

Then as to France.—But first let us press this point upon the attention of the public—Russia did not declare war against Turkey, because of the refusal of the Porte to accede to the conditions of the Treaty of London. She declared war for purposes purely her own.

France has sent an Expedition to the Morea, and a conjecture has been hazarded, that it will produce a declaration of war against her. We know not on what grounds this conjecture has been founded, but, for the sake of argument, we will receive them as solid. The effect of such a declaration would no more put an end to the Treaty of London, so far as regards France and its country, than the belligerent attitude of Russia will put an end to it. The Expedition to the Morea was undertaken with our perfect concurrence, for purposes connected with the Treaty. Any declarations of war, therefore, by Turkey against France, would not produce the slightest alteration in our relations with France, or at all abate our determination to co-operate with her in carrying into effect the Treaty of London. Suppose Turkey to be so ill-advised as to declare war, France would not be bound to co-operate in the views of Russia upon Turkey—she would not send her fleets to combine with the Russian squadron in any hostile operations in the Dardanelles or in the blockade—she would confine herself, in conjunction with England, to the object of accomplishing the independence of Greece—and that would be the measure and boundary of her hostility. The policy she pursued with England, her Ally, she will equally pursue whether Turkey declare war or not; and the Treaty of London would still be in existence in either case.

With respect to the Blockade of Dardanelles, its nature and extent have been already explained. But it is remarked that his Majesty's Ministers only express their opinion that commercial enterprises are not likely to suffer. The answer to that remark is, that when they express such an opinion, it ought to be considered as perfectly sufficient. His Majesty's Government will know how to make that opinion available, and therefore no apprehension need be entertained that the commercial interest of Great Britain will experience any injury.

From the London Gazette.

Whithall Sept. 17.—The King has been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Robert Viscount Melville, K. T.; the Right Hon. Sir George Cockburn, G. C. B. and Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Feet; the Honourable Sir Henry Hotham, K. C. B. and Vice-Admiral of the Blue Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet; Sir George Clerke, Batt.; and George Charles Pratt, Esq. (commonly called earl of Brecknock), his Majesty's Commissioners for executing the office of High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions, Islands, and Territories thereunto belonging.

The King has also been pleased to appoint Edward Lord Ellenborough; the Right Hon. Robert Peel, George earl of Aberdeen, K. T., the Right Hon. Sir George Murray, G. C. B., his Majesty's three principal Secretaries of state; Arthur Duke of Wellington, K. G. First Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury; the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, Chancellor of his Majesty's exchequer; Thomas Lord Wallace; the Right Hon. John Sullivan; Anthony Ashley Cooper, Esq. (commonly called Lord Ashley); the Right Hon. James Graham (commonly called Marquis of Graham); Lawrence Peel, Esq.; and the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrin Courtnay, his Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

SIERRA LEONE.

June 10.—You will, no doubt, have heard of the death of Colonel Denham. Exactly four weeks ago, this day, I had the honour of being presented to him on his assuming the command of Sierra Leone. His levee was most numerous attended by all the military and civil officers of this station—by magistrates and merchants. This gallant officer and celebrated traveller was surrounded by his staff and his friends—all eyes were turned upon him with looks of admiration and regard; he had escaped the dangers of battle and travel—the field of Waterloo and the deserts of Africa. He returned here to rest after his many perils and enterprises—he now rests in his silent grave. This day the same hands bore the pall of his coffin, which a little month ago grasped his in-congratulation and joy.—In the freshness of his fame, and in the vigour of his manhood—even

he succumbs to the destiny which awaits all who have the temerity to intrude on this awful spot—where death sits high enthroned. He was interred with all the military honours of a soldier, and with the still more precious honours of tears and sorrow poured over his grave. Ere another month be passed, many who followed his obsequies will themselves be borne to the same place of rest, and become tenants of the same sepulchre. You will now ask me what is the cause of this place being so pestilential. I cannot tell you. Its site is most beautiful and picturesque. It is a spot which the admirer of nature's beauties could contemplate with delight for hours, days, and nights. After taking a night-view of it, certainly his admiration would not extend further, as it, and his life also, would be cut short by a remittent fever. To talk of miasmata, animal and vegetable decomposition, would be to use terms merely to conceal my ignorance. Write to me soon, else it may be, so far as I am concerned, a dead letter. When you write, put on the cover, "if dead, to be returned to, &c."—*Sheffield Iris.*

CASE OF SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

[From the Edinburgh Phrenological Journal.]

The following very distinct and interesting narrative was read to the London Phrenological Society, and kindly communicated to us for insertion in the Phrenological Journal by its learned author, a member of the English bar.

In December 1823, A. was confined to his bed by inflammation in the chest, and was supposed by his medical attendant to be in considerable danger.—One night while unable to sleep from pain and fever, he saw sitting in a chair on the left side of his bed, a female figure which he immediately recognized to be that of a young lady who died about two years before. His first feeling was surprise, and perhaps a little alarm; his second that he was suffering from delirium. With this impression he put his head under the bed clothes, and after trying in vain to sleep, as a test of the soundness of his mind he went through a long and complicated process of metaphysical reasoning.—He then peeped out and saw the figure in the same situation and position.—He had a fire, but would not allow a candle or nurse in the room. A stick was kept by his side to knock for the nurse when he required her attendance. Being too weak to move his body, he endeavoured to touch the figure with the stick; but on a real object being put upon the chair the imaginary one disappeared, and was not visible again that night.

The next day he thought of little but the vision, and expected its return without alarm, and with some pleasure.—He was not disappointed. It took the same place as before, and he employed himself in observations. When he shut his eyes or turned his head, he ceased to see the figure; by interposing his hand he could see part of it; and it was shown like any mere material substance by the rays of the fire which fell upon and were reflected from it. As the fire declined it became less perceptible, and as it went out, invisible. A similar appearance took place on several other nights, but it became less perceptible, and its visits less frequent, as the patient recovered from the fever.

He says, that the impressions on his mind were always pleasing, as the spectre looked at him with calmness and regard. He never supposed it real; but was unable to account for it on any philosophical principles within his knowledge.

In the autumn of 1825, A's health was perfectly restored, and he had been free from any waking vision for nearly 18 months. Some circumstance occurred which produced in him great mental excitement. One morning he dreamed of the figure, which stood by his side in an angry posture, and asked for a locket which he usually wore. He awoke and saw it at the toilet, with the locket in its hand. He rushed out of Bed, and it instantly disappeared.

During the next six weeks, its visits were incessant, and the sensations which they produced were invariably horrible. Some years before he had attended the dissection of a woman in a state of rapid decomposition. Though much disgusted at the time the subject had been long forgotten; but it was recalled by the union of its putrescent body with the spectre's features. The visits were not confined to the night, but frequently occurred while several persons were in the same room. They were repeated at intervals during the winter; but he was able to get rid of them by moving or sitting in an

erect position. Though well, his pulse was hard, and generally from 90 to 100.

A is a person of good education and literary habits. I have not the slightest doubt of his veracity. He never supposed the appearance above-mentioned other than illusions. He has always had a propensity towards the supernatural without any belief in it; and he ascribes these effects of imagination to the perusal of the Tales of Wonder and other ghost stories when a boy. He will not allow me to lay before the society an account of his head, as connected with this statement, as he would not like to be called a dealer in the marvellous. I may however say, that ideality is large, and the reflective faculties very good.

Colonial.

MONTREAL, Oct. 13.

A MISER.—There is a man living not far from this city, who within a very brief term of years has evinced such a revolution in his ways, habitudes and sentiments as would somewhat justify belief in the transmigration of souls—so thoroughly does the man now, differ from what he was a few years back. In his youth, he was as reckless, and wayward as the wildest debauchee and spendthrift of the present day. He received in Scotland, we believe, a liberal education; but the soberness of a professional life had no charms for him—"Coin, his pouches would na' bide in"—he hated the grave counsel of the old, and shunned the example of the good. He tired of quiet life, enlisted in the army as a common soldier,—of that state of life, he soon grew sick, and he was readily redeemed from it by his friends. After spending many years at home, he migrated to this Country. He is now stricken in years, and affords a wonderful contrast to what he was when young. He lives in a very retired spot, in a most mean and forbidding hovel. His "occupation" is to glean from the woods, and to rear in his little garden, such plants, herbs, and fruits as he can by some simple process convert into drugs for the apothecary. Thein side of his hut is curiously bestudded with leaves hanging up to dry—bags of herb-seed and phials of the juice of those roots which, in his opinion, have medicinal virtues. He has a hive or two of bees, which he keeps for the sake of the honey, which he sells.—To prepare his herbs—to tend his bees, is the total of his labour—his sole enjoyment is adding another mite to his increasing horde of money. No success in his mercantile transactions can induce him to change his threadworn rags for more comfortable garments—nor to forego his meal of coarse bread and water for more luxurious fare. He is as thin as a shadow—covered with filth, & wrinkled with misery. He sleeps with a loaded blunderbuss at his side—for he trusts nothing to men's honesty. When he leaves home, he places the lethal instrument beside the door of his hut, in such a position that if the door is opened by a thievish and unskilled hand the intruder will infallibly receive a most unwelcome salute on his entrance. He has a good stock of knowledge—and sometimes, as the humour takes him, will converse freely with strangers. Generally, however, he shuns society—for he looks upon every visitor as a spy, or a candidate for his wealth. What sums he has collected during the years of his solitude, we cannot say; but we are credibly informed that the amount of his lucre is not small. Of money, he has a very different opinion from Shakespeare—for he has many misgivings in his mind as to the orthodoxy of the saying,

"He that steals my purse, steals trash."

We are told that the only occasion on which he shows any symptoms of liberality to himself is on Christmas day, when he varies so much from the usual tenor of his life as to treat himself to a drop of "summat"—but 'tis no sooner done than repented of.—*New Montreal Gazette.*

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Fredericton, August 9, 1828.

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