THE Weekly Chronicle

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

Vol. II. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1838. No. 43.

The Chronicle,

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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Weekly Almanack.

July.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H.	W.
30 Saturday,	4 18	7 48	sooth.	5	3
1 Sunday,	4 19	7 47	0	5	6 36
2 Monday,	4 20	7 47	0 24	7	40
3 Tuesday,	4 21	7 47	0 47	8	43
4 Wednesday,	4 22	7 47	1 16	9	30
5 Thursday,	4 22	7 46	1 54	10	18
6 Friday,	4 23	7 46	2 44	10	58

Full Moon, 7th. 9h. 34m.

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: N. Merritt.

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: S. Wiggens.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Gilbert T. Ray.

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

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on 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.)

☞Notice.

THE subscribers having formed a connection in Business, will in future transact under the Firm of JAMES WHITNEY & CO.

JAMES WHITNEY
CHARLES R. GIBBONS.

St. John, 1st May, 1838.

☞Notice.

THE subscriber having taken a store in Ward street, adjoining the premises occupied by Messrs. D. Hatfield & Son, for the purpose of transacting a General

Auction & Commission Business,

is now prepared to receive Goods intended for sale, and to attend to such orders in the above line as his friends and the public may be pleased to entrust to his management.

16th March. S. L. LUGRIN.

☞NOTICE.

JOHN & JAMES ALEXANDER having this day entered into Co-Partenership, the Business previously carried on by John Alexander, will be continued under the firm of

John & James Alexander.

JOHN ALEXANDER.
JAMES ALEXANDER.

Saint John, April 14, 1838.

☞Notice.

THE subscriber announces to his friends and the public, that in addition to the Business of a General Commission Agent, he will from this date undertake that of a MARINE INSURANCE BROKER, and solicits a share of their countenance.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, April 28, 1838.

CARD.

SUBSCRIBERS are respectfully solicited for an ENGRAVING to be made after a Picture now to be seen at Mr. Avery's Book store, Prince Wm. street.—This Picture represents the Great Conflagration that took place in the City of Saint John on the night of the 14th January, 1837.

April 20, 1838.

STEAMER NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. Reed, will continue her present route until the 7th of May: after that period she will be employed weekly as follows:

Monday, For Digby and Annapolis, returning to Digby from Annapolis the same evening, and to Saint John on Tuesday morning.
Wednesday, For Eastport, returning the same Evening.
Thursday, For Windsor, starting as the tide may suit, and returning on Friday.
Saturday, For Eastport, and returning the same Evening.

This arrangement will continue until further notice.

☞ The first Friday and Saturday in every month the Boat will remain at Saint John, to clean boilers, &c. For further information, apply to Capt. Reed on board, or to E. BARLOW & SONS.

St. John, April 27, 1838.

Emigrant Office,

At Mr. Wedderburn's, St. James' Street.

DAILY attendance from 9 in the morning, until 6 P. M. Persons desirous of obtaining Land for settlement, should apply before the 20th of the month, that their applications may reach Fredericton in time to be laid under consideration of His Excellency in Council.

May 4. A. WEDDERBURN, E. A.

MOLASSES & TEAS.

JUST recieved and for sale.—20 Chests Fine Congo TEA; 10 do. fine Bohea ditto; 3 do. Gunpowder ditto; 20 Puns. choice retailing molasses.

May 8. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Poetry.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Drink, drink to dear woman, whose beautiful eye,
Like the diamond's rich lustre, or gem in the sky,
Is beaming with rapture, full, sparkling, and bright
Here's woman, the soul of man's choicest delight.
Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, and gaze on her smile?
Love hides in those dimples his innocent guile:
"Tis a signal for joy—'tis a balm for all woe:—
Here's woman, dear woman, man's heaven below.
Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, and look on her tear:
Is it pain?—is it grief?—is hope?—is it fear?
Oh! kiss it away, and believe whilst you press,
Here's woman, dear woman, man's friend in distress
Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Drink, drink to dear woman, whose exquisite form
Was never designed to encounter the storm,
Yet should sickness assail us, or trouble o'ercast,
Here's woman, dear woman, man's friend to the last
Then fill up a bumper, dear woman's our toast,
Our comfort in sorrow—in pleasure our boast.

Miscellany.

LORD LOVELL'S DAUGHTER.

[CONCLUDED]

Thus adjured, Sir Walter decided that it would be more prudent to seek a confederate in the marchioness than attempt to out-general her manœuvres. He promised, therefore, to do his best for her ladyship's enlivement; and Lord Lovell was induced to endure, as the avowed guests of his sister, the society of the profligate companions of his nephew. Assured by the marchioness that high play was one of the vices *de bon ton* monopolised by the *grand monarque* for the delectation of his court, the earl submitted to see a bank established in the grand gallery of Lovell House, illuminated twice a week for the reception of visitors; and there, as a pretext for quaffing Spanish wines with the gay and brilliant Sir Walter Lovell, and baudying light retorts with his beautiful sister, the Duke of Buckingham, Beau Fielding, Jermyn, Count Hamilton, and other leading fashionists and wits of the day, consented to sacrifice their patience to the tedious patter of the old earl, and a few gold pieces to the insatiable love of play of the Marchioness de Castries. It became one of the best-frequented mansions in London; and Charles himself sometimes laughingly deplored the etiquette which forbade him to become a lounger in the gay saloons of his lord chamberlain.

But the fair Helena had not been educated in Paris to so little purpose as to imagine that the brilliant homage of these libertines of fashion was the one thing needful. Her grandfather had promised her a noble fortune; but not even the broad lands he was to bequeath her would obliterate at the court of a Stuart, the shame of ignoble and roundhead descent. The triumph of the new comer, in her robe of silver gauze and Parma violets, had excited universal indignation among the maids of honour, both of the queen and the duchess. *Who* was this Miss Lovell that smiled so insolently as she walked a minuet with the young Duke of Monmouth, after fixing the admiring attention of Grammont and all his satellites?—an impostor! The offspring of a *roturier*, whose real name was besprinkled with the mire of the commonwealth. The whisper went round. Helena's eyes sparkled with indignation. "They should repent the ignominy cast upon her. She would soar above them, and surprise them yet." Already the Earl of St. Albans was among her rejected suitors. She had set her heart—(her heart)—upon a duke! The laurels wherewith she would fain be crowned were strawberry-leaves; and it was after forming this resolution, (while apparently devoting her attention to the beauty of a pair of cats of cracked porcelain, gracing the marchioness's chimney piece,) that his young grace of Glamorgan was invited by Madame de Castries to become her pupil in the mysteries of basset. Lord Lovell was satisfied that the duke visited so assiduously at the house, in compliment to himself—the venerable friend of his grandsire. Sir Walter found that the youth was ambitious of forming himself in his *ecole des bonnes manieres*. The marchioness decided that he came there to pay his compliments to her snuff-box, and the four aces. But Helena was equally positive that whatever the Duke of Glamorgan might come to *seek* at Lovell House, he should *find* nothing less important than a duchess. He was a gentle ingenious youth; and fearing to alarm him by a display of her Parisian levities, she gave up coquetting with Harry Jermyn, and bandying witticisms with Rochester, to edify the world of fashion by the strict decorum of her maidenly reserve.

While these glittering pageants were enacting in the vicinity of Whitehall, the desolation of Heliste waxed gloomier, and yet more gloomy. Warnford's reason was now completely disordered. It was only by following him incessantly, in his wanderings, that his matchless wife prevented him from becoming the victim of his delusion. Often did he rush forth upon the sands when the tides were rolling in upon a winter's night; and amid the bellowing of the storm, and the frightful violence of the night winds, command the waves to recede, in confirmation of his faith; nor could anything but the persuasive caresses of his wife, (her voice being inaudible among the tumults of the scene,) induce him to seek shelter at home from the inclemencies of the weather. At other times she would follow him to Dalton, and from Dalton pursue her weary way to the mountains of Black Comb or Langdale, and while he wandered frantic among the ravines and recesses of the hills, attend his steps with bleeding feet and panting bosom, clinging to him protectingly when she saw him about to precipitate himself from some frightful precipice, as an ordeal of the protection of the Almighty.

But, alas! during these frequent absences from home, her gentle Lucy was left alone with a boorish servant on the solitary islet; and this necessity was, of all her trials, the most painful to Mistress Warnford.

"Not unto *me* should this day have been appointed?" did she more than once murmur while following the wanderings of the demented man through storm and ford, among perilous morasses or shelving rocks. "It is his *son* who should be here to do this;—his son, with a strong arm to restrain, and a strong voice to overmaster the paroxysms of his fearful madness."

But there was no son at hand to relieve her painful efforts by the sacrifice of his filial duty. Walter Warnford had ceased to exist; for the Sir Walter Lovell, in whom his existence was merged, was a vain voluptuary, who would have pished and phawed at the mere mention of his absent parents, and their misfortunes.

"I have been pestered with a strange letter this morning," said Helena to her brother, producing one day at arm's length a clumsy packet, by mere contact with which she seemed to think herself dishonoured. "Did you know that those people in the north were still alive? My aunt informed me at Paris, (on my inquiry about them on some occasion or other,) that they were all swept away by an inundation—a conflagration—or the Heavens know what."

"Leave that knowledge to the Heavens, then," my pretty Helena, drawled Sir Walter; "for it is written in black and white, that we are either to know no parents or know no grandsire; and I have a notion that our elderly gentleman, with a rent-roll of sixty thousand per annum, is the acquaintance worth preserving of the two."

"The more so, that our aunts, Sahrens and Mauleverer, have lately been attacking the earl on his weak side, per favour of his ghostly comforter, Father O'Mahony," observed Helena.

"And what says yonder inopportune letter?" demanded her brother, settling his ruffles.

"Many things unseemly to repeat. 'Tis writ by little Lucy, (the child, though grown into a woman, is endowed apparently with scarce instruction or breeding for a chambermaid,) who informs me that her father is a lunatic, and her mother it would seem scarcely more rational—since she trudges after him up and down, like an esquire of the body, leaving her young daughter to be devoured by rats and mice and such small deer, but lacking nourishment of her own. In short, they are all crazy, and all starving. What is to be done?"

"Nothing! The smallest intercourse would be followed by our expulsion from the favour of the Earl. Such since I attained years of discretion, hath been the reiterated lesson of old Ricksatts, who stands so much our friend."

"'Tis a most misjudging thing of this young girl to have placed me in so sore a strait," observed Helena, tearing to pieces a rose, the gift of the Duke of Glamorgan, which she had taken from her bosom. "How am I to answer her letter?"

"Take no note of it, child—as I do by those of my unruly creditors. 'Twould be an encouragement to importunity were such applications favoured with an answer. Miss Lucy will conclude that her petition miscarried, and we shall be troubled no more with her importunities."

Lucy *did* conclude so; for, to her young heart, the monstrous idea of filial ingratitude had never presented itself. She pictured to herself her beautiful sister, shining like a star in courtly resorts, and revelling in the luxuries of life—she pictured to herself her brave brother, commanding the respect of society by the exercise of every manly virtue; (for, blest as both had been with the enlightenment of education, how could they be otherwise than high-minded and virtuous!) and could not refrain from conjecturing what would be their anguish, could they dream, that while they were pampered with the sweets of life, want was in the dwelling of their parents!

For want was there indeed! The fields of Heliste lay uncultured, the fences broken, the garden-ground a waste! Not a head of cattle—not a sheep—not a living thing in the ruinous sheds—not a handful of meal—not a root—to yield nourishment to the miserable family. For some time the neighbours were generous, and administered to their necessity. But the demand came too often. The season was a bad one, and there was a famine generally upon the land. Winter was coming on severely; fuel was unattainable. Mistress Warnford had shaped her own warm clothing into garments for the lunatic; while, one by one, Lucy insinuated *her* vestments into her mother's hoard; and with blue lips and wasted shivering arms, protested, when charged by the tender woman with her good deed, that she could not work while encumbered with winter covering. The poor girl grew weaker and weaker; yet every day she went forth on pretext of rural labour, though there was neither stock nor crop to exact her cares; she only wished to hide from her mother the wanness and sadness of her hungry face.

Yet even in that depth of misery, the mother bore all with resignation. Her lingering voice had yet strength to talk of better days in store; her languid eye to look forward to some remote epoch of wordly felicity, when her absent children were to be restored to her, and all was to be well.

"Heaven is merciful," was her constant exhortation to the gentle girl, who brought water to lave her bruised feet when she returned from her painful wanderings—and water was the only offering that remained to Lucy as a token of welcome to her parents. "'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' When your brother comes into possession of his independence, will it not be his first thought to fly to our relief? And what delight, to be rewarded for my past miseries, clasped in the arms of my lovely Helena, and beholding *thee*, my duteous child—my youngest born—my best beloved—walking at length in the sunshine of prosperity!"

But, while talking thus with parched but patient lips of the sunshine of prosperity, "a hopeless darkness settled o'er her fate." The miserable man whose insanity had recently taken a furious turn, (the result of wretchedness, witnessed and shared,) was one day missing from the chamber where he was accustomed to lie, and howl away the intervals of his more restless paroxysms; and his wife, girding on her tattered raiments, prepared herself, as usual, to cross to the main-land, and inquiring the direction of his course, follow and follow through the pitiless storm, till some lucid interval enabled him to recognize her voice, and to return with her to their destitute abode. But, lo, as she was about to go forth, Lucy met her upon the threshold, and in silence prevented her departure. It was in vain that Mistress Warnford remonstrated or questioned. Lucy could reply only by the tenderest caresses—by clasping her mother's hand—by imprinting kisses on her mother's cheek; till after some time she gathered courage to lead her to the spot where lay the dead and disfigured body of the maniac.

For a single moment the widow beheld in him once more the lover of her youth, and wrung her hands in anguish. But better thoughts succeeded. The sufferer was gone to his rest: though he had perished by his own hand, his will was guiltless of the deed: and the poor friendless woman had still fortitude to exclaim—"The will of God be done!" She remained alone with the dead while the weeping Lucy went her way to the mainland, and brought back those who, with sore grumbling at the interruption, dug a grave in the deserted island for the mangled remains of the unhappy Warnford.

To abide longer on that calamitous spot, the two helpless women felt to be impossible. Gathering together the scanty remnant of their property, they set forth to beg their way to London. A charitable friend at Dalton gave them shelter on that first homeless night; and even at that desolate moment, the poor widow felt, as she wept upon the head of her loving and lovely child, that a treasure was hers in the affections of her devoted Lucy, that counterbalanced the evils of her lot.

Weeks of patient perseverance conveyed them to the capital. But, alas! they arrived at a moment disastrous as the history of their own destinies!—The plague had broken out, and high and low were flying from the infected city. When at last the miserable wanderers made their way to the stately portal of Lovell House, a train of coaches was at the door to convey the family in haste into Oxfordshire. The postilions were cracking their whips, lackeys uncovered stood thronging the door-steps, lining the way for the marchioness and her fair niece to reach the equipage; and when Helena, radiant with beauty, issued from the gate, her mother burst through the restraining throng, and flung herself at the feet of her bright and prosperous child with sobs of ecstasy and love.

"Take her away—take her away!—'tis some poor infected wretch," cried Miss Lovell, recoiling with a piercing shriek from her approach.

"No, no!" faltered the seeming mendicant; "I bring thee no evil—I would die sooner than bring thee evil. I am thy mother, Helena—thy loving, miserable mother!"

Another shriek betrayed the consternation of the young lady, to whom the terms of this address were wholly inaudible, but who fancied she beheld a plague-stricken beggar clinging to her feet. But Sir Walter, who stood inspecting the package of his travelling-chariot, had caught sufficient insight into the matter to feel that the results of this vexatious scene might be fatal to his prospects in life, surrounded as they were by household spies, by idlers, and above all, in presence of the Duke of Glamorgan, who was come to take a hasty farewell of Helena, ere he rejoined the family at Lovell Court. Rumours of the strange incident would be sure to reach the ears of the earl who had preceded them by a few hours, upon the road. He felt persuaded that Lord Lovell would not fail to resent upon his grandchildren so indecent an intrusion, unless they promptly marked their disavowal of the measure. "Drive the woman hence!" cried he, to the herd of lackeys around him. "Would you see the life of your young lady perilled before your cowardly faces?"

"Walter!—my own brave, beautiful, noble Walter!" faltered the half-fainting woman—"I die content to have looked upon your face once more. Walter!—my sweet Walter, have pity!—It is your mother who is grovelling at your feet."

"Away with her!" cried young Lovell, deaf to those tender words, which were drowned in the stir and tumult of departure; and while Helena stepped into her gilded coach, a servant in the Lovell livery seized the helpless woman, who had sunk upon the door-steps, and flung her upon a stone-bench fronting the opposite wall of the court-yard.

"Farewell," cried Helena, kissing her hand to the young duke, as her heavy vehicle was dragged forth through the gateway by six equally cumbrous Flanders mares.

"Farewell, my dear Glam!—*au revoir*!" added her brother, gaining his own gay carriage and following the van. "To-morrow, by dinner-time, at Lovell Court."

And away went the gaudy train of servants and outriders; and away the mob of idlers collected to gaze upon their bravery. No one remained in the place but the decrepid porter, yawning on the steps of Lovell House, the young Duke of Glamorgan about to remount his horse and ride homewards preparatory to his departure from town; the body of the beggar on the bench, beside which a miserable girl was now kneeling; and the all-seeing eye of Providence watchful over all. The auburn curls fell scattered round Lucy's beautiful face as she took the bonnet from her head, to fan the insensible mother, who lay there as at the point of death; and the eyes of the young duke were attracted by its matchless loveliness.

"Can I do anything to assist you?" said he, in a gentle voice, approaching the agonized Lucy.

"A cup of water—in charity procure me a cup of water!" cried she.

And at the request of the duke, both water and wine were hastily brought forth by the old porter of Lord Lovell's house for the wayfarer's relief. After some minutes the sufferer unclosed her eyes.

"My children!" was her first exclamation; "where are my children?" Then, recalling to mind what had occurred, she added, mournfully pressing the hand of Lucy to her lips, "but, no! there is only one child left me now, the dearest and the best of daughters!"

"You had better enter the house, my good woman, and rest a little," said the old porter, condescendingly, to the tramper patronised by a duke. "You are welcome to the use of my chair!"

While Glamorgan kindly added, "Ay, hie into Lord Lovell's house and rest awhile—hie into Lord Lovell's house!"

"Steal like a thief and an outcast into my father's house!" exclaimed the almost distracted woman. "No, no! I should then deserve the cruel indignities heaped upon me. Renounced by my father, spurned by my ungrateful children, I can go and die elsewhere!"

But though these ejaculations remained incomprehensible to his Grace, Ralph, the old family porter, to whom the history of Lady Anne was familiar, and who knew the interdiction placed by the earl upon all intercourse between his daughter and her children, began to entertain suspicions of the truth; and tears gushed from the poor man's eyes, as he exclaimed, "My lady! my honoured lady! my sweet young Lady Anne! and I not to recognise her in all this misery and shame!"

Rapid as were the explanations bestowed by old Ralph on the noble spectator of the affecting scene that followed, they sufficed to rouse his utmost sympathy and indignation. His very utterance failed him on learning that he beheld, in the victims of destitution before him, the daughter and granddaughter of the Earl of Lovell—the mother and sister of Helena. It was to his *own* roof that he now insisted upon their being removed; and when, as they were accompanying him from the spot, there arrived a servant on horseback, despatched back by Sir Walter Lovell to have a care of the two beggars whom he had left at the gates of Lovell House, the duke commanded the man to bear back word to his friend, that "henceforth his deserted mother and sister abided under the protection of the Duke of Glamorgan."

Such an intimation naturally apprized Helena that all hope was lost to her of securing the hand of her noble admirer. But it did not forewarn her of the still more unwelcome fact, that, after a few weeks' intimacy, his affections were to be transferred to her fair and artless sister, whose virtues gradually confirmed the conquest her beauty had begun.

The Earl of Lovell, meanwhile, who had carried with him from London the germs of the prevailing epidemic, fell a victim to that frightful disease; nor did it surprise the world that a will, executed by the wayward man in his last moments, disinheriting his grandson, secured the whole of his vast property to the daughter of his daughter Anne, on the day of her becoming Duchess of Glamorgan.

"But what then will become of my grandfather's fortune?" inquired Lucy, when apprised by her mother's youthful benefactor, of the singular terms of the bequest. "Surely the legacy will never take effect?"

"That, dearest, must depend upon yourself," was his fervent reply. "By becoming Duchess of Glamorgan, Lucy Warnford, the daughter of the Lady Anne Lovell, will not only render me the happiest and proudest of men, but be enabled to confer peace and independence on the best of mothers; and exemplify to the world the comparative influence upon the human character and destinies, of the Schools of—Nature and Art.

Interesting Anecdote of the Queen and her aged Mother.—At the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held, on Tuesday evening last in Brunswick Chapel, the Rev. Rob. Newton related an anecdote, which he had from the Reverend Mr. Fordred, and for the accuracy of which he could, therefore, vouch. A poor, but truly pious widow, placed in charge of a lighthouse on the southern coast, had resolved to devote the receipts of one day in the year, during the visiting season, to the missionary cause. On one of these days a lady in widow's weeds and a little girl in deep mourning came to see the lighthouse. Sympathy in misfortune, he supposed, led to conversation, and before the unknown visitor took her departure, they had, most probably, mingled their tears together. The lady left behind her a sovereign. The unusually large gratuity immediately caused a conflict in the breast of the poor woman, as whether she was absolutely bound to appropriate the whole to the missionary-box or not. At length, she compromised by putting in half-a-crown. But conscience would not let her rest. She went to bed but could not sleep. She rose, took back the half-crown, put in the sovereign, returned to bed, and slept comfortably. A few days afterwards, to her great surprise, she received a double letter, franked and, on opening it, she was not more astonished than delighted to find £20 from the widow lady, and £5 from the little girl in deep mourning. And who were that lady and that little girl? No other than her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and our present rightful and youthful Sovereign, Queen Victoria.—*Morning Post.*

Charges for Seats at Coronations.—On consulting Stow, Speed, and other antiquaries, with regard to the prices formerly given, it appears that the price of a good place at the coronation of the Conqueror was a blank; and probably the same at that of his son William Rufus. At Henry I. it was a crocard; and at Stephen's and Henry II., a pollard. At Richard's and King John's, who was crowned frequently, it was a suskin; and rose, at Henry III., to a dodkin. In the reign of Edward the coins began to be more intelligible, and we find, that for seeing his coronation a 2 was given, or the half of a ferling or farthing, which is the fourth part of a sterling or penny. At Edward II. it was a farthing and at his son's Edward III., it was a halfpenny. In Richard II. it was a penny, and continued the same at that of Henry IV. At Henry V. it was two pennies, or the half of a grossus or groat; and the same at that of Henry VI., though during his time coronations were so frequent, that the price was brought back to the penny or halfpenny, and sometimes they were seen for nothing. At Edward IV. it was again the half groat, nor do we find it raised at those of Richard III., or Henry VII. At that of Henry VIII. it was the whole groat; nor was it altered at those of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, but at Queen Elizabeth's it was a testour, or tester. At those of James I. and Charles I. a shilling was given which was advanced to half-a-crown at those of Charles II. and James II. At King William's and Queen Ann's it was a crown, and at George I. it was seen by many for the same price. At the coronation of George II. half-a-guinea and a guinea were paid, while at that of George III. the front seats in the galleries were let at 10 guineas each.

Fact like Fiction.—In a work on aerostation by Mr. Mone Mason, we find the following forcible reference to situations and impressions which "language might toil to gain but cannot reach," as no community of sentiment can be produced between the writer and the reader:—"The most powerful auxiliary to the sense of solitude is peculiar to the situation of the aeronaut in the extraordinary silence that qualifies the region of his new adventure. All, in fact, that can be said upon the subject by way of illustration is, that here, and here only, absolute silence can be said to have any existence at all; in every other situation in life, on the summit of the mountain, in the depth of the lowest cavern, in the desert and on the sea, in the dead of night, and the stern repose of the veriest calm, sound, to a certain extent always exists. The vicinity of solid bodies, the resistance of the air, the influence of the changes of temperature upon adjacent matter, nay, the very process of vegetation itself, are so many sources of sound from which man is never entirely free, until the aerial car has snatched him from their influence and transported him to regions, where none such are ever to be found." The following curious fact is certainly calculated to induce reflection:—"The inexperienced reader will, no doubt, learn with surprise that the real form of the earth, as beheld from the car of a balloon sufficiently elevated in the air, is absolutely the very reverse of that which a first view of the case may have hastily inclined him to expect. Such, however, is undoubtedly the fact. So far from following the course dictated by the true conformation of the earth, and sinking in proportion as they recede, the edges of terrestrial plane actually assume a contrary inclination, and rising as the aeronaut increases his altitude, realize in their progress the appearance of a vast bowlor basin, extended on all sides around him. Unexpected as this phenomenon may at first sight appear, it is, nevertheless, but the natural consequence of the laws of refraction acting under the peculiar circumstances of the case. Diverted from the straight course which the sight would at all times pursue, were it unobstructed by the medium of refraction, the lines under which the various objects are beheld become gradually inclined upwards."

The Asphaltic Pavement.—The small portion of pavement laid down in Whitehall on the asphaltic system is now finished, and attracts considerable attention. To a person walking over it, it appears rough and gritty, just as if coarse gravel were spread over the usual stone flags. It is by no means so pleasant to tread upon as the common foot-paths, and to ladies and others wearing thin-soled shoes must be particularly disagreeable. There is no doubt that it will prove, if generally introduced, highly popular with the shoemakers and leather-sellers, who may, perhaps, at their annual dinners, drink the healths of its inventors.

A Childish. (From *Roschenberger's Voyage round the World.*)—The better sort of sampan is a light canoe, moved by half a dozen or more short paddles, with a covered cabin in the centre, upon the floor of which the passengers recline, and by drawing the curtains may be entirely concealed. Some are so small that we are astonished they are capable of floating under the weight of a man, and others again are propelled like the Venetian gondola by a single oar, managed in a row-lock three feet high. The sampan of this description is usually sculled by a woman standing on the stern without any other garment than a pair of drawers, with the occasional addition of a piece of black crape cast over the shoulders. The body is gently bent forward over the oar, and, to obtain a firm footing, one foot is placed in advance of the other, while the arms, in easy motion, impart speed to the vessel. The attitude and movement of these figures are eminently graceful, as they are seen threading their way through the mazes of junks and sampans of all sizes, which are all day gliding along from point to point, in every direction, and always occupying a very small space. The sampans are admirably adapted to the navigation of the canals and river, as we soon discovered when one of our long-oared boats moved among them. They were often upset by us; but the Siamese always took the mishap in gentleness of spirit, and very quietly swam either to the shore or to regain the sampan. Living so constantly on the water, they may be said to be a swimming people, though I am told they have a great dread of the sea. They are seen bathing at all times of the day, either swimming or squatted on the veranda in front of the house, dipping water out of the river with a basin, and pouring it over themselves. Not long ago, Bakok presented the singular phenomenon of an amphibious infant, that forsook the mother's breast, and betook itself to the water on all occasions. Luck-loi-nam, literally, the child of the waters, swam when she was but one year old; and, in 1832, when she had attained three years of age, was frequently seen swimming in the river. Her motions were not like those of other swimmers; she floated without any apparent exertion, turning round and round. When not in the water, she was cross and discontented, and when taken out cried, and strove to return; if indulged, she tumbled and rolled about, seemingly with unalloyed pleasure. Luck-loi-nam, though well formed, could neither walk nor speak, but uttered a gurgling choking sound in the throat. Her vision was imperfect; and, up to the time mentioned, she had never eaten any thing but her mother's milk. She usually applied to the breast, on being taken out of the river, by her own consent. The mother of the child of the waters was a fine-looking woman, and had given birth to four children—two males and two females. The two brothers are dead, and the sister, eight or nine years of age, was always seen swimming in company, to protect the child of the waters against accidents, and give her directions that she might not get too near the boats, or the banks of the river. She has not been lately seen, and is supposed to be dead."

The Affectionate Wife.—Noble Instance of Generosity.—The quicksilver mines at Idra, in Germany, are subterranean caverns of gloom and misery. Imagine an opening in the side of a mountain, about five feet in circumference, the entrance to the living grave of wretchedness—of criminals who have forfeited their lives to the laws of their country. If curiosity prompts a person to explore the interior, he places himself in a kind of basket, and slowly descends more than a hundred fathoms the passages widening in dimensions and darkening in gloom. After swinging in perilous suspense, with fearful apprehensions, he arrives at the bottom, where every tread awakens a hollow sound, which, by its reverberation, harmonises with the dismal scene. This frightful mansion, into which the sunbeams never penetrate, is lighted with a few lamps, whose pale rays are just sufficient to disclose its horrors. From the noxious qualities of the mineral, the wretched inmate is pallid and exhausted, and, under the lash of imperious task-masters, he never enjoys the pleasing relaxation of toil. Hope, which enlivens us in our pilgrimage, comes not to him; he cannot repose in thought on futurity, and say, by such a day I shall be free. If he reverts in fancy to the delights of life, or to the beauties of nature, he returns to his misery and sinks into despair; but if his existence is wretched, his career is short—brief is the period that terminates his sorrows with his life. Count Alberti, the gay and the polite, graced the court of Austria; he was accomplished, but his virtues were equal to his manners; he was affluent, but the chief use which he made of his fortune was to patronise merit and to relieve distress.—The Count had a quarrel with a general officer in the Austrian service, and, contrary to the command of the Emperor, called him into the field; they fought, the general fell, and Alberti was obliged to fly. He sought refuge in the forests of Istria, which were infested by a band of robbers. They seized him; he acquainted them with his rank and misfortune; he was received under their protection, and remained for some months in their society. By the order of government, the place where the robbers were concealed was closely invested: the lawless band fought with desperate valour; most of them were killed, and the survivers among whom was Alberti, were made prisoners. Immediately they were carried to Vienna, to be broken alive on the wheel, but on their arrival at the capital, the Count was quickly known, and his associates declaring his innocence, the punishment of the rack was changed into perpetual imprisonment and labour in the mines—a punishment more cruel to a noble mind than death itself. His wife a young and beautiful woman, who was connected with one of the first families in germany, deeply affected with the fate of him who was the object of her fond attachment, strove to procure his pardon, but all her endeavours were ineffectual, and the miseries which she could not remove, with a woman's heroism she resolved to share. Vain were the solicitations of friends, the splendour of opulence, and the pleasures of society against her resolution; she turned from them all, and accompanied her lover and husband to the abode of despair. The Count was subsequently reinstated in his honours, restored to favour, and amid his friends, with the partner of his affection, he experienced the happiness which is enhanced by misfortune.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Sir W. Knighton and George IV.—The following is an account of Sir William Knighton's visit to the deathbed of Mr. Dickie, a confidential clerk, and ultimately a partner in Coutt's, whose knowledge of the privy purse disbursements was peculiarly intimate. Sir W.'s memorandum states—"'In a few minutes I was desired to walk up into Mr. Dickie's bedroom. He seemed exceedingly pleased to see me, and was evidently much affected. He looked very pale, his countenance considerably pinched, but his expressive eye still possessing its usual force, his mind clear and comprehensive as in the days of his best health. He took my hand, and held it the whole time that I remained with him. He then said, 'I have seen Sir * * * * here two or three times, full of civility from the present King, in the form of inquiry, and so on,' &c. Mr. Dickie then continued, 'It is useful, sometimes for a man on his deathbed to speak out. I thought it right to say to Sir * * * *, that no monarch, nor any man, had ever such a friend as Sir William Knighton was to George the Fourth. He managed and guarded his pecuniary concerns with an indefatigable care, and such a peculiar understanding that had I not myself been a witness, I could scarcely have credited it. There were times when Sir William thought that he was getting over difficulties, when large accounts came in of which he was not aware, like thunder-claps. He has more than once on such occasions in my presence, most respectfully but firmly remonstrated with his Majesty upon the impossibility of managing his affairs with any satisfaction, or, indeed, propriety of conduct, if such unforeseen expenditure occurred. Sir William's words, tone and manner, acted like magic upon the King. His Majesty, like a sensible man, seemed obliged from his heart; his whole demeanour showed it; and I myself at such a novel scene was struck with astonishment. From such circumstances, therefore, Sir * * * *, the name of Knighton is very dear to me. I think it right to inform you of all this; and I say it on my deathbed, and will repeat, that no monarch ever had such a friend as George the Fourth had in your person.'"—*Knighton's Memoirs.*

Suing the Press.—In Cork, lately C. Flatro, of Tuam, brought an action for libel against E. Scully, Esq. of the Roscommon Journal. He claimed $9,000 damages—the Jury heard his evidence, and gave him six-pence.

A late European paper informs us that a few drops of sweet nitre will effectually banish bedbugs.