to awaken no interest, was a sharp-witted, ferret-eyed personage, whom I now set down as the attorney of the place, standing with his bands in his pockets, under the archway of the inn, and viewing the whole scene with an air of calm, self-satisfied contempt.

I was still engaged in my new relations, the group of village idlers whom our arrival had attracted to the spot, when I was politely accosted by a stranger, with an apology for forcing himself upon my attention. He was an elderly man, with that bearing of mingled frankness and unobtrusive refinement of manner which goes at once to the heart. He had complete the stamp of the gentleman; but the urbanity of his address appeared to flow rather from kindly feelings and a keen observation of the natural benvolence of the man. He said that the village was small, and he feared we would find our accommodations indifferent; particularly, as he was sorry to perceive we were among the sufferers of the Walcheren expedition. His own residence was quite a cottage, but he could promise more quiet and comfort for two of our number under its roof, than the neighboring farm-houses might perhaps afford. If we would allow him, therefore, to become the host to myself and another of our officers, at least until we had time to look about us for a shelter, we should really be conferring an obligation upon him; “for,” said he, “you will give me the satisfaction of knowing that I am in some measure discharging what I consider to be the duty of every Englishman towards the gallant fellows who deserve their lives to aver the misery of war from our forefathers.”

It is so rare an occurrence with a military man to experience attention or hospitality in England, that the address of the stranger at first excited my surprise; but there was an earnestness and sincerity about him, which made it impossible to doubt that he meant his offer to be accepted, and that to reject it would be to distress him. The exterior, too, of the little inn before which we stood, was not such as to promise even a mediocriti for me; yet neither the deadening influence of these twelve years of existence, at a period of life when every hour takes from the acuteness of recollection, and every feeling gradually loses its intensity; nor all the hardening effects of a profession of danger, and familiarity with the horrors of warfare, have been able in any degree to soften the keenness, the bitterness of regret, which fills my heart at the reflection that I was the unfortunate instrument of ruin to the hapless family at Milbourne. It is a black tale of perjury, and I shall pass with a rapid hand over its disgusting details.

Our host, Mr. Milbourne, was the son of a London merchant who had long been identified with the spirit of mercantile enterprise, the man; he had bestowed upon the youth; but the young man had found business incompatible with his habits and tastes, and resigned both his place in the firm and the prospect of his father's accumulated wealth to a younger brother. A relation had fortunately made him heir to a recent independence, of which the circumstances of his father could not deprive him; and upon this Milbourne contented to rest his hope for the future, his wants, and desires. He married, and, at an age when others are more eager in pursuing their career of ambition or avarice, retired to his books, and the tranquil possession of domestic pleasures. He knew little of the world; and for many years was happy even ignorant of that bitter drop was to be found in the cup of existence. The loss of the partner of his enjoyments, was almost the first of his sorrows; and if he afterwards found it too late to alleviate the stroke, and to throw a gleam of sunshine on his solitary path, it was that the bounty of Heaven had yet reserved for him two daughters, in whom he might fondly hope to trace the lineaments and virtues of their mother. The eldest of these girls was just nineteen, and the youngest, scarcely more than a child, when he opened his hospitable doors for our reception. Unhappily for him, our residence was fitted to be longer than I had intended when I consented to pass a few days within his cottage. It occurs with the feverness I would have had this pleasure. She was, indeed, there was not a woman who could tell the history of her character. She was, said, was little known in the world; but she had never been known, and the few families who knew the extent of her acquaintances. But why am I forming the contemplation of all this? I must soon go to her no more; I must regain my usual street where I reached the inn in the tour of my regiment in Portugal.

(To be Continued.)

ANIMAL Spirit.

From one of the early numbers of the Magazine we have made a letter of our acquaintance, having lately resided as a visiting artist in a master of the chemical and physiognomical science, a Spaniel bitch, which had been educated to study under her former master. It was a young man, who had been a person who dealt in such articles as were the result of a mysterious arrangement. He was astonished and astonished at the art, and the method of bringing home articles that were up in an irregular manner. The Spaniel, who perceived that the system he used to amuse his master, had an art of privately course, had been employed by a shopkeeper, who should exercise her functions in the place. The process was a surprise to the public, that they had been bestowed on that for jewelry. It proved a shop, where the appearance of rings and any connection with the Spaniel, with an indolent, disinterested manner of dressing, the shop of her own nature.

To be Continued.
JOHN H. KENNEDY.
Philadelphia, Oct. 3d, 1827.

LETTER FROM BISHOP ALLEN.

The following Letter from the Rev. Bishop Allen, of Pennsylvania, will shew in what light that aged and devoted Minister of the Gospel, views the subject of African Colonization. It was written at our request, to contradict certain reports, of his having become a convert to the colonization scheme.

To the Editor of the "Freedom's Journal."

Dear Sir:

I have for several years been striving to reconcile my mind to the colonization of Africans in Liberia; but there have always been, and there still remain great and insurmountable objections against the scheme. We are an unlettered people, brought up in ignorance; not one in a hundred can read or write; not one in a thousand has a liberal education. Is there any fitness for such to be sent into a far country, among heathens, to convert or civilize them; when they themselves are neither civilized nor christianized? See the great bulk of the poor ignorant Africans in this country, exposed to every temptation before them; all for the want of their morals being refined by education, and proper attendance paid unto them by their owners, or those who had the charge of them. It is said by the southern slave-holders, that the more ignorant they can bring up the Africans, the better slaves they make. It is enough for them to know the words, "go and come."—Is there any fitness for such people to be colonized in a far country, to be their own rulers? Can we not discern the project of sending the free people of colour away from this country? Is it not for the interest of the slave holder, to select the free people of colour out of the different states, and send them to Liberia? Will it not make their slaves uneasy to see free men of colour enjoying liberty? It is against the law in some of the southern states, that a person of colour should receive an education under a severe penalty. Colonizationists speak of America being first colonized, but is there any comparison between the two? America was colonized by as wise, judicious and educated men as the world afforded. William Penn did not want for learning, wisdom, or intelligence, yet he was unable to learn. It is said that the party returned safe and sound, but with no experience of the negroes in the island; but this I suppose to arise from the fact of the atmosphere, as yet no record of this grand discovery, that they were all killed with fever and melancholy; but this I suppose to arise from the fact of the atmosphere, and yet no record of this grand discovery has been made, for reasons I suppose to themselves.

One new thing only has been the discovery of this, and the trouble and expense of the enterprise was estimated by the learned that a colored man, born in America, had discovered a new native of Liberia! Fraught with consolation, they have, in their zeal for the propagation of new principles made every colored citizen of the United States. They have issued circulars, appeared in sermons, and levied contributions, to prove the truth of this. They have pictured to the colored people, in glowing colors the delightful Home, and then advise him, by a thousand tender recollections, to send them away to the wilderness and slavery. They tell him he cannot enjoy his peace in this "time of the happy children of God" send him to a land where he will do not kill him the first week, but if he remain he will be destroyed, and the slaverie of the outlaws and Ashantees—flying away; it is for the better!—the chance to taste none of those pleasures, to survive, without having experienced the close hug of the sea, or the savagery, he will then have the opportunity of reflecting that he is in a free and independent state, and shall be none to say to him, D—his friends—the earth doth cover, his connections—the beast's home, and friends, he is yet a man who sees himself standing in the fertile soil of Liberia, Bere procedure, and friends, he is yet a monarch of all he surveys is both beast, fowl and creeping things there are no lack. Such has been the grand discoveries made by this man, not enough to induce every color to take up his bed and walk? to make this abominable country, for a man many and various blessings will be bestowed on him. A word to the wise is sufficient.