

LORD BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.
We noticed some time since, the circumstances attending the attack upon Colwick Hall by the mob from Bristol, and the personal danger to which Mrs. Musters, the celebrated Miss Chaworth, was exposed by their brutality. She and a female friend sought safety in a shrubbery, where the exposure to cold and dampness for some hours increased an indisposition which has since terminated in the death of the unfortunate lady.

Some new circumstances have lately come before us in relation to this passion of the noble bard, and we think they are worthy of remembering, as it was once bent on forgetting Byron.

The poet, as he himself admits, was some years younger than Mary Chaworth.

The maid was on the eve of womanhood. The youth had fewer summers, but his heart had far outgrown his years.

An engagement took place between them, or at least their friendship would have terminated in marriage, if a Mrs. Musters had not commenced a system of manoeuvring to win the heiress of Annesly for her son, a chivalric, gay, liberal young man, Jack Musters. The report is, that in order to do this, she played off her own charms, which were very powerful upon the susceptible young lordling. Under the fascination of her mature beauty, Byron was led off from his ardent pursuit of Miss Chaworth. Jack, in the interim, pressed his suit, succeeded, married the lovely Mary, adopted her name, and the rejected poet left his native land. With this explanation, we derive new pleasure from the poems relating to this early attachment.

In his celebrated poem, the dream commencing with "Our life is two fold," he gives a most animated description of his attachment, and of the effect which their subsequent meeting, in 1813, had upon the lady. She became deranged, and indeed was never entirely free from indisposition afterwards. We advise our poetical readers to refer to this poem, and read it attentively. The lines "well thou art happy," have more particular reference to this meeting, and his caressing her favourite child.

Well thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too,
For still my heart regards thy weal,
Warmly as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's bliss—thy little pang,
Some pains to view his happier lot—
But let them pass, oh how my heart
Would fain be hid in his dear throat.

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I knew it for its father's sake.

I kiss it and I spread my eyes,
Its father in its face to see;
But that it is its mother's eyes,
And they will tell to love and me.

Mary! Mary! I must swear,
While thou art blest, I'll not repine,
But when thou art no more,
My heart will swoon again to thine.

We have no room for the residue of these beautiful lines. The subject and the author will be, through all succeeding time, objects of admiration, of sympathy and regret.

Albany, Jan. 21, 1831.

GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.
By N. P. WILLIS, one of the editors of the New York Mirror.

The garden of the Tuileries is an idle man's paradise. Magnificent as it is in extent, sculpture and cultivation, we all know that statues may be too dumb, gravel walks too long and level, and trees and flowers and fountains a little too Platonic, with any degree of beauty. But the Tuileries are peopled at all hours of sunshine with to me, the most lovely objects in the world—children. You may stop a minute, perhaps, to look at the thousand gold fishes in the basin under the palace windows, or follow the swans for a single voyage round the fountain in the broad avenue—but you will sit on your hired chair (at this season) under the shelter of the sunny wall, and gaze at the children chattering about, with their attending Swiss maids, till your heart overflows with eyes, or the palace strikes five. I have been there repeatedly since I have been in Paris, and have seen nothing like the children. They move my heart always, more than any thing under heaven; but a French child, with an accent that all your paid masters cannot give, and manners, in the midst of its romping, that mock to the life the air and courtesy for which Paris has a name over the world, is enough to make one forget Napoleon, though the column of Vendome throws its shadow upon the scene of their voices. Imagine sixty-seven acres of beautiful creatures (that is the extent of the garden, and I have not seen such a thing as an ugly French child)—broad avenues stretching away as far as you can see, covered with little foreigners (so they call me) dressed in gay colours and laughing and romping and talking French in all the amusing mixture of baby passions and grown-up manners and mannerisms—is it not a sight better worth seeing than all the grand palaces that shut it in?

The Tuileries are certainly very magnificent, and to walk across from the Seine to the Rue Rivoli, and look up the endless walks and under the long perfect arches cut through the trees, they give you a very pretty surprise for once—but a winding lane is a better place to enjoy the loveliness of green leaves, and a single New England elm, letting down its slender branches to the ground in the delightful grace of nature, has, to my eye, more beauty than all the clipped vistas from the king's palace to the Arc de Triumphe, the Champ d'Orleans inclusive.

One of the finest things in Paris, by the way, is the view from the terrace in front of the palace to this Arch of Triumphe, commenced by Napoleon at the extremity of the Champs Elysees, a single avenue of about two miles. The part beyond the gardens is the fashionable drive, and by a saunter on horse-

back to the Bois de Boulogne, between four and five, on a pleasant day, one may see all the dashing equipages of Paris. Broadway, however, would eclipse any thing here, either for beauty of construction, or appointments. Our carriages are every way handsomer, and better hung, and the horses are harnessed more compactly and gracefully. The lumbering vehicles here make a great show, it is true, for the box, with its heavy hammer cloth is level with the top, and the coachmen and footmen and outriders are very striking in their bright liveries; but the elegant, convenient, light-running establishments of Philadelphia and New York excel them, out of all comparison, for taste and finish.

The best driving I have seen is by the king's whips, and really it is beautiful to see his retinue on the road, four and five coaches and six, with footmen and outriders in scarlet liveries, and the finest horses possible for speed and action. His Majesty generally takes the outer edge of the Champs Elysees on the bank of the river, and the rapid glimpses of the bright show through the breaks in the wood are exceedingly picturesque.

From the National Intelligencer.

CONGRESSIONAL BURIAL GROUND.

To the Editors:—Every stranger who visits Washington, feels a curiosity to stroll to the spot which has been set apart as the last resting place of the dead in this city. It is situated on a gentle elevation at a short distance from the western bank of the Anacostia river, and is of considerable extent. A brick wall has been thrown around it, and two avenues have been partially laid out; but still it is in a state which, as a national burial ground, is not such as might be expected. There are monuments when the mind sinks into melancholy; when the dream of life and the charms of society lose their power, and become "dull, stale and unprofitable"; and the gloomy but salutary reflection is forced upon it, that we are but shadows in the wide and beautiful world that surrounds us. It is at such moments that a solitary walk amid the repositories of the dead, becomes a source of melancholy enjoyment, and when all the allurements and blandishments of life are regarded with indifference or disgust. Among the mute but eloquent monuments of mortality which surround us, where the bitterness of hatred, the insatiability of avarice, and the fire of ambition, "are no longer known—forever buried in the tomb which covers them, melt insensibly into that train of melancholy thoughts which such a scene is calculated to inspire, and become softened and mellowed by the salutary reflections it excites. Burial grounds, therefore, should never be neglected, but should claim the special care of the living, as the last repositories of those they loved, admired, and esteemed, while in being, and is calculated to elicit that pensive but soothing train of thought, which all most indulgent who are not brutalized, or rendered callous by a long intercourse with the living world. The Greeks, Romans, and other nations of antiquity, paid great attention to their burial grounds. These were ornamented with tombs, trees and flowers, and visited frequently with feelings of the deepest veneration and respect. The trees employed were the cypress and the elm, and now, in modern Greece, according to Mr. Guy, these elms, after a long succession of ages, have formed in their cemeteries the most beautiful groves. The elm has been selected from the most remote antiquity, as the most appropriate symbol of sorrow, and because it bears no fruit and affords a fine shade. It should be accompanied by the cypress, the "fideles amarae mortis, protectores de leur cendre." The arbor vitae, and funeral yew. The arbor vitae is planted in the beautiful burial ground of Pere la Chaise; and Phillips remarks "that in a few years more this ground will be a mountain filled with dead bodies, and a forest composed of trees of life." I should like to see the funeral yew decorating the burial ground of this city, and casting its dark, and solemn, and somber shade over the last resting place of mortality. But the finest burial ground ornament, and at the same time the most beautiful emblem of affection and tenderness, is the rose. The Greeks and the Romans frequently made it their dying request, that roses should be yearly planted and strewn upon their graves.

"Et tenera ponetur ossa rosa."

The Turks sculpture a rose on the tombs of all unmarried ladies; and in Poland, the coffins of children are covered with that beautiful flower.

These brief remarks have been suggested by the present condition and appearance of the Congressional burial ground in this city. Though a stranger, I should be pleased to know that our rulers, and the people of this city, are anxious to evince their respect to the memory of those who have passed away from this world, and to see that their national burial ground was decorated by the hand of affection and taste. It would tend to strip death and the grave of some of their gloom and horror, and make it the resort of those who love to indulge in solemn, but useful reflection. The romantic burial ground of Pere-la-Chaise, near Paris, is a model for imitation, a brief account of which is subjoined from the "Silva Florifera," of Philipps. "It is impossible to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the rose and the cypress encircle each tomb, or the arbor vitae, add elegance shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn, yet sweet and soothing emotion steal over the senses as we wander over the variegated scene of hill and dale, columns and temples, interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs, and fragrant herbs, that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. We ascended the height, where our attention was attracted by a grave covered with fresh moss, and thickly strewed with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossoms, jessamine, myrtle and white rose." At each corner stood white porcelain

vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire work, and the monument was without a name, and had only this simple, pathetic inscription:

"The here-are-101 men-been-four sent pass."

Such is the MILLONARY GARDEN OF ORAVES, near Paris, and such, by a little assistance from congress, might be the national burial ground in this city. It is an object which justly claims their attention, and in which all who come here in the discharge of their high official and legislative duties, should take a deep interest. I see before me the proud monuments of those who served their country in the cabinet, and in the field; the Clintons and the Gerrys of the Revolution, and a long line of humble tombs, covering the remains of those who wielded the thunders of eloquence, or guided the councils of the nation by their wisdom while living. This sanctuary has been appropriated, in part, for the burial place of the Legislators and officers of the nation, who die at the seat of government; and it behooves those who survive them, and who hold the stations they once held, to bestow some little attention to the improvement and decoration of a spot which may be their last resting place. A small appropriation by congress would be sufficient to erect a lodge or dwelling for the sexton, and improve and ornament the principal avenues through the ground. And this, I am gratified to learn, has been proposed to the house of representatives by one of its committees, and will, I trust, for the sake of the nation and of the dead, as well as the living, be granted by congress this session.

MORTALITY.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, Annapolis, March 1831.

- Samuel Armer,
Michael Ash,
Mary Arter,
- Adam T. Allen,
Samuel Anderson,
Judge Archer,
- Wm. B. Barney,
Stephen Beard,
Mary Ann Bright,
Samuel Belmont,
Elizabeth A. Demard,
- Capt. T. Bartlett—2
Wm. Boldt
Capt. H. Brooks,
Capt. J. Boyle,
David M. Brodson,
Samuel H. Bull,
- Messrs. Claud & Hammond,
Capt. Thos. Canby,
Charles Carpenter,
Capt. Samuel C. Carr,
Capt. Connelly,
Itay S. Clark,
Smolley C. Cremer,
Capt. E. O. Cooper,
- Sibbey Dickey,
Wm. H. Davis,
Juliana Duvall,
- George Ellis,
Capt. J. Ellwell,
John U. Eccleston,
- David S. Foster,
Miss J. A. Fisher,
Capt. E. Foxwell,
- Henry Godfrey,
Robt. Gihlsen—2
H. Gimbill,
Col. Gilmore,
Capt. Josiah Griswold—2
Mary B. Graves,
Benjamin Gaither,
- Isaac Holland,
Thos. C. Hambleton,
John J. Hudine,
Capt. Charles Haskell,
Charles Hooper,
Ephraim S. Harris,
Capt. James Harvey,
F. C. Hyde,
Joseph Howard,
- David Jefferey,
Joshua T. Jones,
Thos. Johnston,
- Hellen Kent,
- John Lithgow,
- Capt. Mercadier,
Joseph Merrick,
Henry Miller,
Hugh M'Eldey,
Capt. T. S. Mundy,
Mrs. Dr. Marriott,
Dr. R. Marriott—2
James Mills,
- James Nelson,
- Wm. O'Hara,
- Dr. Planton,
Thomas Price,
Richard Potts,
John K. Pettibone,
Capt. John Phillips,
P. S. Annapolis,
- John Quinn,
- Benjamin Ray,
Thomas Robinson,
Osb. Ridgely—2
Lewis E. Ross—2
- George Shaw—3
Charles Stewart,
Thos. P. Scott,
Lewis Sewell,
Capt. J. Staples,
Wm. D. Shoemaker,
Charles Salvi,
Joseph N. Stocket—5
- Joseph M. Tate—2
Joseph Thomas,
Richard M. Tallal,
Capt. Wingate,
J. M. Verens,
James White,
William Warr,
Ezraiah Williams,
Samuel York,
- Persons applying for any of the above Letters, will please say they are advertised.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned hereby gives notice to his friends and the public, that he will write and execute
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BILLS OF SALE, MANUMISSION INDENTURES, and make out INSOLENT PAPERS, &c.
at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
GIDEON WHITE.
P. S.—He will collect debts with all possible speed.
March 29, 31.

LAND FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale a TRACT OF LAND called

GREEN'S PURCHASE,
containing ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY EIGHT AND A HALF ACRES, situated in Anne Arundel county, near to, and adjoining the lands of the late Joseph M'Coney, Esq. This land is exceedingly fertile, and now in a high state of improvement; plaiter acts with great effect, and the land is in every way adapted to the growth of Corn, Wheat and Tobacco, and is also peculiarly adapted to the growth of Clover.

The improvements are a large new BARN, and THREE QUARTERS for servants, in good repair; there is also an excellent TIMOTHY MEADOW in fine order. Any one inclined to purchase, will of course view the premises. THE TERMS will be made ACCOMMODATING. Captain Joseph Owens, who lives near the premises, will show the property to any person inclined to purchase. Application can be made to me in the city of Baltimore, as also to Capt. Owens, who will give information as to terms, &c.

BENJAMIN M'CENEY.

Feb 23, 1831.

LOTTERY LAW.

A BILL, entitled, A further additional supplement to an act to amend the Lottery System.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That whenever the Commissioners of Lotteries shall have disposed of a license or licenses for the term of a year, for the sum of five thousand dollars, under the provisions of an act passed at this session, chapter seventy nine, the said Commissioners shall be, and they are hereby authorized to grant, on the payment of seventy five dollars, a license to any person or firm to sell, beyond and out of the limits of the city of Baltimore, during the term aforesaid, tickets in any Lottery which shall have been approved or authorized by the said Commissioners; Provided, That the said tickets shall be first stamped, countersigned or signed by the said Commissioners, or one of them, as required by law; And provided also, That any license which may be granted in pursuance of this act, shall not be construed to authorize the sale of any of said tickets, except at the place which shall be designated therefor, in such license, and by the person or persons to whom such license shall be granted or assigned; and that the licenses which shall be granted under this act, shall be assigned only in the manner provided for the assignment of licenses in the second section of the aforesaid act, chapter seventy nine.

We certify that the foregoing is a true copy from the original law, which passed both branches of the legislature of Maryland, at December session 1831. Given under our hands at the city of Annapolis this 14th March 1832.

GEORGE G. BREWER,
Clerk House Del. Md.
JOS. H. NICHOLSON,
Clerk Senate Md.

Editors of country papers in Maryland, will publish the above four times and send their bill to the Commissioners of Lotteries.
March 26, 31 4t

RATTLER.

THIS thorough bred and beautiful

HORSE,

will stand the ensuing season at Queen Anne and Upper Marlborough, Prince-George's county, Maryland, under the superintendance of Mr. Baldwin.

RATTLER is a chestnut, full 15 hands 3 inches high, with a remarkably fine, short and glossy coat of hair, (the purest indication of high blood,) with strong, clean bone, great muscular power, and as symmetrical in form, and graceful and easy in action, as any horse in Virginia.

The pedigree of RATTLER is short and as rich as blood can make it. The following extract of a letter from James J. Harrison, Esq. (a gentleman well known to the racing world,) will satisfy even the most scrupulous of the purity of his blood:—
"RATTLER was sired by the celebrated race horse Timoleon, the best son of Archy, his dam by Constitution, by Diomed, and out of the same of Timoleon. This mare was by the old imported Saltram, which was by O'Kelly's celebrated English Eclipse, his g g dam Old Wildair, g g g dam, Fernnough, g g g g dam, Driver, g g g g, the imported Yampire, g g g g g Fallow. He is of the stock of Mr. Benjamin Jones, of Greenville. RATTLER has as much Diomed blood in him as any horse in the United States, and I believe partakes of more crosses—Constitution, by Diomed, the sire of his dam—Timoleon, by Archy, by Diomed, his sire—all Mr. Jones' run—they stand No. 1 in the Calendar of America. Timoleon, Kate, Archy, Maud of Lodi, Snow Storm, Sally Walker, Sally M'Gee, and many other fine racers, are of this stock. Your horse deserves to do well, for he is doublet and twined in the same stock." (For particulars see bills.)

E. MASON,
Office Hill, Stafford, Va. T. 115A
March 22

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Anne Arundel County, Orphans Court,
March 13th, 1831.
ON application by petition of John Arnold, Executor of Elijah Redmond late of Anne Arundel County, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notices required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of six consecutive weeks, in one of the newspapers published in the city of Annapolis.

THOMAS T. SIMMONS,
Reg. Will, A. A. County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT the subscriber (of Anne Arundel County, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel County, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Elijah Redmond, late of Anne Arundel County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at or before the 15th day of September next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 13th day of March 1831.

JOHN ARNOLD, Executor,
March 13, 1831.

G. I. GRAMMER, JR.

RESPECTFULLY notifies his friends and the public, that he has just opened, at the residence of his father, nearly opposite the large brick building formerly occupied as a Boarding House by Mrs. Robinson.

GROCERIES,

which he will be happy to dispose of on reasonable terms, for Cash.
Dec. 15.

FRESH FALL & WINTER GOODS.

GEORGE M'NEIR,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

HAS just received a large and handsome assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of the latest importations, among which are

Patent Finished Cloths

Of various qualities and colours, with

CASSIMERS AND VESTINGS.

of the latest style, suitable for the present and approaching seasons.

He requests his friends and the public to call and examine. All of which he will make up at the shortest notice, and in the most reasonable style, for CASH, or to punctual measures.
Sept. 29, 1831.

TO RENT.

THE BRICK HOUSE AND LOT,

fronting on Green Street, formerly owned by Mr. Brice B. Brewer.

To a good Tenant the rent will be low. Also, the OFFICE in West Street between the offices of Alexander Randall and J. H. Nicholson, Esquires. The rent of the latter property is fixed at \$50 per annum.
R. J. JONES.

Jan. 26.

PASSAGE TO BROAD CREEK.

MAJOR JONES' Sloop leaves Annapolis for Broad Creek, on Mondays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M., thence passengers will be taken in the mail stage to Queen's-town, Wye Mills, and Easton, to arrive at Easton same evening by 5 o'clock, P. M. Returning, will leave Easton at 7 o'clock, A. M., on Sundays and Wednesdays, arrive at Broad Creek in time for dinner; at Annapolis, by 5 o'clock, P. M. same evenings.

Fare from Annapolis to Broad Creek 81 50, from Broad Creek to Queen's-town 75, from Broad Creek to Easton 1 50

For passage apply at the Ban of Williamson and Swann's Hotel.

All baggage at the risk of the owners,
BERRY ROBINSON,
Feb. 16, 31

CASH FOR NEGROES.

WE WISH TO PURCHASE.

100 LIKELY NEGROES,

Of both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age, field hands—also mechanics of every description.

Persons wishing to sell, will do well to give us a call, as we are determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than any purchaser who is now or may be hereafter in the market. Any communication in writing will be promptly attended to. We can at all times be found at Williams' Hotel, Annapolis.

LEGG & WILLIAMS,
December 15, 1831.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken on a small Schooner that was grounded on a reef against Kent point in the Eastern Bay of Kent Island; the schooner was plundered, and the hull was a perfect wreck, without mast or sails; the stern broke out so much that the name of the vessel could not be ascertained, or two on board, who were marked, and a third or two also. The owners are desirous to be informed to come forward, bona fide, and charges, and take the vessel. The vessel was got up the 30th of March 1831.

SAMUEL CHACE,
Kent Island, Queen Anne's County,
April 5, 1831.

Ch
VOL. LXXVII.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

EDITH.—By L. E. L.

Weep not, weep not, that in the spring
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing
The early roset water.
And make the sod we're spreading fair
For her who sleeps below.
We might not bear to lay her there,
In winter frost and snow.
We never hoped to keep her long;
When but a fairy child,
With dancing step, and bird-like song,
And eyes that only smiled,
And something in her mirth
The look 'a flower that one rough gale
Would bear away from earth.
There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes.
They were too beautiful, too bright
To like their native skies;
Too changeable the rose, which shed
Its colour on her face,
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.
She was too thoughtful for her years,
She'll the spirit woe;
And when she smiled away our fears,
We only feared the more.
The crimson deepened on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every hour more dear.
Her childhood was a happy time,
The loving and beloved;
Her sky, which was her native, clime
Hath but its own removed.
This earth was not for one to whom
Nothing of earth was given,
Twas but a resting place, her tomb,
Between the world and Heaven.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

By T. CAMPBELL.

God not in the whirlwind—nor in the
der—nor in the flame—but in the
small voice.

On Horeb's Rock the prophet stood—
The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane in angry mood
Asport'd him strong and fast,
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course;
God was not in the blast,
Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

The air grew mute—a cloud
Enclosed the sun;
When, through the mountain, deep and
An earthquake thundered on;
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair—
God was not in the storm.

'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steed from far,
These still again—no ruffled steed
As calm'd her nature stood
When swift from heaven a fiery food
To earth devouring came;
Down to its depth the ocean fled—
The sick'ning sun looked wan and dead
Yet God filled not the flame.

'Twas but the terror of his eye
That lighted through the troubled sky.
At last a voice all still and small,
Rocaweerly on the ear,
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear,
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
For God himself was there,
Forth! it was a father's voice,
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

LOSS OF THE SHIP HUNTLER.

And Dreadful sufferings of the

This ship, the property of Messrs. Miller of Liverpool, and capt. by Capt. Hannah, sailed from St. A. N. B. on the 13th ult.—On the 4th lat. 49 30, long. 21 nearly 1,000 on the Coast of Ireland, she was struck by a sea, which stove in her stern. The crew sought refuge in the boat, and remained for two days. On the 4th, the weather having moderated, they succeeded in getting the long boat out, and the master and crew, a number, committed themselves to the waves, with only the clothes on their backs, and without provisions, except a few raw salt beef, without water, or even a compass. After having fasted about for nine days, during which time John Higgins, died from raw meat and drinking the salt water, on the 19th inst. Sir Isaac Hindle, died from Baffin Island, about 100 from Westport on the coast of Ireland was immediately sent to the aid of the survivors, who were brought to the shore. The spectacle of suffering which was truly appalling, with the utmost difficulty the crew could be got to render assistance to the crew of the boat, being impressed with that they had come from a ship which had been wrecked. They were taken aboard the Huntler, and the crew were all humanly attended to, and they were afterwards removed to Westport, having been brought from Baffin, by the Hamilton, and were under the care of Dr. Divillet to state that two of the crew