THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

JULY.	R. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
21 Saturday,	4 35 7 37	Sets.	11 47
22 Sunday,	4 36 7 36	8 39	ev. 35
23 Monday,	4 37 7 35	9 2	1 10
24 Tuesday,	4 38 7 34	9 20	1 49
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First quarter, 29th. 1h. 10m.

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: Wm. H. Scovil.

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: John Wishart.

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

Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LA MAILLERAIE,

BY CAPTAIN HERBERT BYNG HALL.

(Concluded.)

"The glorious field of Vittoria is now before my eyes as it appeared towards the close of that tremendous day, when, passing at a quick trot, over the countless, defaced, and inanimate bodies scattered on the ensanguined plain, my regiment crossed a small bridge over the Ladora, from the village of Nanclares, in pursuit of the flying enemy; artillery, baggage-waggons, various articles of costly apparel, and even gold and silver, were strewed abundantly in the streets; and dreadful was the sight as our gallant corps rode hastily through the narrow streets of the city, and emerging by the gates leading to the open country—through which run the high Durango and French roads—pressed on the rear of the retreating foe, who, in the utmost confusion and dismay, dispersed over the plain; while, with great, though useless valour, a few squadrons of French cavalry strove in vain to cover the hurried and totally unorganized flight of their comrades. At the head of one of these squadrons, the wreck of the pseudo-king Joseph's army, I observed a brave and spirited officer, who, seated on a heavy, but powerful, and handsome Norman charger, and undaunted by the slaughter around him, laboured by threats, entreaties, and yet more by his example, to instil firmness and courage into his thinned and wavering troops. Well did I mark his lofty carriage and noble bearing; nor could I otherwise than regret, when, amidst the smoke and confusion of the encounter, I beheld the fine animal on which he rode, stagger and fall, in the agonies of death, on his unfortunate rider. The loss of their leader produced an instantaneous effect upon his gallant band: hitherto excited and cheered, they had endeavonred, with superhuman energy, to make some stand; but after a moment's hesitation, they turned, and fled in disorder, to join their routed countrymen. We were then ordered to draw our bridles, as the night, which was fast closing, rendered farther pursuit useless in our present exhausted condition.

"Thus it happened that I found myself in the neighbourhood of the brave and fallen foe. Anxious to learn his fate, I gave my horse into the care of the nearest soldier, and hastened to the spot. My first endeavour was, with the assistance of two or three men, to remove the ponderous carcase of the poor animal, which lay lifeless across its rider, a ball having pierced its back, shattering the spine. Having at length succeeded in this attempt, I rescued the officer from the perilous situation in which he was placed, being nearly suffocated by the weight of his charger. I was however truly glad to find, upon examination, that farther than being stunned, and severely bruised by the fall, he had providentially sustained little injury. After refreshing him from the contents of a canteen at hand, I removed his cumbrous helmet, and beheld, with sincere pleasure, his handsome and distinguished countenance gradually resume its natural hue. When at length sufficiently recovered to understand what passed around, perceiving himself to be in the hands of the British, he proffered his sword, which being declined, he introduced himself as the Count ——.

"My regiment being ordered to take up their quarters at Victoria for the night, I was enabled to offer some comforts to the prisoner, who was conveyed thither. These trifling attentions, which were no less a pleasure than a duty, won so much on the noble nature of the Count, as a farther knowledge of my history will prove to you, that ties of the warmest friendship were, from that hour, formed between us.

"Time rolled on: the course of events after the splendid triumph of Victoria, and the emancipation of the Peninsula, is too well known to need any comment from me, even did time allow of it. Once more, then, I found myself beneath my paternal roof. Boyhood had passed away, and "manhood, with its deep-laid plans, and home-anxieties," came on me. I had been familiar with the world and its ways, and partaken, not lightly, of the peril, hardship, and—may I not add—the renown of war? Still, though surrounded with numberless sources of enjoyment, and blessed with perfect tranquility, I liked it not. After the active and excited life I had long spent, all seemed too tame for happiness, and, like many soldiers, I watched with deep interests the unfolding of that series of events which at length summoned my regiment again to the field. Meanwhile, I had become a person of some consequence, having attained to that rank most enviable in the eyes of a subaltern—the command of a troop—I was not long afterwards, destined to remain in idleness. One morning, my good father had most methodically taken out his his handkerchief, and after wiping his glasses, placed them on his nose, when the old butler put into his hands the newspaper, which had just arrived from town. Great was my astonishment, and not unmingled with satisfaction, when, after a few moment's perusal, he uttered an exclamation of extreme, surprise and proceeded to inform us of Napoleon's escape from Elba, enthusiastic reception in France. The lamentable consequences of this step are well known: I shall therefore not pause upon intermediate events, but hasten at once to that which more nearly concerns me—the action of Waterloo.

"I found myself, among many others, waltzing with a fair partner in the ball-room at Brussels, on the night of the 16th June, when the intelligence of the approaching French army was received by the Duke of Wellington. How changed was the scene! In a short space of time I was with my regiment the brigade to which it belonged being posted on the brow of an extensive ridge, along which runs the hedge giving name to the farm of La Haye Sainte. Between the central regiment and our own, which formed the left wing, was a small knoll, of superior elevation, commanding a great part of the English line of battle. To obtain possession of this spot was the object of the first attack made by the enemy under Count D'Erlon, which is commonly reported to have been only a feint. Be this as it may, an assault was shortly after made by a considerable column on our position, but repelled partly by the heavy cavalry charging the enemy in front, while our regiment, unsupported by the rest of the brigade, fell upon their flank: the left squadron advancing first, suffered severely, the centre following, was actually cut to pieces; the right, to which I belonged, was last employed, and bore its proportion of the loss: but on this I can say little from observation, as I early received a deep sabre cut on the head, while leading on my troop. What ensued, I know not, as I fell, stunned, from my horse. Trampled on by the contending parties, and exhausted by the loss of blood, it was long ere I in any measure recovered my reason, although consciousness of suffering soon returned.

When at length my mind became sufficiently restored to take cognizance of things around me, I perceived that the night must have passed during my insensibility, as the dawn of a bright midsummer morning was fast breaking over the scene of carnage. But you must excuse my dwelling on the harrowing events of that never-to-be-forgotten day: a kind and friendly hand, directed doubtless by a merciful Providence, allayed the parching thrist with which I was overpowered; and my sufferings, which had been chiefly occasioned by the stupifying effects of the wound, added to the great loss of blood, being in some measure abated, the latter having ceased to flow, I made an effort to move, and succeeding at length in raising myself upon my arm, gazed around the field, which was literally covered with the slain. Shuddering at the spectacle, I withdrew my eyes from objects more remote to fix them on those immediately beside me, when, conceive my astonishment on discovering, only a few yards distant from me, the very individual who had been our captive at Vittoria, in a state of extreme suffering, from the effects of a broken thigh, and vainly endeavouring to attract the attention of those of my regiment who had been sent for the purpose of seeking their comrades. The sufferer's voice was too weak to reach their ears, especially since its accents were French: but no sooner had it struck on mine, than I recognised it as familiar, and entreated my men to relieve the gallant officer, who lay half-buried amid the lifeless bodies of the fallen on either side. On hearing my voice, he turned his eyes towards me, and I instantly found the recognition to be mutual; joy beamed from his countenance as he uttered my name. A few words of explanation on the part of each followed, and having, with some difficulty, by means of assistance, regained my legs, my first object was to direct the conveyance of the wounded Count to the nearest spot at which medical aid was to be procured, and whether I was to borne, as I found myself unable to walk through faintness. Everything that skill and kindness could do for our relief, was speedily effected: and so soon as my far slighter wound permitted, I was thankful to watch by his sick bed, and administer, so far as lay in my power, to the wants induced by his melancholy situation.

"During this period, my regiment, with the rest of the army, had marched to Paris; and so soon as I felt myself sufficiently restored, being anxious once more to enter on active duty with my comrades, I took leave of my friend, who was progressing very tolerably; but previous to my departure, I went through a scene which years can never efface from my memory. After thanking me with the utmost warmth and sincerity for the assistance which happily I had been able to afford, he delivered into my hands a packet addressed to the Countess ——, Rue ——, a Paris.

"'Should you reach Paris,' he said, 'I feel assured that you will deliver this packet into the hands of her to whom it is directed: she will know how to receive one who has been twice the means of saving her husband; nor will the gratitude of my beloved child be wanting to my friend and benefactor. *My* prayers have been offered for your safety and reward, *theirs* will abundantly be added:—the Mother of Heaven and her blessed Son protect you.' He paused a moment's space, overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, then continued—'Alas! for the glory of France!—the brightness of her sun is clouded: and my noble master! What will be his fate?—ruined!—conquered!—forsaken! Yet to be beaten by such a foe can never stain a hero. Oh!' he continued, clasping his hands, 'may I live to see our countries united; the bravest enemy will ever make the best of friends.' After these words he fell back fatigued and exhausted on his pillow, and ere long I rejoiced at perceiving that he had sunk into a calm and refreshing slumber.

"On the entrance of the Prussian army into Paris, my regiment took up its quarters at a village within a short league of that most animated and interesting city; consequently we had frequent opportunities of enjoying the various public and private amusements which there abounded. My first object, however, was to find the hotel and deliver the letter of the wounded count: on mentioning his name I was speedily directed to the former, and had soon afterwards the satisfaction of placing the letter in the hands of the afflicted Countess. The tidings which it was my good fortune to bear, lifted her at once from the depth of sorrow, into which she had been thrown by the supposition of her husband's death, to the height of graceful joy; and clasping her hands in speechless emotion, she listened to my narrative of the Count's escape from death, and assurance that a short period only would elapse ere he would be so far recovered as to venture upon joining his beloved family in Paris. Excessive agitation had hitherto prevented her opening the packet of which I had been the bearer; but, being at length somewhat composed, she hastily broke the seals, and, with tears of mingled joy and grief, perused again and again the letter of her justly-endeared partner, as if to convince herself that it was indeed his writing; then, seizing my hand, she exclaimed in broken accents,—'How can I sufficiently express my gratitude to you,—the friend, and twice the preserver of my beloved husband!'

"'As a man and a Christian,' replied I, 'to any one requiring the same assistance, I trust it would have been freely offered; but I rejoice to have been instrumental in rendering any service to those whose regard I so greatly covet, and shall so highly value.'

"'My child, at least,' she rejoined, 'shall unite her warmest acknowledgments to the deliverer of her parent with my own, though words can never tell how much we feel towards you.'

"Her daughter was then summoned; and if I was struck by her elegant appearance and feminine loveliness, I was not less so at the frank and ardent manner in which, with tears of filial affection, she offered her heartfelt thanks for the services I had been enabled to render to the Count.

"Under these happy auspices our intimacy commenced, and it is scarcely necessary for me to inform you, that speedily ripened into something more than common friendship: each day and hour that a sense of duty permitted me to be absent from my regiment was passed in their increasingly delightful society. At length the wounded husband and father acquired strength sufficient to enable him to bear a removal to Paris, although not quite a convalescent.

"The joyful night of his arrival is now before me, nor will it ever be forgotten. The intense affection manifested towards him by a wife who had mourned him dead; the devoted love of the child who had shared in her mother's grief; the tenderness of their greetings, their ejaculations of thankfulness and joy: all these may be better imagined than described. Who would not have felt the bitterness of years repaid in such an hour as this? The events of that night fixed my determination to make known to the Count my feelings respecting his daughter,—the difference of religion,—country,—fortune,—all were forgotten or disregarded: and, at the earliest opportunity, I informed him of my attachment. His answer was brief, but most satisfactory.

"'If,' said he, 'you can gain the consent of Agnes, mine is sure; to none would I yield my beloved child in preference to yourself, for none I believe can be more worthy of so great a treasure.'

"A short time saw me the accepted lover of Agnes, under a promise that I should, so soon as circumstances permitted, return to England, and urge the consent of my parents to our union.

"Many regiments of British cavalry were shortly afterwards ordered to take up different quarters on the line of country commanded by the army of occupation, and, among, others we were stationed in Normandy, not far from the ancient city of Rouen. Nothing could be more favourable to my views, as the Count's health, though improved, was far from re-established, and, on the return of the Bourbons to France, he was glad, like many officers of the fallen Emperor, to retire with his family into the country, there to mourn in private over the ruin of his own and his master's cherished hopes. Thus I had the unexpected happiness of learning from him his intention to visit our friends at La Mailleraie; and rejoiced at the prospect of renewing my intercourse with those so justly dear to me. You will not wonder, therefore, when I tell you that at the ancient chateau now before you, some of my happiest days were passed. Alas! they were but short. My promotion as a field-officer taking place soon after, offered an opportunity for my return to England, to state in person what I had already urged by letter,—my desire to marry. To you, who are an Englishman, it is unnecessary that I should recount the numerous obstacles opposed to the attainment of my wishes. Virtue,—talent,—beauty,—rank,—and, at least, competence,—were insufficient to satisfy my worldly relations; her nation and religion were in their eyes as crimes, and their consent was decidedly refused. From that hour I left my home, never to return: Agnes became my wife, and, much as I love my country, I have not since beheld its shores. Years have passed, but amid the various events occurring to shake the peace of the great world, we have here lived tranquilly, happy in each other, and in fellowship with those around us—not blessed with children, but gifted with that contentment of mind which most conduces to happiness in this world of trial. Few are the visitors who enter our humble dwelling, but those who do find us out, I hope, remain our friends.

"An event, however, of late occurrence has thrown over our prospects an uncommon gloom. Since the death of the lamented Countess, the aged Count had passed his days entirely in our seclusion, and it has been my study to prevent, as far as was practicable, his recurrence to those political events on which our opinions, as our actions, were opposed, and which never failed to disturb the tranquility of his declining years. The late revolutionary movements at Paris were, however, of too exciting a character to allow of his remaining inactive here; and no sooner did the rumour of the memorable ordinances reach us, than, contrary to our earnest entreaties, he hastened to the city, not unaccompanied, for, though holding opinions diverse from his own, I could not forget the relationship subsisting between us, and, if it were not possible for me to aid his cause, I might at least, I fondly thought, be instrumental in preserving him from destruction. When we reached the city the low smothered flame of revolt, which awaited but the slightest breeze to fan it into open fury, had powerfully manifested itself. On the day following our arrival, thousands of Parisians, many of whom had bled on the field of foreign strife, hurried on with vengeful resolution to meet their countrymen in deadly combat. Alas! how dreadful are the consequences of civil war! Hands which but a few days previous had met in the grasp of friendship, now clutched the blade which was to drink their fellow's blood. Love,—country,—kindred,—all were forgotten in the exterminating struggle. At such a period, when the foundations of the Bourbon supremacy seemed on the point of being rooted up, it is not to be supposed that the ancient followers of Napoleon would remain uninterested spectators of the political convulsion: in it they viewed, as they fondly thought, he season for the rising again of that sun which had set for ever; and even the less enthusiastic and more discerning adherents of the ex-emperor's family rejoiced in the prospect of any change which might exclude the reigning house. Among the latter, the Count was eminently distinguished, and, by general consent, intrusted with the command of a large body of the revolutionary citizens, and with his accustomed valour did he fulfil the task.

"The morning of the 30th of July shone in unclouded splendour on the streets of Paris, where the tri-coloured flag floated proudly from every public building,—the emblem of a melancholy triumph. There were sounds, too, of mirth and rejoicing among the populace; yet amid the general festivity how many families mourned their best and bravest! What to the widow and the fatherless in the hour of their desolation was the victory obtained? They gazed upon the cold, still relics of mortality, and felt how dear to them had been the purchase.

"We had cause for more than common sorrow: our beloved friend was no more. On the last charge being made against the troops, they had wavered and dispersed in much confusion: a dragoon, however, who had observed the Count inspiriting and urging on the citizens with enthusiastic valour, while smarting from a sabre wound, turned round and discharged his carbine; the ball pierced the heart of our noble friend, who fell expiring to the earth, his last words being a prayer for his country. His death was revenged; the soldier dropped from his horse mortally wounded, but the spirit of my friend had fled. It is needless for me to tell you how his fall was mourned by his followers; it would be vain to attempt any expression of our own grief under this severe bereavement. Thus died one who had survived an hundred battles,—a kind and affectionate parent, a noble and gallant officer, a virtuous and honoured man."

THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE.

A grave amid the quiet hills,—
An anthem from the breeze,—
A dirge from all the singing rills,
And all the sighing trees,—
A kiss from every beam that falls
Into the wild-flower's heart,—
And Summer's rich sweet coronals
To hide death's sterner part,—
A blessing from the blazing west,
That lights the song-bird to its rest!

Such gifts are their's whose lot is cast
Beside the mountain streams,
When earth's untroubled hour is past,
With all its peaceful dreams.
They strive not mid the wrecks that roll
Along life's fevered sleep,
When through the tempest of the soul,
"Deep calleth unto deep;"
And dying, rest where once they trod,
Amid the mountains made by God,

They slumber 'neath the same green slopes
Whereon they used to lie,
And weave the bright, unfailing hopes,
Whose roof was of the sky!—
And fancy deems of holy things,
That keep the lonely tomb,
When sounds that seem the rushing wings
Of spirits passing home,
At twilight hour, are faintly driven,
Betwixt the hill of graves and heaven!

But, when the trump shall stir the dead,
In all their thousand graves,—
Shall stay the stately vessel's tread
Along the sounding waves,—
When ocean's burial fields shall lie
Like earth's most open lea,
And, like a scroll roll'd darkly by,
"There shall be no more sea,"—
When all its vallies shall unfold
A vision like the Seer's of old;*—

When the apocalyptic fear
Shall pass along the street,
And stay, amid their wild career,
The rush of myriad feet,—
When every dim cathedral aisle
Shall render up its dead,
And swarming phantoms crowd the pile
That crumbles overhead,—
The blast that shakes the tents of men,
Shall reach the sleeper in his glen.

The desert shall give back the lost,
The battle-field the slain:
Life crowd, alike, the loneliest coast
And "cities of the plain,"—
The long-sought Hebrew† wander home,
Who sleeps beyond the wave,
And Rachel, in her beauty, come
From out her pillared grave;‡—
And God shall send that summons shrill
To wake the shepherd, on the hill.

A thousand years may pass away,
Since mortal foot hath come,
To grieve—like you old mute, to-day,—
Above thy last, long home;—
The record some fond hand hath traced,
To mark thy burial spot,
The lichen shall have, long, effaced,
To write thy doom—"forgot!"—
Thy faithful dog have found its rest,
For ages, on its master's breast:—

But, there, the untaught flower shall blow,
And, there, the wild-bird sing,
And mystic murmurs, faint and low,
Steal upward from the spring:
The stars above thy mortal sleep
Their myriad looks shall shed,
And angels have a charge to keep
Their watches o'er thy bed:—
So, God shall find that lonely nook,
And read thy name—within his book!

* Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones.
† The dead of the lost tribes.
‡ "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave." GENESIS.

CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS.

So little is known in England respecting the Cape de Verd Islands that the following information, from a gentleman long resident there, may not be without interest.

The climate of almost all these Islands is about the very worst that can be, and proves fatal in a short time to two out of three, at least, of the Europeans, whom the love of gain tempts to brave its malignancy, sparing the comparatively fortunate survivor only to return with a shattered constitution. St. Jago, the seat of government, is the most sickly of them all; and the fever, which annually prevails from about June to the close of the year, never fails to work fearful ravage amongst the settlers from Europe, and often proves fatal to a dreadful extent even amongst the natives. For this reason principally, besides others, it is in contemplation to remove the seat of government to Porto Grande in the Island of St. Vincent. The harbour of Porto Grande is capacious and well sheltered, and affords better anchorage than any other in the whole Archipelago. It is at present much frequented by American whalers to obtain water, wood, and vegetables, as also to look for whales, of which there are often many to be seen. In February last no less than three were taken inside the bay. The climate of St. Vincent's is, moreover, much less unhealthy than that of any of the other Islands, and a great saving of lives could be affected if our traders, instead of taking their wares direct to the pestilential coast of Africa, were to use Porto Grande as an entrepot. The goods might be transhipped into vessels belonging to the Island, and manned by its natives, who, inured to the tropical heat, are, in a great measure, proof to its baneful influence; and if good care were taken to prevent the crews from the commission of those excesses, whose fatal consequences are often unjustly laid to the charge of climate, the mortality would seldom exceed the average rate in any other navigation. This might be done by neither allowing the sailors to go on shore, nor boats with fruit, spirits, &c., to approach the vessels. The profits might not be so great as those yielded by the direct trade to Africa; but where the object is economy of human life, it is worth while to make some pecuniary sacrifice for its attainment.

Amongst the more recent deaths at St. Jago is that of the British consul, Mr. Eagan, a gentleman who very lately received the appointment to that situation. He was laid in his grave exactly fourteen days after his arrival—some say by the climate fever, others, through the agency of what is there jocosely termed "*hum copo de vinho bem temperado*,"—a well seasoned (i. e. poisoned) glass of wine. The slave trade being the main source of wealth to these islands, anti slavery doctrines are not very patiently listened to, and poisoning has become a gentle and noiseless substitution for the knife—the former mode of executing Lynch law upon the apostles of negro emancipation. It is thought that Mr. Eagan fell a victim to the rage excited by his heresy regarding that essential point of faith in the Cape de Verd creed, "that blacks were born only to be slaves." There is so little intercourse between these islands and England, that very possibly it may not yet be known at the Foreign-office, that the St. Jago consulate is vacant. That situation, though worth £400 per annum, is generally obliged to go begging for some one whose poverty rather than his will consents to accept it.

The advantage derived from the slave trade arises partly from the supply of the vessels engaged in it with stores—partly from the sums paid by Spanish slave ships for licences to sail under the Portuguese flag, so as to escape being searched, south of the equator, by the British cruisers (an exemption most absurdly conceded by us to Portugal); but principally by speculations carried on by the natives themselves, whose chief business it is. The present governor, who is said to be a very humane man, not daring to oppose the natives in this trafic, was anxious, at all events, to diminish its extent by refusing licences to all foreign slave ships: but not receiving any money from his government he has been obliged, of late years, to grant them, as the only means of raising funds for the payment of the troops and other necessary expenses. As large a sum as a thousand dollars has been paid for one licence.

The great slave merchant on the African coast is a Spaniard of the name of Don Pedro Blanco. He lives on a small island in the river Gallina, near Senegal, which he has regularly fortified with heavy artillery, and garrisoned by 300 armed and regularly drilled blacks. His trade amounts nearly to a monopoly, an advantage which he owes to his near neighbour and sworn ally, the King of the Gallina tribe, who, being a warlike and mostly victorious prince, is able to supply him plentifully with "the article" for exportation. His wealth is, therefore, immense, and his establishment is accordingly as magnificent as it can be in such a place, and with such attendants. He has a harem of 37 sable beauties, which is, perhaps, indulgence compared to that of his Gallina Majesty, who has his powers stocked with no less than 330 dingy Rosamonds!

It is highly probable that the existence of these two worthies has hitherto been unknown and unheard of by the British government; but it is to be hoped that this information will put our cruisers on the scent, and that Don Pedro Blanco, with his bevy of charmers, will ere long be disturbed in his sequestered retreat, by an unexpected visit from them.

N. B. The late Mr. Eagan's effects are in the hands of a person named Barker, a resident at St. Jago.—*Herald.*

THE FINE ARTS IN MALTA.

We observe with much pleasure that the testimonial begun some months ago, to the memory of the late Major General Sir Frederick Ponsonby, has already reached the height of 40 feet from the surface of the ground. This monument, undertaken by voluntary subscription, is situated in the works of Valletta, on St. Andrew's bastion, at the end of Strada Britannica, a spot very happily chosen: for it may be viewed with wonderful effect from nearly the whole length of that street, as well as from the entrance to the port of Marasamuscbetto, and all along the mole of the Missida. It consists of a pedestal and column of the Roman Doric order, its proportions being regulated upon that of Trajan, which still exists in all its beauty at Rome. It will be 71 feet high, or about two thirds of the height of that masterpiece of architecture, and is built of hard Malta stone of the first quality, of a pleasing whitish colour, which takes a polish like marble. It is unnecessary for us to commend what every critical eye must perceive, the stability and exactitude with which the work is executed: and we feel persuaded that this monument, gratifying for the lamented personage it recalls to our memory, for its substantial and well defined proportions, no less then for its well-chosen position, will be truly looked upon as one of the handsomest ornaments of Valletta, and will at the same time, attest the present bias for good taste in the arts which prevails in this island. It may be interesting to remark that upon the first commencement of the work, while digging for its foundation, a strong and massive wall which, from its construction and the great size of its stones, appears to have been an old bastion, of which no knowledge can be traced, was luckily found a few feet under the surface. Being well situated, and regularly built up from the solid rock, forty-five feet below, this wall was availed of for the basis of the column, with an incalculable saving of expense and time.—*Malta Gazettee, May 2.*

QUAKERS IN VOYAGE.—We have, on more than one occasion, travelled up to town with a whole inside of Friends, and we could not help imagining, that those who are apt to regard them a very self-denying people, would have seen, with some degree of wonder, the quiet indulgence in which they travelled on. Going up to the yearly meeting, is like the going up of the Israelites, of old, to the Passover at Jerusalem—and it is plain, that it is a time of feasting and good cheer. At every meal our Friends seemed to enjoy themselves with a sense of the good things of Providence, which even Solomon must have approved, when he said, "Let us eat and drink, for it is the gift of God." I speak now more particularly of one full-fed party which filled the coach, as a nut is filled with its kernel. They enjoyed the fat things of the table, and laid in stores of substantials for discussion in the intervals of travel. At breakfast, they ordered a quantity of eggs to be hard boiled, to take with them, and a pint of Sherry, which they carefully decanted into a handsome wine flask. Whenever the horses were changed at any place noted for the production of any good thing they sent and procured of it: at one place a Stilton cheese, at another a cream cheese; nay, even young radishes were purchased. It was evident that they were providing for the lodgings in town, which were themselves already provided; for experienced yearly meeting-goers always secure good appropriate quarters before leaving the "warm precincts" of their own houses. This party being a stout and jolly quartet, and the weather being unusually warm for the season they travelled with the coach-doors open, to get as good a share of fresh air as they had already got of provisions. Every coachman and every traveller that we met wondering at the winged aspect of our vehicle, its doors both standing wide, invariably cried, "Coachman, your doors are open!" Coachman nodded assent, and went on without further notice, to the increased astonishment of the people. If our Friends, however, took good care of themselves, it was evident, that they extended their care to all those too, who had a claim of fees upon them; for those invariably expressed their lively satisfaction on feeling the gratuity in the palm, by the most expressive faces, and other indubitable signs. Let no one accuse me of wishing to represent sober Friends as gourmands. I here merely relate a particular case which I have seen: and I am bound, by a large experience, to describe them truly as a temperate, but, yet a self-indulgent people, who, in fulfilment of their own and the Psalmist's prayer, have been led to "be down in green pastures, and by the still waters."—*William Howitt.*

HINTS TO PHYSICIANS.—The relation which the physician bears to the community, is one of a peculiarly endearing nature. If he is not actuated merely by the avarice of a hireling, he becomes the kind and sympathising friend of those families over the health of which he exercises a guardian care. It is a circumstance which elevates the character of our calling, and repays in some degree for its toils and solicitudes, that whilst those of other vocations are employed on the exchange, in courts of justice, and the busy scenes which familiarise them with the less refined part of the community, the physician seeks his employment in the domestic circles, and holds intercourse, even in the discharge of his professional duties, with the more refined and amiable sex, for no where are they more frequently to be met, or more to be admired than at the bedside of the sick, and in the character of ministers of mercy.

It is unnecessary that I should dilate upon the nature and degree of your attentions to the sick; they are to be inferred from observations which I have shown that it is necessary to successful practice that the physician should approach his patient with a kind and soothing address; and to acquire this gentleness, it is necessary that you should actually "be what you seem to be." Cultivate, therefore, kindly affections.

I have always thought that the great Shakespeare, profound as he was, in his acquaintance with human nature and human affairs, presents us with but a heartless churl in his profession, in causing the physician to reply in the negative, when asked, "canst thou not minister to the mind diseased? pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow? raze out the written troubles of the brain? and by some sweet oblivious antidote, cleanse the sad bosom of the perilload that weighs upon the heart?"

Gentlemen, with confidence, and even against such an authority, I affirm that it is your duty, and often within the limits of your art, to minister even to the grief sick mind; and although compassion cannot pluck from the memory deep-rooted remorse, nor philanthropy always bind up the broken heart, yet there is a power which descends with healing in his wings, and none more frequently than the physician can seize the auspicious moment, when the heart, subdued by sorrow and, suffering, may be persuaded to resort to him, whose emplo ment it once was, to heal both the soul and the body. I have known a physician, who was himself more than half a *sceptic*, recommend to an individual, whose mental anxiety foiled the remedies which were employed for the relief of his bodily pain, the consolations of his religion: he prescribed as he would an anodyne for the body, and because he had often witnessed its soothing influence. But I expressly desire that you may employ it, not thus empirically, but from a more favorable acquaintance with its nature and virtues.

I cannot too earnestly urge upon you the importance of ever exercising towards your patients and your friends, the most perfect frankness. Rely upon it, that it equally comports with your interest and your dignity. He that often equivocates, soon loses the confidence of the sick, and consequently all influence over their hopes and fears. There are indeed, cases and periods when it would be rashness in the extreme, to acquaint the sufferer with his real condition: but in other instances, in which the assiduous and sympathising physician will have won the confidence and all the avenues to the heart of his patient, it appears to me that he but poorly discharges his duty to an immortal spirit, who, on the very verge of the precipice, amuses it with false hopes of health and life, and cheats it of the last moments granted for reconciliation with its God. How indignantly must the refined soul "when we shall meet at account," frown upon him, who, for his own momentary advantage, may have, concealed from his view the dread realities of eternity.

Coup de Soleil.—Several cases have been reported within a few days, of persons having been struck by the sun, and dying in a few minutes afterwards. The heat of the weather, now, is excessive. No one, however strong and healthy, should venture out under our burning sun without a suitable protection to the head. Many persons are in the habit of wearing straw and chip hats of a very slight and open texture, without sufficiently guarding the crown by interposition of a thick lining of paper or cloth. The rays of the sun readily penetrate through the interstices, unless care be taken to wear something inside the top, for a screen. No doubt numbers have suffered through inadvertence in this respect. There are no doubt the coolest and lightest hats worn, but at the same time, the most dangerous to life, when the precaution above described is neglected.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF SIR JOHN JEFFCOTT.—We are sorry to hear, that Sir John Jeffcott, the Judge of the new South Australian colony, was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in which he was with others on an exploring expedition.—(*Evening paper.*) Sir John Jeffcott, the Judge of the new colony in South Australia, was not, we regret to say the only victim to the accident; Captain Blenkinsopp and two men perished with him.

The following appointments are officially notified in the last *Upper Canada Gazette*:—

Government House,
Toronto 16th June, 1838.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the Honorable John Macaulay, to be his Civil and Private Secretary, in the room of John Joseph, Esquire, resigned.

His Excellency has also been pleased to make the following appointments, until Her Majesty's pleasure shall be known, viz.:—

The Honorable Robert Baldwin Sullivan Commissioner of Crown Lands, to be also Surveyor General of Lands.

And John Joseph, Esq. to be Clerk of the Legislative Council, in the room of Grant Powell, Esquire, deceased.

The Upper Canada papers are full of rumours of other changes in progress. The *Brockville Statesman* announces the appointments in contemplation to be the following:

Mr. Justice Macaulay retires from the Bench to become President of the Executive Council. Sir Allan Macnab succeeds Mr. Justice Macaulay on the Bench. Mr. Hagerman goes to Van Diemun's Land as Chief Justice of that Colony. The Hon. William H. Draper retires from the Executive Council, and becomes Attorney General. Mr. Cartwright succeeds Mr. Draper, as Solicitor General. Mr. Baldwin retires from the Clerkship of the Executive Council, with a pension. Mr. Joseph succeeds Mr. Baldwin, as Clerk to the Council. Mr. Henry Sherwood comes in, as Senior Queen's Counsel. Mr. John Powell (Mayor of Toronto,) succeeds the late Grant Powell, Esq. as Judge of the Home District Court.