THE Weekly Chronicle

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

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THE CHRONICLE,

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

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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.		R. SUN.	S. SUN.	MOON.	H. W.
19	Saturday,	4 32	7 28	Sets.	Morn
20	Sunday,	4 32	7 28	9 26	0 35
21	Monday,	4 32	7 28	10 2	1 18
22	Tuesday,	4 32	7 28	10 33	1 59
23	Wednesday,	4 32	7 28	10 53	2 42
24	Thursday,	4 33	7 27	11 14	3 27
25	Friday,	4 33	7 27	11 35	4 24

First Quarter, 25th, 5h. 39 m. eve.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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. D. Wilmot, Esq.

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

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

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.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON.
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

☞NOTICE.☜

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store, SANDS' Arcade, formerly occupied by Faulkner & Wheeler, where he will keep on hand a choice selection of the best *Wines, Liquors, &c., &c.,* Also, *Pastry, Sandwiches, &c.*, may be had at all times by those friends who will favour him with a call. A. COLLINS.
May 14.

White Lead, Oil, &c.

FOR SALE by the subscribers at their Store in Ward-street—A quantity of No. 1 & 2 White LEAD, Yellow, Red and Green PAINT; boiled & Raw Linseed OIL, in small packages; PUTTY in small casks and bladders; Barrels COAL TAR; Barrels Wilmington TAR and PITCH; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright SUGAR; Hhds. of Molasses.
May 7, 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

REMOVAL.—The subscriber has removed to his Fire Proof Brick store in Nelson street.
May 7. WM. CARVILL.

H. J. & D. MACKAY, have removed to the Brick Building in Nelson street, owned by D. J. M'LAUGHLAN, Esq. May 7.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship handlery, of every description.
May 7. WM. ROBERTSON.

Spring Goods by the Emerald,
FROM LIVERPOOL.

THE subscribers have received part of their Liverpool and Manchester Goods by the ship *Emerald*, which will be opened early in the next week. The remainder with their London Goods daily expected.
May 7. JAMES LOCKWOOD & CO.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale, that large and well built House in Queen-street, with the freehold estate, being 40 feet on the south side of said street, and running back, the same width 100 feet; lately the property of Mr. Joseph Scammell. Half the purchase money may remain for a term of years, secured by bond and mortgage, and the remaining half in payments of 3, 6, 9, 12, and 15 months, by good endorsed notes, with interest.
May 21.—6w. T. L. NICHOLSON.

Paints, oil, and Sheet Lead.

Per "Sophia," from London;

180 Kegs best London WHITE LEAD,
5 Casks Double Boiled Linseed OIL,
5 " Raw do.
2 Rolls Sheet Lead.—Which with their previous stock of Paints, in all colours, will be sold cheap by
May 28. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

Pale Geneva.

NOW LANDING from the *Sophia*, Peok, master, from London:—25 Hhds. Fine Pale Rotterdam Geneva; and for sale by
May 28. W. P. RANNEY.

Miscellany.

THE GIPSY OF THE ABRUZZO.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.,

CHAPTER I.

The hot south-east wind had prevailed all day, and cast gloom and langor over the lovely valley of Salmona—a spot worthy of having given birth to the amiable Naso, that immortal poet, whose glowing imagination has so truly painted those "charming agonies of love, whose misery delights."

It was near to that spot, still known to the peasantry as La Bottega d'Ovidio, that the young Donna Constanza stayed her eager palfrey to let him drink of the limped stream of Gli Fonte d'Amore. Notwithstanding the sickening oppression of the malaria, now fast pervading the heated breeze, the flush of hope and happiness sat upon the maiden's brow, and the smile of youthful joy played around her pouting lips. While her horse sucked up the cooling draught, a voice from beneath called out in low but musical tones:—

"Gentil' Donna," two several times, before she could recognise whence it proceeded. "Gentil' Donna," said the voice, a third time, "fling a ducat on the margin of Gli Fonte d'Amore, and I'll read you your fortune." The lady now discerned the speaker, where he lay stretched at full length beneath the thick olive that shaded one side of the spring. "This is no hour to have fortune read," replied the donna; "but here's a gold zechino for thy good wishes, for truly never did I need fortune more. Here, Andreas, rein up thy steed, and hear the coin to him."—"Touch it not, Messer Andreas," sharply cried the first speaker, addressing the waiting servitor, "'twill blister thy fingers else." Andreas instinctively started from the proffered gold; the speaker laughed, and in a softened tone continued:—

"Fling it thou upon the flowery turf, made ever verdant by the waters of Gli Fonte d'Amore; fling it freely down, and thy love, lady, shall never know cross again." A deep suffusion passed over the cheek of Constanza. "The baron is in sight, Donna," announced Andreas. "Then let us ride on,' she replied, as, with a look that seemed to say, I would hear more if occasion suited, she flung the coin towards the prophet, and giving her spirited palfrey the rein, she galloped lightly on towards the Castello. "Your fortune is read *multo beato*, and may your star never shine less brightly than at this hour,' cried the man, springing up, and displaying the well-known equipment of the Zingaro—one of a race half bandit, half gipsy, who were at this period thickly located about the wild mountain tract lying between Isernia and Popoli, and extending from the lake of Celano across the Maronne and Matesse. In his hand he bore a staff full nine feet long—this was his only apparent weapon: from his neck hung a rudely formed guitar, a long hair-net constrained his luxuriant black locks, and a large leafed hat lay back upon his shoulders, sustained by a narrow leather strap passed across his forehead. His nether man was clad in loose breeches of dark yellow cotton, drawn tight below the knee; a grove-shaped leathern gaiter covered his leg nearly to the ancle, where it was met by the lacing of the rude sandal, which barely protected the sole of the foot. A short closely fitted jerkin of deer-skin, and a very large *cape* of coarse black cloth, completed the wardrobe of the very picturesque-looking youth, who, leaning on his staff, watched the receding figure of the beautiful Constanza. There was a yellowish tint in his complexion, which would have given a sickly character to the countenance, but that it was more than counteracted by the lustrous brightness of his large black eyes, the redness of his lips, and a set of teeth which, from their strength and whiteness, seemed formed for eternity. In figure he was about the middle height; his limbs light and long, denoting both strength and elasticity.

As the cortege of the baron drew near, the youth thus minutely described moved round the spring, and having picked from the turf the piece of gold, rapidly darted away; and by the aid of his pole, readily clearing the many streams which intersected the meadow, made for the olive-grove, which covered one side of the steep hill leading to the Castello.

This was the day of the festival of the patron saint of the monastery of the Annunziata, and, in despite of the sirocco, the Baron de Mirialva had attended the ceremony in company with his niece. They had left the castle at day-break, and were now returning from the monastery, accompanied by some of the neighbouring nobility. It was on this day, in the church of the Annunziata, Constanza had recovered the smiles stolen from her brow, ever since the hour her uncle first announced the feud which separated her from Lugi Conradini, her long-affianced and heart-chosen lord. It was from the hand of a mendicant palmer, to whom she tendered alms, in the gloomy aisles of the church, she received the electric touch which imparted new life to her heart. It was from beneath that pilgrim's hood the glances shot, which had kindled anew the fire of joy in her eyes; and it was to read the letter of love, hidden next her beating heart, whose lines, indeed, were to decide her fate, that she now spurred homeward so freely, heedless of the heat of sun or air. The same day was far advanced, when the gipsy stood close before the noble gate of the Castell de Mirialva, and whilst tuning his guitar, the wanderer's constant recommendation, disturbed the rest of the pampered porter who sat within its shade. "Peace, and quit thy thrumming, rogue; thou canst not expect to steal aught here," growled the unmusical servitor; "what wouldst thou?"—"Something to eat, and somewhere to shelter me within these ample walls," replied the youth sadly; "see you the threatening storm?"—"Diavolo, Zingaro!" rejoined the porter, "thou must have profitted little by thy being up, if a coming storm or a night's lying in the air with a grey stone pillow and sky-coloured coverlid, can give thee much care."—"But, charity, good Signor Castellan!"—"Aye, aye, I am charitable to the real necessitoso, even to overflowing, and give abundantly to the worthy fathers of San Domenico. The convent of Monte Gargliano is hardly a league lower down, and if thou west lightly those long legs of thine, thou mayest yet cross the torrent before the mountain-waters find their way there. The holy fathers are excellent judges of the proper objects of compassion; go, tinkle thy guitar at their gate, and see if thy Zingharo ditties may win the straw and a supper. Ho, ho! Pah! that puff of malaria was the very breath of Satan; the true blast of the sirocco—away, rogue! Off from the portal, and let me close out thy ill breathing and thy master, the devil's, together—it will not harm thee, 'tis thy native air: so good night, poverretto."—"The malaria be your only breathing, son of a ban-dog, until your bloated form be as black and as foul as the heart within it," muttered the repulsed suppliant, as he turned from the closely-barred portal of the Castello, and fixed his eyes upon the mighty masses of cloud now fast descending on every side, obscuring the close of day, and creating a premature night, by colouring every object with their sickly saffron hue, only contrasted by the fiery glare of the vivid lightning, shot at intervals from their laden bosoms. A few heavy rain-drops, splashing upon the hard and thirsty soil, gave note of the coming storm, and promised a speedy termination to the sirocco that had blown all day. Though it was late, the birds by a sudden quick, and lively note, seemed to offer up thanks to the God of nature for the relief about to be afforded them. The leaves of the olive, too, emitted a gentle rustling sound, as if eager to court the coming gale, that with cool breath began already to puff back the baleful blast, under whose withering influence all beneath the sky had seemed to droop and sicken. "'Twill be a heavy fall, and soon too," muttered the gipsy as, after a moment's observation of the heavens, he leaned upon his staff and glanced about him; "and not a chance of shelter, except I crawl like a hound under some projection of these walls, upon which my curse should light, but that I watched the fair form of her who flung me this zechino gallop lightly beneath them. Gold, humph! if I were in a city now, this would win me supper and shelter from Christian or Pagan, but of what use is it upon the mountain? A thousand such pieces would not bribe yon over-laden cloud to bear its waters a league further, and leave me in a dry skin. No! man alone knows its influence, and the ring of this tiny bit of yellow metal would thrill even to the heart of the churl who now bars me in the storm.—would even charm him to change hands and touch cup with the Zingaro. *Sfortnato!* if ever we meet on the mountain, I'll read thee a true fortune; aye, and see to its fulfilment too, even as near to the end of thy life as may well be with safety."

The glance that accompanied this promise fully vouched for the sincerity of the speaker, who now pulled over his brows the large leafed hat which had hitherto lain upon his shoulders, drew the hanging part of his hair net tightly under his throat, and folding his coarse capa closely about his person, seemed fully prepared to abide the pitiless pelting of the coming maestro, as with a quick and stealthy pace he turned the leeward angle of the Casa.

CHAPTER II.

'Twas about the second hour of the morning, the storm had done its errand and was passed away, and the dome of heaven shewed clear and unclouded. The cool breeze blew freshly, and formed a singular contrast to the dull and suffocating wind that had prevailed during the preceding day; the deep shadows of the Castello were flung far down the side of the hill upon which it was reared, and the only sound that broke on Nature's repose was the distant roar of the swollen waters of the Pescara. A tall and stately cavalier was eagerly climbing the most precipitate part of the hill, over which hung a large projecting window; he halted as he arrived beneath it, and after gazing in silence for an instant, eagerly unwound his scarf and waved it to and fro in the air. "No," he at length murmured, in a tone of bitter disappointment, "there is no hope; the light has long been extinguished, and she has despaired of my coming. I would I had plunged into the torrent that detained me—death would have been less painful than the eternal misery of hope delayed. Could I yet apprise her that I am here without noise—but how? Stephano is with the horses, and I could as soon scale the Duomo as reach that cursed window—I would give a thousand ducats to see it fairly opened."—'A bargain, Signor Cavaliero," was at once whispered, in a clear and distinct, though low tone, which seemed to rise close from beneath the signor's feet; he cast his eyes downwards, and observed, rolled up in a coin of the buttress, immediately under shelter of the window, a dark looking mass, from out of which a pair of twinkling eyes were fixed intensely upon him.

"Who art thou?" he demanded fiercely, "lying coiled up there like the lynx of the Abruzzo? Come forth quickly, and show thy form and errand, or I'll unkennel thee else with the point of my spada."—"Don't do that, signor," again whispered the voice; "don't do that, for when tickled I have an ugly trick of laughing loud enough to be heard at a round league, and listeners might choose to seek out the joke sooner than you could be prepared to join in it."—"Come forth, sirrah knave, and fear not; only inform me what thou hast been doing in that lair, and why there at all."—"Veramente, signor, I am here for lack of better shelter, and have been doing what I still had done but for your coming—sleeping sound, as the cat sleeps. My ear is quick, signor, and my eye is quicker. I know you, Luigi Conradini, and could guess your present business here, aye, and could help you to do it into the bargain."—"And what are you, that read me this riddle?"—"One who lives by riddles—a Zingaro," answered the speaker, rising nimbly to his full height, and shaking about him the folds of his capa.

'Ha! methinks I have seen thy face before, friend?'—'And I am sure I have seen yours, signor. Zingaro never yet forgot the face of friend or foe.'—'Am I, then, to conclude myself recognized as the former, since you so readily proffer service?' 'Not more promptly, signor, than you extended it to me twelve months agone this very day, in the wood of Venafro when the king's hounds turned off the trail of the deer to rose me, where I lay *perdu* under a tree, watching the chase, and the chasseurs were going to hang me up as a scare-crow for throwing them out—aye, and but for your prompt word had done it too. Now, signor, what can I do to repay the obligation? Fear not to trust me, I am your's to the death; for gratitude, like vengeance, should be *senza limite*."—"I fear me, Zingaro, that thy service, though honestly and freely proffered, may little avail me in this strait, unless thou hast wit to conjure me into yonder window, or give warning in a whisper to her, who no longer watches, that he whom she loves is here."—"Humph! both may be contrived, and without the aid of the devil, if you, signor, can afford to part with a portion of your dignity, and, putting forth the native strength of your manhood, so become my bearer for a brief space."—"I do not rightly comprehend; but fear not my compliance, if thou canst but make it appear that by bearing thee I may enter into yon chamber—but pshaw! the thing has no likelihood; that window is a good twenty feet from the ground we tread on."—"Ha, ha! I have scaled a higher wall to rob a meal of flour from the Fornajo, and for the wealth and beauty that await thee!—*Ashimo*, Luigi Conradina! stand on this bench; so—why, there's two feet less distance between thee and thy mistress already. Now take this pole, and drive the iron point into the opposite buttress with all thy might, and as high above head as may be; strike manfully for thy lady's love." The count raised his arm, and the point of the staff was buried between the huge stones. "Well stricken signor," cried the gipsy; "now lend me that silken scarf; elevate thine arms to the uttermost,—so; now hold firm the pole, and stand fast, for my limbs may be periled if thine fail."

Agilely springing upon Conte Luigi's shoulders, the gipsy next stepped lightly upon the tough pole, which the lover with his vigorous arms bore above his head, pressing against the point which rested in the opposite wall; once at this elevation, he dexterously threw the scarf round one of the frightfully carved heads which projected, by way of ornament, from the ends of the beams that supported the window, and seemed to grin defiance on all below; this done, to twist the two parts of the scarf together, and climb up by shifting his hands alternately one over the other with the lightness and nimbleness of a marmot, was the work of a moment. He tried the casement—it yielded to the touch, and the long desired haven stood open before the anxiously watching lover of Constanza, who, making a sign to his assistant, quickly drew from his cloak a light but strong ladder of silken cordage, and flinging up one end to be hooked to the window's edge, fastened the other to the rude bench below, and promptly mounting, entered the chamber.

"The thousand ducats are mine," whispered the gipsy-boy in the ear of the count.—"They will not be the moiety of thy reward," answered Conradin eagerly, "if I this night succeed in my hopes."—"Basta, signor," rejoined the successful climber, "let me first rub out the debt contracted in the forest of Venafro before we begin a new score."—"This apartment," continued the count, "is one of the suite occupied by Constanza; her dressing-room should be somewhere near the window on the right hand. Ah! during our days of happiness, I knew well each turning in these apartments; and did the good old marchese, her father, still live, I need not now be seeking my affianced bride by night, and in darkness, as a thief seeks his prey."—"Why, I fancy I feel more at home in the darkness than you do, signor," interrupted the gipsy, as they felt along the wall. "Ha! perchance here is the very door; a light within too!—by your leave, Messer Key, all is well; Eccola, signor, condescend to place your eye here and behold her whom you seek." The count instinctively obeyed. It was indeed Constanza; she was still equipped as if for the saddle, except that she had thrown aside her hat and plume. Her beautiful countenance was suffused with the tears still falling upon an open letter that lay upon the table before her, and with whose contents she was intensely occupied. A half-uttered exclamation from the count reached her ear: she listened with doubting eagerness; a low tap was next heard on the door, and "Constanza!" was softly whispered, in those tones in which none ever breathed her name, save only one. She started on to her feet, and gazed timidly around, passing her hand across her forehead. The next moment she had flung wide the chamber-door, and the swart form of the Zingaro stood before her. She saw no more—a wild piercing scream burst from her lips, and covering her face with her hands, she sank senseless into the arms of her betrothed husband, Luigi Conradini.

'Diavolo! signor, was it your looks or mine that so terrified the donna?'—'We are lost!' exclaimed the count, 'lost beyond hope; her loud scream must have alarmed the household, and my life will be the sacrifice to her guardian uncle's anger and revenge.'—'Nay, then,' cried his companion, 'resign thy senseless prize, and let us two fly; 'tis ill arguing with an angry guardian on his own ground.' 'Not so, but do thou leave me, good fellow; take this purse and fly; for myself, I will abide the worst, and die rather than again be separated from her for whom alone I wish to live.' A distant noise, as of approaching footsteps, was now heard. The Zingaro paused for a moment, as he quietly put aside the proffered gold; he cast his eyes on the senseless form of Constanza, over which the count fondly hung; then, as if suddenly having resolved and decided on his course, he exclaimed, taking the hand of the lady,—'I this day read you a fair fortune, Donna, and it must be fulfilled. Take up your mistress, signor, and bear her down the ladder.'—'Tis useless, worthy fellow; already I hear the sound of advancing feet at the end of the corridor: we sho'd be pursued and seized ere I could bear this dear burthen half way down the hill to where my good horses wait.'—'You shall not be pursued. I will remain behind, will close down the window, lead them on a wrong scent, and so win you ample time. Away, come!'—'How! you remain! but your life will——'—'I know. I know, signor, my neck will be put in some jeopardy, but that is an every day venture; if I 'scape, so—if not, at worse, hanging is the natural death of our race, and I am already some twelve months older than I should have been for your interference—so I owe you a death. Ha! they are getting impatient without, so courage, signor; the fresh air revives her already. There, throw your cloak round her—let her not again get sight of my face to terrify her anew. Ha, ha, ha! I never judged before it was so forbidding to the sex.' A violent hammering was now heard on the outer door of the corridor, together with the baron's voice ordering it to be broken down. The count and his lively prize were by this time at the foot of the ladder—he looked back to the gipsy, and urged him to descend. 'Down with thee, my brave lad, and try thy fortune with us.'—'You were lost if I did that,' answered the youth coolly—'Adieu, Lugi Conradini. Tell the donna 'twas I who yesterday read her fortune by the waters of Gli Fonti d'Amor. And hark! should the aged of our race ever cross your path, fling a coin in their way for my sake, and confess that the gratitude of lo Zingaro is *senza limite*.' He closed the window with the last word, and softly entering the chamber of Constanza, had just time to secure the lock, when the outer door was burst open and the baron appeared, surrounded by a crowd of half dressed domestics, who all eagerly pressed forward, alarmed at the thought of their young lady's danger.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINTER.—"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby, "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle, "because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor, it is inserted, and, he is ruined to all intents and purposes." "Too much the case, Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh; "too—much—the—case." "An', please your honour," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imploring attitude, "an' please your honour, this is not the whole." "Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer, sometimes," pursued the Corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty miss exclaims, 'Why don't he give us more poetry, marriages, and bon mots?—away with these stale pieces.' The politician claps his specs on his nose, and runs it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir," said the honest Corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly, "would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything so bad as that!" "Never!" said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—We do not want precepts so much as patterns.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that, to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor, an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

There is not greater difference between the living and the dead, than between a wise man and a blockhead.

Nothing ought to be more guarded against in a free state than making the military power a body too distinct from the people.

Profusion restores to the public the wealth which avarice has detained from it for a time.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, the latter when he can get it.

The weather is not a safe topic of discourse: your company may be hippish; nor is health—your associate may be a malade imaginaire; nor is money—you may be suspected as a borrower.

A titled nobility is the most undisputed progeny of feudal barbarism.

To endeavor the conversion of a heretic by force is as absurd as to attempt storming a castle by logic.

A wise man's heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house; and good deeds in this life are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

When all is done, human life is, at the best, like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep yourself from falling than, having fallen into, to stay oneself from falling infinitely.

If there be an object truly ridiculous in nature it is an American patriot, singing resolutions of independence with one hand, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaver.

Virtue knows no distinction of sex.

THE FLOWERS.—THE FIRST OF MAY

(FROM THE CORK CONSTITUTION.)

In glory came forth the lovely May,
Her bosom was deck'd with flowers,
Like a beauteous fair one her bridal day
In the pride of her sun-blest hours.

And Nature was crowning her charming Queen,
Her brow with each soft hue wreathing—
Beauty, pleasure, and song grac'd that sweet scene,
Where dew-essenc'd hearts were breathing.

The Bride of the Sun was the lovely May,
She came to her garden bowers,
O'er her beautiful form his light beams play,
And her bridal feast was flowers.

From the lowly plant of its scented air,
The drops from Heaven bedewing,
To rich aromatics of tender care,
Her vernal blest paths were strewing.

The nectarine cup that the wild bee loves,
To taste and to sense reviving,
The bright petal where the butterfly roves,
The exquisite sbene enliv'ning.

And grand martial music's heart-thrilling sound,
Triumphant in lightest measure,
Fragrance and melody wafted around
To enrich the Court of Pleasure.

Her floral admirers brought each bright gem,
To adorn her happy bridal,
And the budding leaf and the bending stem
Were blushing round Spring-time's idol.

How charming the fragrant flowers of air,
And the brightest there were blooming—
The soft ray of beauty and love was there,
The unrivall'd scene illuming.

Each Lover selecting his own lov'd rose,
Felt the magic of that bright day,
And wish'd to his fond hopes the calm repose,
The Bridal of Lovely May.

TREES AT STUDELY.—A Spanish chestnut (112 feet high and 22 feet in girth. Another 89 feet high, 12 feet in girth. A lime-tree 101 feet high, 17 feet 3 inches in girth. Beech, 114 feet 6 inches high, 22 feet in girth. Ash, 104 feet high, 29 feet in girth. Another (oak sessiliflors) 118 feet high, and 33 feet in girth, divided into five principal upright stems. Alpine fir, 150 feet high and 20 in girth. A black American spruce, 121 feet high, 9 feet 11 inches in girth. A silver fir, 96 feet high, with a girth of nearly 11 feet, and spread near the ground of 50 feet. A sycamore, 100 feet high. A Dutch elm, 95 feet, and an English elm, 105 feet high, with 26 feet 8 inches in girth, and fifteen principal upright stems; —and *sic de cæteris.—Granville's Spas of England.*

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND'S HERALDRY.—From the time of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, to the institution of the first Bishop of Rome, Linus, in the year of our Lord 58, there has been a regular succession of Bishops, 153 in number, to the period when the present Primate of England was appointed in 1825; as there has been in Ireland a like regular succession of Bishops, 149 in number, from the same Apostles to the present Archbishop. A Church of England man, therefore, when asked, "From whence is your Church?" points to his *Christian national heraldry*, to the glorious line of succession from the first Apostles to the present hour; and says, "These are the title-deeds of my Church;" to its glorious inheritance of millions of departed saints, as to other millions following in their footsteps.—*From My Life, by an ex-Dissenter.*

"THE OLD NONCONFORMISTS' OF THE CHURCH.—Nonconformity could once boast of a *Baxter*, who was so moderate in respect to forms of Church Government, that he loved Episcopalians as his brethren; of a *Flavel*, whose last efforts were directed to restrain the enemies of the Church of England from acts of hostility, and to seek to unite Separatists from the Establishment; by forming a union of Presbyterians and Independents; of a *Bates*, who declared that it was neither faction, fancy, nor humour, which made him a Nonconformist; of a *Henry*, who, if he had lived in 1841, would have been a clergyman of the Church of England; of a *Howe*, who would never have preached at Silver-street Chapel, had he not been driven by the act of uniformity from his Church at Torrington, and who delighted to preach and to read the prayers of the Church of England at Utrecht, whilst he resided on the Continent; of a *Harris*, who was so moderate a Presbyterian, that when King Charles was restored, proceeded to Scotland, and was ordained both Deacon and Presbyter by the Bishop of Withern; of a *John Bunyon*, who never allowed his nonconformity to lead him to attack the Church with which he desired to remain in friendly alliance; and of a *Matthew Henry*, who hesitated some time as to whether he should not seek for episcopal ordination, and decided at last to be ordained by Presbyters, because there was some doubt as to whether he could obtain the former without submitting to the oaths and declarations to which he objected.—*From "My Life," by an Ex-Dissenter.*

A short time since, at St. Jame's Church, Poole, a father married his son's wife's aunt. The son married his father's wife's sister. Consequently one son is brother-in-law to his father, and the father is brother-in-law to his son. The other son is nephew and son-in-law to his father's wife, and his wife is niece and daughter-in-law to her husband's father, niece and sister-in-law to her husband's brother, and niece and sister-in-law to her husband's brother's wife. It would be difficult to find a parallel instance of such intricate relationship.

"EVER SINCE HE WAS A PUPPY."—There was a coffee room at the principal inn where Sterne resided, about the time he wrote "Tristram Shandy," where gentlemen who frequented the house might read the newspapers. One of the greatest enjoyments of Sterne's life was spending an inoffensive hour in a snug corner of this room. There was a troop of horse at that time quartered in the town; one of the officers was a gay young man, spoiled by the free intercourse of the world, but not destitute of good qualities. This young gentleman was remarkable for his freedom of speech, and pointed reflections on the clergy. Yorick was often obliged to hear toasts he could not approve, and conversations shocking to the ear of delicacy, and was frequently under the necessity of removing his seat, or pretending deafness. The captain, resolving this conduct should no longer avail him, seated himself by Yorick, so as to prevent his retreat, and immediately began a profane, indecent tale, at the expense of the clerical profession, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on Yorick, who pretended not to notice his ill manners; when that became impossible, he turned to the military intruder and gravely said, "Sir I'll tell you my story. My father is an officer, and is so brave himself, that he is fond of everything else that is brave, even his dog. You must know we have at this time one of the finest creatures of his kind in the world, the most spirited, and the best natured that can be imagined; so lively that he charms everybody; but he has a cursed trick that throws a shade over all his good qualities." "Pray, what may that be?" interrogated the officer. "He never sees a clergyman, but he instantly flies at him," answered Yorick. "How long has he had that trick?" "Why, Sir," replied the divine, "ever since he was a puppy!" The man of war for once blushed, and after a pause said, "Doctor, I thank you for your hint; give me your hand, I will never rail at a parson again."

RAGE FOR THE TELESCOPE.—The interest which the exhibition of the telescope excited at Venice did not soon subside: Sirturi described it as amounting almost to phrensy. When he himself had succeeded in making one of these instruments, he ascended the tower of St. Mark where he might use it without molestation. He was recognized, however, by a crowd in the street; and such was the eagerness of their curiosity, that they took possession of the wondrous tube, and detained the impatient philosopher for several hours, till they had successively witnessed its effects. Desirous of obtaining the same gratification for their friends, they endeavoured to learn the name of the inn at which he lodged; but Sirturi fortunately overheard their inquiries, and quitted Venice early next morning, in order to avoid a second visitation of this new school of philosophers. The opticians speedily availed themselves of the new instrument. Galileo's tube—or the double eye-glass, or the cylinder, or the trunk, as it was then called, for Demisiano had not yet given it the appellation of *telescope*—was manufactured in great quantities, and in a very superior manner. The instruments were purchased merely as philosophical toys, and were carried by travellers into every corner of Europe.—*Martyrs of Science, by Sir David Brewster.*

BYRON IN GREECE.—To those who did not personally know Byron, it will appear extraordinary that he could thus mix himself up with the politics of a country where his sojourn had been but brief, and its continuance was still uncertain; but those who were acquainted with the extraordinary nobility of his mind can easily imagine how quickly he participated in the feelings of those around him, and espoused their cause, though his coalition with them might be attended with no little risk to himself. But even while thus acting, Byron could laugh at, and ridicule his own quixotism with more wit and humor than could be called into play against it by others. With a temperament that peculiarly exposed him to acts of chivalric rashness, Byron possessed so quick a perception of the ridiculous, that he could not disguise from himself the indiscretion of many of his own proceedings; and while pursuing conduct that his sober judgment disapproved, he would, as if in atonement, indulge in a mockery of it, more sarcastic than that of those who wished to attack him.—*Lady Blessington.*

Preserved Potato, which can be kept on board ship any number of years without deteriorating from its quality.—The preparation, which is protected by patent, is of course secret, but the result is to strip the potatoe of its skin, and to produce a substance resembling common rice in appearance, except that the preserved potatoe is of a yellow colour. The process of cooking this substance is singularly simple and rapid. By merely covering in a saucepan a given quantity of it, with three times of its bulk of hot water, and allowing it to simmer for eight or ten minutes, a mass is produced having all the appearance, and what is still more important, the flavour of the potatoes as if they had been mashed by the experienced hand of an Ude or the science of a Kitchener. The absorption of the water increases the weight four times; that is every quarter of a pound of the substance, which can be purchased (by the cwt.) at the rate of about one penny, will produce one pound of the cooked vegetable. The saving in stowage, of a food which may be said to be always ready for consumption, is four fifths, independent of the immense importance of being able to give the crews of ships a fresh vegetable, no matter how long she has been from port, or in what climate. Hitherto it has been found impossible, independent of the inconvenience of their bulk, to keep potatoes at sea beyond two months, and that only in temperate climates.

COMPLAISANCE.—Complaisance though in itself is scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages.—*Addison.*

A resident on the banks of the Tees having lost his wife, one of his neighbours dropped in to condole with him, and to his surprise, found him hard at work emptying a bowl of broth. Little less capacious than a washband basin. "Oh, Tommy Tommy!" exclaimed the comforter," is this all thou cares for thy poor wife that's dead and gone?" Tommy dropped his spoon, and looking up with tears in his eyes and broth on his beard, replied, "Ralph, Ralph! aw've been cryin' all t'mornin,' and when aw've supped my broth aw'll be cry'in again—what mann would then hev?"

OVER HEAD AND EARS IN DEBT.—A hatter in New-York gives a definition of the common phrase "over head and ears in debt." He says, in his advertisement, it means a man who "hasn't paid for his hat."