SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Rec Rege, Rec Populo, sed utroque." Number 32.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

April.		H.	Sun. s.	Moon n.	w.
17	Saturday,	5	21 6 39	9 42	0 56
18	Sunday,	5	20 6 40	10 43	1 33
19	Monday,	5	19 6 41	11 37	2 21
20	Tuesday,	5	17 6 43	Morn	3 5
21	Wednesday,	5	16 6 44	0 24	3 52
21	Thursday,	5	15 6 45	1 4	4 46
23	Friday,	5	13 6 47	1 39	5 56

First Quarter, 22d day. 4h 29m morn.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for life or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

Travelling limits and extra premiums liberal and moderate.

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Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

The "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society,*" offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR, } AGENTS.
St. John, Dec. 24 1846. Nelson street.

THE HARTFORD **Fire Insurance Company,** OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward. ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.

Minerva Life Assurance Company. King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public generally that he has a few good HORSES and CARRIAGES, which he will let on very reasonable terms, at his stable in *Charlotte Street,* opposite V. C. Tapper's Store. All letting for business or pleasure dispensed with on the Sabbath, (except in cases of emergency.) No charge for Sunday to those wishing to spend that day with their friends out of the City, leaving on Saturday, and returning on Monday. The patronage of all who approve of the above, will be gratefully received.
GEORGE N. ROBINSON.
St. John, N. B., July 17 1845.

Wholesale Confectioner and Lozenge Manufacturer.

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at lowest prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Extraordinary Cure of a Case ABANDONED BY *Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals.*

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure ere the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's where sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent that *the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a perfect cure effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astonished and delighted!" and, for I thought that if I ever saw you again, I should be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion-house of the city of London, this 5th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, sore Nipples, Stoney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles; the Pills, in all the above cases ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of most chettoes, Sand flies, Chiego foot, Yawns, and Coco-bay.

Burns, scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

The Pills are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.—*Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No 1, King street, St. John, N. B.*

New Boot and Shoe Store, KING STREET.

The subscriber has just received per *Queen Pomare*

ELEVEN cases containing Ladies' Cloth and Prunella Boots in great variety;
Ladies' Black Kid slippers; Girls' Bronze kid do.
Girls' Lasting Boots, a large assortment;
Women's cordovan shoes & slippers of every kind;
Women's common shoes and slippers, a large assortment;
Girls' Ankle straps, a large quantity;
Men's double and single tie shoes of every kind;
Girls', Youths and children's boots and shoes of every description;
Gentlemen's Boots of every kind; Also, Men's strong Boots of various kinds. For sale cheap.
☞ *Further supply daily expected.*
November 20. JOHN LEITCH.

English Window Glass.

Ex *Themis*, from Liverpool;

25 BOXES 7x9; 40 ditto 8x10;
30 ditto 9x11; 10 ditto 9x12;
25 do. 10x12; 25 do. 10x14; 10 do. 12x14;
20 do. 12x16; 40 do. 12x18; 15 do. 12x17;
10 do. 14x20; 5 do. 14x18; 10 do. 16x20;
10 do. 16x22; 10 do. 16x24; 10 do. 18x24.

For sale low by W. O. SMITH,
October 30 Market Square

Cook Stoves & Leather.

Just received by the *Kate* from Boston, and for sale

106 SIDES SOLE LEATHER;
30 assorted Cook Stoves;
2 Cooking Ranges; 10 bbls. sea Elephant OIL;
200 Pieces Paper Hangings.
January 15. JOHN KINNEAR.
Prince Wm street.

PRACTICE OF THE LAW, *Conveyancing & Notarial Business.* &c. &c.

Office directly opposite the Bank of New Brunswick.

JAMES WM. BOND, Barrister, Notary, Conveyancer & General Agent.

Mr. A. Mackenna, *Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.*

OFFICE up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.
June 12, 1846.

MR. G. BLATCH, *Attorney at Law, Notary Public, and Conveyancer.*

OFFICE in Mr. L. H. DeVeber's new building, on the Western side of Prince William street.
December 11.

Stoves, Hollow Ware & Pig Iron.

Landing ex *Nautilus*, from Glasgow:—
84 CANADA Stoves, from 20 to 36 inches
12 tons Hollow Ware, well assorted;
100 tons Pig IRON, No 1. For sale by
Nov. 6. WM CARVILL.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Miscellany.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

THE MID-NIGHT WATCH.

A TALE OF THE PROTECTORATE.

About the period when the civil wars between the Republican and Royalist parties in England had terminated, after the execution of the unfortunate Charles I., in the utter defeat of his son at the battle of Worcester, and the dispersion of all the adherents to the royal cause, a small castellated mansion, not far from the eastern coast of England, was garrisoned by a party of the Parliamentary army.

This mansion, which had belonged to a Royalist family who had fled the land, having been seized upon and confiscated by the parliamentary commissioners employed in sequestering the property of the confirmed enemies of the commonwealth, had been converted into a sort of fortress or stronghold, the natural defences and isolated position of which peculiarly adapted it as a place of confinement for prisoners of war. Its situation, at the same time, so near the coast, gave it an additional advantage as a post of observation, whence measures might be taken for the interception of royalists, who, proscribed as obstinate malignants might be led to this part of the country in their attempts to seek the means of escape.

Behind the main body of the house irregularly constructed, was a species of inner court or garden, enclosed between the old tower and the wall that connected it with the mansion on one side, and a wing of the building on the other; whilst opposite to the back of the house, which was now wholly unincumbered, and almost in a ruinous state, a strong and thick parapet skirted the river and completed the parallelogram. Formerly an opening in the centre of the parapet had evidently conducted by several steps to the water's edge. In order to facilitate the communications with the boats on the river; but it had now been blocked up by a mass of heavy brick work and masonry, as if for the purpose of adding security to the place; and at the time we will commence, nothing interfered as to be an eye level with the top of a parapet, contemplated to give the spot a look of a fortified stronghold.

* * * * * * *

A vaulted passage traversed the wing of the building mentioned as stretching to the water's edge, and formed the usual and more direct communication between this sort of court and other parts of the establishment.

Late on a fine autumn afternoon of the year 1652, some little time after the battle of Worcester, a young man, musket on arm, paced up and down the inner court as sentinel. His dress, which partook of the military uniform of the times, without precisely belonging to any particular regiment, and the finer cloth of some parts of his attire, which were of a far finer texture than was customary upon the person of a common soldier, proved that he was one of the many volunteers who had enrolled themselves among the troops of the parliamentary army, and probably of gentler birth than might be generally found employed in such humble military functions. Loose boots of a great size toward their upper part that might have been imagined to contain, at least, half a calf skin, mounted towards his large hose of plain, but good material.—A tuck of rapier of some length was girded around his loins; a corslet with bandoleer slung around it, covered the front of his buff-coat; and a murion, destitute of all feather or ornament, concealed the greater part of his hair, closely clipped in compliance with the puritanical fashions of the times, the color of which, however, might be divined by the fairness of the young mustache that curled lovingly about his upper lip.

Sometimes as he paced backward and forwards upon his lonely watch, the eye of the young man rested for awhile upon the dull, swampy landscape, the chief beauty of which at the moment, was a slight haze that hovered over stream and marsh, and stunted willow, and distant hill, tinged with a golden hue from the slanting rays of the sun; the only living sights and sounds of which, were the busy flights of gnats whirling up and down with drowsy hum; an occasional frog that splashed from the opposite shore into the water, with an uneasy croak; and one solitary fisherman, who having drawn up his boat among the rushes on the river's bank, near the opening upon the 'broad,' and left his line to float along the lazy stream, seemed to have lain down in the broad flat bottomed punt, to sleep at his ease. Sometimes he paused to scrutinize more earnestly the heavy pile of the whole tower, to guard all egress from which might be supposed, from his periodical examination of its walls, to be the peculiar duty of his post. But most generally his attention was drawn towards a low window on the first floor of the projecting wing, but very many feet above the level of the ground, in front of which a small wooden balcony, filled with flowers, show ed that the occupant of the chamber to which it belonged was probably of the gentler sex, and of an age when such matters are still small objects of tender and careful solicitude. At these times evidences of impatience, amounting to petishness, would appear in his uneasy gestures; and after a scrutiny of some duration he would again turn away to resume his pacing with a look of trouble and annoyance upon his brow. The handsome features of that fine face, however, were not formed to express grief, nor that clear bright eye sorrowful thought; yet, such were the circumstances of the times, that whenever disengaging them from associations connected with the balcony window, as his reflections recovered to himself and his own position, his countenance would fall, and his eye cloud over with an expression of sadness.

Gerald Clynton was of an old family, and noble birth. His father, Lord Clynton, had doated upon his wife with the fondest and most exclusive affection, and the birth of Gerald, his second son, having been the occasion of her death, in childbed, the agonized husband, who was irreconcilable for her loss, had never been able to look upon the child, and, in its infant years, had banished it altogether from his sight. The time arrived, however, when it became necessary to remove the little boy from the sole care of menials, and to commence the rudiments of his education; and that period, Mr. Lyle, the brother of the deceased Lady Clynton, finding the aversion of the father towards the poor, innocent, cause of the mother's death still more strongly rooted by time, and his whole paternal affections centered and lavished upon his eldest born, had taken the child to his home, and, being himself childless, had treated, and as it were, adopted the boy as his own son.

Time crept on. The boy grew into youth; the youth approached to the man; but still Lord Clynton evinced no interest in his young son—gave no demonstrations of awakening affection. With time also crept on the angry and troubled clouds that arose upon the political horizon of the land—The storm at length burst forth. The fatal struggle commenced between the unfortunate Charles and his Parliament; and the civil wars broke out. A staunch Royalist, Lord Clynton joined with enthusiasm the cause of the monarch; while Mr. Lyle, whose tenets were of the Presbyterian persuasion, and whose political opinions were entire of that party, found himself enrolled in the ranks of the Parliamentary army, in which his name and fortune and his active, but stern, cold courage, gave him much influence.

Entirely deprived of the affections of a father, whom he never remembered to have seen, and on whom, with the usual levity of boyhood, he seldom or never bestowed a passing thought, Gerald Clynton, or Gerald Lyle, as he was constantly called after his uncle—and most people knew not he bore any other name—naturally imbibed the opinions and sentiments of his protector; and when the civil war was openly declared, followed him to the camp.

Enrolled as a volunteer in his uncle's regiment, Gerald had, in some of the scanty moments of peace and repose snatched between the quickly following phases of the struggle, found opportunities to cultivate the acquaintance of an old friend of his uncle's—an officer of the same regiment—or rather it ought to be owned without reserve, the acquaintance of a fair daughter of that friend. In those troubled but precious moments it was, that Gerald's young heart first awakened to love; and when upon the death of his uncle, Colonel Lyle, who never recovered the wounds he received upon the field of Naseby, old Lazarus Seaman received the command of the regiment, it was again the bright eyes of the pretty Mistress Mildred that served as a loadstone to attach him to it, and to attract him to follow the troop which garrisoned the lone mansion upon the eastern coast of England; for Colonel Lazarus Seaman was governor or commander of this impromptu sort of fortress; and Col. Lazarus Seaman's daughter, his only and motherless child quitted her father's side as little as possible. She it was, who was the tenant of the room appertaining to that balconied window, and those bright and careful flowers, to which the eyes of Gerald now so often strayed, as he paced up and down the dull court, to perform the duties of a sentinel.

She knows that this is my hour for mounting guard, and yet she comes not to the window. She shows no sign of the least thought or care for me, he muttered angrily to himself, stamping more firmly and sharply as he commenced his pacing after a pause, in which he had eyed the window with bent brow and bitten lip. 'But she does not love me,' he added bitterly. 'She has never loved me. She has never done otherwise than trifle with my affections—seeking for demonstrations of my love to feed her vanity, and then flinging them aside with the sick stomach of an over pampered child. I am a fool to let myself be thus dragged at her skirts, in such unsalled leading strings. No! I will loose myself from this thraldom. But what if she loves another? More than once I have thought she looked with much complacency upon that young puritan—the new volunteer—that Maywood. I think they call him. Were it true, 'sdeath! I would slit his ears from him. God forgive me the oath!' Gerald asked no forgiveness for the revengeful thought.

He was still continuing his half muttered soliloquy of jealousy and spite, when a click of a casement-latch caught his lover's ear. In a moment, the angry expression of his brow was cleared away like a mist before the sun—a bright gleam of satisfaction illumined his countenance, as he looked eagerly and hastily towards the window of Mistress Mildreds chamber. The casement opened, and first appeared a fair hand, which with a long tapering jug of blue and white Dutch porcelain, bestrewing water upon the flowers in the little wooden balcony. Then there stood a youthful female form, but the head was bent down so low over the flowers—the damsel was so absorbed in her genile occupation—she was of course so completely unaware of the presence of any person in the court below who might expect a greeting from her, and that it was difficult at first to distinguish the features. A pure white, pinched, and plaited cap covered the bended head, but not, however, so entirely as fully to contain or hide a profusion of dark brown hair, which, perhaps, according to the fashion of the times, it should have done. Through the flowers, also, that partially obscured the long window, might be distinguished part of a sad colored gown, the simplicity of which, in its make, could not conceal, as perhaps it ought to have done, the rounded outlines of a full but graceful form, while at the same time, its dull hue was charmingly relieved—of course without any intention of coquetry—by a ruff and gorget of the most glittering purity, and, at the end of the long sleeves, by two small, delicate, white cuffs, which seemed to be playing at a game of rivalry with the little hands for the palm of fairness.

As Gerald hemmed, and coughed, and shuffled with his feet impatiently, he imagined, for a moment, that one hasty glance at the eyes which bent over the flowers was directed into the court, and then averted with the quickness of lightning; but he was no doubt mistaken, for when the task of watering the plants was at an end, the head was only raised to watch the clouds for a very short space of time—sufficient time, however, to show two dark pencilled eyebrows placed over a pair of bright dark eyes, in that peculiar arch, which gives a look of something reproachful to the expression and in the blooming cheeks, full, but not too full for two laughter loving dimples, which impanted to a lovely countenance a joyous and fascinating character—and then was again withdrawn. The fair white hand again already rested upon the hasp of the casement, as if to close it, when Gerald, who had waited with renewed feelings of vexation the greeting of his lady love, called in a low but almost angry tone of voice, 'Mildred!—Mistress Mildred!'

'Master Gerald Lyle, is it you; who would have thought that you were there?' said pretty Mistress Mildred, again showing at the window her arch countenance, the expression of which seemed to be at most wicked variance with her prime attire.

'Methinks a friendly greeting were not ill bestowed upon an old acquaintance,' mattered the young man in the same tone of testy impatience.

'Know you not,' responded the damsel, with something of the canting whine adopted at the time, and a semi-serious tone, to the genuineness of which her dimples very naturally gave a direct lie—whatever their mistress might have intended—'Know you not, that such bowings of the head, and kissings of the hand, are but vain and worldly symbols and delusions?'

'Trifle not with me, I beseech you, Mildred,' said the vexed lover, 'for my heart is sad and my mind harassed. During the weary hours of my watch I have longed for a smile from that sweet face—a glance from those bright eyes, as my only solace; and yet the hours passed by and you came not to your window, although I had let you know that it was my duty to keep this watch; and when you did come, you would have left me again without a single word to me. This was unkind. And now you are there, you bend your brow upon me with an angry look. What have I done to offend you, Mildred? You cannot doubt my love, my truth.'

'And what is there in my conduct or in my words that can justly Master Lyle in thus treating me as a trifler?' answered Mildred, with a pouting air, avoiding any direct answer to all his other remarks. 'Methinks I have every right to be offended at so unjust an accusation.' But in spite of the gross offence, Mistress Mildred now perceived to have no thought of punishing it, by withdrawing from the window.

'I offend you! you know I would give the whole world, were it mine, to spare you one painful feeling,' cried the young man. 'It is you who wrong me, it is you who are unjust, and even now you seek to quarrel with me. But perhaps you wish to break the troth you have given me—perhaps your light heart has offered its affections to another.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

Eight of the twenty monarchs are Protestants; nine are Roman Catholics, two are of the Greek Church and one a Mahommedan. Those belonging to the Greek Church are the Emperor of Russia and the King of Greece. Four of them are men of irreproachable characters. Many are as respectable as our public men, whom we delight to honor. The Queens are all of spotless character, which could not have been said of former times.

The King of Prussia is decidedly a pious man. Several of the Queens are true Christians, as I think, and among these is the Queen of France. She reads many religious books. As to talent, Louis Philippe, King of the French, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia, are admitted to rank first; and Louis Philipe stands preeminently above them all. He was educated at a French College; spent many years in foreign lands, and then sixteen years in quiet, pursuing his studies. Talleyrand said he had no idea of his vast acquirements before he was his minister after he became King. He speaks English with ease, and never pronounced but one word wrong and that was ice, which he calls *hice*. This he had learned from the English cockneys, when he lived in England. He had no minister who was his equal.

The King of Prussia is nearly the equal of Louis Philippe; he speaks English well, but not so well as the King of the French. He is a self-made man. He was not allowed to get his education at the German Universities, as he desired, as it was thought degrading to the King's son to associate with other young men. He regretted this day that he was not permitted to go to the Universities and associate with the students. The King of Sweden graduated at College, and is a fine scholar.

The Emperor of Russia is not inferior in talent; but he came unexpectedly to the throne, at the age of 27 or 28 years; his brother, the lawful heir to the throne, having abdicated in his favor. Being an absolute monarch, his duties are most arduous.—A noblemen of great wealth and talent had governed his brother Alexander. When Nicholas came to the throne in less than three days he came to see him, unasked. Nicholas said to him, "who asked you to appear before me? I know you governed my brother and imposed upon his weakness. I give you three days to arrange your affairs in St. Peters burg, after which you will retire to your country seat," which he did and has remained there ever since.

The King of Sweden is a literary man and is the author of several books. He gave me a copy of his work on Prison Discipline, just published. The King of Holland is not so popular—is an older man about 64. He was distinguished at the battle of Waterloo and badly wounded. The King of Denmark is a man of fair talents, but of no decision of character.

The manners of these Princes are polished, easy and simple. Such are the characters of the nobles of Europe, whom I have seen. It is easy to converse with them. They are, however, more formal to diplomatists. There is more difficulty to get along with our distinguished men, who sometimes assume a tone of haughtiness which I never saw in a Prince. The Monarchs ordinarily, and their Queens, dress in the same plain way as other well bred people. In public, they of course appear in splendor. The Queens wear, on ordinary occasions very little jewelry. In the family of the Emperor of Russia, and the King of the French, there is great affection.—*Boston Paper.*

CAPTURE OF AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN

(*From Nell Gwynne.*)

He had not proceeded far in his task when Lionel entered with a newspaper in his hand.

'Have you heard the news of the notorious robber being taken?' said he.

'Who do you mean? Barrington, is it?'

'No; Freney.'

'Freney; taken—when—how—where?'

'It's curious enough,' said Lionel coolly, seating himself to read the paragraph without noticing the eagerness of Daly's manner; the fellow seems to have had a taste for sporting matters which no personal fear could eradicate. His capture took place this wise. He went over to Doncaster, to be present at the Spring Meeting, were he betted freely, and won largely. There happened, however, to come a reverse to his fortune, and on the last day of the running, he lost every thing, and was obliged to apply for assistance to a former companion, who it would seem, was some hundred pounds in his debt; this worthy having no desire to refund, threatened the police. Freney became exasperated, knocked him down on the spot, and then turning smartly round, chucked one of the jockeys from his saddle, sprang on the horse's back and made off like lightning; the other only stunned for a moment, was soon on his legs again, and the cry of 'Freney; it was Freney, the robber' resounded throughout the race course. The scene must then have been a most exciting one, for the whole mounted population, with one accord, gave chase. Noblemen and country gentlemen, followers, jockeys, and blackleg, away they went. Freney, about a quarter of a mile in front, and going splendidly.

'That I'm sure of,' said Daly earnestly; 'go on.'

Mellington took the lead of every one, mounted on that great steeple chase horse he is so proud of—no fences too large for him they say—but the robber—and what a [illegible] judge of country the fellow must be—left the racy ground, and preferred even breasting a long hill of grass land with several high rails, to the open country below, where the civy soil distressed his horse. By this manouvre, says the newspaper, he was obliged to make a circuit which again brought the great body of his pursuers close up with him, and now his dexterity as a horseman became apparent, for while riding at top speed, and handling his horse with the most perfect judgement, he actually contrived to divest himself of his heavy great coat. He had but just accomplished this very difficult task, when Lord Mellington once more came up; there was a heavy dyke in front, with a double post and rail, and at this they rushed desperately, each apparently, calculating on the other being thrown, or at least checked.

'Freney, now only a dozen strides in advance, turned in his saddle, and drawing a pistol from his breast, took an aim—steadily, too, as if firing at a mark. Lord Mellington saw the dreadful purpose of the robber, he shouted aloud, and pulling up with all his might, he bent down to the very mane of his horse. Freney pulled the tricker, and with one mad plunge Lord Lord Mellington's horse came head foremost to the ground with his rider under him. Freney was not long the victor, the racer he bestrode breasted the high rail, and unable to clear it, fell heavily forward, smashing the frail timbers before him, and pitching the rider on his head. He was up in a second: for about twenty yards his speed was immense, then reeling, he staggered forwards and fell senseless; before he rallied he was taken, and in handcuffs.'

CURRAN'S FIRST GREAT EFFORT.

At last this matured genius found a great public opportunity, and used it.—A cruel wrong had been done by one so high as to awe down all advocates, and corrupt the foundation of justice—there was need of an avenger, and he came.

The Cork summer assizes of 1780 are memorable, for there this protestant lawyer appeared as a voluntary Counsel for a Roman Catholic priest against a protestant nobleman! was there ever such audacity.

To be sure, Lord Doneraile had acted like a ruffian.

He had seduced a country girl. Shortly after her brother broke some rule of the church, and was censured by his Bishop. The paramour sought Lord Doneraile's interference in her brother's favour. It was promptly given. Accompanied by a relative of his, a Mr. St. Leger ex-captain of Dragoons, his Lordship rode to the house in which Father Neal, the parish priest, lived, Father Neale was an aged man, and a just and holy clergyman, but a very poor one. He was kneeling in prayer when Doneraile's voice at the door ordered him out. Book in hand with bare and hoary head, and tottering step, he obeyed, and heard at his Lordship's stirrup a command to remove the censure from the impertinent miscreant, whose sister Lord Doneraile favoured. The priest was half a slave; he muttered excuses "he wished to, and but for the Bishop he would remove the censure"—but he was only half of a slave; he refused to break the rules to which he had sworn.—A shower of blows from his Lordship's horsewhip, drove the old priest stumbling and bleeding into his hovel.

And yet every lawyer in the circuit had refused to act as counsel for this priest against that lord, when John Curran volunteered to plead his cause.

Reader! think over this, and you will get at something of the man and the country then.

He did all that mortal could do, and more than any lawyer now or then would. He grappled with the baseness of the Lord Doneraile, and dragged his character out on the table. He left his instructions, and described Captain St. Ledger as a 'renegade soldier, and drummed out dragoon.'—He heaped every scorn on Lord Doneraile's witnesses, from their own story. He seemed to forget that he was speaking to tyrants—he treated the jury as men; he spoke as a man—virtuous and believing others so.

That jury, so adjured by genius, forgot penal laws, lordships, and ascendency, remembered God and their oath, and gave a verdict for Father Neale.

Verily those thirty guineas damages were a conquest from the powers of darkness—the first spoils of emancipation.

On account of this trial, Curran fought a duel with Captain St. Leger and endured the hostility of the Doneraile family; but in exchange, he obtained the admiration and trust of his countrymen, and glorified conscience. If he wanted more he received it a few weeks after, in the dying and solemn blessings of Father Neale.—*Curran's Speeches Edited by Davis.*

A CONVIVIAL REASON.—Lord Northington took the earliest opportunity to avail himself of the partiality of the reigning monarch by asking his permission to discontinue the evening sittings in the Court of Chancery on Wednesday and Fridays. George III made a good story, which he used to tell for the rest of his reign, of what passed between him and his chancellor on that occasion. 'I asked him,' said his majesty, 'this reason for wishing these sittings should be abolished?'—"Sir," answered he, "that I may be allowed comfortably to finish my bottle of port after dinner; and your majesty, solicitous for the happiness of the whole of your subjects, I hope you will consider this to be reason sufficient." The permission was graciously accorded—we may suppose an explanation being added that *pod grandian* sittings were becoming generally unpopular, and were unsuited to the changed manners of society.

A fleet merchant of Boston was made happy by the news brought on by the Hibernia, on Sunday night, that swings of prosperous profits mingled with his dreams, as he quietly snored in church on Sunday morning. The minister was declaiming upon the unsatisfying character of sublunary things. "What is the price all earthly happiness?" he asked in rather an exaltated tone. "Forty-two shillings per barrel," replied the sleep-dealer.

The Graham's Town Journal of the 5th ultimo, states the circumstances of the Boman authority, of Sandili, the head of the Gaika tribe, and which has subsequently been followed by that of Umhlah, the principal chief of the Samboa tribes.