

THE BRITISH MAIL.
The British brig *Sassa*, Captain *Smith*, with the British mail for March on board, arrived at this port on Tuesday in 15 days from Bermuda. We have been favoured with the perusal of Bermuda papers of the 7th instant, from this vessel, but find that their contents have been anticipated by arrivals at other ports. The *Sassa* will leave this port for Bermuda on Saturday next, with the return mail, which will be closed to-morrow.

COMMUNICATED.
The Baltimore Annual Conference of the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, commenced its session in Baltimore on Thursday 12th April, and concluded on Monday 23d instant. The following were the names of the preachers: Messrs. M. Kendrick, Roberts and others, about eighty preachers. The business of the Conference was conducted with the utmost harmony. The religious exercises in the different churches and congregations, were highly interesting and important. The congregations were unusually large and attentive; the sacred Jesus Christ, were manifested in a glorious manner. Seventeen preachers were received into the stations within the bounds of the Conference. The next Conference will be held at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, April 9th next. The following are the appointments of the preachers for the present year.

Baltimore District.
J. FRYE, P. E.
Baltimore City—James M. Hanson, William Hamilton, Thomas J. Dorsey, French Evans, Samuel Bryson.
Baltimore East Station—Beverly Waugh, Robert T. Peyton.
Baltimore Circuit—D. Steel, Basil Barlow, Serrin—Charles B. Tippet, George C. Roberts.
Annapolis—Charles A. Davis.
Calvert—John L. Gibbons, Charles Kalkbrenner.
Prince-George's—Simon L. Booker, Edwin Dorsey.
Ebenzer—William Ryland.
Montgomery—Caleb Reynolds, John G. Watt.

Potomac District.
S. G. ROSZELL, P. E.
Alexandria—Job Guest.
Fountain—John Davis.
Greenbelt—Norval Wilson.
Falls—Charles B. Young, Richard H. Johnson.
Jefferson—Christopher Frye, James Payne.
Winchester—Edward Smith, John L. Linton.
Lodowick—Henry Smith, W. H. Chapman.
Stafford—Robert Cadden, John A. Herndon.
Westmoreland—Robert S. Vinton.
Lancaster—Francis M. Cartney, Richard Brown.
Fredericksburg—Philip D. Lipscomb.

Rockingham District.
JAMES WATTS, P. E.
Rockingham—Gerard Morgan, David Keen.
Stanton—William Monroe, Basil D. Higginson.
Pineville—William Hanke, Heskia Johnson.
Christiansburg—John A. Gere.
Warm Springs—John Howell, Jacob Bertram.
Kroore—John Tansyhill.
Greenbrier—Samuel M. Pherson, James M. Pherson.
Pendleton—Samuel Ellis, Samuel B. Henshaw.
Woodstock—William M'Dowell, Henry Keppel, William Houston, Sup. South Branch—Robert Barnes, John R. Hays.
Alleghany—John Rhodes, James Bertram.

Northumberland District.
M. PIERCE, P. E.
Hammokin—Jonathan Manroo.
Lordsburg—John Thomas, David W. W. W.
Lynchburg—John Bowen, Henry S. Taylor.
Bellevue—Amos Smith, Edward E. A. A.

Carlisle District.
JOHN BEAR, P. E.
Carlisle—Henry Slicer.
Carlisle Circuit—Thomas M. Gee, Thomas M. Gee, Alfred Griffith, Sup. Carlisle—Andrew Hemphill.
Gettysburg—Samuel Clarke, George M. Clarke.
York—Jacob R. Eshphard, William M. M.

By the ship Nautilus.
It is reported that there has been a fire in the Canton. The first took place in the Canton and destroyed from four to five hundred houses at the French Falls. The second was in November, in the same place where there was a fire in the year 1835, and consumed several hundred houses. No American property was destroyed.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.
Washington, April 25. The trial of *Devaughn*, for the murder of *our late fellow-citizen* *T. Martin*, came on at Alexandria on Wednesday. Considerable difficulty was encountered in the selection of a jury, which much time was taken up. The testimony adduced was of the strongest and most indubitable nature, and the fact of the prisoner's guilt was clearly established. About ten o'clock the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

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A VISION OF LUCIFER.

"On my return from my first voyage, I had no inclination to live ashore, for I had quarrelled with every body in London, and bear it, and I gladly accepted an offer made me by the Captain of an East India trader, lying in the river, to sleep in his ship, and take charge of her. This you know, is a practice with ship owners when in port; and the captain being proprietor of the *Myrral* bid me live at his expense, although I would willingly have been content with the lodging. One reason for his liberality was, his wish to retain me as his watchman, for, from a story having got afloat that the *Myrral* was haunted, it would have been difficult to procure a trusty fellow to look after her; and even then he might run away, in case any rogue should personate a ghost to alarm him.

"I was aware of the report gone abroad about the spirit of the mate, who hanged himself in a fit of phrenzy, appearing to those who slept on board, but I was not in a humour to care about goblins, nor even Belzebub himself; at least so I thought. Accordingly, I took possession of the ship, and established myself in the cabin, where I lived like a hermit, upon what I found in the store room. I was indeed, some such a recluse as the rat who retired into a hollow cheese, to avoid the temptations of the world, for I had wherewith, in a fluid as well as a solid shape to content any lover of good things, but I should have been satisfied with a biscuit and a slice of bacon, had not these luxuries offered themselves to my hand.

"For the first week of my residence in the *Myrral*, no signs of supernatural visitors were given, although once or twice I fancied I heard footsteps, or something like them, traversing the deck; but then I was satisfied that if any feet caused these sounds, they could not be the feet of ghosts, who walk not, but glide along without noise, and I always convinced myself that it was nothing real, by going towards the place whenever my fancy startled my ears. Besides, I always took such care to fasten down the hatches and the companion door, that I was certain no one could get down below, without giving me sufficient notice of his intentions. The middle of the second week arrived and found me laughing at the fears of others, and free from any of my own, when one night I was awakened by a strange sensation, as if of a cold hand laid upon my face, and as my consciousness increased I was almost certain I felt it distinctly withdrawn. I fancied too, that I heard a faint gliding sound rustle across the state room, and die away beyond the bulk head that formed the end of it, and I strained my eyes in that direction, through the intense darkness, to try if I could distinguish any object. My belief was that somebody had entered the ship, and laid his hand on my face, in search of plunder, not knowing that any one slept aboard; but on turning out and examining the door, I found it fastened on the inside, as I had left it, and on going out into the cabin, every thing was in its place, for I struck a light on purpose to be certain.

"During the interval of a week, I was disturbed from my sleep three times in a similar manner, and always without further elucidation of the cause, until I thought I heard a cold glittering whisper uttered, as the cold hand passed across my face, but I could distinguish no words, and I vainly endeavoured to grasp hold of any thing that might be near, by extending my arms round about my bed. I attempted to account for the annoyance, by supposing that a mouse or a rat paid me a visit, for there were several holes by which they could enter, although there was nothing in the state room which could tempt their appetites. Still there was something in the application of the touch, not like the patting of a rat's paw, for though the feet of those vermin are very cold, they are but small, and could not have conveyed the sensation of a broad heavy hand laid over my eyes, which was the feeling I experienced. Besides, I more than once perceived the withdrawing of the strange limb, and from several little circumstances, I deduced that the whole aim was placed on my pillow, and suddenly snatched away. Without being superstitious, I naturally began to grow curious, as well as somewhat uneasy about this nocturnal visitation, and I endeavoured to keep awake for two or three hours after retiring to bed, in hopes of gaining some clue to the mystery. I could not well doubt that it was something real; but I could ascribe no cause for its reality, and I was averse to suppose the hand of the suicide mate's ghost was pressed upon my face, especially as it was too heavy for a spirit to be lawfully possessed of. While I continued awake, I burned a light, which I extinguished when about to resign my senses to forgetfulness, for fear of accident, and I was never disturbed while I kept watch, although I maintained it long past the usual hour of the night; but as soon as I was asleep, which was immediately after I put out my candle, the cold chilly touch weighed for a moment on my eyelids, and glanced off when I awoke, followed by the same deadening rattling sound, and the half whispered litter.

"At length, being resolved neither

to give way to the fanciful suggestions of superstition, which occasionally crept into my mind, nor to the repeated breaking of my watch, I conceived several plans for the detection of the intruder; and the first I put in practice was this.

"In order to render myself watchful, I spent the whole of one afternoon in trying to sleep, and by means of darkening the cabin, I did sleep for several hours. At bed time I placed a candle in a dark lantern, which I concealed by my bedside, so that not one ray of light emanated from it, and I turned in, determined to lay awake all night. However, in spite of my resolution, I dropped into a doze a little before midnight, so strong is the force of habit, as well of the body as of the mind. I did not however, sleep as soundly as if I had not reposed in the evening, and I was aroused by an indistinct sound, which came from some part of the ship, close to the cabin. Those who have set up late, and slept in their chair, and awoke suddenly in the dead of the night, may have occasionally experienced a confused, depressed, half-superstitious state of ideas, upon first breaking from their slumber, and finding themselves left in the dark by their expended lamp, cold, cheerless, and scarcely conscious of their exact situation. Such were my feelings upon being disturbed from my sleep, heightened by various attendant circumstances, such as the expected visit of a host, and the beating of the rising tides at the sides of the ship, which rocked and pitched slightly under the influence of a high wind. It was a cold November's night, and I had not yet got warm in bed. I had refrained from taking my evening's glass of grog, that I might lie awake, and a thousand nameless uncomfortable feelings harassed me without any specific distress, or pain, or assignable cause. In fact, to use a common phrase, I awoke in the horrors, and the certainty of having heard an unaccountable sound near me did not dispel them. I resolved, however, neither to move nor to draw breath audibly, that I might run the better chance of entrapping the troublesome spirit, and indeed I felt a disposition to breathe short and lie still, which was very favourable to my purpose. In spite of one's reason, there is a tendency in the human mind to foster and encourage fancies of supernatural agency, &c. I perceived it in mine. I felt chilled throughout and timid, though determined not to be so, and was holding my teeth close, that they might not chatter, when suddenly the cold damp heavy touch of something like a naked arm was placed across my open eyes, which, upon my shrinking involuntarily, was as suddenly withdrawn. Summoning my courage, I shook off a tremor that seized my frame and bolting upright in bed laid hold of my dark lantern, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state room; and you may judge of my terror when I beheld, not a ghost, nor a thief, but a tall dark coloured serpent standing nearly erect by my bedside, with its eyes brightly gleaming from a head frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object, for to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added features peculiarly to its own and which almost led me to believe that Satan himself was present before me, in the guise of this hateful reptile. The light of my lantern, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the diabolical apparition and I discerned distinctly that its mouth was wide and open, and armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue, that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but on either side, its neck was swollen out to an immense size, inflated, as I imagined, with poison, which it was about to inject into my veins, when it should spring and seize hold of me, but what seemed more horrible than all its other deformities, was, that in this bloated mass, which bolted around its collar, were things which appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small one in its head, and this sight almost convinced me that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew no animals but insects had more than a pair of visual organs.

"In a state of mingled awe, doubt and utter dismay, I remained holding my lantern, and staring at the dire countenance of the serpent, which all the while stood erect, waving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played around its lips, its eyes glittered, and its scales gleamed. I felt or fancied that I felt, as if fascinated by its glance, and being so, I gave myself up for lost, for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which deprives the victim of the energy to escape or defend itself. Besides, this creature, serpent or devil, was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been rivetted by the hateful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been for an innate diabolical propensity of goblins, I should probably

kept me thus at bay, for it had the characteristics of a demon, as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form; but either a scorpion or tarantula kept my tremors, and while neither of us seemed disposed to do otherwise than stare at each other, my candle, which I had nearly burnt out, sunk into the socket, and the flame expired.

"All my horrors before this were nothing to what I now experienced. I found myself exposed, in darkness, to the venomous fury of an evil spirit, though undoubtedly a dangerous serpent. A long hiss, which it uttered and which I deemed preparatory to springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation, and had nothing else at hand, I dashed my lantern to the place where it had been when the light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the vile fiend or not, but a horrible hiss filled the state room, and a rattling grooping noise succeeded, and in a moment I heard my enemy behind my bulk head, retreating swiftly, and repeated sibilations indicated by a growing less audible.

"Bathed in cold sweat, and shivering with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured the devil was at some distance, and ran stumbling upon deck as fast as I could, where I remained till daylight. I then called a boat and went ashore to relate my adventure to the captain. Captain Y— heard my story with great attention, and with a strong indication of doubt, till it was terminated; but when I came to describe the visage of the apparition, he fell into such a choking fit of laughter, that I fancied he would have expired in gony of mirth. At length, he became calmer, and while he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes, he told me he believed my vision of Lucifer was nothing else than a large Cobra de Capello, which had belonged to the mate who killed himself aboard the ship. 'The mate,' added he, 'was the person who occupied the state room, for being disposed to be solitary, volunteered to reside in the *Myrral*, as you have done. This serpent, bought of some jugglers in India, was used to exhibit several of the kind to the sailors, and it became his favourite pet, as he was always inclined to singularity of habits and likings. He visits to you, I dare say, were only the continuance of a custom he had long of warming itself in his bed, which was chilly, and had you received kindly, instead of staring it out of countenance you would have found a very amusing companion.'

"But," cried I in astonishment, 'the Cobra de Capello is a most poisonous serpent!'

beer, a suit of thunder and lightning, a staff, and good health is all." But O'Corle, continued he, "if you are not careful, you will be always getting into mistakes and difficulties. These Americans have a thousand opinions that you never heard of, and for that very reason they will go to war with you. Hold your tongue, laugh when you please, and be sure to be on the strong side."

"I left my friend to wander over the town, but getting a little drunk, did not return until next evening, when to my surprise I found the shop deserted and O'Flegan off. The neighbours informed me that necessity or fear had put him in motion. It behooved me of the example set me, so laying my hands on a nice wallet of clothing, I bid farewell to Boston, and set forth on my way.

The night came on—I deserted a small building, and moving up, found a sign, "Apples and Ale," so in I rushed. As good luck would have it, another of my lusty countrymen was bar-keeper. I found also a large crowd of people. "How!" cried one, "for Jackson! I would as soon have every limb in my bones broke as to see him President—where are his merits or talents? He is a dangerous man. As for Adams, who does not love and respect him? The well taught politician, the diplomatist, the scholar and the gentleman." This speaker seemed a little knowing; he was called major too, and I paid him the best respects. "Your honour & please you, who may be this Jackson and Adams?" "They are candidates for President." "An please you, what is the President?" "Why he is the chief magistrate of the nation, has money, power and fame at his disposal." At this a low, inquisitive, square-shouldered fellow demanded who I was for? "By my soul," said I, "and that is the truth, I am for myself, and who would not be?" They all laughed at me, fully for a smart joke, and gave me a dram, and surely I did not refuse. But said the neat gentleman, "if you could make the President, who should he be?" I had ascertained that Jackson sprang from Irish parentage, so I clamoured for him.

Now, by my soul I was innocent, but the people in Massachusetts were so deranged and infatuated about the presidency, and so devoted to Adams, that they despised, opposed and injured any man that was against him. They would not let me have another drop of spirits, but ordered me from the house, and branded me Tory. "Blood and zounds," cried I, "what does this mean? Now hang me here and toe, if I know or care any thing about Jackson, Adams, or the presidency, and to be thus buffeted and sent adrift, is provoking. But what comes next? Shall I lie on the cold ground and starve all night?" As my fortune blessed me, I saw another house not far distant, so in I stepped. It was a private house, and the lady appeared kind and polite. Telling her I was for Adams, I begged to lodge there. "Yes sir you can stay all night," and I soon felt, heart, hand & tooth, to a savory meal which she prepared. "By my soul," said I, "madam, but you are the kindest lady the world over—once for all I declare for the Americans, that they are hospitable and social—they will break a man's head and take good care of him until it is mended, tear the skin from his shoulders, and yet give him money and food.—This seems strange, but I vouch for its truth." I had not been long in the house before the square built citizen entered and looked at me coolly in the face. "Now, by my soul, fellow traveller," said I, "I am little for Jackson as you. Adams is my man." "Is it so? then you are right, wife, let us have the spirits; the stranger is welcome."

What, thought I, are the Americans so deranged, so warmly and vainly addicted to governing their social feelings and conducted by political views, that they hate or love, serve or injure, just as one coincides or differs. I will take advantage of this national prejudice, I will forever be for Adams. Indeed I began to be in good faith. They attributed to him every virtue. As for Jackson, he was represented as an arbitrary military chieftain. Every thing bore the name of Adams. There was the Adams hotel, the Adams printing office, the Adams committee. The women clamored in his favour, and the boys fought for him. I could not travel a mile without meeting some club by faced child called John Adams. I had respected St. Patrick in my own country, but now, thought I, he is a shadow by the side of this Adams. "By the powers," said I, "I will be for Adams till my death." I bought a piece of ribbon on which was stamped Adams, and stuck it in my hat; and as I passed a grog shop, would bellow, huzza for Adams and America. It was sure to get friends, good fare, and a night's lodging. Onwards I travelled, the lord knows what states over, until I reached Pennsylvania. Here I thought there was a change in feelings and affairs.—I had not gone far before I espied a grog shop—"huzza for Adams," said I. "Seize him." "Stop, stop," cried I. "How are you all?" "For Jackson to be sure—he is the man, the brave soldier, the stern politician, the virtuous citizen, we owe him honour, power and wealth. As for Adams, he is political gambler, & a knave

THE TRAVELS OF AN IRISHMAN IN AMERICA.

From the Nashville Banner.
From a boy I was given to a wandering spirit. Before I was twelve years old I abandoned my parents and went in pursuit of adventures. Nothing afforded me pleasure but novelty, so I could not confine myself long in one place.

I had heard of the freedom and happiness of America; had been told that the poor might there get rich, and the humble be distinguished, the low born powerful and the foolish wise. By the powers, said I, as I stood gazing on the faint image of a departing vessel, which bore some of my relatives to this land of blessedness, the first chance I will try my fortune in this earthly paradise. And well I might, for I had neither land, chattels, goods, nor character in Ireland, and none but those who have tried it know what a poor Irishman suffers in his native land. Luckily, I had a strong constitution, firm feeling, and a merry heart.

A stranger is put to it when he wishes a passage across the Atlantic. I mean a poor stranger, for the butting money enough, while ships are at service. But since I was determined to go at all hazards, I hired myself to a captain for six months, to perform any duty he might require; and full well I suffered for my honesty, he engaged me in cleaning the ship, washing for the sailors, and cooking. Now you see how it is, said I to myself, they make a dog of me. By the powers, in truth they did; for I slept on straw, and fed on bones and crusts—but I had patience, and the moment we landed, having served only six weeks, I eloped from the ship, first providing myself bountifully with clothing and loose cash from the coffers of my messmates. My conscience justified me, for I was in want, and they had to stare; but an Irishman, on land, going without friends or means, is not very punctilious. We dropped anchor at Boston—Now, how my poor heart leaped!—Now, by the ashes of my ancestors, said I, but I will eat and be happy—I will revel. Going from the wharf into the town, I was attracted by the sign of a mug and glasses, painted on a flat board over the door. Now, by my faith, and I will taste of the honey and wine of this land of contentment, so entering with great eagerness, who should I see but my old friend Niel O'Flegan, a better soul and stouter heart never lived; but Niel had absconded from old Ireland on suspicion of potatoe stealing, and did not wish to know an old acquaintance. "Oh, blood and zounds," cried I, leaping over the square box, behind which he was sitting, "lad, give me your hand and heart, a better heart never beat." But Niel was silent. "Now," said I, "man, never fear that I will tell any one living, but myself, that you stole potatoes." "Will you be true my honest darling?" said Niel. "Or die and be damned," replied I. "Then I am your honey," returned my friend.

Two Irishmen, when they meet in good fellowship in a strange land, are the happiest, most generous, candid, communicative creatures imaginable. They talk over old times, old friends, future prospects, and present fortunes. Nothing helps their intercourse, however, so much as good ale. But I was somewhat thunderstruck at the appearance of my friend. From a spare, well made youth, he had grown to the size of a still tub. His face, which was once fair and smooth, seemed as round and as fiery as the new moon when seen through the mist of autumn, his eyes might have been taken for the windows of a furnace, and his nose, which seemed almost in a blaze, was a heavy dead weight.

"You must not call me Niel O'Flegan," said he. "Faith, and what must I call you?" returned I. "Patrick O'Megan." "Now, by my soul, do you wish to play a trick on me; was not your name Niel O'Flegan when you left Ireland, and why need you be ashamed of it?" "Was so?" replied my friend, "but I have dwelt in sun-dry towns and villages in this land of freedom, and never failed to make debts and be imposed upon in every one; so when I was obliged to go away to get justice, I always changed my name, and then they could not find me to trouble me, for Irishmen are so thick in this country, and all so much alike, that I only wanted the start of a night to escape from any thing." "Oh, as for that, my darling, I had as leave call you O'Megan as O'Flegan, or O'Devil as either, the odds of a name is nothing when a body can do an act of justice by it."

"O'Corle," said my friend, first tempting the tankard of small beer, "this is not the abode of peace, plenty and ease as we were taught to believe. No, it is the dwelling place of fighting, craftiness and difficulty. You must work and be cheated, and find that it is hard enough in all faith to live. Now most foreigners are deluded with the opinion that they are borne off the wings of the wind, to listen to unbroken music, rest on down & dwell in smiles. How dissatisfied, therefore are they when they witness the fact, and are compelled to labour and sweat, or be honest and suffer! But Irishmen want very little, a cup of small

beer, a suit of thunder and lightning, a staff, and good health is all." But O'Corle, continued he, "if you are not careful, you will be always getting into mistakes and difficulties. These Americans have a thousand opinions that you never heard of, and for that very reason they will go to war with you. Hold your tongue, laugh when you please, and be sure to be on the strong side."

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