THE Weekly Chronicle

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Weekly Almanack.

May.		R. Sun. s.	Moon	H. W.
15	Saturday,	4 51 7 9	1 41	7 53
16	Sunday,	4 50 7 10	2 1	8 54
17	Monday,	4 50 7 10	2 21	9 42
18	Tuesday,)	4 49 7 11	2 44	10 28
19	Wednesday,	4 48 7 12	3 11	11 11
20	Thursday,	4 47 7 13	Sets.	11 59
21	Friday,	4 46 7 14	8 58	Morn

New Moon, 20th, 6h, 52m. eve.

Public Institutions.

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Miscellany.

THE WALTZ AND THE WAGER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"We are quite ready, papa," said Georgiana Melton, as she entered her father's library, with her sister Caroline. "Do let us go this very minute—I am so impatient!"

"I see you are, my love, and therefore you will be good enough to sit quietly down, till I have finished my paper."

Georgiana bit her beautiful lips, and threw herself on a sofa opposite a large mirror, while Caroline smilingly stooped to caress an Italian greyhound, which had sprung from the hearth when she entered.

While the three are thus occupied—Gregory with herself, Carry with her dog, and their fond father ever and anon feeding his paternal vanity, by a shy peep over the edges of his paper, we, my dear reader will, with your permission, take the same liberty, with the sincere, but scarcely reasonable hope, that you may experience as much pleasure in the survey, as did Sir Richard Melton.

No wonder the frown gradually cleared away from the polished brow of Georgiana! No wonder her superb, hazel eyes are so proudly lighted up, as she gazes at the reflection, in the mirror, of her brilliant and aristocratic beauty. She cannot be more than nineteen years of age; yet there is perfect majesty in her mein, and in the noble contour of her form and feature, as she lies with her small head thrown haughtily back, her white throat curved, and her fair round arms folded gracefully before her. Her dress is of rich white satin, fitting closely to her beautiful bust, and reaching nearly to the throat, where it is terminated by a row of swan's down. The satin falls, which drape her dimpled elbow, are trimmed in the same chaste and simple manner; but look! as she moves, the sudden flash of diamonds from amid the rich softness of the down, betrays, that simplicity alone can satisfy the regal taste of the wearer. She is evidently fond of those "stars of the darkling mine." They girdle her waist; they are wreathed on her snowy arm; they gleam like chain lightning amid the braids of dark brown hair, which is parted smooth from her white veined temples, and plaited behind. Her head is exquisitely formed, her forehead is fair and broad, her eyes are eloquent with the beauty of a proud and generous soul. The bloom on her cheek is the richest hue of health and youth and hope, and the expression of her arched and glowing mouth is inimitably spirited, yet sweet as a new-born rose. Altogether Georgiana Melton is about as radiant a creature as ever thought fit to illume this sad, cold world of ours. And now for the fairy Caroline. Poor Carry! by the side of her brilliant and stately sister she is like the lily of the valley in the shade of a magnificent magnolia. Her form—what there is of it—is pretty and light; but her hands and feet are so small, that people wonder what they are good for. Nevertheless, she is very lovely, and very graceful, and though her timid beauty, overspread as it is, by the more striking charms of Georgiana, is seldom noticed, yet the extreme delicacy of her complexion—the profusion of her silken ringlets, that fall in a shower of light on her shoulders—her dimpled cheek, rosy mouth, and melting blue eyes, looking so bewitchingly bashful beneath those drooping lashes—all these, combined with an air of the most perfect child-like innocence and purity, may well render the little petted Carry, what a friend of mine emphatically called her, "a charm!" She, too, is dressed in white; but her dress is muslin, of the simplest fashion, and wholly unadorned. Carry is just sixteen, and just "coming out."

But see! they are preparing to go. Sir George is putting down his paper, Georgiana is wrapping a magnificent shawl around her queenly form, and Carry is tying her clos... They pass through a line of liveried servants—they enter the carriage—they are gone to an evening party at Lady C——'s. Let us go too, dear reader. We have no invitation, it is true—n' *importe*—Lady C—— is, by far, too luxuriously indolent to trouble her graceful head about us. She will only raise, in languid wonder, her large, soft, dreamy eyes, and be glad of an excuse to arch still more her already beautifully curved eyebrows. So then, here we are, and just in time to hear the announcement of Sir George and the Misses Melton, and to see the eager gaze of admiration which follows the first appearance, this season, of the beautiful heiress, Georgiana. "Remember, love, no waltzing!" whispered Sir George, as he led them forward. "Remember, love, no waltzing!" was echoed in a low, playful tone, on the other side, and, turning, Georgiana met the dark and earnest eyes of her betrothed lover, Vincent Lorraine. She had deemed him far distant, and could not wholly repress the smile and blush of delighted surprise, that stole to her cheek at the sound. But she averted her face to conceal them, for she was provoked at his presumption, as she haughtily deemed it, in daring thus to dictate to her. "He knows," she said to herself, "that I have never waltzed, even with him; indeed, he never presumed to ask it; but he shall learn that his commands are not to be my law; and pape, too! what could induce them both to force me into an alternative so very disagreeable? not that I see any great harm in waltzing, except that a man's arm round one's waist must be a bore."

During these very reasonable cogitations of his docile daughter, Sir George led the ladies to a sofa, and left them in charge of Lorraine. "I could never," said the latter to Carry, as he took his seat beside them, wholly unconscious of the wayward mood into which Georgiana had wrought herself, "I am sure I could never respect a woman who would submit to the familiarity necessary in that voluptuous dance."

"Miss Melton," said the young and graceful Duke of B——, bowing low to Georgiana, "I hardly dare ask the honor of your hand for the next waltz." Georgiana smiled encouragingly. "Will you indeed be so gracious?" offering his arm. Georgiana rose and accepted it. The Duke looked surprised and vexed, while Caroline raised her eyes imploringly to her sister's face.

"*Georgy!*" she whispered, "you *will* not waltz after what papa and Vincent have said!"

"Papa and Mr. Lorraine do not know me!" and she cast a glance of playful, but slightly scornful defiance at her lover. She was rather startled, and very much provoked at the look he gave her in return. It haunted her through the waltz, and though she had never looked so brilliantly beautiful, and never danced with such bewitching grace, the smile on her lip was a falsehood, for her heart was ill at ease.

We must now explain the evident disappointment betrayed by the Duke of B——, when Georgiana accepted his proposal to waltz. On his way to the mansion of Lady C——, with a band of gay companions, he had rashly laid a wager of considerable amount, that only one unmarried woman in the room would refuse to waltz with him, and that to that woman, whoever she might be, he would propose before the end of the season. Georgiana Melton was in his mind's or rather his heart's eye, when he made the bet. A passionate admirer of beauty in all its forms, he had borne her radiant image away from many a festive scene, and worshipped it in solitude and silence. He had heard, with a species of exultation, a few evenings previous, her dignified refusal to waltz with the most distinguished individual in the room, and he had thought how well the ducal coronet would grace a brow so noble and so pure. Gay, profuse, and seemingly thoughtless as he was, he had nursed in secret a noble refinement of soul, which rendered him fastidious, even in trifles, and he could not forgive Miss Melton her evident eagerness to join in a dance he disapproved, although her favored partner was himself. He was vexed with her for failing to reach the standard of perfection he had raised in his own mind, and when the dance was done, he turned away with a sigh, that told of blighted hope.

Georgiana mistook that sigh for one of love; for she had often marked his earnest gaze of admiration, and, in spite of her long cherished affection for Lorraine, her young heart fluttered at the thought of the brilliant conquest she had made.

As the Duke left her, her cousin approached. Her eyes fell beneath his, and her very temples flushed with the agitation of her heart. He seemed about to speak as he took her trembling hand; but suddenly letting it fall again, without a word, he hurried by and left the room. Georgiana smiled as her fancy pictured an interesting reconciliation, which she intended should take place in her boudoir, the next morning, at farthest.

CHAPTER II.

"I have lost my waltz," whispered the young Duke to his friend, Lord N——, "and what is worse, I have lost the loveliest woman in England."

"Pardon me, my friend," said Lord N——, "You have lost neither your bet nor your bride."

"How? Have I not waltzed with every unmarried woman in the room? (Thank Heaven, there are not many!) and is not Miss Melton the star of the season?"

"Do you see that delicate creature at her side?" replied his friend.

"Who can see any thing where *she* is, but herself? Ha! but she is beautiful! who is she? do you know her? I hope she don't waltz. I dread to ask her, lest those sweet lips should simper 'yes.' I shall detest that word in future." And ere Lord N——could reply, the Duke was requesting from Georgiana an introduction to her sister.

Caroline's eyelids drooped, and a soft blush warmed her delicate cheek, when he hesitatingly requested her to join the waltzers. He almost trembled for her answer. It was simply, "No, your grace!" and the young nobleman thought he had never heard a voice so thrillingly sweet before. "Will you not, indeed?" he involuntarily exclaimed. "I am so happy to hear it." Caroline opened her blue eyes wide with wonder, and Georgiana grew stately; but they soon forgot the seeming rudeness of the remark, in the delight which his eloquent conversation inspired, and the generous heart of our heroine exulted at the impression which her "fairy pet" (as she fondly called her sister,) had evidently made.

"I am sure you have bewitched him, sweet!" said Miss Melton to Caroline, the next day, while talking over the ball, "and what a charming little Duchess you will be!" she continued, fondly twining her jewelled fingers in the ringlets of her sister, as the latter closed her tell-tale eyes on her shoulder. "But haste! that was Vincent's knock—I am sure it was;" and she stooped and kissed Carry's fair brow, to conceal the emotion which glowed in her face.

"What an enchanting picture!" exclaimed the Duke of G——, as he entered the room at the moment.

Georgiana started in disappointment, and Caroline in blushing delight, at the voice. And where was Vincent Lorraine?

The servant answered her heart's unuttered question, by handing her a letter, with which, making a scarcely audible excuse, she hurried from the room.

CHAPTER III.

One bright afternoon in September, about four years subsequent to the date of the incidents related in the preceding chapter, a luxurious boudoir in Belgrave Square was occupied, by two ladies, both young, and one almost child-like in her appearance. The form of the latter was of fairy-like proportions, with the roundness and grace of a Hebe. She might have personated that goddess in face as well as figure; for her deep blue eyes were full of joy and love; her mouth had the fresh and dewy red of a ripe, but unplucked cherry—her cheek was bright with tender bloom, and countless curls of a rich golden hue, clustered softly round its dimpled beauty, and enhanced the bewitching sweetness of its expression. Young as she was, she was evidently a mother, for a lovely, sportive infant lay in her arms, and a miniature of herself, a tiny girl, between two and three years of age, stood at the knee of the other lady, turning over the gilded leaves of an annual.

It would be difficult to describe the singular beauty of the face, which was bent towards the child; the large hazel eyes were filled with a wild and passionate melancholy. The cheek was perfectly colorless, yet so transparent, that any unusual emotion would instantly reveal itself there, illumining that spiritual paleness with a brilliant glow, momentary indeed, but exquisitely delicate. The hair was glossy, and intensely black, lying in rich masses on either side of the face, and braided loosely behind. The eye-lashes were long, of the same jettish hue, contrasting strangely with the tinless purity of her complexion. The grace and majesty of her form were finely developed by her rich but simple dress. It was a black velvet, sweeping in ample folds below her feet, and wholly without ornament, except a frill of black lace at the throat. She was seated in a deep crimson chair, over the arm of which hung a superb Indian shawl, bright with the gorgeous colors of the eastern loom.

"Oh! isn't that a pretty picture, aunt?" exclaimed the little prattler at her knee, and the lady stooped still lower, until her pale cheek touched the round and rosy one of the child.

The door opened, and two young men entered the room, one of them saying, as he did so, "I have brought you an old friend, Caroline, whom I am sure you will be happy to see, and you also, Georgiana."

While the youthful Duchess sprang eagerly forward to welcome the stranger, the dark-haired lady languidly raised her eyes; but they fell again instantly, and the color mounted to her brow, when she met the earnest and admiring gaze of the Duke's companion.

"Miss Melton," said the deep and musical voice of Vincent Lorraine, while his lip quivered with emotion, "this is indeed a happiness I did not dare to hope; but after a four year's absence from all I love best upon earth, you will not surely refuse to welcome me home again."

Georgiana threw back her stately head; but she could not repress the glowing smile of joy which lighted up her beautiful face, as she replied, "*My* welcome can be of but little importance to Mr. Lorraine; but it is freely given, nevertheless." And she frankly held out her hand.

"I wish you success, most heartily, my dear fellow!" said the Duke, as he and Lorraine were riding through Hyde Park a few days afterwards, "but I must candidly tell you that you have but little chance with 'the statue,' as she is called by her male acquaintances. She has refused all who overcame their awe of her sufficiently to propose, and seems determined to keep herself to herself, with all her beauty of mind and person. To tell you the truth, I am quite astonished at her condescending to shake hands with you the other day. It is a liberty which no one else would presume to take with her. In truth, she has odd ideas about some things, which I cannot account for. In my opinion, she is over fastidious, if a woman can be so. No, no, though she is the light of *our* household, she will never grace another I fear; I *hope*, for what would Carry and the children—what should I do without her? With the exception of my own little wife, she is the purest minded, and most disinterested woman I ever knew."

The reader may account, although the Duke could not, for the smile which grew brighter and brighter on the countenance of Lorraine during the foregoing speech, and for the exulting tone in which, at its close, he exclaimed, "She is mine, if there be truth in woman!"

"What *can* you mean, and where *are* you going, Lorraine?"

But the youth was out of sight ere the sentence was finished, and the wondering Duke pursued his way alone.

"Will you never forbid me to waltz again?" asked Georgiana, as her restored lover implored her consent to their immediate union.

"Never, never, my precious;"

"And will you never run away again for four long years at a time, traitor?"

"Death only shall part us, my own!"

"And I may waltz when I choose?"

"Yes, love!"

"And with whom I choose?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"There, then," (and she gave him her hand,) "this day twelvemonth it is yours forever."

Poor Lorraine pleaded, but in vain, for an earlier day.

"No! dear Vincent," said Georgiana, seriously, "if you are going to repent a *second* time, I choose it should be before our marriage; it would be rather inconvenient afterwards."

"What has animated our statue?" asked her sister, entering at the moment. "I have not seen such a smile, nor such a blush on her face these four years."

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

On Wednesday last, a broken down and wounded seaman, named Joseph Forbes, was brought to the Mansion-house, London, and introduced to Alderman Pirie by Mr. Brooks, the ship-owner of Broad-street, who is one of the directors of the London Docks, as an object of charity, from the strange and intense sufferings he had undergone for a series of years.

Mr. Brooks said that Forbes had been lately brought to this country in one of his (Mr. Brook's) vessels, and had been kept at his expense for the six weeks during which the unfortunate man had been in London, where medical aid of the highest kind had been administered almost in vain to his case. The circumstances in which the man had been placed for the last sixteen years (and of the accurate veracity of the statement there was no doubt) would be best detailed by himself. There had been some instances of similar horrors, but he was not aware of any of such long duration.

The seaman then made a statement, of which the following is the outline: "In the year 1822, I being then a boy, sailed from London in the schooner Stedcombe, with a crew consisting of thirteen persons, bound for Melville Island, on the north coast of New Holland. The vessel, which was a fine one, having discharged her cargo at Melville Island, proceeded to the island of Timour Laut, for the purpose of procuring buffaloes, and the natives came on board the schooner, appearing to have the most friendly disposition towards us, partook of food with the captain, and brought food and vegetables with them as a proof of their friendliness. There was nothing to interfere with this feeling, which seemed in every respect to be mutual. An arrangement was concluded with the natives for the supply of a large cargo of buffaloes, which they stated were ready to be shipped, and the captain left the vessel in his boat with all the crew (amongst whom was my brother) with the exception of myself, John Edwards, another boy, the cook, and a seaman, with the intention of accomplishing the traffic. Soon after the crew landed, to my great horror, I saw them attacked by a number of the natives and savagely murdered. We, who were on board, looked forward for nothing else than sharing the awful fate of our friends, and a few minutes after the murder of the crew, the murderers came over to the schooner in vast numbers, and seizing the cook and seaman, cut their heads off and threw their bodies overboard. Edwards and I had taken to the rigging and witnessed the murders on the deck from thence. The natives pursued us, and after a short while we descended in an exhausted condition, convinced that our lives would also be taken. We were, however, but mere boys, and they did not use their weapons against us. They stripped us, put us into a canoe, and took us to the beach, where they compelled us to walk over the bleeding trunks of our poor shipmates, whose heads had been cut off and conveyed to the village. The schooner, after having been plundered of everything of the least value, was hauled on shore and burnt. Edwards died about three months after this dreadful transaction, leaving me the sole survivor of the Sedcombe's crew, to linger out all the horrors and miseries of the most frightful captivity."

Alderman Pirie.—They merely spared your life, then? They showed you no kindness?

The Seaman.—During the sixteen years of my captivity they kept me to severe labour, such as cutting timber, cultivating yams, and other hard employment. In their wars I was compelled to accompany them, and I received two severe wounds one in the neck, the other in the wrist, from the former of which I now suffer most bitterly.

Alderman Pirie. Did you not see any ship touch upon the island of Timour Laut in all that time?

The Seaman.—Whenever a ship appeared off the island I was taken to a cavern, and there bound by the hands and legs. They no doubt supposed that if by any chance I succeeded in coming in contact with any of my own countrymen, I should mention all that had taken place, and bring down vengeance upon them. They bound me so tight as to cause wounds on my legs, and absolutely to stop the circulation of my blood. The frequent repetitions of this cruel treatment made me the poor cripple you see, with a constitution destroyed, and limbs which can scarcely perform any of their offices.

Mr. Brooks said, that Sir Gordon Beremer, of her Majesty's ship Alligator, was understood to have made an attempt to rescue Forbes, a report having reached Sydney that an Englishman was detained on the island.

The seaman said he believed that such an attempt had been made, but he was bound hand and foot at the time. It was to Capt. Watson, of the trading schooner Easington of Sydney, he was indebted for his deliverance from the dreadful slavery amongst the natives of Timour Laut, and much ingenuity was necessary to be used on the occasion, as well as resolution. Captain Watson having been assured that an Englishman was amongst the natives, appeared off the island in March, 1839, and the natives proceeded to the vessel with their usual appearance of kindness and goodwill. They had, however, as was evident from their conversation when the vessel approached the island, determined to seize her, and if that had been accomplished, there could have been no doubt as to the fate of the crew. Every one of them would have been murdered. In order to accomplish his object of releasing the captive, John Watson used the following stratagem:—He closed his ports, strongly armed his crew, and sent them below. He then allowed the natives in the first canoe to get on board, and finding one of the principal chiefs of the island amongst them, peremptorily demanded the white man. The chief was taken completely by surprise, but he positively denied all knowledge of any stranger. The captain then ordered up his men, and compelled the natives to leave the ship, detaining only the chief, whom he was resolved never to deliver up without the exchange required. Still the chief persisted in declaring that no white man was on the island, and it was not till the afternoon of next day, when, no doubt, terrified by the threats of the captain and boatswain, and the formidable appearance and conduct of the armed crew, the savage admitted that his people had a prisoner, and consented to give that prisoner liberty on obtaining his own. The order was then issued by the chief, and he (Forbes) was taken from the cavern in which he lay bound, and was once more placed amongst human beings. The chief was then allowed to descend into his canoe and depart, but the crew were very desirous when they heard of the bloody cruelty of the natives to have a fling at them.

Alderman Pirie.—My poor fellow, you must have found the change very great.

The Seaman.—Indeed it was, Sir, but it was almost too late. The kindness of Captain Watson and his crew was very great, but I never had a moment's health; my strength is entirely gone. I was put into the hospital at Sydney, and treated with the greatest care for fourteen months. All the people there were most kind to me.

Mr. Brooks.—He has been here six weeks, and has been attended constantly by medical men; but he has not been able to come up to the Mansion-house before this day. My object in attending here with him is to solicit the Mayor's exertions in his favour. He never will be able to work a single stroke, and it occurred to me that the public sympathy could, through the press, be enlisted to this poor creature's service. The facts, which are frightful in the detail, have been stated with simplicity, and without (as must strike everybody) the least exaggeration.

Alderman Pirie.—It is a singular fact that I, who am thus addressed on this occasion, was the very person who sold the schooner just before she went upon her fatal voyage. I am much gratified at being present when such an application is made. It will give me the most sincere pleasure to receive subscriptions for the benefit of the sufferer, and I will commence myself with £5. I shall answer for the readiness with which the Lord Mayor will aid in the case, and that his lordship will be happy to receive contributions from the benevolent.

Mr. Brooks also subscribed £5, and intimated that he should feel greatly honoured by receiving subscriptions.

The seaman returned thanks, in a voice that "piped and whistled in the sound" and with tears trickling down his pale and withered cheeks.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The following details are as strange as they are true. In the neighbourhood of Gloucester, a young lady, of highly respectable connections, has experienced a series of reverses in the course of the heart's best affection seldom equalled. A gentleman, of some station in society, became by accident acquainted with the maiden to whom we allude, and their affection becoming reciprocal, the day was fixed for their union, which was to have taken place in the city of Gloucester. Agreeable with this arrangement, and as the match was a desirable one, her parent parted with a lucrative business in the country, on which she and her mother lived in respectability and comfort, and went to Gloucester, intending to settle. The day for the celebration of the wedding arrived; but, alas! the bridegroom came not: his parents had peremptorily forbidden the match, and he was already, by their contrivance, on the seas, bound for Jamaica. A letter reached the poor girl, but to confirm her fears; his parents' consent had been withheld, and he had suddenly left the seaport town in the west of England, where he resided, not a faithless, but an unhappy lover. Time passed, and industry on the part of the hapless girl but ill supplied the loss of the comparative independence herself and family had left when they came to the city of Gloucester, with the views, and indulging the hopes to which we have alluded, and, though blighted in heart, she cheerfully succeeded in helping to support her decrepit mother and aunt in comfort. To me, the gentle softener of affliction, had many a long day cast its dimming shadow over the great event of her life, and nothing more had been heard of her absent lover, till a week or two ago, when to her astonishment and delight, she received a letter from him, breathing the devotedness of constant attachment and vows of unaltered affection, not the less welcome though wafted across the seas. Another and another followed, begging forgiveness for the former apparent neglect—and still another, the last accompanied by the consent of the parents of the absent one. The poor girl's hopes were at the highest point of anxiety, when she received a still more welcome epistle, assuring her that her lover had landed at Falmouth, and was hastening to perform his neglected promise. The day was looked forward to with delight; it came—and with it the dark tidings of the grave—her lover had been suddenly seized with illness the night before his departure for the city of Gloucester;—he was a corpse before the morning! As a melancholy satisfaction to the poor disappointed girl, the mother of the intended bridegroom visited her immediately, when his mother confessed that her son had been a voluntary exile, and would have remained so, had not his parents, whom he loved and respected, given their consent to his union; after frequent communications, his parents assented, and he instantly quitted Jamaica to claim the hand of his first love; hastening to meet her, death ruthlessly arrested his progress before he had been many hours on his native shore. As a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, the lover, in the hour of dissolution, bequeathed to his bride elect £2000.—*Hereford Times.*

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have dropp'd away;
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow'rs 'mid autumn's snow,
Retain youth's colour still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heaven, not all their light is gone,—
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, ere it fleet
And still, as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet. [Moore.]

SINGULAR CURE OF A SPRAIN.

(From Chambers's Journal.

In presenting the following letter, we have little more to remark, than that it is the composition of a gentleman of the highest respectability, sheriff of a Scottish county, and a thorough man of the world. If there were no deception of any kind, the cure described must be referred to some (of course) natural principle not yet known to the medical world, but which it is surely most desirable that they shd discover, and that with all speed. We heard the case spoken of some months ago by a friend of the patient; and it was at our request, through this gentleman, that the letter was written:—

Edinburgh, March 1, 1841.

My Dear Sir,—The circumstances now to be detailed took place about 20 years ago, and have been mentioned by me to many of my friends, including one whose request to be furnished with a written statement I should be sorry to disregard, were it even attended with ten times the trouble which it occasions to me.

Being then resident in a good sporting district, I set out on the 1st of September to enjoy the pastime of partridge shooting. I had walked but a very short distance, when, in stepping over a ditch, I had the misfortune to sprain my right ancle, and was laid postrate on the ground. My attendant carried me home on his back; and I immediately sent for the most respectable medical practitioner in my neighbourhood, a gentleman who had long been an army surgeon, and enjoyed a considerable reputation. My doctor applied leeches to my ankle, which by this time was swollen; and he taught my servant to rub it, adding that this should be repeated at least six times a-day; and that the greater pain I endured in the operation, the sooner I should recover. My valet was a man of great muscular power, and soon became so dexterous in the art of tormenting me, that I told the doctor of my patience being almost exhausted. After ten days of such treatment, I chanced to receive a visit from a friend, who advised me to consult an old woman, named Mrs. Stuart, who resided in Aberdeen, and was successful in curing sprains. Immediately on my friend leaving me, the doctor called, when I asked how long it might be ere I should be able to walk again. His answer was, that I might still require to keep my sofa, and go on with the rubbing, for *three weeks* more. I replied that I had heard of an old wife who did strange things in cases like mine, and I was resolved to have a sight of her. My learned friend laughed heartily when I named Mrs. Stuart; said he had also heard of her; and, as he had a curiosity to see her, he wished that I should let him know when she was to be with me, that he might be present as a gentleman accidentally sitting beside me, but without its being mentioned that he was my medical attendant.

On the following day I sent for, and received a visit from the old lady; at which was present the doctor, *incognito*. Mrs. Stuart was then about the age of fourscore, and her aspect "so withered and so wild," that she might well have personated one of the "weird sisters" in Macbeth. On examining my ankle, she observed that the sprain was a very bad one; but she would cure it in *fifteen minutes*. She then asked me in what manner the doctor had treated my ankle. When I mentioned the leeches, she held up her hands, seemed much astonished, and exclaimed, in her pithy vernacular, "Fat kind of a doctor can *he* be that pits leeches till a sprain? I could not resist smiling as I glanced at the visage of Mr. *Incognito*, when this remark was made. Mrs. Stuart's ground of objection to the leeches was, that they *weakened* the limb. She then pulled a small box from her pocket, containing a sort of ointment, and said, that if I had any dislike to it, I might furnish her with a common pomatum. To this I answered, that I was entirely in *her* hands, and would let her prescribe and operate as she thought proper. Her ointment was then applied to the outside, or right side, of my limb, from the knee down to the foot. She next proceeded to lay her two hands on the right side of my knee, and press the muscles with her thumbs, lifting the one over the other; and thus in alternate succession, advancing downwards, and gradually increasing the pressure, which was accompanied by a proportional augmentation of pain (though still as nothing in comparison to the torture inflicted by my valet), until at length she gave me a smart twitch or squeeze at the ankle; after which, she called to me to "Get up and travel noo." I got up at her command, and walked across the room without pain, and with ease, altho' I felt my leg slightly benumbed from its having never been used for eleven days. The time employed in this cure *did not exceed sixteen minutes*; and my worthy friend, the doctor, sat mute and almost petrified when he beheld me strutting about on the floor.

I asked the old lady when I might venture to go a-shooting again. She answered, "The morn, if you like, you may gang to the fields; but beware of the hard steens, such as you meet with in the streets of Abezdeen; for a knock of one of them on your heel might undee what I have deen." I went out next day, and, having duly observed the precaution thus given, I have never again suffered from my sprain.

Before leaving me, Mrs. Stuart said she had instructed her grandson in the same art, and concluded by observing, that 'Mony een say I am a witch, but the witches and I differ in this—they dee naething, but ill, I dee naething but gweed.' I am sorry to add, that the venerable lady died several years ago.

I have thus complied with your request. I am no doctor; but I have a high respect for the medical profession, and I duly appreciate the recent and advancing improvements in its surgical department. I pretend not to give a scientific report; I have simply stated facts, which, you will readily believe, made a strong impression on my memory.

Advantages of Politeness.—An Englishman making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company—there was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity "which never faileth." On the regiment being dismissed, the captain who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms mentioned the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately related it to the General in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin he was invited every where; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society as well as for the charms it possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

Forgery and Swindling on a Large Scale.—On the 15th of March last a person of prepossessing manners and gentlemanly exterior presented himself at the comming house of Messrs. P. and L., eminent merchants in London, with a letter of introduction, purporting to be from their correspondents Messrs. Chauviteau and Co., of Paris, in favour of the bearer, under the assumed name of the Chevalier Charles de la Motte. Upon the strength of this letter, and under the pretext of the arrangement of family affairs, the house of P. and L. were induced to discount certain bills of exchange, to a considerable amount, drawn by Messrs. Engler, of Brussels, upon and bearing the acceptance of the firm of Coutts and Co. The well-known signatures upon these bills were executed with such extreme accuracy that no suspicion of their genuineness was excited, and it was not until two days after, when the Chevalier failed to return for the balance, that suspicion was aroused, and on inquiry it proved that not only the bills, but the letters of introduction, were forgeries. Conjecture was entirely at a loss to whom to attribute this skillful "coup," but by the active exertions of Mr. Lawson, solicitor, of Paris, it was traced to M——, a refugee Carlist, mixing in the best society in Paris, and who, by the active exertions of the Prefet de Police, was arrested at his residence on the 29th ult. Warrants are wanting to convey the indignation expressed by M—— at being identified with the Chevalier de la Motte, which, however, was fully established on confronting him with a money-changer of the Palais Royal, to whom he had offered six £100 Bank of England notes for sale, and other evidence, which will amply suffice for his conviction. By this means the London house recovers upwards of £2000, of which the ability of M—— had well nigh plundered them.

"Some have Greatness thrust upon them."—The daughter of a Spanish grandee having become enamoured of a corporal of the Gensdedores of the Royal Guards, her father, the Conde de ——, anxious to please his daughter, applied to General Espartero, requesting that he would promote the man to the rank of a commissioned officer; but, upon the lucky grenadier being made acquainted with what was intended for him, he replied, "That he felt greatly flattered; but being determined to marry a young servant girl he was much attached to, he declined all and every honour intended him."

Velocity of Lightning.—Late and ingenious experiments have proved conclusively that electricity travels with a velocity twice as great as that of light, being at the rate of 24,000,000 miles a minute.

A young man has been sentenced by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, for selling counterfeit lottery tickets, to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary.