

EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The late heavy tempestuous weather has supplied us with ample materials to dilate upon this melancholy subject; and we trust that, in detailing the miseries experienced by those unfortunate convicts lost in the *Amphitrite* on the shore of Boulogne, we may, whilst we excite the sympathy and compassion of the public, excite also their indignation and abhorrence.

It appears almost incredible, that any vessel deemed by the surveyors as seaworthy could be beaten to pieces on a sand in the short space of six hours; and still more incredible does it appear that the crew, wrecked about two hundred yards from the bathing-machines, should not have found those common assistances which the most inferior watering place in England might have supplied. The sands at Boulogne extend at low water to a great distance; and so very flat is the shore all along, that at half-tide a man may wade out nearly a quarter of a mile. The pier, which forms the left-hand entrance of the harbour, is the general lounge of the inhabitants, either English or French; and those who prefer more shelter from the wind—if shelter it can be called—generally betake themselves to the terrace in front of Versailles, from which place a clear view of the sea, even to the English shore, is obtained. We have thought proper to give this short account of the locality, because we wish most particularly to call the attention of the public to the very gross negligence of the French authorities of Boulogne; and hereafter to comment, with some severity, upon this starting fact—that although the ship which was wrecked must have been seen and known to have been in the most imminent danger from S.W. on Saturday, the English consul was never apprized of her approach to the shore, and never knew that she was aground until half-past eight o'clock at night. Now this negligence caused the fearful loss, which afterwards occurred; but we do not mean here to enter into the question, whether or not it is the duty of a consul receiving £200 per annum, and making as many more by fees of office, to fix his house in such a situation that wrecks at the harbour mouth must come under his observation; or whether, if the consul fixes his abode in a mansion at the upper end of the Rue des Vénitians, he is not bound to have some one else where to warn him when vessels belonging to his own country are driven upon a lee-shore during the sudden gales which so often occur in the Channel. This subject we distinctly decline to enter upon—more especially as Captain Chads, of the Royal Navy, has been sent over by express desire of government, to inquire if his Majesty's consul, Mr. Hamilton, has been guilty of any negligence in this truly lamentable affair.

The next point to which we shall draw the attention of our readers before breaking into our subject, is the existence of a law in this free country, which authorizes, or rather protects, any officer of the customs, should he be in the execution of his office, in committing what we might call a legal murder. These officers are desired, on no account, to allow any thing, be it living or dead, to pass the high water-mark until the collector of the customs, the commissary of the police, or some of the numerous authorities which adorn a French sea-port town, have been apprized of the landing of such living creatures; or the arrival on the coast of any cask, box, trunk, chest, plank, or dead body; and so very strict is this order, issued no doubt to protect the revenue, has been the occasion of more than one death, and that of the most melancholy and afflictive nature. We shall here merely advert to the fact, that in December, 1833, the brig *William* was wrecked on the coast off Portet, not far from Boulogne, from which vessel one black man managed to get on shore. Struggling from the ocean, which had nearly dragged him back to its insatiable grave, the poor negro fell upon the shore, and there, digging his eager nails into the sand, he waited the receding of the sea before he again ventured to advance to a greater security. That advance was arrested by a soldier or a douanier, who, pointing a bayonet to his breast, called upon the fainting man to await the arrival of the officer. Life was barely existing, and was fast ebbing;—assistance would have restored what the fury of the elements had nearly snatched away. The hand of science—the aid of any human being would have saved the life which now an inhuman law was murdering. The black man spoke,—he mentioned the wreck—he called for sustenance—he urged them to shelter him; and whilst one of the douaniers had gone to his leisure to inform his officer, the poor drenched and shivering wretch was extended on the sand, and before the man dressed in a little brief authority thought proper to appear—the negro had died. One more fact upon the same head: on the 31st of August an Indian man was lost not many leagues to the westward, off Brig—“The Amelia.” Three of his crew, who managed to get on shore, were seen, and by the douaniers to lie down a few paces above high-water mark, and there remained the whole night;—nay, it is a positive fact, that these devils incarnate, as devoid of feeling as of a right sense of duty, actually drove the poor rescued seamen at the point of the bayonet to the water again.

But before we proceed, and in order to show how rigidly, even in extreme cases, this law is acted upon, take one more fact:—on the night of the wreck of the *Amphitrite*, a female was washed on shore alive; she was carried by Achilles le Breton and Nicholas Huret, two Frenchmen who rescued the poor creature from any rate a watery grave; she was so far from being as frequently to grasp Huret's hand; and no doubt exists in the minds of the above-mentioned men, but that had assistance been promptly rendered at the moment, that woman's life would have been saved. Two superior officers (these are their own words) of the custom house came towards the bearers of the then living woman; they pointed their bayonets, and forcibly compelled the above-mentioned men to abandon the female; and she died on the beach at the feet of these self-styled human beings!

Now to the shipwreck:—The *Amphitrite*, a vessel of 203 tons, and drawing about twelve feet water, abate, bark-rigged, weighed and sailed from the Downs on the 29th of August last, the wind being from the S.W. and blowing a moderate breeze: she had on board 137 people, of whom 105 were women, 23 were infants, and 14 belonged to the crew; she was bound to Sydney, and was commanded by Capt. Hunter, the women being convicts, and under the charge of Mr. Forrester, a surgeon of the navy, whose wife was also on board. The wind freshened gradually, so that on the night of the 30th, the crew were almost incessantly employed in reefing their topsails and their courses; and although in men-of-war half an hour at the very utmost, even in ships badly

disciplined, would have been ample time for the performance of such duties, yet on board a merchant ship it not unfrequently, especially in squally, rainy weather, requires the whole night for such a reduction of sail. At dawn of day on Saturday morning the 31st, she had shortened sail to her try-sail; the men having been engaged the whole of Friday night in first double-reefing the topsails, the furling everything but the main-top-sail, which they close reefed, and afterwards furling, though they kept her top-gallant yards aloft. At 3 P.M. on Saturday, the *Amphitrite* being then under the sail described, and on the larboard tack, the wind having chopped round to the N.W. and blowing excessively hard, made the land, or rather the martello tower, which stands to the westward of Boulogne harbour about a mile, and known by the name of Fort de l'Heure, on her starboard beam. She now found herself on a lee-shore, and perfectly engaged; for when she first started from the Downs, the wind being at S.W. she hugged the French coast, but on Saturday night a tremendous squall came from the N.W. and settled the wind in that quarter, making the French a lee-shore. The hands were instantly turned up to make sail, and with all the alacrity which their dangerous situation inspired, they got her under close-reefed main-top-sail, the fore-sail, fore-topmast stay-sail, and soon opened Boulogne harbour. It was apparent to any seaman, that the loss of the vessel was inevitable, for she drifted boldly on the shore, the sea rolling and breaking more furiously the more she neared it. In vain did they hold on all their canvas when the squall came: she was a lee-wardly and miserable craft to crawl off a lee-shore, and every sea that struck her seemed to deaden her way and force her fast into the surf. She struck about half-past four o'clock on the shoal which projects itself to the eastward of the harbour of Boulogne, at which moment the best bower anchor was cut away. From this moment, all hope of saving the vessel must have been abandoned even by him who is longest flattered by hope. The ship was broadside on to the shore, the sea running at times clear over the hull. The anchor being of no possible use, the cable was slipped, and by means of the fore-top-mast stay-sail the ship's head paved off, and she now became head and fast end on to the beach.

The tide was ebbing, and about seven o'clock it was dead low water. Between the period of her striking and the lowest of the tide, the top-gallant yards had been sent down, and an attempt had been made, but which was shortly abandoned, to tail the sails. There she lay rolling over as the sea washed against her; but so far dry as not to strike. Outside of her the sea roared in all its fury; the surf, as it struck the edge of the shoal, senting its spray to the shore; and the retarding tide threatening to devour its victim, now placed beyond the power of escape.

When the vessel first quitted the Downs, the motion soon rendered all the passengers passengers sea-sick, and they generally remained in their beds quite unconscious of the danger which awaited them, and luckily ignorant of the imperious horrors of a lee-ward shore. As the vessel rolled her lumbering sides in the water, these poor creatures either laughed at the suffering of their comrades, or made their quick remarks as to their change of situation; but when she struck—when the high waves beat over the vessel, and the water poured down the main hatchway, then all the terror of highly-pictured fear usurped the place of merriment;—then they made a simultaneous rush to the hatchway, and crawling on deck, took forcible possession of the poop-cabin, in which was the surgeon and his wife. The scene now was changed to one of frantic apprehension: some clung to the seamen—some to others of their own sex, whose bolder countenance inspired courage; and some who had children on board wept over their devoted offspring, and hid the imploring infants round their waists. Oh, few can tell whose lot in life is cast in higher stations, and who are free from the dangers of the sea, the horrible confusion—the scenes of affliction—the heart-rending sights offered to the hurried gaze in such a moment as this; when reason is not sufficiently calm, either to direct or be directed—when the eye only meets the towering sea which breaks upon its victims, or turns to the lighted and agonized looks of scared females or helpless infants;—in the pining appeal is made—the unrelenting ocean still performs its wonted office,—each a brings the danger nearer—escape is impossible, and death stalks over the water.

At this time—the nearest minute of low water, about seven in the evening, a Frenchman named Henin waded out, occasionally swimming, but almost always within his depth, and arrived positively within long boat-hook's length of the wreck. He told the crew who were disposed to listen, that with the returning flood inevitable death awaited them—that the sea would rise as the tide rose; and he pointed to the fierce breaking of the surf to warn the seamen of their danger; he was, at the moment of his holding this conversation, actually within his depth, and he merely used a slight exertion to lift himself above the wave as it rushed past him. Unfortunately, Henin was under the starboard-bow, and the survivors doubt if the captain, who was in the cabin with the surgeon and the women, was ever informed of this warning voice having reached his vessel. He remained imploring the crew to save themselves whilst their safety was certain to risk the return of the tide, which could as well wash the wreck closer to the shore without, as with their additional weight. At last, finding the crew deaf to his entreaties, he asked for a rope, by which means it was hoped that some might be saved, should the worst of apprehensions occur; with this rope he again made towards the shore, but when distant about twenty fathoms, finding that no more of the coil was paid out, and being much exhausted from his long stay in the water, he very reluctantly quitted the end, and returned to his comrades, who were collected in crowds upon the sands. A boat likewise manned by eight Frenchmen endeavoured to assist the vessel, but we are bound to contradict the report which has gone forth that she actually reached the ship, and had the end of a rope thrown on board.

The strangest of all infatigations seems to have taken possession of the captain, surgeon, and mate; for at this moment, when the vessel was, comparatively speaking, still, no boat was hoisted out, no raft was constructed, no preparation was made to meet the worst consequences; and we are bound to believe the report, that the captain, who was the owner of the vessel, was so agitated at her danger, that he lost all command of himself and his crew, and instead of endeavouring to remedy the cer-

*The whole of this paper is the result of many inquiries, and in many places an actual copy of the written statement made by Mr. Towsey, one of the three survivors. It has been sent to him, and is confirmed by his testimony given to the British Consul here.

tain disaster, he remained in the poop-cabin in the company of the women. It is rumoured that some proposition was made of landing the convicts, which was opposed by Mrs. Forrester, who refused to sit in the same boat with females banished for their crimes from their parent country. We are called upon to contradict this Boulogne rumour—Mrs. Forrester, in her fright, would not have been so foolishly fastidious; but this much is certain, that some conversation upon the subject did take place, that the precious moments were wasted; and that ultimately no decision was come to, and the boat remained on the booms.

At the time that the day closed in, and all the murkiness of night was apparent, the sea began to rise with the tide; the wind, far from lulled, freshened with the setting sun; small showers after showers fell the gale; and no seaman ever looked upon a horizon more lowering than that which now was dimly discernible over the waste of waters. Everything bespoke a tempestuous night, and the worst apprehensions were entertained, by all but those who had most to suffer. So secure did the crew of this ill-fated vessel feel, that they actually turned into their hammocks, and went to sleep.

Short time had they for the slumber of life, as a preface to that of a more lasting nature! Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when the striking of the ship disturbed their repose. Some then, as forewarned of their fate, dressed themselves in their best clothes; some hastily encumbered their persons with the little money, their whole worldly treasure; and some packed their chests; whilst others looked with hope's bright eye towards the shore, where the numerous lights announced that their situation was not entirely neglected. Strange, but true it is, that as their danger increased with the repeated striking, they never dreamed of making any signal of distress; nor did they have recourse to that remedy of making known their fears by the only noise which could have been heard above the roar of the wind and waves, the loud dash of the ocean, or the shrieks of despair—namely, by firing guns, of which they had four on board. They gave no signal; they never attempted to relieve themselves; but they looked on at the accumulating danger with listless indifference, while the vessel, as she floated occasionally, fell broadside on. Soon the cry of some one below, that the vessel had sprung a leak, in short that she was stove in. The water soon filled the lower deck, and the vessel became a fixture on the sand. The sea now broke clean over, and carried away her bulwarks fore and aft. The women still remained in the poop-cabin; whilst some of the seamen mounted the fore-rigging, and there, entwining their arms round the shrouds, they awaited the inevitable fate which they now too plainly perceived, and which it was now too late to attempt to baffle. Each sea grew higher and higher; the battered vessel began gradually to yield to the force of the ocean; when a tremendous sea broke with all its fury upon the quarter of the wreck. The poop-cabin was washed away, and the whole of the women and children, the surgeon and the captain were immersed in the sea! One tremendous shriek, heard above the wild roar of the elements, reached the shore; and in that last and heart-appalling scream the dreadful tale was told. Those who still clung to the fore-rigging heard the last intellectual cry for assistance from the drowning convicts; they looked upon the grave open to receive them; and, in the aberration of intellect, they responded a kind of faint echo to the last earthly sound of one hundred and thirty human beings.

“Then rose from sea to sky the Will-fairwell;
Then shrink'd the timid, and stood still the brave!”

Then some leap't overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave!

And the sea yawn'd around them like a hell.

And some stuck'd them with the whirling wave.”

The following sea swept away the main and mizen-mast, and swept the big spar clear above the deck. The ship began to part; and five minutes from that time, as well as misery can estimate the lingering minutes, the ship split fore and aft; the larboard fore-channels gave way, and the foremast, with the rest of the crew, were consigned to the deep. Still, with the persevering tenacity with which we cling to existence, did these clinging to the rigging; the mast had fallen across the starboard side of the ship, and had formed a kind of raft on which, it is affirmed, that the captain was seen standing erect, and holding on by the top-mast cross-trees. The lee rigging was still fast to the starboard channels; and as the wreck still touched the bottom, its drift was slow and even uncertain. By ten o'clock, no vestige was left for fancy to form into a vessel; she was entirely swept to pieces; and each wave contributed to separate the few planks which still held together.

From this moment to the arrival of the dead and living on shore, all is conjecture. Our authority for these statements avers that he was calm and collected, and although frequently on the point of being swept from his hold, he still maintained his position, until fearing that the raft would entirely go to pieces, and that some of the wood might be more fatal than useful, he boldly gave up all confidence in the mast, which had saved him, and throwing himself clear of the ropes, he was carried by the sea within his depth, and reached the shore unhurt. He declares that he was at least two hours in the water; but we, who have known and faced some danger of this melancholy kind, know full well that time lingers when the miserable are in peril, and did existence seem of short duration, when we dread its sudden termination.

The people who lined the shore, some really and truly prompted by humane and kind consideration—others, who looked for the certain plunder—and many from idle curiosity, now were on the alert. About ten o'clock, the first body was washed on shore. It was immediately taken to the house belonging to the Humane Society, and the general means of resuscitation applied, but without success; from that time until two in the morning, those people who watched the surf succeeded in finding thirty-six bodies, principally women, not one of whom could be restored to life. In fact, although every attention was paid which the narrow limits of the place afforded, yet an establishment intended for the protection of bathers could not be supposed to contain sufficient apparatus or space for sixty-three patients; the consequence was, that before one had a fair chance, another was brought in supposed to have more life: the former one was neglected and died, whilst the whole exertion of the people in attendance was turned to her who promised best. In this manner throughout the night was the same unsuccessful method pursued; and, with the exception of three of the crew, all perished.

We shall proceed with the dead, in order not to interrupt the narrative. The next morning more were found, and all carried to the hospital. Here they remained under the charge of the French authorities; and the rush

of curious females to see the heaps of drowned women, astonished us most of all the events which that awful night and the following day supplied; they literally thronged the door, and some forced an admission to gaze on those sights which female delicacy should have avoided, and which only tend to harden the heart and consequently to deprive women of that tender sensibility which places them under the protection, and makes them the admiration, of the rougher part of human nature. Others, led by the hope of turning the dead to the benefit of the living and to themselves, gained an easy admission, and with more calculating coolness, drew the teeth and cut off the hair of those whose youth attracted attention. At three o'clock P.M. on the Monday, sufficient coffins having been provided, every respect was paid to the deceased. They were honourably buried; and many attended the extensive funeral.

Thus terminated the career of, in all, 134 human beings; some, whose lives would have been forfeited had not the worst of criminal codes undergone some amelioration, which saved the foregoing from the gallows, and led the public to view with abhorrence the constant and common sight of a public execution; some who had faced the ocean and its perils for 25 years, now found that ocean their grave; and some, who had witnessed the cold ingratitude of the mother country, and who were anxious to try if the child was more beneficent than the mother, were cut short in a moment when the hope of better days seemed to break through the dull atmosphere of life.

Now let us turn again to the shipwreck. The first question which has agitated the public mind has been proposed by the correspondent of an Evening Paper, who was on the spot, and who lent his time, his attention, and gave his money to procure all that could be procured for the benefit of the sufferers,—namely, if the *Amphitrite*, on board of which so many human beings were forced, was in consequence of some of the timbers, the floor-heads, and other material parts of a ship, which were plentifully supplied the next morning, having been found to have been rotten. The question is again mooted on another ground,—namely, the fact that the *Amphitrite* had already been upwards of thirty years in constant employment—a period of time when ships are certainly counted rather old, and are none the better for the service they may have experienced; but ships are safe, at fifty or a hundred years, provided the main timbers, the floor-heads, and the knees are good; and we have seen woods that even the wear and tear of fifty years had left as sound as the first day they were put together. Now we saw the total wreck of that vessel; we stood upon her keel; examined her floor-heads, and with the greatest care tried the value of each large and essential piece which came under our observation; and the result is this, that although some parts were rotten, very rotten, yet it is our firm conviction, based on the voyage good, and would have done, had not the unfortunate accident occurred. So much for the ship. Those who argue differently from us affirm that no vessel would have been made so complete a wreck—in short that no vessel would have gone to pieces in the short space of time which the *Amphitrite* did. Here we are again opposed to such arguments.—The vessel was broadside on; her weakest part was assailed by the force of the sea; the sea was immensely high, and the sand, particularly where she struck, uncommonly hard; and we ourselves heard some very old and experienced officers of his Majesty's Navy, who were eyewitnesses, affirm that, in their belief, no vessel in his Majesty's navy could have held together during that angry and tempestuous night.

The next position is, that the captain was not qualified for his command. We have on this point examined the survivors, and they unanimously agree that he was an experienced seaman; had long followed the stormy profession; and had made half a dozen voyages before. We think that one or two great errors in judgment were committed. In the first place, when the wind increased, and chopped round so as to prevent his proceeding, he should have returned to the Downs, and awaited a more favourable opportunity. The next error was his not having run the vessel stern on, and immediately proceeded to give intelligence to the convicts; whereas he allowed his ship to go broadside on; and he then, after she had struck and was hard and fast, let go his lee anchor. If the vessel lifted after this oversight, she would have fallen on the anchor, and in all probability it would have forced itself through the vessel. Some, willing to make allowances for the event, declare that it was the object of the captain to get his ship end on to the shore, and that the anchor was let go to lighten her—a fatal argument, and better never broached!—because, if that had been the intention of the captain, why did he not run the vessel stern on when she was aground; or, when she struck, why not have let go the other anchor? The guns, or all but one, could have been thrown overboard, the main and mizen mast, could have been cut away, and the vessel lightened by every means in his power; and when the tide fell, and the vessel was immovable, he could have landed his convicts. But no; it is positively affirmed that he lost his presence of mind, and instead of suggesting some remedy, betook himself to the poop-cabin with the women, and there remained; else, how account for the persevering stupidity of not listening to Henin? For, had he been on deck, he would have seen this man standing under his starboard fore-chain, not out of his depth; and he would have seen, what every body else saw, that his vessel was irretrievably lost—that no boat, however good, could have laid his anchor out to windward for him; and he must have known, from the high ridge of the breakers outside of him, that he was too far on the shoal ever to have got off. On this subject, we think that, although the captain might have been an efficient seaman afloat, yet that he (to use our informers' own words) “lost his head, and did not know what he was about.” The story of his standing on the gangway, with his pistols, to shoot the first man who attempted to get on shore, is every word false; and equally untrue are the aspersions cast upon the surgeon and his wife.

Now come we to this important point—whether that assistance was given from the shore, both before and after the ship went to pieces. It seems rather strange that, when a vessel is seen off the port in a hard gale of wind, the sea running high, and no prospect of her clearing the coast, no precautions were taken to warn the authorities of Boulogne of the fact, that, even when she grounded, no very great exertions were made to force the captain to land his crew, neither were fires lighted to guide, or even to animate with hope, those who should trust themselves to the waves, and endeavour to save themselves by swimming. Nay, the only signal which seems to have been given was by Mr. Lenny, one of the senior officers of the Custom-house, who fired a musket three times, which could, from the

spray and flying sand, the wind the waves, neither have been seen or heard, and who afterwards stuck a handkerchief on a bayonet, and endeavoured by that means, equally fruitless, to warn the stranded men of their danger. But the most crying neglect is that those of the authorities present—these authorities generally—did not send an official notice to the English consul, and warn him of the certain wreck of an English vessel.

In the next place, whatever might have been the disposition of the humane class of people, all their laudable intentions were frustrated by that barbarous law before mentioned, touching the douaniers.

We only beg leave to add our censure, and to call with, we hope, a sufficient loud voice, to draw the attention of the British legislature to the existence of a law so prejudicial to rendering aid where it is most required, and to urge them to take immediate steps, by applying to the French government to rescind or to alter that law in such a manner, that human life may not be sacrificed under the fallacious mask of preventing either plunder or smuggling.

Plunder—that word opens a new view of the case—is the law made to prevent plunder? If it is, we will show how preciously inefficient it is under circumstances like the above; we hesitate not to say that more open plunder took place on that night and the following day than in the sacking of Badajoz;—never was there more violation of all the laws of civilization than when that convict-ship was wrecked. Undismayed by the feeble resistance of the douaniers on this point, the victims were, in some cases, stripped entirely, and thus exposed to public gaze were handed into the house belonging to the Humane Society. Now if these laws are really intended to prevent either plunder or smuggling, why were not the National Guard turned out? and where were these eternal drummers, who beat their copper kettle from daylight to dusk, to call into activity this civil guard when they were doomed to quit their shops to practise firing at a mark, or to go through the manual exercise for no possible use? Why, when they could have been serviceable, were they allowed to slumber and to snore when the work of devastation and of death were in full force within hail of them? where was the vigilant police, so famed in the writings of every traveller, when the body of Mrs. Forrester was found in her black dress, and we know we are correct in our statement, for she was recognized by the police, that the body could have been divested of every particle of covering, and in broad daylight was handed into the hospital, as naked as she was born, not even her stockings left!

Now let us, in conclusion, briefly review the whole case:—a ship is wrecked in broad daylight, within pistol-shot of a populous town, on a sand. The authorities know nothing of the fact; the English, who form the principal portion of the inhabitants, are equally ignorant of the event; the ship goes to pieces; 134 people are drowned, or those who out of that number succeed in getting ashore alive are murdered, because the aid which would have been offered was frustrated; the bodies are mangled, are mutilated, the teeth are extracted, the hair is cut off, the living and the dead are pillaged and plundered in broad daylight, and all these brutalities are committed in town, with a strong National Guard for the protection of its inhabitants—a town which has risen to its present splendour entirely through the sums of money expended by the English.

The whole affair is almost incredible, and we quit the subject to turn to more charitable people; but it must be borne in mind that many of the French used their utmost exertion to protect the weak and to shelter the distressed, and amongst these M. Mechin may safely take the first place; his unremitted kindness and attention during the disaster, and his charitable assistance afterwards, for ever entitle him to the gratitude of our countrymen. A subscription was set on foot for the survivors, and likewise for the widows of those drowned; nearly four thousand francs were collected, the clergy used their talents in the cause; and had not a kind of apprehension been spread abroad that the sums collected would have been wasted in the purchase of a life-boat, which no one would venture on board of, and which had already been ineffectually tried, and that a disproportionate sum was likely to be lavished on those who did not do what they certainly might have done, the subscription would have been double its present sum. Amongst the larger donations we remark that of the Duke of Orleans, amounting to 500 francs. A petition was drawn up and numerous signed, to request Lord Palmerston to urge the French Government to rescind their barbarous law, and most sincerely do we hope that, should another unfortunate wreck fall on this coast, the disgrace on the national character may be obliterated, the living rescued and sheltered, and the dead neither pillaged nor mutilated.—*United Service Journal.*

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