

General Articles.

Deplorable and Melancholy Catastrophe.—An event without a parallel in the annals of marine misfortune, occurred on board the Brig, "Mary Russel," Captain Stewart of Cork, on her passage home from Barbadoes, which arrived in Cove on Thursday. There were on board, besides the master and mate, 8 men and 4 boys; of these, six seamen and a naval gentleman, passenger in her, were found dead in the cabin on Monday morning last, by Capt. Callender, of the Mary Stubbs of Belfast which was also on her passage home from Barbadoes, and spoke the Mary Russel on the above morning, having been killed on the day before by the Captain, according to the statement of the four boys. The cause assigned by the Master to the Capt. of the Callender was, an attempt on the part of the crew to mutiny, and his apprehension that they would take away his life; but to save himself, that he succeeded in inducing them to be tied in the cabin, each singly, before another was called down; and when all were thus rendered powerless that he put those seven to death with a crow bar! The mate named Smith, and one sailor named Howes, by some means extricated themselves, and escaped death, after being wounded in several places. It appears he was in the act of tying the boys also when the Mary Stubbs hove in sight. Capt. Callender held by the Mary Russel and saved Capt. Stewart from being drowned, he having leaped twice into the sea for that purpose. Wednesday again, for the third time, he flung himself overboard off Castletown, and was picked up by a hooker. A warrant for the apprehension of Capt. Stewart, has been issued, and an inquest held on the bodies of the seven men. We conclude that he must have been under the influence of insanity to have committed so cold blooded and horrible an act.—LIMERICK PAPER.

State of the English in India.—Great state, of a certain kind, is still kept up, not only by the Governor-General (who has most of the usual appendages of a sovereign, such as body guards, gold-sticks, spear-men peacocks plumes, state-carriage, state-bergs, and elephants,) but by all the principal persons in authority. You would laugh to see me carried by four men in a palanquin, two more following as a relay, two silver maces carried before me, and another man with a huge painted umbrella at my side: or to see EMILY returning from a party, with the aforesaid silver maces, or sometimes four of them behind her carriage, a groom at each horse's head, and four men running before with glass lanterns. Yet our establishment is as modest and humble as the habits of the place will allow. After all, this state has nothing very dazzling in it; a crowd of half naked creatures is no splendid show, & the horses, the equipages, & the furniture of Calcutta, are all as far from magnificent as any that I am acquainted with. Our way of life in other respects is sensible and suited to the climate. The general custom is to rise at six in the cold season, and at half past four in the morning during the hot weather, and to take exercise on horseback till the sun is hot, then follow a cold bath, prayers, and breakfast. This last is a sort of public meal, when my clergy and other friends drop in, after which I am generally in business till two, when we either dine or eat our tiffin; we then go out again at five or six, till darkness drives us home to dress for dinner, or pass a tranquil evening. Our rooms are large and lofty, with very little furniture; the beds have no drapery but a mosquito net, and now the climate is so cool as even to require a blanket.—Bishop Heber's Journal.

On the afternoon of Wednesday last Dugald Stewart the venerable and eloquent philosopher, the last relic of the school founded by Dr. Reid, expired at his temporary residence in Ainslie-place, after a short but painful illness, which was borne by him with dignified fortitude and resignation, worthy of his principles and his character. And thus has been extinguished in a mature old age, with his well-won honors thick upon him, a man who has long been the admiration of the wise, and the example, as well as model, of the good, and who, without any exaggeration, may be viewed as one of the brightest, and at the same time, purest lights that has shed its radiance on the paths of philosophy, and pointed out the road to truth. The private character of this truly illustrious man may be almost divined from his works, more especially the last of them, his "Philosophy of the Active Powers of the Human Mind," published only a few weeks before his death. Benevolence was its great and obvious feature; and this was united with a certain nobleness of mind and elevation

of sentiment, a generosity of disposition and a purity of feeling, together with an openness, candour and dignified simplicity of manners, which altogether formed a character approaching almost to ideal excellence. In one word, Mr. Stewart was a man of excellent virtue, as well as high intellectual endowments; insomuch, that it is difficult to say whether philosophy has been most indebted to the ingenuity and eloquence with which he has illustrated her doctrines in his writings or to the unvarying uniformity with which he exemplified her maxims in his life. To the great cause of freedom he was ardently, we might almost say, enthusiastically, attached; and as he indulged in that amiable spirit of optimism which looks forward with unblenching confidence to the future perfectibility of the species, he hailed with peculiar satisfaction every fresh triumph gained, whether in the new world or the old; not merely as a blessing in itself, but as laying the foundation of that improvement which he delighted to contemplate even in a long and distant perspective. We need scarcely add, that he is the last but one of that constellation of philosophers, historians, poets and men of letters, which shed such lustre over the latter half of the last century, and contributed so much to raise the literature of Scotland to the high rank which it now holds in the estimation of other countries; and though he has been gathered in by the great reaper, Death, like a shock of corn in its season, it is impossible not to be affected with the loss we have sustained, or to refuse a tear to the memory of this truly great and good man. Mr. Stewart, we believe, died in the 76th year of his age.—Caledonian Mercury.

Swiss Custom.—Richard describes a custom which amidst the sublime scenery of that country, must be peculiarly impressive. The horn of the Alpe is employed, in the mountainous district of Switzerland, solely to sound the Cow call (Cthreihn, Ranz des Vaches), but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the Vallies and its last rays are just glimmering on the sunny summit of the mountains, then the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth. "Ruft durch diess sprach orehr," "Praise God the Lord." All the herdsmen in the neighbourhood on hearing this, come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, whilst on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A profound and solemn silence follows: every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees, and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark,—"Good night," trumpet forth the herd on the loftiest summit; "Good night" is repeated on all the mountains from horns of the shepherds and cliffs of the rocks. Then each one lays himself down to rest.

Accident at Kirkaldy.—Further particulars.—One of the first persons who discovered the danger was Mr. Edward Sang. He sat immediately under the longitudinal beam of the gallery, and a small quantity of dust falling upon him, which was followed by particles of lime, he looked up, and observing the whole mass of the floor coming down, as it were in a body, he made a desperate spring forward, and alighted in a passage through which the minister enters from the vestry to the pulpit. By the time he reached this spot the whole had fallen. A little boy, of about eight years of age, made a singular escape. His mother was crushed against the wall, but held him in her hand. In the confusion she lost her hold of him, and naturally supposed he had perished. But when one of the dead bodies was drawn out, the boy was found unharmed, and rolled up in a mantle attached to the corpse. One individual who lost a daughter, had his whole family with him in his seat, which was in the church, and he had the presence of mind to remain till the confusion was over. He endeavoured to calm the alarm of his family, and to keep them together; but when he reached the door the first object that he beheld was the corpse of his daughter stretched on a tomb stone. Another, a tall and powerful man, with a boy by his side, at the request of some others, pushed forward to pull open the bolts of the south door, and returning in search of his son, found him on the floor trampled by the very persons in whose behalf he had so generously exerted himself. His appearance when he saw what had befallen his son is described to have been beyond description heart reading. Sarah Penman, who was before peculiarly unfortunate, having lost her husband and son both by violent deaths within two years was in church with her son, an infirm lad. She was seen in the utmost agony, crying "My puir object, my puir laddie," and to rush into the densest part of the crowd to assist him. He escaped with trifling injury, but the unfortunate mother was trampled to

death, and so dreadfully mangled as only to be recognized by the color of her gown.—Edinburgh Ev. Courant.

The Dutchman's shower.—Our steady rain has been interrupted by two or three days of good weather, and pleasantly cool. We have found a good description of the previous month, in the Dutchman's weather journal—"Had a dunder shower for the tres weeks, and then it set in for a settled rain."

A Hermit.—Somewhere in the Township of Godmanchester, there lives an old Dutchman who, without any stretching of the word, may be called a hermit. When he first came to reside there, the place was as wild and as lonely as any man-hater could desire; foxes, bears, squirrels, pigeons and blue-birds, were for years his only visitors; and the solitary poured the affection of his heart, upon pigs, hens, ducks and ducklings, which formed the whole of his companionship. He built a log house for his dwelling—it is a rude piece of architecture—is has neither door nor window, if we may except a hole through which Mincheer has his entrance and his exit. The furniture of the mansion are as simple and rude as can well be conceived—there are some planks laid in sundry positions, which serve as chairs—a pot, a platter, and a spoon. His bed rather resembles a canoe, than a place for sleep—being the trunk of a tree, hollowed out, just large enough to hold him. In winter, he places this bed or canoe upon its side, with its face to the fire, and there he enjoys his repose. His clothing is somewhat like that of Robinson Crusoe, being composed of skins of such animals as he may chance to kill. His only employment is in the cultivation of a few rods of ground, on which he rears corn and potatoes for the benefit of his "live stock." With them he enters into conversation—asks them questions and furnishes them with answers. His diet is spare—potatoes, onions, and ever and anon, a chicken. His beard is redolent of "days before the flood." Of late, he feels rather uncomfortable at the inroads which mankind are making upon the woods that encircled him. For many years there were about twenty miles of untouched forest on each side of him, upon which axe and ploughshare have been making fearful changes. Human habitation and human industry are now within four miles of his hermitage. A friend of our own even presumes so far as to pay the Hermit a visit. The old man always receives him with politeness, but his visitations, though "few, and far between," give evident umbrage to the domesticated pigs & poultry—they are as fond of loneliness as their own master and the appearance of a stranger creates a cackling of no dubious import. Once or twice of late the hermit has left his wilderness, & with praiseworthy loyalty, joined the militia ranks at parade, and he stands at the head of the corps to which he belongs, with evident zeal for the service of his most excellent Majesty. He is a harmless good old man—what was the cause of his forsaking the "busy world," we cannot tell.—New Montreal Gazette, August, 18.

The North American Colonies.—As commercial and agricultural stations and countries, the British North American Colonies afford to the population of Great Britain and Ireland pressed for subsistence, a great outlet, by which they can emigrate to settle themselves, if industrious amidst comfort and independence—comfort and independence, which return to the mother country treble benefits, in increased commerce and navigation. In commerce, in particular, they from their particular productions, and from their particular and indispensable wants, form an indissoluble bond of union between themselves and the West India Colonies; and in this way they strengthen and connect the bond of union betwixt both and the mother country,—a bond of union which political folly—insanity of the most glaring and the most fatal description—can only weaken or break.

These North American Colonies takes from us yearly about £2,500,000 of British goods—productions in all things British, and they give employment, including the trade betwixt them and our tropical Colonies, to nearly 500,000 tons of shipping, while their trade, their tonnage and their population, are every year upon the increase.

Still, these important provinces are but in their infancy. Greater resources, more valuable stores, and greater advantages, will daily develop themselves; and adding to the population and to the strength of Canada, will add to the resources, and to the security, and to the strength, of Great Britain. When the Welland Canal, (to the importance of which your Grace has shown your judgment by patronizing it as a subscriber,) which connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, by a passage now far advanced, together with

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