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.

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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.
11 Saturday,	- -	5 44	6 16	0 50 9 33
12 Sunday,	-	5 46	6 14	2 10 10 24
13 Monday,	-	5 47	6 13	3 32 11 4
14 Tuesday,	-	5 48	6 12	4 51 11 42
15 Wednesday,	- -	5 50	6 10	Sets. Morn
16 Thursday,	-	5 51	6 9	6 34 0 18
17 Friday.	- -	5 52	6 8	7 0 0 55

New Moon, 15th, 1h. 11m. 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: C. C. Stewart, 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: John Wishart, 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: E. D. W. Ratchford, Esq.

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

Saunton & 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 ½d 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,—Cloth, 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 7¼ 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.

CHAPTER I.

"Where can Pauline be?" exclaimed the fair and beautiful Estelle, to her father. "Papa, what have you done with Pauline? I can't find her any where."

"Indeed! how's that?" asked Durvalle, of his daughter; then, turning to captain Bordier, he continued, "You would scarcely believe it, captain, but Pauline has become my head *man* in business."

"Oh! she is every body's head man," reiterated Estelle, "we can do nothing without Pauline."

"I wonder that she should absent herself;—on such a morning as this, too,—I am the more surprised at it," observed Durvalle.

"Perhaps some accident has befallen her," said Estelle, "for I'm sure it is not her fault."

"She'll be here directly, I dare say," said Bordier. "Some little amusement has kept her. But may I be allowed to know something more about her? Her parents I believe are very poor, and without your assistance, I have heard—"

"It's very true"—interrupted Durvalle, "when I first knew them they could scarcely procure for themselves the common necessaries of life. I was interested with Pauline, and took her into my house to wait upon my daughter. She has now become her companion. Her attention and affection to her mother wound her closely round my heart; she could not be happy here while her mother was in a hovel; so I gave her a cottage at the bottom of my garden; and there the old woman lives—by herself, it is true, for her husband is away—he has been a long time at sea; but she is happy and appears contented. It is my intention, if possible, to provide for Pauline's future welfare, without injustice to my own children. My losses lately have been enormous; cheated out of large sums by two of my correspondents; robbed by that villain Volney, the clerk in whom I trusted; I have scarcely been able to meet the demands upon me; but I think I have now nearly weathered the storm. Heaven be praised, my credit is saved, and, I must admit, in a great measure owing to the diligence and exertion of Pauline. She has all the delicacy of woman, with the firmness and strength of mind of man. In a few months, without further loss, all will, I trust, be well. But I was about to tell you of my intentions respecting her:—Out of all moneys I receive, I put by a certain sum for Pauline, in a small box, which I keep for the purpose, locked up there in my bureau; so, that, should I live long enough, I shall, I hope, have gained something considerable for her. I trust I am not ungrateful, captain; but remember, this is a secret at present from all but yourself."

They were now checked by the entrance of Pauline and her mother Gertrude;—when Durvalle exclaimed, "well, Pauline, what have you to say for yourself? why were you not here this morning at the usual hour of business?"

"I had the good fortune," replied Pauline, "to do a service for one in distress—one—who—had a right to my exertions—to my life, if necessary." They were now interrupted by Gertrude, who exclaimed, to Durvalle, "I beg pardon, sir; but I forgot to tell you that the carriage of the president Montesquieu was just driving up to the door as we came in."

"The President in Marseilles," exclaimed Durvalle, "that good man—the legislator of the human race, as he has been called—who has the blessings of all, rich and poor, and I not know it. Then I must prepare to receive him."

CHAPTER II.

"Pauline, I feel that it is my duty to retract the promise I made you, of taking you with me to Tunis," said Bordier.

The word fell upon the ears of Pauline like a thunderbolt, at last recovering from her shock she inquired, in an agitated tone, "How, sir?"

"I made the promise foolishly," answered Bordier. "The very act of your wishing to go in male attire is, in itself, to say the least of it, unfeminine. No one—not even your mother—seems to have the least suspicion of your purpose; all here love—nay, dote upon you; your wish to leave them appears to me the height of ingratitude. What reason can supersede the duty you owe here? This is your place, by the side of your mother: where she is, there is your home: and protected by Mr. Durvalle, too, who has done so much for you:—and yet you would leave him—no, no; it must not—cannot be. Perhaps another voyage I may take you."

"Another voyage!" echoed Pauline, and at the same time sinking upon a chair; "another voyage! and he must linger on in bondage."

"He!—who?—of whom do you speak?" anxiously inquired Bordier, of the unhappy girl.

"Of my poor father," said Pauline. "If you have a heart, hear me—my father has been a slave these four long years. My father was a pilot, sir;—he is old, too old, we thought, to brave the dangers of the deep;—we had pressed him to give up his occupation, and come and live quietly with my mother in her cottage. He consented, after one more voyage. He went, sir, and the vessel was captured off the Barbary coast, and taken into Tunis—and my poor father was sold into slavery!"

"But what has prevented you acquainting Mr. Durvalle with this?" asked Bordier; "he, no doubt, would have ransomed him."

"He would, sir, to his own injury," returned Pauline. "His losses have been heavy lately, and I could not bear to be the cause of adding to them. They ask a large sum for his ransom—eight hundred crowns. All our industry, all our savings, were of no avail. At length, I formed the desperate resolution of going myself to redeem him. I am young, you know, sir, and can work harder than my father; but then, again, I had not sufficient money to pay my passage. What to do, I knew not. At length, I bethought me that there was money to be earned in a summer's evening on the river."

"On the river!" echoed Bordier.

"Yes," continued Pauline, "in the pleasure boats; disguised as a boy have I evening after evening, when my duty was done here, gone to the river, and earned a little money, by rowing about parties of pleasure. One Sunday, sir—now about three months back—I was sitting in my boat, very sad, for no one had employed me—it was getting late, and I was thinking of going home—when a stranger, a gentleman, wrapped in a large cloak, jumped into the boat, and desired me to put off. We had not gone far, when he observed my heaviness of heart, and questioned me. I don't know what possessed me—I think it was the kind and gentle tone of the stranger's voice—but he gained my confidence, and I told him *why* I plied my boat there. He listened to me with interest, and spoke some words of encouragement:—I think I hear them now. At length, he desired me to put him ashore. I obeyed, and was about to fasten my boat up for the night, when I saw something lying in the bottom of it; it was the stranger's purse. I darted after him, in the hope of returning it, but he was gone."

"Noble fellow!" exclaimed Bordier.

"I felt, from the stranger's manner," said Pauline, "that it was intended for me. My heart leaped for joy, to find myself the possessor of a sufficient sum to pay my passage. I breathed no word of it to my mother;—it is the first secret I ever kept from her—my mind was made up; and, steady to my purpose, I waited anxiously for a vessel sailing for the Levant. At last, I heard that you were bound there; I asked for a passage; you granted it."

"Yes, before I knew who or what you were," said Bordier.

Bordier, who was a true-souled Frenchman, could refuse no longer the entreaties of Pauline; and consented to take her with him,—promising to set sail by day-break the next morning, so that she could redeem her father from his captivity.

CHAPTER III.

"Ah! Pauline," said Philippe. "I don't like to see you take so much pains about Edward; he doesn't deserve it; I'm sure he doesn't deserve your love—that is, your kindness. You know more about things in general than I do—though I am a little older than you are; but there is one thing I *do* know, that's this—that Edward is no better than he should be; he deceives his father, and he'll deceive you."

"Indeed, cousin," returned Pauline, "you are wrong. Edward, like many young men of his age, is thoughtless, nothing more."

"Thoughtless enough," reiterated Philippe. "I can assure you. Now, Pauline, I'll lay a wager he was the cause of your absence this morning. He's no good, I tell you;—morning after morning do I meet him sneaking home, when poor Mr. Durvalle thinks he's in bed. I've a great mind to tell him."

'Oh, Philippe, exclaimed Pauline, 'think of the misery you would inflict on Mr. Durvalle: for his father's sake, do not tell any thing of him.'

'Well, then,' returned Philippe, 'for everybody's sake mind what you are about—you, the pattern for all the girls in Marseilles. Ah, here comes Edward, so I shall go; and do, Pauline, there's a dear, mind what I say to you.'

'Oh, Pauline, what a state of anxious suspense I have been in all this morning. What said my father?' anxiously inquired Edward.

'He treated me with much indulgence,' returned Pauline.

'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed Edward, 'and you, Pauline, how can I sufficiently thank you—how prove to you my gratitude?'

'By discontinuing your present mode of conduct,' answered Pauline. 'Sooner or later your father must know it; think, then, what will be his agony—what *your* remorse! You know the violence of his temper, when roused; desist, while yet you can with safety.'

'Safety!—impossible!' cried Edward.

'Think, Edward, on the trouble you may bring on me,' said Pauline, 'the dependant on your father's bounty; he will be sure to suspect that I was aware of your proceedings—that I have screened and so encouraged you.'

'Rather than that, Pauline,' returned Edward, 'I will avow my guilt—my dishonor!'

'Guilt! dishonor!' exclaimed Pauline, 'unworthy associates may have led you into error, but not into crime! Confess all to your father—he will listen to your repentance Edward, hear me, I entreat!—Begin by giving up all connection with that wretch Volney.'

'Ah, Pauline!' said Edward, 'it was Volney who has made me what I am; he it was who first urged me to the gaming-table—instilled into me the desire for play, and supplied me with the guilty means; it was he who, last night, conducted me to the house from which you this morning saw me taken out in custody. To break with him now is impossible. I am in his debt; he urges instant payment, in default of which he threatens to tell my father all. I had almost made an oath never to enter a gaming house again, but the fear which overcame me at his threat, induced me once again to try my fortune, in the hope of being able to satisfy his demands.'

'Vain hope!' returned Pauline. 'Are you not aware that the most of these men that you were with last night are his confederates?'

'It was that discovery which excited my anger,' continued Edward, 'and caused the disturbance which brought in the guard; and, but for you, Pauline, my father must by this time have known all. But tell me, by what means did you effect my deliverance?'

'I rose this morning unusually early,' said Pauline, 'several vessels being about to sail. I heard by chance that you had not been home all night. I threw on my bonnet, and wrapped myself in a large cloak, that no one might know me, and went out to seek you. I found you at length in custody. What to do I knew not, and was returning home in despair, fearing the worst, when the President Montesquieu's carriage passed me, just then entering Marseilles. I knew his kind-heartedness and friendship for your father, so dared to address him in your behalf.'

'Then my father will know all?' exclaimed Edward.

'Be patient!' continued Pauline, 'I told him the circumstances, but not the name—merely saying it was one of Mr. Durvalle's clerks; that your detention would inconvenience *him* and ruin you. I entreated him to save you. Thus urged, he went to the guard-house, and succeeded in obtaining your release. *He* is one who would *reclaim* errors—not punish them. But something must be done about Volney. How long have you owed him this money?'

'About a month,' returned Edward.

'A month?' echoed Pauline. 'But the money you lost last night—where did you get that? You turn from me! you do not answer me! Where got you that money?'

'I cannot answer,' said Edward—'But hush! here's some one coming.'

'Meet me then,' continued Pauline, 'at my mother's: I must know all—I *will* know all—Edward Durvalle, remember! at my mother's this very day.'

'I will be there,' answered Edward.

CHAPTER IV.

'Has our Cadiz correspondent acknowledged the receipt of eight hundred crowns on account of Mons. le President Montesquieu,' inquired Mr. Durvalle, of Pauline.

'I will see, sir!' answered the girl, as she opened the account book.

'You will find my situation somewhat changed since you were here last,' said Mr. Durvalle, to the President; 'then I was indeed a bankrupt, in heart and all. To you I owe all I possess at this moment. Men, for the most part preach one doctrine and practice another: but you have done better: you not only preach virtue, but you set the bright example: thousands preach benevolence to the skies, but would not give a franc to save one from starvation.'

Pauline who had now examined the account, said that the correspondent had received the fund: and is going immediately to execute the commission entrusted to him by the President.

'This is Pauline,' said Mr. Durvalle as he introduced her to the President—'I have often mentioned her to you in my letters; her industry and perseverance have been invaluable to me. She is my head clerk: in short, I keep no other.'

'No other!' muttered the President to himself.

'My son,' continued Mr. Durvalle, 'is a good youth; but I am sorry to say he does not love business.'

'He has, perhaps,' said the President to Mr. Durvalle, 'some false ideas upon the subject, which must be eradicated'—then turning to Edward, he continued, 'You don't seem to understand the nature of traffic, or what a real merchant is; I will tell you:—the merchant is the benefactor of society; all that is good, useful, or necessary he procures for his fellow man—employs the artisan—puts bread into the mouths of the poor—and multiplies by his industry the riches of his country.'

'How like the voice!' said Pauline to herself.

'His reputation,' continued the President, 'is founded upon honor; his single name is a current coin in any country; he signs a bit of paper, and he is trusted to the amount of thousands.'

'It must be the same!' again exclaimed Pauline.

'If nations quarrel,' continued the President, 'and are divided by war, what brings the dove with the olive branch back to their desolate plains? Commerce! The warrior sheaths his sword—the thunder of the cannon is hushed—and the merchant then becomes the supporter of his country.'

'I am not mistaken!' said Pauline, 'it is he!' then addressing the President, 'Forgive the interruption—but I must speak! My heart is overflowing with gratitude Heaven be praised that I have at length found you!'

'What can you mean?' asked the President.

'Have you forgotten the poor boy who plied your boat upon the Rhine, one summer's night, about three months back, that you pitied and relieved? I was that boy,' exclaimed Pauline. 'Never shall I forget that blessed night, or the tone of that kind conciliating voice!' My eyes could not see your features, but my heart treasured the sound. Had it been years hence, I should have known them. You remember the night?'

'I do!' returned the President, 'and see your motive for disguise. I also have a strong recollection of voices—I have heard yours since that night. It is not in vain protestations that you can prove your gratitude, but in making a good use of the little I was able to do for you. I intended it for yourself and parent, not to encourage dissipation and profligacy. Beware of false friends and improper associates, and remember that there are *places* where a young woman, however discreet, however pure her motives, ought not to be found.'

'I shall sink into the earth with shame!' said Edward to himself.

'She told me this morning,' said the President to himself, 'when she applied to me, that the security was for a clerk of Mr Durvalle, and yet he says he keeps no clerk but Pauline. There is some mystery here which I cannot fathom.'

(To be Continued.)

Liability of Steamboat Captains.—A few days since the steamboat Cleopatra, in going up the East River, struck and upset a small sailboat containing two men. One of the persons, a young man of 19 or 20, escaped by clinging to the waterwheel of the steamboat, the other an elder brother, was drowned. The passengers on board the Cleopatra published a card exonerating the captain and officers of the boat from all blame in the matter. Nevertheless, the coroner's Jury on the inquest held upon the body of the drowned man, returned, as their verdict, that he lost his life through the carelessness of the captain. To answer the charge involved in this finding, Capt. Dustan, of the Cleopatra, has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of £5,000. This is the proper course. We do not pretend to judge whether in this instance, the pasor the coroner's jury are right in the judgment pronounced by them severally, but we insist the only way to make captains of steam or sailing vessels, conductors of rail-road trains and drivers of stage-coaches, at all times, careful, is to hold them responsible for such accidents, until, at least, they establish to the satisfaction of a jury that they are not chargeable with the blame. There is frequent and criminal carelessness among those who have charge of the public conveyances all over our country. There is a recklessness of human life, amounting, in the face of so many serious accidents, almost to fatuity, which can only be successfully rebuked by subjecting to a rigid investigation every accident involving loss of life or injury to property or person. The community owes it to itself to insist upon a strict reckoning in all these cases. It is for this reason that we approve of the course taken in relation to Capt. Dustan, and for a still stronger reason, that we look to see a similar investigation commenced as to the origin of the appalling accident which destroyed the steamboat Erie, and consigned to death one hundred and seventy human beings.—*Albany Advertiser.*

Extraordinary Cure.—The Breslau Gazette reports the following extraordinary cure, performed lately at Grafenberg:—"A person aged 48, who had been in the Austrian civil service, was brought, from the loss of his wife and children, and other afflictions, into an almost helpless state of nervous fever. Every other remedy having been tried in vain, he went to Grafenberg, to place himself under the treatment of M. Preissnitz. He has almost an unconquerable aversion to cold water, but without first consulting M. Preissnitz, he was induced one day, when the thermometer was at 24 degrees of Reaumur. (86 Farenheit) to take a cold bath. This brought on an inflammation of the brain, and the sufferer became so violent that it required six men to hold him. In this state M. de Preissnitz adopted the following system:—Though perfectly delirious, he was bathed in the river for 15 minutes, and then carried by main force, in a raving state, to a bath, the water of which was at a temperature of 12 degrees Reaumur, (59 Fahrenheit) and there detained nine hours, from 1 in the day to 10 at night. M. Preissnitz remaining with him all the time, and keeping his head constantly cooled with water at 7 1-2 Reaumur, (48 Fahrenheit.) At the end of this period the cold fit came on, and violent shivering ensued. In this state the patient was carried to his bed, where he fell into a tranquil sleep, which lasted till next morning. On waking, his senses were perfectly recovered. An eruption came out over the whole of his body, and terminated into pustules, which discharged humors, and contributed to restore him to a state of convalescence. The treatment was applied in presence of an English, a Swedish, and an Austrian physician, all of whom declared the cure miraculous. On the same day, M. Preissnitz, by the same means, cured his own daughter, a child, of a nervous fever, and next day she was seen playing on the public promenade."

The annexed, from the London Court Journal's correspondent, dated "Manheim, June 19th, 1841. proves, most incontestibly, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

A Broken Heart.—A circumstance occurred here on the 15th ult., so singular and affecting, so much more incredible than most tales of fiction, that, though the parties were of an humble station, it deserves to be recorded among the romances of real life. On that day a young woman of an interesting and respectable appearance, was seen to enter the city, carrying in her arms an infant, and leading another child of three or four years of age. Immediately on her arrival she inquired for the house of a man to whom, it appears, she had been affianced at Hamburg, and who had left her there under a vow to shortly return to keep his promise of marriage; but finding that he continually, on some new pretence, put off the fulfilment of his engagement, she herself thought it best to go in search of him.

Having easily discovered his abode, she proceeded at once to it, and there found him, by an extraordinary fatality, in company with another girl and her relations, and about to proceed at the very moment with her to the altar. It was in vain that the first claimant threw herself on her knees before her faithless Brantigham (a person to whom a woman is engaged in Germany is so called,) neither her tears nor prayers, nor the sight of his children moved him: she was repulsed by the whole party, and the door closed against her, and shortly afterwards the marriage ceremony was being performed in the church, and the ring just placed on the finger of the second bride, when her rival entered with the children. The shock was too much for her; she fell down dead. The body was carried to an inn, where it was afterwards dissected, *and the veins of the heart discovered to be torn asunder*—a proof that the term "a broken heart," is not a mere poetical *ose*. Let that, however rare the occurrence, it may, as in this instance, actually take place.

This tragic story being soon made known, the populace, to the amount of many hundreds, followed the funeral of the unfortunate woman; but before committing her to the grave, the *cortege* repaired with the coffin to the house of the just married couple. There they broke the windows, and in a vociferous manner, called on the bridegroom, whose name was Pral, to open the doors. The police were now assembled, and had much difficulty in preventing the mob, many of them armed, from executing summary vengeance on the moral culprit.

It is worthy of notice that while all this passed, the opera of Don Juan was representing in the theatre, (the celebrated Madame Hassel playing Johanna,) and the audience evinced their feelings of indignation by noisy acclamations at any particular parts that bore reference to the real drama that had just been acted outside.

The Grand Duchess Stephanie, with her well known goodness of heart, has taken the children under her protection, and a large subscription been made for them by the opulent merchants of the city. The whole scene speaks well for the Germans, and reminds us of the old adage.—*Vox populi, vox Dei.*

THE EMIGRANTS.

[*From the Cork Constitution.*]

Far o'er the broad Atlantic's rolling billow,
Mid wild savannahs and rude prairies lone.
Where voice is heard not save the bittern's moan,
They've reared a home, and made themselves a pillow:
And 'neath tall plantains, and the sighing willow,
Whose sound is welcomed as an old home tone,
When evening girds them with her dewy zone,
They turn them eastward to the distant isle,
Where happy infancy was wont to smile,
And think o'er all youth's pleasant visions flown,
Thus, while they rest them from their weary toil,
They talk of by-gone days, and those blest hours,
When hope each passing sorrow could beguile,
And strive to draw perfume from long, long faded flowers.
But with the aching thoughts such vision brings,
Is soothing wafted. To each troubled breast,
Peace, gentle spirit! upon angels' wings,
Draws near to comfort, and to give sweet rest:
And as the sun beneath the glowing west
In glory sinks, and paler star-light springs
To light the plain—sleep spreads her softest vest;
While zephyrs hush them with their murmurings.
And then, oh, what to them is space or time?
What bar can check the soul's free, chainless flight?
Seas are as nothing, and that distant clime,
Still fondly loved, is visited, and bright
In the fond emigrant's recurring dreams,
Seem father-land's loved hills, and sunny summer streams.

THE MARINER'S CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

Weep not, Mother, close the curtain,
Gaze not on yon rocky shore;
Look upon me thus entreating,
Mother! Mother! weep no more!

Dry thy tears, and let thy smiling
Beams of joy around us pour;
Let thy lip resume its singing,
And, dear Mother, weep no more.

Yet thou weep'st; why sleeps my father,
His was once the swiftest oar:
But he'll soon return, my Mother,
And then wilt thou weep no more.

Weep not! says thou my poor orphan,
Look not out upon the main!
I must weep—and gaze, yet weeping,
I shall never sink again.

Sing! my boy, 'twould make the also
Weep to hear the mournful strain;
'Twill be like the hoarse winds howling,
I shall never sing again.

In the wild sea sleeps thy father,
Raging waves his bark detain;
Yes, he sleeps, but 'tis a slumber
Whence he ne'er shall wake again.

[*From the Standard, July 2nd.*]

Suicide of Captain Cox.—Captain George Hamilton Cox, Secretary of the Fire Insurance Company, who had formed an injudicious connection with an actress of Calcutta, for the last two or three days been observed to be labouring under great depression of spirits in consequence of his wife and children being daily expected from England. He went to the theatre, from which he returned to his lodgings at the Bengal Club, about nine o'clock, and then with the greatest deliberation blew out his brains with a pistol, literally shattering to pieces the whole of his head.

After his return it appears he wrote a letter to the Coroner, one to the editor of the *Englishman*, and a third to the actress we have spoken of, and then, sending his servants out of the room, seated himself in a chair, which he adjusted in a corner of the closet, with a brace of loaded pistols in his hands, and shot himself through the head with one of them. One pistol was found still loaded on the chair beside the corpse, which remained in a recumbent posture, and the other was picked up on the ground near the chair.

An inquest was held on the body of Captain Cox, at which the following letters written, by the deceased immediately before his death, were read:—

"TO THE CORONER AND JURORS OF MY INQUEST.

"I am unwilling, Gentlemen, to give you unnecessary trouble in searching for evidence, to form an opinion on the cause of my having shot myself. It was unhappiness; you will find no more search as you will. I have very long and deeply thought on the subject, but all men will live as long as they can, until they reach that point of endurance beyond which the soul cannot be forced. 'Tis no pleasant thing to blow your brains out, I can assure you, and requires a resolution and determination to do it. I have not perpetrated the act under any temporary or immediate excitement—in fact, I put off the deed for some days to effect a particular object.

"I obtained the pistols many days ago from Messrs. Tullock and Co., to whom I beg they may be returned. They were, I think, sent on inspection only. The powder I purchased from Mr. Thompson a few days later again, and having completed a few——arrangments I take my leave. Inquire of those who saw me latest, if you please: you will find I laboured under no excitement that was perceptible to them. My feelings, of course, were wrong, but the wounds were known only to myself. If I had not been extremely unhappy, I should not have shot myself. Insanity has never been in my family, and I am as cool and collected at this writing as I have ever been.

"The office I conducted is in good order, and is steadily progressing. My worldly prospects are good; but a man cannot work with a broken heart. I hope your verdict (after such inquiry as you may choose to make) will be, 'Found shot by himself,' or something to that effect, but not from temporary excitement or derangement.

"G. Hamilton Cox.

"April 29th.

"P. S.—I solicit the cheapest and meanest funeral—no puckish grave, mourning coach, no parson's fees. Outside a churchyard I shall be as comfortable as in it. Attend, gentlemen, to the wishes of a dead man, who values not mere forms, and I thank you if I could. Dr. Goodeve is my medical adviser.

IF I WERE.

It is very apt to be the case, that a man would do a great many good things if he were so and so situated; but that troublesome word "if," is so apt to interfere with his good intentions. His professions are of the most patriotic and praiseworthy kind, and he would be the most kindhearted, the most generous, the most benevolent man in the world, if it were not for certain things which intervene to prevent the fulfilment of his noble designs.

If I were a merchant says one, I would always transact all my business in the most honourable way, I would never take advantage of another, I would deal honestly with all, I would accumulate a fortune, and I would leave my children independent of the world.

If I were a farmer, I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of the soil, I would raise the largest crops of wheat, the greatest number of bushels of potatoes to the acre, the largest cabbage-heads, and I would have the neatest and best managed farm in the town.

If I were a rich man, I would appropriate all my surplus income to charitable purposes.

If I were a lawyer, I would always plead the cause of the poor and oppressed, and would deduct a large amount of the fees for my services, I would go against oppression in all cases, whether it would subserve my interest or not. I would act for the general good of mankind, regardless of self interest. I would make my own emolument secondary to that of others.

If I were a tailor, I would not take more than a reasonable quantity of cabbage, and I would always have a garment done and sent home at the time I promised it.

If I were a physican, I would always attend upon the poor gratis, and I would not charge half so much for feeling the pulse or extracting a tooth as the regular practitioners do. I would devote my time and services to the benefit of the public generally.

If I were a mechanic, I would devote all my time to my profession, and would always punctually perform all orders sent to me.

If I were a soaplock, I would have the scissors applied to my hair at once, and not suffer myself to appear like a hermit, or a sluggy bear, or their who has lost his ears, and strives to cover the parts where they appear to be, with a superabundant quantity of capillary ornaments.

If I were a lady, I would be attending to the domestic concerns of the houshold, and not be walking the streets to attract the attention of the beaux, and spinning street yarn when I ought to be spinning stocking at home.

If I were an editor, I would write to please myself as well as my customers, so far as I was able, without the expectation of always doing the one or the other.

If I were a subscriber to a newspaper, I would always pay for it punctually, and never find fault because it sometimes happened that there was nothing in it which particularly interested me—especially when there was nothing to put in it.

If I were born with a gold spoon in my mouth I would hold upon it, and not exchange it for a pewter or iron one.

But that little word 'if' is apt to be in the way and to disconcert all one's good intentions and charitable actions, and if it were not so frequently made a proviso and a bar to good actions, many more deeds of charity might be accomplished. It is often an excuse for not performing what charity would require. If I were situated so and so, I would do a vast deal of good deeds and acts of charity which he pretends he would if he were differently situated.

But without any more *ifs* or *ands*, it is certain we can often do a good deed when we don't, and if is a kind of general excuse for not doing as we ought.—*Boston Transcript.*

Incident during the Battle of Talavera.—The fighting had lasted without intermission from five in the morning. The slaughter on both sides had been immense, and the heat became intolerable. By a sort of tacit understanding, the struggle ceased on both sides about 9 o'clock, each availing themselves of the brief repose which both so much required. The French appeared dispirited; for three hours not a movement was made, nor a musket discharged; and it was even a question with us whether we should advance, and in our turn become the assailants, or remain quietly where we were, and await the result of the enemy's deliberations. During this cessation of hostilities, an incident of rare occurrence in war produced an interesting display of generous feeling between two brave and noble-minded enemies. A small stream, tributary of the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle ground, and seperated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops had produced, both armies went to the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old adquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler a rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard contested field; and to the honour of both be it told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies, without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded—the drums beat to arms; many of the rivalry soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's life.—*Maxwell's Life of Wellington.*