

sume, will be disposed to listen to their complaints. With respect to the Earl of Aberdeen, he is confessedly a man of erudition and classical attainments; possessing, too, great weight with the continental courts, especially with that court (Austria) which is at present our policy to conciliate. Could, then, a fitter person be found to fill the office of Foreign Secretary?—*Brighton Gazette*.

The House of Lords have thrown out the Catholic Question, by a majority of forty-five. But a tone of conciliation and compliance still seems to prevail, and the Duke of Wellington professes his readiness and earnestness to conciliate the Irish Catholics, provided they will enter into the discussion of arrangement and securities. But the Protestant Church seeks and demands securities; and is not to be told that the consciences of the Catholics will not warrant them in conceding any. Besides, the withholding them is known to be a pretence of priestcraft and bigotry. The Roman Catholics Laity are willing to give securities, and to allay all the alarm of the Protestants; but the Bishops and Priests refuse. The obstacle is with them, and them alone. The Church of Rome has always pursued this course, and endeavoured to ride, at the same time, the thrones of Princes, and the consciences of the multitude. But why, we ask, should not England receive the same securities as Prussia exacts from the Catholics, and which the King of the Netherlands has lately received from the Pope? Why is Ireland to be the only country in the world which refuses to give to a Protestant Government—the most mild, conciliatory, and free—those pledges which every other Christian Monarch, who has Catholic subjects, exacts and receives.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

Every day's arrival from the Continent proves more and more the necessity of receiving with caution the intelligence inserted in the German papers. We had occasion a few days ago, to give the most positive contradiction to the assurances they held out of pacific overtures having been made by the Sultan, and of his willingness to accede to the conditions of the Treaty of the 6th of July. No such assurances have been given—nay, so far from it, that, by the Paris papers of Wednesday and Thursday, we find as soon as the Sultan received the Russian Declaration of War, and the account of the passage of the Pruth, he ordered it to be made known in all the squares in the mosques—commanding at the same time a general levy and arming for the defence of the Empire. He communicated to the Foreign Ministers this resolution, and invited them to make known to their respective Courts, that he has determined to defend his rights by the sword, and preferred falling with arms in his hands to the shame of being dictated to by other Powers.

The Divan holds daily meetings for the purpose of pressing the preparations for defence. If they waited for the actual commencement of war, before they began making them, they are not likely to be very effectual.

Meanwhile there does not appear to be any thing like tardiness or hesitation in the operations of the mighty army that is now pouring into the Ottoman territories. Brailow (or Ibrail) has been bombarded, and an attempt is to be made to take it by assault. The German and French papers are mistaken in saying that this fortress has never been taken. Fourteen thousand troops have been embarked on board the Russian fleet, at Sebastopol, and are expected to land near Verna. The Danube was to be passed by the main Russian army on the 23th ult.—*Courier*, June 14.

Among the presents destined to the Schah of Persia by the Emperor of Russia, and which are customary in the East, after the conclusion of peace, is a bedstead of extraordinary magnificence, and which has been exposed at the Emperor's palace of Tauride in the Capital, for public view, preparatory to its being sent to Persia. It is entirely made of crystal, and is accessible by steps of the same material, all worked in imitation of large diamonds incrusting in solid frame. On each side there are spouts meant to eject scented water, which, by its murmurs, invites sleep. It is crowned by a large chandelier, which spreads light in such a manner over itself and the rest of the frame, as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once. This bedstead, which is perhaps the only one of the kind

ever imagined or attempted, has been worked at the imperial manufactory of St. Petersburg.

Mr. Marriott, of Attercliffe, in Yorkshire, lost a fine heifer lately, which died after lingering about three months in a most exhausted state, the carcase scarce containing any blood—On being opened, an adder, upwards of a yard long, was found in its head just emerging from the larynx, which very evidently had been alive within a few hours, from the fresh appearance of its skin.

We have just heard of a most dreadful occurrence—a son killed by his own father! On Sunday last it appears Mr. Fenwick of Brinkheugh, near Weldon Bridge, nine or ten miles from Morpeth, took up his gun in the house, and deliberately fired at his son, a fine young man 22 or 23 years of age, and then ran off. The youth went to the door, staggered across the sallyard to the barn, and told a man he saw there to go for a doctor, as his father had shot him. He then fell down, and expired in a few minutes afterwards. The father we hear, has been taken into custody. A coroner's inquest would be held yesterday, but we could not learn any further particulars before our paper went to press. It is understood that the father and son were on good terms on the morning of the horrid affair, so that it seems probable the deed was committed in a sudden fit of insanity.—*Tyne Mercury*.

THE DOG.—Leonard Zelikoff, a Swiss Nobleman, who went to Paris on the conclusion of the Swiss Union, as Ambassador, had a large dog, whom on his departure he had ordered to be shut up for eight days; the dog was so and yet at the end of the eight days traced his way to Paris, (400 miles,) and on the day of audience made his way, all covered with mud, and leaped up, mad for joy upon his master. In the family castle, at Thuringa, there is a painting of the story—The dog is the only animal that dreams, he and the elephant the only animals that understand books, the dog is the only animal that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness in his History of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, to a hound in Saxony, that he could speak distinctly thirty words. A friend came to Moraut, the famous French surgeon, and entreated him as a mark of friendship to attend his hound who had broken his leg. Moraut cured him, and in about four weeks after, as he was at breakfast, heard a whining and scratching at the door, and on opening it, beheld his old patient with another dog who had broken his leg making signs to be healed. Dogs are put to an amazing variety of uses. In Otaheite, they are fattened on bread and fruit for eating; in Kamschatka they are used for drawing sledges; in upper India for beasts of burden, as mules and pack-horses; by the Jesso Islanders for fishing. Plumenbach rather thinks that all the varieties of dogs do not come from one original sort. *London Paper*.

It is impossible not to look at Mr. Huskisson's retirement from office, as a loss to the country. It has been the custom of men of narrow, unenlightened minds, and who would have the world move on in one jog-trot unimprovable state to the end of time, to represent Mr. Huskisson as a mere theorist. We, on the contrary—and so, we believe, do the majority of the Country—look upon him as possessing the truly practical mind of a statesman; and, though he may, in some instances, have endeavoured to carry his ideas to a length on the sudden, his system is in itself sound, and must ultimately prevail. The great obstacle to that system, and the error, if any, in Mr. Huskisson's own adoption of it into practice, is the overwhelming debt and taxation of this country, which render what may be truly called reciprocity, a thing literally unattainable. And Mr. Huskisson has erred a little, we think, in diminishing the scale of import duties, in some instances, below what the highly taxed producers of the commodities, in this country, can well bear. But Mr. Huskisson's errors are practical ones, and mere shades in his system, easily removeable by time and experience, while those of his opponents partake wholly of the mere theory with which they upbraid him.—*Morning Herald*.

Colonial

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK.

His Majesty's Ship Tyne, arrived on Sunday, has brought in 152 men, women, and children, in-

cluding 10 of the crew, with the mate, saved from the wreck of the brig Dispatch, Captain Lancaster, of Workington from Londonderry, bound to Quebec. The following are some of the particulars of the distressing circumstance. The D. sailed from Londonderry on the 29th May, with a crew of 11, including the Captain, and 200 passengers; experienced westerly winds until she made the Coast of Newfoundland, on the 7th instant,—had no observation for 18 days—supposed the land was Cape Chapeau Rouge; on the 10th, weather still continuing thick, with the wind S. E. about 5. p. m. considering themselves abreast of Cape Ray, distant 20 miles, kept away N. W. half N. when after running about an hour discovered a rock on the lee bow, the helm was immediately put down, but the wind being thrown out of the sails by a heavy swell, the brig was thrown nearly on the top of it, and shortly after filled; attempts were now made to reach the main land, which was discovered to be about three-quarters of a mile off, in the boats, the first, in which was the Captain, swamped, and all on board perished; the Mate in another, fortunately succeeded in reaching the shore, but was prevented by a heavy surf from returning to the wreck until the following day, when he was unable, from the same cause, to make more than one trip: on the next day he was however more fortunate, having, by the assistance of the fishermen who lived near the place, succeeded in landing the survivors, who, after stripping off their clothes, were drawn from the rock into the boats, by ropes fastened round their waists. Sir R. Grant, who was providentially cruising in the neighbourhood, was made acquainted with their wretched situation by George Harvey, one of the fishermen, on the 17th, but was unable, from thick fog, to bring the ship near enough to get them on board, until the next day, where every thing possible was done to make them comfortable. Survivors—77 men, 45 women and 30 children; of those who perished, 12 were washed off the Rock, 10 died of fatigue and hunger on it, 11 after landing, and three in the boats from the shore to the ship. The greatest praise we understand is due to Harvey for his conduct on the occasion, as also to the Mate and crew. The whole of these unfortunate people, we learn, were in comfortable circumstances, one of whom, a Scotchman, had property to the amount of 500*l.* on board, and he is now left, with a family of 13 children, entirely destitute, indeed, all that any of them have saved are a few clothes which were washed on shore.

PICTOU, July 16.

Thunder Storm.—The South of this harbour was visited on Saturday last, with a most destructive storm of wind and hail, attended with thunder and lightning. Our informant states that the hail, or rather pieces of ice, were so large, that few windows in Fisher's Grant escaped being broke; it beat down all the crops flat to the ground; stripped the trees and bushes of both fruit and foliage, and has left an indented impression on the boards and skingles of the houses. A child, which happened to be out at the time, was so bruised about the head, that it has since been dangerously ill. Fortunately the storm lasted only a few minutes.—*Patriot*.

PERTH, U. C. JULY 5.

On Friday evening, the 27th ultimo, this place was visited by a most impetuous and violent tornado. Some of our acquaintances, the oldest inhabitant of the Country, assures us, that they never remember to have experienced, nor even to have heard of such another in this Province, since its first settlement.

Towards sunset, a small black cloud was seen rising in the West, which shortly expanded its skirts North and South, in form of a crescent. A lowering curtain of thick and sombre darkness, carried Eastward on a brisk breeze marked out the tract thro' which this tremendous hurricane was shortly to burst in all its fury, and pour forth the vials of its wrath.

The cloud appeared surcharged with that destructive element, the electric fluid, the workings and commotions of which, presented a scene of gloomy grandeur, terrific and sublime.

The loud hoarse murmur of the incessant thunder—the dazzling glare of the most vivid lightning which served to render the blackness more visible—the crash of falling trees, heard at a distance, and the varied ruin which seemed to accompany this moving body of destruction, gave awful warning to those, who anticipated its effects from the harbingers of its approach.