

THE SULTAN.—We were then ushered through long suites of apartments, expecting every moment to enter the presence of the Sultan; and, at length, on being shewn into a small side ante-room, where I was the least prepared for the meeting, he walked quietly in, and suddenly stood before us. The usual fez was on his head, a large military cloak hung round him, clasped at the throat with a magnificent agraffe of enormous diamonds; a large solitaire was on his little finger. He is tall, pale, sallow and slight, with fine eyes, a sweet smile, and an amiable expression of countenance. He is only eighteen years of age. It is said he is learning French, and is much more au fait de tout ce qui se passe than is generally imagined. The Prince de Joinville, when here, saw and conversed much with him; and lately a good deal has transpired as to his manners and ideas from a Russian painter who has just finished his picture, and with whom he had much conversation during his several sittings. He did not bow, but immediately began talking to Reschid Pacha, who, having paid his homage, which is done by gracefully faisant semblant to pick up the dust from the feet, according to the expression, "Je baise la poussiere," interpreted to me the Sultan's words. He expressed his pleasure and satisfaction at seeing me, and his hope that I had recovered the fatigue of my journey; to this I replied. He then inquired if I had been at all rewarded for what I had suffered, and for the deprivation of the comforts and luxuries of England. I then requested Reschid Pacha to express my admiration of Constantinople, my gratification at my visit and reception, and my gratitude at having been allowed to see everything that was curious and interesting. The Sultan inquired if I had visited the Tscheragan Palace; and on my answering in the negative, he desired orders might be given for it to be shewn to me. He then inquired who the lady (Mrs. Walker) was that accompanied me; and on hearing her name, he desired Reschid Pacha to express the pleasure he felt at having an opportunity of telling her how highly he valued her husband's services. After a happily worded reply from her to the effect that she had equal delight in being able to assure his Majesty that he had not now a more faithful servant than Admiral Walker, the Sultan expressed his regret at my intention of leaving Constantinople so soon, and then suddenly vanished.—Letter from the Marchioness of Londonderry at Constantinople to a friend in England.

RAPID TRAVELLING.—On Tuesday night the bags were placed in a railway carriage at the Edge-hill station, Liverpool. The train, consisting of the engine and one carriage only, which bore two gentlemen, a messenger for the Times, and the Post-Office guard, started at 10h. 45m., and reached Birmingham at 1h. 55m. Including stoppages, the journey was accomplished in two hours, thirty-five minutes. The train left Birmingham at 2h. 5m., and reached the Euston Station, London, at 5h. 30m., including the time lost in replenishing coke and water. The whole journey from Liverpool to London was thus accomplished in less than six hours, at an average speed of thirty-five miles per hour, though, on certain parts of the line, the speed must have been, at least, sixty miles in the hour! The news conveyed by this express was printed at full length in the Times, copies of which were in Liverpool by seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, just twenty hours from the time the news was despatched from the Edge-hill Station.—Liverpool Albion.

GERMAN SOLDIERS.—A German soldier seldom thought of food or rest for the night until his horse had been provided for. The noble animals themselves seemed perfectly aware of this attention on the part of their riders, and I have been amused by seeing some of the horses of the Germans run after their masters with all the playfulness of a dog. The consequence of this attention to their horses was, they were in good condition when those of our cavalry were dying, or in an otherwise very deplorable state; this, without wishing to throw a disparagement upon our countrymen, I attributed to the difference of customs between the two countries. We never saw a German vidette or express galloping furiously, that we did not immediately know there was work for some one to do. While on outpost duty, their vigilance was most admirable.—Costello's Adventures of a Soldier.

HISTORY OF HATS.—The use of hats, that is of caps with brims to them, is of very ancient date. Among the Greeks, the Dorian tribes, probably as early as the age of Homer, were characterized by the broad brimmed hats which they wore when on a journey. The same custom prevailed among the Athenians, as is evident from some of the equestrian figures in the Elgin Marbles. The Romans appear in general to have used no covering for the head except a corner of the toga or upper garment; but at sacrifices or festivals they wore a bonnet or cap; and this thing being permitted only to freemen, part of the ceremony of manumitting a slave consisted in putting one of these caps on his head. But on a journey the Romans were accustomed to wear a hat called petasus, with a margin wide enough to shade their faces from the sun. In the middle ages, the bonnet, or cap with a narrow margin in front, while ecclesiastics wore hoods or cowls; but Pope Innocent the Fourth, in the thirteenth century, allowed to the cardinals the use of scarlet hats. About the year 1440, the use of hats by persons on a journey appears to have been introduced in France, and soon became common in that country, whence probably it spread to the other European States. The caps of the ancients were certainly made of wool; and this, as well as the hat, was probably knit. I do not know when felt was introduced as a material for hats, but it is stated that the hat worn by Charles the Seventh of France, on occasion of his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1440, was of felt.

WHEAT FROM SEED 3,500 YEARS OLD.—At a late meeting of the East Suffolk Agricultural Association at Saxmundham, by far the most interesting object shown was a sample of wheat grown from seeds taken from an Egyptian mummy supposed to have been incased 3,500 years! This was exhibited by W. Long, Esq., of Hurts Hall. It was white wheat, the ears of which were considerably larger and broader than the ears of English wheat, appearing to grow double upon one stem; and the straw was long and stout. The practice of the ancient Egyptians was to enclose grains of wheat in the cases before deposited in their resting places, but that the wheat should retain its vital principle through so many ages was regarded as one of those great wonders in the economy of nature which have baffled the skill of man.

By order of the Government, the roads in Prussia are lined on each side with fruit trees. Noticing that some of them had a wisp of straw attached to them, I inquired of the coachman what it meant. He replied that the straw was intended as a notice to the public not to take fruit from those trees without special per-

mission. "I fear," said I, "that such a notice in my country, would be an invitation to attack them." "Habens sie keins scholen?" (Have you no schools? was his significant rejoinder.—Prof. Stowe.

MEAN ANNUAL CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT IN GREAT BRITAIN: QUANTITY IMPORTED FROM ABROAD.—The mean annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain may be estimated to be at the rate of one quarter for each individual, besides an allowance of one seventh for seed. The population of Great Britain amounted, according to the census of 1831, to 16,637,398 persons; and may now, in round numbers, be calculated at nineteen millions. The population of Ireland was at the same time 7,767,401, and may now be estimated at eight and a half millions. Ireland, however, does not consume at the rate of half the quantity of wheat used in England; so that, allowing four millions for that country, the consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom may be computed at twenty three millions of quarters, and allowing for seed, fully twenty six millions, without calculating the quantity used for various manufactures. In 1838, 1839, 1840, owing to the deficient harvests, the imports of wheat into England were the largest ever known, our necessities having driven us to collect the quantities which had accumulated during the four or five preceding years in every market in the world, when our importations had been comparatively small; yet, notwithstanding these efforts, the annual average quantity of foreign wheat entered for home consumption, during the ten years commencing 1839 and ending 1840, only amounted to 908,118 quarters, not one fortnight's consumption.—British and Foreign Review.

GREASE OR SCRATCHES.—This is a disorder to which horses are subject, and only affects the skin of the heel. As there is much motion and tension to this part of the leg, it was necessary the skin should be very pliable and soft, and to ensure this, nature has provided a secretion of greasy matter, which is absorbed by the skin at the heel, giving it a sensible greasy feel, and prevents in a healthy state the crack or roughness of the part which would otherwise ensue. Under ill treatment, or bad stable management, inflammation takes place, the secretion of grease is stopped, a dry and scurfy state of the skin succeeds, cracks of the skin show themselves, and swelling and lameness ensues. According to Youatt, "if cracks are slight, a lotion composed of a solution composed of two drams of blue vitriol, or four of alum in a pint of water will often speedily dry them up and close them. But if the cracks are deep and the lameness and inflammation considerable, poulticing will be necessary, and one of linseed meal, or of carrots boiled soft, may be used. After the inflammation is checked, the heel may be dressed with an ointment composed of one part rosin and three of lard melted together, and one part of calamine powder added when these begin to get cold." Occasionally wetting the cracks with the vitriol solution will expedite the healing. Some farmers use an ointment made of grease and sulphur, which is rubbed in, the hair being first clipped. Sometimes from careless management, or inattention, the cracks degenerate into deep sores, fungus springs upon their edges, which dries and assumes a horny form, and is known by the name of grapes. The grease is supposed to arise from the filth and urine of the stable acting on the tender skin of the heel; yet some horses are more subject to it than others in any situation. Care is the best preventive, and as this has banished the disease from the cavalry of most nations, it would doubtless prevent its recurrence among farmers' horses where it is most injurious.—Cultivator.

SIMPLE CURE FOR COUGH IN HORSES.—Two years ago one of my carriage horses had an extremely bad cough, which had continued for six or eight months; different applications were made without effect. I applied to a man who I knew dealt in horses, and had paid some attention to their diseases, for a remedy. He at once told me that he had never found any thing so effectual for a bad cough as human urine, given a few times, by discharging in a bucket of water and letting them drink it, or on their food and eat it. I directed my driver to do so, and in one week the horse was completely relieved. I have frequently had it tried with the same good effect.—Cultivator.

We take the following extracts from the concluding Chapters of W. H. Ainsworth's Romance, entitled "Guy Fawkes."

EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS. The green was thronged with horse and foot soldiers, and as the conspirators issued from the arched door of the fortification, the bell of Saint Peter's Chapel began to toll. Sir Everard Digby was first bound to a hurdle, with his face toward the horse, and the others were quickly secured in the same manner. The melancholy cavalcade was then put in motion. A troop of horse-soldiers in their full accoutrements, and with calivers upon their shoulders, rode first, then came a band of halberdiers on foot; then the masked executioner mounted on a led horse; then the four prisoners on the hurdles, one after the other, then the lieutenant on horseback; while another band of horse soldiers, equipped like the first, brought up the rear. They were met by the Recorder of London, Sir Henry Montague, and the sheriffs, at the gate of the Middle Tower, to the latter of whom the lieutenant, according to custom, delivered up the bodies of the prisoners. After a short delay, the train again set forward, and emerging from the Bulwark Gate, proceeded through an enormous concourse of spectators toward Tower Street.

Aware that a vast crowd would be assembled in the city, and apprehensive of some popular tumult, the Lord Mayor had issued precepts to the aldermen of every ward, commanding them 'to cause one able and sufficient person, with a halbert in his hand, to stand at the door of every dwelling-house in the open street in the way that the traitors were to be drawn toward the place of execution, there to remain from seven in the morning until the return of the sheriffs.' But these were not the whole of the arrangements made to preserve order. The cavalcade, it was fixed, was to proceed along Tower street, Gracechurch street, Lombard street, Cheapside, and so on to the west end of Saint Paul's cathedral, where the scaffold was erected. Along the whole road, on either side, a line of halberdiers was drawn up, while barriers were erected against the cross streets. Nor were these precautions needless. Such a vast concourse was collected, that nothing but the presence of a strong armed force could have prevented confusion and disorder. The roofs of all the houses, the towers and the churches, the steps of the crosses, were covered with spectators, who groaned and hooted as the conspirators passed by. The scaffold, as has just been stated, was erected in front of the great western entrance of the cathedral. The mighty valves of the sacred structure were thrown open, and disclosed its columned aisles crowded with spectators, as was its roof and central tower. The great bell, which had begun to toll when the melancholy procession came in sight, continued to pour forth its lugubrious sounds during the whole of the ceremonial. The rolling of muffled drums was likewise heard above the tumultuous murmurs of the impatient multitude. The whole area from the cathedral to Ludgate Hill was filled with spectators, but an open space was kept clear in front of the scaffold, in which the prisoners were one by one unbound from the hurdles.

During this awful pause, they had sufficient time to note the whole of the dreadful preparations. At a little distance from them was a large fire, on which boiled a cauldron of

pitch, destined to receive their dismembered limbs. A tall gallows, approached by a double ladder, sprang from the scaffold, on which the hangman was already mounted with the rope in his hand. At the foot of the ladder was the quartering-block, near which stood the masked executioner with a chopper in his hand, and two large sharp knives in his girdle. His arms were bared to the shoulder; and a leathern apron, soiled by gory stains, and tied round his waist, completed his butcherly appearance.

Sir Everard Digby was the first to receive the fatal summons. He mounted with a firm footstep, and his youth, his noble aspect, and undaunted demeanor, awakened, as before, the sympathy of the beholders. Looking round, he thus addressed the assemblage:

"Good people, I am here about to die, ye well know for what cause. Throughout the matter, I have acted according to the dictates of my conscience. They have led me to undertake this enterprise, which in respect of my religion, I hold to be no offence, but I therefore ask forgiveness of God, of the king, and of the whole realm."

Crossing himself devoutly, he then knelt down, and recited his prayers in Latin, after which he arose, and again looking round, said in an earnest voice,

"I desire the prayers of all good Catholics, and of none other."

"Then none will pray for you," replied several voices from the crowd.

Headless of the retort, Sir Everard surrendered himself to the executioner's assistant, who divested him of his cloak and doublet, and unfastened his collar. In this state, he mounted the ladder, and the hangman fulfilled his office.

Robert Winter was next summoned, and ascended the scaffold with great firmness. Every thing proclaimed the terrible tragedy that had just been enacted. The straw was sprinkled with blood, so was the block, so were the long knives of the executioner, whose hands and arms were dyed with the same crimson stain; while in one corner of the scaffold stood a basket, containing the dismembered limbs of the late unfortunate sufferer. But these dreadful sights produced no effect on Robert Winter. Declining to address the assemblage, he at once surrendered to the assistant, and shared the fate of his friend.

Grant was next to follow. Undismayed as his predecessor, he looked round with a cheerful countenance, and said—

"I am about to suffer the death of a traitor, and am content to die so. But I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful that I rely entirely on my merits in bearing a part in it, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all the sins I have at other times of my life committed."

This speech was received by a terrific yell from the multitude. Wholly unmoved, however, Grant uttered a few prayers, and then crossing himself, mounted the ladder and was quickly despatched. The bloody business was completed by the slaughter of Bates, who died as resolutely as the others.

These executions, being conducted with the utmost deliberation, occupied nearly an hour. The crowd then separated to talk over the sight they had witnessed, and to keep holiday during the remainder of the day; rejoicing that an equally exciting spectacle was for them on the morrow.

At the same hour as on the previous day, the hurdles were brought to the entrance of the fortification, and the prisoners bound to them. The recorder and the sheriffs met them at the Middle Tower, as they had done the other conspirators, and the cavalcade set forth. The crowd was even greater than on the former occasion; and it required the utmost exertion of the guard to maintain order. Some little delay occurred at Ludgate; during this brief halt, Rookwood heard a cry, and looking up, perceived his wife at one of the upper windows of one of the habitations, waving her handkerchief to him, and cheering him by her gestures. He endeavoured to answer by his signs; but his hands were fast bound, and the next moment the cavalcade moved on.

At Temple Bar another halt occurred; and as the train moved slowly forward, an immense crowd, like a swollen stream, swept after it. The two gates at Westminster were opened as the train approached, and a certain portion of the concourse allowed to pass through. The scaffold, which had been removed from Saint Paul's, was erected in the middle of the Old Palace Yard, in front of the House of Lords. Around it were circled a band of halberdiers, outside whom stood a dense throng. The buttresses and pinnacles of the Abbey were covered with spectators; so was the roof of the Parliament House; and the gallery over the entrance.

The bell of the abbey began to toll as the train passed through the gates of Whitehall, and its deep booming filled the air.

At this moment, an officer approached, and summoned Thomas Winter to mount the scaffold. He obeyed, and exhibited no symptom of quailing except that his complexion suddenly turned to a livid colour. Being told of this by the lieutenant, he tried to account for it by saying that he thought he saw his brother precede him up the steps. He made a brief address, protesting he died a true Catholic, and in that faith, notwithstanding his offences, hoped to be saved.

Rookwood followed him, and indulged in a somewhat longer oration. "I confess my offence to God," he said, "in seeking to shed blood, and implore his mercy. I likewise confess my offence to the King, of whose majesty I humbly ask forgiveness; and I further confess my offence to the whole state, of whom in general I entreat pardon. May the Almighty bless the King, the Queen and all their royal progeny, and grant them a long and happy reign! May he turn their hearts to the Catholic faith, so that heresy may be wholly extirpated from the kingdom!"

The first part of this speech was well received by the assemblage, but the latter was drowned in groans and hootings, amid which Rookwood was launched into eternity.

Keyes came next, and eyeing the assemblage disdainfully, went up the ladder, and threw himself off with such force that he broke the rope, and was instantly despatched by the executioner and his assistants.

Guy Fawkes now alone remained, and he slowly mounted the scaffold. His foot slipped on the bloodstained boards, and he would have fallen, if Topcliffe, who stood near him, had not caught his hand. A deep silence prevailed as he looked around, and uttered the following words in a clear and distinct voice:

"I ask forgiveness of the King and the state for my criminal intention, and trust that my death will wash out my offences."

He then crossed himself and knelt down to pray, after which his cloak and doublet were removed by the executioner's assistant and placed with those of the other conspirators. He made an effort to mount the ladder, but his stiffened limbs refused their office.

"Your courage fails you," sneered Topcliffe, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

"My strength does," replied Fawkes, sternly regarding him. "Help me up the ladder, and you shall see whether I am afraid to die."

Seeing how matters stood, the executioner who stood by, leaning upon the chopper, tendered him his blood stained hand. But Fawkes rejected it with disgust, and exerting all his strength, forced himself up the ladder.

As the hangman adjusted the rope he observed a singular smile illumine the features of his victim.

"You seem happy," he said.

"I am so," replied Fawkes, earnestly—"I see the form of her I loved beckoning me to unfeeling happiness."

With this, he stretched out his arms and sprang from the ladder. Before his frame was exposed to the executioner's knife, life was totally extinct.

THE MURDER OF A SOUTH AMERICAN CHIEF.—Flores, the vice-chief of the state of Guatemala, a Liberal, had made himself odious to the priests and friars by laying a contribution on the convent at Quezaltenango; and while on a pulchre against him, as an enemy to religion. A mob gathered before his house, with cries of "Death to the heretic!" Flores fled to the church; but as he was entering the door, a mob of women seized him, wrested a stick from his

hands, beat him with it, tore off his cap, and dragged by the hair. He escaped from these furies, and ran to the pulpit. The alarm bell was sounded, and all the of the town poured into the place. A few soldiers vowed to cover the entrance to the church, but were sailed with stones and clubs; and the mob beating down opposition, forced its way into the church, making a ring with cries of "Death to the heretic!" Rushing towards the pulpit, some tried to unhinge it, others to it; others struck at the unhappy vice-chief with knives to the end of long poles; while a young fiend, with knife on the moulding of the pulpit, and the other elevating the air, leaned over and seized him by the hair. The curate, who was in the pulpit with him, frightened tempest he had assisted to raise, held up the Holy of and begged the mob to spare him, promising that he leave the city immediately. The unhappy Flores, knees, confirmed these promises; but the friars urged the mob, who became so excited with religious that after kneeling before the figure of the Saviour, crying, "We adore thee, O Lord, we venerate thee!" they up with the ferocious cry, "But for thy honour and this blasphemer, this heretic, must die!" They threw him across the floor of the church, and in the air threw him into the hands of the frantic and furious when the women, like unchained furies, with their sticks and stones, beat him to death. His murderer's ed his body, leaving it disfigured and an object of dispersed throughout the city, demanding the heads of Liberals, and crying, "Viva La Religion, y muera heresos del Congreso!" About the same time fanaticism swept the state, and the Liberal party were in Guatemala.—Stephen's Travels in Central America.

McDuffee, speaking of John Randolph, of Roanoke, in the midst of one of his splendid rhapsodies in the name of the United States, he paused, and fixing his eyes on the presiding officer, exclaimed, "Mr. President, I have covered the philosopher's stone. It consists in these plain English monosyllables: Pay as you go."

DR. LARDNER.—This distinguished Professor has solicited by a number of scientific gentlemen to deliver a course of lectures in New York, and has consented to do so.

CHINESE NOTION OF ENGLAND.—A Chinese treatise on geography contains the following description of England.—"The kingdom of Yngkheile (England) is a dependent tributary state of Holan (Holland). Their garments, manners in eating and drinking, are the same. They use much cloth, and like to drink wine. The females before marriage, bind the waist, being desirous to look slender. Their hair hangs in curls over their necks; their short garment and petticoats, but dress in a larger cloth they go out."

TEXAS—RENEWED INVASION.—The Austin Statesman of September 30, contains an account of a Mexican army or rather foray, committed in Refugio county, on the 18th of September 18th. The invading party consisted of fifty Mexicans; the name of their commander was not ascertained. They made a sudden descent upon the county and took possession of it, helping themselves to everything they could lay their hands on, and carrying off eight sons, among whom were the district clerk, the sheriff, and a justice of the peace.

Henry Roil, one of the captives, made a desperate attempt, killing one of the Mexicans and wounding two before he was overpowered. It is believed that he afterwards killed.

The most unnatural and horrible destruction of property followed. About \$5000 in silver was taken, a widow, and also \$2000 worth of dry goods, house and kitchen furniture, &c. &c. Chief Justice Neil and two other men made their escape to a neighbouring town, and next morning returned to see the desolation of the place. It wore a frightful appearance; women and children in great distress, having lost every thing moveable; husbands and fathers abducted and carried away into captivity.

A Mexican who was released next day, represented they had 500 men four leagues behind; that they had previously taken San Patricio.

MEXICO.—The advices from the capital of Guatemala to the 3d of October. Our last previous accounts that a body of troops, under command of a partisan of Santa Anna, had entrenched itself in the city, and been by divers military bodies in the city. Bustamante and his forces had also fortified themselves in the palace and public buildings; and thus the two parties stood glancing defiance at each other; but neither manifesting any desire of an immediate appeal to the voie defait.

Meanwhile Santa Anna was approaching the city, and appeared that Bustamante, despairing of holding his ground, had also declared for the federation, or the restoration of 1824. Thus both leaders were now engaged in fighting under the same banner; and the contest was what was undoubtedly its real character from the first of a mere personal struggle between the two men for supremacy.

On the 2d of October, Santa Anna, having arrived with his troops, made an attack on and captured two strong holds of Bustamante—the forts of San Francisco and San Geronimo. On the next day Bustamante retreated by attacking one of his rival's posts, but was defeated with great loss. On the same day General Galindo, one of the officers, deserted to Santa Anna with seven hundred men. Santa Anna was actively employed in the investment of the city, and, at the date of the last accounts, had completed his line of circumvallation.

Meanwhile, negotiations were opened, and General toria had been summoned from Zalapa to act as mediator.

IOWA AND WISCONSIN.—These flourishing Territories rich almost beyond conception, in their mineral resources, soil and climate—will ere long, it is expected, form separate State Governments, and apply to Congress for admission into the Union. It is said that Iowa has already a population sufficient to entitle her to admission.

FROM AFRICA.—The schooner Herald, Captain Smith, from Princess Island, 5th September, arrived at Boston on Friday of last week. Captain G. reports that the sloop of war Iris, Captain Tucker, touched about the 1st of September for water, &c., and sailed again on a cruise short time previous she had an engagement with a slaver in the Bight of Benin, and was beat off with several men killed and wounded—among the latter was the commander.

THE COLONIAL HERALD. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

Having been so long accustomed to the regular arrival of a steam-boat, we feel this week peculiarly embarrassed by the non-arrival of the mail—the more particularly so, as we learn, from an indirect source, that an English Mail steamer en route between Halifax and this place. When it arrives, time will determine.

We learn from Mr. Duncan, who arrived here yesterday afternoon, that he left Liverpool on the 19th ult. on the Steamship ACADIA, with 42 passengers, including the S. Cunard, and arrived at Halifax on the 5th inst.—the passage being 15 days,—during which they encountered a boisterous weather, with only one day of fair wind. The Mail for this Island had been forwarded, by way of Cape Tormentine, and has not yet come to hand; it can come by way of Pictou and Three Rivers, and will get the start of the mail.

From such information as we have derived, we are pleased to announce the

BIRTH OF A PRINCE OF WALES, which auspicious event took place on the 14th Nov. The Queen and her interesting charge, "the expected and rose of the fair state," were doing well. We can select no other public news, only that trade was dull, and manufacturing and mercantile affairs extremely depressed.

By an arrival from Newfoundland on Wednesday we learn that all the vessels which had left this Island for St. John's, had safely arrived. The Sir Howard Don-