

stantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate amputation of that Mr Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr Doleful favoured me with a visit.

"I eall," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of 'our poor dear friend,' and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend" was no worse than the day before, I interrupted his pathetics, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood; and, rather unceremoniously, added, that it was the opinion of his medical advisers, that the state of "our poor dear friend," might be considerably improved if he, Mr Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well!—Bless my soul! this is unexpected—very unexpected. I—! Me—! The son of his friend—his best friend! Why—though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[And here he burst into another tear—] I say, had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been—Well; no matter—but Me!—how very odd! I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him, morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him—as he must perceive: he must observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he must notice how much I feel for him. Why dear me! What interest can I have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven I AM NOT A LEGACY-HUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalculated abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, excepting the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then had occupied a sofa, took to his bed; and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for, and that they alone should attend him to the last.—Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed-chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing his "poor dear friend," that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bed-room. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bed-side, as usual on tip-toe; as usual he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear; and with the usual undertaker look, and in usual dismal tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do now, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick,

you've done it at last!" fell back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"It is all over with the poor captain, Mr Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank heaven I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth—! so good, so kind, so honourable, so everything a man ought to be. Thank heaven I did my duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be death of me. I haven't the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading.—Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock Mr Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the ensign of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for a few minutes, and then burst into a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear Sir," said I; "recollect your grief is unavailing; it will not recal to life the dear departed."

"The departed be d—d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank heaven I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I did expect—You know what I did for the old scoundrel, you know what time I sacrificed to him, you know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet—! I repeat it. I am not a legacy-hunter; but I put it to you, Sir, as a man of sense, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a perfect right to expect—What should you have thought, Sir? I merely ask how much should you have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course—to be sure—I am anything but an interested man; and had he left me that, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, has he left you?"

"Guess—I only say do you guess."

"Well—five hundred?"

"Why, even that would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it: or had he left me fifty pounds for mourning, why even that—or five pounds for a ring, even that would have been better than—But, Sir, you won't believe it; you can't believe it: the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But I am not disappointed, for I always knew the man.—So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel—! If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it he was one.—But he's gone where he will get his deserts." And, so saying, *Exit* Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq., in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services render-

ed me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pound." By a codicil of later date, his bequest was reduced to five hundred; by a third, to three hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to—nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy.

(From the latest English and Colonial dates.)

SCARCITY OF MONEY.—The Chamber of Trade in New-York agreed to a memorial to Congress on Saturday last, which prays for some mode of relieving the pecuniary embarrassments now existing among the merchants, which are thus spoken of in the New York Daily Advertiser of Monday:—"Saturday was a day of unusual interest in the money market, owing in part, to the failure of two large and highly respectable houses. It is now admitted by all intelligent men, that the pressure is unusually severe. Great and calamitous falls in Stocks; the fact that good Notes are sold at one and a half per cent. a month; the difficulty in attaining the discounts; the impossibility of regulating distant Domestic Bills of Exchange; or to sell Produce for cash; together with other causes are demonstrations of a scarcity of money that comes home to the business and wants of every individual." Some kinds of Stock fell 7 per cent.

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.—A letter from a gentleman attached to the Potomac, dated at Lima, Sept. 26, and received in New York says: "By an English Brig, from Arica, we have accounts of the destruction of that place, on the 18th, by an earthquake. Only 13 houses are left standing, and from 6 to 700 persons are said to have perished. The beautiful valley of Zapa is laid waste. The famous White Bluff, (about 200 feet high) on the right, as you enter Arica, is nearly on a level with the ocean, and two small islands on the same side were sunk so that a frigate can sail over them. The first shock was about 10 P.M. and three others at intervals of three and five minutes, the last the most severe. The sea was thirty feet higher than usual."

IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS.—Extract of a letter from a Mercantile House, in Barbadoes dated 7th Dec 1833, to their friends in this town:—"We inform you that the Collector and Comptroller of this Port has received a letter from the Commissioners of H. M. Customs, of which the following is an extract.

"We acquaint you that the fact of the Pork in question having been imported from the Warehouse in Nova Scotia is not proof that the same was exempt from Duty at your Port; such exemption applying only to Provisions which had been previously imported or brought into Upper or Lower Canada, under the Act of the 1st. of W. IV. c. 24, sect. 5."

"In consequence of the above, the Collector and Comptroller now demand duty on Beef, Pork and Flour, when imported from Warehouses in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. We doubt the correctness of this opinion, as on reference to the Act of 1st W. IV. c. 24, sect. 4, as well as to the Table of Duties of the late