THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

JULY.		H.	SUN. S	MOON.	H.	W.
15	Saturday,	4	30 7 43	1 25	9	32
16	Sunday,	4	30 7 42	2 18	10	31
17	Monday,	4	31 7 42	Rises	11	22
18	Tuesday,	4	32 7 38	8 52	0	12
19	Wednesday,	4	33 7 38	9 23	0	36
20	Thursday,	4	34 7 38	9 49	1	20
21	Friday,	4	35 7 37	10 12	2	0

Full Moon, 17th, 6h. 6m. aft.

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 : Thos. Millidge, 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 : John Hammond, 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 : William Jarvis, 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.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanquish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming:—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild-and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting:
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,
So when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

ON MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we us'd to love
In days of boyhood meet our ear,
Oh how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when Pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath!

Music!—oh! how faint how weak
Language faints before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
Friendship's balmy words may feign
Love's are even more false then they,
Oh! tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

Miscellany.

THE BRIDE OF BEARHAVEN;
OR,
THE GRANDFATHER'S PROPHECY.

On the afternoon of a bright October day, in the year ——, a frigate was discovered, a few miles to the westward of the Dursey Island, beating up against a fierce north-easter, with a signal for a pilot flying at the fore. The only boat which happened to be on that part of the coast on that day was the small fishing hooker of Denis O'Sullivan, a Bearhaven pilot: who, after a hard night and morning's toil, with but slender success, had sought shelter in Dursey Sound, where under the lee of the lofty cliffs of that rugged coast, his little craft lay like a sleeping seabird on the unruffled bosom of her snug anchorage, gently heaving and sinking to the long ocean swell.

The idle fishing lines were coiled over the quarters of the bark; and of the crew, (after their frugal meal of potatoes and the herring,) two lay stretched in sleep, wrapped in the sluck of the lowered mainsail, while the watchful *Din* kept a look-out seaward. With the dudheen in his mouth, Din drowsily hummed some old Irish ditty, occasionally comforting himself with a drop of the creature, until he lulled himself into a half-dozing state; when a glimpse of the frigate, with her well-known signal fluttering in the breeze, threw new life into him. In an instant, overboard went the pipe. "Oh, then, it's welcome you are, my jewel," cried Din, "whether Turk, Jew, or Crischian." Then hauling away the slack of the mainsail, he roused his sleeping messmates. "Jump up," shouted Din—"every mother's son of the *two* of ye's. Here's the best haul we'll have to-day—a man-of-war! and, by the looks of her, *on* a long voyage. Barney Bawn, lay hould"—addressing a square-built, white-haired little fellow, with arms like an ox—"lay hould, boy, and let's get in our killick." Here goes. Yo, ee! yo, ee! Darby Lowney, yon ould thief of the world, is it *draming* you are? Up mainsail, or she'll be by us in no time. Yo, ee! yo, ee! here it comes, Barney; now, my boy, hand over hand, and in with her—that's id." Din ran up his foresail, belayed his halyard, and then sprung aft, to ship his tiller. "Foresheet to windward, Barney!" sung out the skipper. "Now, she pays off—let's draw! Well done, ould girl!—it's yourself than can do it! Aise off mainsheet, Darby, and we'll soon see what the stranger's made ov."

The little hooker soon cleared the Sound, then, hauling her wind under the western cliff of the Dursey, shewed her diminutive black hull, sparkling like jet, as she bounded from wave to wave, like the stormy peteral. Nor was she long unobserved by the frigate, which, in her next tack, stretched in for the land; and, when within hailing distance, shortened sail.

"What land is that on the weather bow?" asked the officer of the watch.

"Blackhall Head, sir," answered Din.

"How's the tide?"

"Rising, sir—rising—'bout half-flood; but don't make too free with the land, sir; I'll be aboard o'you in a jiffy."

This was more easily said than done. On this part of the coast of Ireland, the swell of the sea is at all times immense; but when, as was then the case, the flood tide, rolling in from the mighty Atlantic, is met by a stiff easterly wind, the conflict is for some hours terrific. The bold pilot, however, nothing dismayed, dodged in the wake of the frigate, at a respectful distance. But how to get on board, was the question. No boat could, with safety, be launched from the frigate; nor could the anxious Denis venture his fragile craft to approach much nearer.

"Blood and oons, then," said the daring pilot, fearing to lose the prize, "what's to hinder me from having a swim to her?"

"Och, then, nothin' at all," deliberately answered Old Darby—"that's if you've a mind for it." Resigning the helm to Darby, Din sprang forward to the hooker's head, and, holding on by the forestay, hawled out, at the top of his voice, to the officer on the quarter-deck of the frigate, to "*cast off the life buoy!*" No sooner said than done. The buoy had not been many minutes afloat, ere it was hooked to by Din; who, taking the precaution to hang a fine cod, half as large as himself, to his belt, as a present for the captain, was soon on his travels. With a close hitch on his arm, and well secured by the life buoy, he boldly buffeted the waves. Old Darby, who beheld him with looks of admiration, could not refrain from his joke, and, with all that recklessness of danger which is the characteristic of his country, sung out to him—"*More luck to you, Din my boy!* Faith, and it isn't *dry* and hungry you are!" In a few minutes, the pilot, half-smothered with the broken waves, was hauled over the frigate's tafferel; his long glibs (or locks) hanging over his shoulders like the fabled mermaid, and the huge monster of a cod hanging at his girdle, which, at first sight, appeared to have seized on him as its prey. He soon shook off the fish, and, having recovered his breath, doused his sealskin cap to his Majesty's colours, then making his best bow to the captain, welcomed his honour to OULD IRELAND.

"Thank you—thank you, my man," said the captain; "you're a gallant fellow, and a credit to it. Here, Mr. Slops, serve out a change of duds to the pilot, and after that give him a good dram to warm him.

"Begging your Honour's pardon," interrupted Din, "the *dhram* would agree with me all the better afore." He was soon accommodated; and then, waving his cap to the crew of the hooker to be off, she bore up for her former anchorage, and was soon shut up from view by the island.

The pilot, having been comfortably clad, took his station beside the helmsman, when the captain approached to inquire whether he should venture to take the frigate round the Mizen Head that night, or seek a shelter in Bantry Bay.

"Faith, then, master, for that matter, it's all as your *Honour* plases; but there would be no harm in jist putting into the bay afore night, for feard of the worst, as I can see that there's a mighty poorty mackerel breeze a-brewing over head."

The wind had, in fact, increased to what might be called the commencement of a gale. The frigate already felt it. Three years' service in the West Indies had not much improved her condition either in upper or lower works; and, however anxious the captain might be to reach Cork harbour, he was not insensible to the risks of buffeting with such *a right-a-head* sneezer; and through such a night as the declining sun gave tokens of.

"Well, then, for Bantry Bay let it be," ordered the captain.

"Ay, your Honour, and for Bearhaven too, with God's help! We shan't want for wind; and, maybe the tide would be civil to us for another couple of hours. Now, sir, *ready about!* if your honour plases."

The frigate was one of the crack ones of her day, but, just then, not in her best sailing trim—yet the pilot declared that "she sailed *illegantly!*" In a few more bounds, the captain had the satisfaction of seeing his gallant bark between Sheepshead and Bear Island; with a clear look up the bay, plenty of sea room, and a rough, but not lofty sea. The heavy squals, however, which came thundering down the mountains of Meentravaura every quarter of an hour, tried the frigate's powers—topgallant sheets and halyards were never for a moment out of hand—so sudden and impetuous are those mountain squalls.

Nothing can equal the unrelenting fierceness with which a regular *north-easter* sweeps down this splendid bay. The French fleet, under Hoche, were caught by it when nearly half way to Bantry; and, after being tantalized from day to day for upwards of a week, with a sight of the Emerald Isle, were compelled at length to take a reluctant farewell of the expected prize, and fly to the ocean for safety.

The captain of the frigate expressed his fears of being nipped in the bay, and all was made clear forward to drop anchor. The pilot, however, who well knew the powerful influence of the tide, and had already experienced the admirable sailing qualities of the frigate, seemed quite confident, with half an hour's flood-tide in his favour. The day was fast declining—a chain of rugged rocks under their lee, creating breakers mast-head high, struck a sudden awe into all on deck. Conceiving the pilot to be making too free with them, the captain expressed his alarm. The pilot gave the word "*Ready about!*" but still withheld the "*Helms-a lee!*" The anxiety of the captain for the safety of the vessel, wrought to the highest pitch, betrayed itself in a sudden explosion, threatening the pilot that, if any accident happened to the ship, that instant he should "*swing at the yard-arm.*"

"Swing!—swing, your Honour!" exclaimed poor Din, with astonishment: "sure then, sir it isn't afaired of me you are. Only thry the depth of the water. Why, it's deep enough to swallow up *Hungry Hill*, yonder beyant"—pointing to that gigantic mountain, then in view, whose serrated and sterile outline presents that idea of starvation so forcibly expressed by the French officer who, with his boat's crew, was blown ashore and captured in 1796, that it was "*Nature's backbone picked bare by the Devil!*"

"Now, then, sir," said Din, "rap-full, and about with her!" The frigate came round like a top, and in less than another quarter of an hour, had shot up a mile to the eastward of Bear Island. "Now, sir," said Din, exultingly—"only look over your left shoulder at the sweet little haven under your lee." The captain's satisfaction at the prospect was somewhat damped by certain feelings of self-reproach at his hasty threat. "Now, sir, another short tack half across the bay, and then round in weather braces."

The frigate was soon going large before the wind. The rugged "Roan Corrig"* (which stands like a hoary giant guarding the eastern entrance to the haven, and from whose scraggy sides the snowy foam rolled down like an avalanche) was passed with the rapidity of lightning; and, in another half hour, the gallant crew, released from further toil, beheld His Majesty's frigate, Turquoise, safely moored in one of the finest harbours in the universe, where a thousand sail of the line might in safety have kept her company.

Denis's task being now finished, he ventured to approach the captain, and, stepping out with his best bow, said—"Now, please your Honour we're clear of all *safety*, thank God!"—Three gold Joes were slipped into the pilot's hand by the generous captain, as an acknowledgment of his skill, and perhaps a silent atonement for a hasty, but not unpardonable threat.

Twilight was fast failing; but the frigate had scarcely dropped her anchor ere several country boats came alongside, with compliments and offers of service from the owners of the few houses the shores of Bearhaven present, as well as from others from more remote habitations, on whom the attractions of a homeward-bound man-of-war's expenditure were not lost, and who had watched her from her first appearance off the Dursey. Cards, and scraps of paper where cards were wanting, were passed up the side for the captain, who politely expressed his readiness to receive all visiters on the following morning.

To his great surprise, on looking over his handful of visiting billets he found that every one of them bore the name of Mr. O'SULLIVAN! This was a puzzler, which honest Din, the pilot, was ushered into the cabin to expound. "O sir," said Din, "all the rale gentlemen of these parts are O'Sullivans"—adding, but with a most respectful scrape—"I am one myself, born and bred."

"And all these gentlemen your relatives, of course, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"Troth, yes, sir—every soul of them. There's seventy-two score of us, and all the rale breed." Denis took the cards in succession from the captain's hand, and pronounced each gentleman's style, title, and patronymic. "That's Jerry O'Sullivan of the Bank."

"What!" asked the captain, "have you a bank here?"

"Yes—no, sir—that is, we *had* a bank the year afore last; but the talk of the Frinch invasion caused such a devil of a run on it, that it failed one morning for TWO GUINEAS! and, although Jerry received the first HALF-A-GUINEA note from Cork *by express*, his credit was quite bothered entirely; and he has never been able to open the bank since.‡ Well, then, the next is Jerry Swinish, commonly called Jerry the Pig: and that's Jerry O'Sullivan Faugh, (or Dirty Jerry, saving your honor's favour,) a fine gentleman *and his wife*, that lives above at Bantry; and it's himself that keeps his priest, his pack of hounds, and his piper: And this is Jerry Darby, and that's Jerry Paddy; and there's Jerry of Garnish, and Murty of Quolough, and Murty of Inch; and this Darby of the Dursies, &c. &c.—all O'Sullivans, and all of the true blood on father and mother's side, in and in."

The pilot did not depart from the ship without receiving overflowing proofs of the kindness and liberality of the officers of the gun-room, whom he had amused for an hour with a flattering description of the beauties of this wild, unfrequented region, until every man of them had a fair, a dark, or brown haired Miss O'Sullivan in his mind's eye, (according to his fancy in female charms,) all longing for the next coming day to realize their hopes—at least gratify their curiosity.

Nor was Denis less prodigal of his praises of the captain and officers of the frigate, when he reached Castletown, the then poor village at the mouth of the haven, (consisting of only a few scattered cabins,) where a post-office had been established for the convenience of the navy. The most extravagant expectations were raised by Din's glowing description of the wealth and generosity of the officers, more particularly when he jingled his broad gold coin, as convincing proofs. The gentlemen calculated on a bit of barter in the contraband way—the ladies on lovers. But, alas! the next day brought disappointment. During the whole of that night, it had blown a heavy gale of wind; the morn did not improve the scene. The gallant frigate rode with two anchors a-head, and topgallant masts struck. Not a boat could shew her nose in the haven; and the day passed over in fruitless regrets and wishes both on shore and on board.

This interval of non-intercourse was not, however, passed altogether in idleness. On shore, the native beauty were busy in bucking up their holiday clothes—the belles, in curling and clear-starching; while, on board, the mates and middies were equally industrious in furnishing up their uniforms and shore-going toggery.

The following day proved more propitious—the easterly wind having expended its fury, the now tranquil haven scarcely presented a ripple. Shortly after the crew had dined, two boats were observed to leave the ship. Their course was anxiously watched; and, in less than half an hour, the captain's beautiful azure-painted gig was seen skimming across the Cove of Castleman, followed by the cutter; the latter crowded with officers of all grades. In a few minutes, the whole party landed on a kind of terrace in front of the post-office; the only level spot, of any extent, to be seen in those days. The strangers stood in groups, gazing in silent astonishment on the wild disjointed scene before and around them. The few scattered houses or cabins in sight, appeared as if thrown by the hand of Providence to fall where they might, and cling wherever they fell; no two were alike, in size, shape, or construction—no two together; everything appeared the work of chance! The most wild and fantastic order, or rather disorder, prevailed; here and there, cabins would be seen perched on a acclivity, the approaches to which were invisible to the stranger's eye; others projected into the peaceful Cove, built on the shelving rocks or green banks with which it was indented. Many of these looked beautiful at a distance, like Portuguese villages; but, like them also, inconceivably mean and wretched on closer inspection.

The post-office, a large and comfortable house, but, like all others, without an *up-stairs* floor, was selected for headquarters, and thither the stores were removed from the cutter; for the party did not come unprovided. Bob Higginbottom, the postmaster, an old Fingalian smuggler, and one of the sixteen Protestants in the barony, (the population of which was upwards of SIXTEEN THOUSAND!) produced his two Dutch telescopes, by the aid of which the officers could take a survey of the distant fair ones across the Cove, whose figures were seen flitting from cliff to cliff, and cabin to cabin, in pairs or clusters, all trying to get a peep at the men of war.

Sailors are not of the most ceremonious order of mankind, particularly after a long voyage; and now released from the trammels of discipline, with health, spirits, money, and music—for their indulgent captain had permitted them to bring on shore two or three of his excellent band—all hands were agog for the first spree ashore. So, leaving their captain to pore over a file of old Cork newspapers in the parlour of the post-office, the gallant lieutenants and yonkers soon introduced themselves to the fair ones of this fairy land; and, long before their good skipper had waded through the details of that hollow and inconclusive peace which was the death blow to prize-money and promotion, and which was so soon to turn them adrift, the whole body of officers, headed by two fiddlers and a bugler, broke in on his studies, each officer double-banked with beauty, or, in other words, with a fair one on each arm. But the captain was a choice soul—a skipper a-skipper in a thousand—and they knew their man. Refreshments were unpacked, corks find compliments flew about, and mirth, love, and wine, were the order of the afternoon.

Let it not be supposed, however, that amongst the joyous, and gratified group, there was one female into whose heart a base or licentious passion had found entrance. They were the children of nature—strangers, it is true, to the elegancies, but sensitively alive to all the properties of life. Frank, free and mirthful as they were, the first quarter of an hour past in their society, convinced even the most gay and thoughtless of their new acquaintances, that all speculations on their supposed lack of modesty were vain and futile. Time passed so merrily that the rising moon first reminded the officers that they were trespassing too long on their captain's kindness. The parties separated with feelings of mutual good will, happy in the anticipation of a speedy reunion.

The next morning brought on shore (at an early hour) a fresh batch of visitors, whose welcome was facilitated by their being the bearers of a general invitation from the captain and officers of H. M. S. Turquoise to the ladies and gentlemen of Bearhaven to a grand ball on the next night but one—thus affording two days for the gathering. Expresses were sent east, west, and north—not an excuse, not a negative was received. The beaux this day mustered as strong as the ladies of the neighbourhood, doing the duties of hospitality according to their limited means; and the officers, equally delighted as their predecessors, departed at sunset, loaded with presents of game, fish, fresh butter, eggs, honey, &c. &c., which were poured on them in abundance.

A young marine officer of the party was found missing; and, as they had stopped to the last moment of their time, he was, of necessity, left behind. And here begins the tale of love.

This youth had been struck at first sight with the dazzling beauty of one of the fair nymphs of the *Cottage on the Rock*—his partner in the merry dance. This young lady was the daughter of an ancient *bon vivant*, who, besides being connected by marriage with the O'Sullivans—a great distinction in that part of the world—could boast of some gentle, if not noble blood in his veins; but the copious draughts of whisky in which, for a quarter of a century, he had to fondly indulged, had nearly obliterated all traces of that gentility, which, when seen in his sober moments, it became evident had been once familiar to him. The whole income of this poor gentleman did not exceed £60 a-year, with twelve in family; yet want or privation was unknown to them. In this out-of-the-way corner of Ireland, where there then existed neither trade nor traffic, meat, fish, potatoes, butter, turf for fuel, &c.—the chief necessaries of life—were matters of barter, or if purchased, at inconceivably low prices. The only ready-money expenditure was, in fact, for wearing apparel, and occasionally for groceries; but even these indispensables could be obtained on terms of mutual accomodation. The Bearhaven *gentleman* would always oblige his customer from Cork with a firkin or two of Nantz brandy, ornamented with a patch of fine butter on its crown, to act as its passport though the tollgates of that city, in company with a string of a hundred mountain ponies, each bearing a couple of firkins of the commodity of the country; and a sack of potatoes was not the less acceptable to the dealer in cloth and calicoes from having a pillow-case stuffed with fine tea, or a roll or two of tobacco in the interior. By these means, *honest* men *could* live! But, alas! the "good ould times of smuggling" are no more! In those halcyon days, when brandy—drunk out of egg-shells, for want of glasses—could be had for half a-crown a gallon, one *could* afford to get drunk *like a gentleman*: but, between the revenue-police, the Peelers, and the soldiers, poor Bearhaven has become civilized, enlightened, and—unhappy! Roads have succeeded the rough and broken tracks by which, for ages, were the only passages by which travellers could explore their way in this mountainous district. Shapeless rocks have been blasted, and well-paved roads made from the *debris*. Shops and tippling-houses abound. The rich copper mines of Poolyeen (which in days of yore were the wealth of that part of the country, but which lay for ages dormant and neglected for want of capital and enterprise) are now in full and flourishing work. Wheel carriages (things formerly but *read of*) have been introduced; and it only requires the wonders of a *railroad* to complete the metamorphosis. The increase of wealth, of a strange population, of knowledge, and, alas! of vice, has changed the habits and character of this once sequestered and happy people.

(To be Concluded.)

* Corrig or Carrick, a rock.

† Johanneses—pieces of eight—(dollars.)

‡ There were various small *banks* (as they were termed) in remote parts of Ireland, which issued printed notes of the value of from threepence to three shillings!

* Killick, an anchor formed of timber, and balanced in the centre by a stone, or piece of pig iron.

LECTURES ON THE ANATOMY OF INSECTS, AT THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

On Wednesday evening, H. Goadby, Esq. of London, commenced a course of lectures upon the anatomy of insects, which he illustrated by means of the oxyhydrogen microscope. Hitherto, the oxyhydrogen microscope has been used more as a toy than as a means of imparting solid instruction. This has in a great measure arisen from the danger and trouble attending the use of the instrument. We feel, however, confident that both these objections have been removed by the improvements which have been introduced into the apparatus by Mr. Goadby, which at once render it portable and safe. The gases are separately confined in two square sheet Indian rubber bags, covered with muslin, arranged so as to collapse in folds, like a smith's bellows. These bags are enclosed one beneath another, under a stool-shaped machine, two feet square on the top, with four legs rather more than three feet long, furnished with castors, so as to render it easily removable. The bags are divided by a wooden partition. Beneath each bag is a square wooden plate, which is forcibly drawn up against the bag by means of heavy weights so as to cause an equal pressure upon the gas. The gases are then conducted, by means of flexible tubes, to the top of the stool, upon which a species of magic lantern is placed, where they unite in a fine tube, and, being ignited, rush against a circular piece of lime, turned for the purpose, which is revolved by means of clock-work. The insect then, being placed before the light, is reflected through magnifying glasses upon a white screen. We have been this minute in the description of this machine, as it is decidedly the best we have seen; and well worthy the attention of the lecturer and the scientific in general, as being exceedingly portable and so constructed as to remove all fear of accident from the employment of these hitherto dangerous agents, oxygen and hydrogen gases.

Natural history, said Mr. Goadby, is divided into three large sections or kingdoms—the mineral, vegetable, and animal, which have a necessary dependance or relation on each other; for the vegetable creation possesses digestive organs which enable it to convert into useful crude mineral substances; the animal creation, in its turn, assimilates the vegetable creation; and thus we find that they will bear a certain relationship to each other. The animal kingdom, again, according to Cuvier, is divided into four large divisions. Now the matter of which every animal is composed is divided into two large groups; so far as the organs are concerned they are peculiar to animal life, the other group is found to be common to the vegetable as well as to the animal creation. These are again subdivided into various other classes. According to Cuvier, insects are comprehended within the fourth grand division. They possess a crustaceous covering which is found by analysis to be chemically composed of the same substances which enter into the composition of the bones of larger animals, and therefore is called bone. These present to us well defined channels for the passage of the spinal cord, similar to the vertebræ of a man. The body of an insect is divided into the head, thorax, and abdomen.

Mr. Goadby then proceeded to describe, anatomically, the different portions of a number of insects, and the beautiful provisions of nature which they presented, which he illustrated by means of magnified reflections of them on his screen. The entomologist, whether a tyro or a proficient, has thus a source of amusement and instruction opened to him which it may be long before he meets with again; but, as a detail of the anatomy would be comparatively uninteresting without these representations, we shall confine ourselves to a few historical sketches which the talented lecturer gave of several insects as they rapidly passed under review.

The exuviæ, or cast skin, of an American cockroach was admirably exhibited. This species is not as its name would convey, indigenous to our shores, but it has colonized in this country, and, where er it has located itself on our shores, bids fair from its superior size and ferocity, to destroy the native breed.

The mantis religiosa is an insect of much repute in the east. In India, it is an object of superstitious worship. The legs of this insect are so low that, when it rests, its posterior parts are much more raised than its anterior. This was supposed to be its attitude of prayer, and hence it was called the praying mantis; indeed, to this day we call it the mantis religiosa, or the religious mantis. The Brahmins behold the insects with religious awe, and hold him to be exceedingly depraved who would destroy it. Indeed, they say that if any one who has lost his way will only place a mantis upon the palm of his hand it will indicate the direction he ought to take. The Chinese, however, find that there is nothing amiable in this creature, but that it is the most distructive and pugnacious of all insects, and that when two of them meet together they fight until one of them is killed. The Chinese keep them in cages and pit them one against another, and it is said that large sums of money change hands on the combats of these insects. They use them as we use cocks, dogs, and even men. The mantis uses its large legs as organs of prehension, and immolates its victims upon their spines. It is famed for its love of destruction; as it destroys a far greater number of insects than it can consume for its food; yet this is the creature worshipped by the Brahmins.

The tree bug is common to a number of countries. Some varieties of the species are beautiful in the colour of their exterior. There is a species which is exceedingly destructive to vegetation. It fortunately only makes its appearance once every seventeen years, but when it does so it lays bare the most wide-spreading forest. About a year ago, it ravaged the American woods, and the papers teemed with accounts of its ravages. How providential is it that this creature requires, as it does, seventeen years to develope it from the egg, else we should have the land denuded of trees. The house bug is nearly allied to the tree bug; indeed it is said that this fellow was brought over from France in the wood required to build London, after the great fire; indeed it is still found in certain districts of France as a tree bug. Mr. G. said the bug whose skeleton he exhibited had been killed a short time after it was fed. He had kept it six months in a box without food. At the end of that period he took it out of the box and found it quite as lively as when first put there. He then put him on the back of his hand, which he opened so as to relax the skin, and allowed him to feed, watching the operation by means of a powerful magnifying glass. He saw that it first plunged its sheath into the integument of his hand, and then the four bristles were inserted still deeper into his flesh, making passages through which the blood could flow up in so many capillary streams. It appeared that the insect possessed a certain pneumatic apparatus which enabled it to pump up the blood. The fluid did flow up, and went into the capacious stomach which it possesses. Mr. G. could see the blood flow up through the tube. He could see that the sheath would be fastened if he tightened his skin, and he did so to witness the effect. The creature was completely fastened to his hand, without the possibility of extricating itself, although it tugged most desperately to that end and raised itself upon its legs so that only two of them touched his hand. He writhed about in the greatest possible agony; at length, Mr. G. having relaxed his skin, the animal got his sheath out and was devoting himself to flight in all imaginable haste, when the lecturer again deposited *him* in the box, and, having witnessed the digestion of the insect, prepared him for the use which had that evening been made of him.

AN ENORMOUS GRAPE VINE.—The Peoria Register states that in the County of Tazewell, in Illinois, about two miles east of Peoria, is a grape vine, which measures forty-one inches and a half in circumference.

A man was killed by a panther a few days ago, only a mile and a half from the village of Clyde, in the north part of New York.

UPPER CANADA.

TORONTO, 20th June, 1837.

The House of Assembly being again assembled at the Bar of the Honorable the Legislative Council, Allan Napier Macbab, Esq. informed His Excellency that the House of Assembly had chosen him for their Speaker, and claimed the privileges of that office.

His excellency the Lieut. Governor was pleased to approve of the choice of the House of Assembly, and then addressed both Houses of the Provincial Parliament in the following SPEECH:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council; and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

In the name of our most gracious Sovereign, I have summoned this extraordinary Session of the Legislature, because I had deemed it constitutional that you should respectively be called upon to share with me in the consideration of the commercial difficulties which have assailed this province, and having been embarrassed by circumstances which it has been impossible for me to avert, it is with satisfaction that I see again assembled before me those upon whose Legislative wisdom and experience I am proud to be entitled to rely.

The unprecedented event which has caused the convention of the Legislature of this Province, is, the Banks of the neighbouring Republican States having determined simultaneously, to refuse to redeem the Notes they had promised to pay on demand: the reason given to the public creditor being that it had become contrary to the interest of the community for the Banks to part with the Specie which was in the vaults.

The Notes in the hands of the public having been thus suddenly deprived of their value, the Specie in circulation, as well as that immured in the bank's vaults, immediately rose in value, and when the intelligence of this event arrived here, it instantly became necessary for the banks of Upper Canada to deliberate whether they would continue or suspend their Cash payments.

They determined to persist in the former course, and although it was anticipated that their coffers would be immediately exhausted, yet such has been the confidence which the Province has reposed in their probity and solvency, that the Notes of these Banks have, contrary to expectation retained their value and in the exchanges which are hourly effected throughout the Province, they and specie are still at par.

From the period at which the Upper Canada banks determined to stand to their engagements up to the present day, I have not received from any one of them the slightest expression of regret at the course which they have pursued, or of apprehension respecting its results; on the contrary from reports which have been forwarded to me by the Chartered banks, it appears that the aggregate amount of specie at present in their vaults is about two-thirds of the sum they possessed at the beginning of May.

From various quarters, however, it has been submitted to me by persons of considerable information—1st. That if the present circumstances should continue, the Banks of this Province must inevitably be drained of their Specie; and 2d. That the wisdom of the Legislature, if it were convened, might possibly enact some law by which this calamity could be averted.

It is in compliance with this opinion and suggestion, that (at an unusual season, and so shortly after the close of an arduous and most useful session) the Provincial Parliament has been again assembled.

As I have reason to feel confidence in your judgment—as I have no theory to advocate—no desire to influence your deliberations—and no object in view, except to co-operate with you in measures conducive to the real interests of the Province, I have but few observations to offer to you.

In case you should on deliberation be of opinion that no reaction is likely to take place in the neighbouring Republic—that the Banks of Upper Canada must inevitably be drained of their Specie—and that for the foregoing reasons the Chartered Banks, ought, under certain stipulations, to be empowered by the Legislature to continue their business without the necessity of redeeming their notes by cash, (notwithstanding that clause in their Charters which now forbids them to do so) you will I feel confident weigh fairly the advantages as well as the disadvantages which the public would experience by the banks suspending payments with their coffers full instead of empty.

It has been clearly explained to me that by suspending payment with their coffers full, the banks would be saved the expense of replenishing their vaults whenever the moment should arrive for the resumption of their cash payments.

At the present rate of Exchange this expense would amount to a certain per centage, and as the quantum of Specie which would be required is very nearly a known quantity, you will be enabled from these data to estimate with considerable accuracy the amount of saving which the banks would gain by at once stopping payment with their coffers full.

On the other hand you will I feel confident weigh with equal fairness what the Province would lose by its Banks breaking faith with the public creditor, on the ground of a supposed necessity, or from a fear of expense and inconvenience—I mean by the Legislature making in the existing Laws an alteration which would have the effect of declaring to the holders of Bank Notes and of Government Debentures, that Upper Canada faithfully pays its debts on demand, so long only as it is the interest of the Inhabitants of the Province to do so.

You will I am sure not exclude from your consideration what effect, if any, a declaration of this nature would have on the minds of the British people, whose wealth we confess to them we are in want of, and whose confidence it is our interest to maintain.

When the advantages and disadvantages—the profit as well as the loss attendant on a suspension of payment by the Banks, with their coffers full instead of empty, shall have been calmly investigated by you, I feel confident that you will arrive at a just conclusion, and I trust I need not add that it is my earnest desire to meet you at this point.

I am not disposed to pursue an intricate policy—the opinions I entertain scarcely require an explanation.

I consider that to this young rising Province, character is of more intrinsic value than the cost of obtaining specie for its banks; for however attractive may be the soil and healthy the climate, which we here enjoy, yet, in order to obtain capital, credit, and population, from the mother country, it is necessary we should clearly demonstrate that in Upper Canada life and property are secure—that Justice is inflexibly administered—that engagements are scrupulously fulfilled, and that a storm of commercial adversity, or of popular clamour, is but a signal to the legislature to rally round the Throne, which, dignified by the protection of our Gracious Sovereign, stands here the safeguard and defender of the public creditor.

By plain integrity of conduct the British Empire has amassed its wealth, and I feel confident that the people of Upper Canada, with this example before their minds, will perceive that it is not only their duty, but their interest to adhere to that simple principle in the religion as well as in the commercial policy of our ancestors, which nobly commends us "to be true and just in all our dealings."