THE Weekly Chronicle

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

VOL. II. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1838. No. 48.

The Chronicle,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. DUGANT & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M'Millan's building, Prince William Street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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.

Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST.	R. SUN. S.	MOON	H. W.
4 Saturday,	4 50 7 22	2 37	10 45
5 Sunday,	4 51 7 21	rises.	11 40
6 Monday,	4 52 7 20	8 9	morn.
7 Tuesday,	4 53 7 18	8 32	0 21
8 Wednesday,	4 54 7 17	8 54	0 57
9 Thursday,	4 55 7 15	9 15	1 36
10 Friday,	4 56 7 14	9 36	2 15

Last quarter, 12th. 8h. 44m.

Public Institutions.

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

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

CITY BANK.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: I. L. Bedell.

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

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

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

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

Miscellany.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

CHAPTER IV.

There had been a fair held that morning in the neighbouring little town of Llanurth, at which the sexton, who was also a bit of a farmer, had attended for the purpose of disposing of some of his farmyard stock. Having accomplished the sale greatly to his satisfaction, he was about returning home, when he chanced to meet an old friend who lived within a stone's throw of the town, and who insisted on his finishing the evening with him, to which the sexton, having a few spare hours on hand, readily acceded. As is usual on such occasions, the *cwrw*, to say nothig of the supplemental punch bowl, flew rapidly from hand to hand; and the conversation, after shifting about like a weathercock in April, at length settled down into a discussion on the well-accredited apparition of the "man without the head" (no very rare phenomenon), who had been again seen by deaf Dick, the drunken cobbler, among the ruins of Cerrig-cennan Castle. At the period to which this tale refers, the lower classes of Welsh were notorious for their faith in these local hobgoblinisms: and none more so than the sexton, who accordingly swallowed his friend's story with all the zeal of a devotee, repaying him with others of a like character, until the dropping of the sun behind the bifurked Brecon Van warned him that it was time to return home.

The first part of his road lay through some low meadows to the rear of Llanurth, but the last and by far the largest portion across a wild tract of moor, which was seldom or never traversed after sunset. Now the worthy grave-digger, who was something of the timidest, had an instinctive horror of a solitary trip over a waste like this at such an hour, which the legends he had been listening to contribute not a little to strengthen, so he pursued his way across it with the same misgivings with which a schoolboy crosses a churchyard when the wind is at work among the tombs; striving to pluck up confidence by whistling a few bars of a sprightly tune, and halting every now and then to see if he could discover any belated traveller like himself, on whose company he might fasten himself. But all was perfect solitude—all too was silence, except the faint sluggish trickling of an unseen stream, or the moaning of the breeze over the unsheltered desert.

By the time that he had accomplished a third of his distance, the torches which sunset had lit up in the west, one by one went out, and the moor lay, far and wide, a black frowning mass before him: while the few stunted trees and masses of rock that were scattered sprightly about it, took strange and exaggerated forms in the gloom. As the good man hurried on his road, he chanced to stumble up against one of these dwarf oaks whose lower branches projected over the pathway; and fancying in his bewildered mind that it was neither more nor less than a hobgoblin, peradventure the man without the head—who has waited up to waylay him, in the true professional spirit, a matter the first words of the burial service; but finding that no further opposition was offered, he forced a faint laugh at his own weakness, and sped on, thumping his breast, and pulling his hat desperately over his brows, as if to say "Who's afraid?"

Scarcely, however, had he screwed his courage to the sticking point, when he saw, about thirty yards before him, a dim, moving light—one of those *ignes fatui* which are so often seen playing on the surface of marshy grounds; but which, as a matter of course, he mistook for a corpse-candle eloped from a churchyard, for the express purpose of giving him a friendly hint that his hour was come. The faint rustling of the wind among the reeds that fringed this morass went far to confirm his conjecture, for, in his prepared ear, it sounded exactly like the whispering of unearthly voices. Here was a predicament! What should he do? How should he escape it? To go forward, would be a rush on his doom; to wait till the moon should rise—the guardian moon before whose blessed radiance all Welsh spirits make a point of vanishing—would be to wait for hours, called to the bone, and ague-stricken by the unwholesome dews; and as for going back and stopping out all night at Llanurth—what would his wife say? and as this idea flashed across the sexton's addled brains, there arose with it the vision of a lean, wizen-faced, shrewish old woman, seated alone, with looks as black as the night, by a cottage window at a supper table, on which lay, covered up between two plates, some eggs and bacon, quite spoiled—having been fried a full hour since—together with a hearth-broom, which the erysipelas tempered dame, as ever and anon she turned her sleepy eyes towards the clock, clutched in a fist evidently accustomed to wield such a weapon with formidable effect.

This domestic vision terrified the perplexed sexton nearly as much as the warning light before him; even now, in fancy, he felt the hearth-broom anointing his shoulders, while, to consummate his sufferings, he found that the track which he had been hitherto was no longer discernible. The case being thus desperate, he allowed himself no further time for consideration, but struck off at once to the left—a direction which he knew could not take him very far out of his road—the moor being already more than half passed—and would enable him to steer clear of that ghastly glimmer which the Welsh peasant holds in such superstitious horror. Unfortunately, however, this new track, after leading him through many a shallow marsh, and steep rugged hollow, brought him out on the highest part of the moor—a long table-land, in the centre of which stood a gibbet, whereon hung the skeleton of a smuggler who had long since been hung in chains. As the sexton, who was perfectly acquainted with his locality, heard the sullen creak of the dry bones swinging in the wind, a new horror came over him; he made sure—so over active and versatile is the imagination of fear—that the murderer's ghost was pursuing him, and this giving the last quickening impulse to his excited nerves, he bounded off at a desperate full gallop, never once daring to halt or look behind him, least he might see the white shining skeleton face grinning over his shoulder.

Away like the wind he flew, slap-dash through brook, and fen, and ditch—ascending here, descending there—while the crafty mountain raven flew screaming above his head, with its dismal "creuc, creuc, creuc," as if it anticipated its prey, till he reached the edge of the moor, which led him past one or two intervening meadows into his own churchyard, at the entrance of the village. Here, one would suppose, the sexton would have felt quite at home; but no—his speed had increased his nervous apprehensions, and he rattled along the old avenues of yews with swiftness of a hunted hare, stumbling over the graves, and knocking his shins against headstones, with a most irreverent feelling towards the *genius loci*. And now he is in the very middle of the churchyard, when suddenly, just as he is passing a particular tomb, "a gigantic figure, robed in a velvet pall, with horns on his head, flaming saucer eyes, and smelling strongly of sulphur"—so ran the good man's own account—started up, and stood full in his path. He had had no previous notice of this apparition—had heard no sound—it seemed to rise up at once out of the earth; and feeling pursuaded, therefore, that it was the devil, he rushed roaring into the Castle, as being the nearest place of refuge he could find.

'Very odd!' said the landlord, handing over the jug of *cwrw* to the sexton, by way of indemnifying him for his sufferings.

'Very,' rejoined the attorney; who nevertheless had a pretty strong suspicion as to who was the apparition.

Scarcely had the dissyllable escaped his lips, when a dark figure passed across the window near where the gossips were seated. The shadow no sooner caught the sexton's eye, then turning towards it he exclaimed, into his former terrors, "There he is—there he is again." The company all started to their legs and rushed to the window, just time to see a tall black form, shrouded from head to foot in a mantles, sweep by it. The attorney recognised the figure in an instant. It was the stranger.

CHAPTER V.

About a week afterwards, Evans happened to be passing the churchyard, on his return home from a morning walk, when just as he reached the swing gate that leads into it, he caught the sexton, who was digging a grave close beside the spot where he had been so much startled by "the saucer eyes" and sulphurous exhalations of the stranger. Now, the attorney, as I have hinted before, was not the man to miss the opportunity of a quarter of an hour's gossip, so he forthwith joined the sexton, and after rallying him on his late panic—a sore subject, for the marks of the hearth-broom were yet visible on the good man's shoulders—and asking him if he had heard any more news about "the old misanthrope of the Manor-House," said, "You seem hard worked Master Thomas.'

'Yes,' replied the sexton, 'I have a good eight feet job before me. You remember Farmer Lewis, who lived up by the turnpike?'

'What, is he gone at last? Well, he's been a long time making up his mind about it.'

'Died last week.'

'By the visitation of the Doctor, no doubt,' observed the attorney, with a knowing wink of his eye.

'He, he, he! Like enough.'

'But what does he want with an eight feet grave, hey, Master Thomas?' enquired Evans.

'That's his widow's look-out. The old girl has given me orders to dig the grave as deep as possible, lest the resurrection men should have him up again: and humming a brisk air, the sexton resumed his labours.

'I say, Master Thomas,' continued the attorney, after watching his companion in silence for a few minutes, 'ar'n't you digging too near that next grave?'

'Not a bit of it. Do you think I am no judge of distance? Besides, only look at the churchyard, and tell me where there's an inch of room to spare. Too near, indeed? Show how much you know about grave digging.'

But Evans was right; for, after having dug to the depth of six feet and upwards, the sexton's spade went crashing against the side of the coffin in the adjacent grave, burst open its rotten boards, and sent the skull of its tenant right into the open space.

'Bravo!' said the attorney; 'I told you I was right.'

The mortified sexton made no reply, but stooped to pick up the skull; and glad of an opportunity to change the subject of conversation, said, 'Well, of all the skulls I ever yet had dealings with, never did I handle such a heavy one as this. What a thick head its owner must have had.'

'Ay, that's a malady very common hereabouts,' replied the attorney; 'and pray, who was its owner?'

'I suppose you'll find his name on the tomb-stone.'

'You're right,' said Evans; 'here, it is—'Hugh Glendovery, *obit* A. D. 1770, *ætat* 25.' Glendovery—Glendovery!' he added, after a moment's pause, 'why, that's the name of the young squire who lived up at the Manor-House, and was found dead of apoplexy one morning, as I have heard my father say.'

'Yes, sure,' rejoined the sexton, 'you ought to recollect the story well, for it was your father that purchased the house of the squire's brother; I'm sure I remember the young gentleman's death, for his was one of the first graves I ever dug. Ah, I can't dig now as I could then;' and he looked at his shrunken hands, and sighed.

'Give me the skull,' said Evans. 'Very heavy, certainly'—tossing it up as if it were a cricket ball—'uncommon heavy; but, hallo, hallo!—I say, Master Thomas, what, in God's name, is this? Why, here's a long rusty nail dropped out of the ear.'

'A what?' asked the sexton gaping with astonishment like a stranded haddock.

'A nail, man—a nail, half as long as a carving-knife. No wonder the skull felt so weighty. Men are not born with nails in their ears—are they Tom?'

'Not that I know of,' replied the sexton, who interpreted every thing that was said to him in the most literal matter-of-fact spirit.

'Then, depend on it, there's been foul play here. But I see it all'—added Evans, in a hurried voice, as a sudden thought struck him—'I see it all, Master Thomas. One brother died—the other went instantly abroad, supposed to have died there—perhaps not. Perhaps he may be living at this very moment; and if so, he would be just about the stranger's age. Singular, this never struck me before! I ought to have suspected something wrong, from the fellow's fondness for that old house—his constant visits to the churchyard, his gloom, his temper, and, above all, dislike to associate with honest folks. However, I'm satisfied now!'

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the astounded grave-digger, "who'd have thought it? But, do you really think there's murder in the case?'

'Certain of it, Master Thomas. But no matter; for the present, mum's the word.—Good-by. The affair will be cleared up soon.—A proud sulky brute!—but I have him in my clutches now;' and so saying, Evans restored the nail to its hiding-place and putting skull into his pocket, hurried off, while the sexton remained behind, standing, not "like the statute that enchants the world,' but leaning half-stupified on his spade, like one who is himself enchanted.

That same evening a slow firm step ascended the crzy staircase of the Manor-House. The stranger, who had heard the hall door—which was usually left merely on the latch after sunset, it being by day that he most apprehended the visits of his officious neighbours—open and shut again with a clang that rung through the whole building, at first imagined that it was the servant taking her departure for the night, but soon the footstep grew nearer, and ere he could recover from his surprise at such an unexpected intrusion, the door flew wide open, and the attorney stood before him.'

'Insolent!' exclaimed the stranger, advancing towards the intruder with a haughty menacing aspect: "What means this visit? Have I not already warned you?'

'Softly—softly,' replied the unabashed attorney, casting a shrewd glance at his tenant's emaciated figure; 'I am not the man to be frightened by a few hard words. My errand here is one of justice. Mark me, sir, of justice—and, storm and bluster as you may, you shall not prevent me from discharging my duty. No, no, Mr. Glendovery.'

'Glendovery!' faltered the stranger, quailing beneath the searching gaze of Evans; 'what do you mean, sir? My name is Dwarrys.'

'I care not what it is now. My business concerns what it was eighteen years ago. Doubtless, sir, you remember that about that period your'——

'I do—I do,' said the conscience stricken man, flinging his clenched hands above his head, and staggering as if he had been shot; 'he died a natural death. Who dares say he did not?'

'I said nothing about a natural death, sir.'

'No—no; nor I either. But my thoughts are troubled, I scarce know what I am saying.'

'I can account for your agitation, Mr. Glendovery,' said the attorney, with an ironical smile.

'Villain! repeat but that word again, and, by the God above us, I lay you dead at my feet.' And, snatching up a pistol from the table, the stranger presented it at the attorney's head.—"Now, sir,' he added; 'dare to breathe but one syllable of that detested name again, and I send this bullet through your skull.'

'Hah, indeed!' exclaimed Evans, at the same time drawing out the skull from his pocket, and holding it up full in the stranger's face—'fire then! It will not be your first murder!'

A loud piercing yell burst from the stranger, as he beheld this ghastly memento. The pistol dropped from him, staggering to the table, he buried his face in his hands, and groaned as if his every limb and muscle were convulsed and quivering on the rack.

'So!' muttered Evans to himself, as he beheld this spectacle of heartrending agony—'so! that shaft has struck home, I think. He will scarcely raise his head again;—no, pride has got a fall, and a devil of a fall it is. But, mercy on us! who could have supposed such a thing possible? A murderer! The murderer of his own brother!—Horrible! Yet, curse me if I can help feeling for him after all," continued the good-natured fellow, as, his first burst of exultation havin subsided, a kindlier spirit came over him; 'I hated him while he affected the superior, and treated me as if I were so much dirt beneath his feet; but now that he is helpless and in my power—now that one word from me can clap the hangman's rope about his neck, curse me if I think I shall be able to bring myself to pronounce it. Were he in sound health, I would do so without a moment's hesitation; but he is dying—dying as fast as a man can die; broken-hearted, too, and suffering the torments of the damned; and I'm not the man to shorten the few hours he has left him. I know, I feel—I ought to act otherwise, but I was always a soft-natured fool;' then, addressing himself to the stranger, he added, 'Mr. Glen—Dwarrys, I mean—Pray sir, be composed; it is ill grieving for what can't be remedied. Poor fellow, he hears me not; well, it can't be helped—but, from my soul, I pity him.'

It is easy to pity those who have it in their power to affect our interests, or wound our selflove. In the majority of cases, pity is but contempt with its sharp edge taken off—a flattering conviction of our strength and our adversary's weakness; of our triumph, and his humiliation.

'Pity!' said the stranger, harping on Evans's last words, and staring wildly about him, "who talks of pity? Pity for a convicted murderer! Nay never start, man, as if you had only just now discovered that I was an assassin. Could you not see 'fratricide' branded on my brow? Why, my own glass has shown it to me daily these eighteen years past!'

As he said these words, his eye happened to fall on the yellow mouldering skull which Evans still retained in his hand. 'Hah!' he continued, 'that fiend's face again! Grinning, too, and from malice! Away with it, sir, away; the very sight chills me to the bone;' and wresting it from the attorney's grasp, he dashed it on the floor, and with the frenzied rage of one possessed, ground it to atoms beneath his tread.

But this paroxysm was too violent to last long; and in a few minutes, as if ashamed of such an outbreak in the presence of the man whom of all others he had most detested, he observed in a more placid tone, with something of his usual hauteur, 'I am not apt to be thus unmanned. Mr. Evans, but your discovery of the dreadful secret which I had hoped would have been buried with me in that grave to which I am fast hastening, has called up recollections which it maddens me even to think of. I ask not when or by what means, you made this discovery; enough for me to know that you have made it, and that in revenge for fancied affronts, you have resolved on denouncing me to the world. Speak, sir, is it not so?'

'Such was my intention,' said the attorney, 'but—but—nay, d—n it, what's the use of mincing matters—in one word, then, Mr. Glen—Dwarrys, I mean—I am at this moment in what you call, a predicament. Duty pulls me one way, humanity another. Duty says, 'give him to justice;' humanity, 'leave him to himself, for his days are already numbered;' and I much fear—that is to say, I am quite positive, that humanity will get the better of me.'

While the attorney thus spoke, the stranger kept his eye fixed on him with an expression of mixed surprise and distrust. At length, after a pause, during which he walked up and down the room, as if he were endeavouring to force himself to some decisive line of conduct, he said, 'I appreciate your forbearance, sir, and will prove to you that I am not wholly unworthy of it. As yet you know but one part of my secret—the nature of the crime committed; you are yet to learn the extent of the provocation received. Listen then to what I am going to say. Return to this house to-morrow night, when I will acquaint you, fully and unreservedly, with the whole sad story of my life—'twill be a dreadful task, but what penance is too severe for a wretch like me!—that after my death, should you ever recall me to your mind, you may remember me as one who, great as was his crime, deserved rather your compassion than abhorrence. Will you agree to my proposal?'

The attorney hesitated, for the stranger's manner, especially the emphatic, and half-sneering way in which he pronounced the word 'compassion,' struck him with distrust.

'What, are you afraid?' exclaimed the stranger, mistaking the cause of his hesitation.

'No,' replied Evans, indignantly, 'I never yet feared mortal man, least of all, a'—then checking himself, he added, 'I will agree to your proposal.'

'And you will swear till to-morrow night to preserve the strictest secrecy?'

'I will.'

'Then farewell, sir, till to-morrow night.'

'I don't half like his manner,' said Evans, as he closed the hall door, 'for there's something in the wild glare of his eyes that convinces me he's half-cracked at times. Well, I must be on my guard; these moon-struck fellows have all the craft of the devil about them. Egad, if he's no care for his own life, I have for mine; so caution's the word. Let me see; how shall I proceed? I have it,' he added, after a brief interval of cogitation; "now, if he means no foul play he shall find I am his match. One must not suffer for one's good-nature.'

CHAPTER VI.

But a few hours had elapsed since the circumstances mentioned in the last chapter, yet what a change had that brief period wrought in the stranger's appearance! His cheeks were drawn in; his white, clammy forehead seemed as though the impress of the grave were on it: there was a strange, unnatural light in his dilated eye; and his voice trembled from suppressed emotion. Evans found him, as before, seated alone at a table, on which a lamp barely emitted glimmer enough to show the cheerless condition of the half-furnished apartment. As he entered, the stranger rose, and grasping him by the arm, said, 'Are we alone in this house?'

'Yes.'

'And no one tracked you here, nor knows aught of the subject of our last night's conference?'

'I have not breathed a syllable about it to a single human being.'

'I thought I heard a footstep on the lawn under the window,' said the stranger—so apprehensive an ear has conscience.

'Tis merely the wind; the night threatens a storm.'

'Then tis the fitter for to say what I have to say. Now listen,' continued the stranger, 'and be your feelings what they may, be sure you do not interrupt me. Should you see me excited—maddened even with the recollections you have yourself called up—take no heed, for the fit will soon pass off,' and so saying, with a determined effort at self-composure the stranger commenced as follows:—

'My name, as you have but too truly surmised, is Glendovery, and I was born in this very house. My mother died in giving me birth. I have been told that she was a cold, reserved, imperious woman, and that I resembled her as closely in character as in countenance—a circumstance to which I attribute my father's early dislike to me, for his marriage having been one of convenience, not love, was consequently a most unhappy one. My oldest recollections can carry me back to no one act of kindness shown me by my father, who lavished all his affections on my elder brother—a jovial, mettlesome young fellow, cast, like himself, in the rudest mould and as selfish as these are apt to be, who from their very cradle have recognised no will but their own.

'In due time we were both sent to school at Carmarthen, where my brother soon became a favourite, for commonplace joined with animal spirits is ever popular. He was foremost in every frolic, and I was rendered perpetually uneasy by the comparisons which our play mates were always instituting between him and me. I could not—say rather, I would not—join in their pursuits; I could not sympathize or exchange minds with them; but lived moodily apart in a world of my own, like a hermit in his lone cell, conscious of possessing faculties superior to the herd with whom I was daily brought into contact. These faculties I invigorated by hard study, though my reading, sooth to say, was desultory, and chiefly of that sort which quickens the fancy and calls forth the passions, rather than feeds or disciplines the judgement. Yet even study, which you would suppose would have been my blessing, proved only an added source of annoyance. My schoolmaster like most provincial pedagogues, was a conceited ignoramus—a mixture of the pedant the despot, and the sycophant, who had no notion of boys persuming to get on without his help, or acquire other knowledge than he could furnish them with; consequently he was always venting his spleen in contemptuous allusions to my genius, which he did with the greater relish, from having accidentally made the discovery that my brother was the favourite son.

'The first serious shock my feelings ever received was on my return home for the midsummer holidays. The excitement of the journey, and the utter change of scene from the cell discipline of a school, to the comparative freedom of home, had kindled all my more social feelings: and when I entered my father's presence, it was with my heart in my eyes, and my hands eagerly stretched out to receive his cordial grasp. And how was I welcomed? Not with positive unkindness, but worse—far worse—with quiet apathy. He coldly held out his hand, with the expression of a hope that "school had improved my temper;' while for my brother he reserved his warmest greetings—his sunniest smiles. Well do I remember the bitterness of that moment! I quitted the room with affected unconcern, but no sooner did I reach my chamber, than all my pride gave way, and I burst into a passion of tears. When we met again at dinner, I endeavoured to appear indifferent, as if my feelings had sustained no blow; but the very effort only rendered me more embarrassed; and that which was sheer sensibility, was of course attributed to sulkiness. Ah, if parents would but bear in mind that they never check a generous feeling in their children but they quicken the growth of a bad one, how much shame and guilt, and anguish, would human nature be spared!

'About the period of my nineteenth year my father died, and true to his predilections, left his whole fortune—which, by the by, was not much—to my elder brother. Here was a blow to all my prospects! True, my father had expressed a wish in his will that a decent provision should be made for me; but this was optional with my brother; and I could not therefore but feel that I was become that most adject of animals—a poor relation, without the means of rescuing myself from my condition. My education could not avail me. It was any thing but practical; but even had it been otherwise, so completely had my own moody nature, aggravated by the neglect of those who should have been my best friends, built up a wall of circumvallation between me and general society, that I had not the remotest possibility of being able to avail myself of such acquirements as I possessed.

'A few months after my father's death, the whole internal economy of our household was changed. The old man, with all his faults, had always been hospitable, but experience had taught him to temper discretion with liberality. With my brother, it was otherwise. He was a reckless spendthrift. The house was now filled with fellows after his own heart—strollers, poachers, small farmers, and the like—brawny, hard drinking, bullet-headed vagabonds, who aped the vices of the squirearchy, without imbibing a tithe of their redeeming qualities. I would not hard with creeping things like these, and constant were the disputes between my brother and myself in consequence. I was too proud—he said, in his coarse, blustering manner,—I thought myself too good for them, whereas there was not one among them all who was not twice as rich—age, and twice as clever too as myself. What was I fit for? Could I throw a line, or spear an otter—or shoe my own horse—or make my own flies? Not a bit of it. Why then did I give myself such airs?

'Led by this example, my brother's companions made a point of treating me, not with downright insult—for the ruffians had just tact enough to see that there was a strong spice of the devil in my nature—but with petty, indirect incivilities, till one evening, when, contrary to my wont, I was seated at table with them, one of the squad, half-drunk, insulted me so grossly, that I rose from my seat, and felled the brute to the earth. The whole party was of course in arms. My brotherer stormed and swore, but satisfied with my revenge, I let him sputter on as he pleased, and next day the thing was passed off as a drunken frolic, though not without increasing the estrangement between Hugh and myself.

'A circumstance occurred about this time that deepened that estrangement to hatred, at least on my part. During my school-days, I had formed one of those fanciful attachments, which boys are so apt to give way to, for a young girl, the only daughter and heiress of a widow of some property at Caermarthen, who had been acquainted with my mother and at whose house I was a welcome guest whenever a half-holiday allowed me to visit there. This acquaintance I kept up long after my final return home, and would often cheer my flagging spirits by looking forward to a union with Charlotte Lewis, whose mother if she did not absolute favour, did not disapprove my advances. But my father's will soon dispelled this dream, for no sooner did Mrs. Lewis, who was a shrewd, worldly woman, become acquainted with it, than she gradually weaned her daughter from my society. My brother had some suspicion of this, but never dreamed of substituting himself, until the embarrassments in which he was now plunged, compelled him to turn his thoughts to matrimony.

(*To be continued.*)

NAPOLEON'S REBUKE OF PARSIMONY.—Even Napoleon, the Great Captain, continued the Duke, did not think it beneath him sometimes to turn his attention to female dress. Several ladies at the court of the Tuileries knew this by sad experience. One day at St. Cloud, I heard him say in a very angry tone to the wife of a general, "Madame, when a lady has a husband with an income of 100,000 francs per annum, she may very well afford a new dress every time she has the honour to pay her court to the Empress. Endowments, Madame, are favours. I do not owe them; and when I give them it is with the view that they should help to maintain that luxury without which commerce cannot thrive." The poor lady was overwhelmed with confusion; yet it must be admitted that the general shabbiness of her dress fully justified this mark of imperial displeasure.—*Recollections of Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza.*

THE ATMOSPHERE.—The atmosphere is an element which we cannot see, but which we feel investing us wherever we go; whose density we can measure to a certain height; whose purity is essential to existence; whose elastic pressure on the lungs, and on and around the frame, preserves man in that noble attitude which lifts his head towards the skies, and bids him seek there for an eternal home. The atmosphere is neither an evaporation from earth nor sea, but a separate element, bound to the globe and perpetually accompanying it in its motions round the sun. Can we for an instant, imagine, that we are indebted for the atmosphere only to some fortuitous accident? If there were no atmosphere, and if we could possibly exist without one, we should be unable to hear the sound of the most powerful artillery; even though it were discharged at the distance of a single pace. We should be deprived of the music of the sea, the minstrelsy of the woods, of all the artificial combinations of sweet sounds, and of the fascinating tunes of the human voice itself. We might make our wants and feelings perceptible to each other by signs and gesticulations, but the tongue would be condemned to irremediable silence. The deliberations of assemblies of men, from which laws and the order of society have emanated, could never have taken place. The tribes of mankind would wander over the earth in savage groups, incapable of civilization, and the only arts which they could ever know would be those alone that might enable them to destroy each other.—*Quarterly Review.*

POPULATION AND MORTALITY.—At the beginning of the last century London within the walls, including a space of not more than 360 acres, contained not much less than 140,000 persons; the then mortality being 1 in 20; but, fortunately for the health of the citizens, space has become more valuable for warehouses than for human habitation; so that the population of the city within the walls is diminished, according to the census of 1831, to 55,778, and the rate of mortality is now reduced to 1 in 40.—*Sir A. Carlisle on Health and old Age.*

Grub-street was originally chosen by the fraternity of scribblers from its contiguity to their patrons the booksellers, and from its cheapness then as now a characteristic of the locality; for we find about the time that they first commenced abiding there the Steward Magistrate and Lent Jury of the Manor of Finsbury, with all their officious tenants, &c. in number altogether 50, dined at the Turk's Head in the Moorfields, at the expense of twenty-three shillings.

CURE FOR THE DROPSY.—"I am knowing to two extremely distressing cases of Dropsy being suddenly relieved by the means of the bark of Elder. One a woman advanced in years, in the last stage of the disease, who lost a brother a short time previous, by the same disease. The other a young woman who had been confined to her bed, for nearly twelve months, (four of which previous to January last she was unable to lie down,) and whose strength was almost exhausted, is now wholly free from dropsy and recovering strength in a manner surprising and unexpected. Other cases less aggravating have been cured by the same. The recipe is—"Take two handfulls of the green or inner bark of the white common Elder, steep it in two quarts of white Lisbon wine, twenty-four hours, take a gill of the wine in the morning, fasting, or more if it can be borne; or if more convenient, in the morning or part about noon, on an empty stomach. The effect of the bark prepared as above, or the pressed juice from the leaves (full grown) which had been used with success when wine could not be procured, is, that it promotes all the animal secretion necessary to health, which is the cause of its salutary effect in dropsy. Great debility will always follow the use of powerful evacuants, and the best medical writers now recommend *nutritious aliment* as the best medicine in every, even in extreme cases debility. The bark and leaves of the elder have been long known as powerful evacuants, and not esteemed unsafe. Yet caution is recommended in using the buds, as their effect is esteemed and has been found dangerous in some cases.

WRITING PRESCRIPTIONS IN LATIN.—Medical prescriptions, says an eminent physician, are written in Latin: and this practice is not only ridiculous, it is likewise dangerous. However capable physicians may be of writing Latin, I am certain apothecaries are seldom able to read it; and that dangerous mistakes in consequence of this may often happen. But supposing the apothecary ever so capable of reading the physician's prescription, he is generally otherwise employed, and the business of making up prescriptions is left entirely to the apprentice. By this means the greatest man in the kingdom, even when he employs a first-rate physician, in reality trusts his life to the hand of an idle boy, who has not only the chance of being very ignorant, but likewise giddy and careless.

THE THAMES WATER.—Sir Anthony Carlisle, in the branch of his just published work on Health and Old Age devoted to the medical topography of London, says that "the ebb and flow of the tides in the river, and the regurgitation of fresh water, deposit on the exposed banks a large portion of the filth produced in the metropolis, and subject to evaporation along the wide spaces of the borders of the river. As the sea water does not ascend through the town, a large portion of the Thames water charged with filth must pass and repass the town at every tide, and deposit its sediment. The shores of the river as it ebbs through the town are largely exposed at low water, and exhibit banks of putrescent mud which in the summer season abounds with the larve of gnats which live upon and help to consume the filth; in fact they are invaluable scavengers."

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE, BALLOONING.—Mr. Monck Mason, in his "Æronautica," says that in the grey dawn of the morning, as they were approaching Coblentz in the memorable trip of the Great Nassau Balloon, they were noticed, as they afterwards learned, by two sportsmen who happened at that time to be exercising their calling on the neighbouring hills. Not knowing what to think of the apparition, and deceived by his ignorance of its size into a belief that it was not very distant, one of them was inclined to shoot at the ballooners, and for that purpose had just levelled his gun, when his companion, observing some of their movements, arrested his aim, and after a short reflection convinced him of the real nature of the being he would have had to contend with if he had had the misfortune to bring them about his ears.

LETTER FROM MR. J. RUSSEGGER, CHIEF OF THE AUSTRIAN MINING EXPEDITION.

Roserres, in the county of Fasoglo,
Dec. 19, 1837.

After a most agreeable journey up the beautiful banks of the Blue River, I have happily arrived here, in the county of Fasoglo, on the south western frontier of Abyssinia. All our troops united here yesterday, and, in a few days, we shall set out on our campaign to the unknown south. We shall touch at all the points which Caillaud has visited before me; but then penetrate farther, and, under God's protection, arrive, at the end of next month, at Fadassi, in the country of the Galla, whither no European has yet advanced. The country of the Galla borders, in the heart of Africa, is at present, the contemplated extent of my travels; by which, I believe that I shall be able, in the first place, to solve two important geographical questions,—namely the existence of the Mountains of the Moon; and then the course of the White River, or, as it is called, the White Nile. By my former journey into the country of the Nuba negroes, south of Kordofan, the existence of the Mountains of the Moon, at least in the district into which they have been conjured in the maps, is rendered very problematical; and with respect to the White River, I think I have already reason to be convinced that it flows in a direction precisely contrary to that assigned it on the maps, for it rises in the country of the Galla and Schangalla, and flows parallel to the Blue River, or Blue Nile: this for the present; for the detail of such enquiries demands time, knowledge, and paper. Of the first and third I have none—at least, none to spare; and knowledge I must gain on my journey, which will take, at least, two months from this place—(Roserres lies in 12 deg. 3 min. N. lat.) On this journey I shall have the opportunity of seeing much that is new and worthy of admiration in every department of natural history; for no person can have a conception of the magnificent, I might say, the fantastic, developement of organic forms in the equatorial countries of Africa, unless he has previously seen tropical America on the banks of its mighty rivers, or India. Thirdly, I hope that the mineralogist will not fail of a cheerful welcome; and then I shall be able to communicate to Mehemet Ali discoveries greatly to his interest. Thus I have found, and pointed out, a thick vein of argentiferous quartz in clay slate, in the mountains of Schegedi, in Sennaar; likewise the chain of the Okelai and Kedues, on the western frontier of Abyssinia, a prodigiously great vein of quartzose granite, consisting of quartz with disseminated copper and silver ores of various kind. I have thus found a further confirmation of the fact of which I was before convinced, that nature has deposited an immense mass of mineral wealth in the isolated and small mountains of equatorial Africa. I am now acquainted with the great kingdom of Mehemet Ali, from Taurus, in Asia Minor, to Fasoglo, in the interior of Africa, from the 37th to the 12th degree of latitude, and can only feel astonishment at the treasures which nature has deposited in the earth. If the government proceeds with the necessary energy to turn these treasures to account, it may well be able to compete with many other countries, with the exception of coals; for I do not think that the stratum found in Mount Lebanon is very extensive.

I am now, for the second time, on the point of