

his breast—and straining his last breath, gave the cry, "to arms! to arms!" Quick as thought, the youthful handi dashed from his covert, followed by his devoted band, and throwing open the outer door, gained the hall which led to the prisoner's dungeon.

On—on, they made! while the shrill voice of Henriquez could ever and anon be heard urging them on by their hopes of salvation, to the rescue of their chief's daughter. "This way! the rescue! men of Hildebrand, charge! and a glorious reward is yours, cried the infuriated lover, as his sword passed through the heart of the last traitor."

Dark and fearful was the struggle—the moss covered floor was slippery with human gore—and many a gallant soul was laid low in death on that occasion. The clashing of arms still pervaded to a fearful extent, when a wild shriek, followed by the report of a pistol, rung through the hall, and was succeeded by cries for help. Henriquez shuddered—it was the imploring voice of Esterine! and cutting down the soldiers which obstructed his passage, he dashed into the ill-fated cell. Before him lay struggling in death, the huge frame of the King's executioner; whilst another was endeavoring to wrest a loaded pistol from the hands of Esterine. But a moment, and his fate was decided—he fell a bleeding corpse at her feet. The effort was too much; Esterine swooned in the arms of her lover. At this crisis, the loud cries of victory, arose from the triumphant banditti, who flushed with success, commenced hacking to pieces the dead bodies; while they repeatedly asked "where's our gallant captain? where's Henriquez?"

"He's here," replied Henriquez, leading forth Esterine from the dreary dungeon and holding in his right hand his blood-stained sword and presenting to the band of liberators, a scene not unlike that of Theseus, bearing the beautiful queen of Dis, from the descent of Avernus. "And now," continued Henriquez, "the bloody work is done—we have gained the prize; and flushed with victory we will return to our chief!"

They returned—and that night saw the affianced twain joined in the bands of matrimony.

By the following account of a public meeting held in London, which we extract from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, it appears that England is in a very unsettled state, and that the reign of the beautiful queen is not likely to be altogether as peaceful as has been anticipated.

THE WORLD ABROAD.

We again turn to our foreign journals with the object of gleaned every thing that possesses interest and importance. We alluded a week or two ago to the movements of the Chartists and their threats of arming and obtaining by force, what is denied to their petitions. We have before us the proceedings of their National Convention in London, at which Fergus O'Connor and one or two others made inflammatory speeches. A Mr. Frost presided. A resolution was moved by a delegate from Edinburgh, who in the course of some remarks stated that his colleagues had gone into different parts of the country for the purpose of arousing the people, who were ground down to labour at 2½d, 3½d, and 5½d. per day. This is scarcely credible; but if true, exhibits in broad contrast, the superior condition of the laborers of this country, as compared with those on the other side of the water. Fergus O'Connor alluded to the petition that was preparing for Parliament, and said that the petition should be backed by millions of signatures, not to show the wishes of the people, for they were known, but to show that they were determined by moral force if they could, but all events, to have universal suffrage. (The cheers which succeeded this declaration continued for several minutes.) Whom but the Commons had the people to petition? Not the Queen? She, poor thing, could not even see the wild beasts on Wednesdays and Fridays. (loud laughter.) Not the Lords!—That house was principally composed of parties who were deemed worthy of the peerage only when they had lost the confidence of the people. (loud cheers.) There had been now four nights' debate on the corn-laws; but would there be such a debate on the charter, (no, no!) If the people expected that their petition, in consequence of being signed by one, or two, or three, or ten millions, would obtain them universal suffrage, they were mistaken; and he would tell the members of the Convention, though now happy, smiling and comfortable around him, that that the people would impose a duty on them very soon after the presentation of the petition, (cheers); and if he did not misjudge the power and determination of those who were opposed to them they would also do their duty; and if they should, there must be martyrs before universal suffrage would be attained. (renewed applause.) The people should recollect that a million of petitions would not dislodge a single troop of dragons, and they ought to act on that recollection. (cheers.) And if those in power should be determined to oppose their claims by violence, they could resist force by force, and then farewell to—(the concluding words were lost in the plaudits which followed.) Had he been an Irish peasant he would have long since rebelled and he only blamed his countrymen for the patience with which they had endured their misfortunes.

Mr. James B. O'Brien said he knew that the House of commons would reject their petition, whatever might be the number of signatures, unless there was a similar number of pikes at a short distance behind them. (laughter and cheers.) As the convention anticipated the rejection of their demands, so were they determined to proceed to ulterior measures (cheer). As the House of Commons was elected by only 600,000 out of 25,000,000, he did not consider that it existed by the consent of the nation. If he should see the petitions signed by millions, he would consider that he had a right to try any measures from marbles to manslaughter for carrying out that petition, (vehement applause.)—If they should have it signed by three of every one by whom the Commons were elected, they would have a right to take the government on themselves if they could. (loud cheers.) By the law of nature, wealth should follow industry; but how was the case in this country? The entire agricultural and manufacturing produce of the country was 444 millions a year. The upper classes paid themselves 300 millions for managing the affairs of the nation, while producers had only 90 millions, though they were as three to one. This should be rectified. But to prevent that, the upper classes levied 54 millions in taxes to keep the people down. They should all sign the petition, and be able to say with a correspondent of his from the north, who, in a letter he received only the day before, said, "there is not a laboring man here from 21 to 60, who has not signed the petition, and there is a pike for every signature" (loud cheers.) Now he would not advise them to get pikes or guns, because the law did not allow him—and that was his only reason. (laughter.) He was only an historian. All the men of Leeds and Lancashire had got pikes. He did not recommend those present to get them also—he only mentioned the fact. (cheers and laughter.) As soon as that petition is rejected, I am ready, so help me God, to do whatever my constituents shall command me. (cheers.) Your business now is short and plain—sign the petition—contribute to the funds of the Convention. Organise yourselves into permanent associations on which the Convention may fall back in time of need. Put yourselves in a condition of defence, so that if any attempt is made to suspend the laws and constitution of the country—as you are the right arm of the state—as you are the parties to whom the government appeals to fight its battles, you may be enabled to hurl the traitors into eternity if they should attempt to destroy.—(the concluding words were lost in the thundering plaudits which greeted these sentiments.) If you will put yourselves into that state of defence, you may leave the rest to your own right arm and to Providence; or in other words, to "the God of Justice and the God of Battles."—(it is impossible to convey an idea of the acclamations, waving of hats, and other indication of ardent popular approval with which this last sentence was received.)

We confess this looks very like rebellion and it accounts in some measure for the recent pertinacity of the Queen insisting upon an increase of the police of London. We may add that Lord Melbourne has admitted in the House of Lords, that thousands of the Chartists in various sections of the empire, were providing themselves with arms. The Government, we need scarcely add, is not asleep. A rural police is in contemplation, in which a paid constabulary is to be established in any county riding or division under control of the Magistrates of the Districts, provided they or the Guardians of the Poor, or a certain portion of the inhabitants, shall apply to the Police Commissioners for that purpose. Unusual activity also prevailed in the Ordnance department. Very extensive contracts had been entered into for the supply of military and naval stores of all descriptions, large quantities of which had already been shipped off from the Tower, as well for colonies as for various parts of the United Kingdom. The Government, however appeared to experience very little alarm, apparently satisfied, either that the first outbreak would be readily overcome, or that the Chartists themselves did not possess the requisite elements of harmony and concert of action.

A Queer Story.—We copy from the New Orleans Sun of the 17th inst. the following rather incredible story:

"A gentleman went into Proctor's Coffee House on Monday night, about 11 o'clock, to get a glass of wine; and while waiting for it, was suddenly startled by the cries of a young babe, which seemed to proceed from some part of his person. He ran his hand quickly into one of the pockets of his over coat, and pulled out—a little responsibility, about four days old. Some one had thrust it into his pocket in the course of the evening, and he knew nothing of it until the infant began to squall."

Emigration.—We understand that all the Havre packets are coming out full of passengers, mostly German agriculturists of the best class. The new ship Iowa, of Bolton, Fox and Livingston's line, has four hundred persons of this class, all bound for Illinois and Michigan. By this process our Western lands will soon be taken up, and immense wealth added to the country by an honest and industrious population.—We wonder whether our Dutch President has had any thing to do with this business.

We clip the following from a series of papers published in the New York Express, entitled "New York 30 years ago," viz: 1803

In July of this year, died the celebrated James Rivington, who was the famous printer to the king and prior to the revolution published the *Royal Gazette*. His carriers went through the streets ringing a bell, and crying out "bloody news!" "bloody news!" "the rebels defeated!" &c. &c.—He owned the building, and kept his office, at the corner of Wall and Pearl streets, long known as Hone's auction room. This property strange to say, has never been sold, but now belongs to his daughter.—There is a fact concerning Mr. Rivington and the celebrated Ethan Allen, that is worthy of record here: It may be remembered, that it was long after the peace before the British evacuated the city. Many of the refugees most obnoxious left for Nova Scotia, or England. Rivington remained. He had been bold in his misrepresentations of the "rebels," and so personal in his remarks, that although he had assurances from governor Clinton, of safety for his person and property, yet there were some expected visitors that he did not wish to see. The foremost of these was Ethan Allen. Rivington was a fine portly looking man, and powder. At last Allen appeared. His clerk who first saw him, well knew his master's horror for Allen. Rivington afterwards gave Mr. Dunlap the following account of the meeting:—"I was sitting after a good dinner, alone with my bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and on stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with large cocked hat, and an enormously long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped—I could see no more—my heart told me it was Ethan Allen—I shot down my window, and retired behind my table and bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning was come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and clasping his hands said, 'master he has come. I know it. He entered the store and asked if James Rivington lived here. I answered, Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' I said; and now master, what is to be done? There he is, sir, in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street. 'I had made up my mind—I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. Show him up, said I; and I thought if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I listened—I heard him on the stairs, and heard his long sword clanking on every step. He stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' 'It is, sir, and no man could be more happy to see General Ethan Allen—take a chair, sir, by the table; and afterwards a glass of this Madeira. He sat down and began—'Sir, I come.' Not a word General, till you take a glass, and I filled—ten years old, on my own keeping—another glass, sir, and then we will talk of old affairs. Sir, we finished two bottles, and parted as good friends as if nothing had ever happened to make us otherwise."

Over-Feeding.—Mr. Abernethy agreed with the opinion entertained by Franklin, who said that nine-tenths of the diseases were caused by over-feeding. The learned surgeon, in one of his lectures in 1827, thus addressed his hearers:—"I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is their gormandizing and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; fidgetting and discontenting themselves about that which cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions and worldly cares, pressing upon the mind, disturbs the cerebral action, and does a great deal of harm."

Substitute for the Sun.—The newly invented light of Mr. Gaudin, on which experiments were recently made at Paris, is an improved modification of the well known invention of Lieut. Drummond. While Drummond pours a stream of oxygen gas, through spirits of wine, upon unslacked lime, Gaudin makes use of a more ethereal kind of oxygen, which he conducts through essence of turpentine. The Drummond light is fifteen times stronger than that of burning gas: the Gaudin light is, we are assured by the inventor, as strong as the sun, or thirty thousand stronger than gas, and, of course ten times more than Drummond's. The method by which Mr. Gaudin proposes to turn the new invention to use is singularly striking. He proposes to erect in the Island of Neuf, in the middle of the Seine and centre of Paris, a light house, five hundred feet high, in which is to be placed a light from a hundred thousand to a million of gas pipes strong, the power to be varied as the nights are light or dark.—Paris will thus enjoy a sort of perpetual day, and as soon as the sun of the Heaven is set, the sun of the Point Neuf will rise. *Mechanics Magazine.*

Martial Law Ended in Canada.—The last number received of the Montreal Courier says:—"A proclamation has been issued by his Excellency, the Governor General, declaring that martial law has ceased to be in force in the district of St. Francis from and after the 13th inst."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Conversation on the Pauses.

Catharine.—Jane, have you seen that beautiful book which was presented to my sister on Christmas day?

Jane.—Yes, she lent it to me to read, and I have almost finished it.

C.—Will you be so kind as to inform me why the printers make so many little dots, and crooked things in the books? I am sure they are not letters.

J.—They are not truly letters; but they are as useful and necessary as the letters, for without them we would not know how to read.

C.—How can they assist in reading?

J.—They are called pauses or stops, and show us when or where we must make short pauses, and where we must make a full stop. This little round dot, which is placed at the end of a sentence, is called a period; and when we come to it in reading we must stop as if we were done.

C.—Well I can remember that, but here are two of them: What shall I do when I come to two of them in reading?

J.—You must not stop as long as you do at the other. It is called a colon, at which the readers voice should pause the time of pronouncing four syllables.

C.—But here is a period; with a little crooked thing under it, what is it?

J.—It is styled a semicolon; at which the voice should stop the time of pronouncing two syllables. What you call the little crooked thing when it stands alone is a comma, denoting a pause of one syllable.

C.—I perceive these characters are important. But what shall we call this crooked mark with a dot under it? I think it will puzzle you to explain its use.

J.—It is a note of interrogation shows that a question is asked, and the sentence preceding it should be closed with a raised tone of voice, unless the question is asked, by *who, which, what, how, why, when, where, wherefore*, in which case, it takes the falling inflection.

C.—Thank you mam, for your explanations, will you be so kind as to inform me of the use of this strait mark with a period under it?

J.—It is a note of exclamation, being a mark of wonder, surprise, or admiration.—At which the reader's voice should generally be suspended long enough to count four.

C.—But here is a mark — that seems to unite words; What name shall I give it?

J.—It is a hyphen, being used in connecting compound words, as, ink-stand. It is also used when a word is divided, and the former part of the word is written at the end of one line, and the latter part of it at the beginning of another. In this case, the hyphen should always be placed at the end of the first line.

C.—I thought it appeared to connect words. But what is the use of these () semi or half circles?

J.—They are called a parenthesis, which includes something explanatory; which, if omitted, would not obscure the sense. The words in a parenthesis should be read with a weaker tone of voice than the rest of the sentence.

C.—Why! look Jane, here is a comma placed above the line. Do you suppose the printer made a mistake, by placing it here, for it certainly does no good above the line.

J.—The reason, why, you think it does no good there is, because you do not know its use. It is an apostrophe which shows the possessive case, as, Jane's book. It is likewise used to show that some letter or letters are omitted; as 'tis, for, it is.

C.—Why do the printers put such crosses †† in the books, the pretty little stars — embellish the pages, but I think 'tis useless to have so many of them.

J.—They are asterisks or obelisks, being used to direct the reader to some note or remark, at the side or bottom of the page.

C.—What is this mark A that is placed under the line which resembles an inverted v?

J.—It is a caret which shows that some letter or word has been omitted through a mistake, in this case the letter or word, should be inserted above the line, and the caret under it.

C.—Why do they place two inverted commas " at the beginning of a sentence and two apostrophes ' at its conclusion? I am sure it cannot be to denote a pause or suspension of the voice, for other pauses are used in conjunction with them.

J.—They are styled a quotation, being used when we quote the words of an other author; by the use of which we may adopt the language of an other, and not be guilty of plagiarism or literary theft.

C.—Well Jane if that be its use I think we had better place the inverted commas at the beginning of our conversation, and consider the quotation, as its conclusion.

NOVIATE.

Bloomsburg May 10th, 1829.

BY C. R. BUCKALEW.

AMERICAN GREATNESS.

Aristocratical Europe, her purse proud nobility, and imbecile potentates, have and may sneer at American greatness. European tourists, who have superficially examined our institutions and national character, have prophetically foretold the eventual annihilation of Republicanism in the Western Hemisphere—and the prophecy has been reiterated from the lungs of abolitionism, nullification and disunion in our own land. Historical records are pointed to as affording proof that the seeds of convulsion and ruin are implanted in the first principles of republicanism. But notwithstanding all this doleful array of ominous prophecies, both of foreign and native origin, we would risk our future and perpetuated existence as a nation, upon the argument embodied in the word, *Invention*. Union constitutes power, strength, safety and perpetuity. American Invention has joined and mingled sectional interests. It has united in the ligaments of union, north and south, east and west. By Invention, the tortuous rail road is made to walk the dizzy crags of the mountain, and the steamboat snorts the breath of invention as it strides the purple waves of the Mississippi or Hudson. Our internal improvements are to our nation what the veins are to the human system—they open a communication and give vigor to the operations of government and traffic. Apart from these, that stupendous engine of knowledge, the Press, another work of Invention, irradiates like the sun, the arctic regions of ignorance; pibursing information mollifying to the corrosive influence of superstition. With knowledge, invention, enterprize, wisdom, ingenuity, liberty and toleration, prolific and abounding in the elements of American society, reason looks forward and points to American greatness, inscribed on the tablets of eternal existence, and tells of future glory, which shall eclipse the pale legends of past deeds.

SERIOUS FRAUD.

Jonathan K. Hassinger, the late President of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Rail-road Company, has been arrested in this city on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, &c. The facts which led to this arrest are these. For a long time past, Mr. H. has been in the habit of obtaining large sums of money from various persons, upon the promissory notes, certificate of stocks and certificates of loan of the company of which he was President. These notes and certificates, as they bear the corporate seal and, were authenticated by the proper officers of the company, were of course presumed to be genuine; and the high character of Mr. H. enabled him to procure upon them an aggregate amount of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Some circumstances which occurred during the last week led to investigation; and it was then found that all of these issues had been made without any authority from the company, and that the proceeds had been appropriated by the President, who received them, to his own private uses. His disclosure necessarily excited great alarm; and in consequence of the farther developments to which it led, it was deemed advisable to institute criminal proceedings against the persons implicated. Mr. Wright the Secretary, it is said derived no advantage from the funds thus surreptitiously obtained, though he was cognizant of the proceedings of the President, and made no report to the Directors, nor gave any caution to the public.

As may well be supposed, this affair has created no little excitement in this community. Mr. Hassinger was not only generally reputed to be possessed of a large fortune, but he was believed to be of spotless integrity, and his credit was such that he could have obtained any reasonable facilities. The cause which led him to this desperate and destructive course is understood to have been large speculations in stocks, in which he was an extensive operator. As the matter is now in train for legal adjudication, we forbear commentary for the present.

It is said that nearly a thousand Saxons lately arrived at New Orleans bound for Iowa or Missouri, with upward of, one hundred thousand pounds sterling in gold and silver. Such a company would be very welcome to the rich openings of Michigan.