

in consequence of some report having reached the ear of the Secretary of State, that this is not his first offence, and secondly, because of late, a good many sheep have been stolen by other people. He is content to die: indeed the exertions of the chaplain and others, have brought him firmly to believe that his situation is enviable, and that the gates of heaven are open to receive him. Now observe the fourth—that miserable old man in a tattered suit of black. He is already half dead. He is said to be a clergyman of the church of England, and has been convicted of forgery. The great efforts made to save his life, not only by his friends, but by many strangers, fed him with hope until his doom was sealed. He is now under the influence of despair. He staggers towards the pew, reels into it, stumbles forward, flings himself on the ground, and by a curious twist of the spine, buries his head under his body. The Sheriff's shudder; their enquisitive friends crane forwards, the keeper frowns on the excited congregation, the lately smirking footmen close their eyes and forget their liveries, the Ordinary clasps his hands, the turnkeys cry hush, and the old clerk lift up his cracked voice, saying 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.'

'People of London! is there any scene in any play so striking as this tragedy of real life; which is acted eight times a year in the midst of your serene homes?'

They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospects for to-morrow morning. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who alone of those for whom it is intended is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice, at a loss to find the place in his prayer-book. The Ordinary observes him look to the Sheriff's and says aloud, 'the service for the dead!' The youth's hands tremble as they hold the book upside down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep stealer smiles, and extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved.

'Let us pass on. All have sung the lamentation of a sinner, and have seemed to pray, especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law. We come to the sermon.'

'The Ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox unaffected church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be for the irritated audience. The sermon of the day, whether elegant or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery. The text, without another word, is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken heart; a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise.' For a while the preacher addresses himself to his congregation at large, who listen attentively—excepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering around the chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked impudently at some acquaintances amongst the prisoners for trial. At length the Ordinary pauses, and then in a deep tone, which though hardly above a whisper is audible to all, says: 'Now to you, my poor fellow-mortals, who are about to suffer the last penalty of the law.' But why should I repeat the whole? It is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes of crimes, punishment, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death tomorrow morning for the benefit of society. What happens? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling-house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew; his legs give way; he utters a faint groan and sinks on the floor. Why does no one stir to help him? Where would be the use? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak; but his face is of an ashy paleness: and if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, or from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep stealer is in a frenzy. He throws his hands far from him and shouts aloud, 'Mercy good Lord! Mercy is all I ask. The Lord in his mercy come! There! there! I see the Lamb of God. Oh, how happy! Oh, this is happy!' Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently, his feet, legs, hands, and arms, even the muscles

of his back, move with a quick jerking motion; not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected part of a galvanized corpse. Suddenly he utters a short sharp scream, and all is still.

The silence is short. As the Ordinary proceeds 'to conclude,' the women set up a yell which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by a removal of these whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The Sheriff's cover their faces, and one of their inquisitive friends blows his nose with his glove. The keeper tries to appear unmoved; but his eyes wander anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion table stare and gape with childish wonder. The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and slightly murmur while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion.

This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses: the condemned returning to the cells—the forger carried by turnkeys—the youth sobbing aloud convulsively, as a passionate child—the burglar muttering curses and a savage expression of defiance—whilst the poor sheep stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, whistles merrily, and points upwards with madness in his looks.

EUROPE.

POLAND.—The last effort of the remains of the Polish army of Modlin to withdraw by Plozk to the palatinate of Cracow has likewise failed. When the corps had passed the Vistula and reached Gumbin the soldiers deserted by whole troops so that the Polish Commandant found it prudent not to engage in any fighting but to retire to Plozk. Thence the definitive act of submission is to be transmitted to the Commander in Chief.

A letter from Warsaw, dated the 29th Sept. says, 'This capital presents the appearance of one vast bivouac—advance posts and patrols are found at every corner. The Russians have denounced to the Police several thousands of persons who have been zealous in the national cause. Since the 8th inst. the day on which it resumed its functions, the Police has been constantly employed in making arrests, and in the two first days of the Restoration, upwards of 1000 persons of all ages and classes were thrown into prison, and confined with the worst of malefactors. Since that period, 250 men, shut up in one of the courts of the prison, were fired upon for nearly two hours in succession, under pretence of a revolt of the malefactors, though not less than four fifths were confined on suspicion of political offences. There are now upwards of 1500 incarcerated, and they will esteem themselves fortunate if they are not all sent to Siberia. Poland has indeed sunk into the tomb.'

A traveller recently from Prussia, asserts that all the Magistrates, and even the innkeepers, have received strict orders to arrest Lelewel, the celebrated member of the National Government of Warsaw, and chief of the insurrection which commenced on the 29th of November. A minute description of his person is given.

ORIGINAL.

MR EDITOR,

YESTERDAY evening I observed a very beautiful occultation of the Moon over Jupiter, and I regretted that I was neither furnished with instruments nor sufficient data to make a regular observation of the phenomenon. The ingress of the Planet on the dark side of the Moon, took place by my watch at 7h. 26m. 3s. but as the watch has not been properly regulated, from the want of astronomical instruments, of course taking notice of the time was completely useless.

Should any of your scientific readers have made an observation, the public in general, and the scientific world in particular would derive immense benefit by the publication of the particulars. If observations on the Celestial phenomena were regularly made in this quarter of the world, those of the different observatories of Europe would be incalculably increased in utility, and would greatly tend to the improvement of the theory of the heavenly motions.

AN OBSERVER OF THE HEAVENS.

10th December, 1831.

MR EDITOR,

ON perusing your paper of Tuesday last, I perceived an article signed Interrogator. 'The patriotic feeling

of the human breast,' seems to have exalted him so totally above the sphere of human understanding, that he cannot even expose the mal practices of the proprietors of a petty Steam Boat, without wrapping up his logic in a garb of rhetoric, which quite prevents men of ordinary comprehension from understanding what he would be at. For instance, Mr Editor, I being a man not possessed of extraordinary natural powers of perception, cannot for my life divine, how the eloquent and learned Interrogator's emigration from the mother country, ten years since, is connected with the Royal William, Steamer, which plies between Quebec and Halifax; I am still more at a loss to know the meaning of the following sentence, alluding to some 'mysterious arrangements,' he says, 'has that course been ignorance or vile hypocritical policy; if the former, let the conservators veil their faces, for ignorance can be no plea of guilt, whose knowledge lies kissing the feet.' What, I would ask, is the meaning of this uncommon sense, when translated into common sense; I presume it is something dreadfully alarming, since this most profound reasoner, and high flown elocutionist, immediately unsheathes the retributive sword of justice, and, thus armed, he rushes into the conflict, where, indeed, he performs mighty and unprecedented deeds, since we find him, with one and the same blow, punishing the delinquencies of the Canadian Editors, and rebuking the conductors of the 'Novascotia Journals' for their 'lavish encomiums' on this poor unfortunate Steam Boat. The Cyclopes of old were but Liliputes in comparison with the mighty giant of Chatham; they indeed hurled huge rocks at the frail barks of Ulyses; but mighty Mr Interrogator, much stronger far!—can stand at Miramichi, and wield a sword, which reaches from the shores of Novascotia to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and this to with direful effect, since a little nearer the close of his communication, he informs us, that rushing on, he has overcome his victim, and sent him to the 'fathomless depths of eternity.'

Thus, Mr Editor, have I mentioned a few of the numberless sentences used by the learned, eloquent, and mighty Interrogator, which are beyond the reach of my capacity to unravel or understand; I have no doubt they are very applicable to the subject, but, as many persons in this country are in the same situation as myself, I hope, nay more, I earnestly intreat and implore that he will condescend, for once in his life, to throw by his torrent of eloquent phrases and quotations, and plainly tell us, through the 'peep holes' of common sense, what was the result of his observations whilst looking through 'the peep holes of reflection,' *hac Sui beneficii loco peto.*

I will say nothing of the general mismanagement of the boat, nor of the unjustifiable measures adopted by the Directors, in sending her direct from Halifax to Quebec, by which they have violated every principle of common honesty, or honor, and without reason, broken through the conditions annexed to our subscriptions, to which, by accepting those subscriptions, they were bound to adhere; neither will I remark upon the wanton manner in which they have thrown away the two hundred pounds granted by the Legislature of this Province for her encouragement; because I am persuaded, that when Mr Interrogator shall stoop from his Eagle flight of eloquence, and explain the meaning of his last Tuesday's Communication; by shewing how his Emigration from Scotland, his 'retrospective sword of justice, or the fathomless depths of eternity,' &c. are connected with the Royal William, that we shall then find, what every one is now ignorant of; namely, that all these topics do apply, and that the subject has been ably and eloquently commented upon by this most sapient of mortals, Mr Interrogator.

AMICUS.

Newcastle, 9th December, 1831.

MR EDITOR,

CONSIDERING it to be the duty of every person to encourage AGRICULTURE as much as possible, I take this opportunity of acquainting you with the qualifications which Mr Marshall gives for a good breed of Sheep.

'A ram ought to be large and well proportioned; his head should be thick and strong; his front wide, his eyes black, his nose flat, his body long and tall, and his tail long. The ewes whose wool is plentiful

* Rev. Peter Fenny.