TO LET,
KSHOP in Horsfield street, suitable for
binet maker or Painter. Apply at this
6th may.

Iluable Building Lots.
ubscribers will lease for a term of years,
two Lots on the North Market Wharf,
d 12, belonging to R. W. Crookshank,
They will be let separately or together.
ly to
ch. SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

TO LET.
ubscriber will Let from 1st May next, a
uperior finished House on the East side
square, in Mecklenburgh street, or the
w occupied by himself, in Charlotte st.
t side of Queen's square.
JAMES WHITNEY.

TO LET,
EW BRICK BUILDING, 23x28 feet,
four stories, with a Cellar underneath,
nting on Nelson street. Possession can
mediately, apply to
JOHN ROBERTSON.

oms Bed rooms, with frost proof cellar,
house, &c. in a central situation, to let.
s Office. April 8.

TO LET,
ND possession given 1st May next—
The eligibly situated STORE and
elling House in Prince William street,
occupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE.
lars apply to
W. F. RANNEY.

TO LET,
ROM 1st May next—That handsomely
fitted up STORE, and two flats above,
ting on Prince William street, presently
Mr. T. S. HARDING, being part of the
one fire proof building occupied by the
W. H. STREET.
ary.

To Let.
per flat of the subscriber's HOUSE in
William Street, Apply to
WM. MAJOR.

A Good Stand.
d Possession given the 1st of May next:
f the ALBION HOUSE, now used as a
ed Tavern. The premises can be had
able rent. Apply to
JOHN HOOPER.
Bragg's building.

ARTMENTS TO LET,
ise occupied by Mrs. Durant, corner of
d Charlotte streets. Apply on the pre-
Feb. 18.

k and Farm for sale.
UABLE FARM situated about 40 miles
the city, containing 700 acres of excel-
ne hundred and fifty acres of which is
under cultivation, cute annually from
tons of Hay, and might be divided in-
enient Farms, the main road from She-
John passing through the centre.
k comprises twelve head horned Cattle,
, Farming utensils, &c. £250 of the
oney, only would be required the remain-
y from six to eight years as might be
n, being secured by bond and mortgage,
d semi-annually. A plan of the land
ng the grant with other information may
on application at the Hibernian Hotel to
-3m. JAMES NETHERY.

TO LET,
ND possession given 1st of May next—
The whole or a part of that three story
se in Water street, now occupied by
n Bacon and Mr. James Finn, as liquor
Dwelling apartments. There are three
each flat, with back room and half of
h tenement. Its vicinity to the steam
, together with being so long establish-
ove line, makes it a desirable stand for
Enquire at the Hibernian Hotel.
(cour.) JAMES NETHERY.

To Let,
possession given 1st May next:
HAT very convenient House in Church
street, now occupied by Mr. Robert
ery, and formerly by Mrs. Brooks, as
ouse establishment. Its convenience
t, and the extensive accommodation it
akes it a desirable situation for a public
genteel private Boarding House.
t, and immediate possession given:—
f of that newly finished House in Car-
et, containing a Kitchen, vegetable and
s, with several Rooms having Frank-
ties set on the first and second flats.
r information terms, &c., apply at the
Hotel. JAMES NETHERY.
ary. Cour.

Paper Hangings.
scriber has on hand a very large and
assortment of *Paper Hangings*, suita
, Dining and Drawing Rooms, Parlors,
Entries, &c. with Border of all qualities
hich he offers for sale at a great reduc
rmer prices for *CASH*.
large number of Remnant Lots suitable
d medium sized Rooms, Entries, &c.
ll sell at *Half Price* for cash.
S. K. FOSTER.

The Subscriber
eived by the ships *Bona Dea* and *Port*
rom Liverpool part of his Spring Sup-
TISH GOODS, consisting of—SOAP,
, &c.
ected from Liverpool—Tea, Loaf Sugar,
, Pepper, Gunpowder, Corks, Wrap,
Blacking, Shoe Thread, Sparrowbills,
Knives, with a general assortment of
s Findings.
y North America from Boston:
pina, Demerara & St. Domingo Cor-
Raisins, Figs; Sugar, Soda, Butter and
ACKERS, Cavendish Tobacco, Pails,
.
—AND IN STORE—
right Porto Rico SUGAR, 10 kegs TO-
5 puncheons Whisky and Rum.—all of
be sold either Wholesale or Retail, at
g street, *for Cash only.*
1842. J. O'DONNELLY.

bscriber has taken an office over the
Daniel Ansley, Esquire, Market square.
W. H. NEEDHAM,
Barrister and Attorney at Law.
20th May, 1842.

Soap! Soap!!
ex ship "Portland" from Liverpool:
BOXES best Liverpool SOAP. (56
pounds each,) which will be sold
nding. by WM. CARVILL.

riction Matches.
bscriber begs to inform the Public that
nufactures *FRICTION MATCHES*,
quality to any imported, which he offers
his residence, Germain street, in any
suit purchasers, and at as cheap a rate
be imported for.
tches are manufactured at the subscri-
shment, about 15 miles from the city.
GEORGE LLOYD.
—[cour. new bruns. tf.]

D—Two small boys are required at the
factory.

Tea! Tea!
NG This Day, ex *Ion*, from Halifax—
eats SOUCHONG TEA, warranted
rticle.
from London—10 boxes Sperm and
es. For sale cheap at the Tea Ware-
JAMES MALCOLM.

THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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

VOL. VI. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1842. No. 45.

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

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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Weekly Almanack.

JULY.		R. Sun.	S. Mons.	H. W.		
16	Saturday,	4 41	7 19	morn	5	35
17	Sunday,	4 42	7 18	0 9	6	58
18	Monday,	4 43	7 17	0 48	8	20
19	Tuesday,	4 44	7 17	1 41	9	31
20	Wednesday,	4 45	7 16	2 36	10	21
21	Thursday,	4 45	7 15	3 38	11	9
22	Friday,	4 46	7 14	rises	11	44

First Quarter 14th, 5h. 9m. evening.

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: Robt. F. Hazen, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, 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: Lewis Burns, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. 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 preeding the Discount days. Director next week: W. H. Street, 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.]

SAVING'S 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.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

☞NOTICE.
THE subscribers having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the business heretofore carried on by L. H. Deveber will in future be conducted under the Firm of
L. H. DEVEBER & SON.
L. H. DEVEBER,
RICHARD SANDS DEVEBER.
St. John, 7th May, 1842.

Removal.
DAVID PATERSON has removed his *Boot & Shoe* Establishment from Prince Wm. street, to the Brick Building lately erected by John Johnston, Esq., west side of Dock street, three doors from the Market square. *May 6.*

Removal.
THE subscribers have removed their place of business from *Water street*, to the new Fire proof store, lately erected by them at the foot of *Union street*, on the property belonging to R. W. Crookshank, Esq.
SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.
April 29, 1842.

CROOKSHANK & WALKER have removed their Counting House to the same building.
April 29.

St. Andrews & Fredericton.
L. COPELAND begs to inform the Public that he is now under contract to convey H. M. Mail's between St. Andrews and Fredericton, and will convey passengers on said route with the utmost expedition. The Stage will leave the former place immediately after the arrival of the American mail on Wednesday's, and Fredericton on Friday's.—Fare 30s.
EXTRA conveyances furnished at all times, on application at the Hotel.
St. Andrews, April 29, 1842.

For Sale,
AT THE PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,
A POWERFUL Low PRESSURE STEAM ENGINE, nearly finished, applicable either for Land or Marine purposes, to be had on reasonable terms, on early application to
THOMAS BARLOW & CO.
ON HAND—A variety of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Ploughs, and Ship Castings. Mill, Ship, and Engine Work, with every description of Machinery made to order.
☞Warehouse on the Mill Bridge, corner of Pond street. *Jan. 21.*

Steamer Nova-Scotia.
Arrangement for 1842.
HAS now commenced plying in the Bay of Fundy, as follows:—*Monday*—Leaving Saint John for Eastport, Saint Andrews, and Saint Stephen, at 7 a. m., and returning on Tuesday.—*Wednesday*—For Digby and Annapolis at 7 a. m., and returning on Thursday.
Will leave Saint John every *Thursday* evening for WINDSOR, two hours before high water, until further notice.
For further information please apply to the master on board, or at the Counting Room of
E. BARLOW & SONS,
St. John, April 22. *Dock street.*

Salt, Molasses, Pork.
2,000 bushels Liverpool SALT;
45 Hhds, Molasses; 150 barrels Pork;
10 Firkins Butter; 4 do. Lard;
150,000 feet bright Deals; 20 cords Lathwood;
10 M Ash STAVES.
The above articles will be sold cheap for approved payment. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.
April 29th, 1842.

Miscellany.

[*From the London New Monthly.*]

TALLEYRANDISM
OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, ESQ.

"Tout ce qui parait hazardeux et qui pourtant ne l'est pas, est presque toujours sage."—CARDINAL DE RETZ.

[Concluded.

Never was a ball gayer or better attended than that of the Duchess of Hanvers. We shall not waste a moment of description upon the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the rooms. We shall not pause to note, what has been often already noted, the effulgence of the many-colored lights, the glitter of some gorgeous uniform, the blaze of jewels, the soft luxurious profusion of costly furniture: these things have been already noted; but there was one thing to-night which has seldom been described—the steadily but never-failing march of the diplomatist. Great events are often prepared in the ballroom; administrations and kingdoms have risen and fallen within its curtained precincts. And as for private life, the rival lover and the competing friend, have many and many a time performed their purposes, achieved their ends, and arrived at their destiny, while breathing the voluptuous atmosphere of *la belle assemblée*. If any one has ever wondered by what means it is that certain persons contrive to eclipse all competitors in general conversation, and to oust all rivals in private attachments, whether of love or friendship,—let such person now attend while I depict the workings of that strange talent which holds its silent but potential empire over the internal and impalpable world of the mind, leaving the ostentatious and noisy frame of external things, to be influenced only indirectly by its movements; that talent to which every heart hands up her secrets as it steals along, and yet whose own secrets no other heart has ever penetrated—the talent of Talleyrand and of Machiavel—of Chesterfield, Metternich, or of Pozzo di Borgo.

The smiling misery of the evening was at its height; the softest strains of music were floating through the apartments; the reign of love, at least here and there, had begun, when Charles Maurice D'Amarrs made his welcome entry. He looked carelessly around; made some general compliments to two or three successive groups which had approached him, and then lounged with an air of half *distrait*, half-dandyish, towards the further end of the apartments.

'There he is! there is D'Amarrs!' whispered the premier to his brother minister; and they both followed the secretary at a distance. Miss Warnerston and her friend Miss Crake, had been sitting together on an ottoman, but at this moment the former arose and joined the sets with a graceful young hussar for her partner; the other young lady remained for a moment alone, and then was on the point of getting up, when she perceived D'Amarrs approach. The secretary was at that era in the height and flush of his fashionable celebrity; and Miss Crake was not ill-pleased at the prospect of his company.

'How very warm it is,' said he, as he seated himself beside her.

'Ah! indeed it is,' returned the intellectual lady, with an air of languor, 'indeed it is.'

'It is as warm as friendship,' pursued he; 'though that is not saying much, for there is scarcely any real friendship in all the world—at least, it is as rare as it is costly.'

'And yet,' answered she, with a platonic look, 'there *are* some in the world who do exhibit instances of genuine friendship.'

'Ah!' ejaculated D'Amarrs, 'how happy they must be!' The unbounded confidence of their mutual intercourse must be a source of infinite pleasure and security.'

'Yes,' said she, sympathetically, 'Without full and boundless confidence on both sides, no true or happy friendship can exist.'

'Don't you think,' asked D'Amarrs, 'that it is the mark of a superior and imperial character, to attract that sort of devoted and trusting enthusiasm towards oneself?'

'Unquestionably?' answered Miss Crake.

'I,' continued he, 'am always apt to consider *that* one (of two friends) who is most the object of this confidence, as (of the two) the superior mind, the piloting, the guiding star.'

'I understand,' replied the other.

'It is quite as much as I do myself,' thought he.

After a short pause, he added: 'The person who can assert without fear of contradiction, that he knows in all the world a single being who would tell him any secret—in fact, who had no secret from him—must, I think, be not only a very amiable, but also a very admirable person, and have qualities that attract love, along with talents that command confidence and inspire respect: but I do not, I cannot believe that there lives such a person,—that, in a word, there lives a person who knows one single being, that loves or admires him so much.'

'Now, I am inclined to think there are a few who *can* say it,' replied Miss Crake slily; for her vanity had immediately gorged the bait.

'Pardon me,' said the handsome secretary; 'if I fall into the fault of St. Thomas and withhold my belief until my eyes convince me, that any one exists, endowed with such shining qualities as to inspire another with this degree of confidence.'

'Ah! you are *really* mistaken,' answered she; 'my own personal experience proves that you are so. I am sure that my dear friend Lucy Warnerston would tell me anything in the universe.'

'That she would tell you anything in the universe!' repeated D'Amarrs so loudly, that several ladies and gentlemen around heard him, and became in a manner witnesses of the coming answer.

'Most certainly,' replied she, with a sort of gasconading warmth.

'And would you not consider it excessively curious then,' pursued D'Amarrs, gradually nearing his purpose, 'if she had told others something very interesting about herself, which she would not on any account tell you, Miss Crake?'

'Absurd!' replied the lady, pettish even at the *idea* of any one's knowing more about her dear friend's affairs than herself.

'What,' asked the secretary, smiling, 'if Miss Warnerston be too cautious for you, and that she really would not tell you half the things, which she induces *you* to tell her?'

'That is an insinuation which I really do not like,' exclaimed Miss Crake; naturally enough taking fire at being thought a silly dupe, in lieu of the superior, and attractive, and trust-inspiring being, whom D'Amarrs had a minute before so temptingly described.

'And what,' pursued he, with a peculiar and alarming smile, 'if Miss Warnerston be foolish enough, and ill-natured enough, to resent before all present, your having chosen to say that you had such an ascendancy over her, and such a share in her confidence. Alas! my dear Miss Crake, you would then unjustly look like those who boast they can do a great deal with others while absent, but afterwards become falsified before their faces.'

He said these words with an expression which excited a certain nameless anxiety in Miss Crake.

A pause followed, during which the young Machiavel remained meditating, with a sort of frown upon his forehead.

'How very handsome Miss Warnerston looks to-night?' said he at length.

'Dear creature!' ejaculated Miss Crake.

'She is the handsomest girl in the room,' pursued he, carelessly.

Miss Crake was silent.

It is a strong natural tendency which prompts us to keep our pace, in all things as fast and as high as the pace of those with whom we have been a long time associating together. It is a sort of instinct.

'She is certainly the handsomest,' pursued the now ungallant D'Amarrs, here smiling, as he caught a casual but vigilant glance of the premier and the other cabinet minister who were in the midst of a group of ladies and gentlemen, 'certainly the handsomest; and I do not at all wonder at her receiving that proposal.'

'What proposal?' exclaimed Miss Crake, in downright alarm.

'Ah!' cried D'Amarrs, in a very loud and slow voice, 'does that look like the confidence, which you say she reposes in you?'

This was a home-thrust; but she might have borne it, had it not been that the loudness of his tones had drawn a number of eyes to witness her ludicrous dilemma.

'I have not merited from Lucy,' thought she, 'that she should be the occasion of derision to me.'

Anger is not very logical; it lays hold of the nearest person, at all accessible, to charge with its censures. And now, of course, in the instance of Miss Crake (who was of the silly, romantic class of young ladies) the suspicion of having been fooled into a confidence that was not reciprocated, intruded itself on her hasty meditation. We may here observe, that the more one person likes another, the more vindictive is he supposed to be in requiting his offences; for they appear trebly unmerited, and a hundredfold ungrateful on account of the quarter from which they proceed.

Meantime D'Amarrs had been in what is vulgarly termed a 'brown study.

He now said, watching carefully the countenance of his companion, 'I scarcely agree with my friend Lord Yewby, about the way in which Miss Warnerston wears her hair; I think it unbecoming. However, that is *his* reason for admiring her so much—there is no accounting for tastes.

Now Lord Yewby was the handsomest, wealthiest, most fashionable, and most lady-killing dandy in town. Miss Crake, as the secretary knew, was greatly taken with the gallant peer; she now merely asked, 'Ah! he likes that style of head-dress?'

'Yes,' replied D'Amarrs; 'but I do not at all admire his capricious taste in this one point.'

'Nor I,' returned she with decision; 'I think her head-dress is the least becoming thing about dear Lucy.'

'It is perfectly shocking—it quite disfigures her,' said the secretary, with the air of a connoisseur; 'so much so, that it would be a kindness both to Miss Warnerston and to her general admirers, if some one who possessed sufficient influence with her, would make her alter it.'

Now, for two potent reasons Miss Crake was inclined to undertake this office; first, she would gladly remove the cause of Lord Yewby's admiration for her dear friend; and secondly, she burned to show the secretary what influence she possessed over Miss Warnerston, and therefore what a *superior and imperial* character she must herself be.

While she was thus ruminating, D'Amarrs asked her rather loudly,

'Would a word from you, Miss Crake, have any sort of weight with Miss Warnerston?'

The doubt was gall and humiliation, and she answered poutingly, 'that she fancied she could make her dear Lucy do anything whatever that was for her good.'

'Then,' pursued the bland secretary, 'between you and me my dear Miss Crake, you should really speak to your friend about this manner in which she wears her hair; it is perfectly disfiguring, and so all the world thinks, in spite of my Lord Yewby.'

'I *shall* speak to her,' returned Miss Crake, half irritably. 'There is nothing like advising people as they like.'

'But are you sure she will be persuaded by you?' subjoined D'Amarrs, with a polite but perceptibly incredulous smile, which goaded the young lady's vanity to the quick.

'Oh! if that be all,' returned Miss Crake, tossing her head with an expression of confidence, 'you shall see.'

D'Amarrs arose and strolling over towards where Miss Warnerston had been conducted on the conclusion of the set, by her partner, he seated himself on the side opposite to the one occupied by the officer, and bending towards the lady's ear, 'Miss Warnerston,' said he, 'can you keep a secret?'

She started with curiosity and surprise.

'Why not?—indeed I can—by—me! were exclamations that quickly followed one another.

'If—ehem,' continued the secretary, 'you were—were proposed for—would you divulge it to any one?'

'Not to mortal.'

'This you say seriously, and on your word of honor?'

'Yes; on my word of honor.'

D'Amarrs now leant back in his chair with a quiet and satisfied look. But the lady, on her part, was far from being, as yet, satisfied.

'Come, what of all this, Mr. D'Amarrs?' asked she.

The secretary shook his head and laughed.

'Now, pray, no mystery—do tell me?'

'All I can say is,' returned he, in a low half whispering tone, 'that a certain noble friend of mine—a peerless dandy—likes the—the—among other things (for I must not break trust), the way you wear your hair—though I do not admire it—that is all.' And he walked hastily away, and again sat down by Miss Crake.

Presently, as he had well guessed, Miss Warnerston approached and sat down on the other side of him. He instantly whispered to her, 'It is Lord Yewby who admires so much that mode of the hair—now keep trust.'

The lady replied by a quick glance of intelligence and (as the keen secretary perceived) of delight.

He turned towards his other neighbor and,—

'Miss Crake,' asked he, 'don't you think Lord Yewby an extremely graceful gentleman?'

'He is *more* than graceful,' replied she, with the coquettish wish of vexing D'Amarrs. But it was Miss Warnerston, not the secretary, who appeared moved by the answer, and she gave her friend an uneasy and scrutinising glance.

The diplomatist had meantime leant back again on the lounger, and his quick eye did not fail to remark the symptom.

A smile—with difficulty repressed, and struggling for a second on his pale lip—was noticed by the two ministers, who now hovered near to discover how matters were proceeding. D'Amarrs immediately said in a low voice to Miss Crake,

'Would it be now too hazardous—that is—would there be too great a hazard of a repulse, if you spoke to your friend about her hair? It strikes me, my dear Miss Crake, that she regards you with great confidence and deference; you have at least promised me an opportunity of judging.'

'Oh, certainly,' replied she, with exemplary *sang froid*. 'Lucy, I cannot endure the manner in which you wear your hair; you must alter it. I shall show you a much prettier mode.'

'Thank you—but it must do,' answered Miss Warnerston, coldly; for she of course had in her mind what D'Amarrs had just told her of Lord Yewby, and she suspected some sinister motive in her friend.

The secretary honored Miss Crake with a provokingly triumphant look, and she returned to the charge with a sort of *ricochet* from his taunting eye.

'But really, Lucy, you must—you must indeed, my dear.'

Before Miss Warnerston could answer, D'Amarrs interposed, in a manner which strikingly fixed her attention.

'Pardon me, Miss Crake,' he said; 'but—merely for the satisfaction of my thoughts—did you not just now say—' and while he spoke Miss Crake he looked at Miss Warnerston—'did you not just now say that you rather admired Lord Yewby? *He*, you know, (for I told you some minutes ago,) very much relishes the fashion of the hair, which you wish your friend to alter—did you not say you admired *him?*'

A dead pause ensued on all sides, and the two ladies gazed at one another as if a new light had broken upon the matter. In Miss Crake's face there was cruel perplexity, as she saw the pit into which she had unwarily plunged; in Miss Warnerston's countenance there was a mixed expression of intelligence and indignation.

Meantime the secretary had relapsed into a certain languor of deportment, which they who knew him well were wont to consider as the sure forerunner of victory in a game of chess, triumph in an argument, and success in any other matter that he chanced at the moment to be engaged in.

'Miss Crake,' he at length blandly said, 'although I do not myself admire the manner in which your dear friend's hair is arranged, yet I do not advise her to take the trouble of altering it; and on second thoughts, I am surprised that *you* should; for you know, I just now told you how much it is admired by *another*.'

Miss Crake could not believe her ears, but she remained silent; she did not, for she could not, contradict the latter part of the secretary's sentence.

'And now,' added he, with consummate audacity, 'I will even take the freedom, my dear Miss Warnerston, to advise you not to place much confidence in Miss Crake.'

Both were thunderstruck.

Now again was there for a moment to be seen in D'Amarrs' face that pale quivering lip and restless eye, that characterized the machiavelian secretary. Miss Crake could bear matters no longer.

'Really, Mr. D'Amarrs,' she said in amazement, 'your interference between friends is most uncalled for; and I know well that Lucy will not prefer *you* to *me*, nor mind what *you* say before what I recommend.'

Miss Warnerston, however, preserved silence; for she was perfectly convinced—quite satisfied in her own mind, that jealousy and nothing else most have prompted her friend's aversion to the present conquering style of head-dress.

On the other hand, Miss Crake secretly burned with equal rage, nor could she endure the thought of having been foiled in the presence of so many, after all her previous confident gasconades. In a word, she could have torn her dear Lucy's eyes out, for having at this moment, of all others, refused to alter the fashion of her hair. But the worst was to come.

'You say, Miss Crake,' pursued D'Amarrs, 'that my friend, Miss Warnerston, will mind you before me. I am not sure of this. Miss Warnerston,' added he, turning to that lady, 'you will not believe it, but your friend has told me, and all around us have heard her say, that she could induce you by one way or another to tell her anything that she liked. Now is that surely the case? I fancy you too well know, my dear Miss Warnerston, *how to keep a secret.*'

The last words most adroitly chimed with the young lady's actual meditation concerning Lord Yewby—the jealousy of Miss Crake, what D'Amarrs had told her, and in fact, a hundred matters of the kind, and she replied with more warmth than good breeding, 'that no one was able or had any right to wrest a secret from her.'

'Ah!' instantly said D'Amarrs, 'I did fancy that your boast, Miss Crake, of possessing so arbitrary an ascendancy over my intelligent and talented friend was slightly tinged with the usual fiction of a gasconade.'

And as he spoke, Miss Crake perceived, to her infinite and most ineffable vexation, that the careless loudness of his tones, had attracted the eyes and ears of at least a dozen witnesses to her discomfiture. She vowed a deep revenge against 'her perfidious Lucy,' whom she now saw following D'Amarrs with her eyes, as the latter arose, and sauntered from the ottoman, with an air of gay and arrogant *nonchalance*.

As for Miss Warnerston, the mere elegance of his well-turned periods, and the composure with which he spoke them, had inspired her with a very decided prepossession in his favor.

Meantime, the premier and his colleague, having observed D'Amarrs leave his post, approached carelessly together, with opinions different as to the secretary's success, but with a mutual curiosity to know which of them was right. They immediately overheard the following dialogue.

'I know,' said Miss Crake at Miss Warnerston, but not to her, 'I know that I do not want any one's confidence, when it is not voluntary,' here she vehemently fanned her face with her handkerchief, 'and I should not care much, in *any* case, for that of some people.'

'If that be at *me*,' said Miss Warnerston, 'I return the compliment with interest.'

So saying, she rose and left the ottoman.

'By my honor,' said the sub-minister to his premier, in an aside, 'you were right. This D'Amarrs has done for the opposition.'

That night the premier danced with Miss Warnerston; the next night but one, her father's name and those of his four adherents figured in the ministerial majority.

MODEL OF THE INQUISITION AT COIMBRA.—A very curious model of the Inquisition at Coimbra is now being exhibited at No. 20, Waterloo-place, near Jermyn-street. It is a perfect miniature representation of the horrible prison which was destroyed by the populace, in August, 1820. The model is on a scale of half an inch to a foot, and conveys at once the most perfect notion of the plan and elevation of the original building. Mr. Young, by whom it was constructed, was at Coimbra at the time the Portuguese mob destroyed the place, and had the best opportunities of making a correct model. He was an eye-witness of the horrors which were discovered when the roof and walls were pulled down, and the numerous dungeons, torture-rooms corridors, galleries, council chambers, secret passages, &c., were disclosed. The place appears to have been contrived by the most ingenious architects of prison torments. It abounds with wells for dipping or drowning refractory prisoners, with stoves for baking heretics, and, in short, with such an abundance of contrivances for the annoyance and discomfort and destruction of human existence, that even the malevolence of a fiend or an inquisitor must have been exhausted in discovering them. The model is so constructed that it can be taken entirely to pieces, and every portion of the interior surveyed. The building outwardly is a heavy, dull, and sombre-looking place. The interior is divided by galleries into cells, of which there are several stories or tiers, all equally repulsive and abominable. Every Protestant should see this model; and every Papist should also indulge in a look at it, as it will show him by what means his religious opinions and tenets have been supported for ages on the great continent of Southern Europe.—*Times.*

A COMPLIMENT.—A dandy, a few mornings since, accosted the old dustman of Pontefract as follows:—"You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes; jump in!"

AN EQUIVOCAL WARRANTY.—"Verbal warranties are not to be depended upon, by reason of their being liable to misrepresentation. For example, in a case of fraud brought some years back before the magistrates of Bow street, it appeared that a person in the character of a Quaker was asked by a purchaser if his horse could draw? 'Thou wouldst bless thine eyes,' said he, 'if thou could see him draw.' On this implied warranty the bargain was effected; but on its being found the horse would not draw, the Quaker was remonstrated with, and made this answer—'I told thee, friend, it would delight thine eyes to see my horse draw; I am sure it would delight mine, for I never could make him draw an ounce in his life."—*The Horse and the Hound, by Nimrod.*

MINES AND COLLIERIES.

[Concluded.]

The general opinion is, that where mines are thoroughly ventilated, they are by no means unhealthy. One professional man, Mr. Sadler, is of opinion, however, that exclusion from the daylight alone is noxious.

The large and well-managed collieries in most districts seem to form the exception rather than the rule. In East Scotland, says Mr. Franks—

"Few of the mines exceed the depth of one hundred fathoms. They are descended by shafts, and trap and turnpike stairs, and in some instances by inclines. The roads are most commonly wet, but in some places so much so as to come up to the ancles; and where the roofs are soft, the drippy and slushy state of the entire chamber is such that none can be said to work in it in a dry condition and the coarse apparel the labour requires absorbs so much of the drainage of water as to keep the workmen as thoroughly saturated as if they were working continually in water."

In Durham and Northumberland, the coal runs thick, and there Dr. Mitchell says:—

"The mines for the most part are dry, but there are exceptions. The roads and, excavations in the pit are sufficiently spacious to allow room for working. There is this most decided advantage in the whole of this district, that the seams are not uncomfortably thin."

In Cumberland and the extreme south of Yorkshire, and nearly all the midland districts, the seams generally run from five to ten feet in thickness, and in these few, hardships and horrors prevail. Mr. Kennedy, reporting on Lancashire, speaks of water pouring out of the roof in torrents; Margaret Winstanley, one out of numbers of his witnesses states:—

"The place I work in is very wet; the water is half a yard deep in some places. My husband has worked in wet places for many a year; sometimes he has worked in water up to his knees, and does now where he is at work. When I am drawing for him my clothes are all wet through."

In the neighbourhood of Halifax, Mr Scriven thus describes the kind of place in which children are employed, at ages, he it remembered, when the law deems them too young to endure the confinement of factories—namely, at six, seven, and eight years old:—

"In the Booth Town Pit, in which Patience Kershaw hurried eleven corves a-day, I walked, crept, and rode 1,800 yards, to one of the nearest faces; the most distant was 200 further; the bottom or floor of this gate was every here and there three or four inches deep in water, and muddy throughout. The Swan Bank Pit, to which I was accompanied by Dr. Smith and Mr. Saunders, was almost as bad, and more resembled a city drain than any thing else. In some of them I have had to creep upon my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely *twenty inches*, and then have gone still lower, upon my breast and crawled like a turtle to get up the headings."

Fanny Drake, one of Mr. Symons' witnesses, aged fifteen, who worked at Charlesworth's Wood Pit, near Wakefield, thus describes the condition of the place of work:—

"It has been a very wet pit before the engine was put up. I have had to hurry up to the calves of my legs in water. It was as bad as this a fortnight at a time; and this was for half a year last winter. My feet were skinned, and just as if they were scalded: for the water was bad—it had stood some time, and I was off work owing to it, and had a headache and bleeding at my nose."

Many of the mines in Lancashire are very wet. In some I visited the water pours out of the roof to such a degree, that persons descending are completely wet through by it. George Brown, at Messrs. Broom and Hulley's gives the following description of the mines in the neighbourhood of Rainow:—

"The small mines in the neighbourhood of Rainow are nearly all exceedingly wet; I have worked there when half my body has been under water, and we have one man working in the deep level, who works constantly in water half way up his sides. The seams there are only fourteen inches thick, so that the pickmen are obliged to lie on their sides."

"I wish," says the Sub-Commissioner, "to call the attention of the Board to the pits about Brampton. The pits are worked by boys, the elder one lies on his side, and in that posture hoies and gets the coal; it is then loaded in a barrow or tub, and drawn along the bank to the pit mouth without wheels, by boys from eight to twelve years of age, on all fours, with a dog-belt and chain, the passages being very often an inch or two thick in black mud, and are neither ironed nor wooded." (J. M. Fellows, Esq. App. part ii., p. 254.)

Some of these pits are much infested with foul air, or choke-damp, which is generally sufficiently dispersed by ventilation to admit the work-people with safety. There is a marked superiority in this respect in collieries worked on a liberal scale over others which have been properly enough denominated "slovenly pits."

The principle of ventilation for expelling the noxious gases is essentially similar in all collieries. It is thus stated by Mr. Fletcher:—

"Each colliery has two or more shafts, perhaps twenty yards from each other; one, the downcast pit, sunk towards the dip of the strata, for the air to descend; and the other the upcast pit, towards their rise, for it to return to the surface. The current is generally quickened by a furnace in the upcast shaft, which, rapidly drawing off the air in the passages below, brings a brisk current through the whole distance from the downcast pit, however great that distance, by its purposed tortuosness, may have been."

Mr. Leifchild, with the assistance of Mr. Buddle, has given a very elaborate and accurate description of the Newcastle mode of ventilation: but to his report we must refer our readers, for the best analysis would not do justice to its merits. Of the gases in coal-pits, the following account is given by Mr. Leifchild:—

"The chief component part of inflammable pit-gases is carburetted hydrogen gas, mixed with unequal quantities of olefiant, carbonic acid, and nitrogen &c., gases. They exhibit a very different degree of inflammability, when mixed with atmospheric air, according to the different proportions they contain of nitrogen, carbonic acid, and olefiant gases. The first two gases diminish—the last increases, their inflammability. The larger the amount of atmospheric air with which they can be mixed without losing their detonating power, the more dangerous are the explosive mixtures formed by them in coal-mines. Sir Humphry Davy found the most readily explosive mixture of fire-damp with common air to be one measure of inflammable gas to seven or eight of air. The agent of the ventilation is the difference between two columns of air, one of which is at the natural temperature, and the other rarefied by the heat of the furnace. The degree of rarefaction being proportionate to the heat, it follows that, *ceteris paribus*, the efficiency of the ventilation is proportionate to the heat of the up-cast shaft; which heat is very variable in different collieries. The ventilating furnace naturally puts the current of air in motion in the straightest possible direction, and therefore to direct this current into the various intricacies of the workings, stoppings of brick or stone are used in the 'dead' passages, and doors in those passages used for the transit of coals."

In some of the mines they are greatly infested with vermin, &c. Speaking of one of the Shropshire collieries in which he worked, Henry Canning says:—"We have no mice in our pit, but there are many in other pits. We have many rats, almost as big as rabbits, quite as big as half-grown rabbits. They rob our bait bags, and tear the candles sometimes. They have caught a lighted candle in their mouths, and run away with it, and have exploded gas. They eat the horses corn. We have thousands of gnats, and many spiders. We find the farthest part of the pit from the shaft, and forty-legs and earwigs, and black bats (beetles). Mushrooms will grow in the stables, fifty yards from the shafts."

Dr. Mitchell, speaking of the Staffordshire mines says, "Mice and rats abound in all parts, cricket, are chirping everywhere, and there are gnats, forty-legs, and beetles."

We have now given, as far as we can do so in a moderate space, such a description of a coal-mine as will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate notion of such a place, and of the discomforts and sufferings to which those unfortunate beings doomed to pass their lives in it are subjected.

We omit all reference to the evidence for the reason hinted at above, but it fully supports the justice of the following concluding remarks, which are appended to an abridgment of the Report published by Strange in Paternoster-row.

"We have now completed the irksome because extremely painful, task, of gathering from the evidence furnished by the numerous witnesses examined under the Commission, such a description of the employment, treatment, and condition of the children and females employed in the mines and collieries of the United Kingdom, as may be calculated to afford to those who read it some idea of the severe labour and the horrible sufferings of that unfortunate class of beings. There will be but few, if, indeed there can be any, who, after having perused the preceding details of this revolting subject, will not partake of the feelings which have been present to our minds, while wading through the pages of the Appendix to the Commissioners' Report. The dreadful sufferings to which even infants are subjected in most of the mining districts, in prosecuting their premature and destructive labour; the disgusting indecencies daily passing before their eyes, and inviting their imitation; and the licentious habits and social disorganization springing out of these things, are of so startling a nature as to excite the most lively apprehensions as to their consequences upon society if permitted to continue in an unmitigated form.

We are not insensible to the difficulties and hazards of legislative interference in affairs of this description; nor do we think that anything short of extreme necessity will justify such interference. It has been exercised in some such cases, however, and this is one to be added to the number. It is not to be permitted in a country ranking high in the scale of civilization, and taking an active and leading part in the civilization and Christianization, of foreign lands, that any set of men, however useful to the community at large may be the result of their pursuits, should carry on those pursuits at the cost of such a fearful amount of suffering and demoralization as that existing in the colliery districts of the United Kingdom. It may be, and we fear is, the fact