LITERATURE.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE. By the author of Waverley. Second Series. Cadell & Co. Edinburgh.

In its treatment of a successful author, the public, we fear, bears but too close a resemblance to the beings described by Milton, who "with senseless, base ingratitude, cram, and blaspheme their feeder." No sooner is the banquet over, than we set ourselves assiduously to criticise its arrangements, to institute comparisons between the present and the past, and discovering, as we think, some things which are not exactly in accordance with our ideas of perfection, to indulge in ominous prognostics as to the speedy exhaustion of those intellectual resources from which the feast was supplied. Nay, even the very rapidity with which the entertainment has been prepared, is with some persons matter of complaint or of apprehension;—as if in such matters patience necessarily produced perfection, or as if the energies of a truly great and creative mind, or the boundless scope which nature affords for their exercise, were capable of being worn out. No doubt, to a certain extent, this tendency to comparisons and conclusions is natural and justifiable enough. It is one of the necessary evils attending distinguished success, that the author, by the splendour of his first work, has fixed a standard against himself, with which it seems legitimate to compare his later efforts, and perhaps murmur a little, if they appear at all to recede from the standard of excellence. Yet even this comparison should be made in a spirit of reverence and veneration,—not in the captious tone of petty criticism, not with that ludicrous affectation of equality or superiority, with which some men, drest in a little brief authority, delight to treat the nobler spirits of the world,—but with the memory of former favours fresh in our minds, and with a proper understanding of the distinction which exists between the *genius* which creates, and the *talent* which enables us respectably to criticise. But to speculate as to the future—to talk of exhausted resources or declining ability, because some particular production strikes us as less perfect than its predecessor, is indeed to draw "conclusions most forbidden." Every one who has tried the task of composition, knows how much the success of our efforts depend, not on the general, and as it were average force of our mind, but upon accidental circumstances; such as the choice of a fortunate subject, or even the lighter effects of the ever-varying humour and influences to which at different times our human nature is subjected. These are the passing clouds which cross the sky, and obscure the day for a time, but the sun remains the same; the breeze arises, the vapours disperse, and his light beams forth warm and brilliant as before. While the public are shaking their heads at some production, the merits of which they are inclined to think questionable, and the gentlemen of the press are propounding various wise saws and modern instances on the subject, suddenly some new work comes forth, rich in all the strength and splendour of earlier days, bright with the hues of youth, though tempered by the sobriety of wisdom and experience;—and all our critical theories are overset, and we "petty men," with our doubts and hints, and melancholy prognostications,

——— 'Must peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

Such, if we are not very much mistaken, will be the effect produced by the Second Series of the Chronicles of the Canongate, a work which we do not hesitate to class with the best productions of Sir Walter Scott. Our opinion of the First Series is already on record, but we are aware that with regard to them, there were differences of opinion. While to us the severe simplicity and tragic eloquence of the Highland Widow appeared so striking, some complained that, like Alfieri's tragedies, it admitted too few characters; and that the tone of the story was too monotonous and uniform. The disastrous chances and moving accidents of the Surgeon's Daughter were objected to by others, and perhaps, with somewhat more justice, as violating even that conventional probability which is conceded to the novelist. A better founded objection, we think, might have been urged to the general principle on which the First Series was written, namely, that of subdividing the work into so many short Tales, and thus restraining the inventive powers of the author within too narrow a circle. In Tales so short, the author is either limited to a few incidents fully expanded, and consequently wants the means of producing effect, which arises from an artful *progress* of incident and passion; or, by compressing a variety of events into small compass, is compelled to pass over the slighter touches of detail, which give life to the creations of romance, and character to the vague outlines of history. This error he has in the present work avoided. He has allowed himself room and verge enough for the exhibition of a grand historical tableau, drawn from the ages of feudal warfare, and crowded with figures, whose very names are spells that call up a thousand associations. In the field of modern fiction, in the exhibition of the prosaic side of life, in all that merely requires common sense and observation, Sir Walter may be equalled, though scarcely surpassed. The very air of romance which he throws around his stories of modern life harmonizes ill with such realities, and injures the effect of his delineations. But here, in this world of feudal splendour and barbarism, walking with a steady and sounding step through the mist of antiquity, while others are stumbling and faltering on behind him, where shall he find a rival or a companion? "Within this circle none dare walk but he." In every other modern picture of romance, we see the process by which the effect has been produced; we can trace the author *reading* for his subject, gathering from mouldering chronicles "line upon line, here a little and there a little," and then patiently fitting together this piece of literary mosaic in the shape of a tale. How different is the effect produced by the perusal of a Tale of Sir Walter Scott! How absolutely do we forget that labour and invention have produced these scenes of terror and pity, these speeches of such pathos and eloquence! It seems as if to him "lone wandering by the shores of old Romance," an effect of volition could bring back to the mental eye a phantasmagoria of antiquity; as if he could see, and had seen, the forms of the actors, and caught the murmurs of their voice; and, ere yet the memory of the pageant had passed away, had stamped it in unfading colours on his immortal pages, and embodied in these spirit-stirring dialogues the very accents of those beings, who lived, and moved, and acted on that imaginary scene.

The present Tale carries us back to the reign of Robert III., and the fourteenth century. The scene is laid in Perth, and the interest is divided between the unthinking and unfortunate Duke of Rothsay, the son of Robert, and the quieter and more homefelt scenes of feeling between Catharine the heroine, and the strong-handed, stout-hearted, quarrelsome, yet kind and benevolent armourer, Henry of the Wynd; a character in all respects original; and one of the happiest additions which Sir Walter has made to his historical gallery. The old King, with his brother Albany, are finely contrasted; the one so mild, so pure-minded, so feeble, and vacillating; the other, the calm, consistent hypocrite, steadily pursuing his schemes of ambition, and trampling all the ties of relationship under foot. Rothsay, formed for good, but warped to ill, reckless, gay, gallant, generous, yet unprincipled, first before us in the foreground, dazzling us by the rapid eccentricity of his motions, while the background is filled up by the dark forms of the villainous Ramorny, and the still more hideous Dwining, who stalks in shadow like the impersonation of evil, hoping nothing, believing nothing, and fearing nothing. Nothing can be more complete than the air of feudal bustle that pervades the tale. The scene around us seems to ring with the clamour of civil brawls and the clash of swords and armour; and once within this whirlpool of warfare, we are hurried round in breathless rapidity to the last.

One thing has been almost universally started at in the management of the tale,—the cowardice of the young Highland Chief. We confess we do not give any weight to this objection. The idea of deriving interest from such a source, is at least perfectly and absolutely new; and if the constitution of a brave man's nature were such as necessarily to compel him to regard this fatal imbecility with abhorrent contempt, we may be well assured that it would not have been selected as an object of sympathy by one, whose knowledge of the human soul is boundless, and who himself possesses as dauntless a heart as ever throbbed under a steel corslet. The *Literary Gazette* alone (we think) agrees with the author in his view of the interest attaching to the foible and fate of the unhappy Eachin, in the following words:

"But the most original and striking feature in this production is, that the author has contrived to invest the character of a coward with the finest of our sympathies. This is an entirely novel idea; and we wonder when we find that such a being—the general scoff, derision, and at best pity, of all preceding times and writers—is, by a magical charm and a just view of nature, rendered one for whom our feelings are warmly excited, and for whose destiny our tears are made to flow."

But it is time to present our readers with some passages from the tale; for, of course, any outline of the story is out of the question within our limits. We can only add, generally, that in variety of incident, vivacity and truth of character, scenes of tenderness, of terror, and deep interest, this tale is not inferior to the best production of its gifted author.

The hero of the tale,—for such he is, and an admirable one, though of lowly rank and profession,—is Henry Gow, the Armourer. He is introduced as follows, to the family of Simon Glover, the father of Catharine, the Fair Maid of Perth:—

Their unknown attendant now stood in full light among them, and though his appearance was neither dignified nor handsome, his face and figure were not only deserving of attention, but seemed in some manner to command it. He was rather below the middle stature, but the breadth of his shoulders, length and brawniness of his arms, and the muscular appearance of the whole man, argued a most unusual share of strength, and a frame kept in vigour by constant exercise. His legs were somewhat bent, but not in a manner which could be said to approach to deformity; on the contrary, which seemed to correspond to the strength of his frame, though it injured in some degree its symmetry. His dress was of buff-hide; and he wore in a belt around his waist a heavy broad-sword, and a dirk or poniard, as if to defend his purse, which (burgher-fashion) was attached to the same cincture. The head was well proportioned, round, close-cropped, and curled thickly with black hair. There was daring and resolution in the dark eye, but the other features seemed to express a bashful timidity, mingled with good humour and obvious satisfaction at meeting with his old friends. Abstracted from the bashful expression, which was that of the moment, the forehead of Henry Gow, or Smith, (for he was indifferently so called, as both words equally indicated his profession,) was high and noble, but the lower part of the face was less happily formed. The mouth was large, and well-furnished with a set of firm and beautiful teeth, the appearance of which corresponded with the air of personal health and muscular strength, which the whole frame indicated. A short thick beard, and moustaches which had lately been arranged with some care, completed the picture. His age could not exceed eight-and-twenty.

The family appeared all well pleased with the unexpected appearance of an old friend. Simon Glover shook his hand again and again, Dorothy made her compliments, and Catharine herself offered freely her hand, which Henry held in his massive grasp as if he had designed to carry it to his lips, but, after a moment's hesitation, desisted, from fear lest the freedom might be ill taken. Not that there was any resistance on the part of the little hand which lay passive in his grasp; but there was a smile mingled with the blush on her cheek, which seemed to increase the confusion of the gallant. Her father, on his part, called out frankly, as he saw his friend's hesitation,—

"Her lips, man, her lips! and that's a proffer I would not make to every one who crosses my threshold. But, by good St. Valentine, (whose holiday will dawn to-morrow,) I am so glad to see thee in the bonny city of Perth again, that it would be hard to tell the thing I could refuse thee."

The Smith,—for, as has been said, such was the craft of this sturdy artizan,—was encouraged modestly to salute the Fair Maid, who yielded the courtesy with a smile of affection that might have become a sister, saying, at the same time, "Let me hope that I welcome back to Perth a repentant and amended man."

He held her hand as if about to answer, then suddenly, as one who had lost courage at the moment, relinquished his grasp; and drawing back as if afraid of what he had done, his dark countenance glowing with bashfulness, mixed with delight, he sate down by the fire on the opposite side from that which Catharine occupied. * * * * *

"Thou hast had a long journey, son Henry," said Glover, who had always used that affectionate style of speech, though noways akin to the young artizan; "ay, and hast seen many a river besides Tay, and many a fair bigging besides St. Johnstoun."

"But none that I like half so well, and none that are half so much worth my liking," answered the Smith; "I promise you, father, that when I crossed the Wicks of Beglie, and saw the bonny city lie stretched fairly before me like a Fairy Queen in romance, whom the Knight finds asleep among a wilderness of flowers, I felt even as a bird, when it folds its wearied wings to stoop down to its own nest."

"Aha! so thou canst play the Maker* yet?" said the Glover, "What, shall we have our ballets, and our roundels again? our lusty carols for Christmas, and our mirthful springs to trip it round the May-pole?"

"Such toys there may be forthcoming, father," said Henry Smith," though the blast of the bellows and the clatter of the anvil make but coarse company to lays of minstrelsy; but I can afford them no better, since I must mend my fortune, though I mar my verse."

"Right again—my own son just," answered the Glover; "and I trust that you made a saving voyage of it?"

"Nay, I made a thriving one, father. * * * * I sold at high prices some swords and whingers when I was at Edinburgh. They expect war there; and if it please God to send it, my merchandise will be worth its price, St. Dunstan make us thankful, for he was of our craft. In short, this fellow (laying his hand on his purse) who, thou knowest, father, was somewhat lank and low in condition when I set out four months since, is now as round and full as a six-weeks, porker."

"And that other leathern-sheathed iron hilted fellow who hangs beside him," said the Glover, "has he been idle all this while? Come, jolly Smith, confess the truth—how many brawls hast thou had since crossing the Tay?"

"Nay, now you do me wrong, father, to ask me such questions, (glancing a look at Catherine,) in such a presence," answered the armourer; "I make swords, indeed, but I leave it to other people to use them. No, no—seldom have I a naked sword in my fist, save when I am turning them on the anvil or grindstone; and they slander me to your daughter Catharine, that led her to suspect the quietest burgess in Perth of being a brawler. I wish the best of them would dare say such a word at the Hill of Kinnoul, and never a man on the green but he and I.'s

"Ay, Ay," said the Glover laughing, "we should then have a fine sample of your patient sufferance—Out upon you, Henry, that you will speak so like a knave to one who knows the so well! You look at Kate, too, as if she did not know that a man in this country must make his hand keep his head, unless he will sleep in slender security. Come, come; beshrew me if thou hast not spoiled as many suits of armour as thou hast made."

"Why, he would be a bad armourer, father Simon, that could not with his own blow make proof of his own workmanship. If I did not sometimes cleave a helmet, or strike a sword's point through a harness, I should not know what strength of fabric to give them; and might jingle together such pasteboard work as yonder Edinburgh smiths think not shame to put out of their hands."

"Aha—now would I lay a gold crown thou hast had a quarrel with some Edinburgh Burn-the-wind upon that very ground?"

"A quarrel!—no, father," replied the Perth armourer, "but a measuring of swords with such a one upon St. Leonard's Crags, for the honour of my bonny city, I confess. Surely you do not think I would quarrel with a brother craftsman?"

"Ah, to a surety, no. But how did your brother craftsman come off?"

"Why, as one with a sheet of paper on his bosom might come off from the stroke of a lance—or rather, indeed, he came not off at all; for, when I left him, he was lying in the Hermit's Lodge daily expecting death, for which Father Gervis said he was in heavenly preparation."

"Well—any more measuring of weapons!" said the Glover.

"Why, truly I fought an Englishman at Berwick besides, on the old question of the Supremacy, as they call it—I am sure you would not have me slack at that debate?—and I had the luck to hurt him on the left knee."

"Well done for St. Andrew!—to it again.—Whom next had you to deal with?" said Simon, laughing at the exploits of his pacific friend.

"I fought a Scotsman in the Torwood," answered Henry Smith, "upon a doubt which was the better swordsman, which, you are aware, could not be known or decided without a trial. The poor fellow lost two fingers."

"Pretty well for the most peaceful lad in Perth, who never touches a sword but in the way of his profession.—Well, anything more to tell us?"

"Little—for the Drubbing of a Highlandman is a thing not worth mentioning."

"For what didst thou drub him, O man of peace?" inquired the Glover.

"For nothing that I can remember," replied the Smith, "except his presenting himself on the south side of Stirling Bridge."

"Well, here is to thee, and thou art welcome to me after all these exploits."

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Old Scottish for *Poet*.

ENGLAND.

LONDON.

The production of the NAVY ESTIMATES, in the House of Commons, caused very earnest discussion on the 16th and 17th May. A few passages of the debates are interesting:

"Sir George Cockburn,—He would now reply to the questions of his gallant friend (Sir J. Yorke). His gallant friend had, in the first instance, objected to the experimental squadron, and spoke of it as a failure. It was most true that the Admiralty had done all in their power to improve the modelling and building of the ships in the navy. It was found that ships built upon the old plan were bad sailers, when compared with other nations and other ships. It was accordingly determined to build new ones; and certain individuals were empowered to build ships upon their respective plans, in order to try which would prove the most beneficial. Hitherto the sloops were never as good sailers, in proportion, as the frigates. But the sloops built upon the new plans had, upon trial, fairly beat the frigates. (Hear.) He was not prepared to say whose principle it was which proved to be the best; but all the newly-built vessels succeeded in different ways—some in beating to the windward, others to the leeward; some succeeded best in bad weather, and some in good; and, on the whole, these sloops fairly beat the frigates in sailing. These vessels have been sent out to different stations since, and they have proved to be the best on them."

"Sir J. Graham.—The argument which the honorable member for Montrose had founded upon the force of 1817, did not appear to him to be at all satisfactory. It was a matter of notoriety, that Russia had put forth a declaration of war against Turkey; it was a matter of notoriety that the Russian army was in motion, and that nothing could satisfy Russia but the opening of the Bosphorus, and the restoration of the trade of the Black Sea. He hoped that Ministers would be able to preserve peace; but if they honestly and sincerely desired that they should, the house must not deprive their right arm—the navy of England—of its strength, and cripple their most powerful engine, by an ill-timed reduction. (Cheers.) It would be bad policy to make a small saving at so great an expense as acknowledging to all Europe that they were unable to keep up the strength and glory of their establishment; but it would be a wise policy to forego the advantage of a small reduction for the great gain that might result from convincing foreign powers that the navy of England was as powerful as ever, and the people of England as rich as ever in resources when it was necessary to call them forth. (Cheers.)

"Sir Joseph Yorke said, that we had enough vessels to oppose the gigantic ships of other nations. We had 24 first-rates, and 21 second-rates, and 65 third-rates, making in all, 110 line of battle ships.

"Sir H. Parnell considered that, comparing our navy at present and in former times, when the European powers were stronger, 120 ships were too many. The condition of America was, indeed, different, but this instance was not a sufficient justification.

"Sir Geo. Cockburn said, that the Hon. chairman of the finance committee must know that we had not 120 ships ready for sea. With respect to the vote before the committee, it had been the rule to keep three years' consumption of timber, and we had now only two years. It was well known, at the same time, that very great exertions were made in the arsenals of France, to build ships, and all of the new ships were upon a large scale.

"Sir H. Parnell explained.—He had adopted the number from the statement of the honorable and gallant Admiral, (Sir J. Yorke.)

"Sir Joseph Yorke remarked, that the argument seemed to be this, that if America built twelve ships of gigantic dimensions, *ergo*, in order to meet those twelve ships, we should build all ours of the same proportions.

"Mr. Hume observed, that the Americans had eight ships built and five building, and this was the ground of this great expense."

From an account laid on the table of the House of Commons, it appears that in the year ending January 5, 1826, the aggregate value of British manufactured woollens and woollen yarn exported from Great-Britain was 6,194,926l. in the year ending January 5, 1827, 4,982,908l. and in the year ending January 5, 1828, the value amounted to 4,277,861l. In the year ending January 5, 1826, the quantity of foreign wool imported into this country amounted to 43,795,281lbs. to January 5, 1827, 15,964,067lbs. and in the year ending January 5, 1828, 29,122,447lbs. Also in the years ending January 5, 1826, 27, and 28, the amounts of British wools exported were 678,034lbs. 888,657lbs. and 760,109lbs.

His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral intends leaving town in the early part of this week for Sheerness, for the purpose of witnessing some experiments that are to be made on board the Prince Regent guardship, to ascertain whether the round stern is really and practically stronger than the square one. This will be done by mounting five tiers of guns, four in each tier, that being the number her stern is calculated to present; from these will be fired 30 or 40 rounds with a double charge of shot, and it is thought that this trial will be sufficient to prove whether the round stern is equal to the shock of a conflict of long duration. This expedient will be made in Long Reach, and the calibre of the metal will be 32 pounders, long guns. His Royal Highness will be accompanied by the members of his council.

We understand that Sir E. Codrington is returning to this country, and has called for a Court Martial to investigate his conduct in fighting the battle of Navarin. Sir J. Gore or Sir P. Malcolm are mentioned as likely to succeed him in the command of the Mediterranean.—*New Times.*

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland has issued an order to his regiment, (the Royal Horse Guards, blue), that the men, as well as officers, do immediately adopt the fashion of *moustaches*, and wear their hair behind dressed, or undressed, *la a Russe.*—*Morn. pap.*

The Dissenters of Salisbury have announced to their deputies in London, their intention to commence immediately a subscription of one shilling each, towards a fund for the purchase of two handsome services of plate, value £1000 each, to be presented to Lord Holland and Lord John Russell, for the zeal which those distinguished statesmen displayed in support of the repeal of the test and corporation acts.

The quantity of water required for the daily support of the inhabitants of the metropolis, and for the use of the various manufactories requiring it, amounts to about 29,000,000 gallons, or 4,659,000 cubic feet, the greater proportion of which is derived from the Thames.

The consumption of iron is as extensive over the country at the present as at any former period; but the immense quantity making, and the low price obtained, will it is believed, compel a number of the Welsh furnaces to be blown out. As the Welsh ironmasters generally have their iron-stone, lime and coal by contract, any depression in the price of iron is ruinous to them; while in Staffordshire and in Scotland, most of the proprietors working the raw material, are enabled, by reducing the rate of labour, and other heavy expences, to maintain the competition in the market in unfavourable times.

We have seen a miniature cannon, which as a specimen of neat and ingenious handicraft is well worth the attention of the public. It is complete in all respects, having a bore and touch hole; the gun is made of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver, and the whole weighs only the twenty-ninth part of a grain! The workmanship is very beautiful, but cannot be distinguished except through a powerful magnifying glass, the size of this warlike engine being only about that of a common pin's head.—*Plymouth Journal.*

IRELAND.

It is a curious fact, with reference to the alleged over *populousness* of Ireland, that there is less poverty where the population is great than where it is less. For instance, Ulster, which is the most populous province in Ireland, is decidedly the most affluent; while Connaught, on the other hand, the worst peopled, is confessedly the most wretched part of the country. And the same may be said with regard to the two other provinces.

FRANCE.

In the sittings of the French Chamber of Deputies on the 19th of May, the project of a law on the Press was brought up, after which the debate on the loan of eighty millions was continued. The Minister of Marine, said, "The policy of France is easily understood; the King desires the maintenance of order, and of all legitimate rights the triumph of the rights of humanity. A policy so glorious, so honourable, is not difficult to be judged of. It is not a war establishment that we ask of you. We desire to place ourselves on a respectable peace establishment, in order not to be surprised in any case by events."

SCOTLAND.

TRADE.—We are happy to state, on the authority of a friend in the most extensive mercantile transactions, that, within the last two or three weeks, there has been a sensible improvement in trade. It is no small gratification to us to make this statement; for, during the last twelve months, the commercial depression has no where been more severe than in London.—*Scotsman.*

The manufacturing of India imitation trimmings at Paisley has been greatly depressed for a few weeks past; the greater part of the houses engaged in that line are reducing the number of their weavers at present; and in some instances, a reduction in the price paid for weaving that kind of goods, has taken place. The other departments of the Paisley trade, viz.: Canton crape shawls, and light silk fabrics, still remain brisk, particularly the latter.

The Students of the University of St. Andrew's, have presented the Rev. Dr. Chalmers with a copy of Walton's Polyglott Bible, and Castell's Heptaglott Lexicon, in testimony of their admiration of Dr. Chalmers' talents, and of their gratitude for the zeal with which he has laboured to promote their improvement.

Romantic and Grand Approach to the City of Glasgow, from the North-west Roads.—We are glad to hear that it is intended to open up a Grand Approach to this City from Drymen, Balfron, Milngavie, and other towns to the north west. The new line of road coming into town is to branch off from the Garscube road, a little above Daws-holm, about half a mile beyond Bonneville. The new road will proceed down the romantic banks of the Kelvin, passing under one of the arches of the Great Aqueduct Bridge, and from thence through the lands of Garbraid or Balgray, Kelvinside, and one or two other properties, till it reach Woodside Cotton Mills, and from thence communications will be made to all the great avenues leading into the west end of the city. It is unnecessary to point out all the advantages of such a desirable communication, not only in point of taste, but utility. We trust the highly influential Trustees on the Garscube Road will give the proposal all attention and encouragement.

A curious return has just been published, viz. the number of ships belonging to all nations which passed and repassed the Sound in 1827, distinguishing the number which have passed in ballast, from the number which have passed with cargoes. In this ballast trade, the British proportion stands proudly pre-eminent. From Great Britain to the Baltic, the number of vessels laden is 631; the number in ballast is 1947, three to one! The number from the Baltic is, laden, 2518; ballast, 3; and probably the last mentioned three did not make the worst voyage, because those laden are compelled to take their freight at the same rate as the foreigner, and which is such, that while, from the comparative cheapness at which the foreigner builds, fits, and sails his ship, he makes 30 per cent profit, the British ship owner sustains a loss to an equal amount.—*Glasgow Courier.*

AMERICAN SUMMARY.

A letter from a citizen of Georgia, to the Editors of the Georgia Journal, dated at Columbia, in that State, on the 6th inst. says:—"I find among the most informed citizens here, a spirit of resistance to the Tariff, *alarming even to a Georgian.*—Resistance seems to be the order of the day."

If peace is restored between Buenos Ayres and Brazil, the trade with those countries will *gradually* increase in importance; but their means of purchase will not be restored at once; yet their harbours may be crowded, and the first voyages prove bad.

It appears by the Inverness Courier, that the Rev. A. G. Fraser, (from this City) was in that place some time since, making inquiries on the subject of his right of succession to the Lovat Peerage. He stated himself to be the great grandson of a younger brother of the celebrated Chief, executed during the Scottish rebellion; but, in addition to the difficulty he will have in establishing his propinquity, the above named gentleman is shut out from the inheritance, in consequence of a certain deed of entail, even if he should succeed in the establishment of his right to the title.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Good Butter.—A number of respectable citizens of Boston, have subscribed one hundred dollars, to be offered as a premium for the best butter—not less than three hundred pounds—to be examined by the Agricultural Society.

Lightning.—It cannot be too often repeated, that dashing cold water upon the person struck, is frequently found efficacious in restoring suspended animation.

In a late botanical excursion to Liberia, (Africa) 1600 plants were found, 400 or 500 of which were previously unknown.

From St. Thomas.—Captain Herriman, of the brig Bucksport, arrived here from St. Thomas, reports that the markets are very dull for all kinds of American produce, except pork, which is selling at $13. The produce of the Island was very scarce, and sold at high prices.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Port-au-Prince, June 15.—The Chamber of Commerce was opened on the 10th, by Gen. Boyer in person, on which occasion he delivered an address, from which we learn the interesting fact, that after the year 1830, the Commerce of all nations shall be placed on a footing of perfect equality.

EMPLOYMENT.—If full employment for laborers and good wages are indications of prosperity, we know not the time when they have been stronger than at present. The various works going on in this vicinity—the canal, the basins and landing places on it, the roads, streets and bridges, laid out and in a course of completion, the numerous stores and other buildings, under way—all, together, have created a demand for labour beyond the supply, so that it is found difficult on an emergency to obtain it. By a notice of the road commissioners in our paper of to-day, it will be seen, that for several contracts for making roads, heretofore advertised—all of them *cash jobs*—no proposals have been received, and they are again advertised. Contractors from a distance would, probably, find some of them worthy of their notice. The pine-meadow road in this town, though not of great extent, will, nevertheless, from its location, be a work of some magnitude.—*Worcester Spy.*

Commerce of the United States.—The National Intelligencer of Friday, contains a table of the Commerce and Navigation of United States, for the year ending the 30th September, 1827—from which it appears, that the value total of Imports was $79,484,068, of which $74,065,496, was in American vessels, and $4,528,572, in foreign: That the total value of Domestic Exports was $58,921,691—of which $50,105,379, was in American vessels, and $8,816,312, in foreign: That the total value of Foreign Exports, was $23,403,136—of which $21,987,165 was in American vessels, and $1,415,971, in Foreign—total value of Foreign and Domestic Exports, $82,324,827.

The Imports from England, Man, and Berwick, amounted to 28,652,883, and the exports to the same, to $24,419,017. From France, the imports were $8,527,232, and the Exports to the same, $12,524,303. From Cuba, the Imports were $7,241,849, and $6,816,088 were exported to the same. The Imports from Mexico, were 5,231,867, and the Exports to the same, $4,173,257. From Colombia, Imports were $1,550,248; and the Exports to the same, $943,534.—From Brazil, the Imports were $2,060,972; and the Exports to the same, $1,863,806. The Imports from Hayti were $1,459,318, to which $1,331,909 were exported.

During the same time, the American tonnage that entered the ports of the United States, amounted to 918,369, and that which departed, to 980,542; and the Foreign tonnage that entered, amounted to 137,589, and that departed, to 131,250.

COLONIAL.

HALIFAX, July 23.

His Excellency Sir James Kempt, accompanied by his Aid-de-Camp, Capt. Hamilton, reached Town on Friday Morning last. His Excellency left Quebec on Monday, the 7th inst. in the Chebucto, and arrived at Pictou on Wednesday the 16th.

His Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint His Excellency Sir James Kempt, to the Chief Civil and Military Command in British North America, His Excellency will remain here but a short time.—H. M. S. Challenger, appointed to convey His Excellency to Quebec, is, we understand, soon expected to arrive from Portsmouth. At the time the last Packet left England, a Successor to His Excellency in this Government, had not, we believe, been selected.—*R.G.*

From Brazil.—Mr. Brown, who arrived in the Eclipse, reports that there had been no late arrivals at Pernambuco, either from Rio Janeiro or Rio Plata. The coast was infested with pirates—an order had been issued by Admiral Otway, to the British squadron, to board and examine all Privateers, to ascertain that they were navigated according to law.—Markets at Pernambuco, June 6, 7-500 for fish. Exchange 57d stg. per milrea.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, July 15.

Newfoundland.—A disastrous conflagration occurred, on the 16th June, at Bonavista Bay, by which Broad Cove was laid in a heap of ashes. All the Dwelling-houses, Stores, Fish-flakes, Stages, &c. with two exceptions, were consumed. The conflagration originated at Plate Cove, through the carelessness of some person bait hunting, who kindled a fire to keep off the flies, and shamefully left it burning.

MONTREAL, July 7.

Private letters have been received by several officers of the Royal Engineers stationed in this Province, intimating that the Finance Committee, on the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington, had sanctioned a vote of Five Millions Sterling, to be expended during eight years in public works and fortifications in the British North American Provinces.

It is now certain that Sir James Kempt will succeed Lord Dalhousie, as Governor-in-Chief of these Provinces. We believe that this appointment will give general satisfaction.

QUEBEC, JULY 16.—*So wet a season as the present is not in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. For the last two months there have been only five or six uninterrupted fine days, and generally heavy showers of rain. The crops on all soils are now suffering from this circumstance. If the weather will admit, hay making will commence this week.*

THE OBSERVER.

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1828.

SCARCELY had we issued our last number, when we found that a shade of doubt was cast upon the authenticity of the late RUSSIAN BULLETIN. In the absence, however, of any better grounds for questioning it, than we then saw, we were disposed still to regard it as substantially correct. *Probabilities* being all in favour of the result which it announced, may no doubt have had a certain effect in leading us to give it more easy credence, while at the same time we were fully aware that details which are, on the whole, favourable and flattering, seldom lose either by the channel or mode of their communication. It *now* appears that the whole was a fabrication of the *news-mongers*, that in all likelihood it was manufactured by those who first reported it, and surely if the *quid nunc*s in the great and enlightened Metropolis were deceived by it, we, in this remote quarter of the Globe, need not be ashamed that we were among the number of the *hoaxed.*

WE wait anxiously for information as to the progress of affairs in PORTUGAL, since the flight of DON MIGUEL and the declaration on the part of the troops and inhabitants at Oporto of their adherence to DON PEDRO and the CONSTITUTION. It was reported at Lisbon on the 28th May, that the Constitutional Expedition of Oporto was within thirty miles march of Lisbon. But in our present circumstances, it would be worse than unprofitable to occupy any portion of our columns, by attempting to construct a political paragraph out of non-existent materials.

On Friday evening last, we were visited with a smart thunder storm; and on Saturday afternoon, we had another—which have been succeeded by a clear atmosphere and warm weather. There is now a prospect of our having some genial warmth, which we hope may be lasting, for the sake of the FARMER, who we