

Literature.

THE MUTINY AT WARE.

It was about eleven of the clock on a bright frosty morning, that Cromwell with his small life guard reached Ware. Causing his trumpets to sound through the streets, he summoned all the regiments to get themselves together orderly upon the green, to hear a proclamation from the lord-general: and ere this summons had been well delivered, they turned out, not indeed orderly, or in good discipline, but in loud and tumultuous disarray. They were all under arms, although expressly contrary to orders; two regiments, especially, of musketeers, who had their caps adorned with ribands inscribed, as a motto of insubordination, with the words, "For the people's freedom, and the soldier's right," were observed to be in full field order, with their bandoleers slung round them, and the matches of the arquebuses lighted. Among these, as Cromwell advanced slowly toward them, accompanied by Ardenne only, and followed at a little distance by a captain's guard, with drawn swords, but no fire-arms—the remainder of the regiment halting in line a little further in the rear—a wild disorganizing shout arose, "Equality of rights! Equality of rights! No king! No coalition! Down with the false grandees!" But when with his long sturdy strides, and his stern features perfectly calm, but resolute and hard, as if they had been cast in iron, he had closed with them, the shouts ceased suddenly. Slowly he walked along the front, looking each private full and firmly in the eye; and few were there who dared to meet with an unblenching brow his concentrated glare of anger and defiance. Halting at length directly opposite to the two regiments of musketeers, he drew out the proclamation. "I have a paper here," he said, "to read to ye, from the lord-general. Not to mutineers, however, but to soldiers was I sent! Extinguish instantly," he added, in a tone somewhat louder, yet so severe and passionless that one battalion obeyed on the moment, "those matches! How dare ye muster thus? Out of your caps with those unsoldierly and villain mottoes—out with them! Nay! but ye shall trampel them beneath your feet!" And awed by his immovable determination, that tumultuous assembly looked on in abashed wonder, and ordering as rapidly as possible their unmilitary and ill-dressed front, assumed an air of perfect discipline and a right soldierly demeanour. Not so the second regiment—for, brandishing their arms aloft, they raised a deep and scornful murmur, increasing gradually into a shout of absolute defiance. Nay, some brought down their arquebuses to the ready movement, and even cocked them; but not one man removed the motto of rebellion. It was a moment of anxiety, if not of real peril; for though the great mass of the men were quiet, they yet wore an air of sullen, and almost savage discontent, which clearly showed their temper, and made it but too probable that any overt action of one troop, even, would kindle the whole body into a blaze of fury. "Heard ye not?" Oliver proceeded, in a voice pitched several notes below his usual key, but so full of intense resolve, of quiet and indomitable spirit, that it thrilled to the hearts of all who heard it, even of those who still resisted. "Or do ye dare to disobey me? You sir," he continued, stepping close up to the ranks, which now began to waver somewhat, and confronting a gigantic lance-pesade—"ground your arms!" and the man overawed by his demeanour, slowly and sulkily obeyed. "Shame! shame!" cried several voices from the rear—"thou braggart, that would'st do so much, to shrink at the first word!"—"Silence there in the ranks!" Oliver cried fiercely, and at his word again the murmurs ceased; but, brief and trivial as they were, those murmurs had yet roused anew a spirit of resistance in the bosom of the half-terrified ringleader. Silent he stood, indeed, but his mouth worked convulsively, a red flush overspread his countenance, and his hand quivered as he grasped the barrel of his musket. "Soh! thou art then a soldier," continued Cromwell, once more confronting the delinquent. "Now, pull forth that rascal riband from thy cap! cast it, I say, into the dust, and set thy foot upon it!" The man spoke not, but bit his lip until the blood spirted forth; moving, however, no limb or muscle of his body, whether to execute or to resist his officer's command. "Do as I bid thee, dog!"—and with a flash of furious and ungovernable ire lighting up every feature of his face, Cromwell stamped his heel on the turf, as though he was in the act of trampling down a living foe. "No dog of thine at least," answered the fellow; "though if thou had'st thy will, all Englishmen would be as slaves and dogs beneath thee." "Ha!—this to me!"—and seizing the gigantic trooper by the throat, he shook him to and fro as though he were an infant, and cast him, almost as it seemed without an effort, to the earth behind him. "Seize him, guards! Ho! ye answer for him with your lives—He is a ring-leader, and, as the Lord of earth and heaven liveth, verily he shall die the death!" And as he spoke his handful of assistants dragged off the prisoner, struggling and shouting for a rescue, and placed him in security among their mounted comrades. But, quickly as they did his bidding, yet quicker was the movement of the captive's right-hand man to succour or avenge him; who, at the very point of time when Cromwell seized the lance-pesade, levelled his arquebuse right at his head, within six feet. Ardenne dashed forward, sword in hand, followed by six or eight of his most active men, while his lieutenant shouted to the horsemen in the rear to charge. Yet, had their aid been needed, the career of Oliver had been concluded on that day in a paltry riot—but it was not needed; for in the very act of capturing the one, that keen-eyed and quick-witted leader observed the motion of the other

mutineer. Before the heavy din with which the armour of the first clanged as he fell was ended, his broadsword gleamed aloft in the bright sunshine—down it came whistling through the air—down like a flash of lightning, and, with his skull cleft through his headpiece to the chin, the second plunged head foremost, a dead man ere he touched the earth, his arquebuse discharged, though harmlessly, by the convulsed and quivering fingers after the life had left the body. Cromwell paused not for a second's space to suffer them to rally or recover from the consternation which had fallen on them with all the chilling influence of panic terror, but, "Charge!" he shouted in a voice like thunder—"Charge the rebellious dogs! Kill! kill! spare none who dare resist!" With the word, Ardenne rushed in, and faithfully his gallant men requited the trust placed in their allegiance. Firmly, as though they had outnumbered their opponents, that little handful dashed into the breach which Cromwell's energy had made already in the rebellious ranks; and at a full trot, with their rapiers levelled to the charge, up swept the horsemen. But the fall of the ringleaders, and the undaunted bearing of their officers, were too much for their nerves; and, ere the guard was on them, their musket-butts rang heavily as they were grounded simultaneously, and the obnoxious badges, torn with quick hands from every headpiece, fluttered on all sides in the air, or strewed the turf before their feet. "Halt! ho! halt. Colonel Ardenne!" shouted Oliver, perceiving instantly, and profiting by his advantage. But scarcely was his second cry in time; for, though they curbed their chargers as the word reached their ears, the cavalry stopped not until the horses' chests were close upon the wavering ranks, and their long rapiers waving o'er their heads—"Draw off your horse, Lieutenant Winthrop," he continued, "advance two files of infantry, arrest each tenth man of the lance-pesades throughout this battalion—verily they shall learn, and that right speedily, what be the fruits of mutiny. Officers to the front—call a drum-head court-martial!" Not a man stirred, and not a weapon was advanced, as one by one the decimated prisoners were arrested. Before five minutes had passed over, ten or a dozen officers had assembled to perform the saddest and most painful duty that ever falls even to a soldier's lot. The crime had been too flagrant—the proof too evident—the peril too immediate to admit of lenity; and without one dissenting voice the fatal sentence was pronounced on all the wretched criminals, some five or six in number, who, now disarmed and bound, stood awaiting the award in speechless agony. "A file for execution!" Oliver exclaimed, in the most harsh and grating tones; "draw out a file for execution from that same regiment! Lead forth that fellow whom I seized myself—he was the very foremost of them all, and may not look for mercy! This grace will I accord the rest—they shall cast lots among them; but one must expiate his sins before his country and his God, ere the world be ten minutes older; and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! The rest I will refer unto parliament." The lots were speedily prepared, and with an air of the most agonizing terror and anxiety, hope and fear blended into a fierce excitement, which it was truly awful even to look upon, the miserable wretches plunged their hands into the helmet, which contained the scraps of paper on which their mortal existence depended. It was a moment of intense and shuddering pain, even to those who, in comparative indifference, were mere spectators of the scene; what must it then have been to those, of whom one certainly was destined to be sent, from the fair face of the bright laughing earth, unhouseled and unshriven into the presence of his Maker, with scarce a moment even to prepare the spirit for endurance of the fearful shock which should disjoin it from the body.—The lottery of death was ended! The soldier whose hard fate had been thus chance-decided, was a small, delicate, pale-looking man—of a weak frame, and a countenance effeminate, and betokening anything save energy of mind or resolution. Yet was this frail and nerveless being perfectly cool and self-collected; while his companion, taken in the very fact—limbed like a Hercules, with high, bold features, and a brilliant eye—a man who would have ridden fearlessly, although alone, upon a stand of levelled pikes, or rushed upon a cannon's mouth just as the limstock was applied—shook like an aspen-leaf through all his powerful frame—his brow, his cheek, his lip grew white as ashes—his eye was dim and senseless—he sobbed, he wept aloud, struggling violently with the troopers, who conducted him to his last stand upon earth, and pleading frantically for mercy. With an air perfectly composed and fearless, the other threw aside his cossack and his vest, unbound the kerchief from his neck, giving it as a token to a favourite fellow-soldier, and having, in a clear unflinching voice, confessed the justness of his sentence, and exhorted his companions to take warning from his fate, he bowed respectfully to those who had condemned him, and stepped as lightly to the place of execution as though it were his choice to die. There they stood side by side—full of strong health and intellect, and life and passion, in one short moment to be mere clods of bodies and unconscious clay—and there with their death weapons levelled, paler themselves, and far more agitated, than even those on whom they were to do the work of blood, the firing party chosen from the ranks of their own regiment!—composed perhaps of messmates, of familiar friends, of proved associates in many a scene of peril and of glory—perhaps of comrade plotters, instigators to the very crime which they were destined to avenge, their friends to expiate, their partners without doubt in this last fatal deed of guilt, and now their executioners! The regiments were drawn up, forming three sides of a great hollow

square, the criminals upon the fourth, the executioners already facing them at scarce ten paces distant. There was not a voice—a sigh—a movement, in that mighty concourse; not a weapon clashed, not a foot rustled on the earth. But the sun shone in glorious beauty upon the burnished pike heads and the waving standards; and the whole earth looked gay and smiling—more gay, more smiling, as it seemed to the poor criminals, than ever it had been before. A short extemporaneous prayer was uttered by the captain of their own battalion—a sad and doleful hymn was chaunted by the now penitent and terrified assemblage, with a sound inexpressibly and strangely doleful. The fatal sign was given—a bright flash—a sharp report as of a single piece—and when the smoke cleared off, there lay the bodies on the sod, lifeless and motionless, their sins and sorrows thus simultaneously and suddenly concluded. There was no need of more severity, and the quick eye of Cromwell saw it. With the yet warm and palpitating bodies in full view, he read aloud the general's message, the soldiery listening to every word with a respectful and a sincere attention, that denoted all the force of the example they had witnessed. As he concluded, every regiment presented and then grounded arms; the agitators humbly advanced from the crest-fallen ranks, and with a deferential air expressed their complete satisfaction at the lord-general's exposition, their sense of their own past misconduct, and their gratitude to Cromwell for the mercy he had shown them in taking but two lives where all so righteously were forfeited. After a few more words of reprimand, blended with commendations of their former services, and exhortations never to offend in the like sort hereafter, Oliver, whose point was openly gained, dismissed the soldiers; and the bands striking up in the impressive notes of a dead march, with colours trailed and arms reversed, they filed off to their several quarters, well convinced now that whatsoever their commanders might connive at disobedience to the parliament, they would in no sort tolerate or wink at the most trivial mutiny against their own authority. In fact, by his undaunted resolution in suppressing, and his inflexible severity in punishing, the present disaffection, joined to the partial lenity he had extended to his prisoners, Cromwell had more than regained all that he had temporarily lost in the opinions of the army.—From the new novel of "Oliver Cromwell."

MISSION PRIZE ESSAY.—Many of our readers will remember that three years ago two prizes of two hundred guineas and of fifty guineas respectively, were offered by a body of Christians associated for the purpose, for the two best essays that should be produced before 1st June, 1839, on the "Duty, Privilege, and Encouragement of Christians to send the Gospel to the Heathen." The prospectus was issued under the signatures of Dr. Chalmers, of the late respected Dr. McGill, Professor of Theology in the Glasgow University, and of Dr. Duff, the eminent Superintendent of the General Assembly's Missionary and Educational Institution at Calcutta. The adjudicators were chosen to represent the different churches, who have practically acknowledged the obligation to engage in the sacred enterprise of Christianising the world—viz., for the Church of England, the Rev. Henry Melville, of Camberwell; for the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Dr. Welsh, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, for the Independents, the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow; for the Baptists, the Rev. Thomas S. Crisp, of the Baptist College, Bristol; and for the Wesleyans, the Rev. Dr. Bunting. These names are a guarantee for an impartial and efficient discharge of the difficult task of deciding on the merits of the different essays lodged, which were more than forty in number. The award was expected some months ago, but circumstances have made a postponement necessary. We trust, however, that very shortly the Christians of our own country and throughout the world—for the interest of the scheme is not local or national—will be gratified by the publication of two works which may become eminently useful in extending a missionary spirit. It is an encouraging and delightful fact, that the desire to join in the noble competition, was, apparently, as vivid in the United States as here. More than one powerful application came from clergymen in the Union for the extension of the time allowed to furnish essays, but the terms of the original prospectus reluctantly forced the offerers of the prizes to refuse. There is, however, reason to hope the other side of the Atlantic has, notwithstanding, furnished a quota of the array of talent just mentioned.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.—There is nothing more beneficial to the reflecting mind than the perusal of an old newspaper. Though a silent preacher, it is one which conveys a moral more palpable and forcible than the most elaborate discourse. As the eye runs down the diminutive and old-fashioned columns, and peruses its quaint advertisements and by-gone paragraphs, the question forces itself on the mind—Where are now the busy multitudes whose names appear on these pages?—where is now the puffing auctioneer, the pushing tradesman, and bustling merchant, the calculating lawyer, who each occupies a space in such chronicle of departed time? Alas, they have passed away like their forefathers, and are no more seen! From these considerations the mind naturally turns to the period when we, who may enjoy our little span of existence in this chequered scene, shall have gone down into the dust, and shall furnish the same moral to our children that our fathers do to us! The sun will then shine as bright, the flowers will bloom as fair, the face of Nature will be as pleasing as ever; while we are reposing in our narrow cells, heedless of every thing that once charmed and delighted us!

FIRE INSURANCE

IS still continued to be effected by the Subscriber, at moderate rates, for the ALLIANCE COMPANY of London, which, in point of capital and stability, is second to none in the United Kingdom, and gives to the assured, for five years successively, a share of the entire profits, amounting, on the last division, to twenty per cent. of the premium paid in. The subscriber is empowered in all ordinary cases to settle losses instantly without reference to the Board in London.

CHARLES YOUNG, Agent.
Charlottetown, Oct. 13th, 1840.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS RUFUS SHATTUCK, of Georgetown, in Prince Edward Island, one of the firm of WILLIAM MACKAY & Co., having absconded from this Island on the Ninth day of August last, under suspicious circumstances, it is the intention of the Subscriber to bring the affairs of that concern immediately to a close—NOW THEREFORE, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that all Debts due to the said Firm are to be paid to the Subscriber, WILLIAM MACKAY, of Saint John, New Brunswick, Merchant, he having assumed to settle the claim of W. M. Allan, of Halifax, N. S. And all persons having any claims or demands against the said concern, are requested to render the same to the Subscriber for adjustment, without delay. And notice is hereby further given, that the Subscriber will not hold himself accountable, responsible, or answerable for any liabilities, contracts or transactions whatsoever, made, incurred, or entered into by the said Rufus Shattuck, from the above date.

W. MACKAY.

Georgetown, October 12th, 1840.

WHEREAS WILLIAM MACKAY, of Saint John, New Brunswick, Merchant, having assumed a settlement of the claim of W. M. Allan, of Halifax, Merchant, against the Firm of W. Mackay & Co., of Georgetown, in this Island—Notice is hereby given, that, in pursuance of a former advertisement, bearing date the 14th September last, the subscriber has authorized the said William Mackay to collect and receive the amount of the debts due to the firm of William Mackay & Co., and to grant receipts, or other sufficient discharges therefor; and this shall be to him a sufficient authority to do all things requisite in the settlement of the said Debts.

CHARLES YOUNG, Solicitor.
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island,
October 12, 1840.

FREEHOLD FARM FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD, and immediate possession given, that valuable freehold Farm, at Crown Point, Lot 49, formerly belonging to Neil Macdonald. It contains about 150 acres, the greater part of which is under cultivation—the soil is excellent—it cuts from 50 to 60 tons of Upland, and from 10 to 12 tons of Marsh Hay, yearly. An abundant supply of sea manure can always be obtained. It is also advantageously situated for any person desirous of carrying on a Fishery. For further particulars apply to

RALPH BRECKEN.

Charlottetown, 3d October, 1840.

FARM, &c. FOR SALE,

AND POSSESSION GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

THE Subscriber will dispose of that eligible Leasehold FARM, now in his possession, situate on the Union Road, about 10 miles from Charlottetown. It comprises 150 acres of good Land—from 20 to 30 acres of which are under cultivation; the remainder is well supplied with Firewood and Fence-poles. A Dwelling-house, 30 feet by 20, has lately been erected on the premises, which may be rendered tenable in about a fortnight—most of the materials required being already on the spot. A stack of Hay and several stacks of Grain will also be disposed of, together with an excellent Horse, new Cart, Plough, and other implements of husbandry. A Grist Mill has lately been put up within a quarter of a mile of the premises. The above will be found well worth the attention of a person possessed of a small capital, intending to settle in the country.

JOHN PASSMORE.

Charlottetown, October 8, 1840.

VALUABLE

LEASEHOLD FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber is instructed to dispose of that beautifully situated Farm, on Lot 35, south side of the Hillsborough, 12 miles from Charlottetown, the property of Mr. David Webster. It contains 122 acres of excellent Land, 60 of which are in a high state of cultivation. There are a comfortable dwelling house, a good well, barn and out offices, upon the premises; there is also a never failing brook running through the Farm. There is a quantity of good Timber on the land, consisting of Beech, Birch and Spruce.

Terms, and further particulars, will be made known on application to Mr. Webster, on the premises, or to

W. DOUSE, Land Agent.

Charlottetown, Oct. 15, 1840.

VALUABLE PROPERTY IN GEORGETOWN.

THE Subscriber is duly authorized to SELL, by PRIVATE CONTRACT, that valuable ESTATE in GEORGETOWN, known as the Property of John Adams Wood, formerly of the Island of Antigua, but late of London, Esquire, deceased, and now belonging to Margaret Gilbert Wood, his Widow, comprising Water Lots Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21, with the Warehouse and Premises situate thereon. These Lots, from their very eligible situation for Mercantile Business, are too well known to require further description—and will be sold either together or separately, as may be agreed on.

A good title will be given.

JOHN LONGWORTH.

Charlottetown, 18th June, 1840.

TO BE LET, for a term of years, a Building Lot, 56 feet by 30, fronting on Water Street, opposite Mr. J. B. Cooper's dwelling house. For further particulars apply to

B. SCOTT.

CAUTION.

ALL Persons are hereby cautioned against cutting or carrying away Timber, or Wood of any description, from that part of Township No. 43, belonging to the Estate of the late Honorable William Townshend, deceased, if they wish to avoid law and law costs.

CHARLES WORRELL,
Mortgagee in possession.

CAUTION TO LUMBERERS.

ALL Persons found trespassing upon any of the Estates of the Right Honorable the Earl of SELKIRK, in this Island, by cutting timber, or otherwise, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Law. Tenants requiring Timber for Farm Buildings, &c. must apply to the subscriber.

W. DOUSE, Land Agent.

WHEREAS my Indented Apprentices, Nelson Spratt, has lately deserted from my service—All persons are hereby cautioned against employing or harbouring the said Apprentice, under pain of prosecution.

MARTIN DOGHERTY.

Charlottetown, 9th Oct., 1840.

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