

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE HOUSE OF WEEPING.

From the German of Richter. Concluded.

Here Mr. Mayor closed the will; doubtless, he observed, the condition annexed to the bequest was an unusual one, but yet in no respect contrary to law; to him that wept the first the court was bound to adjudge the house; and then, placing his watch on the session table the pointers of which indicated that it was now just half past eleven, he calmly sat down—that he might duly witness, in his official of executor, assisted by the whole court of aldermen, who should be the first to produce the requisite tear or tears on behalf of the testa-

tor. That since the terraqueous globe has moved or existed, there can ever have a more lugubrious congress, or one more out of temper and enraged than this of Seven United Provinces, as if wren, all dry and all condescended to the purpose of weeping.—I suppose no impartial judge will believe. At first some invaluable minutes were lost in pure confusion of mind, in astonishment, and in peals of laughter; the congress found itself too suddenly translated into the condition of the dog to which in the very moment of his keenest assault upon some object of his appetites, the fiend cried out—Halt! whereupon, standing up, as he was standing on his hind legs, his teeth grinning, and snarling with the fury of desire, he halted and remained petrified:—from the grinnings of hope, however distant, to the necessity of weeping for a wager, the congress found the transition too abrupt and harsh.

One thing was evident to all—that for a shower that was to come down at such a full gallop, for a baptism of the eyes to be performed at such a hunting pace, it was vain to think of raising up any pure water of grief; no hydraulics could effect this: yet in twenty-six minutes (four unfortunately were already gone) in one way or other, perhaps, some business might be done.

"Was there ever such a cursed act," said the merchant Neupeter, "such a piece of buffonery enjoined by any man of sense and discretion? For my part, I can't understand what the deuce it means." However, he understood this much, that a house was by possibility floating in his purse upon a tear; and that was enough to cause a violent irritation in his lachrymal glands.

Knoll, the fiscal, was screwing up, twisting, and distorting his features pretty much in the style of a poor artisan on Saturday night, whom some fellow-workman is barbarously razzing and scraping by the light of a cobler's candle; furious was his wrath at this abuse and profanation of the title Last Will and Testament; and at one time, poor soul! he was near enough to tears.—of vexation.

The wily bookseller, Pasvogel, without loss of time, sat down quietly to business: he ran through a cursory retrospect of all the works in any ways moving or affecting, that he had him-

self either published or sold on commission;—a flying survey of the Pathetic in general; and in this way of going to work he had fair expectations that, in the end he should brew something or other; as yet, however, he looked very much like a dog who is slowly licking off an ametic which the Parisian surgeon Demet has administered by smearing it on his nose; time, gentlemen, time was required for the operation.

Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace, fairly danced up and down the session chamber; with bursts of laughter he surveyed the rueful faces around him; he confessed that he was not the richest among them; but for the whole city of Strasbourg and Alsace to boot, he was not the man that could or would weep on such a merry occasion. He went on with his unseasonable lighter and indessant mirth, until Harprecht, the police inspector, looked at him very significantly, and said—that perhaps Monsieur flattered himself he might by means of laughter squeeze or express the ears required from the well-known Meibomian-glands, the caruncula, &c. and might thus practically provide himself with surreptitious rain; but in that case he must remind him that he could no more win the deuce with any such secretions than he could carry to account a course of sizzles or wilfully blowing his nose: a channel into which it was well known that very many tears, far more than were now wanted, flowed out of the eyes through the nasal duct; more indeed, by a good deal, than were ever known to flow downwards to the bottom of most jeps at a funeral sermon. Monneur Flitte of Alsace, however, protested that he was laughing out of pure fun, and for his own amusement; and, upon his honor, with no ulterior views.

The inspector, on his side, being pretty well acquainted with the hopeless condition of his own dephlegmatised heart, endeavoured to force into his eyes something that might meet the occasion by staring with them wide open and in a state of rigid expansion.

The morning lecturer Flacks, looked like a Jew beggar mounted on a stallion which is running away with him:—meantime, what by domestic tribulations, what by those he witnessed at his own lecture, his heart was furnished with such a promising bank of heavy laden clouds, that he could easily have delivered upon the spot the main quantity of water required, had it not been for the house which floated on the top of the storm; and which, just as all was ready, came driving in with the tide too gay and gladsome a spectacle not to banish his gloom, and thus fairly dammed up the waters.

The ecclesiastical councillor.—who had become acquainted with his own nature by his long experience in preaching funeral sermons, and sermons on the new-year, and knew full well that he was himself always the first person, and frequently the last, to be affected by the pathos of his own eloquence.—now rose with dignified solemnity, on seeing himself and the others hanging so long by the dry rope, and addressed the chamber:—No man, he said,

who had read his printed works, could fail to know that he carried a heart about him as well as other people: and a heart he would add, that had occasion to repress such holy testimonies of its tenderness as tears, lest he should thereby draw too heavily on the sympathies and the purses of his fellow-men, rather than elaborately to provoke them by stimulants for any secondary views, or to serve at indirect purpose of his own: "this heart," said he, "has already shed tears, (but they were shed secretly,) for Kabel was my friend:" and, so saying, he paused for a moment and looked about him.

With pleasure he observed, that all were still sitting as dry as corks; indeed, at this particular moment, when he himself by interrupting their several water-works had made them furiously angry, it might as well have been expected that crocodiles, fallow-deer, elephants, witches, or ravens, should weep for Vander Kabel, as his presumptive heirs. Among them all, Flacks, was the only one who continued to make way; he kept steadily before his mind the following little extempore assortment of objects.—Van der Kabel's good and beneficent acts;—the old petticoats, so worn and tattered, and the grey hair of his female congregation at morning service; Lazarus with his dogs; his own long coffin; innumerable decapitations; the Sorrows of Werter; a miniature field of battle; and finally, himself and his own melancholy condition at this moment, itself enough to melt any heart, condensed as he was in the bloom of youth, by the second clause of Van der Kabel's will, to tribulation, and tears, and struggles.—Well done, Flacks! Three strokes more with the pump-handle, and the water is pumped up—and the house along with it.

Meantime Glantz, the ecclesiastical councillor, proceeded in his pathetic harangue:—"O, Kabel, my Kabel," he ejaculated, and almost wept with joy at the near approach of his tears, "the time shall come that by the side of thy loving breast, covered with earth, mine also shall lie mouldering and in cor."

—ruption, he would have said: but Flacks, starting up in trouble, and with eyes at that moment overflowing, threw a hasty glance around him, and said,—with submission, gentlemen, to the best of my belief, I am weeping," then sitting down, with great satisfaction he allowed the tears to stream down his face; that done he soon recovered his cheerfulness and his activity. Glantz, the councillor, thus saw the prize fished away before his eyes,—those very eyes which he had already brought into an Accession,* or inchoate state of humidity; this vexed him: and his mortification was the greater on thinking of his own pathetic exertions, and the abortive appetite for the prize which he had thus uttered in words as ineffectual as his own sermons; and, at this moment he was ready to weep for spite—and to weep the more because he wept in vain." As to Flacks, a protocol was immediately drawn up of his watery compliance with the will of Van der Kabel; and the message in Dock-street

was knocked down to him for ever. The Mayor adjudged it to the poor devil with all his heart; indeed, this was the first occasion ever known in the principality of Haslau, on which the tears of a schoolmaster and a curate had converted themselves—not into mere amber that incloses only a worthless insect, like those of the Heliades, but like those of the goddess Freia, into heavy gold. Glantz congratulated Flacks very warmly; and observed with a smiling air, that possibly he had himself lent him a helping hand by his pathetic address. As to the others, the separation between them and Flacks was too palpable, in the mortifying distinction of wet and dry,—to allow of any cordiality between them; and they stood aloof therefore; but they staid to hear the rest of the will, which they now awaited in a state of anxious agitation.

* To the English reader it may be necessary to explain, that in the Continental Universities, &c. when a succession of prizes is offered, according to the degrees of merit, the illogical formula of "Accessit" denotes the second prize; and hence, where only a single prize is offered, the second degree of merit may properly be expressed by the term here used.

VARIETIES.

Fatal Effect of Extraordinary Joy.—In the year 1797, when a stagnation took place owing to a war with France, a young man in Dunfermling, a flax-dresser, entered his Majesty's Navy at Bolness. Upon his arrival at Spithead, he happened to be put on board the ship Admiral Cochrane, a brave and generous commander. The Admiral, from some cause or other, took a liking to the young man, and exalted him step by step, till at last he was promoted to be prize-master of the fleet. In the situation he accumulated £6,000. This sum was transmitted to Edinburgh, and deposited in the Royal Bank of Scotland at the same time the flax-dresser wrote to his former employers in Dunfermline, to desist his father to purchase an estate to the amount of the above sum, and as near to his native place as possible.—The old man was sent for, and too hastily acquainted with the affluent circumstance of his son. The effect was fatal. The sudden tide of joy rushed with such impetuosity upon him that he stood motionless, his eyes expanded, his nostrils dilated his mouth wide open like the picture of horror. At last he fell insensible on the floor, never spoke more, and expired in the course of a few days.

Liverpool Advertiser.

Specimen of English Comfort.—An English provincial paper, (the Lincoln Mercury) gives the annexed description of a funeral in that country, and of the well lighted and comfortably warmed apartment into which the perishing relic of mortality for its last abode.

"On Monday night last, at six o'clock, the funeral of Mrs. Manners, the wife of Obo-

Manners, Esq. of Goadby Hall, (who died eleven weeks ago) took place at Fouth witham, in this county, in the church yard of which parish a noble mausoleum had been built for the occasion. The coffin, covered with crimson velvet richly ornamented, was deposited on a canopy bedstead in the mausoleum, decorated with escutcheons. From the roof of the building was suspended a beautiful ground glass chandelier, having the armorial bearings emblazoned on the sides; and the vault, (which is of sufficient capacity for a large number of coffins) was warmed with a stove, the fire of which, and the lights of the chandelier, we understand are still kept up."

Rustic Rewards.—The Lincolnshire Agricultural society has given a prize of ten guineas to one man for having had seventeen children (ten living) and been forty years in the service of one master; and another of five guineas, for twenty-five children (ten living) and a service of forty-one years.

Figures of Speech.—A member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Tuesday last closed his speech with the following very conclusive argument. "Mr. Speaker if this bill is postponed, I shall be as crazy as bed-bug."

BOTANY BAY CONVICTS.

"The ruling passion strong in death." There are always, among a cargo of either sex, a few who have pretended to have reformed their lives, and are constantly to be seen with the Bible in their hands; but Mr. Cunningham soon discovered that these were invariably the greatest hypocrites and the least worthy of trust—in short, the very worst of the set. Among numerous instances of this barefaced hypocrisy, he mentions that one Breadman, who on arriving at Sidney, was in the last stage of consumption, and unable to sit up without faintings. This expiring wretch, who grasped his bible to the last, insinuated strength enough, while the hospital-man was drawing off his trousers, to stretch out his pale trembling hand towards the other's waistcoat pocket, and actually to pick it of a comb and pen-knife; next morning he was a corpse. Yet, says Mr. Cunningham, during his whole illness this man would, regularly request some of the sober minded rogues to read the Scriptures to him, and pray by his bed-side. There was another, who assumed the character of a saint, one Jones, a Welshman, who while in the hospital, was so fond of scripture-reading, that "I never passed his birth, says Mr. Cunningham; without observing him earnestly toiling away, with a pair of huge spectacles arched over his nose, or else the bible lying close to his hip, ready to be snatched up on the instant. Indeed, so earnest was he in his religious exercises, that he could not even attend master without the bible in his hand, and his forefinger stuck between the leaves to mark the passage he had been reading."

This fellow robbed the surgeon's assistant who attended him of a sum of money. Shade of Le Sage! who shall deny that father Hilary and brother Ambrose de Damels are but too true portraits of your frail human nature? It was just the same thing among the dissenters. They stripped each other of their spectacles, and the dissenting members were sent to the hospital, the members of the same way the covering of his neighbours, even before the breath was out of his body."

The novel trade is daily becoming more difficult to manage than the book trade; more composing the cargo with their authors, once superintended, were pretty well kept under by an old aybil of seventy, a stout trust-worthy creature, who had been during the course of his life, in all the houses of correction, prisons, and penitentiaries of the metropolis. Some of Mrs. Fry's reformed damsels from Newgate, very soon after getting on board, set about perusing their Aids with the religious tracts that the good lady had supplied them with for their edification.—Quarterly Review.

The Scotch Novels.—It is not generally known, that none of the parties engaged in these immortal works, —not even their distinguished author— at first anticipated their astonishing success; or rather, they all feared that a Waverly might prove a failure. Waverly was written about the period when the author's poetical taste began to decline, and it lay half printed for about two years in the warehouse of Messrs. Ballantyne & Co. in whose bookelling trade Mr. Scott was said to be a partner. Upon the failure of Mr. Ballantyne's part of the stock, it was transferred to Mr. Constable, but even that sagacious bookseller demurred to the purchase of the half printed Waverly. At last however, the novel was completed, and appeared; its success was equally sudden and surprising; and its anonymous author received all the honours of a first-rate Novelist, long before either Review or Magazine had proclaimed to the world that such a mighty genius had arisen.

The Spade of Sforza.—The founder of the Sforza family, and father of Francesco, the first duke of Milan, who died, according to Mr. Roscoe, about 1485, was a peasant, and following his labour, when he was ravished by his companions to follow the arms. He did not draw lots whether he should go, or not, but threw his spade into an oak, declaring, that if it fell to the ground he would continue his labours; but if it hung in the tree he would try his fortune as a soldier. Some bit of a branch intercepted its fall, and gave a father to a long line of princes, the most splendid sovereigns of Italy.

Shakespeare's pedigree is known solely by the entries on the court rolls of the manor of Rowington. "It there appears that John Shakespeare, the eldest son of Richard, died in 1609, and that a woman Shakespeare was admitted to the Hill Farm, as his wife, which was made in 1614, appears to have been a meatman or baker, and lived at Moulton End, in Rowington, May 5, 1614; his widow was admitted in the court baron to lay free bench, and afterwards surrendered to Richard Johnson, who was then admitted, her only son. He died in February 1682, leaving two sons, William, who died in 1699, and John, who died in 1710." No less than six descendants appear in this instance on the pedigree court rolls; there may possibly be further particulars upon them.

TO LET.—House No. 16, Great Street, near Bowdoy, being a neat and comfortable abode, consisting of 8 Rooms on the upper floor, 3 on the ground floor, better very large parlour, large pantry, &c. Apply at No. 3, Wall Lane, New York, April 11.

W. P. JOHNSON has removed from Broadway, near the Court House, to No. 10, Nassau Street, between the Court House and the City Hall. He has also removed to No. 10, Nassau Street, between the Court House and the City Hall. He has also removed to No. 10, Nassau Street, between the Court House and the City Hall.

The following interesting story, from a work just published, entitled "Posthumous papers of a person about town," we find condensed in the last number of that very popular and clever journal the *Albion*.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME IN ITALY.

I am the daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name,—for they should rest undisturbed in their tombs,—who left me sole heir of a large estate in the most fertile fields of Italy. I had fair and stately halls, raras for service in court or field, ladies for attendance, and every other thing needful or unneeded with which human pride can be hampered, and honour or humour desire or deserve. Mistress of these enviable possessions, I had many princely suitors, who met with such honourable entertainment as their many pleasant qualities merit. d. But there was one, never seen among those flattering suitors, who was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine; and might have had that woman's toy as a gift, which he was either too humble or too proud to ask.

This was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the owner of a poor estate, touching upon the wider skirts of mine. He was of an ancient race of poets, painters, sculptors, legislators, and members of all the band of humble genius is of more nobility than the entire body of merely honourable birth. But he of whom I now write is cold in a grave only vaster than his great capacity, the earth-embracing sea; and could these miserable and shameful tears, which fall at the recollection of the wrong which I have done him, outwater that sea, they would not enough mourn him who is the drowned hope and pride of my dear father-land; vainly, therefore, do I weep a sin which tears may never wash away, nor my life or death atone for to heaven of my country.

An eloquent and impassioned description of Guido follows this:

From some inquiries which I had made among his domestics, I learnt that his heart, (which I had thought possible to be mine,) was irrevocably given to the fair Bianca, daughter of Baptista Bonavent, an old merchant of Florence; and that, in a few days, he was to set out for Syracuse to claim her hand, in fulfilment of a solemn compact, made when passing his novice in that city. This intelligence came like death upon my heart; and, for many days, I held myself averse from the gay company and the old courtesies of my house. My noble friends saw my spirit to be sick, and strove to come at its disease; but I had already formed my resolution, rather than confess my weakness to die of an undiscovered grief, and, since my malady was hopeless, that it should be also voiceless. I prescribed that strict silence which is alone the security of secrecy. But, nevertheless, I kept my sorrows in the loneliness and darkness of the sleepless night; and this I did, till the paleness of my cheek was now so constant, instead of its wonted ruddiness, that it was scarcely noticed, either by the pitying kindly, or the prying curious.

Guido leaves his house for Florence, and the Italian lady, unable to support his absence, follows him in secret, and becomes introduced to his intended bride:

Bianca Bonavent was indeed a woman worthy of a sculptor's love; for all those beauties which Art has imitated from Nature were mingled in her. In her form were blended all that I had till then thought the idealities of Grecian grace and Roman majesty; in motion, she was stately as the swan; and swam the air, rather than walked the earth. Her step was an inaudible music; her voice sweeter than the recollected music of a dream. Her mind was a book of pure and wise thoughts, written surely by some hand divine. Her countenance such as angels wear—and they were made fair that man might love heaven, where all is beautiful.—Love shone in her eye, but with so holy and placid a fire,—two sister stars burning in the winter-heaven, beam not a chaister light—wherever they turned, all eyes were illuminated, and whatever she looked upon reflected back the beauty she turned upon it. Indeed in all those fair and admirable qualities which make woman worthy of that paragon of earthly creatures—man—she was perfection. That Guido should love the gentle girl was no longer wonderful; for I even loved him the more that he did love her, so endearing a power bath beauty in its purity.

They were to be married on the morrow; and the Italian lady, subduing her passion to a sister's love, attended the solemn ceremony, and agreed to accompany them from Florence to the sea-coast, where they all took shipping for Syracuse, the residence of Bianca's family, and are overtaken by a storm:

The frail vessel, which had lain on the waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if its ribs were severing. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth into the sea of space—when, rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell with a crushing noise into the bed of the sea. At length all the fury of the tempest seemed gathered, and again the lightning glanced along the deck, and mingled with the washing waves; so that it was not easy to say, whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning water, for they appeared one. The crazy vessel now dipped down, and now heaved to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command, seeing that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below; but not one of the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship,—for all

saw the worst, and none thought it possible to escape from it. Bianca clung, in silent horror to her husband, who strove to comfort her, and hid her face in his arms. The old man covered his grey head with the foldings of his cloak, and, as he sat motionless and wordless, seemed the very resignation of despair.

The storm increasing, the vessel was driven on the rocks; but again floated off, without sinking. The tragedy now thickens:

It was true that she had endured but little hurt, and, with the recoiling rush of the waves, was thrown afloat again; but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her farther out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as it would part the poles, and again flung her, as if she were no mightier than a sea-shell, upon the sharp rocks. She broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern half of her huge bulk tumbling over into the sea, while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. Then the shriek of dismay and death went up from men that were never more to call on Heaven; for the many of the crew were crowded about the helm; and, when it parted, went down with her, never to rise again with life. The venerable Baptista, Guido, his fair wife, and my wretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessel down from the reef into the gaping abyssal depth it had left in the sea. Again the fragment mounted to the surface-sea, and we had all held to each other and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Bianca, who had sunk out of the grasp of her husband, but being entangled in the coil of the ropes, was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar towards us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing with the calmness of courage, that, if we awaited it, our escape was hopeless, cried out, "Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of thy daughter, and let us at once leap beyond the reef into the sea, and struggle for the land."

And now shrink not as from the serpent-fend, to hear me tell the story of that rime which has cursed me here, and may hereafter. After these words, he again cried out, "Bianca, my beloved, where art thou?" The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, even in this awful hour burnt seecibly in my hateful heart; and prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some bend answered surely with my tongue, "Here!"—and he caught at me as a desperate drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaping into the sea, cried to the old man, "Follow me, father, follow me!" But he heard him not, for he saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who, as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and audibly informed me that she still lived, though my struggling would have quieted its complaints with

the thought that she was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to Guido and to Heaven, its damnable deceit. Guido heard not her cry, or if he did, took it in the stunning turbulence of the tempest's roar; for mine. For a long time he buffeted the waves with a giant's strength, and a courage that could not be weakened; and still as he beat the waves aside, or breasted them like a living rock, he cried, "Be of good cheer, my Bianca, I shall save thee yet!" And when I heard him call upon her name, my heart smote so fearfully within me, that tho' I was sure of death if I disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreadful truth; but my love of life, and cruel love of him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of the lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the waters, made me voiceless and strengthless, and I lay almost lifeless in his clasping arm, as he struck through the waves with the other. He looked on me again, but the waters had washed my long hair over my face, so that he knew me not; and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat his burdened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely with death, when just as his strength was spent; and he bade me commit my soul to Heaven, he descried lights not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land. This nerved him anew, and he plied his way lustily, till at length we touched the rocky shore, where, summoning a desperate man's might, he clambered up the low craggy cliffs, and, feeling the firm earth under him, dropped to the ground, from utter exhaustion. For some time I knew not what occurred, for safety then seemed more dreadful to me than the dangers I had passed through, and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido endeavouring to bring life back, by cherishing me in his bosom, and ever and anon he would call for help, as strongly as he might, to the distant fishermen's cottages, where he had first discerned the light which led him to the shore.

At length we descried a light approaching the spot where we lay still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the cemers; and, after some time guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it beared us, I shrink from it like a soul and guilty thing, that loves darkness rather than day, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face, as the light fell on it, when, uttering a dreadful shriek of dismay and despair, he dropped me from his arms, and starting from the ground, like one made instantly mad by some sudden stroke upon the brain, he rushed staggering and strengthless but wildly, to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him again from leaping into the sea; but I dared not speak to him save by feeble inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which withered me, and, shaking me like a serpent to the earth, with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into

the sea. I beheld him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white burden on the waters, and gain turn for the shore; but suddenly his right arm ceased to strike out, and though I kept my breaking eyes fixed on the same spot, when next the lightning flashed, I saw that he had sunk; when crying to God in my despair, I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Brighton, Capt. Sebor, arrived here on Saturday from London. She sailed from Cowes on the evening of the 2d and brought us London papers to the evening of the 1st, and we are indebted to Capt. S. for a Portsmouth paper of the 3d. The accounts from Constantinople are to the 28th January, and it will be seen, by the subjoined extracts, that warlike preparations were making with increased activity and zeal. According to a London editor, "no doubt is any longer entertained that Wallachia will be again the theatre of war, and her capital the field of battle. In this cruel situation they expect a double invasion from the north and south; and as the Turks have not fifteen leagues to march, and the Russians at least sixty, the Turks will profit by their proximity to give themselves up to the greatest excesses." In reference to this subject, the British Traveller of the 1st remarks that despatches are said to have been received at St. Petersburg, which leave no hopes of accommodation. The Czar, says that paper, will parley no longer, and if the Russians march, the fate of the Turks is sealed.

Among the extracts will be found, a painfully interesting account of the destruction of the royal Bruswick theatre, by the falling in of the roof, which resulted in the loss of many lives, and crippling and mutilating more. The event had produced the greatest excitement in London, and all the papers are occupied with copious details of the facts connected with it. The Courier says that this sudden and overwhelming calamity has deprived hundreds of human beings, men, women and children, of the common necessities of life.

The British Traveller of the 1st says, the King, we regret to state, is said to be seriously indisposed, but if any danger existed, his majesty's physicians would not, we are convinced, withhold the usual bulletins. The Morning Chronicle says he has to be carried to his carriage; and that his legs are not only weak but very much swollen.

The latter paper remarks, "from the accounts of all who have visited Hanover of late we were prepared for the rumors which now begin to circulate, respecting the nature of the illness of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge." In the house of commons, on the 29th February, Mr. Brougham moved the order of the day for the resumption of the adjourned debate, on the state and administration of the Law. After a long and interesting debate, in which the Solicitor

General, the Attorney General, and Secretary Peel took a distinguished part, Mr. Brougham withdrew his original proposition, and submitted the following resolution, which was put and carried unanimously:—"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying: that he may be graciously pleased to direct that a Commission may be appointed to inquire into the defects of our law, occasioned by time and other circumstances, in all that relates to the conduct of an action in law, from its origin to its termination; and also that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that a Commission be appointed to inquire into what amendments can be made, or are expedient, in the common Law, in all matters relating to real property."

Two Norwegian brigs and two Swedish men of war were about sailing from Stockholm to the Mediterranean for the protection of the Swedish flag there.

German papers to the 22d confirm the return of part of the Egyptian fleet to Alexandria. 14,000 were landed from the ships, including 4,000 troops, who were unfit for service. The Viceroy surveyed the wreck of his once powerful fleet, with expressed feelings of mortification and anger. He is extremely indignant that the Greeks should be allowed to keep the sea, while his vessels are prevented from having recourse to active operations. The battle of Navarin has humbled his pride and destroyed his prospects.

Lord Cochran has left London for Paris, in order, says the Times, to engage the Greek Committee of the Continent to promote his plan for putting an end to piracy in the Mediterranean, whether committed by Greeks or others. Previous to his Lordship's departure, arrangements were made for the prompt preparation of two steam vessels; with these, no doubt whatever is entertained but that the excesses, which are not less injurious to that commerce, than to Greece herself, would be terminated in a few weeks. Since the Duke of Wellington's appointment to be Master General of the Ordnance, (1820) to his resignation last year, the annual yearly saving in the expenditure of that department, is estimated at 320,000l.

The French papers contain the nomination of four vice-presidents of the Chamber of Deputies, all equally liberal as M. Royer Collard, the President.

Major Gen. Sir Campbell, K. C. B. has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Island of Tobago.

The project of a Bank to be established in the island of Cuba, so long talked of, and so long neglected, is at length destined to put in execution.

The "Memoirs of the Right Hon. George Canning," by Dr. Styles, is announced in the late London papers.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY. A first class printer, who understands Printing and Bookbinding, for one year. He will receive ten guineas per month, and board, and his expenses, and a liberal share of the profits. Apply to JAMES G. LEE, at the Normal, April 16, 1827.

CHARLES MORTIMER

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he continues to carry on his business as usual, at 107 Church-Street, (one Door from Duane-Street, at the following reduced Prices.

First rate Wax Calf-Skin Boots,	\$6.00
Second rate Calf-Skin Boot,	5.50
Footed Boot, first rate	4.00
Second rate footed Boots,	3.50
Boots half-soled and heeled,	1.00
Soled without heels,	0.75
Shoes soled and heeled,	0.75
Soled without heels,	0.50

Women and Children's Boots & shoes in proportion.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to
NEW-YORK, March 15, 1828.

Wanted immediately, a first rate Journey man who understands Shaving and Hair Cutting perfectly, for the summer season only, to whom liberal wages will be given. Apply to

JAMES KELLY,
At Newark, N. J.



Economy is the Road to wealth—And a penny saved is a good as two pennys earned. Then call at the United States CLOTHES DRESSING Establishment,

JAMES GILBERT,

Who has removed from 411 to 422 Broadway, and continues as usual to carry on the Clothes Dressing in correct and systematic style; having perfect knowledge of the business, having been legally bred to it, his mode of cleaning and Dressing COATS, PANTALOONS, &c. is by STEAM SPONGING, which is the only correct system of CLEANING, which he will warrant to extract all kinds of STAINS, GREASE, &c. Tar, Paint, &c. or no pay will be taken.

N. B. The public are cautioned against the imposture of those who attempt the Dressing of clothes, by STEAM SPONGING, who are totally unacquainted with the business as there are many Establishments which have recently been opened in this city.

All kinds of Tailoring Work done at the above place.

All clothes left to be cleaned or repaired will be good for one year and one day—if no claim in that time, they will be sold at public auction.

NOTICE

THE "AFRICAN MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETY, for the instruction of coloured Adults, of both Sexes," have reopened their SCHOOL on Monday Evening, October 1st, at their former School Room, under the Mariner's Church, in Roosevelt-street. The School will be open on every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Evenings, at half past 6 o'clock.

Those desirous of receiving instruction, will be taught to Read, Write and Cypher, until the first of April, 1828, for the small sum of one dollar, to be paid on entering the school.

An early application is requested, as there will be no allowance made for past time.

ALMON WOOD, JAMES MYERS,
WILLIAM P. JOHNSON, ARNOLD ELLIS,
E. M. AFRICANUS, HENRY KING,
Trustees.

WANTED.—A suitable Person to procure Subscribers for a periodical work requires at this Office.

G. & R. DRAPER,

(Coloured Men.)

In Forest-street, Baltimore, Manufacture, all kinds of Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Scotch, Rappee, and Maccabau Snuff, Spanish Half Spanish, and American SEGARS.

N. B. The above gentlemen have sent me a large Box of their Tobacco for sale and should the experiment succeed, they can supply any quantity of all the articles—
SAM: EL E. CORNIS:

ADAM SUDER,

CABINET MAKER,

Would acquaint his Friends and the Public, that he has taken the House 166 Duane Street; where all orders in his line of Business, will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Also, old Furniture repaired at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. COFFINS made to order at a few hours notice, as low priced as can be made in the City. Feb. 29. *3t

AFRICAN FREE SCHOOLS.

NOTICE.—Parents and Guardians of Coloured Children, are hereby informed, that a Male and Female School has long been established for coloured children, by the Manumission Society of this city—where the pupils receive such an education as is calculated to fit them for usefulness and respectability. The male school is situated in Mulberry-street, near Grand-street, and the female school in William street, near Duane street; both under the management of experienced teachers. The Boys are taught Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography and English Grammar—and the Girls, in addition to those branches, are taught Sewing, Marking, and Knitting, &c.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Pupils of 5 to fifteen years of age are admitted by the Teachers at the Schools, at the rate of twenty-five cents to one dollar per quarter, according to the circumstances of the parents; and the children of such as cannot afford to pay any thing are admitted free of expense, and enjoy the same advantages as those who pay.

Each school is visited weekly by a committee of the trustees, in addition to which a committee of Ladies pay regular visits to the Female school. Care is taken to impart moral instruction, and such have been the happy effects of the system pursued in these schools, have although several thousand have been taught in them since their establishment (how more than thirty years) there has never been an instance known to the trustees where a pupil having received a regular education has been convicted of any crime in our Courts of Justice.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

PETER S. TITUS,

RICHARD FIELD.

Jan. 10, 1828.

B. HUGHES'

School for Coloured Children of both Sexes. Under St. Philip's Church, is now ready for the admission of Pupils.

In this school will be taught READING, WRITING, ARITHMETIC, ENGLISH GRAMMAR, GEOGRAPHY with the use of Maps and Globes, and History. Terms from two to four dollars per quarter. Reference.—Rev. Messrs. P. Williams, S. E. Cornish, B. Paul and W. Miller.
New-York, March 14. 1

Wanted immediately, two smart, active intelligent Boys, as apprentices to the Printing Business.—Good recommendations will be required. Apply at this Office. March 28.

FRANCIS WILES.

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends, and the Public generally, that his HOUSE No. 152 Church-street, is still open for the accommodation of genteel persons of colour, with

BOARDING AND LODGING.

Grateful for past favours, he solicits a continuance of the same. His house is in a healthy and pleasant part of the city; and no pains or expense will be spared on his part to render the situation of those who honour him with their patronage, as comfortable as possible.

New-York, Sept. 1827.

26—3m

THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL,

is published every FRIDAY, at No. 152 Church-street, New-York.

The price is THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, payable half yearly in advance. If paid at the time of subscribing, \$2 50 will be received. No subscription will be received for a less term than one year.

Agents who procure and pay for five subscribers, are entitled to a sixth copy gratis, for one year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the Editor.

All Communications, (except those of Agents) must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For over 12 lines, and not exceeding 22, 1st insertiop, - - - - - 75cts.
" Each repetition of do. - - - - - 33.
" 12 lines or under, 1st insertiop, 50
" Each repetition of do. - - - - - 25
Proportional price for advertisements, which exceed 22 lines.

N. B. 15 per cent deduction for persons advertising by the year; 12 for 6 months; and 6 for 3 months.

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