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THE ENGLISH CEMETERY.
AN EPISODE OF THE BLOCKADE OF BAYONNE IN 1814.

Under the guns of the citadel, and at the foot of the heights of Montaugt, upon which the blockade of 1814 has conferred celebrity, there is a little narrow valley, covered with thick fern. You reach it by slippery and stony paths; calm, solitary, and enveloped only by the rural cries of herdsmen and flocks. The valley opens to the north-east upon an admirable landscape—the houses of Boucan rising amidst trees and underwood—the Adour bending its broad and rapid sheet of water—the Pignadas spotting the sand-dunes on the left bank—the red roofs of the lazaretto—and the Biarritz lighthouse, which, through the indentations of the coast, the eye sees standing in the commune of Anglet. The opening to the valley is so narrow that the stream, the Boucan, the pine-tree woods, and the sea, place themselves in a line, group themselves, and harmonise together; first come thorny heaths which tear your foot, cows grazing among the rushes; next the ships moored in the river, or some sail which the sun lightens in the horizon.

This valley, now so unknown and so deserted, was filled in April, 1814, with warriors, horses, and noise. All those hillocks, where fern, thorny broom, and the thyme of the field peacefully grow and spread, were occupied by an English brigade, consisting of the 2d Regiment of the Guards, detachments from the 1st and 3d of the Guards, and of the 60th of the line; advanced posts were stationed on all the heights, in all the defiles; and in those transparent nights of our southern climes, one could, from the summit of the citadel, descry with a good glass the bayonets of the English sentinels glittering amidst the trees. From the mouth of the Adour to the upper Nive extended a vast camp, in the centre of which the town and citadel, enclosed with walls and bristling with cannon, seemed to defy the patient and strategic plans or the sudden attacks of the enemy.

English guineas have, unfortunately, great renown, even in France; and in 1814 we blush as we say it, they were potent enough to overcome arms which had been vigorous, and breasts which had been intrepid until then. The people gave way to that attraction of gold which was now become an object of adoration; the peasantry sold their provisions, and let their farms at high prices to the English; there were those who speculated upon the supplies and the prospect of the invading army; some of their fine horses were bought in order to preserve a recollection of them, and writers were not wanting to extol their moderation, at a time when, no doubt, it was in their power to deal with us more severely. Those were, however, but some features of the great drama of 1814, and these few pages would not suffice to record the bravery, sacrifices, and devotedness which the peril of the country kindled.

Bayonne, blockaded by an army of 40,000 men, had resolved upon a stubborn defence; and its garrison and inhabitants, inspired with the same courage and enthusiasm, co-operating in the service of the outposts, as well as in that of the interior of the fortress, had already inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. The citadel's guns daily destroyed the English works, and hit behind their breaches those cool and reckless soldiers whom their bright coats pointed out to the skill of our artillerymen. Night alone interrupted that merciless cannonading, when a strange scene ensued. The bivouac fires extended all round the besieged town; they shone among the trees, at the foot of some isolated farm, or in the sheltering fold of a Mamelon, and one could occasionally see upon the lighted spot the lively delineated silhouettes of the British Hanoverian, or Portuguese soldiers. Nothing is so awfully grand as long silent nights upon fields of battle where thousands of men repose or watch; or fancies, at every moment, that a thousand cries are about to burst forth, that those guns, which seem to exchange steady and silent looks in the darkness of the night, will suddenly be blazing, and that the battle

will rage again anon; but tranquillity and silence endure, the fires even at length expire, and the sentinels themselves, whose steps are at first hurried and impatient, stop, listen, and lean over their muskets.

At half-past two o'clock on the morning of the 14th April, 1814, a soldier of the garrison slipped himself down the citadel parapets, on that side where the walls are of little height.—Holding his sword between his teeth, he used his hands and feet, and succeeded in reaching the rapid shelving which, seems a continuation of the rampart. Through his marvellous precautions he escaped the vigilance of the advanced posts, and, by following the southern slopes of the Montaugt heights, found his way close to the English sentinels stationed at the foot of the mill, on the Boucan road. Being immediately seized and disarmed without offering any resistance, the man asked to be conducted to the Commander-in-Chief. His entreaties were so pressing, and the few words he uttered to the commandant of the post so significant, that his demand was acceded to without any hesitation. General Hope had established his head-quarters at Boucan, within reach of the bridge, which could bring him back to the Bidassoa, and within reach also, of the numerous flotilla which ensured security and abundance to his army.—The poor little village of the Adour had become a rich and populous residence; English wealth had already conveyed to that sandy ground a quantity of fancy goods which were lodged in elegant shops, and there were comfortable taverns which welcomed soldiers and officers to gin or champagne.

All slumbered—men, horses, and navy; the English ships crowded together along the stone jetties, the little harbour teemed with boats, and the dark and peaceful stream reflected only some distant fires. The French deserter was led through gun-carriages, cannon, vehicles, and portable shops, to a house in front of which two sentinels walked to and fro. In a room on the ground floor, and upon a card table, was spread a map exhibiting a plan of Bayonne, of the citadel, the entrenched camps, &c. Black and red pins fixed into the map determined the positions occupied by the besieging army and the garrison's outposts. Two half-burnt wax-lights bore witness to recent labour; and in a dark corner of the room, and on a sofa, slumbered an English aide-de-camp, armed and spurred. It was there that the French deserter stood before General Hope, who had been apprised by the aide-de-camp, and had risen in haste. It was there that, for a stipulated sum of money, he disclosed to the general the contemplated *sortie* of the garrison, the number of men who were to compose the columns of attack, and the hour the *sortie* was to be made. General Hope immediately issued orders, and the aide-de-camp hastened to the several positions occupied by the English troops; but it was too late; the drums were beating, the guns firing, and the French troops rushing on at charging pace.

The disappearance of the deserter had soon been noticed in the citadel, and the *sortie*, which was to have taken place at five, was immediately effected, at three in the morning.—The enemy's advanced post only were under arms, and before the columns at Boucan and Hayet could have time to form and march to the scene of action, the garrison had bravely recovered at the point of the bayonet all the positions it occupied before the 27th of February. Upon the plateau of Montaugt a most terrible and long-contested conflict had taken place; the house of Monet and the English works, four times carried and retaken, were strewn with dead bodies. At length the ground remained in the possession of the brave battalions of the 82d, 26th, and 70th of the line. The English troops, driven into the back part of the Montaugt, then retired into the little valley mentioned at the beginning of this episode, which we wrote on the spot in 1836. The deserter who had just so basely sold the garrison, acted as General Hope's guide, when the bullets of the 82d's volleys struck the English leader, and killed the traitor on the spot.

The citadel's batteries directed, at the same tremendous fire upon the little valley, whither the troops of the 1st, 2d, and 3d regiments of the English Guards and of the 60th of the line were retiring in confusion. Despite of the unevenness of the ground, the cannon-balls dug into the ranks, and continually struck the officers, soldiers, horses, and trees that were within their terrible *ricochets*.

A magnificent cherry-tree stood to the left of the little valley, upon a slope covered with high fern, which was torn and crushed. The ground was rapidly covered with dead bodies, and the trunk of the tree marvellously retained a ball, as if to preserve the date of a memorable combat and epoch. Around this tree were buried the officers who gallantly fell at its foot on the 14th of April, and such is the origin of the humble and historical cemetery so peaceably concealed in the commune of *Saint Etienne*. For sixteen years together some coarsely hewn stones alone pointed out to the inhabitants and to visitors the graves of the English officers. The soldiers had been promiscuously buried where they had fallen, and the country people still show you, upon all the heights as far as Boucan, little rising spots protected by a cross, and the officer sheltered by cypresses: it is the last memorial of the blockade of 1814.

In 1830 a sort of subscription was opened in the 2d Regiment of the English Guards, called the "Coldstream," and Mr. Harvey, Consul at Bayonne and formerly an officer in that regiment, was commissioned to buy the ground where his brother soldiers rest, and enclose it with a wall. The cemetery soon made its appearance; some trees were planted in it, and a sort of tombstone erected at one of the ends of the monument, records the names of the slain, and the date of the *sortie* of the Bayonne garrison.

The monument of the Coldstream Guards has been, since 1830, the object of pilgrimage to a host of Englishmen whose business or their cosmopolitan propensities bring them to our regions. It is even affirmed that some of them, under the exclusive influence of a national piety, have journeyed to Bayonne to behold for a moment the tombs of their countrymen, and carry away with them some leaves or flowers, which memorials they carefully fold up in their albums, and will afterwards place in their domestic museums, perhaps between a fragment of lava which the action of fire has capriciously distorted, and some onyx from Bengal. There is indeed something adventurous and strange in the destiny of these men of the north, whom fatality has for ever kept at the remotest part of our southern France, and the flowers which grew upon their tombs are worth decking the album of an artist or a traveller.—*Bayonne Print.*

BOSTON.

The arrival of the Unicorn in our harbour is an event of great importance. It is the commencement of an era in the history of New England—and we cannot doubt that it will give a new impulse to the prosperity of Boston, and, indeed, of all Massachusetts. A frequent, regular and direct communication with England is now open—thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Cunard—and we hope that that gentleman will not be disappointed in reaping a rich reward from his great and noble undertaking. At all events, if his project should not prove fortunate, it ought not to be in consequence of any neglect or supineness on the part of our population. His packets should be patronized, and well loaded with Passengers and freight—and we have no doubt that the arrangements on board those boats will be highly satisfactory to all concerned—and Bostonians will learn, we hope to their satisfaction, that they can pass to and from Europe without finding it necessary to visit New York on their route.

The Unicorn is a good, staunch and fast boat, well provided with accommodations—and will answer admirably the purpose for which she was built, viz: to run as a packet between Halifax and the river St. Lawrence. She is only about 700 tons, whereas the four boats built expressly to run between Liverpool and Boston are each of 1250 tons—and of the most improved model—giving good reason to believe that for convenience, safety, and speed, they will be equal to, at least, if they do not surpass, any of the steamers which have heretofore crossed the Atlantic. They will start on the 1st and 15th of every month, and be able to accommodate 130 passengers with state rooms, and carry about 200 tons of freight.

When the Great Western Railroad is opened, it will probably be in another year, this will become the most cheap, expeditious, and in every way preferable route to Europe from the interior of New York, and all the Western States. Boston must become the principal mart for foreign and domestic goods—and besides being the great emporium of trade, it will be the point from which to obtain the latest news from Europe. In this way the opening of this communication will contribute to the promotion of our commercial, and manufacturing, and our agricultural interests.

When these things are considered, it is not surprising that the arrival of the Unicorn should cause no little excitement and bustle among our usually quiet and philosophical citizens. It is no wonder that the steamer is hailed as an *avant courier* of good, and that her officers are warmly welcomed among us, and that our city authorities are taking measures to testify publicly their sense of the enterprise. A little enthusiasm on this occasion may well be pardoned.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH, AND THE BISHOP OF EXETER.
(From the London Globe.)

If the highlanders of the Church be allowed to soar unchecked to the height which their exalted notions of the claims of Episcopalianism to the exclusive appellation of Protestantism prompt them to attempt, the existence of the national church, and the safety of the empire, will be periled by their madness. To suppose that the people of this country will sanction the ridiculous pretensions to exclusive Protestantism, on which the Bishop of Exeter rests, in the debate of Tuesday night, the claims of the Church of England clergy to the whole of the "Clergy Reserves" in Canada, is an assumption little less preposterous than the pretensions themselves. It may be deemed fit employment for the learned leisure of the monks of the nine tenth century to trace an unbroken line of descent from the Apostles to Bishop Philpotts; and sensible men will laugh at the laborious scheme; but when Bishops "raise their mitred heads in Parliament," and call upon the legislature to pass laws founded on such dogmas, it then becomes too serious a matter for ridicule. The inquiry then naturally suggested is, Where will these things end? How may their consequences be averted, and the exactions of those who are for reviving the doctrines and the practices of the dark ages?

The Bishop of Exeter, as we yesterday observed, made short work with the Established church of Scotland. "He could not call the clergy of the church of Scotland a Protestant clergy." At one fell swoop this incarnation of intolerance cast without the pale of the christian church—delivered over to "the unconvicted mercies of God," as aliens from the Christian commonwealth—the entire nation which received the doctrines of the reformed faith with an avidity, and asserted them with a constancy in suffering and labor, which has made their name a praise among Protestants in all lands!

"He could not call the church of Scotland a church!" The Bishop of Exeter, in common with the Lauds of every age, associates with the idea of a church enormous wealth, high-sounding titles, and princely grandeur. The church of Scotland has not lands, or rather territories, worth millions. It cannot exhibit prelates with royal revenues, living sumptuously in vast and splendid palaces, attended by bodies of serving-men gorgeously attired, and of priests to wait upon their persons, ranking amongst the proudest nobles of the land, nay taking precedence of them—it has not a clergy of inferior clergy richly provided with worldly goods, the wealthiest not even compelled to reside among their flocks, and those who do reside not compelled to do any one act of duty, beyond providing and paying a deputy just enough to keep him from starving, nor still greater crowds of poor, laborious ministers doing all the work, and receiving next to none of the wages. Such an establishment may be, and doubtless is, the perfection of beauty in the eyes of the Bishop of Exeter, who with proud disdain, refuses to admit the claim of his humbler sister establishment to the appellation of a church, in order to exclude her from a share of the reserves appropriated by the state for the support of a "Protestant clergy" in the Canadas!

The Bishop of Exeter "could not call the clergy of the church of Scotland a church!"—How could he? For from the Tweed to John-o-Groat's House there is no such thing as a Bishop—not even a Dean—or Prebendary—or Canon—or Minor-Canon—nay, in all the land not

a single curate is to be found! The people of that unchristian country support no cathedrals, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, so unworthy are the members of the church of Scotland to sustain the appellation of protestant, that they are ignorant even of tithes!—True, they are amongst the most moral, most religious, and best educated of any of her Majesty's subjects. But destitute of the advantages we have enumerated, how can they be christians—protestants?—The Bishop of Exeter "cannot call them a church!"

We now turn to the Bishop of London, who expatiated upon the injustice of admitting any other but his own Church to share in the "Clergy Reserves" in Canada. Lord Ellenborough had said "he thought that every man who had read the papers relating to Canada, that had accumulated within the last three years, must see it would be inconsistent with the peace of the colony, and with its relation with us, to attempt to maintain the ascendancy of the Established Church of England within it."

It seems that the Protestant Church in Canada was copying the example of the Protestant Church at home, with a precision very creditable to her genius, and worthy of her descent. We have before us the Parliamentary papers relating to the "Clergy Reserves in Canada;" and have been surprised at the progress made by the heads of the "Protestant Clergy" of the colony, in the lessons taught by the heads of the Protestant Church of England and Ireland in the proper appropriation of "the property of the church." According to the printed returns, from the clergy Reserves there was paid to eight individuals (seven of them clergymen, and the eighth employed in matters relating to the church,) in seven years, viz. 1824—30, the sum of £4,303 3s. 2 1/2d.; and of this sum there was paid to the Rev. Dr. Strachan, now Bishop of Toronto, "in addition to his stipend as minister of York," the sum of £2,828 7s. 8d. in yearly proportions.

In addition to this sum, amounting to nearly two thirds of the entire amount, this protestant dignitary obtained 800 acres of land for the endowment of the rectory of Toronto, being 100 more than were allotted to the Archdeaconry of Kingston. The large sum paid to the Bishop of Toronto (then Archdeacon of York) in 1828, was in consequence of his absence in England to oppose the sale of the "reserves." He was absent from his charge 18 months, but received his stipend, notwithstanding, as a matter of course, from the "reserves fund," in addition to the £678 6s. 8d. named in the account of his receipts from that fund above given. As this is stated in the account to be only "a moiety," we may conclude he received an equal sum from some other quarter. This christian bishop is now strenuously exerting himself in getting up petitions against the appropriation of the clergy reserves, or any portion of them, to any other church than his own. Certainly his efforts must be regarded as prompted by a lively sense of benefits received, as well as by a cheering hope of benefits to come!

We have seen the opinion of Lord Ellenborough, "that it was utterly inconsistent with the idea of preserving the connection between this country and Canada, to attempt to preserve the ascendancy of the Established Church of England in that colony." Lord Ashburton confirmed his opinion; and administered a rebuke to the Prelate of Exeter, which, if he be capable of feeling, he would feel, and under it would quail. "If the right rev. prelate knew what the state of Canada and of America was—if he had but passed six weeks only in them, he would have come to the conclusion which he (Lord Ashburton) had arrived at, that it would be as impossible to establish a dominant church there at the expense of all other creeds, as it would be to establish it in the moon. It was adverse to the habits, the feelings, and the opinions of the people; and, in his opinion, quite impossible to be effected."

The Times—which claimed the honour of rousing public attention to this new attempt at church spoliation—now shrinks alarmed at the danger to which the champions of the high Church party are exposing the interests of the church and of the nation.

Scared by the noise of its own thunder, the Times this morning says—"In the legal disposal of the Clergy Reserves question in Upper Canada there probably may not be much difficulty. In the practical disposal of it, we never shut our eyes to the fact, that great dissatisfaction might be continued if it strictly and rigidly followed the interpretation of the law;" and goes on to talk of "a healing motion!"—We earnestly call on every friend of peace in the Colonies—on every lover of his country—and on all who wish to avert from it the melancholy consequences of kindling anew the fast-dying embers of discord in the Canadas, to interpose their offices to prevent the intolerance of the High Church party from effecting the mischiefs their blind policy would inflict upon the population of those provinces. The crisis in the fate of the colony has arrived. Good or evil, life or death, hang on the decision of the British Parliament. The question is not merely whether the Church of England shall engross the whole of the land appropriated to the support of the Protestant Clergy in Canada, but whether Canada shall continue a portion of the British Empire, or be severed from its Crown.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The proceedings at the Wesleyan Methodist conference at Belleville are of considerable interest. It is probably well known to our readers that for some time past there have been two parties in the conference, the one anxious to maintain the supremacy of the British conference, the other to preserve the independence of the Canadian. The principal leaders of the former party are the Revs. Messrs. Stinson, President of the conference, Ritchey lately preacher in charge at Toronto, Ephraim Evans formerly Editor of the 'Guardian'; and of the latter the Revs. Egerton, John and William Ryerson. It must not be supposed that the great majority by which Mr. Egerton Ryerson has been supported in the conference for the last two years cordially approve of his conduct in editing the Guardian, particularly his course regarding the clergy reserves. Such we are well assured is far from being the case. The liberal party among the Canadian Methodists, by which we mean those opposed to the views of the British conference consists of persons entertaining various shades of opinion regarding endowments, but the large majority if we have been correctly informed, are entirely opposed to them. The party how-

ever feel it necessary to act in concert in the present controversy against the assumed claims of the British conference—and we have been much gratified to perceive that they have been eminently successful.

The rival candidates for the situation of secretary of the conference were Messrs. Egerton Ryerson and E. Evans, and the comparative strength of the parties may be ascertained from the result of the ballot which was for Mr. Ryerson 43 votes Mr. Evans 12 5 scattering. The most important business brought before the conference was the introduction of certain resolutions sent out by a special committee in London, and which we understand were condemnatory of the Rev. E. Ryerson's conduct. These resolutions were debated during a portion of three successive days and the result of the vote on them was,—in favour of the resolutions 8 against them 59. In favour of the resolution containing the principal charge only 3 voted.

Mr. Egerton Ryerson has been appointed preacher in charge at the city of Toronto, assisted by another preacher. Rev. Jonathan Scott will be editor of the Guardian for the next 12 months, and Messrs. Egerton and Wm. Ryerson are, we understand, to visit England immediately, to meet their opponents on their own ground.

The principal cause of difference between the two conferences is the manner of appropriating the £500 sterling per annum, formerly granted out of the public revenue to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England in aid of Missions in Upper Canada. Under the new Clergy Reserve Bill, the Canadian Methodists will be charged with this £500 per annum as so much paid to them, and we understand they claim the distribution of it by the Canadian Conference, which is resisted by the Missionary society in London. The above is we believe a pretty accurate account of the recent proceedings at Belleville, but as the Wesleyan Conference sits with closed doors, contrary to the general custom of large religious bodies, it is difficult to state any thing with certainty regarding their proceedings; and as this body exercises a considerable political influence in the Province, public attention is naturally and justly directed to the state of their affairs. TO KENTON EXAMINER.

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.

By the schooner November, which arrived at Boston on Tuesday last, the editors of the New-York Express have received the following interesting intelligence, and dates to 29th May, from Guatemala. Immediately after the disgraceful flight of the tyrant Morazan, from Central America, with twenty-four of his satellites, all the republic remained in peace. The State of St. Salvador had recovered her liberty and her rights, and the wise and prudent conduct of the Governor, M. Canas, had saved it from anarchy and civil war. The States of Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Honduras sent troops to the department of St. Salvador, with the object of attacking the capital (city of St. Salvador,) in which place was the remnant of the army of the tyrant, which for 11 years has kept Central America in the most deplorable situation, and its inhabitants in the most abject slavery; but as soon as the government of the said States were acquainted with the flight of Morazan, and his band of desperate followers, they retired their troops and sent commissioners to make a treaty of alliance and peace; proving in this manner to the world, that their views were not to conquer or ruin a sister State, but to deliver it from a usurper, who, without any right but force, and without any merits but those of a catalogue of crimes, had taken possession of the government.

A colony of agriculturists from England, under the protection of a company formed in London, has been established upon the coast near the bay of Honduras. The ship St. Lawrence, from London, arrived at the Gulf of Dulce, 20th April, with 66 emigrants, amply supplied with provisions, &c. for a year. She also brought materials for houses, a small iron steamboat for the rivers, &c.; and we are hourly expecting several other ships with more colonists. This, connected with the blessings of peace, cannot fail to cheer the hearts of a people who have borne with patience a civil war of nearly a dozen years; and we now trust our army will be disbanded, and the troops in lieu of imbruing their hands in their brothers' blood, will return to agriculture, and then we shall see our indigo, cochineal, and other estates assume their former prosperity.

It is with no small degree of pleasure we announce to the public that those distinguished American travellers, Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood, the former well known throughout this republic, as the charge d'affaires of the United States to Central America, and who, during a residence of six months, has by his urbanity and gentlemanly deportment won the confidence and esteem of every citizen of Central America, have recently made a visit to the ruins which exist in Quirigua, and intended also to visit Quiche, and then to pass to the ruins of Palenque, in the province of Chiapas in Mexico.

These gentlemen manifest a great passion for whatever objects belong to antiquity, and are unceasing in their diligence, and seem willing to make every sacrifice to gain information regarding the early history of this country, and we do not doubt that in their recent exploration they have encountered curiosities, &c. in this country, which will cause Central America to occupy a distinguished place among historians, and afford Mr. Stephens ample materials to fill his journal, details of which will be sought for with avidity by every lover of nature and art; in fact, even in this benighted country, we from the character and well known ability, as well as the famed fertility of the imagination, and strict adherence to truth, which has ever characterized Mr. Stephens's writings, shall expect a rich treat—a detail of important information regarding the antiquities existing in this republic.