

been received and used by four-fifths of Europe, Asia, and America.

Meanwhile the Indians look on but do not follow us. They are stationary, and bigotted to their old methods, and cannot even imitate us to any advantage, with so many examples before them. The European process is daily haunting them, but they neglect it for the old native mode of proceeding, which is coarse, slovenly, and unproductive,—yielding an article which, when even re-manufactured in Europe, is still a very inferior commodity. A property worth above two millions sterling per annum has thus been solely created by the skill, capital, and enterprise of British born subjects living in India on sufferance. A new and valuable commodity has been supplied to our markets, which has become the means of an improved manufacture, and the source of new commercial wealth,—a commodity which, half a century ago, had no existence,—and which, before Europeans undertook its culture and manufacture, was unsaleable in a foreign market.

What we have stated as to Indigo is an answer to the objected inferiority of Indian cotton. Indian cotton may be carried to the same degree of perfection as Indian Indigo. Let this article only meet with a due encouragement, and be submitted to the care, skill, and capital of European growers, and it will soon rival the cotton of the rest of the world. It will not only compete with, but thrust out the produce of Carolina and Georgia. Its present inferiority is owing to two causes; the monopoly of Government, and the unassisted cultivation of the natives. So long as East Indian cotton is left to the rude and slovenly industry of the native inhabitants,—so long as no attempt is made to improve it, it must always remain, like the Indigo above described, in its coarse, rude, and imperfect condition. The cotton grown in India is prepared and brought to market, as it was 300, or perhaps 3,000 years ago.

Let British born subjects engage in the culture of cotton, in the same manner in which they engaged in the culture and manufacture of indigo, and we shall soon be independant of the raw produce of the United States.

The following anecdote is related of the late Adjutant-General Sir Henry Torrens:—On the 2d of October, 1799, a severe action was fought near Alkmaar, in Holland, and some of our officers, amongst whom was Sir Henry Torrens, imagining that they had purchased security for a few days, rode into that town, for the purpose of viewing the place and enjoying the rarity of a good dinner. While this dinner was in preparation, Sir Henry Torrens sat down in the coffee-room to make some notes in his Journal, but seeing Major Kempt, the Aide-de-Camp to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, ride hastily into the town, he started from his unfinished task to ask the news. From Major Kempt he learned that the French had made an unexpected advance upon the English troops, and that the division to which he was attached was under orders for immediate action. Without waiting to return for his papers, and his pocket book, containing between 40*l.* and 50*l.* which he had left on the table, he mounted his horse and in a moment was at full speed. He arrived in time to place himself at the head of his company, just before the commencement of that action in which he was dreadfully wounded. A considerable time afterwards he revisited Alkmaar, and calling at the Inn he had so abruptly left, received his papers and his purse, which had been with scrupulous honesty preserved.—*Globe, August 25.*

CONFESSION

of *W. Corder*, who was recently executed in England for the Murder of Maria Marten.

“Bury Gaol, Aug. 10, 1828. Condemned Cell, Sunday evening half-past 11.

“I acknowledge being guilty of the death of poor Maria Marten, by shooting her with a pistol. The particulars are as follow:—When we left her father's house we began quarrelling about the burial of the child, she apprehended that the place wherein it was deposited would be found out. The quarrel continued for about three quarters of an hour upon this and about other subjects. A scuffle ensued, and during the scuffle, and at the time I think that she had hold of me, I took the pistol from the side pocket of my velvet jacket, and fired. She fell, and died in an instant. I never saw even a struggle. I was overwhelmed with agitation and dismay—the

body fell near the front doors on the floor of the barn. A vast quantity of blood issued from the wound, and ran on to the floor and through the crevices. Having determined to bury the body in the barn, (about two hours after she was dead,) I went and borrowed the spade of Mrs. Stowe; but before I went there I dragged the body from the barn into the chaff house, and locked up the barn. I returned again to the barn and began to dig the hole, but the spade being a bad one, and the earth firm and hard, I was obliged to go home for a pick-axe and a better spade, with which I dug the hole, and then buried the body. I think I dragged the body by the handkerchief that was tied round her neck—it was dark when I finished covering up the body. I went the next day and washed the blood from off the barn floor. I declare to Almighty God I had no sharp instrument about me, and that no other wound but the one made by the pistol was inflicted by me. I have been guilty of great villainess, and at times led a dissolute life, but I hope, through the mercy of God, to be forgiven.

“W. CORDER.”

At the Cork Assizes, on the 4th of August, Captain William Stewart, of the *Mary Russell*, who it may be remembered, killed seven persons on board of his brig, when on his homeward voyage, was tried for the murder of one of the individuals, Captain Raynes. After a trial which lasted upwards of eight hours, the Jury retired, and in an hour and a half returned into Court with a verdict of “Guilty, but we consider him to have been in an insane state of mind at the time.” On their verdict being read, the Court would not receive it, and directed the Jury to rectify it. Without retiring from the box, they then gave the verdict of “Not Guilty, having committed the act when labouring under mental derangement.” The boy Rickaras, who had assisted Capt. Stewart and who had been confined in Bridewell, was then ordered to be discharged.

CAPTAIN STEWART.—We understand that an order has been received to transmit this unfortunate individual to the Lunatic Asylum in Dublin, there to be confined for life.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

United States.

THE BALLOON.

PERILOUS ESCAPE OF MR. ROBERTSON.

New-York, Sept. 19.

A large concourse of people assembled yesterday afternoon in the Castle Garden, to witness the ascent of Mr. Robertson—and many thousands were of course upon the battery. The day was uncommonly beautiful, the wind blowing moderately from the North. The process of inflating the balloon was not completed until about 6 o'clock, when Mr. R. entered the car, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. His attendants having let go the cords, the balloon rose gracefully to the height of upwards of a hundred feet before the wind had floated it beyond the circumference of the castle walls. Mr. Robertson stood erect in the car, flourishing the banners in his hands, and facing and bowing to the spectators. Unfortunately the balloon had been let off directly to the windward of the flag-staff, with which it came violently in contact; in consequence of which the netting not only became entangled with the staff, but the car was turned nearly upside down. Mr. Robertson, having his back to the flag-staff, had not time to prevent this collision, which he might otherwise have done with a pole. He had expressed a wish beforehand that the staff might be taken down.

In this perilous situation, with his head hanging down, with his feet uppermost in the car, clinging by the frail netting which attached it to the balloon, he remained suspended at the height of near a hundred feet from the ground, vibrating in every direction, while a general shudder ran through the crowd. At this instant, a large rent was made in the balloon, and he gradually descended about fifteen feet. The spectators cried out to him, in English, to take hold of the halliard of the flag-staff. Though nearly black in the face, from his position, Mr. Robertson was perfectly collected. At this moment a man climbed the rope for his relief, amid the cheers of the spectators, but was unable to ascend nearer than within some fifteen feet of Mr. R. when his strength failed, and he was obliged to descend. The anxiety of the spectators was now increased to intensity, and but little hope was entertained of his

rescue, and a shudder ran over the whole body of spectators.

We heard not a shriek, but many of the ladies were in tears of silent agony. It was hardly supposed possible that his physical powers could longer sustain him. Still he held on, sometimes apparently by his feet, and sometimes by one hand, grasping at any and every thing with the other. At length he caught the rope, and by a powerful effort, and one of the most dextrous movements that we ever beheld, he cleared himself from the car and the entanglement of the cords, and was seen suspended by one hand. A burst of applause cheered him for an instant, and until he caught the rope with his other hand, when he descended forty or fifty feet with great velocity, and fell the remainder of the distance, but was caught by the people below. He was soon upon his feet, and appeared upon the terrace of the Garden, where he was received by repeated and hearty cheers.

After receiving the congratulations of his friends, the intrepid aeronaut retired to a private apartment, where his hands, which had been blistered and somewhat excoriated by the cords and the rope in his descent, were dressed. He also lost one of his front teeth, by having seized a cord in his mouth, as he threw himself from the car. He was no otherwise injured, and we left him last evening in a cheerful mood. During the whole of this fearful and trying scene, his presence of mind did not forsake him for an instant. The flag-staff never should have been placed without the walls, and we are told that Mr. R. requested its removal. It is computed that 2000 spectators were in the Garden, and 15,000 without. The balloon was taken down before dark, but it is ruined.

Mr Hamilton Merritt, of the Welland Canal, arrived from Liverpool in the *Napoleon*, having fully and completely succeeded in the object of his mission, the obtaining of assistance from his Majesty's Government, to complete the great national work, of connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario. The Canal will in a few months be finally completed, and it would now be injustice to withhold from Mr. Merritt the praise justly due him for the constant and unwearied exertions he has made to bring the work to a fortunate conclusion. Much has been done, and great as have been the exertions of many patriotic gentlemen in Upper Canada, it must be conceded, that the Welland Canal owes its existence to the persevering exertions and the energy of character of Mr. Hamilton Merritt.—*Albion, Sept. 27.*

THE SUBSCRIBERS

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have this day entered into Co-partnership, under the Firm of

BALLOCH & ENGLISH.

The business of the said Co Partnership will be conducted at WOODSTOCK in the Store lately occupied by Messrs P. & E. where the Subscribers will keep on hand a constant supply of goods suitable to the Country, which they will dispose of upon the most reasonable terms for cash.

JAMES BALLOCH,
RICHARD ENGLISH.

N. B. No Notes of Hand, given by either of the above Firm, exceeding Fifty Pounds, will be valid unless they are signed by J. B. & R. E., Individually.

Fredericton, August 5, 1828.

REMOVAL. The Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed his Business from his late Store in Queen street, to his new Stand at the team Boat Landing, where he has on hand a large and general assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES; which he offers for sale for Cash on the most reasonable terms; and hopes from his convenience to both Town and Country, still to receive that liberal patronage hitherto afforded him.

JAMES BALLOCH.

Fredericton, 29th April, 1828

TO BE SOLD

Or to Lease for a term of years,

A VALUABLE Farm in the Parish of Washfield, on which are about 80 Acres cleared; a comfortable Dwelling House and a large Barn.

POSSESSION will be given early next Spring; for further particulars apply on the premises, to

JOHN D. GAULT.

Fredericton, August 9, 1828.

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!

CASH GIVEN FOR CLEAN LINEN AND COTTON RAGS AT THIS OFFICE.