THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

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The Chronicle,

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

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.		H. Sun.	S.	MOON	H.	W.
23	Saturday,	4 16	7 48	9 39	1	0
24	Sunday,	4 16	7 48	10 12	1	53
25	Monday,	4 16	7 48	10 37	2	34
26	Tuesday,	4 17	7 48	10 57	3	0
27	Wednesday,	4 17	7 48	11 15	3	28
28	Thursday,	4 17	7 48	11 32	3	56
29	Friday,	4 18	7 48	11 48	4	25

First quarter, 29th. 8h. 28m.

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: Hugh Johnston.

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: W. O. Smith.

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: Thomas Merritt.

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: W. H. Street.

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 3. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Poetry.

Departed Friends.

The cheerful sun shines forth,
And down in gentle showers the rain descends,
And glorious flowers adorn the smiling earth;
But where are you, ye dear departed friends?

Alas! we meet you not,
When at the banquet happy faces shine,
Or in the summer bower, or shady grot,
Where round the oak the clustering woodbines twine.

Amid the solemn grove,
Where violets blossom 'neath a sheltering tree,
And merry warblers sing their notes of love,
Your gladsome, smiling eye, no more we see.

We walk along the shore,
And wander whither silvery waters glide,
But there we mark you not; and you no more
We meet upon the sunny mountain's side,

The meads in beauty bloom,
And fanning winds are whispering 'mong the trees,
And sweet are woods & vales with rich perfume;
But canst thou warm the grave, thou genial breeze?

Or from the silent land
Canst thou bring tidings, our sad hearts to cheer,
Of those who once were of our household band?
Alas! of them no tidings now we hear!

Beside your grassy graves,
Ye dear departed, we will sit and weep
When night's soft breeze the cypress branches wave,
And labour's sons upon their pillows sleep.

For ye from us are gone,
And cannot mingle in our joy and mirth;
A little mound and monumental stone
Are all that speak of you to us on earth.

But in our hearts ye dwell,
And many a scene, which we delight to view,
Of former joys, and youthful pleasures tell
When we were wont to meet and stay with you.

Amid the hours of care,
When torn with grief, and almost broken-hearted,
Or when we prostrate bow our knees in prayer,
We think with peace on you, ye dear departed.

While from the haunts of men,
And from the noisy scenes of jar and strife,
We wander 'mid the silence of the glen,
How dear you seem, ye friends of early life!

Ye link us to the tomb,
For we shall shortly join your silent band;
We too, must yield to death's appointed doom,
And our souls journey to another land.

Miscellany.

LORD LOVELL'S DAUGHTER.

[CONTINUED.]

But as years drew on, the mother, as by nature appointed, began to outweigh the wife in the bosom of Lord Lovell's daughter. She had borne cheerfully with her lot for herself, and for her husband; she could not be so easily contented for her children. Her mind, and that of Warnford, had been formed by early education; and though no leisure or opportunity was left them now for indulgence of scholarship, they knew enough to derive double enjoyment from the revealed phenomena of nature, which afforded the recreation of their uneventful lives. But the children had no books—no instructors; and, engrossed by the homely industry indispensable to their support, their parents could do little in that task of unremitting preceptorship indispensable to drive the young and volatile through the thorny ways of learning.

Walter and Halena accordingly wandered all day long about the featureless fields of the islet, without a shrub or bush to fix their attention, or a field-flower to enliven the saline herbage. Hand in hand they watched by the shore till the receding tide left clear to their eager feet those sparkling sands, to which every ebb of the waters afforded hazard or novelty; purple seashells, lightly embedded there, the curious pebble, the stranded weed, detached from the podded vegetation clinging to the sunken rocks; the living jellies of the sea-anemone or star-fish, or some shelly outcast flung by the waves on the shore to crawl its awkward way back again to a more congenial element The white gulls would stand unheeding, while the two little ones went wandering up and down; or the curlew dip its wing into the wave within reach of their little hands; so gentle were their movements, and so customary their presence on the spot.

But when Walter attained the age of hardihood, and at ten years old, delighted to unmoor the cable from its chain, and, having set the sail, steer boldly along the shore towards Furness, having compelled his sister to bear him company, that they might encounter together the chastisement of their disobedience, Mistress Warnford felt that the boy's spirit was breaking bounds. He had none of the usual occupations of youth to exhaust his elasticity of limb and muscle—no pony to ride—no tree to climb—no companion to overcome in wrestling, quoits, or other athletic exercises. He had no associate but his sister Helena; for a sort of innate arrogance kept him aloof from the herdsman employed in the out-door labours of the farm. At length, having escaped one day from home to the fair at Dalton, and tarried away till the tide had flowed, and ebbed and flowed again, distracting his mother with apprehensions lest, finding himself belated, he should attempt to wade through the channel of the flowing waters when nearly breast-high, as she had often known him do before—she resolved, when she clasped the truant once more in her arms, (after having dared the passage in a crazy tub of a boat, long condemned as unseaworthy by the fishermen of Rampside,) to make some attempts at rescuing her son from a state of life, where the energies of his arrogant nature were thus afflictingly doomed to run to waste.

A letter was accordingly indited to the Earl of Lovell by his daughter; pretending no penitence for the past, but setting forth the degraded prospects of her children for the future, unless he deigned to extend a succourable hand, and enable them by fitting education to assume at some future time a position in the world more consonant with their honourable kinsmanship. For herself, she asked nothing—low as was her estate, Lady Anne avowed herself content. All she intreated of her father was to call her fair young son to his presence, and decide by personal investigation, whether it were not foul shame for a youth so nobly gifted in mind and body to sink into a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Unknown to Warnford was the letter written and despatched to the Dalton post-office; and as his wife stood watching the coble driving over the little channel to the main land, bearing with it the missive which was to decide the destinies of her offspring, she almost trembled at the reflection that her proceeding might become a source of alienation in the little family, even as her island home, which at sunrise had been part and parcel of the continent, was now a severed islet, cinctured by the roaring sea.

Time passed away, but no answer from Lovell Court! Lady Anne felt that she had humiliated herself in vain. Her father's heart, like her father's door, was irrevocably closed against her, and she had not acquainted Warnford with her measures, and so procured him a share in her disappointment. For Warnford was now a gloomy-minded, unyielding man. Hard labour and severe care had extinguished the happier impulses of his nature. His slavery had become mechanical to him, for he saw that it was to be the unamending portion of his life; but not even the gentle companionship of his angelic wife could bring smiles to his face, or words of gladness to his lip. His father's spirit was breaking out in him. He had grown devout; not with the wholesome piety of a heart at ease, which beholds motive for gratitude in even the least of the benefits conferred by the bounty of Providence; but with a sour, fretful, fractious spirit of superstitious fear; a peevish interpreting of texts—an angry resentment of the triumph of the king and his church. With his wife he was invariably irritable—with the children tyrannical and unjust; and while grieving that young Walter must grow up in such bitter bondage, she rejoiced that the father knew nothing of the emancipation she had premeditated for his son.

One day when the lad was assisting his father to cart shingles from the seaward shore, and Mistress Warnford was busied in hanging out upon the rosemary bushes a web of fine linen, the product of her winter's spinning, which she had destined for clothing for the boy, had he been called away by his grandsire, Helena shouted from the garden stile tidings that two strangers, richly dressed, were crossing the sands on horseback, guided by young Hob, the stable knave of the hostel at Dalton. Involuntarily the matron blushed, and drew closer round her face the pinners which the sea breezes had blown away, as she hastened towards the porch of her humble home, to set her house in order for the reception of guests whom she suspected to be on their way to visit the Lady Anne Lovell, not to confer with Master Warnford of Helisle Farm;

They came. They doffed their broad beavers courteously to the trembling woman, requesting her to announce to her mistress that the auditor and chaplain of the Earl of Lovell were under her roof; and when her exclamation, "You come to me then from my father!" revealed the truth, they were sufficiently wanting in tact to betray their amazement that the daughter of their illustrious patron should be clothed in weather-stained linsey woolsey, and have her cheeks swarthy and withered by everlasting exposure to the sun and winds of that shapeless island.

Their errand was quickly said. They brought missives from the earl, undertaking the charge of his elder grandchildren, on the condition that they were given up to his care, to be bred as became the future inheritors of his fortunes. His elder-daughters, the Marchioness of Saltram and the Lady Helena Maulevorer, having in their turn incurred his displeasure, he engaged to make forthwith a handsome settlement on Walter and Helena Warnford, upon a renunciation on the part of their parents of all interference in their future destinies.

Lady Anne trembled as she read; *not* lest her husband should refuse his assent to the humiliating proposals she had brought upon herself, but rather lest he should *agree* to part with the children. It was only for her son she had petitioned. She knew her own capability to bestow upon her blooming Helena such education as she held indispensable to an humble home-staying woman; and the project of the earl to deprive her at once of both her children, filled her bosom with dismay. She would fain have answered by a hasty negative, and dismissed the two delegates of Lord Lovell ere Warnford could be apprised of their arrival. But this was impossible. Two horsemen could not easily arrive at Helisle unknown to the farmer; and accordingly, after the lapse of a few minutes, Warnford, in his fustian suit, and wearing his stern looks, entered, and bade a surly welcome to the strangers.

To the surprise of his wife, however, those looks brightened when the object of their mission came to be explained. The Helisle outcast had that morning discovered that he was likely to be a heavy loser by the season's crops; and had received, within a few days, an insolent letter from the attorney of his landlord, claiming arrears of rent, and threatening ejection; and having these evil prospects before him for his helpless family, the offers vouchsafed by Lord Lovell came like manna in the wilderness. It was not a generous sentiment which decided his grateful acceptance. He thought nothing of the ultimate benefit to his offspring. He thought only of the joy of deliverance from a present burthen of having fewer mouths to fill by the wasting toil of his hands; fewer eyes to keep watch upon his mental irritation, when he came from work to the contemplation of work to come.

The mother was silent when she heard sentence pronounced; for no arguments, *she* could urge would pervail over his determination. The days were gone when her gentle voice could work miracles with his sullenness. She had gradually ceased to be the lovely Lady Anne in his eyes—the angelic Lady Anne in his heart. She had become Mistress Warnford—Dame Warnford—Goody Warnford—the butt of his ill-humour, the slave of his domestic despotism.

But while repressing thus her words and tears, the mother's heart was wrung with anguish. Master Rickatt's, the auditor, explained that it was the earls intention, on receiving the engrossed assent of the parents to his adoption of his grandchildren, to despatch his equipage and attendants to meet them at Lancaster; that a tutor was already appointed to prepare young Walter for Eton College; and a *gouvernante* of confidence to escort Helena to the court of France, where her aunt, the Marquise de Castries, sister to the Earl of Lovell, (holding a high appointment in the suite of madame, the sister of Charles II.,) would provide for her suitable education better than could be done in the gorgeous seclusion of Lovell Court. Mistress Warnford listened with consternation; courts and princesses for her Helena! for the untutored child of nature, accustomed to chase her father's Irish hounds along the sands, or hold the steerage of the coble for her wilful brother! But there was no remedy: Warnford decreed that it was to be so. The children were to go—he seemed to care nothing whither. When she wept and wrung her hands at parting with them her husband reviled her that the thing was of her own doing—that but for her letter to the earl, there would have been neither thought nor speech of their removal from Helisle. For many months afterwards, when roused in the watches of the night by the bellowing of the storm, she called upon the names of her children and wondred how they fared at that unquiet moment, he would answer her still with texts, illustrative of the restless thankleasness of human nature, that had not virtue to content itself with the dispensations of the All-seeing and All-wise.

Thus admonished, she resigned herself. There was still the little prattling Lucy—with her open brow and clustering auburn curls, clinging yet closer to her mother, for having lost the young companions of her infancy. Lucy was now more than six years old; hitherto content with the enjoyments of her age—the sights and sounds revealed by the common changes of season and the elements. But there was none new to lead *her* forth on the silver sands in search of purple seashell, or streaming weed: none to venture with her to the back of the island, where a long strip of crisp rank herbage gave forth, in the early spring, a few specimens of hard, stiff, prickly-blossomed weeds, the wretched Flora of miserable Helisle. Till, at last, baffled of all hope to wander, the gentle child disposed herself to follow, like a spirit, up and down, the household movements of her lonely mother; to watch her while she set the milk or churned the butter, spun beside the hearth in winter, or in summer, trimmed up the garden walks, or sat in the shadow of the house, making or mending garments for her husband, or nets for his summer fishing.

Intense was the love that sprang up between them! As the mother's hair whitened under her coif, Lucy's lengthening tresses grew to overhang her ivory shoulders, and proclaimed that the fair girl, so lately a child, was soon to be a woman; and for *her*, Mistress Warnford never experienced one of those misgivings she had felt for her elder offspring. So refined was the natural look of Lucy Warnford—so gently toned her voice—so fine her aptitude in receiving instruction, that the trammels of education appeared superfluous. Uninfluenced by the example of a boisterous brother, Lucy had never, even in her sports, outpassed the silken limits of her sex. In *her*, nature had made "a lady of her own."

The talk of the mother and daughter was often of the absent ones; Lucy had gradually forgotten all but the name of her brother and sister. She had a vague recollection of having been clasped to her mother's bosom more graspingly and tenderly than usual, after parting from a group of grand personages, among whom the shadowy forms she remembered as Watty and Leeny, had been borne away; but nothing further. It had been covenanted by Lord Lovell that no intercourse was to take place between the parents and children; saving that on the first day of every year came a letter from Mister Rickatts, stating that Master Walter and Mistress Helena were in good health, progressing in their studies, and contenting the expectations of the earl. Walter was now on the eve of being entered at Oxford; Helena of being withdrawn from the Convent of Panthemont, where she had received her education, to be introduced by the Marquise de Castries into society. All this was duly discussed between Lucy and her mother, but always in Warnford's absence. Speech of courts or scholarship, princesses or earls, were things he could no longer abide. The influence of religious enthusiasm on a mind disturbed by disappointment, in that utternmost solitude, had produced its usual distressing consequences. He had become a fanatic—a visionary. His delight was to wander from home; to follow after strange preachers among the dales of Lancashire or Westmoreland; and lacking these, to hold forth in exposition of the scriptures; by misinterpretation of which, his own mind had been led astray. Had it not been for the thrift and patience of his partner, the little farm must have gone rapidly to ruin. But the guardian angel—the pearl without price—the tender wife and mother, watched over all; received back with unreproving tenderness the miserable wanderer; and during his absence, wrought with double diligence in his behalf.

While Helena (Lovell as she was called, not Warnford) was emerging from her convent, graceful, skilful, accomplished, arrayed with all the cost and elegance becoming the position she was to hold in the world, Mistress Warnford, still only four-and thirty years of age, was stretching her husband's nets to dry upon the stone fence of her little garden; driving her few lean sheep to their fold; salting the winter butter for the family; folding the snow-white linen for the press; not repiningly—not with a yearning thought of better days; but with a mild serenity of brow, and contentedness of soul, worthy of admiration. Nay, sometimes on a cheery May morning, when Lucy's step was bounding before her, or Lucy's morning kiss had been more earnest than usual, a low-voiced tune, like the murmur of the waters rippling on the beach, would proceed from the lips of the hard-working, tender-hearted woman. Her fair hands and well-turned arms were hard and brown with unremitting labour. But the soul within her was unchanged; soft, fair, feminine and noble, as in her days of helpless gentility.

It was a brilliant day, meanwhile, in the annals of Lovell House, that witnessed the arrival of the Marchioness de Castries and her niece, to preside over its princely establishment. Henrietta of Orleans had now been some years dead; and the Marchioness was glad to abandon the city where the murderers of her beloved mistress remained unpunished, for her brother's lordly mansion in Scotland Yard. Overlooking the Thames, where floated, moored to its garden stairs, several barges bearing the cognizance of the earl, Lovell House was a fine old structure of the time of the first James: pondrously magnificent—and consequently in strict accordance with the style of living affected by the man designated by Rochester, Buckingham, and Tom Killegrew, as "the pomposterous Earl of Lovell."

Harder in his nature, and more worldly than ever, Lord Lovell hailed with delight the coming of the stately marquise, whose breeding of Versailles was to add new dignity to his domestic circle, and the beauteous grandchild who was to breathe the rejuvenescence of her eighteen years upon his withered existence. His vanity was tickled by anticipation of the gay figure these daughters of his line would make in the royal circle of Whitehall; and his malice gratified by the notion of the envy with which their elevation to his favour must be regarded by his two rebellious daughters, the Ladies Saltram and Maulevorer. Of his third daughter, his once-loved Anne, he thought no more than if she had been buried *dead* instead of *alive* in the ultima thule of Helisle! Morally extinguished by her *mesalliance*, his lordship deemed it superfluous to inform himself whether she retained so much as physical existence.

But there was one person at Lovell House, to whom the arrival of the two ladies afforded anything but satisfaction. Sir Walter Lovell (for the vain youth had been knighted by the king when officiating as proxy to the earl at the installation of Knights of the Garter) had long reigned supreme in the affections of his grandfather. Frivolous and licentious, the false position in which he was placed, by Lord Lovell's preremptory alienation from all natural ties, had gradually effaced all natural affections in his bosom. To love the earl was impossible. His sister was banished to a foreign country. His parents were henceforward nothing to his tenderness or duty. The world was to be all in all; its splendours his solace—its favour his sufficient happiness. The lessons of adversity were forgotten. As the manners of the young courtier softened, his heart grew hard. Dissolute in his habits, his chief anxiety was to keep from the knowledge of his grandfather, excesses of a nature to be held derogatory by the stately old nobleman; and Sir Walter justly feared that the establishment of female espionage at Lovell House must be fatal to his superficial reputation.

"I kiss your fair hand sweet sister!" cried he throwing himself without ceremony into a seat, in the gorgeous withdrawing-room, appointed to the marchioness's use, the day after Helena's arrival in her native country. "I was dining last night with Muskerry, or should have been at hand to assist our lady aunt from her coach, and tuck the chaplain and lapdog under either arm, to make their solemn entry into Lovell House."

"The latter duty you would have been spared," said Helena, smiling at his affection of dress and manner, which all but rivalled her own. "In place of chaplain and lapdog, the *chere marquise* travels with a pair of the prettiest and most adroit *soubrettes* that ever pinned up a fontange, or stretched a stomacher; and neither Mademoiselle Peroline, nor Mademoiselle Celeste, is in the habit of being "tucked" under the arm of a cavalier so unlettered as to groan under the weight of Alencon point after Easter, or to sport boots of chamois leather, while Spanish morocco is to be had for money."

"I faith, well said!" cried Sir Walter, enchanted by the grace with which the *belle Parisienne* sat tossing a *cassolette* of perfumes, affixed to her wrist by a golden chain, which ever and anon she caught in her snow-white hand, to cast it lightly forth again. "And I was wrong to talk of such old-world pets as lapdogs and chaplains to ladies of degree, who doubtless entertain a marmoset and an astrologer? But tell me, sweet sister! what is the last news from the Salle de Diane, and the circle of its purest Dianna, Athenee de Montespan? Is his holiness's Bolognese bull promulgated yet by the cardinal, and sanctioned by *la bonne compagnie*? And is it now a received thing to intersperse breast-knots of lilac on an amber-coloured bodice?"

"Even as you see, good brother," replied Helena; "but trouble not your fastidious eyes with a thing so trivial as this my morning *neglige*. Suspend your judgement until Thursday night; when having been presented to her Majesty in her private closet, we are to appear at the ball at court, and lo! you shall behold a certain robe of silver gauze, embroidered on the seams in Parma violets, whereof every eye hath an encrusted topaz, of which even Lauzun protested the fashion to be unique, when I danced in it, as one of the handmaidens of Flora, in the last royal ballet performed at St. Cloud."

"Silver gauze is altogether cittish and tawdry," said Sir Walter, disdainfully. "Gauze of silk or thread is your only wear. I protest to you, *ma mignonne*, that cloth of gold or silver is obsolete and unseasonable for this merry month of May."

"Obsolete!" cried the young beauty, with rising bloom; "how long, pray, has Scythian London presumed to affect principles of its own upon such subjects? Have *we* Parisians so liberally supplied you with tailors, embroiderers, and bulletins of fashion, in the overflowing of our goodness and frippery, that you end by setting up as dictators on your own account?—Bah! Content yourselves—worthy fog-bewildered souls as ye are—with legislating in musty parliaments and long-robbed courts of justice, but presume not (as Elizabeth said in her haste to her senate) to meddle with matters beyond your reach. I maintain that gauze of silver is fitting wear for a ball-room, even were the dogstar raging. But here comes the marchioness, tottering under the weight of her rouge and *faux taupet*—a salute on either cheek, if you love yourself, my gentle brother. To kiss her finger-tip, as you did mine, would pass for most unnephewlike *sang froid*."

"My dear soul, how is this?" cred Madame de Castries, having courteously accepted from Sir Walter the gallant embrace suggested by her niece. "What is it I hear—that my brother has neither evening set apart for the reception of society—nor groom-porter, nor pharo-bank, nor ombre, nor basset, nor anything usual or decorous, established in the house? What means such strange irregularity in an establishment of so much note and splendour?—and what does he intend us to do with ourselves when there is nothing going on at court, and neither ball nor masquerade in question? Does he expect us to mew ourselves up with him of an evening in this state-prison, to the light of a half a dozen sconces, and perhaps the tune of a couple of fiddles, lullabying one to sleep with 'Damon, god of my affection,' or some other playhouse ditty?"

"Doubtless, my dear madam," replied Sir Walter, having led her to a chair, "my grandfather will accede to all your reasonable desires. Hitherto his household hath been neglected; his office detaining him chiefly near the king, and my own natural studious and retiring disposition having engaged me in literary and scientific society, whence such toys as cards & dice are necessarily banished."

"I cannot live without my mocha," cried the marchioness, taking a long pinch of *rapee* from a glittering box, enamelled with a portrait of her friend Sir Evremont, having a stanza from Voiture engraven on the golden reverse. "To sleep without the incentive of my nightly game is as impossible as to wake without the excitement of my morning coffee. See to this for me, Walter: consult the Chevalier Hamilton and a few other civilised beings you have got among you—make me up a little coterie, to wean me gradually from the cream of luxurious Paris down to the skim-milk of splenetic London!—conversation, taste, or elegance, we do not look for from you; but, in pity to two forlorn females, give us that which even blockheads can provide, a pack of cards and a tolerable cup of Mocha."

HEROISM.—In 1706, Turin was besieged by a powerful army of the French; and though the Turinese opposed to their besiegers the most resolute and skilful defence, and kept them at bay for many weeks, by foiling their attacks with frequent surprises and sorties, and with heavy firing from the walls yet at the end of three months, the assailants were so far advanced, that all the defensive fortifications had been mastered, and one alone remained to the Turinese, the capture of which, seemingly probable would render the citadel and the town incapable of farther defence. The governor of Turin, Count Daun, in order to save this last post of defence, and to get rid of a tremendous battery which threatened it, ordered a chosen body of men to approach the battery by undermining the ground, and to destroy it by a subterraneous explosion. The captain of these miners was Pietro Micca. He obeyed Daun's orders with the liveliest solicitude and most unremitting labour, & got so far in undermining the battery, that nothing remained to be done but to lay the train of powder, and to set fire to it; when, lo and behold! the occupants of the battery, probably apprised of subterraneous operations by the usual expedient of putting dry peas upon a drum head, which, by their disquietude, indicate that something wrong is going on below, began to delve and agitate the ground from above, in such a manner as to apprise the underminers that they might every minute expect a meeting with the counterminers. The roof of the subterraneous passage shook down so much dust, and brought such unwelcome noises over the heads of the former, as to show that the battery-holders had no mind to be blown up without their own consent. The minutes of the awful crisis soon contracted into moments. For the whole body of sappers to retire without leaving some one individual to blow up the mine, was to give up the whole project. No resource for its success remained but for some one to set fire instantly to the powder in the mine, though this necessarily inferred the death of the firer. Pietro Micca took this task upon himself, and resolved to perish in accomplishing it. He ordered his company to retire. "Remember," he said to them, in a melancholy voice, "to recommend my tender children to the paternal heart of our king. Let him be their supporter and father. I die joyful to serve my country and king!" He then advanced to the mass of powder that was to be exploded, set fire to it, and, blowing up the battery, expired under its ruins. To this devoted act of Micca, Turin for that time owed its preservation.—*Scenic Annual.*

ANECDOTES OF THE PRINCE BUTERA.—The Prince Butera was one of those splendid examples which modern history seldom affords. He was a relic of ancient Sicilian nobility, chivalrous and bold as the Normans, from whom their order sprang. Hercules was he called, and his fine athletic figure seemed formed upon the model of his mythological namesake. He could fell to the earth a restive horse with one blow of his fist, break across his knee a bar of iron half an inch thick, and bend a piaster between his fingers. One stricking specimen of his coolness in the midst of danger had rendered him extremely popular with the inhabitants of Palermo. In the year 1770 there was a great scarcity of bread in that city—a violent insurrection was the consequence. The governor was compelled, in self-defence, to have recourse to the *ultima ratio*; a cannon was planted in the streets. The people pushed forwards toward the gun, and the artilleryman who held the match was about to fire it upon the mob, when the Prince Butera, seating himself on the mouth of the piece as calmly and as carelessly as if throwing himself into an arm-chair, addressed them in a speech so reasonable and so eloquent, that the mob fell back, the cannon was withdrawn unfired, and the blood of the people was unshed. Nor was this the sole cause of the prince's popularity. It was his custom to walk every morning on the terrace which overlooks the Marina; and as the gates of his palace were always open to the public at day-break, he usually found congregated about him a very large assemblage of poor people. Upon these occasions he used to wear a buckskin leather waistcoat, the excessively roomy pockets of which were every morning filled with carlins and half-carlins by his valet, every one of which disappeared before his return to the palace. But his dispensations of charity were made in a manner at once peculiar and unnatural to him, inasmuch as he outwardly appeared very much disposed to knock down every poor person who ventured to implore his benevolence; an appearance which, considering his highness's bulk and capabilities, was any thing but agreeable or soothing to the mendicants. "Prince," says a poor woman, surrounded by her infant family, "have pity upon the poor mother of five children."—"Five children!" answers his highness, "what are your five children to me? they are none of them mine, I suppose?" and then, with a look of assumed anger, he lets fall a piece of money in her apron.—"Prince," says another, "I have no bread to eat these two days."—"Go along, you foolish fellow!" replies the prince, feigning to give him a blow with his fist, which would have been enough to feed him for a week, "how can I help *that*? I don't make bread. Why don't you go to the baker?" affording him at the same moment ample means to follow his advice.—*Pascal Bruno.*

BEAUTY OF TURKISH CHILDREN.—There certainly must be some cause why the Turks are not finer men than is actually the case, as the children at Constantinople are the most beautiful and the finest I have ever seen in any country. Their plump rosy chêeks, and their exquisitely clear complexions, present the most glowing picture of health that it is possible to imagine; whilst their cherry coloured lips, white teeth, and their dark eyes, sparkling like diamonds, give them an animation such as I have never seen elsewhere. But, in arriving at manhood, they certainly do not keep up the promise; even at six or seven years of age, they lose that sparkling brilliance, that dazzling red and white, so conspicuous in little urchins under that age; still, as youths, they mostly continue handsome, but become more sallow, and assume quite a different expression. Instead of the merry archness so winning in their childhood, they have a melancholy or sentimental appearance: the changed tone of complexion is, perhaps, the principal cause of this alteration. I think much is attributable to the nature of their food, and the constant use of the hot vapour baths; eternally sipping coffee and smoking. I should imagine, could not be wholesome, if it were only inasmuch as it encourages constant sitting. The total want of solidity in their regular food, the forced fasts during the Ramazan, must all tend towards unhealthiness, and, I should conceive, must be the reason why the children are so much finer than the adults. *Herve's Residence in Turkey and Greece.*

COST OF A WATCH.—During the war of 1796, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in the city, and handing out a small French watch to the ingenious artist, demanded how much the repair would come to. The watchmaker looking at it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. "Oh! if that's all. I don't mind that," replied the sailor. "I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch." "What might you have given for it?" "Why," said Jack, twitching his trousers, "I gave a French fellow a knock on the head for it; and if you'll repair it, I'll give you two."

COMPACT COMFORT.—A gentleman having heard that a bachelor editor of an evening paper, was about to change his quarters, said to him, "Is it possible that your folks think of moving." Our contemporary replied—"When I move, my family moves; and when my hat is on, my house is shingled."

POSTSCRIPT WRITING.—George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My letter shall refute you," said lady G——. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when, after her signature, stood—"P. S.—Who was right now, you or I?"

Bougainville, when touching at Otaheite, was accustomed to leave there a couple of some kind of European domestic animals. In his last voyage, he had on board a Capuchin and a Franciscan, who, as is well known, differ from each other in the single circumstance of one having the beard shaved, and in the other suffering it to grow on the chin. The natives, who had successively admired the various animals as they were disembarked, whether bulls and cows, hogs and sows, or he and she goats, shouted with joy at the appearance of the Capuchin "What a noble animal! what a pity there is not a pair!" Scarcely was the wish expressed, when the shaven Franciscan made his appearance. "Huzza," exclaimed the savages, "We've got the male and the female!"

Another Steamboat Accident.—The steamboat Irwinton on her passage from Irwington to Apalachicola, on the 11th inst. a few miles below Blountstown, was discovered to be on fire. The flames burst from the hold where cotton bales were stowed to which the fire had been communicated in some way unknown. All measures to reach the fire from above were ineffectual, and the boat was promptly scuttled and sunk in 13 feet water.

The total military force in Ireland at the present time is 16,013 men. It is less than it has been at any time during the last ten years, with one exception, in 1831, when it was less by about 170 men.

The Charters of ten Banks were repealed at the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature.