

his over coat on, and a bundle in his hand; went to the desk and took a bag therefrom, containing something weighty—went out and remained several hours. Whether the bundle contained clothes and the bag money, and whether the absent time was spent with the refugee, the witnesses could not tell. Mr. Jones the coroner, held an inquest over the body when the jury found that the deceased had been feloniously, wilfully, and maliciously murdered by Armistead Craft.

Well may we exclaim, how inscrutable are the ways of Providence! A man, in the bloom and pride of manhood, setting at the social breakfast table with his father and brother—and ere their morsel was consumed, brutally murdered, and sent into a world of spirits, by one from whom nature and nature's God had taught us to expect, instead of the assassin's steel, the warm, kind, and endearing feeling of brotherly love and friendship! For the Commonwealth—James Garland, Esq.; for the prisoner Robert Cook, Esq.

Armistead Craft is about 35 years of age, about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high—fair, ruddy complexion—light hair, inclined to be bald—full blue eyes, and thin lips—square built—is no doubt making his way to the west. A handsome reward, it is expected, will be offered for his apprehension.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

"Hope I don't intrude"—Paul Fry.

MR. EDITOR—Suppose I have a finger in the pie too—who won't turn author next?—I dare say all the world will wonder, that poor little Billy Marvell should put in for a show of (what do you call it) "literary honor," when the "Temple of Fame" has to undergo such a bombardment from the artillery of those writers whom you have (doubtless, for want of better matter,) allowed to trespass, (not on the public time), but on the columns of the few last numbers of your valuable paper.

I always was a marvellous creature, Mr. Editor,—But you must not think that this peculiar propensity of mine proceeds from any want of perception on my part, which might hinder me from prying into the nature of things, or that would invest common or reasonable occurrences with a degree of occultness which would be impurities to the obtuse vision of my intellectual optics. On the contrary Sir, I trust I may not be accused of egotism when I say that I can "see as far into a mill stone as those who pick it."—But as so much of my story has been associated with the history of my life, and as circumstances which cannot be comprehended, naturally excite wonder and admiration, so from the frequency of my being under such excitements, my friends have bestowed upon me, the appellation Billy Marvell.

In order that you may form some idea of the strangeness of the "visions" to which I am subject, I will give you an account of one that recently occupied my mind; the effect of which was to beget in me, a strong ambition for "literary fame," and as the first step towards obtaining it I have been induced to send you a relation of the matter, and should it meet with your approbation, I may be inclined hereafter to furnish you with one or two others, equally marvellous.

A few days since, as I was after dinner setting by the door of my dwelling, discussing the qualities of real Havana Cigar, I was interrupted by the appearance of my news-boy, who handed me my number of the Watchman; which I received with no small degree of anticipated pleasure, as it seldom fails of affording me a rich "intellectual repast." But as I was then indulging in a train of reflections, with which I did not like to part company, I deposited it in my pocket, and thought no more of the circumstance, till I had in the evening began to prepare myself for bed, (you will pardon the insult offered to your paper Mr. Lugin.) but I then commenced reading with a degree of faithfulness, which I thought would sufficiently atone for my former neglect. My attention was first directed to the original matter of your paper, as I feel a kind of fatherly interest in witnessing the "march of intellect" in our Province, and feel no slight emotions of pleasure, in seeing it so well kept up, through the columns of the Watchman, and other of our newspapers. The first thing that arrested my notice, was a communication bearing the signature of "Cecil." I had not read far, before I thought that it savored strongly of hypocrisy; and ere I had finished reading it the third time, I had well analyzed all its parts, and found it to be composed of equal quantities of hypocrisy, conceit, and vain ambition; and rather strongly seasoned, with something, not very far removed, either in nature or taste, from malice and revenge. As regards the composition of the article, although, it discovered considerable skill and ingenuity, in the author, yet it was not sufficiently sweetened with the "honey of sophistry," or the "aromatic spices of fancy," to conceal its noxious and poisonous qualities, from the searching tests of my analysis.

"This strange, this passing strange" thought I, as I arranged my various parts on the bed, that a person of Cecil's pretensions, information, and abilities, should be so destitute of moral principles, as to suffer his evil passions to acquire such a predominance over him, as to induce the publication of such libellous misstatements, as those which appeared in his communication. But methinks, Mr. Editor, that I hear you, or some one of your readers enquiring for the wonder, or the vision, I was promising an account of. Surely, say you, "the wonder cannot be, in discovering that Cecil, with all his pretensions to sanctity, is just 'no better than he ought to be.'" But have patience reader, and I will endeavor as speedily as possible, to relieve your curiosity, by letting you into the "denouement" of the affair.—But pause till I give you a piece of advice.—If your curiosity should happen to be immoderately excited, by reading what I have written by way of preface to my story,—pause here, till you have in some measure qualified your feelings for what may follow; for I can assure you that you will meet with nothing that will make even a "Niobe" or an "Achilles" of you—you will see no tale unfolded

"Whose lightest word
Would harrow up the soul, freeze thy warm blood,
Make thy eye-balls start like stars from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part, and
Each particular hair, to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

But to keep you no longer in suspense, I will inform you, that I had scarcely got myself comfortably lodged in the arms of old Morpheus, when through his invincible agency, I was transported to the study of a young man, who would persuade the public, that he was no stranger to the literary world.—He was just placing the signature at the end of his last production, and I arrived only in time to see him write "Cecil," before he folded the paper up with an infinite degree of satisfaction, and laid it upon one corner of his writing table, after addressing it to the Editor of the Watchman.—As I appeared to be in possession of the attribute of invisibility, my presence occasioned no interruption,—the glew of conscious superiority, which the last reading of his communication had brought into his cheeks, had not yet passed off—and as the spirit

of eloquence, was still shining brightly within him, he broke out in the following soliloquy:—

"There (laying his hand upon the folded paper) there is a production, which I lay as the foundation stone on which my future renown shall be built.—Modesty, that shame-faced offspring of hypocrisy, which obliges a man to conceal his abilities from the world may offer a small hindrance to my speedy progress up the hill of eminence! but I have taken such measures, as will secure me the appearance of that which the world prizes so much to admire, while it will place the public in possession of the fact, that I am the author.—What! Angler an author? Yes!! The Genius of New Brunswick, has emancipated itself from the thraldom of ignorance, and now animates the bosom of Paul Angler!!!" (Hem.)

Angler is my name.—Yes, and it shall be my business.—If there swims in the pool of any man's character, an unclean fish, I will angle it out—magnify its deformity, and subject it to the contempt of the public.—I will angle in the stream of popular applause, and fish from its mirror-like waters, their choicest treasures.—I will angle in the ponds of Newspaper controversy, and extract from their agitated bosoms, the most desirable editorial compliments. What, though I have impudently attempted to bait my hook with a gnat, little thinking that the sagacious insect could inflict such a sting upon my veracity; so painful it is that I can hardly bear it.—But the "Temple of Fame" shall yet see me seated upon its highest pinnacle, and the ruins of the literary reputation, and character of others, shall form my stepping stone to it!—Oh cruel fate, from whence this injustice?—Why confined by thee, to the sordid drudgery of money getting. But on the wings of genius, I yet will soar above the ceaseless repetition of "any thing else to day sir." Oh, were I more than mortal! then fate, would I arraign thee at the throne of Jupiter, and consign thee over to the keeping of "Cerberus."—But thou shalt yet be under my feet.—The agony of my intellectual flight, shall far outstrip thy swiftest darts, already do I see the obsequious nod of some aspiring Pedagogue, moving in the lowest "Vale" of literature, courting my smiles upon his "energetic" attempt—already do I receive the lordly, friendly recognition, and feel the acknowledgment of equality from the hand of some high placed son of fortune!!!" (Hem.)

Here the scene appeared to undergo an instantaneous change, and I thought myself in a street leading to a Lawyer's office, with my ambitious friend, and two or three others. My invisible coat had been thrown off, and the topic of our conversation was the "probable author" of "Cecil," which he denied with the greatest imaginable vehemency. But having applied a few of my tests to his denial, I found them to be altogether composed of fear of those individuals whose characters he had been so liberally aspersing. I still continued to walk along with the company, secretly smiling at the many protestations of innocence made by our 'hero, till, in turning a corner, my head appeared to come in contact with a post, and while giving utterance to the expressions of pain which the collision produced, I awoke, and "behold the whole was a dream!"—and what caused the last scene I have here described with the sensation of pain I found that felt on awaking to be, the falling of a book upon my head, from a shelf that was placed directly over my bed, upon which a cat was keeping a most vigilant watch for those purloiners of literary treasures—the mice.

I now leave the foregoing relation with you, without note or comment. I am but little skilled in the theory of dreams, &c. and therefore am poorly qualified to enter into any investigation of their nature. So asking your pardon, Mr. Editor, for intruding long upon your time, I must conclude by renewing my promise, that if this, as a specimen of my dreams should happen to agree with your taste, as well as that of your readers, you may depend upon hearing again from

BILLY MARVELL.
Half-way House to the Temple of Fame,
The Ides of Dog Days.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

MR. LUGRIN—

Sir,—Permit me through the medium of the Watchman to congratulate the public on the recovery of your correspondent "Cecil," from the appalling shock he received by the exposure of his calumny in my letter to him of the 12th inst. The world may still continue to become enlightened, and the "Glorious Day-star of knowledge," (of which he speaks) appear more and more resplendent through the means of its future productions. As a friend to Cecil, I would recommend him in future to employ his leisure moments in publishing, in a REVISED EDITION, some of the celebrated works of his ancestors; or in the accomplishment of some other LAUDABLE object, by which mankind in general may be benefited, and not to prostitute the noble powers of his enlightened mind to so base a purpose as the attempt to vilify a respectable Institution, or the supporters of the same, through the columns of a public Journal. Cecil, in the recent discharge of his "sacred duty," has been induced to represent (misrepresent) a late meeting of the Fredericton Temperance Society; and in the last number of the Watchman is "once more inclined to raise his voice in behalf of injured justice"—"once more to vindicate truth from the bare faced calumny of its enemies. Has he not rather, having published *de ofa se hood*, found it necessary to publish *un more* in order to screen himself from the imputation consequent on the first? He will probably conclude that my present strictures, like those contained in my "beautifully incorrect production" of the 12th inst., upon the falsities of his former communication, are uncalled for; perhaps they are; if so, I trust he will, as I am not apt to pry into other persons affairs, exercise toward me a portion of that charity which has on many occasions been so bountifully bestowed on himself, and forgive my first, or even second offence.

Before I proceed farther, I beg to inform Cecil that his opponent is a plain man—that he makes no pretensions to literary acquirements—neither has he any claim upon hereditary authorship; if therefore, his scrutinizing eye should discover a few slight errors in my productions, he will please spare them in opposition to those which appear very conspicuous in his own; or otherwise make such allowances as my inferiority in point of attainment, demands.

In my former reply to Cecil, I addressed him as an enemy to the Fredericton Temperance Society, and declared his representation of a recent meeting of the same to be grossly incorrect; but he has plead the general issue of not guilty; if therefore, I now fail to prove, by sound argument connected with positive testimony, both of those positions, then will I most cheerfully yield the palm to my opponent. In the first place, we will suppose Cecil to be a friend to the cause of Temperance, and for the sake of the argument, will also admit that the meeting before mentioned, was conducted as he has asserted,—"would he not, as a friend to the cause, and a "virtuous being," as he styles himself, have been inclined to cast the mantle of charity over the failings of his brethren,—to have privately admonished them to repentance and have endeavored to save the Society, toward which he felt so strong an attachment, from that disgrace which

publicly bring upon it? That this would have been the course pursued by every real friend to the cause, is too apparent to admit of discredit; and that the conduct of Cecil, proves him to be an ENEMY to the said Society, is equally apparent. I again repeat what I declared in my former letter to Cecil,—viz. that his description of the meeting already alluded to, is a most glaring perversion of truth, and shall not rest this assertion on my mere dictum, although I consider that entitled to quite as much credit as his bare assertions, but for the proof of the same, refer my opponent, as well as the public, to a number of highly respectable and disinterested individuals who attended that meeting, and also to the testimony of A Stranger, in your last paper. That Cecil has indulged in assertions REGARDLESS of truth, will, I conceive also appear from the following circumstance:—I.e., in allusion to the Address read at the Temperance meeting, states that the committee of vigilance, (vigilants) with one exception, voted for the motion,—(which was, that the Address should be published). This is Cecil's statement! but the truth is, that but six members of the committee were present at that time, three of whom were opposed to the motion; and voted against it:—One was silent, and but two voted for the motion. Let I should again be accused of endeavoring "to deprive the public of their prerogative of judging for themselves," and of an attempt to palm on their minds sentiments founded upon the responsibility of my mere dictum," I will give the names. Wm. Payne, R. E. Burje, and Humphry Pickard voted against the motion.—T. Bowden, not having heard the address, for reasons assigned by the Stranger, did not vote at all; while W. H. Needham, and E. Packard, alone voted for the motion: From this fact the public will be able to draw their own conclusions as to the truth, or rather falsities, of Cecil's general assertions. Cecil remarks that "Q, has not attempted expressly to contradict any of his statements except that relating to the reign of confusion."—This I admit, nor have I at the present time attempted to deny that "the present has been termed the age of reform"—that "despotic governments have been modified"—that "temperance societies have been formed"—that a recent meeting of the same has been held in Fredericton"—that Cecil has felt no scruples in attempting to vilify the said meeting before the public"—and that he may have "regarded" (perhaps to his great annoyance,) "the shouts of triumph raised by that Institution, as the precursors of soon, speedy, and complete (!) success," together with many other assertions contained in the former part of Cecil's first communication; but for the reasons assigned in my letter to him, have passed over that part of his production, and confined my remarks to the two most prominent assertions contained in his communication,—viz. That "the late Temperance meeting was a scene of confusion," and that "he (Cecil) was actuated by feelings of pure regard for the cause of Temperance, in giving publicity to the same," both of which assertions I conceive, have been proved to a demonstration, to be absolutely false.

Cecil, in the next place, has the barefacedness to intimate that I, in the end, admitted the fact that the late Temperance meeting did resemble his description of the "Temple of Confusion," and that "I have taken shelter behind the miserable subterfuge that the confusion did not much exceed that of any former meeting." How false! I admitted no such fact! neither have I found it necessary to shelter myself behind any subterfuge! but every statement that I have made can be supported by facts. I stated in my reply to Cecil, that "I was present at the meeting, and observed no disorder more than was usual on such occasions, except the slight discussion which took place at the close of the meeting," and I defy any person, save those who possess Cecil's propensity for perversion, to put any but the following construction on this expression, viz:—That every public meeting, composed as that was, of persons of various descriptions, is likely to be more or less disturbed. And the very principle upon which I admitted that discussion to be disorderly was, that the question then under consideration should have been referred to the committee, and not introduced at a public meeting; for I assure you Sir, that even that circumstance, so far from producing a scene of confusion, such as Cecil has described, was but the expression by a few individuals, (one at a time) of their opinions respecting the question before mentioned.

In Cecil's last extract from my former letter, he seems to imagine that he has almost detected me in publishing a falsehood (a thing peculiar to himself) I remarked, that "the Fredericton Temperance Society was formed, &c." by the same young men whom he had identified with his railery." He states that "one of the three, whom he has identified, did not become a member of the Society until more than a year subsequent to its formation." Thus in fact, admitting that at least, two thirds of even this extract is true, could I have discovered a much less proportion of truth in Cecil's statements, I should have passed them over in silence.

I now take my leave of my WELL KNOWN FRIEND, Cecil, and bid a final adieu to the discussion of this subject, as I am quite convinced that a continuation of the same would be in no respect interesting to your readers. Yours, &c. Q.—

26th August, 1833.
Fredericton, 23d August, 1833.

MR. LUGRIN—

In glancing over the columns of the Colonist, a corner he d Head Quarters, stayed my eye, and to my no great surprise, found it glowing with indignant fire (as his Editorialist not unfrequently do) not only upon our officials, but also upon the inhabitants of this town; which circumstance has induced me to become a subscriber in your paper.

He commences, by giving a description of the facility, and cheapness, the pleasures, and delights, attendant upon a tour to the Seat of Learning and Legislation, (as his jaundiced eye conceived it to be),—a part of which may be correct. He next proceeds to comment upon the improved Steam conveyance, which is plying between here and St. John,—the straining and hissing which the boat makes in performing her rout; all which may appear no doubt, wonderful to a person unacquainted with a Steam Engine, (and as I presume that he is one, am not surprised it should amuse him,) and ignorant of the perfections to which some other climes have them now in successive operation.

I shall hasten on to the landing of the Fairy Frigate, when his scurrilous remarks are principally domiciled. At the boat's coming to the wharf, pandemonium begins a simultaneous rush, and the deck of the boat is crowded. (The remainder is too contemptible for rehearsal.) I would wish to know, where, or from whence, his observations are drawn. Is it from their own little hole of a City, where the boat lands about a mile out of town, and at an hour when all tradesmen are employed at their respective occupations. I do not pretend to say but there is a want of good order and decorum frequently at the landing of the boat at this place; for I often have witnessed the misconduct

of individuals at that time. But let us turn to the other side of the question and enquire what is the cause of such repeated tumult? Can it be wondered at, that the landing of a Steam Boat at the center of the town, and at an hour that the laboring classes have but only 1-5th their various employments, and anxious to learn the news from the City; or perhaps a letter from a friend residing there; is it a matter of surprise that they should direct their steps to the Cabin in search of the object of their pursuit? What can the meaning of such anarchy portend? Something like the following: that he was wishing to say something relative to the Steamer Woodstock, or in hopes that it would prove as a siren, for to entice some subscribers for his paper, not much more than one half of which they will ever receive; for his whole production appears to be a sort of sciomachy, or in other words, fighting a battle with his shadow. FOX.

MR. LUGRIN.—

The following solution of the "enigmatical list of Merchants in St. John," contained in the Courier of the 17th inst., is offered, presuming it to be correct, and according to the true intent and meaning of the Author, though, if so, two errors are apparent in the communication of "Billy Black," viz. in numbers 26 and 27 as there are eight letters in Viscount, and it will only require half of a dealer in silks, with half an apparition, and one third of a favorite beverage to make the name Merritt.

Yours, &c. &c.
"Tommy White."

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1.—Crookshank, | 16.—Rankin, |
| 2.—Wiggins, | 17.—Hammond, |
| 3.—Barlow, | 18.—Walker, |
| 4.—Leavitt, | 19.—Jordan, |
| 5.—Donaldson, | 20.—Ward, |
| 6.—Mackay, | 21.—Summers, |
| 7.—Kinneer, | 22.—Wilmot, |
| 8.—Millidge, | 23.—Smith, |
| 9.—Kirk, | 24.—Thurgar, |
| 10.—Wishart, | 25.—Robinson, |
| 11.—Sandall, | 26.—Jarvis.? |
| 12.—Whitney, | 27.—Merritt.? |
| 13.—Handford, | 28.—Robertson, |
| 14.—Ratchford, | 29.—Deveber, |
| 15.—Kerr, | 30.—Lowe. |

THE WATCHMAN.

FREDERICTON, AUGUST 26.

The Halifax Royal Gazette received by last Saturday's Mail, contains London dates to the 20th and Fall-out to the 22d ultimo—from which we copy the following highly important intelligence:—

LONDON, JULY 15, 1833.
PORTUGAL.—Important News—Capture of the whole of Miguel's Fleet by the Squadron of Admiral Napier.

FALMOUTH, JULY 13.—Last evening at 10 p. m. the steamer Birmingham, Beazley, master, with despatches from the Duke of Palmella and Ad. Napier, arrived here from Lagos. Senor Mendezabel was the bearer of them; in their tenor they are understood to be highly important, as announcing the complete defeat and capture of the Miguelite fleet.

Rainha, Lagos Bay, July 6, 1833.
"MY DEAR CHEVALIER,—I have taken all the Miguelite squadron, with the exception of two corvettes and two brigs. I send you a copy of my letter to the Minister. I expect the Marquis here to-morrow to arrange what is to be done with these vessels. I shall go off Lisbon the moment I can get a few ships ready.

Your's faithfully,
"CARLOS DE PONZA.
"To His Ex. the Chevalier Abruc e Lima.

Her Most Faithful Majesty's Ship Rainha de Portugal, in Lagos Bay, 6th July 1833.

"MY LORD.—It has pleased God to grant to the squadron of H. M. Majesty, a great and glorious victory over the enemy, whom I fell in with on the morning of the 21 inst. off Cape St. Vincent, my squadron having left Lagos Bay the evening before. Theirs consisted of two line-of-battle ships, two frigates, three corvettes, two brigs, and a schooner; mine of three frigates, one corvette, one brig, and one small schooner.

"I immediately despatched the Villa Flor to Lagos for the Steamers, which vessels rejoined me in the evening. During the 31 & 4th there was too much swell to lay the enemy on board, the mode of attack on which I had decided, and on the forenoon of the 5th it fell calm.

"I had reckoned much upon the steamers' great and good assistance, but with the exception of the William the Fourth, these vessels showed no disposition to render support, and the engineers and crews absolutely refused to approach the enemy,—the former demanding £2000 each before they went to work. I must, however, do justice to Mr. Bell who did all in his power to induce them to act.

"During the discussion a breeze sprung up, placing my squadron to windward of the enemy, who had now formed in line-of-battle under easy sail, thus—the two line-of-battle ships a-head, the two frigates a-stern, the three corvettes and two brigs a little to leeward in the open spaces.

"I now explained to the captains my intentions; which were, of attacking the Rainha with the flag ship and the Don Pedro, to the Dona Maria was assigned the Princess Reil and to the Portuense and Vi la Flor, the Martins de Freitas, leaving the Don John (bearing the Commodore's pendant) and the small craft unoccupied.

"At two, the squadron being in close order, edged away to their respective stations, and as we came within shot a most tremendous fire was opened on the ships from the whole line, with the exception of the Don John whose guns would not bear. We were a good deal cut up and lost men, but nevertheless pursued a steady course, returning the fire as we passed, raked the Rainha, who had bore up two or three points, run alongside to windward, and boarded with all hands.

"The enemy did not resist our boarding, which was however, accomplished with difficulty, but they defended the quarter deck with great spirit; and I am sorry to say we suffered severely. Capt. Reeves, of this ship, the second in command, and Capt. Charles, my mid-de-camp, were, I believe, the first on board, (the former received three wounds, one severe, the latter five); they were closely followed by myself and officers, and a few seamen. Capt. George, who was serving as a volunteer, and Lt. Woodbridge were killed. Lt. Edmunds and Mr. Winter, my clerk, severely wounded.—Lt. Listellis, and myself, were the only ones that escaped. As the men got on board, they rushed aft to support us, and in about five minutes the Rainha was our own.

"By this time the Don Pedro ranged up to leeward to board, but I directed Capt. Goblet to follow the Don John, who had made off—and, am sorry to say, in the act of speaking to me, he was mortally wounded by a musket ball from the Rainha's lower deck party. "Lt. List and a party were left to take charge of