SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1844.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 8. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 42.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental, (Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.	R. Sun.	s.	Moon	H.	W.
22 Saturday, - -	4 32	7 28	11 18	3	18
23 Sunday, -	4 32	7 28	11 46	4	13
24 Monday, -	4 33	7 27	Morn	5	28
25 Tuesday, -	4 33	7 27	0 17	6	57
26 Wednesday, - -	4 33	7 27	0 53	8	17
27 Thursday, -	4 33	7 27	1 37	9	23
28 Friday, - -	4 33	7 27	2 30	10	17

First Quarter 22d day, 4h. 33m. evening.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Melick's Brick Building, Market square.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any just Demands against the Estate of William Parker Ranney, late of the City of St. John, Esquire, deceased, are requested to send in their Accounts duly attested, to the office of Ranney, Sturdee & Co., in Prince William street, for immediate adjustment, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

CATHERINE RANNEY, *Executrix.*
JOHN POLLOK, } *Executors.*
HENRY P. STURDEE, }

Dec. 15.

☞ NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of Miss MARY REBECCA CLARKE, late of Gage Town, in the County of Queen's deceased, are hereby requested to present the same, duly attested, within *Six Calender Months* from the date hereof, and all those who may be indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

NATHANIAL HUBBARD,
Burton, 18th March, 1844. *Sole Executor.*

NEW AND CHEAP
Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

THE SUBSCRIBER informs the Inhabitants of this Province generally, that in connexion with his Retail Shoe Store, he has commenced an establishment for the manufacture of every description of BOOTS and SHOES that may be required for City and Country wear, and has now on hand ready for sale—A large variety of Gentlemen's *Dress BOOTS*, Waking & stout *BOOTS* &c.

Light Pump Soled BOOTS, Heavy Boots for Lumbermen; Pumps, Walking Shoes, Boy's shoes and Boots, Women's Shoes of various qualities, &c. *with a general variety of New Work stored daily*

All of which, together with any sort which may be manufactured hereafter, the subscriber offers for sale at the *Same Prices* for which the *same quality of Goods* can be purchased, either at *Boston or New York.*

N. B.—Country dealers supplied on Favourable Terms. S. K. FOSTER.

March 22. *King & Germain Streets.*

"PROTECTION"
Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

CHEAP NAILS.
CUT NAILS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK MANUFACTURE.

10 TONS CUT NAILS, assorted, from 3dy. to 30dy, now on hand, and are offered at the very low price of 2½ per lb. by the keg. at

Gordon's Hardware Store,

Removal.—The Subscriber has taken the Office directly opposite the News Room, in the Brick Building belonging to the Estate of the late Mr. NICHOLS.

JAMES WILLIAM BOYD,
May 4. *Barrister, Notary & Conveyancer.*

TUITION.

MR. T. JONES purposes to open a SCHOOL for liberal arts and sciences, contiguous to Mrs. Durant's premises, in *Charlotte street*, on MONDAY the 6th instant, wherein Youth committed to his care shall receive correct instruction. Terms and other particulars made known on application. *3d May*, 1844.

Health for All !!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELISH, *(one of his Tenants.) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most Honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself nd to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cases, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY near Temple Bar, London. And are sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 2, King street, St. John N.B.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

JUST RECEIVED,

Per *Fortune*, from London:

A NEW assortment of TOYS and PERFUMERY, consisting of Drums, Trumpets, Guns, swords, Balls, Tops &c. Also, Ladies' and Misses Companions' Work Boxes, screw and Emery Pin Cushions.

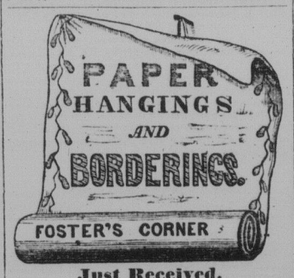
A good assortment of Ladies Frizzetter, Patent Madonna Bands & Ringlets.

Battledores & shuttlecocks, Transparent slates; Gosnell's best White & Brown Windsor Soaps, (shaving) cakes Circassian Creams, Balm of Columbia, prepared Chalk, Tooth Powder, Hair, Tooth & Shaving Brushes, Gants. Holly, Oak, Vine and Black Thorn Walking Sticks.

Also, 1 London-made Rocking Horse.

☞ Toys Wholesale and Retail.☜

June 7. WM. MAJOR.



Just Received,

A NEW supply of superior GLAZED ROOM PAPERS; for sale at the very low prices of 2s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per piece.

May 17. S. K. FOSTER.

London Roman Cement.

Now Landing, ex *Lady Caroline*, Leadbeater, from London:

50 BARRELS best ROMAN CEMENT. For sale by

May 31. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

☞ Notice.

THE subscriber respectfully intimates to his former patrons and friends generally, that he has resumed the VICTUALLING Business on his own account, *at Stall No. 4, in the Butchers' Market;* where he intends to give personal attention to his business, and hopes to give general satisfaction to those who may be pleased to patronise him.

May 11. NATHAN GODSOE.

Miscellany.

THE YOUNG FLAGEOLET PLAYER.

BY MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

(Concluded.)

'Lionel, your uncle is the most generous of men; he will give our dear Ellen a large dower, and make us both happy. I have now no reason to withhold my consent.'

To increase her son's surprise, he heard her make an engagement to go the next day with Mr. Ashe to Enghein, to engage a beautiful house there, close to the fine lake and baths where Edward could have the benefit of them, and where Ellen was to go at once and reside with her brother, in order that they might enjoy each other's society.

In a short time Mr. Ashe and his invalid son now obliged, by the physician's command, entirely to relinquish his favorite employment, were established in a pretty villa on the banks of the picturesque little lake of Enghein, on which a boat is always to be found, to afford delight to the occasional visitors who stroll thither from Montmerency and its celebrated shades. Many hours of the summer day might the philanthropist and his two children, neither of them conscious in what a close degree of relationship they stood to their benefactor, be seen gliding in the fairy pinnace amongst the small reedy aits of the lake, on whose bosom the warm sun shed its tempered rays; and thus did the benevolent but singular individual make himself acquainted with his daughter's mind, until at length she hesitated not to confess to him that she no longer cherished an attachment which would interfere with the addresses of Sir Lionel, although of his love she was still in ignorance.

"Had I remained in my original position," she said, "uneducated and uninformed, content with rural pleasures and devoted to rustic occupations, I could have been a fitting companion for Arthur Connor, whose worth and character I still estimate; but I feel now that a great change has come over my mind, and I am quite unworthy of him; I could not share his labour and minister to his wants. It would perhaps be better for me if I had remained obscure, for I should then have been his wife, and rendered him happy as well as myself. I have, however, been introduced to a different world, and to return to his, for which I am unfit, would be wrong in every way. He will think me right after a few years and I shall pass the reminder of my life in attending on my dear Edward, and endeavouring, by my devotion to you, to repay in some degree, our great debt of gratitude. But my brother and I have both a plan, when he is well enough for us to accomplish it—you will not dear sir, oppose it, I am convinced. We must return to our dear mother; your generous care has given her an independence: Edward and I will live with her in former Turner's cottage, and your's shall be that adjoining, where you lived when a happy destiny brought you to our village. Here how blest we shall all live, in tranquility and content; Edward will recover in his native air, and shall play his flageolet again as in days of yore, before we knew sorrow or suffering."

Mr. Ashe delighted in hearing her form these pictures for the future, and his own imagination followed her's until he began to hope that the air of Derbyshire, in which Edward had grown up from childhood, would restore him to health and strength. His anxious wish to see his mother was so often expressed, and the probability of their again meeting seemed so much to revive him, that he appeared to receive benefit even from the very prospect. The pure air of Enghein, and the baths, had also considerable effect, and he was, in a short time, able to undertake the journey to England.

Lady Lucy meantime had lost her occupation—her scheme had failed, her manœuvres had been abortive, and a secret consciousness of her own unworthiness forcibly represented to her by her brother in the interview, in which he informed her that he was aware of her base desertion of his children; all tended to render her very unhappy and discontented. The sensitive *delicacy* of Sir Lionel had caused him to absent himself for a time from Paris and her he loved, it having been agreed upon between him and his uncle, that should it appear likely that the affections of Ellen were free, he should be summoned to join the party, wherever they might be. He had been informed by his mother of the real birth of Edward and Ellen, but the secret was to remain undivulged till it was the pleasure of Mr. Ashe to declare it.

"And after all, miladi," said Count d'Orfeuille to her one evening at the opera, "that pretty English girl whom you took us all in with, was an adventuress; they tell me she and her brother are both engaged at St. Petersburgh for the next season: how came you to be so deceived?"

"Oh! I am so tender-hearted," said the lady; "a tale of distress easily moves me, and I understood she was the deserted orphan of a man of rank. I have provided for her, poor thing, and sent her off with Signor Eduardo, who will appear no more in Paris this season. My son is gone to Rome, and I am left desolate. A widow's is a hard fate certainly; she has no one to support her, and when one has possessions too—entirely in one's own power to leave to who one will—it becomes even more perplexing. I wish Lionel would marry, that I might endow him with all I have, and retire from the world: but he will be rich enough without me. It is a sad life!"

Upon this hint, Count d'Orfeuille spoke, and having clearly ascertained that Lady Lucy had a very fair fortune of her own, *for France*, independent of her son, he took this opportunity, which her ladyship was not averse to allowing him, and proposed. She accepted him, although his years were not many more than those of Sir Lionel, and the party at Enghein received to their astonishment a circular, informing that the nuptials were shortly to take place. As Ellen and her brother had both dropped their fictitious appellations, the bridegroom was not aware to whom he was despatching the notice of his approaching felicity.

Sir Lionel heard of the event with extreme vexation, but no representation of his part could change the resolve of his mother, whose soul was now absorbed in preparations for her wedding; her fondness of dress and display having now an excellent opportunity of indulging itself, and a new object being all that her frivolous mind required.

Edward being considered sufficiently strong to bear the journey, Mr. Ashe and his sister set out with him on their return to Derbyshire. With infinite delight they recognized their old accustomed haunts as the carriage took them from the Chesterfield side-gate of Chatsworth park. The moors, the hills, the groups of trees, the foaming river brawling over its artificial bourne, the herds of deer, the fine cattle, and the blue peak in the distance, all interested them by turns, and when they would round the road, and caught a glimpse of their pretty village nestling in the wood, the brother and sister wept for joy.

"How could we ever find pleasure anywhere but here?" exclaimed Ellen: "my mother sees us now—she must hear the sound of the wheels; little Jacob will run to open the gate; all the village will be looking for us."

And as she said, so it was; they were soon received into the embraces of Betty Swain, and Jacob grown a tall, awkward boy, ran smiling and hallooing towards them.

The first words, however, that the old woman uttered proved to Mr. Ashe that his secret was known, and the shrinking appearance, in spite of their welcome, of the neighbours told the same tale.

"You be over and over again welcome," said Betty; "I've been looking out for the whole day to see Master and his children once again—who would ever have thought it! Ah! so my poor husband's gone then, after all his troubles, and mine too. What a strange world 'tis!"

With tears and kisses and exclamations Betty hurried them into the well remembered cottage, where they found all sorts of comforts provided for them; above all, Betty had not forgotten the famous and favourite *Bakewell cakes*, of great repute in the neighbourhood, and everything seemed as if Mr. Ashe had only quitted his domicile the day before. His landlady, now his housekeeper, for he had bought the house, came forward with her usual friendly greetings, but Mr. Ashe, fearful lest a premature disclosure should too strongly affect Edward, drew old Betty aside, and entreated her to be cautious on his account.

"Swain did not tell me he had informed you of all," said he, "and I was too much agitated to inquire: I have been imprudent in deferring the information to my children, and it must now be done with caution."

"Dear souls, they think me still their mother, then," said she, "well, I never told them even when I thought they were Swain's children, by his first wife—so you see I can keep a secret."

Mr. Ashe soon found it necessary to communicate the circumstances of their near relationship to himself and Ellen, who, astonished, and scarcely able to define her feeling, undertook to break the news to her brother.

"My intention was," said their father, "to have left you both in ignorance, and that the secret should have remained undivulged till my death, when the facts would have come to light; but every thing combines to render it necessary now, though I dread the effect on both."

"Our affections could scarcely have been increased for you nor can I diminish to our tender mother, for such she has indeed been," answered Ellen; and for Edward I will answer for his hearing the joyful intelligence calmly. He will recover—for his eyes are brighter, and his cheek more healthy of late—do you not think so, father?"

Mr. Ashe concealed his tears, for he too perceived a change in Edward; but, alas! he thought it not for the better. He bore the communication with less emotion than they feared might be the case—his nerves were quieter, and he was on the whole composed as he received his father's blessing.

It was now recommended that he should try the baths, and during August and September they sojourned, with Betty Swain as his nurse, sometimes at Buxton and sometimes at Matlock, till at the latter beautiful, romantic valley of rocks, he seemed to rally, and their hopes revived. Mr. Ashe and Ellen had one day left him with her, who was still his mother, sitting on a seat on the sunny lawn, beneath the shade of a spreading tree, which adorns the charming gardens of the Old Well. Here he loved to rest and gaze tranquilly on the magnificent and singular scenery around; the huge High Tor rising in majestic dignity above the tops of the forests, and peering over the rocky valley where the little town lies hidden; the wild rugged peaks of the Hay Tors, extending their turreted forms, clothed with venerable ivy and luxuriant shrubs nearly to their summits, along the banks of the dark clear torrent which runs murmuring past the snow-white cottage which gleam from between the clustering woods—all he saw breating peace and security, in the midst of the wildest scenes of nature.

Here he remained for hours every day, while Ellen and her father sometimes climed the heights of Abraham, or wandered amongst the solemn shades of the Druid's cavern, immediately behind the town. They were ascending a somewat steep walk, and had just reached an open space where a fine view burst forth upon them: when their names were uttered by a well known voice, and Ellen beheld Sir Lionel beside them. The sudden blush, and the tremor that seized her as she gave him her hand, betrayed the pleasure with which she once more beheld him; and as her father introduced her as his daughter, the delighted expression of the young man's face told that he understood the sign which he had agreed upon between him and his uncle if he might hope.

"Neither Ellen Swain, nor Miss St. Clair, but Ellen Ashe, your cousin, welcomes you to our retreat" said her father—"let us all go back to Edward, and make him happy in our meeting."

"I have already seen him,' returned Sir Lionel, "and rejoice to observe his improved appearance; it was he who sent me after you, and bade me hasten your return."

From that time Sir Lionel formed one of their party, and they did not separate till Ellen had fulfilled her father's promise, and given her hand to one so worthy of her. But, alas! joy comes not alone; they had quitted Derbyshire for a milder climate when the cold weather approached, and had arrived at Cheltenham where they proposed passing the winter, when the close of their cherished invalid's career drew on.

He breathed his last in the arms of his adopted mother, with all those he loved beside him; what death more happy! but that humanity will grieve to lose that which is so dear, there was nothing to wish for—yet there were.

"Tears and breaking hearts for him,"

and only time had power to soften the poignancy of their affliction.

If the traveller who goes to Paris by the Rouen railroad, is tempted to pause midway in one of the most attractive spots which that delicious *trajet* can offer, he will be sure to observe, not far from the station, a neat little hotel, fitted up for the very purpose of luring the stranger from the direct line. It has green *jalousies*, and its open windows are shaded with white muslin curtins, crossed with crimson drapery, tastefully disposed; there are rows of flowers in pots before the door, and a green seat, where several happy looking guests are generally reposing, not unfrequently sipping lemonade or *bonne double burra de Mars*.

At the *portt cochere* may be observed an elderly woman, whose countenance has something of comic archness about it, as she sits knitting, with her petticoat over her head in the fashion of a cloak—she is evidently not French, but by the accent in which she calls to a fresh-coloured, dark-browed, bustling, handsome young woman in a red skirt and purple apron, and high, blue Norman head-dress, it might be calculated that her father-land was the Emerald Isle, and if you required an explanation of the cheerful, rosy, bright eyed landlord, he would tell you that he was Arthur Connor, and present you to his laughing Norman wife, and his Irish mother.

The End.

A cargo of guano manure sold in Glasgow market last week at from £5 13s to £7 5s per ton.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

At day-break this morning (12th April, 1843) being again off Fogo, on return to Quillimane, the look out at the topmast-head perceived a vessel on the lee-quarter, at such a distance as to be scarcely visible; but her locality being pronounced very suspicious, the order was given to 'bear up for her.' Our breeze was light, and falling still lighter, at 9 a. m. the boats were ordered out, and in a few minutes the barge and the first gig, were manned and armed, pulling away in the direction of the stranger. So variable, however, is the weather at this season, that before the boats had rowed a mile from the ship a squall gathered on our beam, and a thick haze surrounded us, hiding the chase from our sight; rain fell in torrents, and we were going seven knots through the water, not waiting to hoist in the barge. The fog clearing away, the sun broke forth, and the rakish-looking brigantine, as we now perceived her to be, appeared to have carried on all sail during the squall. A steady breeze succeeded, and we began to feel pretty confident as to the issue of the race. On mounting a few steps up the rigging we could see, under her sails, the low black hull pitching up and down, and being now within range of our shot, one of the forecastle guns was cleared away for a bow-chaser. The British ensign had been for some time flying at our peak—at length answered by the green and yellow Brazilian flag.—Orders were given to 'man the foremast quarters on the main-deck and the due elevation given to the guns, when suddenly the brigantine dropt her peak shortened sail and rounded to, as to wait for our coming up. Her pursuer, in consequence, also shortened sail, immediately on which she again made sail and was off, in a different direction, across our bows. No time was lost in bracing our yards in pursuit, and sending back the hands to their quarters at the guns As soon as it was brought to bear, the foremost gun was fired, and after an eager watch of a few seconds, the ball ploughed the waters just across the bows of the chase. Another and another followed in quick succession, equally unregarded by the brigantine; and fifteen to twenty shots were fired, some ahead, some astern, some over, all, as we were evidently gaining on her every minute, and the chance of escape became desperate, she at length shortened sail, and lay-to in good earnest — We now ranged up along side, and eager eyes were turning on every part of the vessel. Dark, naked forms passed across her deck removing the least remaining doubt as to her character, and showed us that she had her human cargo aboard. A cutter being hoisted out, an officer was sent to take possession of the prize. British ensign displaced the Brazilian. Captain Wyvill whom I accompanied, then followed, taking with him the surgeon to inspect the state of health on board the prize. It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters; who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre famished looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with handfulls of 'farinha,' the powdered root of mandroe or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were dipping rags, fastened to bits of strings, into the water casks; and unhappily, there were some by like method, got at the contents of 'aguardiante,' fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boat's crew to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noise, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear mingled with the clank of the iron, as their fetters were knocked off on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted about thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us.—They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather uncermoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long shout of triumph and delight.—*Hill's Fifty days on board a Slave vessel.*

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

During the panic of 1825, a woman, who had long attended the Bristol market as a vender of vegetables, walked into Stuckey's banking-house on the quay, and making her way direct to the cashier's desk, thus addressed Mr. M——: "How d'ye do, sir? I do hope you be charming: I've got a bit of a favour to ax you. They do tell I that things be agoing on but queerish up in Lunnen, and it so happens that I've a saved bye a five-pound bank o' England note, and should be 'bliged to you if so be as how you'd be so kind as to give gold for it."

"My good woman," replied the cashier, "I'm sorry I can't do what you ask. We are not in the habit of giving change to strangers."

"Lord love'e, I be'ant no stranger; I've served Madam M—— wi' garden-stuff for for many a long day; she do know I pretty well I should think, or she wouldn't have ax'd me to find out a decentish wholesome young woman to nurse your last dear beautiful babby. So now you do you know all about it; and I'm bound won't refuse to give change for this nice clean-looking Lunnon bank-note."

"I tell you again I cannot," was somewhat snappishly replied; "I am too busy to listen to you just now, so it's no use your staying."

"I ax pardon, sir, but I wont keep'e a minute; if Madam was here, she'd get it for me in less than no time; she said only last Saturday as ever was, she never tasted such beautiful gold runnets as the lot I was pleased her the week afore."

The cashier evinced strong symptoms of impatience; these were not lost upon the applicant, who in a most winning tone resumed—"Well, now, I'll tell 'e what—since you won't give gold, maybe you'll be so uncommon kind as to change this here bank o' England for one of your own notes of the same valley? I'd a precious sight rather have *that*, 'cause I do know there be no fear of your breaking all to bits, though they do say a mortal sight o' banks have done so lately."

"Certainly, ma'am," blandly responded Mr. M——; "I'll do that with a great deal of pleasure.' The proposed exchange was made.

"Thank'e kindly, sir; you be as civil a spoken gentlemen as a body may wish to meet, and sartain sure I'll tell Madam so the next time she do come to my standing."

Thinking the business concluded to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, the cashier turned on his heel, and was about to enscone himself behind his desk, when the dealer in greens suddenly checked his progress by auidbly reading—'"Promise to pay five pounds on *demand*." Oh! ye do, do ye? Then I say, Mr. M——, I don't mean no offence, or to say anything unpleasant like; but I'm hanged if I *don't have gold now*, or I'll stick myself up at the door, and cry out, "The bank be stopped!"

Need we say this unsophisticated child of nature carried her point?

GEOLOGICAL SUBSTITUTION.—During the period that Sir James Leith was residing in Antigua, as governor of the Leeward Islands he was very indefatigable in his geological researches, for which Antigua affords an ample field. Upon one occasion his excellency had been labouring very hard to collect from the bosom of "Mother Earth" specimens which only a geologist can properly appreciate and with a well filled bag of them entrusted to a negro servant, he left the scene of his toils to refresh his animal spirits with some of the good things of this life. To insure the safety of his favourite specimens, the negro was dispatched with them to "Dows Hill," (the place where the governor then resided,) with strict injunction to make the best of his way, and carefully deposit his load in his excellency's study until they could be properly arranged. After receiving his orders, and well poising his load upon his back, the man started upon his journey. The weather was very sultry, and the way very long; the bag was very heavy, and poor blacky was very tired. Still he plodded on his "weary way," stopping only now and then to dash the flowing perspiration from his brow, and had arrived within a mile of his home, when he was suddenly joined by a friend." "Eh, buddy, (brother) why you loaded true! War you got in dat great big bag?" "Thones, (stones,) me friend." "Thones! why war you go do wid dem all, eh?" "Me not no. Massa gubbuner gib me dem to fetch home, but me not no war he go do wid dem; me no dem well heaby though." "Well, if eber me hear de like! for one sombody to go haul all dem tones sich a long way, when dare plenty ob dem all 'bout "Dows Hill." I tell you war me go do if deye gib me them to carry, me go heabe dem ebery bit away, and when me got to de 'Hill' fill me bag wid some of them did 'tones as stop all 'bout dere; sure one 'tone as good as another." Tank'e, me friend, me neber think ob dat me sure; but if you just help me down wid dem me soon do war you told me." No sooner said then done; the splendid specimens were thrown away without compunction, and the negro, who found it much easier to march with an empty bag than with his former load, speed on his way joyfully. At the bottom of "Dows Hill" he stopped, and once more replenished his bag with the rough stones, which liberally strewed the pathway, choosing the largest for the purpose. These he safely conveyed to his master's study, carefully shut the door, and left them.—The surprise and consternation of the governor, when, upon inspection as he thought of his lord-earned specimens, he found only a heap of useless rubbish—the interrogations he addressed to his servant, and the ludicrous answers of the negro, are matters for the imagination to dwell upon.—*Antigua and the Antiguans.*

HOSPITALITY OF THE AFFGHANS.—Their hospitality is, indeed, most remarkable, and their notions of its rights are carried to a romantic excess. The following anecdote will sufficiently illustrate this trait in the Afghan character:—Arsilla Khan, a distinguished chief of the upper Momunds, having rebelled again his sovereign, Timour Shar, was upon one occasion compelled to disband his followers and seek refuge in the country of Otmaun Khail. Upon drawing near to that territory, the chief inhabitants of the village he was approaching, fearful of bringing upon themselves the king's displeasure, advanced to meet the fugitive rebel, and told him, that their admitting him into the rights of hospitality would involve them in a contest with the king which they were perfectly incapable of meeting, and that they had, therefore, come to the determination of refusing him admittance into their village. Arsilla Khan strove to excite their compassion, and, while thus engrossing their attention, he contrived to send a portion of his baggage into the village by a, circuitouous route. When the chiefs discovered that Arsilla's people had gained admittance into their village, they immediately acknowledged that he was under their protection, received him hospitably, and summoned their tribe to defend him.—*History of the War in Affghanistan.*

STEAM.—"Talk about your northern steamboats," said a Mississippi fireman the other day, "you haint had a boiler burst for five years. Don't require no spunk to navigate them waters—any fool can do it. But it takes a man, stranger, to ride one these ere alligator boats head on to a sawyer, high pressure, the valve soddered down, and six hundred passengers on board."

In 1598, the first printing press was erected at Manchester—in 1844 there are, it is estimated, upwards of 500! The press may indeed be well named the fourth estate.

Never trust a married man, who loves his wife with a secret; for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.