom, I had been taken from the crowd. I found myself on the Quai des Theatins; I could utter no word except 'he is dead!' In a state of distraction I reached home, but at least an hour elapsed before I had regained my senses."

THE DOOM OF THE DAUPHINESS.

(From the MS. Journal of an English Traveller.) "A little more this way! look to the left. You see a pillar near the doorway, and a few paces from it a little boat, emancipated old man—the only the King's confessor—the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims—never mind him—but observe the lady to whom he is talking. She is now looking in this direction, so that you have a full view of her features. 'There,' said my confidante, 'stands the object of our search—that is the daughter of Louis XVI. Madame the Dauphiness.'"

"What a severe, and yet anxious countenance!" "Such was it not always—yet is it in this instance a sure index to the feelings of the wearer. She has not the slightest confidence in any one of the French nation. 'How can I, she has more than once said to me, 'after all that I have witnessed in the person of my parents, and endured in my own? I did once believe them loyal and attached—but the events of the hundred days dissipated that delusion for ever.' Years as I have been about her person, I have never seen her smile. And if she unbosoms her feelings more to me than to any other of her household, it is because I am an Englishman; the self same principle that leads the Duchess de Berri to prefer the Duc de Bordeaux being under the eye of my husband in her absence, because he's a Swiss. As to the Dauphiness, a human being but myself is aware of the full extent of her mental tortures. She lives in the constant anticipation of misfortune—in the daily and unshaken expectation of bitter reverses. Not that she fears them—for there's a lion's heart within that attenuated frame—but that she may be prepared to meet them. She is, in fact, as the Corsican said of her, the only man in the family.—'She's the poor, doomed Dauphiness!'"

"Doomed?" "Have you never heard the story?—never heard of her allusion to it in reply to Louis XVIII's commendation of her bravery in haranguing the troops at Bordeaux during the eventful 'hundred days?'—and his question as to what were her feelings when she placed her life in such imminent peril? 'Four, Sir, had no part in them. I was not yet alone; and your Majesty will remember that I can die only in the month so fatal to others of my family.' Why, where can you have been living that all this is new to you? Listen, *mon enfant*, and grow wiser."

"Among others who were ever welcome at Hartwell during the period the late monarch Louis XVIII. sojourned there, was Baron de Rolle, General, amiable de Rolle! a gentler, kinder, nobler spirit was never encountered with a prison house of clay! But each man has his weakness; and this was the Baron's still cherishing the hope of returning to his beloved native country, he was an easy prey to every adventurer who pretended to possess a knowledge of 'coming events.' And many and bitter was the just which his passion for angry engendered, and his good temper endured. One day in particular, he came down to Hartwell brief of the fame of a Swedish astrologer, a Mr. Thorwaldsen. Whatever this man might in reality be, he was shrewdly suspected at the time of being a French spy; to which idea his subsequent flight lent considerable colour. There was much that was unaccountable in all his proceedings. He exercised his nominal profession with reluctance. He was indifferent to pecuniary reward. He was not angry if his predictions were disbelieved, or his threats derided. But, if you desired it, he would tell you of passages, scenes, or adventures in your past life, to which you believed no one privy but yourself. He was introduced to the Baron, by Madame St. Maur; to whom he gave a proof, at all events, of his knowledge of the past, by recalling to her recollection a detail of hers in the French Revolution, to which her husband (then dead) and herself were the sole parties.

"The Baron had been surprised in a similar manner. He told him, (and as the event proved, truly)—that he should die in England and some-where suddenly; but he painted de Rolle still more severely by mentioning the name of a lady to whom he had in early life been attached, and detailing to him under what agonizing circumstances they had parted.

"This extraordinary narrative procured for the astrologer a still more illustrious visitant. The Dauphiness d'Angoulême resolved to wait on him. In order to try his powers, real or imaginary, in the utmost she was disguised in the dress of an English artisan; and remained during the whole interview veiled and silent. Her companion presented him with the date of the Dauphiness's birth to the precise year, hour, and minute.

"All!" said he, after a pause of some length—"the temple hall of fortune! A wife yet not a mother. Always near a throne, yet doomed not to ascend it. The daughter of Kings—yet not more truly the daughter of misfortune. I see before you restoration to the country and palace of your father—then an agonizing interval of flight and degradation. Again the banners of royalty wave over you, and you advance a step nearer to a crown. But all is finally overcast, in the gloom of deposition, flight, and exile. You will live to be alone. Your last determination will be that of closing your days in a convent—it will be treated by death. Dread the month of August; for it will be one to you of the most unlooked-for mortification and vicissitude. Welcome that of January, for it will dismiss you, though by the hand of violence, to your repose, and your reward!"

"Formerly the Abbé de Lott. His Eminence was arrested at Valenciennes during the late convulsions, and possessed of the load of gold plate and jewels he was conveying away in his carriage. He has since arrived in England.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor at the Office on the Quay, WATERFORD. Yearly, £3 5 0. Half-yearly, £1 12 6. To be paid in advance. Quarterly, £0 15 3. DATES OF PUBLICATION. On the Mornings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Orders and Communications, in every case free of postage, to be addressed to the Proprietor, at the Office, on the Quay, Waterford. AGENTS FOR RECEIVING ADVERTISEMENTS, SEEKING EMPLOYMENT, &c.—Messrs. NEWTON and Co., Warburton's Quay, London; Messrs. BARKER and Co., 42 Fleet Street, London; Messrs. JOHNSON and Co., 1, Edgewood Square, Dublin. It is filed at the Office of the Assistant Secretary of the Admiralty, London.—Messrs. GIBSON, Commercial Printers, Dublin, and at the principal Reading Rooms and Hotels in the Kingdom, where the greatest publicity is given to ADVERTISEMENTS, Articles of Intelligence, &c.

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