

WESTERN UNION.

VOLUME 1.

55145

CITY OF HANNIBAL, MO., OCTOBER 10, 1850.

NUMBER 6.

WESTERN UNION.

OFFICE OF BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

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From Arthur's Home Gazette,

The National CELEBRATION IN 1783, In Honor of the Adoption of the Federal CONSTITUTION.

BY ARTHUR J. STANSBURY.

Among other early recollections which pass like fitting spirits through my thoughts when in a meditative mood, is the remembrance of the national celebration, in 1783, of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Nor is it surprising that such a memory should be awakened by the events of the passing hour. When I listen to the rude, unfiled, ungrateful tone in which too many now speak of that sacred instrument, the charter by which, under God, we hold whatever is precious in our political condition, I cannot but revert to the day when its adoption caused a thrill of triumphant joy throughout the length and breadth of this land. The mutual congratulations of patriotic men who had feared lest the fruits of all our struggles and sacrifices should at last be lost; the reviving of hope, the fond anticipations of coming greatness, unity and strength; the cheering tone of the public press; the exultant strain of the speeches of our orators, and of the resolves of the people in their primary assemblies, all gave evidence of universal joy. Although but ten States had then adopted the Constitution, no man seriously doubted its final ratification by the whole thirteen; and, as enough had embraced it to secure its validity and to set the new government in motion, it was resolved to give expression to the general feeling of satisfaction by a grand national procession at Philadelphia, then the seat of government for the new-born Republic. The Fourth of July was approaching, and its auspicious return was fixed upon as eminently appropriate for such a display.

The thing was gotten up with surprising dispatch, for the whole community went into it with heart and soul. Happily the weather proved most favorable to the design; the sky was cloudy, but without rain, and a refreshing southerly breeze continued throughout the day. All who could reach the city crowded in from every quarter: the streets through which the procession was to pass were thronged by the expectant people; but so admirable had been the preliminary arrangements, that the most perfect order was preserved unbroken during the entire spectacle. The streets were swept and watered, obstructing branches of trees clipped away, and the spectators were rigidly confined to the sidewalks. Crowded as these were, a general silence prevailed. The occasion had a sacredness about it which removed it entirely from all other celebrations of the kind I have ever witnessed since.

There were moored in the river, each opposite to one of the streets running east and west, ten vessels, intended to represent the ten States which had then adopted the Constitution, dressed out in the flags of all nations, while opposite to Market street wharf, lay the ship "ising Sun, representing the Union, magnificently ornamented in a similar manner. This novel and beautiful sight drew crowds to the shores, who continued gazing at it until the signal gun announced that the grand procession was formed, and ready to march.

I remember, of course, but here and there a striking object, for I was very young, and had my place at a window crowded with ladies eager to see, besides being tormented by a mischievous young man, who was perpetually alarming my fears by telling me that the troops were going to fire.

Every here and there, between the bodies of the military, appeared distinguished gentlemen on horseback, bearing standards in their hands crowned with laurel and olive trees and inscribed with dates, commemorating the leading events of the Revolution, such as the Declaration of Independence, the alliance with France, the treaty of peace, the meeting of the convention, and the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution. I recollect something of the dignified bearing of these standard-bearers, and the noble animals they rode, which seemed to "share with their lords the pleasure and the pride."

I was told that among the horses was one which belonged to Count Rochambeau, and many of them had been in the various battles by which our freedom was secured.

Among the most impressive of the things which passed slowly along, and which forcibly struck my youthful eye, was a very large car in the shape of a bald eagle, in which was carried a copy of the Constitution hanging in a long parchment scroll, elevated on poles rising from the front of the car.

But to my boyish gaze this was eclipsed in interest by a very lofty phæton, drawn by six superb horses, containing what I supposed to be an actual live Indian the first I had ever seen, and which had peculiar interest for me from the frequent accounts I had heard of my father read in the papers of Indian fights and massacres upon the frontier. This formidable object was in truth a very amiable and polished gentleman, an army officer, by the name, I think, of Melehor, who personated a friendly Indian

chief, dressed out and painted in the gaudiest style of Indian finery, his head crowned with a coronet of white and red feathers, jewels hanging from his nose and ears, a broad belt of wampum about his waist, his red blanket hung loosely about him, a tomahawk in his girdle, but the calmest of peace in his right hand. From this he drew copious clouds of smoke from time to time, and puffed them forth with savage composure and dignity. He eyed the streets and houses, the crowded windows, and particularly the public buildings, with looks of wonder and absorbing attention, all these were pointed out and explained to him by a gentleman who personated a private citizen engaged in welcoming the distinguished denizen of the forest, and extending to him the hospitalities of the city. Both parties entered into the spirit of their part, and acted it with great propriety, and the most impressive effect. I well recollect that my admiration of the warrior was not without a considerable mixture of fear. I have since witnessed the arrival of many a delegation at Washington from native tribes far and near, and in every variety of costume, but among them all I never saw a finer looking Indian than this Colonel Melehor.

Then there came a sort of Federal Temple, with columns and a dome, supported on a stage drawn by a long train of horses richly caparisoned. Each column represented a State, ten of them were richly decorated and entwined with inscriptions appropriate to the occasion, the remaining three equally handsome, but plain, to designate the hesitating States that had not yet adopted the Constitution. Within this structure sat ten gentlemen, intended to represent the American people at large, but who afterwards yielded their seats to ten others appearing as delegates of their respective States, whose insignia they bore; three seats remaining vacant.

Another very great object was the car intended to represent the manufacturing interest. It was covered with white cotton of American manufacture, a decoration peculiarly appropriate, since, at that early day, this great branch of our national productive industry was in its infancy; and though the highest hopes were entertained of its increase and prosperity, no mind had at that day so much of the madness of patriotic enthusiasm as to dream that the day would ever dawn when American looms should be sending cotton twist to India, and competing with those of Britain herself in all the markets of the world. Articles were then frequent in the papers recommending the wearing of cotton as a substitute for woolen fabrics to the patriotism of the American people. What would these advisers have thought could a prophetic telescope have been presented to their eye, through which they could see the warehouses at Lowell? This car was of ample dimensions, and presented to the view a busy scene. A carding machine, a spinning jenny, a loom, chintz printing in colors, pattern drawing, and perhaps other branches, were in full operation, operating all in home-made cottons. Above in large capitals was the motto, "MAY THE UNION PROTECT THE MANUFACTURES OF AMERICA."

In another division of this beautiful procession came the federal ship of war "Lexington," manned by a crew of 25 men, besides four dapper little midshipmen, whose shrill voices echoed the appropriate commands as the sails were turned about at every change of direction in passing into new streets. The level was navigated from the forward chains, and all the duties of the main ship were performed with the strictest nautical accuracy. The rigging and finish of the vessel were beautiful, her towering mast reaching to the second story windows of the houses, and the American flag gracefully waving over her. The carriage and wheels were entirely concealed, being covered over with sackcloth, painted to represent waves.—When the procession reached its destination, this ship cast her anchors, and fired a federal salute of ten guns.

Another stage represented a boat builder's shop, and so vigorously did those within perform their duty, that a boat was placed upon the stocks and actually completed during the progress of the procession.

One very beautiful thing was done; and it seemed as if ingenuity, taste and sentiment had combined their powers in devising and executing every part of this impressive pageant.—There was a blacksmith's shop with a forge and several anvils, & as it moved along a number of swords which had been used in the battle of the late war, were beaten and welded into plough shares, while others were shaped into reaping hooks. Could any thought have been more happy, or more felicitously appropriate to the occasion? I feel, even now, the tear glistening in my eye at the thought of how truly emblematic was this realization of the beautiful scripture figure of the fall and progress of this beloved land. Surely we may hope, may confidently believe, that the blood stained footprints of war have stained her soil for the last time. While we continue a united people, what foreign foe dare set his foot upon it? And as to the thought that Americans themselves can be found who would mar such an inheritance, it is not to be endured. If any man would damn his name to an eternity of execration and infamy, let him be the first to raise the parabolic standard on this our sacred heritage.

A very refreshing sight was presented by the bakers, butchers, and vintners, who, dressed in clean white linen, drove a noble pair of oxen dressed with garlands of flowers, (and which, by the by, were afterwards carried to the altar-house, and there slaughtered, that the poorest of the people might share in the general festivity,) and on a large car the bakers were occupied in baking small loaves of the whitest bread, which they scattered lavishly among the people.

But one of the most important emblems that appeared there, was a Printing Press, with cases of types, and all the apparatus of a printing office, at which were worked off many thousand copies of an ode written by Frank Hopkinson, (whose song of Hail Columbia, in addition to all his other patriotic effusions, has since given him a niche as the patriotic poet of the nation,) and which was translated into German and printed in that language also, during the

progress of the show. This ode, I understand, is still preserved; it ought never to be forgotten. I remember the wonder I felt as I witnessed the operations of this company, and beheld the sheets flying about among the people, who stood with hands eager to catch the frail moments of so memorable an occasion.

But with the garrulity of an old man, I fear, extending this description to too great a length. Yet it is right, at a time like this, to turn back a retrospective eye, and catch a clearer glance at the mirror of public feeling in the early morning of our glorious political day.—The morning was ruddy with promise, and not less with the glow of a patriotic enthusiasm.—would that its advancing beams, white so much increased in brightness and in strength, could still exhale a fragrance as refreshing to every friend of America and of man.

I will add but a more feature in the scene, and it was one in every way fit to close and to complete the picture. There walked in this national procession, (and oh, that the sacred emblem might have its realization amongst us while time shall last!) a company of seventeen elderly men, of all the different denominations in the country, arm in arm, the Jewish Rabbi in the midst of them, and purposely so arranged that those who differed most in the dogmas of their respective creeds were placed in immediate and fraternal contiguity. It was a spectacle that drew tears from many an eye, and contributed as much as any other portion of the whole display, to evince the interest which all good men felt in the consummation of the National Union and the entire compatibility of the widest difference of individual judgment with the strongest regard to a common uniting bond. It seemed indeed, to be in its emphatic accents to the general chorus in repeating that beautiful benediction of the Bible.

"Behold how good, and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." It is only need say to add that the procession continued its progress till it reached Bush Hill, then the private seat of Patrick Hamilton, Esq., who, in unison with the general feeling, threw open his grounds to receive it. The whole was arranged in a circular form on his ample green in front of his mansion, the various cars and standards occupying their appointed places, and the good ship Union moored in the midst, when an ample collation was spread and enjoyed, and the whole celebration was closed, and the citizens soberly returned to their homes before sun-down.

The French Bricklayer.

[The following anecdote of the French Bricklayer who has recently been elected a deputy to the French National Assembly, is related by a Paris correspondent of the London Atlas. It well illustrates some fine traits in the character of the common people of France.]

The most remarkable member of the new assembly is Naudand, a common working mason and bricklayer, without any pretension to talent, and who defends himself from the imputation of having sought the distinction thus graciously thrust upon him. The history of this singular choice is most curious. Naudand, who is one of the most honest creatures in existence, walked from the department of the Creuse some few years since, with no other baggage but his bed and travel, to seek employment in Paris. Fortune favored him, and being found to be a steady, hard working fellow, he was held in high reputation by his employers. His wife, meanwhile, had endeavored to assist in obtaining a living by keeping a stall from which she distributed fried potatoes, at a small profit to the hungry comrades of her husband.

This commerce succeeded better than the handicraft of Naudand, and it was soon found that she could earn more in one day by her frying pan, than he could do in a week by the most assiduous labor. Madame Naudand, thus encouraged by success, opened a small shop in the Place du Pantheon, which became the resort of all masons and bricklayers in that quarter. The library building of St. Genevieve was then in progress, and sometimes as many as three hundred workmen would assemble in the shop of the good mother Naudand, to eat their soup, and talk over the affairs of Government, when the work was over. During the tempest occasioned by the revolution of February, the distress among the masons was greater than among any other class of work people. Public employment was suspended entirely, while private individuals no longer eager for the fulfillment of their contracts, dismissed the greater portion of their workmen, and thousands were left without money, without employment and almost without hope.

In this dilemma, Naudand stepped forward, unable to bear the sight of misery around him, and with the consent of his wife, announced his intention of continuing to furnish dinner and supper, as heretofore, to those of his comrades whom the hardness of the times had deprived of resources. You can judge with what degree of enthusiasm such an announcement was received. "My wife has saved 6,000 francs," said Naudand to the assembled workmen. "If we had not been honest and economical, we should have been as poor as you. We will live together upon this money till better times come round. Those who can earn ever so small a pittance must bring it to the fund.—Let us help each other, and all will go well."—Of course the proposition was agreed to on the instant, and it is believed that in no case was it deviated from during all the troublous times.

Naudand certainly never expected any other acknowledgement of his generous conduct than that afforded by the esteem and gratitude of his friends; but his wife, who participates with all French women in that same audacious and self-confidence which make the whole country subject to pettifog rules, entered into a private arrangement with her customers, by which all obligations due to her were to be cancelled by the nomination of her husband to the Assembly. Most of the masons who work in Paris come from the department of the Creuse, and the affair was soon arranged; the popularity of Naudand among this class being so great that he might have been elected President had the vacancy occurred. They say that the surprise, however, far exceeds the delight with which

greeted the announcement of the distinction of which he had been made the object, and that it is merely to satisfy the ambition of his wife that he consents to take his place in the Chamber.

He persisted in going to work until the very day of the meeting of the Assembly, and presented himself at the door in the blouse and cap which he had been accustomed to wear.—The officer on duty refused at first to admit him, whereupon, Naudand, with the greatest sang froid, turned back, exclaiming, "Do as you please, my friend, I'll go to work now!"—What a good excuse I shall have now! I need only tell my fellows that they won't admit me. The speech was overheard by the bystanders, and presently the officer came running after the unhappy blousaire, and led him all sheepish and ashamed to the seat he was to occupy during the ensuing session. It is confidently asserted that had Naudand been thus compelled to withdraw, the incident would have caused a serious riot in Paris. How will you manage a disconcert? said his neighbor on the bench. "I shan't speak at all," replied Naudand, "but I shall content myself with voting for those who uphold the constitution."

THE BURNING PRAIRIE, Or the Test Oath.

Late in the Fall of 1830, Grand Prairie, in Illinois, was burned over one night, and an immense amount of damage done to the farmers living in and along its edge.—Numerous fences were destroyed and crops of corn, ready for the gathering, were laid waste while numberless stacks of grain and hay, put up for the winter's use, were set on fire, and burnt to the ground. The havoc was worse because of the conflagration's coming suddenly and quite unexpectedly, as when the night came on no fire was discernible, and such burnings were invariably perceptible long before night set in, warning the farmers to be prepared. But the evening of this catastrophe, when the sun went down and darkness covered the prairie, no smoke arose from the southern edge of the plain, nor could any lurid glare be seen resting upon the sky, to indicate the grass was on fire—and as it generally took a whole night for the flames to cross the prairie, all the farmers living on the northern edge retired to their beds in apparent security. But in the middle of the night many of them were aroused to find their fences on fire, their habitations surrounded by flames, and in some instances, even the houses in a bright blaze, from which they with difficulty escaped alive. A farmer, whose family was composed of a wife and only daughter, the latter some sixteen years of age, who resided some six miles in the prairie, had his house destroyed, while himself and wife perished in the ruins. The daughter was saved by the daring energies of a young man named Clyde, who had discovered the fire, and arrived just in time to tear her from the building ere the roof fell in.

The morning after the conflagration, the inhabitants of the little village of Bullton, situated on the edge of the plain, were set in commotion by rumors of the fire being the work of some heartless scoundrel, who had thus gratified his malice on some individual by injuring the whole community. These rumors at length became a fixed fact; as, about 10 o'clock, a man named Gray, a roving character, with no ostensible means of livelihood, appeared before the Squire of the village, and stated that he wished a warrant issued for the apprehension of David Clyde, for setting the prairie on fire the previous evening, by which so much waste of property, and wanton sacrifice of lives had occurred.

The warrant was issued, and placed in the hands of the constable for serving; and while this official was absent in search of Clyde, the young man himself came into the Squire's office, and entered a like complaint against Gray, but was informed that Gray had first appeared, and obtained a warrant for his arrest, which was in the hands of the constable.

He seemed taken aback when he was first informed of this, but promising the Squire he would be present at 10 o'clock that afternoon, he departed. Word was sent to Gray to be present at the appointed time; and as the case was an unusual one, the room of the justice was crowded to hear the statements of the two.

Gray's story was short. He swore that, having a wolf trap set some distance out in the prairie, he had taken up his lodgings near by it the night of the fire, and about twelve o'clock he was aroused by the howls and snarls of a wolf, which had been caught in a trap. He arose to go to it, when he discovered a horseman near by, who dismounted from his steed, drew out a steel flint and tinder from his pocket, and striking a light, thrust it in the dry grass, which instantly blazed up, and favored by a strong southern wind, sped away towards the settlement, and in the exact direction of Mr. Fisher's house. That the horseman whom he recognized as Mr. Clyde, then mounted his horse and rode away.

This statement had been listened to with breathless attention, and as Gray had delivered it apparently in a cool and truthful manner, it had considerable weight upon the audience. But it produced no effect upon David Clyde. The features of the young man were as calm as ever, and his countenance underwent no change during the recital of Gray. When the latter was done, he arose to his feet, and exclaimed: "My statement of the facts as they occurred upon the evening of that most de-

plorable fire, will be much more minute than that of my accuser, and I will occupy more time; but I hope that not only the Justice but the audience also, will listen patiently to what I have to say. It is well known to many here that I have a brother residing in Walnut Grove, and upon the night of the fire, I was returning from a visit to him. When about ten miles the other side of Mr. Fisher's, as I was riding hurriedly along, I saw a man a short distance ahead of me, kneeling by the road side, and apparently endeavoring to light a fire with steel and tinder. I started my horse into a gallop, at the same instant giving a shout, and the man sprang to his feet, but dropped a burning lock of grass, as he did so, into the prairie, the dry hay which was instantly in a blaze.

"Scoundrel!" I exclaimed, in a loud voice, as I came close to him; but with a coarse 'ha, ha, ha,' he retorted— "Don't be angry, Mr. Clyde, for getting mad won't stop the fire. I guess old Fisher'll catch it to night, and his haughty daughter, too."

"Villain, you shall answer for this," I replied, as I turned my steed, and spurred him after the rolling flames, which were sweeping swiftly away before a strong south wind, and rolling on in the direction of Fisher's house. In vain I urged my horse to his utmost speed, for the crackling fire sped far ahead of me, and when over a mile and a half distant, I beheld the lurid blaze leap thence like a stag hound, and go careering on towards the house. Almost maddened at the sight, I goaded my gallant horse, who bounded forward like the wind, but when still half a mile from the building, I saw a bright sheet of flame arise from the roof, and became aware that the house was on fire. The burning prairie had made it light as day, but my eye ran in vain around the premises to discover a single person, and the fearful thought flashed instantly through my mind that the family were asleep in the house. By the time I reached the door in front of the mansion, the roof was in one lurid glare, and leaping from my steed, I let him go, and throwing my whole force against the door, burst it in. A dense volume of smoke poured out, almost suffocating me for a moment, but regaining my breath, I ascended the steps to the second story. A door was visible upon my right hand as I reached the top, and it required all my weight to break it in; but when I did so, a female form staggered forward, and fell in my arms. I hastily bore her down the stairs, by this time covered with cinders from the burning roof, and as I leapt from the door it fell in with a terrible crash, showering the sparks thickly around me. The person I had rescued was Mary Fisher, and the old man and his wife perished in the flames. My horse had fled in alarm from the spot, and as the nearest neighbor's was four miles distant, we were compelled to walk it on foot. Day broke by the time we reached the house, and leaving the disconsolate girl at her neighbor's, I came immediately here, and found I was too late to lay my accusation before you first. Such are the facts in the case; although they are almost exactly opposite to the statement made by Gray."

Clyde had delivered his story in an impressive and convincing manner, but the justice was puzzled which of the two he should believe. The advantage lay with Gray, as he had made the first accusation, and the statement of Clyde might be only a tale invented to upset the evidence of his accuser. Neither had proof, as no one else saw the deed, and the Squire informed them that he knew of no way to dispose of the case impartially, unless he found them both over to the court.

To this Gray strenuously objected. He had appeared and accused Clyde, he said that the real author of the late catastrophe might be justly punished, and he thought that to land them both over, would have an effect in deterring others from making any accusations against malefactors from their own knowledge, unless they had positive proof of their guilt. He demanded that Clyde should be held to bail, and not himself.

When he had finished, Clyde once more got up, and turning to the justice, stated that as they both stood there without witnesses, and consequently it did not lay in his power to tell the guilty one, with his permission, and the consent of Mr. Gray, he would propose a plan by which he hoped the matter would be thoroughly settled. It was this—"There is an Infinite Being, who rules in a higher sphere than ours, and to whom all things are known, from whom nothing can be concealed. I propose to Mr. Gray, that we both make an appeal to Heaven; and let the God of the universe decide upon our guilt or innocence. I feel that I, sir, am not a malefactor here, and I challenge my accuser, in the presence of this evidence, to accept my proposition."

Clyde ceased speaking, and amid an utter stillness, during which he became the centre of all eyes, Gray also arose, and replied, "I will consent to do anything which the Squire says is right."

"I can see no objection to Mr. Clyde's offer, although I do not suppose the case will be materially altered by it," said the justice.

"Then let him go on, and I will follow suit," answered Gray, bravely.

Slowly David Clyde fell upon bended knees, and raising his face upwards towards heaven, uttered amid, the most death-like silence, the following appeal:

"Eternal Being, thou who seest and knowest all things, and who only can tell the guilt of us two, into thy hands I commit my innocence, and beseech thee, Almighty God, if I am guilty of the crimes of which I am accused; to strike me dead in the midst of this then most blasphemous appeal."

For full a moment after he had finished, Clyde remained upon his knees, then rose to his feet, and with folded arms, gazed around him. The countenance of Gray had paled during the prayer of Clyde, but as every eye was upon him, he nerved himself to the task, and also fell upon his knees, with a loud and hurried voice, he repeated the appeal, but when he came to the words, "Almighty God, if I am guilty of the crime of which I am accused, to strike me dead," his face became more white, and he fell slowly forward.

The stillness which reigned at that awful moment was fearful.—Not a sound could be heard in that room, and it seemed as if every breath was hushed, so deadly silent did every person appear. At last the justice, who had bent forward with a horrified look to gaze upon Gray, motioned for a constable to approach, and turn over the body. He did so, and every eye which looked that way, beheld the icy face of a corpse; and the Red hue of death resting upon the countenance of the blasphemer.

They bore forth the corpse, and buried it silent and alone in the prairie, and on this day the old farmers in the neighborhood shudder, as they recount to the passing traveller that fatal answer of, "The Appeal to Heaven."—*Champion and Great West.*

Chronological Occurrences.

Sept. 22, 1793.—Congress passed a law to remove the seat of government for 10 years to Philadelphia, and after that period permanently to the city of Washington.

Sept. 23, 1791.—French national convention decreed the formation of a company of Artists to superintend the military balloons.

Sept. 21, 1811.—French Marshal Marmont and Gen. Dorsenne forced Wellington to raise the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Salamanca. Same day Spanish General Menizabal declared that for every Spanish prisoner put to death by the French, he would retaliate by putting to death six Frenchmen.

Sept. 25, 1688.—William Penn appointed Capt. John Blackwell, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania. In 1690, Penn returned to England, and Thomas Lloyd was chosen president of the council.

Sept. 25, 1776.—Congress appointed Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Thomas Jefferson, Commissioners to the Court of France. They were the first persons appointed by the United States to act in the capacity of Ministers Plenipotentiary; but as the United States had not been acknowledged by any power as independent States, they were designated by that humble title.

Sept. 27, 1810.—French under Massena, Duke of Rivoli, and Prince of Edling, attacked unsuccessfully the British and Portuguese under Wellington at Sierra de Busaco, in Portugal. French loss 1 or 5000 men; allies about 1000.

Sept. 28, 1691.—French ship: Recherche, Admiral DEperance, Capt. Hunon Kermaoer, sailed from Brest, in search of La Perouse. John Francis Galoup de la Perouse, an illustrious aviator, descended from a noble family at Toulouse, was born at Albi, 1711. He early entered the French navy, and distinguished himself by his services for 17 years in the Indian seas, and in 1778, was employed in America, under DEstating. He was present at the taking of Grenada, and in 1782, he destroyed the English factories which were established in Hudson's Bay. At the peace he was selected by Louis, XVI, to command the Astrolabe and Boussola, on a voyage of discovery. The monarch himself traveled out the pieces which he wished the bold adventurer to examine. After following the tract of Cook, visiting the N. W. coast of America, and advancing to Behring's Straits, Perouse came down the eastern coast of Asia, along Japan, and in Feb. 1788, visited Botany Bay in New Holland, where he was received with merited distinction by the English settlers. After leaving Botany Bay no intelligence whatever has been received of this unfortunate navigator; but it is imagined that he perished with his valiant crew on some unknown shoals, or fell a sacrifice to the fury of some infernal savages. His voyages, as far as he sent a report of them to Europe, have been published.—*M. Mills's Courier.*

The Swimming Stocking, made by John Cox, Ellingburgh, consists of a circular piece of cloth sewed round the leg of a stocking, and kept in a proper position for expanding, by means of cords and wooden ribs; it thus resembles a small umbrella round the leg, expanding when pushed against the water, and closing when drawn in opposite direction. To make the most rapid progress through the water, the best position is on the back, the swimmer drawing well up, and striking smartly out each leg alternately.