

tion of compassion and kindness for the *Gardes de Corps*, whose duty on the royal person they in former times shared. There arose a cry among them—"Let us save the *Gardes de Corps*, who saved us at Fontenoy." They took them under their protection, exchanged their caps with them in sign of friendship and fraternity, and a tumult, which had something of the character of joy, succeeded to that which had announced nothing but blood and death.

The outside of the palace was still besieged by the infuriated mob, who demanded, with bidoous cries, and exclamations, the most barbarous and obscene, to see the Austrian, as they called the Queen. The unfortunate Princess appeared on the balcony, with one of her children in each hand. A voice from the crowd called out, "No children!" as if on purpose to deprive the mother of that appeal to humanity, which might move the hardest heart. Marie Antoinette, with a force of mind worthy of Maria Theresa, her mother, pushed her children back into the room, and, turning her face to the tumultuous multitude, which tumbled and roared beneath, brandishing their pikes and guns with the wildest attitudes of rage, the reviled, persecuted, and denounced Queen stood before them, her arms folded on her bosom, with a noble air of courageous resignation. The secret reason of this summons—the real cause of repelling the children—could only be to afford a chance of some desperate hand among the crowd executing the threats which resounded on all sides. Accordingly, a gun was actually levelled, but one of the bystanders struck it down; for the passions of the mob had taken an opposite turn, and, astonished at Marie Antoinette's noble presence, and graceful firmness of demeanour, there arose, almost in spite of themselves, a general shout of *Vive la Reine!*

But if the insurgents, or rather those who prompted them, missed their first point, they did not also lose their second. A cry arose, "To Paris!" at first uttered by a solitary voice, but gathering strength, until the whole multitude shouted, "To Paris—to Paris!" The cry of these blood-thirsty bacchanals, such as they had that night shown themselves, was, it seems, considered as the voice of the people, and as such, La Fayette neither remonstrated himself, nor permitted the King to interpose a moment's delay in yielding obedience to it; nor was any measure taken to put some appearance even of decency on the journey, or to disguise its real character, of a triumphant procession of the sovereign people, after a complete victory over their nominal monarch.

The carriages of the royal family were placed in the middle of an immeasurable column, consisting partly of La Fayette's soldiers, partly of the revolutionary rabble whose march had preceded his, amounting to several thousand men and women of the lowest and most desperate description, intermingling in groups amongst the bands of French guards, and civic soldiers, whose discipline could not enable them to preserve even a semblance of order. Thus they rushed along, howling their songs of triumph. The harbingers of the march bore two bloody heads of the murdered *Gardes de Corps* paraded on pikes at the head of the column, as the emblems of their prowess and success. The rest of this body, worn down by fatigue, most of them despoiled of their arms, and many without hats, anxious for the fate of the royal family, and harassed with apprehensions for themselves, were dragged like captives in the midst of the mob, while the drunken females around them bore aloft in triumph their arms, their belts, and their hats. These wretches, stained with the blood in which they had bathed themselves, were now singing songs, of which the burthen bore,— "We bring you the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice;" as if the presence of the unhappy royal family, with the little power they now possessed, had been in itself a charm against scarcity. Some of these Amazons rode upon the cannon, which made a formidable part of the procession. Many of them were mounted on the horses of the *Gardes de Corps*, some in masculine fashion, others en *croupe*. All the muskets and pikes which attended this immense cavalcade, were garnished as if in triumph, with oak boughs, and the women carried long poplar branches in their hands, which gave the column, so grotesquely composed in every respect, the appearance of a moving grove. Scarcely a circumstance was omitted which could render this entrance into the capital more insulting to the King's feelings—more degrading to the royal dignity.

After six hours of dishonor and agony, the unfortunate Louis was brought to the hotel de Ville, where Bailly, then mayor, complimented him upon the "*beau jour*," the "*splendid day*," which restored the monarch of France to his capital; assured him that order, peace, and all the gentler virtues, were about to revive in the country under his royal eye, and that the King would henceforth become powerful through the people, the people happy through the King; and "what was truest of all," that as Henry IV, had entered Paris by means of reconquering his people, Louis XVI, had done so, because his people had reconquered their King. His wounds salved with this lip-comfort, the unhappy and degraded Prince was at length permitted to retire to the Palace of the Tuilleries, which, long uninhabited, and almost unfurnished, yawned upon him like the tomb where alone he at length found repose."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Vivid Sketch.

At midnight it blew tremendously, and the ship was under two close reefed topsails, standing and laboring dreadfully; about one, A. M. she shipped a heavy sea, which washed away all the starboard bulwarks and washboards, & deluged the cabins, which were near the companion; and yet in the midst of the hurlyburly elements, the rattling of chains & tables adrift, which skinned the caddy from right, to left; as the huge helpless ship rolled about in the mountainous sea, Welsted could hear the sobbing of lady Brashleigh, and the incessant reproaches of her husband, for such absurd timidity, when there was not the smallest danger.

At daylight, the gale blew, if possible, still harder; the men were constantly at the pumps; at eight A. M. another tremendous sea struck her, and stove the larboard quarter boat, the davits were smashed, and the boat cut away; in a moment after the iron-works of the dead eyes of the main rigging went, and three following seas swept her fore and aft; before noon, another sea equally awful with the former, struck her on the starboard quarter boat, which was cut away as had been that on the larboard side before, and the night closed in with the most awful presages of even worse weather.

All these prognostics were verified; a little after midnight, (the darkness unlighted, except by a faint and distant flash of forked lightning which seemed itself driven &

buffed about by the wind,) a huge sea rolling onwards like a black mountain topped by snow broke directly on board, to windward, & swept away the launch, the live stock, the cabin; & stanchions, and ringbolts, tearing up the decks along with them, and leaving them open to the rolling waves, which made regular way over her.

In the middle of the night, all the starboard main-chain plates gave way, the forerunners & tackle were got to secure the mast, but the worst misfortune was yet to occur; a leak was discovered under her sternpost, through which as she rose to meet the coming waves, rushed in at every pitch an awful quantity of water.

All hands were at the pumps, and it was clear, that unless the ship lightened, the leak would gain upon them; before daylight, the men were fainting from fatigue and cold and wet, and sank from their labour; the ship seemed rapidly settling, and the waist was ankle deep in water; yet no one dared to sound the bell, lest those, who already had begun to despair, should, if the report were bad, give themselves up for lost, and by abandoning themselves to their fate, involve the fate of others.

In the midst of this awful storm, there gleamed a pale flickering light upon the top mast head; it seemed to burn unmoved by the contending gusts around it; in a moment it shifted to the fore-topmast—then darted back to its old position, having touched the iron ring at the main yard arm; the undisturbed serenity of the flame, the contrast it afforded to the surrounding darkness, coupled with the sad time at which they beheld it, rendered this natural phenomenon deeply interesting, if not positively awful.

Out of her cabin, and of her bed, was dragged a pale lifeless Fanny, by her husband, contrary to her inclination, and in opposition to her earnest prayers, to look on this; his excellency carried his point, as he was wont to do—and called to Welsted to support her ladyship as she stood on the companion ladder, in obedience to his excellency's command.

In the horrors of this night, in the midst of hurricanes and tempests now lifted to the mountain's top, now buried in the fathomless valley of the waters below, the ill-fated Fanny leaned once more for support upon the companion of her youth, the beloved of her heart; again did she experience the gentle solicitude which ever marked his conduct towards her; again did she feel the pressure of that hand which she had so often clasped in friendship and affection; he spoke soothingly to her, & though the words he uttered were lost to her ear in the general din, she left his breath upon her cheek—her feelings overcame her—she fainted in his arms—in the arms of Welsted, who thus was driven in conjunction with her husband, to carry her into her cabin. The dangers and difficulties of such a proceeding can only be judged by those who have been partakers of it. She was at length, however safely placed on her couch, although insensible to every thing around her.

"She is a bad passenger in a storm, Mr. Welsted," said his excellency.

A storm indeed!—not the wild roarings of the mighty waters, nor the rude elemental strife, at whose mercy she was, nor the forked lightning, nor the pealing thunder, was half so potent as the storm that raged in her own mind—that was the dreadful conflict of **PASSION WITH PRINCIPLE.**

As soon as day dawned, and the wretched state of the ship, then almost a wreck, was evident, the master gave orders to commence lightening her; all hands were turned up; the bulk-heads forward were knocked down, and all hands set to work to heave cargo overboard; the difficulty of getting at it, as she was then rolling and pitching, was great; but after half an hour, a chain of hands was formed art, and bales, and chests, and barrels, and cases, were promiscuously hoisted upon deck; where the foaming waves took them, and swept them into the bosom of the deep.

All exertions, however, appeared unavailing, and though the day had been expended in alternately heaving overboard and pumping, the ship laboured just as much, the leak continued to gain, the men grew fainter, and the storm, if possible, increased; birds flocked for shelter to the rigging, and the bravest sailor there stood still and trembled.

At 3 at night the master resolved, if possible, to wear ship, without consulting or communicating with a human being, conscious as he was, that the experiment was perilous as he was, and would in all probability be fatal; he gave the word, and in a momentary lull, she went about, without straining a rope-yarn. Hope beamed on his mind then; those who knew not his thoughts felt increased apprehensions, for she lay in the trough of the sea, rolling gunnel under; no sail set, for none could stand the weather; the small one used to bring her round, was blown into ribbands from the stay; till just at midnight, a crash on deck announced the mainmast gone; at one blow, like the stricken deer, she fell toppling with her yards and top-mast over the starboard side; she went about ten feet above the deck, and just above the mizen stay; and the mizenmast itself trembled like a reed, as Welsted clung to it, to watch the work of havoc above.

It was a scene for a painter; the noise was inconceivable, the night inky black, the waves dashing over every part of the vessel, the women batted down forward were screaming for mercy, and their cries were mingled with the clashing of axes used by the men cutting away the rigging, by the gleaming light of lanterns, disposed in the most advantageous points and the stern hawling of those in command, with which the faint reply of others, who in the midst of the stupendous waves, were in the main-chains, over the side, endeavouring to clear the ship of the wreck; for the mast clung as it were to the quarter, and the counter beat so heavily upon the main top, which lay close beneath it, that every moment they expected she would be stove in.

At this moment three following seas again swept her fore and aft, and a shriek of horror which overtopped the howlings of the tempest itself, announced some dreadful calamity. All those who were forward, were washed at one "fell swoop" from the bows and plunged into inevitable destruction. Even Fanny was conscious of the increase of noise, and a change of motion in the ship; she rushed from her cabin, and caught the arm of her husband, who was encouraging by his presence the hardy sailors in their duty, on the top step of the companion ladder.

"Sir Frederick," said she, "what is it?—let me—" "Nothing, ma'am, nothing!" said the general angrily; "go to bed, Lady Brashleigh; there is no danger—all will be well soon ma'am."

Another following sea struck her—and another—it was the last!—the dead lights were shivered into splinters; the stern frame itself could not withstand the shock; & the water deluged the decks below, & carrying every thing before it, burst upwards through the deck itself, driving those who were on the companion forward.

Fanny was caught, as she was whirled forward, by Welsted, who seized firmly hold of the binnacle, which broke a way from its cleets. Sir Frederick was hurled onward in the mass of waters and the master of the ship, having uttered an exclamation no clearly indicative that all was over, was seen endeavouring for a moment to "hold on" by the foremast, but in another instant, the overwhelmed unmanageable ship met a tremendous coming wave, and rose not to meet it; unassisted and unopposed, the huge mountain burst directly upon her; the contending sea rushing forward from the stern, met the advancing torrent; the ship plunged forward for a moment, as if struggling with destruction, but the effort was vain, and forging a-head she sank at once, into the fathomless deep.

Welsted who had never let go his precious charge during the important period in which all this was transacting had lashed his love to the binnacle, himself holding on firmly, & when the whirl of waters, in which the ship seemed to suck down, he awoke to a consciousness of his situation, the binnacle floated beyond the confines of the horrid abyss, and upon the surface of the mountainous waves, still floated the fond devoted pair.

The power of endurance with which humanity is gifted, is hardly credible to those who have not suffered; here was the delicate Lady Brashleigh, nurtured with the fondest care, & couched on downy beds, the evening breeze itself too rude to blow upon her, exposed to the tempestuous wind and constant drenching of the raging sea through this night of awful misery. She was unconscious of her situation, & it was with the greatest care and toil that Welsted could sustain her in a position which alone secured her from almost entire immersion in the waves. The sickening and dreadful sameness of mounting rapidly on one high billow, followed by the dreadful and empetuous fall from it, only to rise upon another, and that perhaps the last bad won her out, and it is doubtful whether, at the time, she was sensible whose arm it was that held her in safety, or upon whose bosom her aching head reclined.

The day had just begun to dawn, when the sound of a gun, deadened by the stars, broke upon Welsted's ear. He raised himself to look, but could see nothing but water, water, water! He thought he had been deceived; he spoke to Fanny, she answered evidently unconscious of her situation. Again the sound struck him; and the day brightening for a moment, as he mounted again on the edge of a high rolling wave he caught a glimpse of a vessel near them.

It was a sloop of war returning to the Cape from India. The doubt, the danger, and the difficulty of their situation, now rose from the minuteness of the object upon which they floated, and the almost impossibility of rendering them aid even if they were discovered, in so tempestuous a sea; but it was doomed to be otherwise. The man of war had seen the distressed merchantman on the preceding night and missing her in the morning, when it was evident she could not have outsailed her, the guns were fired for the purpose of attracting those who might be so indeed Fanny and Welsted were still survivors of the fatal catastrophe which the captain of the brig concluded had occurred.

It was certain by the increased loudness of the report of the next gun heard, that the vessel was near them. Welsted waved, as well as he was able, the shawl in which Fanny had been enveloped, and which he disengaged from for the purpose; but it was almost hopeless to expect so small an object to attract the eye through such a space, or at such a distance. It was not seen; yet Providence guided the brig towards the place where the unhappy creatures existed; they were actually caught sight of, the weather was somewhat more moderate, the gallant bark ploughed the foaming waves and neared the sufferers.

Now was the difficult part of the task to do; no boat could live; and even if a rope could be thrown to Welsted, in all probability the moment the floating wreck came in contact, with the larger object, it would be dashed to atoms along with the rope. The brig got to windward, and after many fruitless efforts, at length the rope was hoisted towards Francis; he caught it; every eye now beamed, every heart beat; "stand by!" was the word, "Fend off!" "Fend off!" "easy," "now," "now," "now!" The moment came; the wreck touched the quarter of the brig; four or five good men, boatswain's mates and captains of tops, were ready to seize it in the main-chains; the grasp was firm; the hold was certain; the rope was aboard. "Ease off!" "ease off!" was the cry. "Avast," "avast there!" sounded in the chains. Fanny and Welsted were safe on deck.

FOREIGN.

FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The ship *Herald*, Capt. Graham, has arrived at Baltimore from Liverpool, furnishing London dates to the 19th of Feby. inclusive. We are indebted to the Editors of the Baltimore Patriot, and Federal Gazette, for the following extracts:—

It will be seen from the extract published from the Courier, that it was expected that the two very important bills before Parliament, in which the interest of the British nation are so deeply involved, would be thrown out in consequence of the illness of the Earl of Liverpool, and the continued indisposition of Mr. Canning.

A second edition of the Globe of the 19th February says, that "it is reported that despatches have reached town bringing information of the decease of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who has been for some time suffering from an inflammatory attack. The intelligence cannot be communicated as positive; but we fear, from the manner in which it is circulated, that it is correct.

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved an addition of £9,000 per annum to the income of the Duke of Clarence upon his becoming the Heir Expectant of the Throne, upon the demise of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York. This grant was so much a necessary consequence of the change of his Highness's relation to the State, that it was opposed solely or at least principally, upon the ground of the extreme distress of the country. The division was 65 to 167 in favour of the grant. It is understood that His Royal Highness will leave the retired life which he has recently led, and will occupy the splendid mansion prepared for the Duke of York, and which will henceforth be considered as the residence of the Heir Expectant, upon whichever of the Royal Brothers that rank may devolve.

The Observer of the 13th, in alluding to the illness of Mr. Canning and Lord Liverpool, remarks:—"This is not the only domestic intelligence which has operated on the Funds. It has been stated in addition, that Ministers, in consequence of the unfavourable character of the latest despatches from Lisbon, and the strong grounds which exist as to the sincerity of the King of Spain, have determined to send out an additional military force to Portugal, to the extent of 10,000, or 12,000 men. In the city, it is considered by many that the state of affairs in the Peninsula is worse than it was on the first breaking out of the rebellion, as the Apostolical party, even with the British troops in Portugal, have the temerity again to raise the standard in opposition to the Constitutional system."

The Diamond frigate lying at Portsmouth, took fire on the 13th of Feb. and burnt to the water's edge.

It has been resolved by the British Admiralty that another expedition to the North Pole shall be undertaken; and in consequence the *Hecla* has been undergoing repairs in the dock yard at Deptford, preparatory to setting out a third time, under the command of Captain Parry. The vessel is to proceed to Cloven Cliff, in Spitzbergen, latitude 70. 50, about 600 miles from the North Pole, which place, it is expected she will reach about the commencement of June. Here the *Hecla* is to remain, and be established as a sort of headquarters, to which recourse is to be had when necessary, and parties are to be detached to explore the surrounding coasts and seas, while the main object of the expedition, an approach to the North Pole, is attempted by Captain Parry's party. The Captain is to depart with two vessels, which are so constructed as to be capable of being used either as boats, or sledges to run upon the ice, according to circumstances. Two officers and ten men are to be appointed to each, and for this number provisions for three months are to be laid in each.

PORTUGAL.—The Portuguese rebels, who were driven on the 9th Jan. from Beira into Spain, entered in scattered parties, but in considerable force, into Tras-os-Montes, and assembling their forces under Viscount Cadalzas and other leaders, drove the Constitutionalists out of Chaves, (of which they had taken possession and defended in the month of September), the northern pass into the Province of Minho. This pass was defended by a body of 300 Constitutionalists for some time, but was at last forced, the defenders dispersing themselves in the mountains. Having thus made good their entrance into the Province of Minho, (an undertaking in which Chaves failed when he attempted it before) the rebels marched to Braga on the 30th January, which they occupied; thence to Guimaraens, one of the richest and best affected towns of the Province, and thence to within nine miles of Oporto, the inhabitants of which were thrown into a state of the utmost alarm. In the meantime, however part of the Constitutional troops in Beira were sent to the defence of Oporto, while others, collected under the Count de Villa Flor, entered Minho, by the bridge of Amarante, and proceeded against the rebels, whom they speedily compelled to retreat from Guimaraens and Braga; but the details of the fatal catastrophe which the captain of the brig concluded had occurred.

A Proclamation from the War Department at Lisbon, issued in the name of the Infanta Princess Regent, on the 6th, announces the departure of the British troops, and expresses the confident hope of the Princess that in every part of the interior where they may arrive their "order and propriety" will "renew the same ties of fraternity, which during the Peninsula war, united the Portuguese and English army into one." This proclamation speaks also in high terms of the discipline and regularity of the British troops while they remained in the capital.

Lisbon, Feb. 7.—The situation of Oporto on Friday last was the most anxious that can be imagined; the people were up all night expecting the rebels, whose chance of entering was, however, reduced to the lowest, by the spirited disposition of General Stubbs, and the zeal of the inhabitants. The Oporto Imperial gives the names of five citizens who advanced money in this crisis for the use of the troops, whose allowances were in arrear, on account of some temporary disarrangement of the military chest. The volunteer corps did the most effectual service of these posts.—The cry of the Oporto people is still loud for the aid of some English troops. But their farthest destination yet mentioned is Coimbra.

LONDON, Feb. 19.

We looked for the letters by the mail from Spain this morning with some impatience, as they last week communicated the fact of the rebels being in force in Portugal, which has since proved correct, though we were inclined at the time to put little reliance on the statement. We have this morning a series of the same communications, which represent the great success of the force of Chaves marching upon Oporto, but they report he did not command in person, that he is in a different part of the country, spreading disaffection among the Portuguese, and inducing the Spaniards to flock to his standard, for the preservation of their country and their religion from the touch of the heretics. The Spanish forces on the lines of Portugal to the southward are represented to be considerable in numbers, but towards the north, small, and unable to disarm the rebels when they enter Spain, even if disposed to do so. These letters say, Oporto had fallen; they also mention the continuance of unpleasant notes between Mr. Lamb and the Spanish Ministers, and the continued refusal of the King to acknowledge distinctly the constitution of Portugal. We have seen letters from Cadiz to the 30th, and from different parts of the south of Spain to the same date; the latter afford no political intelligence. The accounts from Gibraltar are to the 27th of January; one of these letters say the south of Spain is ready for a revolt, if there was the least appearance of the country being involved in war with Portugal. *Globe.*

Sickness of the Earl of Liverpool.

FROM THE LONDON COURIER, OF FEB. 19. The calamity—for such it is—which has befallen the country, by the sudden and deplorable illness of the Earl of LIVERPOOL, occupies the undivided attention of all classes. Mingled with those political speculations which are inseparable from such an event—is a feeling of deep and sincere regret, founded upon the high estimation in which the Noble Earl has been held, on account of the sterling integrity and unquestionable purity of his character. Among the many who are the public opponents of his Lordship, there is not one who blends with his opposition the most remote feeling of personal hostility. He may be said to possess the confidence of the country beyond any Minister, perhaps, that ever presided over its affairs. Hence the sorrow which is felt at the awful visitation which has befallen him, is so general and so unfeigned.

It appears that his Lordship was suddenly seized when at breakfast. His servant went into the room and found his Lordship had fallen from his chair. Fortunately, Dr. Dreyer, his Lordship's private physician, happened to be in the house at the moment, and immediate relief was administered. In a short time the Noble Earl was sufficiently recovered to be removed to his bed, and although the state in which he remained was such as to occasion throughout the whole of yesterday, the most painful anxiety, yet, at a late hour last night, the unfavourable symptoms were so far relieved as to allow of indulging in the fervent hope, that every thing was as satisfactory as could be expected under the distressing and alarming circumstances of this case.

His Lordship has been for some time in a delicate state of health, but it was not apprehended, either by his medical attendants or his friends, that he was in danger of so dreadful an attack as that which he has experienced. His Lordship is in his fifty-seventh year, having been born on the 7th June, 1770.

It is greatly to be feared, that though skillful medical treatment may prolong the Noble Earl's life some years, the resumption of his public duties, as Prime Minister, cannot be expected. A total cessation from all mental exertion will be imperatively necessary.

Mr. Secretary Peel, and Mr. Lushington, both left town on Saturday, for Brighton: the former to communicate the painful intelligence to his Majesty; the latter to apprise Mr. Canning of it. We should greatly fear the communication would have an unfavourable effect upon the health of the Right Honourable Gentleman, in its present delicate condition; both from the shock which it would give to his feelings and from the anxiety which it must necessarily produce with respect to the situation of many momentous public questions. In all probability, an arrangement will take place in both houses of Parliament this evening, by which it will be understood, that only the ordinary routine business of Parliament will proceed in, under the extraordinary circumstances in which the country is placed, the incapacity of the Noble Earl and Mr. Canning to attend in their seats.

An event like this, naturally gives rise to various rumours and conjectures; but we feel no disposition to mix ourselves up with them, for reasons which must be sufficiently obvious. Names are freely mentioned—and so posed upon the public mind, that it is difficult to distinguish truth, nothing more than the idle gossip of the town, or the loose guesses of those who settle every complicated question of state, in an easy, off hand manner.

A cabinet council is summoned for 8 o'clock to-day.

DOMESTIC.

FROM THE NEW MONTREAL GAZETTE. ASSASSINATION OF MR. WATSON.

On Friday night, about ten o'clock, a murder was perpetrated, which, for its audacity and cold-blooded barbarity, has never yet been equalled in this country, and but rarely exceeded in any other. On that evening, Robert Watson, Esquire, Inspector of Flour for this District, was sitting in an apartment on the ground floor of his house, along with the Rev. Mr. Mathieson, of St. Andrew's Church. Mrs. Watson had left the room only an instant before. Mr. Watson was sitting with his right side to the window, and had thrown his right arm over the back of the chair, so that more of his person was exposed than a side view naturally gave. He held a newspaper, which he had been reading immediately before, in his left hand. While so situated, a tremendous report was heard at the window, but seemingly within the house, which was instantly completely filled with smoke. Mr. Watson started from his chair, placed his hand upon his right side, and exclaimed "What is that?" Mr. Mathieson, at first, did not suppose that the noise proceeded from fire-arms, but imagined that some broken vessel had exploded, as the sound of broken glass falling was distinctly heard. Mr. Mathieson enquired of Mr. Watson if he was hurt, and Mr. Watson answered "I am afraid I am." Mrs. Watson, who had been

both she and Mr. Mathieson supported Mr. W. His wife enquired, "Do you think they have killed you?" To which he answered, "I believe they have." His vest was removed, when a vast number of wounds were observed. Mr. Mathieson, about a minute after the report, ran to the door, and listened for the sound of footsteps, but heard nothing. He gave the alarm, and afterwards ran for medical aid, which was promptly procured. Finding one of the shot immediately under the skin, the medical gentleman entertained hopes that, as Mr. Watson was corpulent, it was probable none of the vital parts might be damaged. Mr. Watson himself, however, shortly after receiving the shot, said, he felt it in his bowels.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Watson sat up in his bed, and said he felt little pain, but considerable depression. His family and friends now began to entertain sanguine hopes of his recovery, but towards the afternoon, less favourable symptoms began to reappear, and by six o'clock all hopes of his recovery were given up. About seven o'clock he expired. He was sensible to the last, and it appeared, from his conversation, that he was aware of the fatal nature of his wound before any other person.

On examining his body, the following morning, one hundred and forty nine marks were counted on his side; and it was also discovered that several of the shot had penetrated the thorax, and had injured some of the most considerable viscera. The shot was found to be mixed. From the extent over which the shot spread, the instrument of death would appear to have been a blunderbuss. This conjecture is further confirmed from the quantity of the shot, for, besides those found in the body, there were several found in the pocket of the deceased, which had been obstructed in their progress by striking upon some money, which was nearly pierced through by them.

Thus was cut off in the vigour of youth, and by an act, of which it would be difficult to find language sufficiently strong to describe the enormity, a gentleman, whose strict integrity, and honorable feeling, as a merchant, made him be universally respected—while his good nature, benevolence, and warm-heartedness, endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. From the instant he supposed himself to be dying, which, as we hinted above, he knew before any of his friends, he was completely resigned, and bore his fate with the most unobtrusive patience. He found it difficult to attach suspicion to any one; for as he himself bore ill-will to none, he did not suppose that any one had him at all in enmity, to say nothing of the mortal hatred which must have influenced his cowardly assassin. The deed was most deliberately perpetrated; for on the night of the Monday previous, a laith of the blind was forcibly taken away, through which space, the piece was levelled. Mr. Watson was distant only about four yards from his murderer when the shot was fired.—We have only to add, that a person has been laid up on suspicion, from a variety of circumstances, which, for the present, we refrain from publishing.

FROM THE MONTREAL HERALD.

INQUEST ON THE BODY.

On Sunday last, an inquest was held by J. M. Mondelet, Esq. coroner for this District, when the following evidence was adduced:—

William Watson, brother to the deceased, de-

* As a proof of the respect in which Mr. Watson was held in Montreal, we may mention that his funeral yesterday was attended by upwards of one thousand of the most respectable citizens.