

The Native American.

VOL. II.

WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1838.

NO. 15.

Printed by J. C. DUNN for the N. A. Association.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, \$1 50 in advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publisher, JAMES C. DUNN.

All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Native American. Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

From Niles' Register.

BLANNERHASSETT.

The following article, which we copy from the Louisville Register, was written by a gentleman says that paper, of high respectability, who had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts related in his communication:

"Who was Blannerhasset? and what has become of him? Having lately seen in the New York and Philadelphia papers, several fictitious notices of this celebrated personage, is the apology which the writer of this article offers for giving what he believes to be the true history of this man's career, and final exit from the troubles of this world—which will be much easier to do, than to write a highly colored picture of things which never existed except in the fancy of some novel writer. The authority for the facts herein disclosed by the writer, is believed to be authentic, and of the highest character. In the first place, who was Blannerhasset? In answer to this question our information is, that it was an assumed name by an individual whose true name was Lewis Carr, who was born in Ireland, as has always been stated. His family were highly respectable, and an elder brother filled the station of secretary to the Governor of Calcutta, in the East Indies, to which place young Lewis went as an ensign in the engineer department, where he remained about two years, in which time he was engaged in several scraps and intrigues which finally compelled him to resign his commission and seek a place of refuge in the city of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, where he read law and commenced the practice, and also engaged in merchandizing, by which means, and a secret connection with the buccaners and pirates who hovered round the West India islands and on the coast of Mexico, he amassed a splendid fortune, which he spent with equal profusion. While employed in this business, he frequently visited Mexico, and became acquainted with many of the leading men who were preparing the way for a revolution, which Carr foresaw must break out in a short time; and being a bold unprincipled intriguer, he was perpetually engaged in difficulties, of one kind or another, until shortly before he came to the United States an intrigue with the wife of one of the wealthy citizens of Kingston made that place too hot for him, and he sold out his property and came to the United States, and landed at New Orleans, and from thence went to Louisville, Kentucky, where, or in that section, he purchased some property, and finally located himself on the celebrated island in the Ohio river, near Marietta. This move took place about the year 1803 or 4. When he reached New Orleans he assumed the name of Blannerhasset. The beautiful and accomplished lady who accompanied and lived with him, was not his wife! She was —, and had many fascinating accomplishments, which made her more worthy of Blannerhasset than he was of her. Col. Burr first saw Blannerhasset early in the year 1805, and instead of Burr's seducing him, there can be no doubt that Col. Burr received from him such an account of Mexico, its wealth, and disposition for revolution, as seduced him into the project of invading it, and the question as to who should be the great man, was reserved by Lewis Carr. (Blannerhasset), until future events should develop themselves; as Carr always declared to his friends that he intended Col. Burr as the military chief which was to advance him to the supreme command in Mexico.

The movements of Col. Burr and Blannerhasset in the United States, during the years 1805 and 6, are already known, and of course need not be detailed in this statement.

After their projected invasion of Mexico had failed, and Blannerhasset had broken up at his island, he returned to New Orleans, where he left the lady who had been his companion, and he embarked for the island of N. Providence, one of the Bahamas, in the West Indies, and settled at Nassau, its capital, and recommenced the practice of law. In a short time he obtained a lucrative practice, and married a lady of one of the most respectable families in that place, and was soon after disturbed by a visit from his Blannerhasset island companion, who gave him much trouble before he could get her to retire in peace; which she did, and soon after returned to the United States, and is now believed to be a resident of one of the southern States. When settled in Nassau, he resumed his true name of Lewis Carr, and soon acquired a handsome living; but his restless spirit and intriguing disposition kept him constantly involved in difficulties, and his treatment of his wife was cruel in the extreme; yet by taking sides with the government, he was elected to the assembly of the Bahamas, and was chosen its speaker about 1829. This was his last elevation to notice; his treatment to his wife and his continual debaucheries and seditions, as no money which he could command ever stopped his progress; during the years 1831 and 2, he became so embarrassed that he was obliged to leave the island, and once more returned to Kingston in Jamaica, from which place in 1833 he once more came to the United States, and landed at Philadelphia under his true name Lewis Carr; it is believed that he for the last time, visited Col. Burr, and soon after was taken sick and died in obscurity in the city of Philadelphia. At least this is the belief of his wife and his friends at Nassau.

Thus ended the life of this bold and restless spirit, which, from his entrance on public life until his death, was one continued scene of adventures. The years he lived at Nassau were filled up with intrigues of a personal character, but from the time he left the United States in 1807 until 1833, he never resided in any other place than the island of Providence.

Our informant was the vice consul of the United States, who lives on one of the Saltkey, Bahama islands; who read law with Blannerhasset, and was afterwards his partner for near 20 years, where he passed under his true name of Lewis Carr, and often told him this history of his life and connection with Col. Burr.—so that the writer of this article, who was in Kingston (Jamaica) and at Saltkey island last summer nearly a week, has no doubt of the truth of the foregoing narrative. The facts and circumstances of his connection with Col. Burr were fully detailed, so that there was no room to doubt that Mr. Blannerhasset was really and truly Lewis Carr. He is not now in France neither did he ever live in Montreal.

From the N. Y. National Banner.

The following story appeared in a paper printed in this city in the year 1776, and is stated to be a fact:

KEEP THE LOAF UNDER YOUR OWN ARM.

At this time there is living at Harlem an old man, who relates the following remarkable story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm, with slaves and every thing necessary for a farmer, at Harlem, and had but one child, a son, who, marrying, it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with him, as he was a widower. Things went exceedingly well for some time, when the son proposed to the father that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house, and otherwise improve the farm. The father, through persuasion, gave him a deed of gift of it, and every thing belonging thereto.

After a few years, as the father grew old, he became a little fretful and dissatisfied, while the son, thinking he had nothing more to expect from him, forgot his filial duty, and used him as bad as one of his servants. The old man was no longer permitted to eat at the same table with him and his wife, but was obliged to eat his meals in the chimney-corner, and was continually otherwise ill used by them. The old man ate his victuals daily from a wooden bowl his son had made him; his grandson, seeing his father make this bowl, set about making just such another, and being asked by his father what he made it for, answered—"For you to eat out of, when you grow as old as grandfather." Although this ought to have turned his heart, and made him reflect that as he dealt by his father, he might expect to be dealt with by his children when he grew old, it had no effect upon him; and the ill usage to the old man was carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a relation and neighbor of his, declaring that if his friend could not help him to get his estate back, he should be obliged to come and live with him. His friend answered him that he might come and live with him, and if he would follow his directions, he would help him to his estate again. "Go," said he, "take this bag of dollars, carry it to your room at your son's, lock it up well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you down to dinner, shut your door, and have all your dollars spread on a table in the middle of the room. When they call you, make a noise with them by sweeping them off the table into the bag again."

The old man did as he was desired; his daughter-in-law came up to call him to dinner, and finding the door shut, she had the curiosity to peep through the key-hole, saw the bag of dollars, and the old man sweeping them off the table. Surprised at it, she called her husband; but he would not believe it. The next day the old man again counted his dollars, and packed up something in paper, like paper money. His son went up to call him down, was surprised at what he saw, and convinced with what his wife had told him. They took no notice of it to the old man, but when he came down, insisted on his sitting at the table with them, and behaved unusually civil toward him. The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions how to act if his son asked him for the money. After a few days, the old man having been very busy in counting the money again, his son asked him what money it was he had been counting. "Only some money I received for the discharge of one of the bonds I had standing out. I expect more in a few days, and fear I shall be obliged to take Mr. N—'s farm, upon which I have a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money; and if the farm is sold, it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage."

A few days after this, the son told the father that he intended to build a house on the farm, and would be glad if his father would let him have the money which he saw him counting.

"Yes, child," said the father, "all that I have will come to you; I intend giving you the bonds and mortgage I have; but I think it will be best to have it put altogether in a new deed of gift. I will get neighbor L— to call here and draw a new one."

Accordingly, his friend and cousin, who had advised the measure, came to the house, and the son gave the father the deed that another might be drawn after it. When the old man had got the instrument into his hand, in the presence of his friend he broke off the seal, and committed the writing to the fire, saying—

"Burn, cursed instrument of my folly and misery! And you, children, as this estate is all my own again, must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have now learned that it is best for a parent to hold the loaf under his arm; and that one father can better maintain ten children, than ten children can a father."

Most astonishing and abundant production.—We learn the astonishing fact through the Arkansas Gazette, that R. M. Campbell, of Chicot county, Arkansas, raised one hundred and six bushels of corn to the acre, and but for a severe storm which came about the time the corn was earing, Mr. C. feels confident that he would have made one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre. He procured his seed from Baden of Baltimore, which yields an average of five full ears to the stalk, and many stalks produced ten full grown ears.

The astonishing difference between this ear and the ordinary corn of our country, is so great that it surely would be the interest of every one to procure the Baden seed.—*Memphis Gazette.*

From the Philadelphia Commercial Herald.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The world is familiar with this great name and richly is she awarding the meed of her homage to his high attainments and elevated character. But though every body is familiar with our distinguished countryman, few indeed, comparatively speaking, are probably acquainted with the origin and powers of the first prose writer of the age. In the last number of the American Museum is an interesting memoir, which we avail ourselves of in preparing the brief outline that follows.

Washington Irving's father was a Scottish merchant of our sister city, New York. Washington was born in that city, in 1782. He was the youngest son, and his worthy parent having died while he was in tender years, his fond mother and excellent brothers bestowed upon him the kindest attention. His brothers were men of cultivated minds, and early encouraged the love of composition in their youngest brother. Dr. P. Irving was the editor of a paper called "The Morning Chronicle," and at the age of seventeen, Washington brought forth essays in his columns, entitled the "Letters of Jonathan Old Style," which displayed, "in opening beauty, some of the peculiarities of the matured author in his subsequent works."

He was at length entered at Columbia College, and his collegiate course was distinguished by close application; though abroad he was regarded as one of the most sportive students of his Alma Mater.

Subsequently he commenced the study of the law, which proving ungenial to his feelings and prejudicial to his health, he embarked for Europe in 1805, "to gratify his anxious desire to visit foreign countries, and landed on the coast of Sicily, near the city of Agrigento." He passed two years in examining whatever might attract the notice of the scholar and antiquarian, and returned home to resume and complete his legal studies, but his diffidence caused his abandonment of a profession ungenial to all the feelings of his nature. During this period it was that he joined Paulding, Verplanck and others, in producing the "Salmagundi," a satire of the times, which all readers of racy wit are undoubtedly familiar with. Three years afterward, ingenious advertisements stimulated the public mind to look with anxiety for a veritable history of Gotham, developing the peculiarities of the men, manners and habits of the ancient settlers. Many commenced the reading of "Dairich" under that belief, which the solemnity of the introduction was well calculated to encourage. It was the best exhibition of the varied satirical powers of the author, "from the grave ironical to the piquant caustic—the delicate witty, and the broad ludicrous," suggested, it is believed, by the pompous announcement of an astute member of the Historical Society, that he was compiling a history of New York.

About this period he was admitted into the commercial house of his brother, and when the war of Great Britain interrupted the operations of the house, he was received into the army as a member of the Governor's staff; but after the war, resuming his mercantile connection, he went to reside at Birmingham as the foreign correspondent of the house. The commercial embarrassments which followed the war, caused a prostration of the house, and he was once more thrown upon his mental efforts.

The "Sketch Book" was the result of the study which he made during his residence abroad, of the scenery, places, men, manners, literature, history—in a word, a most graphic work of a master-spirit, recording whatever would strike an observant eye and a most enthusiastic and lucid mind. It won the most unbounded admiration in both England and America, and we may say made the fortune of our great countryman abroad, for from that time his writings were sought with a greater avidity there than they ever were in "his own, his native land."

"The Tales of a Traveller" and "Bracebridge Hall," followed during the next four years; but the next work was entirely different, the basis of which was suggested by Alexander Everett, who was in 1825, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid. It was his great work, "The History of Columbus," an original history of the life and voyage of the great mariner. "The Conquest of Grenada" followed in 1828, the materials for which were obtained when he made his investigations for the life of Columbus. In 1831—2, "The Adventures of the Companions of Columbus," and "The Alhambra," succeeded as rich in historical interest. "The Tour of the Prairies," after a personal excursion of the author through the wilds of the West, came forth in 1835, and the same year were produced "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," and "A Legend of the Conquest of Spain."

In 1836, "Astoria" was published, "being a description of the settlement of that name," commenced by Mr. Astor, "at the mouth of the Columbia river, and the surrounding transmontane regions in all their freshness and wildness of beauty."

"The Rocky Mountains," last year given to the world, completes the list of our author's works—a book, which, like "Astoria" and "The Tour on the Prairies," gives the most vivid sketches of the legends and the peculiarities of the untutored men of the forest, and of the "grand features of nature in that picturesque region."

It is unnecessary to say in conclusion, to this very hasty synopsis, that Washington Irving, both at home and abroad, is justly regarded as the most popular prose writer of America, and we think we may not be thought singular in our opinion, if we say he will be ultimately looked upon as the most clear, sententious, and pleasing writer—take him all in all—that the world has ever had.

Shocking Occurrence.—On Friday, a small child, the son of a Mr. Blacker, in Coates street, was upset by a large hog, and carried off by it for nearly three squares before the fact was discovered. When caught, the filthy animal had devoured one of the arms and part of one leg of the infant, and horribly mutilated its body. It was taken home to its distressed parents, and a physician sent for, who found it necessary to amputate both the arm and leg, and after doing all that lay in his power to secure its recovery, retired. It is supposed the child will eventually get well of its wounds—but, unfortunately, it must live deprived of half the limbs nature originally bestowed upon it. A sad proof of the necessity of putting in force the hog as well as the dog law.—*Times.*

DREADFUL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

From the New Orleans Bulletin, Nov. 20.

The painful intelligence of the blowing up of the boilers on board the steamer General Brown, is confirmed by accounts received yesterday morning. The explosion occurred on the 25th ult., at Helena, where the Brown was lying for freight or passengers, and is attributed to the neglect of the engineer in not letting off the steam in sufficient quantities. The effects of the accident were frightful and awfully destructive. The force of the explosion was so great as to throw two of the boilers out of the boat upon the bank. The other boilers were torn to fragments and scattered in every direction; and the entire boiler deck, extending all as far as the door of the main cabin, was carried away, and tossed into the river and upon the shore. The number of killed and missing, and the names of the sufferers, are stated in the list subjoined. Here we have another example of the effects of steamboat racing—a pernicious and atrocious practice, which continues to make havoc of human life on our waters, in spite of the restraints and penalties imposed by the law and the denunciations of the public press. As the affair will become a subject of legal investigation, we refrain from further comment.

Captain S. Clark, dead; B. Bonsteel, first mate, dead; Wilson, of New Albany, first engineer, dead; Elijah Ensigns, of New Albany, second engineer, life despaired of; Eli Johns, of Maysville, Ky., third engineer, life despaired of; Hamilton McCrae, from Louisville, Ky., pilot, leg and arm broke; Benjamin Handy, (black), of Louisville, Ky., second cook, severely scalded; David Applegate, do. of Louisville, Ky., fireman, badly scalded; Jeremiah McCasell, do. of Louisville, Ky., fireman, badly scalded; George Myers, from Pittsburgh, first cook, severely scalded; Henry McFalely, do. from New Albany, fireman, severely scalded.

Passengers.—D. L. Davis, from Louisville for Natchez, dead; Elisha Libbey, from Louisville for Port Hudson, dead; W. A. Miller, from Louisville for Natchez, dead; Dr. Brice, from Louisville for Vicksburg, dead; Blanchard, from Louisville, dead; Edward Hubbard, from Louisville for New Orleans, dead; Robert Johnson, from Louisville for New Orleans, dead; James Ball, from Louisville for New Orleans, since dead; J. K. Long, from Louisville for New Orleans, legs and arm broke; J. N. Utter, from Louisville, dead; R. Garthwaite, from Louisville for Columbia, missing; Thomas Tewe, missing; Barney Gaffney, from Madison, missing; John Conley, of Phillips county, Arkansas, dead; Silas Drury, of Helena, dead; John S. Warner, from Westchester, Pa., for N. Orleans, very badly scalded; Mr. George, of Vicksburg, slightly injured. Two bodies were found which could not be recognised.

The following ladies were on board, who, we are pleased to learn, received no injury, viz. Mesdames M. and E. Wilson, of Montgomery; also, Mr. King and family, and the family of Mr. George.

Extraordinary Escape.—The following is extracted from a private journal kept on board the Vincennes, one of the vessels attached to the Exploring Expedition, and published in the Bunker Hill Aurora:

"Just before noon, while taking in the main topgallant sail, one of the crew who was on the yard, by the slating of the sail, had the buntline thrown over his head, and before he could free himself was jerked off and forward of the yard, where he hung dangling by the neck at the height of eighty feet. He struggled for a moment only, trying with both hands to reach the rope over his head, and then they fell powerless by his side. He was first observed by the boatswain, who looked up on seeing a hat fall overboard. I was by his side, and never shall I forget the face of horror, nor the unearthly and fearful shriek that broke from him after pointing aloft for a few seconds, incapable of uttering a sound. It was like that sometimes heard from persons suffering under the nightmare. It was indeed a most awful sight to behold a fellow-creature thus quivering in the air, his arms dangling to and fro, and his whole body swaying backward and forward with every roll of the ship, fifteen and twenty feet, and every little while striking with fearful violence against the mast. In a few seconds a dozen men were aloft to his assistance, but it seemed as many hours. And here a new danger presented itself; one of them, thinking only of freeing the sufferer's neck, caught him with one hand, leaning over the top-sail yard, as he swung in, and began cutting the rope with the other. Providentially, the attempt was seen and arrested by the first lieutenant. Had he cut the rope, the jerk must have thrown them off together. He was now soon liberated, but declared to be dead. On being lowered on deck in a hammock sent up for the purpose, the means used for the recovery of persons whose animation is suspended, were successfully used, and he is now doing well. Another minute, and all would have been over with him." On examination of the manner in which he was suspended, his preservation is little short of miraculous. There was only a single turn round his neck. Had it slipped, (and Heaven only can tell what prevented it,) he would have been dashed to pieces or whirled overboard, where, with the heavy sea that was running, he must have perished. Had it caught an inch nearer his ear, he must have suffocated ere relieved."

MURDER.—A man by the name of Israel Cash, living in Amherst, Lorain county, was shot through the body while standing by his own fireside, on the evening of the 7th instant. The ball was fired through the window. He was leaning over the shoulder of his wife, who was engaged in writing a letter, when struck by the ball. Mr. Cash was one of a gang of counterfeiters who were arrested some time since, and had turned State's evidence, and it was supposed that the fate of several of his old associates depended upon his testimony. This fact sufficiently indicates the motives which actuated his murderers. He was not yet dead at the date of the last advices we have seen from there, though the attending physicians say he cannot survive.

The Prosecuting Attorney of Lorain county has received, through the post office, a letter enclosing an indictment stolen from the court-house some time since, accompanied by a threat that he, too, would be murdered, if he persisted in his counterfeiting prosecutions.—*Wooster (O.) Jour.*

A BOY TAKEN BY A BEAR.

BANGOR, (ME.) Nov. 25.

The following account from our correspondent at Linneus, can be relied on as correct. Linneus is in Washington county, about 100 miles east of this city, and adjoins the town of Houlton.

LINNEUS, (ME.) Nov. 19.

Mr. Editor: Presuming that your readers, like most others, are fond of the marvellous, especially when tinged with truth, I hasten to lay before you the following occurrence, which took place in this town last evening. About 7 o'clock in the evening Mr. Isaac Saunders' son James, who is about 8 years of age, was sent to the barn to feed the cattle, and while returning therefrom to the house (the distance from the barn to the house is about 40 rods) had his attention arrested by the appearance of a huge black object directly ahead of him. He stood still for a moment, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. At length he concluded to go ahead, when the bear rose up on his hind legs, and put himself in an attitude to receive the youngster with his fore paws. The boy perceiving the attitude of the bear, and his apparent determination to maintain his ground, gave a loud screech, and turned and ran towards the barn. At this, the bear started in pursuit, and came up with the boy, who was still screeching. Just as the men in the house, who had heard the alarm, were approaching the theatre of action, the bear seized the boy with his fore paws, raised himself again upon his hind legs, and started with his prey with all possible despatch for the woods. The men hotly pursued him for some three-quarters of a mile, when the bear, finding himself but a few feet ahead of his pursuers, turned around and stood face to face with them, when the men, each of whom was armed with an axe, made a motion to give him a gentle tap upon the head, but his left paw was ready for a fend off, while he held the boy tightly with his right one. The men finding it was useless to fight with axes, one of them started for the house after a gun, which he loaded with buckshot, and returned to the woods. On his arrival at the scene of battle, the bear, in attempting to turn and try leg bail again, was shot through the left side of his body, which brought him to the ground, and caused him to relinquish his hold of the boy, who scampered home, more frightened than hurt, having received no other harm than a most un-conscionable hugging. Mr. Saunders took the bear to his house, skinned and dressed him, and I have just finished my supper, which was made partly of a portion of his flesh. The bear weighed, when dressed, 362 pounds, and is said to be the largest ever caught in this town.

For some time past, a number of persons have had depredations committed on their stock, by some wild animal or animals. Sheep have been slaughtered repeatedly, and in one or two instances, swine, and even cows, have been attacked and killed. One man, Mr. David Rollins, for instance, has lost two fine cows, and I have been compelled to drive my cattle into the barn for security. Yours, &c. J. T.

From the Harrisburg Intelligencer, Extra—Wednesday Evening, Dec. 5, 1838.

AWFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS.—The mob have actual possession of the Capitol of Pennsylvania, and it is impossible for the Legislature to meet, or the business in the departments of Government to proceed.

At the hour of half past two this afternoon, as appointed for the meeting of the House, the Speaker deputed Mr. Spackman to adjourn the House till to-morrow. The Hall was filled with the rioters, who seized Mr. S. and forced him to retire, when they all rushed out, and he was barely enabled to escape without injury. In the scuffle, the doors were broken and the Hall otherwise mutilated.

The mob have now possession of the town, and mob law reigns supreme. The officers of the law make no attempt to put down the disgraceful scene. No life is safe; but the State authorities we understand have taken all the measures possible under the circumstances for the preservation of life and property.

We appeal to the People of Pennsylvania to defend their laws. The reign of anarchy has been continued long enough. If liberty be worth an effort, let that effort promptly be made.

The Locofoco papers, we see, are pursuing their usual deceptive course in the accounts they give of the scenes here, and are endeavoring to throw the blame on our party. But we appeal to the Representatives of the People, who will shortly no doubt be obliged by the mob to adjourn and go home to their constituents, if our account be not correct, or, if any thing, not so highly colored as the actual truth. Indeed, we have feared to represent the Locofocos as bad as they really are, lest we might be subject to the imputation of exaggeration. It is awful to contemplate their doings. Would to Heaven the whole people could be here to witness them.

The Murder of Marcus Hook.—We mentioned a day or two since that a murder had occurred at or near Chester, Pa., some day last week, but gave no particulars. We now learn from the Up-land Union, published at Chester, that on Friday evening last, a fisherman, named Pierce, of Marcus Hook, was killed by a blow from a club, in the hands of one Thos. McLaughlin, at one of the piers in that place. Mr. Pierce survived until Saturday morning, when the Coroner held a jury of inquest, which returned a verdict in accordance with the facts, and the body was buried on Sunday afternoon at Leiperville. McLaughlin was immediately apprehended.

Anecdote of Gilbert Stewart, the American Painter.—Stewart was as remarkable for the vigor of his language as for the strength with which he portrayed with his pencil. While in the city of New York, his rooms were open on stated days to receive visitors, who thronged to admire the productions of the gifted artist, who had won such reputation for his country abroad. Among others came Talleyrand. Stewart, a great physiognomist, fixing his eyes upon him attentively for a moment, remarked to attend with violent emphasis and gesture—"If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does not write a legible hand!"

Eight hundred feet of the brickwork of the Thames Tunnel are completed. One hundred feet more will finish the undertaking.