THE

Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum ;] "*Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque.*" [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

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

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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

SEPT.		H. SUN.	S. MOON	H. W.
18	Saturday,	5 54	6 7 30	1 32
19	Sunday,	5 55	6 4 8	2 14
20	Monday,	5 56	6 3 8 48	3 6
21	Tuesday,	5 57	6 2 9 38	4 2
22	Wednesday,	5 59	6 0 10 35	5 4
23	Thursday,	6 0	6 9 11 38	6 16
24	Friday,	6 1	6 50 Morn	7 32

First Quarter, 22d. 8h. 43m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Geo. Swinney, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. L. Hazen, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

White Lead, Oil, &c.

FOR SALE by the subscribers at their Store in Ward-street—A quantity of No. 1 & 2 White LEAD, Yellow, Red and Green PAINT; boiled & Raw Linseed OIL, in small packages; PUTTY in small casks and bladders; Barrels COAL TAR; Barrels Wilmington TAR and PITCH; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright SUGAR; Hhds. of Molasses.

May 7, 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship Chandlery, of every description.

May 7. WM. ROBERTSON.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he still continues to purchase old Silver at 4s. per oz.; old Copper at 6d. per lb.; Brass at 4d. per lb.; old Lead at 1½d.; and old Iron at ¾d per lb.—He further states that he will not purchase from any person or persons under the age of maturity, and that they must identify that they are legally entitled to dispose of the same, and give in their names and places of abode.

☞ Constantly on hand,—Cloths, Ready-made new and second hand Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c.

JOHN G. LEESON.

Saint John, 7th May, 1841.

On Consignment.—18 Hhds. best Porto Rico SUGAR.

June 11. W. H. STREET.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of DEWOLF & BENT, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.

WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.

Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

ON CONSIGNMENT,

By late arrivals from London, Liverpool and Glasgow:

100 BUNDLES best London Oakum,
160 coils Cordage, 1¼ to 7½ Shrouding
50 coils Manilla, 1¼ to 4 inch,
50 coils 2, 3, and 4 yarn Spunyarn,
200 bolts Navy CANVAS,
450 cases Crown Window Glass,
100 casks Anti-corosive Paints,
240 kegs White Lead, &c.; 17 casks Blacking,
47 chests Howqua's Fine Congou Tea,
50 cases Pickles, Sauces, Jams, Jellies, Bottled Fruits, &c.; 100 barrels Roman Cement,
20 cases Patent Medicines and Windsor Soap,
4 cases Padlocks,—For sale by

June 11. W. P. RANNEY.

Loaf Sugar! Loaf Sugar!!

LANDING ex ship *Agnes Ann*, from Greenock, 15 Hhds. Refined SUGAR;

In Store,—12 Tierces do. do. Families who wish a supply for preserving Fruit are invited to call, as it will be sold cheap for cash by

July 30. JAS. MALCOLM.

Miscellany.

THE MAID OF MARSEILLES.

[*Concluded.*]

CHAPTER V.

'All my fears are about to be realized,' said Edward to himself; 'I must pay my debt to Volney, or my father will know all. He gives me but till to-morrow to satisfy his demands; and how am I to accomplish it. Must I break into my father's bureau to raise the sum? The very thought of it makes my blood drop through my veins like melting ice. But alas! what other means have I? This shall be the last time; and I trust ere long to replace the sum. Infamous Volney!—to what a wretch have you reduced me! What shall I do should he accuse me in spite of all? how justify myself?—how prove that he, and he only, gave me the false key? But I have used it—I have become the accomplice of Volney. My father, as yet, knows nothing—nor will he. Must I rob him who gave me life, to satisfy the craving appetite of the villain Volney?—the laws of honor say that debts in gambling must be paid, even if others are not settled.' The unfortunate youth, whose imagination was tortured by the demon, determined as a last resource to purloin from his father a sum sufficient to pay the debts he had incurred at the gaming table; and for that purpose went into his father's bureau—but in his agitation and alarm left the key in the lock—just as Pauline was entering the counting house. The poor girl immediately saw it, and exclaimed, 'the key in the bureau.' Then meditating upon her departure in the morning she continued, 'How painful it is that I so soon must leave these dear friends—I sicken at the thought. Perhaps I see them for the last time on earth to-night—however, I go to fulfil an imperative duty—to redeem a father from bondage. Poor Edward, what will become of him when I am gone?' She was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Durvalle, who exclaimed, 'There is no faith in man. Pauline, I have just received bad news: La Motte & Co. of Toulon, have stopped payment. However, one must expect such things these hard times; but coming just now, when I have heavy payments to make, and reckoning upon the large sums owing from that house, I must confess it distresses me greatly.'

'But without that,' said Pauline, 'I trust you have funds enough to meet the bills which are now becoming due.'

'I think I have,' declared Mr. Durvalle; 'but I am not certain. I know not exactly what money I have. Last month I found a deficit—and I have been both to ascertain the state of my accounts again—I can accuse no one; I never trust my bureau key to any one—not even to you.'

'But do you never leave it in the lock?' asked Pauline, as she cautiously took the key out of the bureau door where Edward had left it.

'I may have been wrong;' said Durvalle; 'some error of my own perhaps; but this month I have been more careful, and hope to find all correct.'

'All is now explained,' said Pauline to herself, 'and Edward is guilty! He must now be in the bureau; and how shall I manage for him to escape?' Durvalle had proceeded to the bureau and opened the door for the purpose of examining his accounts, when Pauline rushed towards him, exclaiming, 'Hold! for mercy's sake!'

'What is the matter, Pauline?' asked Mr. Durvalle.

'Excuse me, sir;—but I—I—am sick—I faint,' muttered the girl as she looked anxiously towards the bureau. 'The thought of the misery that was coming on you, by this new loss, seemed to turn my blood.'

'It is vexatious,' said Durvalle, 'but I hope to find sufficient in the bureau to meet present demands.'

'But suppose you should be mistaken?' asked Pauline, who during this dialogue had so contrived to place Durvalle's back toward the door of the bureau, that Edward could escape. When she saw him coming cautiously out, and gain the stairway, she exclaimed "thank Heaven!" and fell in the arms of Durvalle.

CHAPTER VI.

After Edward's escape from the bureau, Pauline, as soon as she had recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, proceeded after him to learn what he had been doing there; she discovered that he had stolen a box, into which she had often seen Mr. Durvalle put sums of money. She demanded of him what amount of money he had taken from it:—He informed her that as there was not sufficient in it to satisfy Volney's demand against him, he had only taken twenty louis from it.

'Twenty louis!' repeated the girl.—'then there is a possibility—Captain Bordier said he would take nothing for my passage—it must be done. The money in this purse is mine; there is enough to replace the sum you have taken from that box—do so; Edward, I insist; and to-night, for the *last* time, you will go into your father's bureau, and return the box. You must then write to your father;—tell him of your connection with Volney—your losses—your debts in consequence—and assure him of your entire repentance. He will be angry,—but after a time he will look upon it as a folly of youth, and pardon you. Your secret is known only to Volney and myself; he will be silent for his own sake, and believe me, nothing on earth shall ever induce me to breathe it to any human being. You must leave Marseilles, to ensure no further meeting with Volney; and when you return, you will, I trust, be worthy of your father's love. Leave your father's house to-night—endeavor to be calm, and prepare for your departure. Leave the wretched Volney to a higher punishment.'

After bidding adieu to Edward, Pauline made preparations for her departure with Captain Bordier to redeem her father; but while she was arranging her things she was interrupted by a noise, and shortly afterwards her father entered the cottage and rushed into his wife's arms, and Pauline fell at his feet. She had scarcely recovered from the joy at her father's return when Durvalle came to the cottage, and requesting to be left with Pauline, he exclaimed, in an agitated tone, 'Pauline, a great misfortune has befallen me—one of the greatest: I have been betrayed—deceived! I told you that I feared all was not right in the bureau. I fancied I might have been mistaken—I wished to be convinced. I am—and that, within a very short time, the bureau has been entered by some one besides myself. It is not the mere loss that I regret—I can take measures to prevent a recurrence; but to live in constant fear of being robbed is more than I can bear. I must find out the culprit; you can, I think, assist me.'

'I assist you!' echoed the girl.

'Yes, you!' reiterated Durvalle, 'I accuse no one—but from circumstances we may withdraw inferences, which often lead towards truth.'

'They as often lead you wrong,' said Pauline.

'Agreed,' continued Durvalle, 'otherwise I might name the guilty. Listen!—what ought I to think of one whom I have fondly loved and cherished—one, who I believed truly merited my love—who at the very moment when I discovered, or rather began to suspect my loss, is about to leave the house secretly?'

'What, sir! you suspect ——' demanded Pauline.

'Unhappy girl! who ransomed your father?' asked Durvalle.

'I know not!' returned Pauline.

'You know not!' said Durvalle, 'shame on you!—your leaving the house—your precautions—your absence this morning—how explain all these? When I told you of my new loss, I took the effect of your guilty conscience for grief on my account.'

'Believe me,' cried Pauline, 'I am not guilty.'

Francois hearing loud talking, entered the room, exclaiming, 'Forgive me, sir—but I heard my child's voice—you seem angry with her—what has she done?'

'Nothing, nothing,' said Durvalle, 'I will at least spare them the knowledge of it,' continued he to himself.

'He fears to afflict *my* parents,' said Pauline; 'I will suffer death rather than criminate *his son*.'

The box which Edward had taken from the bureau being found in the cottage by Durvalle, gave strong proof against Pauline. Poor Francois, after having suffered in slavery, returned only to witness his child's disgrace.

'Mother,' said Pauline, 'I am innocent.—I can prove it—but if I were to do so, you would be the first to blame me. Urge me no further; some day, perhaps, you will know the truth.' Then turning to her father, she exclaimed 'Father ——!'

'I am no longer your father,' said Francois, sternly. 'Honor and honesty have ever been my companions—and I'll know no other.'

CHAPTER VII.

'In the first moments of my anger, Pauline,' said Mr. Durvalle, 'I had determined to give you up to the utmost rigor of the law; but the grief of your parents—the intercession of Monsieur de Montesquieu, together with a lingering feeling of kindness I have still for you, induced me to be more lenient. Don't speak to me—I will hear nothing from you. You must go—you must quit the neighborhood—and I hope to hear some day of your return to honor and honesty.'

'It must be so,' reiterated the President, 'you must leave Marseilles. Mr. Durvalle has kindly consented to be silent on this unfortunate subject; he will not send you forth destitute,—he gives you the gold that you would have robbed him of.'

'Merciful father!' exclaimed Pauline.

'Here is a letter which is addressed to you,' continued the President, 'and was in the box taken from the bureau: take it, and treasure it—it will serve to remind you of the friendship and generosity of Mr. Durvalle, which you have lost for ever.'

'Read it to her, sir,' cried Francois; 'let her be degraded before her benefactor—let her be made to feel what she has lost, by her dishonest conduct.'

The President then read the letter: 'I have at length found *one* in whom I can place implicit confidence. Pauline Le Blanc is that one; I love her as my own child, and will be a father to her. The sum of money in this box is for her; and if Heaven spares me, I trust it will become considerable: but should I die before I have realized my hopes, I leave her to the care of my children. I request that Estelle will be to her an affectionate sister, for she is beloved by Edward.'

'Mother!' exclaimed Pauline.

'Of this I am convinced,' continued the President, 'and rejoice at it, for I know no one more worthy of him.'

'Now do you feel?' asked Francois.

'I do, indeed—but I am innocent!' returned Pauline.

'Then name the guilty,' said Francois. 'Pauline, 'tis long since I have shed a tear, but this is agony to a father's heart.'

'Is it possible that you can remain callous to such entreaties?' asked Durvalle. 'Shame on you!—you may, perhaps, live to know what a parent feels. Death is preferable to the dishonor of a child.'

Captain Bordier having heard of Pauline being charged with theft, now came into the room, exclaiming, 'Come, Pauline, cheer up! cheer up! Who is it that accuse you? Is it Mr. Durvalle, who, by his own confession, owes to your exertions the re-establishment of his fortunes? or is it your father, for whom you would have sacrificed your own liberty to insure his?'

'A mere pretext to induce you to take her,' said Durvalle. 'She knew well enough the ransom had been paid before.'

'Girl, girl! you make me the accomplice of your crime,' said Francois.

'You are wrong,' observed the President, 'one who would commit so great a crime, would do nothing towards liberating a father; when a child dishonors its parents, it flies *from* them; and it never occurs that good actions arise out of guilt and depravity.'

'Tis thus a good man always thinks and speaks,' said Bordier: then turning to Durvalle, 'You do not seem to know by whom the ransom has been paid: I can tell you. The captain of the San Joseph, the vessel which brought Francois home, tells me he received the money from the house of Hurtado & Co. of Cadiz, with orders to effect the ransom.'

'Hurtado of Cadiz?—And the sum?' asked Durvalle.

'Eight hundred crowns,' answered Bordier.

'The very sum paid by us into that house on your account!' observed Durvalle to the President.

'It is—it must be!' exclaimed Pauline. 'Oh, sir, for pity's sake explain away this mystery, which weighs me down! Condescend to tell Mr. Durvalle that the poor girl who now stands accused before him, was in the habit of going to her leisure hours to earn money, in the hope of getting, in time, a sufficient sum to redeem her father! tell him a stranger gave her a purse of gold—tell him that this same good, kind, generous stranger has paid her father's ransom—and tell him that stranger was the President Montesquieu!'

'Is it possible?' asked Gertrude and Francois.

''Tis even so,' answered the President, 'I was interested for your daughter, and for her I did it. You know now what I would fain have concealed! circumstances have made it necessary to acknowledge it.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Edward could no longer bear the odium of the deed to rest on Pauline, and confessed to his sister and the President, that he had committed the robbery. 'Don't spare me,' exclaimed Edward—'but save Pauline—she is innocent.'

'What do I hear?' asked Francois. 'Pauline declared innocent! Kind Heaven! I thank thee!—Does Mr. Durvalle know it?'

'Not yet,' said the President, as Francois was going to inform him of it, when he was prevented by Pauline, who exclaimed, 'Stay, father! you will kill him. All my sufferings will have been of no avail. Oh, Edward, this is unkind indeed!'

'He must be made acquainted with it!' observed the President, 'I will myself prepare him for it.' The President was scarcely done speaking ere Durvalle came into the room, and observed their altered countenances; at the same moment Francois and Gertrude exclaimed, 'Our child is innocent!'

'Is it possible?' asked Durvalle.

'It is so,' returned the President.

'If she is innocent—who is the guilty one?' demanded Durvalle.

'Name him not, for the love of heaven!' exclaimed Pauline, to the President.

'What is the meaning of all this mystery? You look on me with anguish! Pauline is declared innocent, and there she stands the very picture of despair. What am I to understand from this?' demanded Durvalle.

'You shall know another time,' said the President.

'Ha! a horrid thought,'—exclaimed Durvalle,—'keep me no longer in suspense—relieve me from a doubt worse than death! Where is my son?' Edward was brought forward by the President. The father being worked up to a pitch of frenzy at the sight of his guilty son—and unable to control his feelings, continued, 'Out of my sight!—parricide.'

'Father!' cried the trembling youth.

'Silence!' said Durvalle, 'let me not hear a name which now only serves to remind me that I have a worthless son! Out of my sight, mean-spirited, degraded boy! You allow this poor, devoted girl to have calumnies heaped upon her—to bear her accused of crimes which you have committed, and remain silent!' He was interrupted by Pauline, who exclaimed, 'That was my fault—I would not let him speak. I would willingly have suffered for him, to save you from the agony of this moment.'

'Blessings on you, my poor persecuted child!' returned Durvalle, 'Come to my heart—my withered, broken heart! you shall fill in it, for the short time I have to live, the place he once held.' Then turning to the President, 'How can I reward her? How atone for all her sufferings?'

'Are you not willing to fulfil the promise made in this letter?' asked the President.

'Ah! all! and more!' answered Durvalle.

'One is—to give her to your son,' said the President.

'Not that! not that!' exclaimed Durvalle, 'that one alone I cannot keep. It were to punish, not reward her; when I wrote that, I deemed him worthy of her.'

'He may still become so;' continued the President, 'he is young—he is repentant. Forgive him—reclaim him! Believe me, my friend, the erring are too often confirmed in crime by punishment. Forgive *him*, and forget all, but the disinterested love, the steady devotion, of Pauline Le Blanc!'

Boston Weekly Magazine.

FADING, STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Joy for the youthful
Fills high to the brim—
Ere it be tasted
Pale death enters in.
Bright flowers unfold
At the dawning of light;
Where are those flowers
At the coming of night.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Beauty, like sunlight,
Gleams out for a breath,
Glittering with gems
For the bridal of death;
The warrior in mail
To the battle speeds on;
Death is the victor?
The battle is won.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Fame, sound thy trumpet,
And fill the broad skies;
Fame! 'tis a meteor,
The echo replies.
Grave it in marble,
Tig deeds of the past;
'Tis writing in dust,
Swept away by the blast.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The Spirit of the Times has an admirable story called "The Big Bear of Arkansas." We take a fragment showing that small mosquitoes would be "no use in Arkansaw," and setting forth the merits of a certain dog:—

"Where did all that happen?" asked a cynical looking Hoosier.

"Happen! happened in Arkansaw; where else could it have happened, but in the creation State—the finishing up country; a State where the *silk* runs in the centre of the earth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it. Then its sire,—just breathe them, it will make you snort like a horse. It's a State without a fault, it is."

"Excepting the mosquitoes," cried the Hoosier.

"Well, stranger, excepting them, for it ar a fact that they are rather enormous, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But, stranger, they never suck twice in the same place, and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin, and I never knew but one case of injury resulting from them, and that was a Yankee: and they take worse to foreigners anyhow, than they do the natives. But the way they used that fellow! first they pinched him until he swelled up and busted; then he supperated, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef; then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally he took a steamboat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took mosquitoes to heart that I know of. But mosquitoes is natur, and I never find fault with her, if they are large, Arkansaw is large, her varmints ar large, her rivers ar large, and a small mosquitoe would be of no more use in Arkansaw, than preaching would be in a canebrake."

This knock down argument in favour of mosquitoes used the hosier up, and the logican started on a new track, to explain how numerous bears were in his "diggin's," where he represented them to be "about as thick as blackberries, and a little plentifuller."

Upon the utterance of this assertion, a timid little man near me enquired if the bears in Arkansas ever attacked the settlers in numbers.

"No," said our hero warming, "no stranger, for you see it arn't the natur of bar to go in droves, but the way they squander about in pairs and single is edifying. And then the way I hunt them—the old black rascals know the crack of my gun as well as they know a pig's squealing. They grow thin in our part, it frightens them so—they do take the noise dreadfully, poor things. That gun of mine is a perfect epidemic among bar—if not watched closely, it will go of as quick as a warm scent as my dog Bowie-knife will; and then the dog, whew! why the fellow thinks the world is full of bar, he finds them so easy. It's lucky he don't know how to talk as well as think for with his natural modesty, if he should suddenly learn how much he is acknowledged to be ahead of all other dogs in the universe, he would be astonished to death in two minutes."

We have only room for another extract which gives his account of the fatness of the Arkansas bear, and of the soil of the "creation State," where "planting is dangerous."

"What season of the year do your hunts take place?" enquired a gentlemanly foreigner, who from certain peculiarities of his baggage, I suspected to be an Englishman, on some hunting expedition, probably, at the foot of the Rockey Mountains.

"The season for bar hunting, stranger," said the man of Arkansaw, "is generally all the year round, and the hunts take place about as regular. I read in history that varmints have their fat season and their lean season. That is not the case in Arkansaw, feeding as they do upon the spontaneous productions of the sile, they have one continued season the year round—though in the winter, things in this way are a little more greasy than in summer, I must admit. For that reason, bar runs with us in warm weather, but in winter they only waddle. Fat, fat! it's an enemy to speed—it tames every thing that has plenty of it. I have seen wild turkeys from its influence as gentle as chickens. Run a bar in his fat condition, and the way it improves the critter for eating is amazin; it sorter mixes the up with the meat until you can't tell t'other from which. I've done this often.

I recollect one perty morning in particular, of putting an old he fellow on the stretch, and considering the weight he carried he run well. But the dogs tired him down, and when I came up with him, was'nt he in a beautiful sweat—I might say fever—and then to see his tongue sticking out of his mouth, and his sides sinking and opening like a bellows, and his cheeks so fat he could nt look cross. In this fix I blazed at him, and pitch me naked into a briar path if the steam did nt come out of the bullet hole ten foot in a strait line. This fellow, I reckon, was made on the highpressure system; the lead sort of burst his biler."

"That column of steam was rather curious, or else the bear must have been warm, "observed the foreigner with a laugh.

'Stranger, as you observe, that bar was warm and the blowing off of the steam showed it, and also how hard the varmint had been run. I have no doubt if he had kept on two miles farther, his insides would have been stewed; and I expect to meet a varmint yet of extra bottom, who will run himself into a skin full of bar's grease; it is possible, much unlikelier things have happened.'

'Where abouts are these bears so abundant?' enquired the foreigners with increasing interest.

'Why stranger, they inhabit the neighbourhood of my settlement, one of the prettiest places in Old Mississippi—a perfect location and no mistake—a place that had some defects until the river made the "cut off," at the Shirtail bend," and that remedied the evil, as it brought my cabin on the edge of the river—a great advantage in wet weather I assure you, as you can roll a barrel of whiskey into my yard in high water, from a boat, as easy as falling off a log; it's a great improvement as toting it by land in a jug, as I used to do, evaborated it too fast, and it became expensive. Just stop with me stranger a month or two, or a year if you like, and you will appreciate my place. I can give you plenty to eat, for beside hog and hominy, you can have bar ham, and bar sausages, and a mattress of bar skins to sleep on, and a wild cat skin, pulled off hull, stuffed with corn shucks for a pillow. That bed would put you to sleep if you had the rheumatics in every joint in your body. I call that ar bed a *quietus*. Then look at my land, the government arn't got such another place to dispose of. Such timber and such bottom land, why you can't preserve anything natural you plant in it, unless you pick it young, things ar will grow out in *single* so quick. I once planted in those diggins a few potatoes and beets, took a fine start and after that an ox team could nt keep them from growing. About that time I went off to old Kaintuck on business, and did not hear from them things in three months, when I accidentally stumbled on a fellow who had stopped at my place with an idea of buying me out. 'Pretty well,' said he, 'the cabin is convenient, and the timber land is good, but the bottom land, is not worth the first red cent. 'Why?' said I, 'Cause,' said he. 'Cause what?' said I. 'Cause it's full of cedar stumps and Indian mounds,' said he, and *it can't be cleared*.' 'Law,' said I, 'them are cedar stumps is better and them are Indian mounds is tater hills.'—As I expected, the crops are overgrown useless, the sile too rich, *and planting in Arkansas is dangerous*. I had a good sized sow killed in the same bottom land, the old thief stole an ear of corn, and took it down where she used to sleep at night to eat well, she left a grain or two on the ground, and lay down on them; before morning the corn shot up, and the percussion killed her dead. I don't plant any more; Natur intended Arkansaw for a hunting ground, and I go according to natur.'

CHINESE HUSBANDRY.—The almost illimitable extent to which the soil may be rendered tributary to the wants of man, is no where better illustrated than in China. Their necessity is truly the mother of invention. Crowded with an immense population, mostly depending for subsistence upon the products of the soil, every expedient to induce or perpetuate fertility is resorted to. While we talk of worn-out farms and exhausted lands, caused by the reckless management of the husbandman, in districts recently wrested from the fertilizing hand of nature, the soil of China has been made by the art and industry of man, to yield an undiminished product for thousands of years. While we are accustomed to waste two-thirds, and often all, of the materials which Providence has provided to sustain the fertility of the soil—there every vestige of these materials, even animal and vegetable substance—is sedulously husbanded, and judiciously restored to the earth from whence it sprang, where it is speedily transformed again into food for the human family. Here we leave grounds to rest, and to regain fertility, as though they were endued with the properties of animals; there the soil has no rest—it is constantly under tillage and is made to yield two or three crops in a season.

We find in the Farmer's Register, some notes on Chinese husbandry, extracted from the travels of a philosopher. We do not notice them under the expectation that the Chinese modes of husbandry are to be imitated among us, or that they are generally adapted to our condition; but as matters of curiosity, and as affording, withal, important suggestions to cultivators everywhere.

The secret art of the Chinese, says our author, of multiplying the grain and provisions necessary for the nourishment of their immense population, consists principally in manuring their fields judiciously, ploughing them to a considerable depth, sowing them in a proper season, turning to advantage every inch of ground which can produce the most inconsiderable crop, and by preferring to every species of culture that of grain, as by far the most important. They have no meadows, natural or artificial—insisting, that a field sown with grain, will yield as much for the nourishment of cattle, in the straw it grows, as it would have produced in hay. Fallows are unknown among them, as they are considered an abuse, destructive of plenty and population. All the grounds in the northern provinces, yield annually two crops, and in those towards the south, often five in two years, without one single fallow season, during the many thousands of years that they have been converted to the purposes of agriculture; and yet they fail not; because all that is taken from them, after it has subserved the purposes of man, is restored again to their bosom. They employ salt, lime, ashes, and all sorts of animal dung, but above all that which we throw into the rivers; they make great use of urine, which is carefully preserved in every house, and sold to advantage; and occasionally renovate fertility by trenching the ground with a spade, thus bringing to the surface a new soil enriched with the juices of that which descends in its room. Every inch of ground is cultivated—even the most precipitous hills and mountains are cut into terraces, and sown with grain, and the waters of rivers and canals at their base, are raised from terrace to terrace, even to the summit, by means of a simple portable machine, which two men with ease transport and put in motion. And finally, agriculture is nurtured and dignified there, as it ought to be every where, as constituting the first and noblest pursuit of man, by the government of the empire. The Emperor himself, goes annually to the field, and turns the first vernal fallow.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—A female pauper named Whiffin, expired yesterday in the workhouse of St. Luke's, Chelsea, having attained the extraordinary age of 107 years. She had been an inmate of the above workhouse upwards of 20 years, and retained all her faculties unimpaired until a short time previous to her death, when she fell into a state of second childhood. Mrs. Whiffin, who was a most intelligent woman, was born in the Parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, in 1734, seven years after the accession to the throne of King George II. She thus lived during the reign of five sovereigns, one of which (George III) is the longest on record. The old woman was frequently in the habit of collecting a number of paupers around her, and entertain them with stories of her early days, and drew amusing pictures of the coloursat of the manners and customs which prevailed a hundred years ago, and those of the present day. She described Chelsea in those days as a quiet, secluded village, the communication between which and the metropolis was rendered a matter of some risk, in consequence of the swarms of highwaymen and desperate characters who infested the "Five Fields," the site of the present magnificent buildings composing Belgrave and Eaton-squares. About five years ago, a person took the old woman to Batterseabridge, for the purpose of showing her one of the steamboats which plied between London and Richmond. Upon its being explained to her how the vessel was propelled, she appeared perfectly amazed, and inquired the number of tea-kettles necessary to provide the required quantity of steam. Her memory was excellent; and she gave a graphic description of the sight of the metropolis during the No Popery riots in 1780, and the excesses committed by Lord George Gordon's mob. The old woman had survived all her relations. It is said that she belonged to a highly respectable family, but nothing certain is known relative to her connexions.

TROPHIES OF THE CHINA WAR.

Every thing from China bears an interest—as the people themselves are of interest (to us so much per cent.) most perhaps for the traits of cowardice which they display. This trait may, however, be so prominent owing to their different weapons—They fought pretty well for their forts because they had good cannon (making allowance for assumed security in distance)—but whenever it came to close quarters, their pour match-locks and swords (and bows and arrows which are good) were no match to our marine and sailor's guns, swords and pistols—so they ran. Amongst other articles brought as trophies of war by the steamers we have seen a matchlock, which we are assured is a representative of the class. The barrel is of the musket size, of the coarsest iron, nearly half of an inch thick at the muzzle, with a rough bore which will admit of a ball only about the size of a slug. Besides the usual sight at the muzzle, a three cornered piece of iron rises at the breach of the barrel with a hole at the peak for the eye to look through! The touch-hole has a pan projecting half an inch, to the side of which is loosely rivetted on a bit of copper doubled over so as to slide and cover the pan. The "powder! the pan!" is flashed by means of an unwieldy trigger, and some touch-light string thicker than a lady's middle finger. The trigger is nearly a foot long, bent, running through a wide slit of the same length in the middle of the butt end of the stock, and moveably attached by a wire at its head. Its upper end gapes to admit of the touch string, which is brought in contact with the pan when the lower end of the trigger is pressed, which again starts back by means of a wire spring inserted within the slit of the stock. The touch rope is about three yards long, gathered up into a leather receptacle (open at two ends) which is nailed to the right hand of the stock. The string is like *coir*, but on examination its fibres don't unravel like the cocoanut, and bears a resemblance more to touch wood, or to the bark of trees. The stock is roughly made of light coloured wood, painted yellow—flat and only a little bent at the base. The barrel enters the scoop, and is fixed to the stock by only two narrow bands of copper, which are not rivetted but dovetailed at each extremity. To the stock is attached a leather strap that may go over the shoulder. The ramrod is a crooked wire!

Such is the Chinese soldier's fighting gun. His fighting sword is a straight, cutlas-shaped, rough, blunt, untempered (or nearly so) piece of iron!

His bow and arrows are good—but the former we should think not sufficiently powerful. The bow is very prettily shaped—made of some particular China wood, dark coloured and tough—something in the grain like the root of the bamboo or the wood called the Penang lawyer. It is coated with glue, probably to keep the wood from opening, as with the tension small seams appear, and to keep out wet, &c. The holding centre of the arch is for four inches coated with cork, punctured, to present a rough surface for the grasp. From the lower band upwards of the bow to the cork, on the inside, is a lining of whalebone, which must add to the springiness of the wood, and over this is run widely round silk twine. About an inch from the extreme ends are notches (padded with leather) into which the nooses of the string are slipped (to do this requires great experience and much strength); a little above at the bow end are the bars or bridges (of bone) on which the noose knot rest. The string is made of (apparently) skeins of silk cord, run tightly and closely round the whole way, excepting in two small spots near the bends, where it sets loosely as a hinge for easiness of stringing with silk twine. The bow when strung is some 4½ feet—from bridge to bridge about 4—the span upwards, nine inches—will bend about three times that—the arrow consequently measures a little more than that extreme tension. The arrow is a neat affair—of light though tough white wood—painted red at the feather end, black at the point—the trepie feather nicely attached for about nine inches—the point is armed with barbed tempered iron 2½ inches—said to be sometimes poisoned. The quiver is a very ugly unwieldy *bag* of leather—will hold probably only 24 arrows. There were 23 arrows in the one we have described—possibly the 24th had been shot at some of our brave men in China.

MARRIAGE.—Man never becomes a member of society until he is married—unmarried, he is looked upon with distrust. He has no home, no abiding place, no anchor to hold him fast, but is a piece of float wood on the great tide of time. His interest is not with society, farther than the accomplishment of some selfish object is concerned.

Pliny very beautifully said:—The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself.