Weekly Chronicle.

THE

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

August.	R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
26 Saturday,	5 15	6 48	0 16
27 Sunday,	5 16	6 46	1 15
28 Monday,	5 17	6 45	2 22
29 Tuesday,	5 18	6 43	3 24
30 Wednesday,	5 19	6 41	4 29
31 Thursday,	5 20	6 39	5 34
1 Friday,	5 23	6 37	7 25

8 33
9 34
10 19
10 55
11 25
11 53
Morn

New Moon, 30th, 11h. 16m. morn.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, 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 : James Keator, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Simonds, 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 : B. Smith, Esq.

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 three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week : J. V. Thurgar, Esq.

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 Tuesday's.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

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

Poetry.

THE MERRY HARP.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The merry harp rings through the ha,'
The goblet flows wi' wine,
And brows as white as mountain snaw,
Wi' plume and helmet shine
But I wad turn frae bard and knight
To ane mair dear to me,
And watch beneath a caulder light
My Allan's face to see.

What time the bonny moon is up,
And lights the silver Dee,
When fairies pree the gowden cup,
In glen and greenwood free :
Then stealing frae the castle walls,
The broomy wilds amang,
I wander 'mid the dew that falls,
To hear my Allan's sang.

Though Gordon Castle lifts its head
Sae proudly to the sky,
And lordly ones wi' me wad wed.
Frae them and a I'll fly.
Let greatness woo in halls o' pride,
And fan its feeble flame,
I'd rather be my Allan's bride
Than Scotland's proudest dame.

Miscellany.

DARBY'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

One fine morning in May, I *tuck* the road from Inchigelagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw lots of ships with big broad boords fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, these are about to run for a wager; this one sez she'll be first, and that one sez she'll be first. Atany rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I went on boord to ax the fare, who should come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman of my own. "Och, is it yoorself that's there, Ned," siz I; "are you going' to Amerrykey?"

"Why, an' to be shure," siz he; "I'm *mate* of the ship."

"Meat! that's yer sort, Ned, says I; "then we'll only want bread. Hadn't I besther go and pay my way?"

"You're time enough," says Ned, "I'll tell you when we're ready for sae—leave the rest to me, Darby."

"Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broth of a boy; for the sake of ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop." So my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. But when it came to three o'clock, I found myself mighty weak with hunger: I had got the smell ov corned beef an' cabbage that knock'd me up entirely: so I went to the landleddy, and siz I to her, 'Maybee your leddyship'd not think me rood by axin' iv Ned an' myself cou'd get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?"

"In troth, you can, an' welkim," says she, an' she look'd nighty pleasant.

So, my darlin,' dish an' all came up. That's what I call a thaugholoch mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, an' how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage. Day after day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets beginng to grow very light. At last, says he to me one day after dinner,

'Darby, the ship will be ready for sae on the morrow—you'd besther go on boord, an' pay your way.'

'Is it jokin,' you are Ned?' siz I: 'shure you tould me to leave it all to you.'

'Ah! Darby,' siz he, 'you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, ther's no joke like the true one. I'll stick to my promise, but Darby, you must pay your way.'

'O Ned,' siz I, 'is this the way you're going' to threat me afther all. I'm a roorin'd man; all I could scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me I'm lost. Is there no place where you could hide me from the captain?'

'Not a place,' siz Ned.

'An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov.'

'Och, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo's stow'd.'

'An' is there no other place?' siz I.

'O yes,' siz he, 'where we keep the wather casks.'

'An' Ned,' siz I, 'does any one live down there?'

'Not a mother's sowl,' siz he.

'An' Ned,' siz I, 'can't you cram me down there, an' give me a lock of straw an' a bit?'

'Why Darby,' siz he, an' he look'd mighty pritiful, 'I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to bide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're discover'd, it's all over wid me, an' you'll be put on a dissolute island to starve.'

'O Ned,' siz I, 'leave it all to me—never fear Darby—I'll mind my eye.'

When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep, an'every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me,

'Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days sail ov Quebec: the ship will be overhand'd, an' all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money.'

'An' is that all that frets you, my jewel?' siz I; 'can't you leave it all to me? In troth, 'Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality at any rate. But, Ned, what place is outside of the ship?'

'Why, the sae, to be shure,' siz he.

'Och! botheration,' siz I, "I mane whats the outside the ship?'

'Why, Darby,' siz he, 'part of it's called bulwark.'

'An, tundiah an' turf!' siz I, "is it bulls that work the vessel along?'

'No, nor horses,' siz he, 'neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?'

'Why, I'll tell ye, Ned—get me an empty meal bag, a bottle, an' a bare bone, an' that's all I'll ax.' So, bedad, Ned look'd very quare at me; but he got them for me anyhow.

'Well, Ned,' siz I, 'you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sea; do you cry out there's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, an' leave all the rest to me.'

'Well, to be sure, down into the sae I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roar'd out with the hoarsness of a brayin' ass—'A man in the sea—a man in the sea.' Every man, woman, and child came running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—an' so did Ken'm' he was intint on shootin' me, down I dived. When I got my head over the wather, agen, what shou'd I see but a boat rowin' to me as fast as a throut afther a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to'be heard, I roar'd out, 'Bad scran to yees, for a sat ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?' The boat now ran 'pon the top ov me; down I dived again like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my sconl came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhrag'd into the boat. 'To be sure I didn't kick up a row—'Let go my hair, ye blue devils,' I roared 'it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissolute place, or be the powlers, I'd make you feel the strinth ov my bones. What bard-look I had to follow ye's at all, at all; which of ye is the masther? As I said this, every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist.—'There he is,' siz they, pointing to a little yallow man in a corner of the boat. 'May bad weather rise blisthers on your rapid-luck ships, you yallow looking monkey,' siz I, 'but it's nigest time for you to think of lettin' me into your ship. I'm here plowin' and plungin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a *thrawneen*, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three straws, as I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull;' so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sea agen.

'An' pray what is your name my lad?' siz the captain.

'What's my name! What'id you give to know?' siz I, 'ye unmanerly spalpeen—it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—aye, Darby Doyle, that was never afeared or ashamed to own it at home or abroad?'

'An' Mr. Darby Doyle,' siz he, 'do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?'

'That's more of your ignorance,' siz I—'aye an' if you sted three days longer, and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's never a coroner in Cork iv you don't pay for leaving me to the marcy of the waves.'

All this time the blue chaps were pushing the boat with sticks through the wather, till last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure every one's mouth was wide open, crying out 'Darby Doyle.' 'The sorra stop your throats,' siz I, 'it's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowling like a tub in a mill-race the other day forenenst your faces.' When they heard me say that, some ov them grew pale as a sheet—every thimb was at work, till they most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captain does no more but runs to the book, and calls out the names that paid, and them that wasn't paid—to be shure I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with *wonderment*, he now looked with astonishment! Nowthing was tawked ov for the other three days, but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed—

'I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer.'

'Do ye remimber,' siz another, 'when Darby's dog was nigh being drowned in the great duck hunt, when Darby peeled off, and brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swam for two hours endways: and do ye remimber when all the dogs gother round the duck at one time; when it went down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for almost an hour—and sted below while the creatur was eating a few frogs, for she was weak and hungry; and when every body thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue? (left hand.)

Bedad I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way: the captain would not let me go till a frieud of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms staring at poor Darby. At last I called Ned.

'Ned avick,' siz I, 'I want to go about my *business*.'

'Be easy, Darby,' siz he, 'havint ye your fill of good ating, and the captain got mighty fond ov ye entirely.'

'Is he, Ned,' siz I, 'but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people going to sae?'

'Augh, ye omedhaun,' siz Ned, 'shure they are come to look at you.'

Just as he sed this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face.

'You'll know me agen,' siz I, 'confound yer manners, and the schoolmaster that tought ye.' But I thought he was going to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould of my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt, and look't at my breast.

'Pull away, mahonchal,' siz I, 'I'm no desarthur at any rate.' But never an answer he made, but walked down into the hole where the captain lived.

'This is more of it,' siz I: 'Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mane?'

'Why,' siz Ned, 'he was *lookin' to see iv your fingers were webb'd*, or had ye scales on yur breast.'

'His impudence is grate,' siz I, 'did he take me for a duck or a bream?' But Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boords across the stick the people walk on, and the big white board up there?'

'Why, come over and read,' siz Ned.

'But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD!!!
TO BE SEEN HERE:
A man that beats out Nicholas the diver!
He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!!
Proved on oath by ten of the crew and twenty Passengers.
Admittance—Half a Dollar.

'Arrah, Ned, jewel,' siz I, 'dose this mane your humble servint?'

'Sorra one else,' siz he—so I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captain, who was talkin' to the yallow fellow that one afther starin' me out ov countenance.

'Pardon my rudeness, your honor,' siz I, mighty polite, and makin' a bow—at the same time Ned was at my heels—so rising my foot, to give the genteel scrape, sure I scraped all the skin off his shins.

'To the ould boy with your brogues,' siz he.

'You'd besther not curse the wearer,' siz I, 'or—'

'Oh, Darby,' siz the captain, 'don't be ungenteel, and so many ladies and gentlemin lookin' at ye.'

'The fire another mother's sowl shall lay their peepers on me, 'till I see sweet Inchegelah agen,' siz I: bedad you are doin' it well. How much money have you gathered by my shwimmin'?'

'Be quiet, Darby,' says the captain, and he looked very much frickened, 'I have plenty, and I'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do.'

'And what is it avick?' siz I.

'Why, Darby,' siz he, 'I'm afther houldin' a wager last night with this gentleman, for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; and Darby if you don't do that I'm a gone man.'

'Augh, give us your fist,' siz I, 'did you ever hear ov the sons ov the sea sed desavin' any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves.'

'Well, Darby,' siz he, 'I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred.'

So saying, he brought me down to the cellar: but my jewel, I did'nt think for the life ov me to see such a wonderful place, nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Bedad I was most ashamed to ax the gentleman for the dollars. But siz I to myself agen—the gintleman has too much money: I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sea, for I often heard the sae was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, any how.'

'Now, Darby,' siz he, 'here's the dollars for ye.' But bedad, my jewel, it was only a bit of paper he was handin' me.

'Arrah, none of yer thricks upon thravellers,' siz I, 'I had bether not that, and many more of them, melted in the sae; give me what won't wash out ov my pocket.'

'Why, Darby,' siz he, 'this is an ordher on a marchant for the amount.'

'Pin pho!' siz I, 'I'll sooner take your word nor his oath—looking round mighty respectful at the goold walls.

'Well, well, Darby,' siz he, 'you must have the real thing:' so, sure enough he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimly on my aunt and cut her forred.

'Now Darby,' siz he, 'you are a rich man, and worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, and take a bottle ov wine.' So, to please the gintleman, I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned.

'Captain, siz he, 'the deck is crawded: I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from coming in to see Darby. Bring him up, or as sure as a gun the ship 'll be sunk.'

'Come up, Darby, siz the captain, 'smillin' wonderful pleasant at myself. So my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tendher as iv I was a lady, or a pound of fresh butter in dog days. When I got up, shure enough, I could'nt help starin'; such crowds ov fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship. One of them, a little rosy cheek'd beauty, whisper'd the captain something, but he shuk his head, an' then came ever to me.

'Darby,' siz he, 'I know an Irishman would do any thing to please a lady.'

'In troth, you may say that with your own purty mouth,' siz I.

'Well, then, Darby,' siz he, the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sae.'

'Och, an' they shall have them an' welcome,' siz I.

'That's a good fellow,' siz he, 'now sthrip off'

'Decency, Katty,' siz I—'but all to no use, I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race, and jimpt two yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Sure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they look'd on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a bit ov divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks in the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the tother side, and every one ran to that side: then I took a hoult of my two big toes and making a ring of myself, rowled like a hoop on the top of the wather all around the ship. I believe I opened their eyes. Then I yarked, back swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs to me to come out, so I got into the boat, and threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks runnin' to shake hands wid me.

'Shure,' says they, 'you're the greatest man in the world!' So for three days I show'd off to crowds ov people, though I was *fasting* in the wather for shame.

At last the day came when I was to stand the tug. I saw the captin lookin' very often at me. At last,

'Darby,' siz he, 'are you any way cow'd?' The follow you have to shwim against, can shwim down watherfalls and catharacts.'

'Can I, avic,' siz I; 'but can he shwim up against them? Wow, wow, Darby for that' But captain come here: is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short of a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things.' An' who should come up while I was talkin' to the captin, but the chap I was to shwim with, and heard all I sed. Bedad! his eyes grew as big as two oyster shells. Then the captin called me aside.

'Darby,' siz he, 'do you put on this green jacket and white trowsers, that the people may bether extinguish you from the other chap.'

'With all hearts, avic,' siz I, 'green for ever—Darby's own favourite colour the world over: but where am I goin' to captain?'

'To the shwimmin' place, to be shure,' siz he.

'Here's at you my hearty,' siz I: 'and the de'il take the hindmost.' I was then introduced in due form to the swimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread and butther over my head—with a face as yallow as a kate's foot.

'Tip us the mitten,' siz I, 'mahonchal, quite pleasant. Siz I to myself, I'm done—but, cheer up, Darby: if I'm not able to kill him, I'll frighten the life out ov him. 'Where are we goin' to shwim to?' siz I, though bedad, if all was known, I was rightly nonplushed at the same time. But never a word he answered

'Are you bothered, neighbour?' siz I to him agin mighty sniff.

'I reckon I'm not,' siz he, as chuff as a bear.

'Well, then, siz I, 'why didn't you answer your betthers. What id you think iv we shwum to Keep Cleer, or the Keep or Good Hope?'

'I reckon neither,' siz he agen, eyein' me asiv I was goin' to pick his pockets.

'Well then, have ye any favourite place?' siz I.

'Now, I've heard a great deal about the island where poor Bony died: I'd like to see it, if I had any one to show me the place; suppose we went there.' But not a taste or a word could I get out ov him good or bad—so off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gintlemen. Such cheering and waving of flats never was seen even at *Dan's* entry into Dublin: and then the *five o' pelt?* girls laughing and rubbing against me, that I hardly could get on. 'To be shure, no one con'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin at them, till at last I was thript up by a big lump ov iron stuck fast in the ground with a big ring to it. 'Whoo! Darby,' siz I, making a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, you're not down yet.' I turned round to look at what thript me.

'What d'ye call that?' siz I to the captin' who was at my elbow.

'Why, Darby,' that's half an anchor.'

'Have ye any use for it?' siz I.

'Not in the laste,' siz he, 'it's only to fasten boats to.'

'Maybee you'd give it to a body, siz I.

'An' welkim Darby,' siz he, it's yours.'

'Good luck to your honour, sir,' siz I, 'it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the crather had'nt as much as an anvil, but when was shrouded away by the agint—bad luck to him. 'This will be just the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther. I shuke hands with this fellow. Bedad, the chap turned from yallow to white when he heard me say this; and siz to the gintleman that was walkin' by his side.

'I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimming to day—I don't feel myself.'

'An' murdher in Irish, if you're ever brother, can't you send him for yourself.' an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here man, stake a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to yer bether health, an' yer brother's into the bargain.' So I took off on glass and handed him another, but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take.

'No fayre, avic,' siz I, 'maybee you think there's poison in it—an' takin' the tother glass myself—well, here's good luck to me, once more. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avic?' siz I mighty complisent.

'I reckon in another week,' siz he.

So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave—shwim up cataracts—shwim to the Keep of Good Hope—shwim to St. Helena—shwim to Keep Cleer—shwim with an archer on his back—Oh! oh! oh! that'll never do for me.'

WHAT IS LIFE?—There is eloquence of thought as well as of language in the following paragraph from Arnott's Elements of Physics:

"The functions by which the nourished body assumes foreign matters from around and converts them into its own substance is little inviting in some of its details; but taken altogether is one of the most wonderful subjects which can engage the human attention. It points directly to the curious and yet unanswered question, What is life? The student of nature may analyze with all his art those minute portions of matter called seeds, and which he knows to be the rudiments of future creatures, and the links by which endless generations of living creatures hang to existence; but he cannot disentangle and display apart their mysterious LIFE: that something under the influence of which each little germ in due time swells out to fill an invisible mould of maturity which determines, its forms and proportions. One such substance thus becomes a luxurious rose-bush; another a noble oak; a third an eagle; a fourth an elephant—you, in the same way out of the rudest materials of broken seeds and roots, and leaves of plants and bits of animal flesh, is built up the human frame itself, whether of the active male, combining gracefulness and strength, or of the gentler woman, with beauty around her as light. How passing strange that such should be the origin of the bright human eye, whose glance pierces as if the invisible soul were shot with it—of the lips which pour fourth sweetest eloquence—of the larynx which, by vibrating, fills the surrounding air with music; and more wonderful than all, of that mass shut up within the bony fortress of the skull, whose delicate texture is the abode of the soul, with its reason which contemplates, and its sensibility which delights, in these and endless other miracles of creation!"

"There seems to be something that defies all the ordinary rules of accountantship in the expenditure of Princes. By the wise bargain which the English Parliament in its supreme wisdom made with Prince Leopold on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte, we have had to pay this quiet Prince £50,000 sterling a year, since 1817, now jog twenty years. A million of pounds sterling to a gentleman whose original income was the pay of an Austrian captain of cavalry, or about five shillings a day! The sum heaped upon him by the English Exchequer, one might conceive, would have overwhelmed him with difficulties as to the way of getting rid of it. But no: he managed to bear the weight of this shower of gold with remarkable ease, and though to human eyes he never spent five thousand pounds a year, and was actually a good deal laughed at for his presumed parsimony, the poor Prince professed himself to be in debt after about fifteen years receipt of a sum which would have purchased Coburg with all its Princes in open market. All this increased the public wonder. But the pension granted with such foolish prodigality, was paid, against many a remonstrance from members of the legislature; until, on his being made King of Belgium, the decency of things required that he should not be quite so visible a pensioner on England. On this his Belgian majesty wrote a note to Lord Grey, resigning his £50,000 a year, with the exception of whatever might be necessary for keeping up the grounds of Claremont.

How a foreign King could have any right to keep an English estate, is a question. But poor Lord Gray was made to be puzzled, and he was puzzled accordingly. He accepted to this dexterous proposal. John Bull took it for granted that the £50,000 were saved, with the exception of the few hundreds which the grounds might cost for sweeping, and which might be easily made up by doing what his majesty of Belgium was said to have very regularly done, namely, selling the gooseberries and currants. However, when the Reform came, and for the honour of England, Lord Althorp, the most indefatigable breeder of bulls in the whole country, was actually Chancellor of the Exchequer, for such things have been, a demand was made why the savings of the £50,000 did not appear in his budget! The bull-breeder then made the astonishing avowal, that there were no savings yet. The whole having been employed in paying Prince Leopold's debts. The House was certainly as much astonished as any set of men could possibly be, at the imputation of his taste for spending on a quiet personage, whose style of living was of the humblest order, and who was supposed to have been immensely, rich in consequence. However, Lord Grey was then floating on the full tide of popularity; Lord Althorp was an oracle, the whigs were the national hope, and in this reign of nonsense, and saturnalia of patronage, the affair passed muster, and the Prince escaped with an admonition not to have so many debts with so little discoverable expenditures in future. But we wait, with some anxiety, to hear of the next return of the 'Savings': his Belgian majesty's share of his very lucky bargain, the million, being, we presume, in the hands of his Belgian majesty to this hour.

Cavan Sessions.—*Curious Case*.—A civil bill process was tried before Mr. Murphy, assistant barrister of Cavan, where a gentleman of the name of Creighton was the plaintiff, and a farmer named Reilly was the defendant. The amount sued for was five pounds. The circumstances were these—Reilly was for many years married to a young woman, by whom he had no children, and Mrs. Creighton being reputed for giving a cure that in many cases produced the pledges of connubial bliss, Reilly sent his wife to her. The agreement between the parties, as Mrs. Creighton alledged, was that Mrs. Reilly was to pay her five pounds on the birth of her first child. It did so happen that Mrs. Reilly gave birth to a fine boy in due time, and instead of five pounds, she sent thirty shillings to Mrs. Creighton, who refused to take less than five pounds. Upon a full hearing of the case, the barrister granted a decree for the five pounds. The witnesses who came up were ably and humourously cross-examined by Mr. Armstrong, attorney for the defendant; and the court, which was crowded to excess, was convulsed with laughter. This decision has added considerable to the fame of Mrs. Creighton; and many ladies have been enquiring her place of residence, which is between Cavan and Granard, on the borders of the county of Longford.

Slavery in the French Colonies.—In the French chamber of deputies, June 13th, the question of the abolition of slavery in the French colonies was revived, incidentally to the colonial budget, by M. de Tracy, who demanded that some measure of emancipation should be immediately brought forward by the ministry, whose apathy on the topic was highly culpable. The honorable deputy declared that in his opinion the continuance of negro slavery was a disgrace to the civilization, the morality and the honor of France. The minister of the marine took upon himself the task of replying to the proposal of M. de Tracy by observing that number of negro slaves whose emancipation was demanded, was 271,000—the price of whose freedom, if purchased at the same rate as had been paid by England, would involve the nation in an expence of 271,000 times £11,200,000 sterling! and unless the chamber were prepared to lay that additional burden on the people, the question could not usefully be agitated. The minister added that the result which England had obtained by the emancipation of her slaves had been anything but satisfactory.

Wilson's Mowing Machine begins to attract attention, and we think with good cause. The first experiment made at Flatbush, before the committee, did not turn out quite as successful as was expected, but this was satisfactorily accounted for. Some of the knives got loose—repairs were necessary—the machine struck some loose stones, and it came on to rain: but a second and a third experiment, with fine weather, a smooth field, and the machine in good order, was entirely successful. The machine with one horse and a man can with ease cut five acres per day, and cut close and clean. This is an immense saving of labor, particularly when it is necessary to cut your grain quickly, and get in your crop in threatening weather. On the Western Prairies this machine will be worth its weight in gold, as labor in that region of fertile country is difficult to be had, and one man, with this machine, can cut his grain and hay, collect it, thrash it out, house it, and accomplish the work of five hands. Patent rights for counties are selling briskly.—*New York Evening Star.*

A Dandy's Wardrobe.—A suit was brought in one of the London courts, lately, by Mr. Barghart, a fashionable tailor against the executors of a certain Captain Nesbitt, to recover the sum of £2,154 or more than $10,000 being the amount of the said tailor's bill for three years. The following extracts from the testimony give quite an imposing notion of a dandy captain's wardrobe.—The tailor lost his suit by the way, as well as his suits, it being proved that he had encouraged the young man in his extravagance, and had been often warned against trusting him, by his relatives.

William Stultz stated that he was clerk to the plaintiff. Among the articles were "a fur cloak, which had formerly composed part of the wardrobe of the late King George the Fourth, that was charged £73 10s.; three Indian Cashmere shawls of a peculiarly fine quality, £149, 10s averaging about £50 each; these were supplied on 25th November 18—. There was some saddle for of a curious and expensive quality, which had also belonged to George the Fourth, for Miss Nesbitt's cloak, £42 an ageolette for his regimental cloak, made of pearl gold, £21.—Of the whole amount of the bill, the items of regimental clothing was not more than £300.—Mr. Nesbitt was an officer in the Life Guards, and kept two horses; he had two servants at his lodging and two at the stables. He also had a regimental groom. For all these servants liveries were made. Capt. Nesbitt frequently changed his servants, and he always had fresh liveries for the new servants. It was impossible for him at that moment to say what the cost of those liveries had been because the item ran throughout the account; but he thought the amount of Captain Nesbitt's personal clothing was about £1,000 and the remaining part of the clothing bill must therefore be made up with charges for the liveries.

There were four sets of solid gold buttons also furnished; the charge for them was £71; also a writing and dressing case which had belonged to George the Fourth, a very handsome article, 10 guineas.

Lord Abinger: Then it seems that what belonged to the late King were "necessaries" for Captain Nesbitt?—(Laughter.) The charge for the first black coat was £5 5s. Mr. Thesiger (who caused immense laughter by reading the items): Well, now I come to "a rich sable boa (spect;" I don't believe that was necessary as a part of the military costume of the Life Guards.—(A laugh.) That, I see, is charged 5 guineas; pray was that for Captain Nesbitt's sister.—Witness: Oh no, that was for himself. It was an exceedingly cold winter, and he wore it round his neck.—Mr. Thesiger: Probably "rich racking jackets" are necessary for an officer in the Life Guards. for I see two are charged—(a laugh)—and then I find an item "24 black silk handkerchiefs and stocks—£103 2s." Were those had?—Witness—Yes, there were also thirty-two white quilting waistcoats £54, with Life-guard dress buttons, and large friar's cape. Next there were fifteen yards of rich Genoa velvet, £22 10s. and the following item was nine cashmere waistcoats charged £36 10s. On the 10th of November there was a superfine green cloth lady's cloak, lined, £19. On the 18th April, 1830, there were six pair of doe-skin trousers, £24 10s. So he could not say whether those constituted part of the Life Guard's regimental attire.—The charges in the bill were for twelve months' credit.

The following is as cool a relation of a murder and of the discharge of the murderer, as ever was penned.

Fatal Rencontre.—Were it not our duty, as the conductors of a public journal, to give our readers the events of the day, of whatever character they may be, we would rejoice in being spared the painful task of recording the particulars of the following most distressing occurrence.

For some time past a slight misunderstanding had existed between Mr Henry W. Anderson, of Bolver, and Mr. Richard M. Jones, merchant, of this place. Near the close of the week, Mr. Anderson came to Brownville, and according to custom placed his name on the hotel register. Shortly afterwards he discovered a remark immediately under his name impugning his character, and bearing the signature of R. H. Jones. He then wrote a reply, attaching his proper signature. On Monday morning last at an early hour, Mr. Jones called at the hotel, and seeing the appended remark, became much enraged, and declared he would have satisfaction. He walked to the door of a store into which Mr. Anderson had just entered and called him to come out. He complied, when Mr. Jones demanded of him whether he had written the remark alluded to above or not.

Mr. Anderson answered in the affirmative, at which moment each resorted to a pistol, standing about four feet apart; in an instant they fired simultaneously, making but one report. Mr. Jones' ball lodged in the muzzle of his adversary's pistol and the contents of Mr. Anderson's pistol (three balls) lodged in Mr Jones' breast over the right nipple. He expired in 2 or 3 hours, leaving a wife and two or three children.

Mr. Anderson submitted immediately to the civil authorities, and was discharged. Upon examination it was found that it was entirely a misunderstanding, and that if the parties had only conversed together on the subject no difficulty would have ensued. This, by entering precipitately and prematurely into strict measures, have we lost a respectable citizen, and poignant regret has been driven to the heart of another—while a tender wife and infant babes have witnessed the flowing blood and dying groans of him who was to them most dear on earth.—*Brownville (Ten.) Banner.*

The Spartan Women.—In their domestic life, the Spartans, like the rest of the Greeks, had but little pleasure in the society of their wives. At first the young husband only visited his wife by stealth—to be seen in company with her was a disgrace. But the woman enjoyed a much greater freedom; and received a higher respect in Sparta than elsewhere; the soft Asiatic distinctions in dignity between the respective sexes did not reach the hardy mountains of Lacedæmon: the wife was the mother of men! Brought up in robust habits, accustomed to the athletic exercises, her person exposed in public processions and dances—which, but for the custom that made decorous even indecency itself, would have been, indeed, licentious—the Spartan maiden, strong hardy, and half a partaker in the ceremonies of public life, shared the habits, aided the emulation, imbibed the patriotism of her future consort. And, by her sympathy with his habits and pursuits, she obtained an influence and ascendancy over him which were unknown in the rest of Greece. Dignified on public occasions, the Spartan matron was deemed, however, a virago in private life; and she who had no sorrow for a slaughtered son, had very little deference for a living husband.—*Dalcoer's Athens.*

YOUNG MEN.

ALWAYS HAVE AN OBJECT IN VIEW.

The highest object you can have is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

The next highest is, to honor thy father and thy mother.

The next is to love thy neighbor as thyself.

The next, to serve thy country honestly and faithfully, in whatever station thou art called to fill.

And the next, to choose thee a wife in thy youth. But be careful in your choice. Do not marry a fool unless you wish to beget for yourself trouble.

Remember, young men, always to have an object in view; and let your aim in life be elevated. This is the safeguard of character, and mainspring of excellence.

YOUNG LADIES.

Whenever you see young men spending their leisure hours at some resort of gaming, or other idle amusement, it is a sure sign they never will become great men. Shun them, girls—they will never make good husbands.

A bean, dressed out as some are, is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body. Such beaux, fops, and the whole pleasure-loving fraternity are short-lived animals. They look pretty in the gay sunsmne of summer: but poor creatures, they cannot endure the approach of autumn and the old age of winter. They have their little hour of enjoyment, and that is the end of them.

When any person, though in the garb of a gentleman addresses you in the language of fulsome flattery, you should recollect; young ladies, that there are men of prey, as well as beasts of prey.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

Not long since, two sailors passing along by a tailor's shop, observing a tailor at work with his coat off, and having the back of his waistcoat patched with different kinds of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the poor fellow, when one of the tars cried out to the other, "Look ye, Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of cabbage grow on one stump before?"

Take Warning.—Women often lose the men they love, and who love them, by mere wantoness or coquetry. They repent and they repent. They should be careful not to take this step hastily: for proud, high-minded man, will seldom ask a woman twice.

A Frenchman constructed 'flying artillery' in Texas by saddling a six-pounder on the back of a mule! When near the Cumanche Indians, the mule was turned tail foremost to the enemy, (the gun pointing in that direction,) but the recoil of the discharge almost kicked the dumb beast heels over head into the middle of next week.