evening, but on Saturday they were in a bout half past two—to the surprise and admiration of the whole town. This is the march of travelling in good earnest.

The Canterbury Railway.—The opening of the railway from Cantetbury to Whitstable has already reduced the price of coals five or six shillings the chaldron, the conveyance of passengers to nine pence a head and the time of travelling to twenty minutes. The distance is between six and seven miles, but the cost of the railway has been considerable, it having been necessary to make a tunnel through a hill of more than half a mile in length. The greatest facility is now given to the conveyance of heavy commodities, such as lime, stone, bricks, salt, manure, &c. A short time will show how far the return obtained affords a remuneration for the capital expended.

LITERARY.

For the Commercial Advertiser.

LAURIE TODD'S JOURNEY TO THE BAY STATE.

Its of no use Mr. Printer, for a man to write his Journal, except he can get it printed, for otherwise, no man will know that he has been travelling at all. I heard much of a country, peopled by the daughters of Puritans, and sons of the pilgrims; and besides, that of late years they had made such rapid advances in what they termed *rational religion*, that I thought it was there and then, that the Millennium so much spoke n of in the Progress of the Pilgrim, was about to commence. I was anxious to see this people—not to take the height of their cornstalks; nor the diameter of their pumpkins but among them. I thought was to be found the perfection of the church militant, and I longed to see a sight so imposing. You will see in the sequel, how sadly I was disappointed. But I'll begin with Fulton slip, from which we started in the Franklin.—After we passed the Gates of Hell, and got over the Hog's Back, the Captain, knowing from former experience that his goodly boat knew the road well enough to go by herself, turned his attention to more important matters. He sent forth a little boy, his face as black as Lehigh coal, a bell, white as silver, in his hand, went tinkle, tinkle round the deck. Passengers will go to the Captain's office and pay their money.—(Thinks I, these Yankees have their office every where.) I was carried along with the crowd, and came to a stand with my head right under the port hole or office window, as they call it, when up came squeezing, a long-legged fellow, and shoved me aside like a thing of nought. Says I, sir, in New York he who comes first with his pail to the pump, gets it first filled. He *looked down* on me—that was all—he held between his finger and thumb, while it floated with the breeze, a $50 bill, as much as to say, you see I have more money in my purse than wit in my head. Captain Bunker, with one eye observed the manœuvre, while with the other he was giving change from a ten dollar bill. Says he Mr. Todd, its your turn next; (I wondered where he got my name)—you are getting squeezed among these big men, I'll let you go. Mr. Long Legs looked as flat as a pan cake without yeast. This wee bit of civility from the captain gave me a good opinion of his heart and head. Having nothing else to do, I observed him through the passage, up stairs and down stairs, sun light and moon light; he was always doing the thing as it ought to be; always good natured and laughing. I believe if he stood in a storm, on the last plank of his boat he would smile; though he looks like one that would never give up the ship while two of her timbers hung together. Next morning we saw Newport. I wondered to see a great heap of men; I dare say near a hundred of them, digging up something like a great *stane dyke, with windows in it. I asked the captain what it was for. He said they were making a battery of one hundred and fifty guns, for the *protection* of Newport. I thought their poverty would be a good protection for them. I asked if the men wrought by the day or the job. He said by the day, he believed. I thought so, for from the time the boat came near enough to see the white of their eyes till we had passed them so far that we could not tell the colour of their coat, they stood gaping and looking, and from a hundred men, with each a hammer in his hand, you could not hear a stroke in a minute. I thought it must be another *Rip-Rap Contract*.

I asked if the town or the state paid them? He answered, it was *Uncle Sam* paid them. O, ho, thinks I, this solves the whole mystery—these men will never finish this, till once another job as good comes to hand. Poor *Uncle Sam*, he has not not only to pay his stewards high wages for collecting his rents, but some of them shave off 25 or 50 per cent. for commissions; and others knowing that their reign will be short, as the next man who comes into power will kick them out of doors, make the most of their time, and so become defaulters for the whole. I really wonder how *Uncle Sam* gets along so well as he does.

At Providence, coaches were ready—we flew through the dust and sweat of the day, like Jehu. At the tavern of ——, the dinner was ready, but there was no contract for time to eat—after a Grace from Dr. C. (which I thought too long for the occasion,) we began to eat. Scarcely had I swallowed half of my first course, when in came the driver hallooing, all ready. I thought there was something like a stable-yard understanding between him and the landlord for, while we were brushing the dust from our clothes, mustering, and saying Grace, he was eating and drinking as fast as he could, and I do not observe that he paid any thing. Having a fine stern breeze, we flew along at the rate of ten knots an hour, admidst clouds of smoke and dust. All along I could see houses and doors and windows, and folks looking out of them; but I had no time to enquire either into their principles nor practice; so I wisely resolved; (as I thought,) to suspend all further enquiries till I got to Boston, setting down in my mind, that if I found the fountain pure, the streams would be pure, also.—We arrived at the Eagle tavern about sun down, the ladies hats and frocks which in the steamboat showed colours enough to have deck'd fifteen rainbows were now one, viz: ashes on ashes, and dust on dust. Next day being Saturday, as I could not prosecute my main enquiry, I went to Bunker's Hill.—By the monument I stood with feelings all my own,—the history of that battle brought to my mind the first of my newspaper recollections; but a tale hangs here, which I have no time to repeat nor a wish to tell to every one,—but the monument I wish it were finished. The young ladies of Boston can do it alone. Let them with one consent place a neat little box on every sideboard; when their young friend presents them with a box ticket receive it with thanks and add, now we are going to finish the monument, for one year from this date, we will snspend this pleasure. Let the price of the tickets be placed in that box, and our monument of *gratitude* will *rise*. The Boston Elm, a monument of antiquities—I stood under its shadows with great delight, and thought of former days. Were a neat stone fence 2 feet high, and an iron railing three feet more placed round this tree it would protect its bark from the knife of idle boys, and its roots from the foot of the ox—six wagon loads of good fresh mould laid on the surface, would help to invigorate its old age,—one dollar from each of the owners of them princely mansions around the Mall would accomplish this.—I rose about five on Sabbath morning resolving to examine the exterior and interior of the churches.—Whenever I could spy a steeple for a guide into most of them I found access, as the sextons were either dusting inside or sweeping outside. I thought this was hardly consistent with *purity*, for they might give the man a dollar a week more, and he would do this work on Saturday afternoon. I was struck with the grandeur of all of them, (they beat our New York churches hollow.) I was pleased they did not let the house of God lay in ruins while they themselves were living in palaces of wainscoat. But there was such a wonderful profusion of scarlet curtains and scarlet cushions behind the pews and before the pews, behind the pulpit and before the pulpit, I thought it had an *awful* squinting at the mother of harlots riding on the scarlet beast, whereof you may see a more particular account in the 17th chapter of the Revelations, from the first verse to the end. In another church where the back of the pulpit was near as broad as the east end of the City Hotel, in Broadway, was an anchor hung up, large enough for the Washington 74; and in place of tarred ropes, it was bound round the stock with fine scarlet cords; the wall was covered with scarlet cloth. I should think there was a hundred yards of it which hung in beautiful festoons over the flukes of the anchor. The sexton told me the cloth and anchor was made a present to the church by a *single* gentleman, (I afterwards thought he meant a *bachelor*) and that it cost a thousand dollars; I thought he had better have painted the back of the pulpit good sky blue colour, and given the balance to the poor missionaries, or even to one of the Female Auxiliary Temperance Societies, whereby these kind hearted creatures would have been enabled to feed and clothe a few score of these poor starving brats, whose fathers drink up all their money in rum, because the bread is so dear. But I dont mean to enter into the merits of this case. I only tell you that I thought this was a rational church, and I dare say the world thought he was acting on rational principles, and that is enough for me—especially as I fonnd the puritan churches decked out pretty much in the same manner,—nothing but the eternal red-scarlet every where, like the hats of the fat cardinals at Rome. At ten the bell rang as it does in New-York; the minister told the folk to *join with him* in singing to the praise and glory of God. Had you seen me at this moment with mouth open and eyes staring with surprise,—when, instead of joining with him in singing to the praise and glory of God, up starts a long string of young lads and lasses, who sung out most lustily to the praise and glory of *themselves*, and behind them was an organ, roaring as loud as the arms of the man and the wind of the bellows could make it, I thought if this be worship, a pair of Scotch bag pipes might do as well. I turned to see how the minister brooked the affront, as no one joined with him: when lo! there he stood, as mute as a mummy his psalm book shut, a hand on each side of the pulpit, supporting his noble frame, his face, instead of displaying anger, (as I expected) was almost mantling with a complacent smile as he looked under the broad brims of the lasses' hats, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the sweetness of their warbling throats: his ruddy cheek and glistening brow told me in accents louder than the organ's roar, that, however satisfied he might be to worship God by *proxy*, that he did not carry the principle into the ordinary walks of life,—at least in as far as eating and drinking was concerned. By the time they had sung a verse, I found it was a good old Scotch tune, by the name of *French* they were at,—and as I had joined with a thousand voices in the old Gray Friars' Kirk, in Edinburgh, forty years ago, in singing David's Psalms to this same tune, I up with my book, turned my back to the minister like the rest, and sung away as loud as I could, keeping time with the lads up stairs. The folk stared; one said he is a Yorker,—others that I was daft—some laughed; but thinks I, they may laugh that wins, I am doing my duty in joining with the lasses (if the minister won't) in singing praise, and at any rate, am leaving testimony against this anti-puritan mode of worship; so I sung on to the end of the hymn. Thinks I to myself, these folks' religion may be rational enough, for aught that I know; but they appear to me to have a queer way of showing it. I tho't how much better this thing is done in Scotland. Professor Silliman, in his journey through that country, takes notice of being in the Trone Kirk of Edinburgh, where generally a thousand people assemble for worship on Sabbath days.—He says they all joined, men, women and children, in singing the Scotch version of the Psalms—it made him feel as if standing on the outside of Heaven's walls, and hearing the sound as the sound of many waters, &c. and it thrilled his very soul. This is not the exact words, (as I have not his book by me,) but its the substance. In the afternoon I went to another church to see if I could find any thing more pure.—The minister, after inviting the people to join with him, &c. having read a hymn, and the organ played a solo, a woman dressed pretty enough; and her cheeks I thought rather more ruddy than nature commonly paints them in the month of ——, got up and sang most sweetly all alone by herself, praise and glory in the name of the whole congregation, as I could neither see man nor minister that joined her—nothing was heard but her sweet pipes and the tin pipes of the organ. After I got out, I asked a decent looking man who she was that sang for them? He said she belonged to the play-actor folk, and if he was right informed, had been singing at 12 o'clock the night before, in one of the theatres, to the *praise* and *glory* of the *Devil*. The Puritan Church paid her £300 and the Devil's Church $600 per annum—so between the *two*, she cuts a bright figure. I said to myself, if one of them stern old Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock that cold stormy day, with their noses as red as a northwest Moon, were to enter now, how these pigmy degenerates would sneak into their mice-holes.—To return, (but I must first observe that all the ministers I heard in this eastern country are readers, not preachers of the Gospel.)—After the woman had finished her song, the minister made a very decent prayer—in it he sought the Lord to lay plentifully to his *hands* of the *food* of *souls*, &c. Now, thinks I, we will have a preaching. Well, his prayer finished, without a blush on his face, he pulls from his pocket a roll of black leather, in form of a tobacco pouch—from this, he unrolls about a sheet of paper, and, without ever opening the Bible, reads a text from the head of the sheet, and so reads on till he comes to Amen, at the end of the sheet. I wondered at the indecency, (to call it no worse,) of the man. Did he think he was addressing a stock or a stone, that did not hear him? Did he suppose his Maker did not know, that all the food he was about to deal out to the hungry souls before him, was in his pocket? I have heard this same mode of prayer used by reading ministers in New York. I hope hereafter, they will pray for the blessing of light, and eye-sight, and the use of their tongue; for, by this system of reading, I had almost said, they put it out of the power of God Almighty to help them. I have been to Guilford and Stonington, to Bambury and Danbury, every where they read their sermons and sing praise by proxy. It was harvest, and very warm. Saturday was fine for getting in the grain. It was at full moon: Many of the Farmers kept their men servants and maid servants, their oxen and their jack-asses at work till one o'clock on Sunday morning. At half past 10, they got all to church. The minister began to read off his task, but scarcely had he got to *thirdly*, when I looked round and fonnd they were all asleep, except a few old women, and about two dozen of Sunday scholars in the gallery, who were cutting sticks to make wind mills—observed the teachers, male and female, were asleep, and the minister was reading the dead languages. To keep myself awake, my thoughts run ahead in the following strain: before this, I never could comprehend what was the employment of them chaps in Yale College, who are called Professors of the Dead Language. I now felt satisfied that it must be them who learn the young Yankees to read sermons; but what a pity the old farmers their fathers, should squeeze and starve all the rest of the family to raise forty dollars per month, to pay board and fees amd fire and candles and pens and paper, to learn a boy to read sermons in New Haven. Only send them to New York, —— and Picket, will learn them for *ten shillings* per month to read nearer to the points than many whom I heard; and Carvill, corner of Pine street and Broadway, for one hundred, will give them as many sermons as they can read in fifty years: this too would save a great deal of paper, for a sermon reads just as well when printed as wrote. We have heard much of the march of intellect since the days of the pilgrims, but with regard to pulpit life, cratory and eloquence, it has been in an awful *retrograde* line.—Cotton Mather and his cotemporary champions of truth, would preach hours on a stretch without a paper within a mile of them, except their bible. The Edwards and Witherspoons, the Rogers and Linns, the Livingstons and Masons of our day, made the souls of their hearers, as well as the walls of their churches tremble, with their extempore pulpit eloquence.

Now we have boys fresh from the College; their beards as soft as a mushroom top; green spectacles to hide their conscious shame, reading from a dead paper to a company of dead souls, and with a manner too, as dead as the devil (who always attends church,) could wish it. Why, if these men were to go into Congress, the Bench, or even the Theatre so, they would be kicked from the hall, or hissed from the stage. Is it not a shame, to say the least of it, that a man in congress or in a court of justice, will speak hours to the purpose, and often in support of a doubtful point, without paper; and yet a minister of the gospel, who has the range of three worlds, heaven, earth, and hell, with all the sublime doctrines of the Bible at his finger ends, can't speak 40 minutes without a quire of paper held up as an extinguisher of truth between their eyes and the eyes of their hearers. If you want to convince men in argument, they must see the fire of truth flash from your eyes. When paul stood before Felix, and reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a future judgement, his eyes kindled with the mighty theme, darting conviction through the eyes of the tyrant into the dark corners of his guilty, black iron bound soul case, which made him tremble on his throne.—Yes, on his throne.—Truth when well spoken, (not read) will make any tyrant tremble,—there is no excuse for this *banisher* of pulpit eloquence,—laziness is the cause—40 years ago you would rarely see a paper in any pulpit in New York. The abilities of our young men are as good now as they were then,—memory, like all faculties of the mind, will improve by using—ministers only of all public speakers take neither pride nor pains to excel. Were I a minister, I would throw my paper in the fire and say I will be second to none, were it only for the *honor* of the *profession;* the ministers in the devels church, deal out their fictions and lies in such a solemn strain of eloquent pathos that they can chain the attention of their audience and hathe them in tears for hours; but many of the ministers of the most high deal out their solemn realities as if they were mere fictions, and they can barely keep the people from going to sleep. One Sabbath evening, about seventeen years ago, I went into the brick meeting to hear Dr. ——, from Connecticut, preach. There he stood with all the insignia of office, white bands, silk cloak, and tassels enough to bedeck a modern hearse, a tall fine looking man: I thought he was Boanarges personified. Out came his paper, he read along pretty well for about fifteen minutes. The thunder began to roll over Snake Hill in the Jerseys, the Heavens were clothed in darkness, his spectacles failed, and he was obliged to sit down, till the Sexton procured lighted candles. I thought this spoke more than volumes against the pernicious practice of reading. However, next day I learned he had been a professor of theology for seven years previous, and being a man of a very charitable turn of mind, I thought it was probable he might have given away whatever little stock of divinity he once possessed, for the benefit of those young students whose heads he had been polishing, and thereby left nothing to himself.

Such were my reflections returning home in the Washington, Capt. Comstock. But I have said nothing of the town. The men were kind, sociable and sober. I heard say that their temperance societies existed long before the revolution. The merchants are not quite so bustling as in New York, but I think they do it more cannily: you meet very few by two o'clock who have five hundred dollars short painted on their countenance: their markets are fine, neat & clean, all snut up as tight as a store at night;—no drunken, dirty rascal sleeps there at night as in our markets on the stalls, till aroused in the morning by the butcher throwing down his quarter of beef. Their provision shops are well supplied, and are a great convenience to the inhabitants, a blessing we are deprived of in New York by law. The ladies are handsome, good cooks and good natured; its all we want of them.

Your's, A TRAVELLER.

NATIONAL COURTESIES.

From the National Intelligencer.

It gives us pleasure to be instrumental in making public the following correspondence, in relation to one of those incidents which do honour to the Navy of the United States, and serve by their influence to brighten the chain of intercourse between this and foreign countries.

Letter from the Secretary of State to the Secretary of the Navy.

Department of State,
Washington, 7th June, 1830.

John Branch Secretary of the Navy.

Sir—I have the honour herewith to transmit to you the copy of an official note which I have just received from the Right Hon. Chas. Richard Vaughan, his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, conveying the acknowledgments of his government and of the grateful sense entertained by the commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war Pelorus, for the opportune assistance rendered by a part of the Naval Force of the United States under the immediate command of Captain Wadsworth, to that vessel, while she lay on the rocks near the entrance of Port Mahon, in the Island of Minorca; and to state that it is the President's wish that you should make a suitable communication to Captain Wadsworth of the high gratification which he derives from the conduct of that officer upon the occasion referred to.

I can well appreciate the pleasure which you will experience in making this communication, by that which I feel in furnishing you with the enclosed flattering testimonial of the acceptable and humane service rendered by an officer of the United States to the officers and men of a vessel belonging to a foreign State, in peril of being lost. I am with great respect, your obedient servant.

M. VAN BUREN.

Letter from the Minister of Great Britain to the Secretary of State.

MR. VAUGHAN TO MR. VAN BUREN.

The undersigned, his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, has the honor to inform the Secretary of State of the United States, that the Commander of His Britannic Majesty's Sloop Pelorus, having made known to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty his grateful sense of the assistance which was rendered to him by the United States, while his vessel lay on the rocks near the entrance of Port Mahon, in the Island of Minorca, the undersigned has received instructions from his Majesty's Government, to convey to the Government of the United States the acknowledgments of the former, for the part which the squadron under Captain Wadsworth took on the occasion in question, in assisting to rescue the English sloop from her perilous situation.

The undersigned has great satisfaction in communicating to the Government of the United States, the grateful sense entertained of the services of Captain Wadsworth, and he has the honour to renew to the Secretary of State the assurances of his highest consideration. CHARLES R. VAUGHAN.

Washington, Sune 2d, 1830.

Letter from the Secretary of the Navy to Captain Wadsworth of the Navy.

Navy Department, 12th June, 1830.

Sir: A letter has been transmitted to the Executive of the United States, from the Minister Plenipotentiary of His Britannic Majesty at Washington City, presenting the thanks of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of England, for the assistance rendered by the "Squadron under the command of Capt. Wadsworth, to his Majesty's Sloop of War Pelorus, while that vessel lay on the rocks near the entrance of the Port of Mahon, in the island of Minorca."

The President desires me to express the high gratification he has derived, from hearing of this benevolent interposition of the force under your command, in the rescue of the vessels of War of a friendly power, subjected to such imminent peril of destruction.

Permit me also to assure you of the great pleasure I have received from the information afforded by this communication. Actions of this kind in peace, confer on the Naval character of a nation, a distinction not less honorable and praiseworthy, than the most gallant bearing and successful achievements in War.

Let me add, that less was not expected from the humane exertions of Capt. Wadsworth, and those acting under his command, should circumstances arise, giving occasion for their display. I remain with great consideration and respect, &c. &c.

JOHN BRANCH.

Capt. A. Wadsworth, Commanding the Constellation Frigate.

SUMMARY.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

FROM ENGLAND.—In a postscript on Saturday we published a few items of intelligence brought by the Mary Howland; which left Liverpool on the 20th ult. They comprehended almost every thing of general interest. The morning papers contain further extracts from Gore's Liverpool Advertiser of the 20th, and the London Courier of the 19th.

It is now thought that the King may for the present be considered out of danger.—The Morning Chronicle remarks that more faith is due to the Bulletins, when they speak of a positive amendment, than when they mention that the King's health is the same; the inference being in the latter case that the worst is withheld from delicacy.

In the House of Lords on the 13th of May, Earl Stanhope presented a petition from the London ship-owners, similar to that on which the debate arose in the Commons last week. His Lordship entered into an argument to demonstrate that the petitioners were correct in ascribing their distress to the free trade system; but said he should then enter into no details on the subject, as he intended to move for papers which would put their Lordships in possession of all the information that could be desired.

The Duke of Wellington, after referring to papers, said it was most extraordinary, if the British shipping trade had been declining since the year 1814, more ships should be employed now than before, and its competition with the foreign trader rendered more manifest. The same increase ran through the whole of the details, and showed him that it was impossible a losing trade should have thus continued to exist.—But it might be said, that when a capitalist had ships already built, they must keep them in use or lose the whole of their capital.—Would they, however, go on building them? and that they did, he was in a condition to show. In 1814 the number of British ships built were 733; in 1815, 949; in 1816, 856; and so varying until their average for the three years preceding the reciprocities treaties was 591, and three years afterwards it rose to 834. With reference to these reciprocity treaties, he was quite free to admit that they were adopted with a view to decrease the price of freight in this country, so as to enable the British merchant to take his goods abroad, and bring back his returns on cheaper terms than before, and thereby to enable him to compete with the new state of things which it was foreseen must have arisen in the new condition of the external relations of British commerce. It was well known that freights would be rendered cheaper, but then the trade since 1814 had nearly doubled, the voyages were made quicker, and of course, though the sums paid were smaller, the advantages of more rapid commercial intercourse more than made up the difference.

Earl Stanhope, in reply, contended that it was the imports, and not the exports, which exhibited the true state of the British shipping interest. It had been in a ruinous state ever since the reciprocity treaties were enacted.

Lord Ellenborough stated, with regard to the American trade, that within the four years which have expired since the reciprocity act had passed, the American tonnage entered into our ports had decreased 48,000 tons. The entire British tonnage had increased two per cent. within the last two years over what it amounted to in the three preceding years.

After a few words from the Marquis of Londonderry and the Duke of Buckingham, the petition was laid on the table; and Earl Stanhope moved for several returns relative to the shipping trade, which was ordered.

The visitors to the Thames Tunnel were very numerous, amounting to about 1000 a week. The work was completed to the length of 600 feet, being full half the distance. Every confidence is expressed in the stability of the work.

William Wakefield, who was concerned in the abduction of Miss Turner has been liberated from Lancaster Castle, the term of his imprisonment for the misdemeanor of which he was convicted having expired.

The Manchester Courier states that the late Sir Robert Peel allowed his eldest son £12,000 per annum, his second son £6000 his other sons £3000 each, and his daughters £1500 each, and that his immense property is to be divided in these proportions.

The Siamese Youths were making the tour of England, and were expected at Liverpool about the 10th of June.

Mr. Galt, author of the Ayrshire Legatees, &c. has been appointed editor of the London Courier.

Gore's Advertiser of the 20th recommends the emigrants to the United States to provide themselves with gold, and not to burden themselves with luggage, wearing apparel only excepted.—[Good advice.

The Liverpool Courier of the 19th "observes, the Rev. G. M. West, A. M. after closing his important mission, which we are happy to state he has done in the most honorable manner, and to the entire satisfaction of his noble trustees and numerous friends in this country, took a very affectionate and affecting leave of the congregation of St. Mark's Church, in this town, on Sunday morning, and sailed from this port yesterday morning, in the ship Pacific, for New York, whence he intends to proceed, immediately on his arrival, to Kenyon College, in the State of Ohio."

Liverpool, May 17.

The number of vessels which arrived on Saturday and yesterday (15th and 16th) is very great. The import of cotton, on these two days alone, cannot be much short of 20,000 bags. The import of American flour is heavy; and the import of wheat from the Baltic is large. Yesterday a cargo of wheat arrived from Spain, whence considerable supplies are expected.

TOBACCO TRADE.—The projected plan of allowing this vegetable to be cultivated in the United Kingdom, under a duty, does not appear palatable to either merchant or manufacturer, as they assert their interests as well as that of the revenue would materially suffer.—In Ireland, by an inequality of the law, the article has been planted for several years, and progressively increasing until it has reached an enormous quantity, and this going into consumption without the payment of any duty,—a large proportion of the price obtained by the grower is so much abstracted from the revenue—and to the prejudice of the fair trader. It seems that Mr. Goulburn is delaying the production of his bill, no doubt to afford the interested parties an opportunity of tendering their objections; and this town, we understand, is about availing itself of it, by sending a deputation to London on the question.

Liverp. Adv. May 13.

TURN OUT AT ROCHDALE.—A general turn-out of the Rochdale flannel weavers has taken place. Since the late reduction, the workmen have made various efforts to restore the former prices; but, having failed, they now act in concert for the attainment of that object. From six to seven thousand persons thus voluntarily absent themselves from their wonted employment.—*Liverpool Albion, May 17.*

LONDON, May 14.

The Morning Journal announced its last publication yesterday. In alluding to that event, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say, that the fate of that paper is connected with transactions which it would be well for the character of our "liberal" Administration if they could be forever buried in oblivion. But their memory will live—and live, we trust, to warn statesmen to beware how they alllow themselves to act more upon their passions than their reason, and abandon the moral and public opinion for the odious agency of persecution. [This is the paper, it will be recollected, against which a series of prosecutions was instituted by the government, for alleged libels upon Ministers, &c.]

ACCIDENT TO MADAME BONAPARTE.

A private letter from Rome, dated the 24th ult. states that Madame Letitia, mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the 22d inst. while walking in the garden of the Villa Borghese, made a false step, and though leaning on the arm of the Chevalier Cozorra, fell with such violence that she broke one of her thighs, and as her great age, 83 years, prevents the possibility of applying the strong remedies necessary in such accidents, her life is considered to be in imminent danger. She is surrounded by all the members of her family now at rome; her brother, Cardinal Fesch, Jerome and Louis Bonaparte, and Madome Lucien, Princess of Canino. Despatches with the melancholy news have been sent off to Madame Murat, Countess of Lepanto, the Ex. Queen Hortensia, and the Duke of Reichstadt.—Madame Letitia, after giving legacies of 500,000 francs each to her children, and to Cardinal Fesch, with numerous pensions and tokens of remembrance to her attendants and friends, and considerable donations to the poor, both at Rome and in Corsica, has constituted the Duke de Reichstadt the residuary legatee of her immense wealth.

ALGIERS.

The Liverpool Courier of the 19th contains the following article in relation to the French expedition.

The most interesting news to Frenchmen at present, appears to be the expedition to Algiers, on the *political* bearing of which we are quite as much interested as they.—That such an expedition should be undertaken to destroy a few forts and plunder a few towns, and then retire, leaving the Algerines, who can withdraw into the interior, to raturn and rebuild them, seems a very incredible thing; and yet we perceive that it is taken for granted by the most intelligent of the London papers, and by persons who move in high political circles, that if it were intended by France to colonize Africa, our Government must necessarily interfere We think so too; but it does not follow that it should interfere to prevent the French expedition. Indeed, we can scarcely think that Ministers can believe that France has no other design in her armament than to chastise the piratical states; for the equivocal manner in which the Moniteur has denied the speech attributed to M. Bourmont is very far from affording any security on this point. It, therefore, is not at all improbable our Government does not know the designs of the French Ministry; but it is in some way or other, a party to them, the country will become more and more anxious to know what those new projects are which are forming respecting the Barbary States. If France succeed in conquering and colonizing one of them, she will not be long before she gains possession of the whole, or establishes a paramount influence over them. This will be an extension of her commercial and maratime power at which we must look very seriously; for as certainly as she effects that object, she will have the rising state of Egypt also under her control, and her influence there, which already so powerfully rivals that of England, must be rendered preponderating over ours.—If the conquest of Algiers, therefore, has been determined upon by France, with the knowledge of the English Cabinet, it must have its concurrence; and if its concurrence we can scarcely suppose it possible that we have no design to conquer an colonize in the same quarter—say Tunis and Tripoli, as a set off against the aggrandizement of France, and especially as necessary to prevent Egypt from falling under the absolute influence of French policy. And yet we hear no rumor of this; and not a ship moves, nor have we the least rumor of an armament. Either, then, we must conclude that Ministers are content to be assured by France, that she does not intend more by her immense armament than to fire her guns, knock down Algiers, and return; or that there is some other scheme on foot, which will neither affect the balance of power nor control Egypt, although it may be something much more serious and permanent in its results than the punishment inflicted upon the piratical states by a flying expedition. A letter from Naples, in a German paper developes such a scheme. It is there affirmed, that the coöperation of the Pacha of Egypt with the French expedition had been officially announced to the Court of Naples. By the compact agreed upon, France was to conquer Algiers, and the Pacha of Egypt to reduce Tripoli and Tunis; that the present dynasties were to be wholly subverted, new governments established, to be nominally subject to the Porte; but in reality to be the sattellites of France and Egypt.

The Herald.

KINGSTON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1830

Since our last, London dates to the 20th of May have been received. The most important and pleasing article of intelligence is the assurance that His Majesty's health has improved. The Bulletins of the 17th and 18th of May are as follow:

WINDSOR CASTLE, MAY 17.

"The King passed a good night. His Majesty's symptoms are alleviated." HENRY HALFORD. M. J. TIERNEY.

WINDSOR CASTLE, MAY 18.

"The King has passed a tranquil night. His Majesty's symptoms are all alleviated."

HENRY HALFORD. M. J. TIERNEY.

BOLIVAR.—This celebrated Liberator has given a proof of his patriotism, by bidding adieu to his native land forever, in order to insure its tranquillity. There are various opinions abroad respecting the character and conduct of Bolivar. Some accuse him of ambition, and a desire to convert the Republic of *Colombia* into a Monarchy, while others declare that he "has been the victim of jealousy and envy, and of the machinations of designing men." History will no doubt do him justice; but in the mean time, in addition to the favourable testimonials of character contained in the the address of Congress, we must allow the Chieftain to speak for himself. Writing to a friend in Carthagena he says:

"I have sacrificed my fortune and health to secure to my country liberty and happiness. I have done all that I could, and have failed in making her contented and happy. I now resign every thing to the wisdom of Congress, relying that it will effect what an individual has failed to accomplish. That civil war, which has stained the history of the South American States, may never be witnessed in Colombia, is my most fervent prayer to Heaven. If to stay this, it is found indispensably necessary by the Congress, and desired by the people, to introduce a monarchy, I will not rebel against their wishes: but, remember, the crown never goes on *Bolivar's head*. I desire repose, and be sure, no act of my life shall ever sully my history, that affords me so much pleasure to review. Posterity will do me justice, and an assurance of this is all I possess to make me happy. My best intentions have been construed to the worst of motives, and in the United States, where I expected justice, I have been abused. What have I done to merit this? Born to a fortune and every comfort, I now possess nothing but a ruined constitution. Could my enemies have desired more? and that I am thus destitue is that I have thus willed. The resources of Colombia and her victorious armies have been at my individual disposal, and the consciousness of not done her no wrong, affords me the greatest

LAWRIE TODD.—It will be seen that this amusing work is now ready for delivery, and under 2s. 6d. ro, *Lawrie Todd*, alias Mr. Thorburn of Boston, and 10d. has lately visited Boston. Notwithstanding the severity of his remarks respecting certain practices which prevail among the *Puritans* of New-England, the account of Lawrie's peregrinations will be read with interest.

ORANGE PROCESSION.—We are glad to learn that the Orangemen of Kingston have resolved to comply with the wishes of the Magistrates, and of the community at large, by abstaining from walking in pro-

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