

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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### TERMS.

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No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEEY.

### BROKEN HARBITOR.

Withered Laurel-Wreath and Broken Heart.

A Scene From Bulwer's Zanoni.

It was the close of day upon the shores of beautiful Naples. The low murmuring waves that rose and fell upon the "Siren's sea" gleamed like pale rubies in the sunset glow; the dim isle, veiled in mists of silver, rose far through the dim and shadowy atmosphere; the pale, sweet stars shone calm and beautiful in the blue domain of night, and shapes of loveliness and beauty seemed to steal forth from the soft and deepening shades, as Love

And star-eyed Hope and pensive Memory steal from the twilight of the heart. Afar, like a huge column moving in the heavens, soared the gray smoke of old Vesuvius. From its broad base of lurid flame; the shaft of Mars' tomb above the beetling cliff was drawn against the deep, blue sky, the soft scattered gardens of the Caprea shone, like "wrecks of Paradise." No human voice broke the deep spell of silence and repose that rested like a calm, mysterious dream upon the landscape, yet the air still seemed all musical and strangely eloquent. With the hushed cadences and passion sighs of deep and burning love.

Ah! mid this scene of loveliness and deep serenity, the traces of despair and woe and death were darkly visible. The twilight's last Sweet, softly smile of gentleness and love stole sofly, calmly, beautifully through the parted vines that bloomed and clustered o'er the window of an humble cottage home, and fell upon the white brow of the dead, as human love falls vainly on the heart of cold despair. Alone the minstrel slept in his unbreathing rest. Upon the floor, beside him, lay the cherished laurel-wreath, his only wealth, the guardian of his toils, the one dear boon for which, through weary years

Of bitter sorrows, he had patiently struggled and suffered, pouring forth his wild, deep soul of music, while keen agony was tearing his great heart. There, there it lay all pale and withering, like the throbless brow whence it had fallen.

There, beside him too, Broken and silent lay his harpitor, His own familiar, in whose spirit tones His spirit e'er had found in joy and grief A faithful echo. It had been his friend, True and unfeeling, 'mid the darkened wrecks of human friendship. It had been his love, His child, his life, and his religion. He had talked to it at twilight's wizard hour, The hour that now closed over it and him, And it had answered him in tones of more than earthly sympathy. And he had won, With its dear aid, the wreath so fondly deemed The emblem of fame's immortality. But now the dust was on its loosened chords; That, like his own dark tresses, swept the floor, To sound no more, save when perchance the wind, Straying at night-fall through that ruined cot, Should gently stir them with its breath of sighs, To one low wail, one melancholy moan, For him who so had loved them.

'Twas a scene To move the heart to tears. The world around, The air, the earth, the sky, the ocean, seemed Flooded with beauty; every isle that gleamed In the deep sea, and every sweet star-isle That glittered in the blue sky, seemed a bright Calypso of the heart; yet in that lone And silent cottage home, the minstrel pale— The wreath that he had purchased with the cries, The wild shrieks of the spirit—and the lyre, His sole companion of his life of toil, His heart's dear idol—moldered side by side, Unheeded by the careless race of men. LOUISVILLE, Feb., 1852. MATTIE.

### The Yacht America.

Some time since, an English paper, envious of the fame of the yacht America, started a report that the purchaser of that beautiful craft was disappointed in her, and was anxious to sell her at a reduced price. This report, which was eagerly seized upon by the English papers, was, without doubt, unfounded. It will be seen, by the following extract of a letter, dated Malta, Feb. 6, that the performance of the yacht, on her Mediterranean voyage has been highly satisfactory:—

"The America, the wonder of the day among Yachts, arrived here on the 2nd inst. She came in beautiful style, after laying-to for hours in a heavy gale from the N. N. E. Her noble owner, Lord de Balthazar, is loud in her praises as a vessel of remarkable speed and buoyancy. She will be within four points of the wind and do her fifteen knots an hour with ease. Since leaving England she has had a fair share of heavy weather, and had there been any truth in the prognostics of her detractors, that her masts would be carried away in bad weather, and

other similar follies, there was every possible opportunity of their being realized. But the pretty craft nobly did her duty, doing her 14 knots for a whole night, when running with but her jib set, and all bad weather at defiance.—During her stay she has been visited by numbers of persons. The America will proceed to-morrow to Alexandria."

### THOMAS MOORE.

The last quarter of the last century will ever be a memorable period in the history of literature, marked as it was by the appearance, not of one great light merely, but by a great galaxy. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Moore, Hunt, Shelly, Campbell, Wilson, Lamb, Southey, Rogers, were all born within a period of eighteen years; they have been going out in equally rapid succession. Scarcely have we become familiar with the fact that Wordsworth no longer lives, when the tidings reach us that the author of "Lalla Rookh," the "bard of all circles, the idol of his own," has also gone the way of all earth. There are but three left to follow him—Rogers, Hunt and Wilson.

The leading facts in the life of the departed poet have already been spread before the world in the columns of the daily press, and we need not repeat them in ours. Of late years the world has heard little of Moore, the decay of his mental powers having anticipated the date of his physical death. Let us, therefore, look behind the curtain of his closing years, and see how Thomas Moore appeared to those who saw him in his prime.

Twenty-five years ago, Moore visited Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, for the first and only time in his life. In Sir Walter's journal we find the following allusion to his visit:—

"I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a school-boy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contain in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in the ale house, and who called himself 'the great Twadly—inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing linen.' He also enjoys the *Mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason—*Præter Nox alta*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

In his "Pencilings by the way," N. P. Willis Esq., Editor of the N. Y. Home Journal, thus describes the bearing of Moore, at a dinner party, given by Lady Blessington, with singular felicity. We copy a passage or two:—

"I called on Moore, with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentleman-like to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own, a Roman banker, a clever English nobleman, and the "observed of all observers," Count de Orsay,

stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written,) he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease, combined with a kind of worshipping deference, that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward,) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down "miladi," and I found myself seated opposite Moore. With a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is pannelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he sits tall, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears."

Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike any body else's in the world, and which probably suggested his sobriquet of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gayety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like entrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencils about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip, a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates—everything but feels. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, Moore looks like a worshipping.

This description may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for with her vanished Moore's excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that the light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws from every person around his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chance-cave*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Gris, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is established and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand,

said good night and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart."

Thus has one poet drawn for posterity a picture of another, more valuable far than any effort of the painter's skill. The painter rescues from oblivion the lineaments of the countenance, and the contour of the person; but the picture of which the above is a part, presents to us the whole man, as he looked, as he spoke, as he thought and felt, and as he affected to think and feel.

We cannot better conclude our notice than by appending the lines of Byron, the last of which Mr Willis quotes in the passage above. They were addressed extempore to Moore in Italy, just as the two poets were on the eve of a long separation. They show how warm a friendship Moore could inspire even in the "wayward heart" of Byron:—

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear on;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

Went the last drop in the well,  
And I gasping on the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would die.

In that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be—Peace to thee and thine.  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Moore died in the fifty-second year of his authorship, and the seventy-second of his age. His death, a happy release from the hopeless darkness of mental imbecility, has ushered him into the unfolding light of immortality. Peace to his memory!

### WAR'S YOUR HOSS?

Some years since when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerably pretty pile of casting, owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and ununs, but rite smart corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper further South, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his eldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the needful to defray his traveling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home.—The next day Jeems started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

"Well, Jeems," said the old man, "how'd you find land in Arkansas?"

"Tolerably cheap, dad."

"You didn't buy not a two hundred acres, did you, Jeems?"

"No, dad, over two hundred, I reckon."

"How much money hev you got left?"

"Nary red, dad; cleaned rite out!"

"Why, I had no idee travelin' was so 'sensive in them parts, Jeems."

"Wal, just you try won't an' you'll find out, I reckon."

"Wal, never mind that; let's hear 'bout the land, an'—but war's your hoss?"

"Why, you see, dad, I was a goin' along one day—"

"But war's your hoss?"

"You hole on, dad, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, I was agoin' along, one day, and I met feller as said he was goin' my way too."

"But war's your hoss?"

"Dod darn my hide, if you don't shut up, dad I'll never git to the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin' the same way, me an' this feller jined company, an' about noon we hitched our critters, and set down aside uv a branch, and went to eatin' a smack. Arter we'd got through, this feller sez to me, 'Try a drap uv this ere red eye, stranger.' 'Wal, I don't mind,' sez I—"

"But war's your hoss?"

"Kumin' to him, bime-by, dad. So me and this feller sot thar, sorter tokin' and drinkin' an' he sez, 'Stranger, let's play a little game uv seven up,' a takin' out uv his pocket a greasy roun' cornered deck uv cards. 'Don't keer if I du,' sez I. So we sot up side uv a stump, and cummenced to bet a quorter up, and I was slayin' him orful!"

"But war's your hoss?"

"Kumin' to him, dad. Bimeley luck changed, and he got to winnin', and pretty soon I hadn't nary quorter. Then sez he, 'Stranger, I'll give you a chance to git even, and play you one more game.' Wal, we both played rite tite that game, I swear, an' we was both six an' six, an'—"

"War's your hoss?"

"Kumin' to him, dad. We was six an' six, an' 'twas his deal—"

"Will you tell me war's your hoss?" said the old man, getting riled.

"Yes, we was six an' six, an' he turned the Jack?"

"But war's your hoss?"

"The stranger won him, a turnin' up that Jack?"

### Varieties.

The New York Picayune is a funny paper.—Prof. Hannibal's lectures are always to the point. In his last one he describes "G'ography" thus:—

"G'ography, my frens, means de longertude, inserrtude, an' sidewashun ob de earth, or de globe. Dat am, it tells you whar you am, wedder in de temperance zone or de intemperance zone, or wedder you am near de equin ox-tail line, or in de hemisfeair. Darefore you kin see wid your eyes shud de great tilutity ob bein' posted in de siance."

The Professor thinks it a natural disgrace that America was discovered by a "furriner."

EPITAPH.—The following is a copy of an Epitaph on an old Tombstone in Scotland:—

Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson, Who was a very extraordinary person; He was two yards high in his stocking feet, And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.

He was slow  
At the battle of Waterloo,  
Plump through  
The gullet; it went in at the throat  
And came out at the back of his coat.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—A report of the Select Committee to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on the Abolition of Capital Punishment, says, that in fifty-four years seventy persons have been executed in this State for murder. Of one hundred and eleven persons who have been charged with murder in Philadelphia county, only ten were capitally convicted, three of these were pardoned, two died before the sentence, and only five were executed, being one in twenty-two of the indicted. The Committee, after a careful consideration of the subject, have come to the conclusion that the death punishment, as a penalty for crime, ought to be abolished.

IRON VESSELS OF WAR.—Some experiments at the Washington Navy Yard have been made, which would seem to establish the unfitness of iron as a material for the hulls of vessels of war. A condemned iron vessel was procured, an eight inch shell was fired at her from a 56-pounder gun, at a distance of three hundred and fifty yards. The shell went clear through both the sides of the vessel, tearing large ragged holes (much larger than the diameter of the shell, and too irregular for plugging, and scattering small and jagged fragments of iron, which in an action would be likely to prove more dangerous to her own crew than the shot from an enemy's battery. Another shell fired at her wooden bulwarks made only a clean, round hole.

A COSTLY ARMY.—The discussion in Congress on the Deficiency Bill, reveals some interesting facts respecting the army. The navy used to be considered the moth that eat up a large share of the public revenue without rendering any adequate equivalent, but the army seems to be putting in its claims to a considerable amount.—The army numbers ten thousand men. Last year Congress made an appropriation of one million of dollars for the simple purpose of transporting men, provisions and military stores from one post to another. By some management of the War Department, it has been made to cost us two millions of dollars thereabouts, at the rate of two hundred dollars to every man in the army. The entire expenses of our army amounted last year to ten millions, or a thousand dollars a man.

A TRUK STORY.—A lady from the Far West was, with her husband, awakened on the night of their arrival in the city of Penn, by an alarm of fire, and the yells of several companies of firemen, as they dashed along the streets.

"Husband! husband!" she cried, shaking her worse-half into conscientiousness, "only hear the *Injuns*! Why this beats all the scalp-dances I ever heard!"

"Nonsense," growled the husband, composing himself to sleep,—"There are no Indians in Philadelphia."

"No *Injuns*, indeed! As if I didn't know a war whoop when I heard one."

Next morning on descending to breakfast, they were saluted with—

"Did you hear the engines last night? What a noise they made."

Turning to her husband, with an air of triumph, the lady exclaimed—"There, I told you they were *Injuns*!"

WHAT A COUNTRY.—The Cincinnati Commercial piles up the agony, and goes it with a perfect rush, in a shouting paragraph, as follows:—

"We have the longest railway and telegraph lines, the best wives, the fattest children, the biggest rivers, the fastest steamboats, the worst police, the adroitest rascals the sun ever shone on, and can put a chunk of ice in one of Hull's safes, chuck said safe into Mount Vesuvius, haul it out in after years, and cool a lemonade with its contents. In short, we are one mighty mass of conglomerated usefulness, each fragment doing the best for itself, but all making one mighty big circumstance for the whole, as the hunter said when he split a fence rail for a ramrod."

MOVING.—Reader did you ever move? If so,

you can appreciate the following poetic effusion:—

"Come, Sally, catch hold here, and give us a lift, let us pull up the carpet and set it adrift; uncoil the bedstead and pack up the quilts, be careful the crockery doesn't get split; let the baby yell murder, the boy go to grass, but beware how you handle that basket of glass. Take the stove-pipe apart, set the stove on the cart, let the bureau remain till next load, and see that the virtuous don't spill in the kettles, or the babies fall off in the road. Never mind about to-day, wife, only furnish us something to eat, for you know 'tis the first of May, wife, and we want to keep everything neat. I'm sorry we've moved all the chairs, for we've no place to sit down to rest, but you may squat down to the stairs, or floor, or just where you think best.—Drive slow Mr. Cartman while steady we go—there! hold up a moment, I knew it would be so—the soap grass has split in the flour—the vinegar jug is now springing a leak, oh wish they were all in the middle of next week."—Thus will the day in noise pass away, and none will be happy on the first of May.

### Arrival of the Steamer Canada.

HALIFAX, March 30.—The Canada arrived here this morning, and sailed for Boston at nine o'clock, with 68 passengers and \$15,000 in specie. The Cambria arrived at Liverpool on the 16th at noon. The Baltic arrived on the morning of the 19th.

ENGLAND.—In the House of Lords, on the 12th inst., the Earl Derby intimated that he should leave the question of free trade to be settled at the polls by an election. He implored their Lordships to modify the present system, declaring his own determination to perform his duty unflinchingly. Mr. D'Israeli, in the House of Commons, announced the determination of the government to prosecute three measures, viz: the disfranchisement of St. Albans, Chancery Reform, and the Militia bill.

The Earl Derby promised to appoint a committee to investigate the Irish Education Board, with a view to the mitigation of the opposition of the clergy of the Established church. Mr. Napier, the new Irish Attorney General, moved for a committee to inquire into the ribbon system in Ireland. On Friday night Earl Derby, in the House of Lords, and D'Israeli, in the Commons, declared their intention to dissolve Parliament as soon as the militia bill and other necessary measures were passed. The Protectionists and Free Traders are now actively engaged in preparing for the coming campaign. Owing to the adroit management of the Parliamentary committee of the Catholic Defence Association, as was anticipated, three-fifths of the Irish counties will be controlled at the approaching elections by the priests of that country.

FRANCE.—M. Carnot, the opposition candidate for the fourth conscription of Paris, has been elected. The President issued a decree for the Ministers of Finance to effect the conversion of 5 per cents into new bonds at four and a half per cent. The weekly returns of the Bank of France have been discontinued. The government has placed on the retired list a large number of officers, of various ranks.

SPAIN.—The government intends to reinforce the garrison of Cuba and Porto Rico, by an addition of from 3000 to 4000 men.

General Careado, who supercedes De Concha as Governor of Cuba, was to sail from Cadix on the 20th March. The cause of Concha's dismissal was not made known. Extensive dismissals and reorganizations were taking place both civil and military service.

PORTUGAL.—The Portuguese Cabinet had been completed by the acquisition of Viscount Delmorada Garrete and M. Labra. A ministry so favorably endowed with talent and oratorical powers had not existed at Lisbon for many years. The reform of the Charter was likely to be carried out.

HOLLAND.—The Second Chamber had rejected one of the most important clauses in the bill for establishing an income tax. The Ministry, therefore, withdrew the measure.

AUSTRIA.—Lord Derby's accession to power in England had given great satisfaction at the Court of Vienna. The government had resolved to abstain from the reprisals upon English travellers previously threatened, in consequence of the countenance given in England to the continental refugees.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The overland mail had arrived in London. It brings but little additional news respecting the Burmese war. The Governor General is anxious to avoid further hostilities. The Persians had invaded Herat, and were likely to prove successful.

The war continued in the sound of China. A large piratical fleet had arrived off Ningpo. British vessels were on the spot to render such assistance as might be necessary.

Seventeen American whalers were in Hong Kong harbor. The fishing season had been unprofitable.

The emigration of Chinese to California was greatly increasing.

AUSTRALIA.—Sydney advices to the 18th December had been received in Liverpool. Provisions there were exceedingly dear, though not scarce. The place was comparatively deserted, a great many of the people having gone to the diggings, where gold is still found in great abundance. Women get ten shillings a day for discharging vessels.