THE Weekly Chronicle

"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUGANT & Co., at their Office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

Nov.		H. Sun.	S. moon.	H. W
19 Saturday,	7 12	4 48	11 33	4.44
20 Sunday,	7 13	4 47	morn	5 36
21 Monday,	7 14	4 46	0 34	6 33
22 Tuesday,	7 15	4 45	1 37	7 42
23 Wednesday,	7 16	4 44	2 41	8 40
24 Thursday,	7 16	4 44	3 50	9 28
25 Friday,	7 17	4 43	4 59	10 16

First Quarter, 21st, 1h. 28m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock this day (immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: W. P. Ranney, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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: A. Perkins, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, 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: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, 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.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Notice.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store SANDS' Arcade, formerly occupied by Faulkner & Wheeler, where he will keep on hand a choice selection of the best *Wines, Liquors &c. &c.* Also, *Pastry, Sandwiches, &c.* may be had at all times by those friends who will favour him with a call.

May 14. A. COLLINS.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of DEWOLF & BENT, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.

WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.

Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

P. L. Simmonds,

British and Foreign Newspaper and Advertising Agent.

TAKES leave to inform his friends and the Editors of Newspapers in general, that he has removed his Newspaper Office and Colonial Reading Rooms to No. 346, Strand, London, where he solicits a continuance of their favours. Orders and Advertisements for the English papers, and for foreign Journals attended to. Every Colonial paper filed for reference. *London, July 1, 1841.*

New-York, January, 1841.

MR. WILLIAM HOWARD is appointed my Agent for St. John, N. B. and the adjacent country, to receive subscriptions and money therefor, for the "*NEW WORLD*," Newspaper, published in New-York; and also for the "*EVERGREEN*," a Monthly Magazine, published by

J. WINCHESTER *Publisher.*
23, *Ann street.*

☞ Subscriptions will be received by Mr Wm. Howard, North Wharf, at $2½ per copy, exclusive of Postage. *Feb. 12.*

One Penny Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Wednesday last, an indented Apprentice named *Patrick McKaan.* All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice will be proceeded against as the Law directs.

E. FAIRWEATHER.
August 6, 1841.

Absconded,

FROM this Office, on the 16th instant, an Indented Apprentice named *James Doak.* All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice, will be proceeded against as the law directs.

Chronicle Office. April 17, 1840.

TO LET—immediate possession given:

A Shop in King Street, and two suits of apartments, in the vicinity of the same; Apply at the office of this paper.

August 27

TO LET, until 1st day of May, 1842—THE store formerly occupied by the subscribers, situated in Ward street. For particulars apply at their store in Nelson street.

THOMAS PEARSON CHASE,
JOHN M'GRATH.

Aug 27.

GENEVA.

Sheet Iron, Tin Plates,

Swedes Iron, Pork, Linen, Threads, &c.

The Subscriber is now landing ex ship "Brothers":

190 BUNDLES **Sheet Iron,** No's 22, 24 and 26;
20 Boxes I C TIN; 20 Boxes D C TIN;
2 do. C W do.; 3 do. D X do.
5 do. I X do.;
613 Bars Swedes IRON—*well assorted;*
50 Tons Common Do. Do.
20 Tons Refined Do. Do.
120 Bundles PLOUGH PLATING;
190 Plough Share Moulds;
30 Bbls. Irish Prime Mess **PORK,**
3 Cases containing 78 Dozens assorted No's. best Linen Thread.

Also—On Consignment:

2 Fire Proof Safes; 5 Dozen stock Locks;
4 Iron PLOUGHS—(*Improved patterns.*)

October 15. WM. CARVILL.

Coals, Coal Tar, and Salt.

Daily expected by the ship Mozambique:

300 TONS Liverpool Coals; 100 barrels Coal Tar; 100 Packages British Manufactured Goods, (all staple.)

Also by the Andover: 200 Tons best Orrel Coals, 200 Tons Liverpool SALT.

All of which will be sold at the lowest possible rates for approved payment.

17th sept. 6w JAS. LOCKWOOD & CO.

Brown's Compound Boneset Candy,

MEDICATED.

A REMEDY that has gained a great reputation for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping cough, Phthsic, sore throat, and all diseases of the lungs; also it is in extensive use for clearing the voice for vocalists and public speakers; and in consequence of the extensive sale and wonderful efficacy for curing the above complaints, has caused a number of Druggists and Confectioners to counterfeit this valuable Cough remedy. An imitation has just been shewn me with my name stamped on the candy, evidently to deceive the public. For the genuine you will call for "Wm. Brown's Boneset Candy, Medicated," and see that the direction is signed by the proprietor, and the candy stamped—"Wm. Brown."

☞ The subscriber has just received a supply of the above genuine article from Boston, which he offers for sale at his store, late *Circulating Library,* Germain street. J. ELLIOTT.

24th september.

Tea and Canvas.

On consignment, ex schooner Ion, Kelly, master, from Halifax.

25 CHESTS very superior Congo TEA: 50 Bolts Canvas, No. 1 to 4. For sale cheap for cash by

October 29. JAMES MALCOLM.

Co-Partnership.

THE Subscribers having entered into Copartnership, the business heretofore conducted by W. P. RANNEY, will on and after the present date be continued by the Firm of RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

W. P. RANNEY,
H. P. STURDEE.

St. John, October 1, 1841.

☞ The subscriber having entered into Co-Partnership on the date above referred to, requests all parties indebted to him or having unsettled Accounts, will pay to or adjust the same with Ranney, Sturdee & Co.

W. P. RANNEY.

FRESH GROCERIES,

At the Tea Warehouse, Prince Wm. St.

Landing ex ship *Perthshire,* from Greenock:

110 PACKAGES containing best Pale Yellow and White SOAP, Wrapping and Printing Paper; Pickles & sauces; Blacking, Pins, Tobacco Pipes, Black Lead, &c.

Per schooner Brothers, from Boston—

Boxes Raisins; ditto Maccaroni; Kegs Ground Rice; soft shell Almonds, Currants, &c. &c.

Which with an extensive stock of SUGARS, TEAS, &c. are offered for sale as cheap (quality considered) as at any other establishment in this city. The balance of his Fall Goods daily expected.

8th Oct. JAMES MALCOLM.

PIG IRON, CANADA STOVES,

Camp Ovens, Kettles, &c.

The subscriber is now landing, ex ship Perthshire:

100 TONS No. 1 Scotch PIG IRON;
500 Camp Ovens and Covers;
200 Extra Covers;
1073 Pots, assorted, ½ to 12 gallons;
100 Untinned Kettles, No. 0 to 4;
144 Canada STOVES, handsome patterns and well fitted, viz:—39x20 inches, 34x24 ditto, 24x27 ditto, 25x30 ditto, 21x22 ditto.

8th Oct. WILLIAM CARVILL.

Grenville's Leather Preservative,

or

OIL BLACKING.

A LONG approved composition for cleaning, nourishing, preserving, and renewing the colour of leather, rendering it soft, elastic, and completely impenetrable by the wet, or Water Proof.

This composition is not only the best, but the most convenient and cheapest article ever known, and has been found entirely to supercede the use of Oil or Tallow. From the numerous testimonials which have been received by the inventor from those who have used and fully tested the merits of the Leather Preservative, both of its economy and beneficial effects upon leather in all its various uses, and especially where exposed to wet, as in boots and shoes, harnesses, carriage tops, &c. and also forge bellows and bands.

The subscriber has the fullest confidence in recommending it as possessing qualities decidedly preferable to any other article used for the above purposes.—It is neatly put up in tin cannisters, with printed directions for its use, and sold at the low price of *Two shillings* each, at *Foster's Shoe Store,* corner of King and Germain streets.

24th september.

TEA AND CANVASS.

On Consignment, landing this day ex schr. *Ion,* Kelly, master, from Halifax;

25 CHESTS very superior Congou TEA, 50 Bolts CANVASS, No. 1 to 4.

For sale cheap by

Oct. 22. JAMES MALCOLM.

DEALS! DEALS!

A FEW hundred M. feet first and second quality Bright Spruce DEALS, trimmed and ready for shipment, deliverable in the harbour of Saint Andrews. For sale by

12th Nov. SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

Miscellany.

(From "Charles O'Malley" for October).

BABY BLAKE.

[Now we find our friend Charley in sorrow—his good old uncle, who had watched over him and tended him as a son, and for whose sake, and to endeavour to relieve whose pecuniary embarrassments Charley has given up his brilliant military prospects, is dead; and the poor young man arrives at the old house but to meet the funeral departing from the door. A sad shock this is to an affectionate heart like Charley's, and he nearly sinks under it. For months he buries himself in seclusion—sees nobody—visits nobody, and lives "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But no—not altogether forgotten—and here we come to the extract which we purpose making, having cleared the way for its proper comprehension:—]

Partly lost in thought, as I looked upon the fair and varied scene before me, now turning to the pages of the book upon the breakfast-table, the hours of the morning passed quickly over, and it was already beyond noon. I was startled from my reverie by sounds which I could scarcely trust my ears to believe real. I listened again, and thought I could detect them distinctly. It seemed as though some one were rapidly running over the keys of a piano-forte, essaying with the voice to follow the notes, and sometimes striking two or three bold and successive chords—then a merry laugh would follow, and drown all other sounds. "What can it be?" thought I. "There is, to be sure, a piano-forte in the large drawing-room; but then, who would venture upon such a liberty as this? besides, who is capable of it? There!—it can be no inexperienced performer gave that shake; my worthy housekeeper never accomplished that." So saying, I jumped from the breakfast-table, and set off in the direction of the sound. A small drawing-room and the billiard-room lay between me and the large drawing-room; and, as I traversed them, the music grew gradually louder. Conjecturing that, wherever it might be, the performance would cease on my entrance, I listened for a few moments before opening the door. Nothing could be more singular—nothing more strange—than the effect of those unaccustomed sounds in that silent and deserted place. The character of the music too, contributed not a little to this; rapidly passing from grave to gay—from the melting softness of some plaintive air to the reckless hurry and confusion of an Irish jig,—the player seemed, as it were, to run wild through all the floating fancies of his memory: now breaking suddenly off in the saddest cadence of a song, the notes would change into some quaint old-fashioned crone, in which the singer seemed so much at home, and gave the queer drollery of the words that expression of archness so eminently the character of certain Irish airs. "But what the dence is this?" said I, as rattling over the keys with a flowing but brilliant finger, she,—for it was unquestionably a woman,—with a clear and sweet voice, broken by laughter, began to sing the words of Mr. Bodkin's song, "The man for Galway": when she had finished the last verse, her hand strayed, as it were, carelessly across the instrument, while she herself gave way to a free burst of merriment: and then suddenly resuming the air, she chanted forth the following words, with a spirit and effect I can convey no idea of:—

"To live at home,
And never roam:
To pass his days in sighing:
To wear sad looks,
Read stupid books,
And look half dead or dying:—
Not show his face,
Nor join the chase,
But dwell a hermit alway:—
Oh! Charley dear!
To me 'tis clear
You're not the man for Galway!"

"'You're not the man for Galway!' repeated she once more, while she closed the piano with a loud bang.

"And why not, my dear?—why not the man for Galway?" said I, as bursting open the door, I sprang into the room.

"Oh! it's you, is it, at last? So I've unearthed you have I?"

With these words she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; leaving me, who intended to be the party giving the surprise, amazed, confused, and speechless, in the middle of the floor.

That my reader may sympathise a little in my distresses, let me present him with the *tableau* before me. Seated upon the piano stool was a young lady, of at most eighteen years; her face, had it not been for its expression of exuberant drollery and malicious fun, would have been downright beautiful; her eyes, of the deepest blue, and shaded by long lashes, instead of indulging the character of pensive and thoughtful beauty for which nature destined them, sparkled with a most animated brightness; her nose, which, rather short, was still beautifully proportioned, gave, with her well curled upper lip, a look of sauciness to the features quite bewitching; her hair—that brilliant auburn we see in a *Carlo Dolci*—fell in wild and massive curls upon her shoulders. Her costume was a dark green riding habit, not of the newest in its fashion, and displaying more than one rent in its careless folds; her hat, whip, and gloves lay on the floor beside her; and her whole attitude and bearing indicated the most perfect ease and carelessness.

"So you are caught—taken alive!" said she as she pressed her hands upon her sides in a fresh burst of laughter.

"By Jove! this is a surprise indeed!" said I; "and pray into whose fair hands have I fallen a captive?" recovering myself a little, and assuming a half air of gallantry.

"So you don't know me! Don't you?"

"Upon my life I do not.'

"How good. Why I'm Baby Blake.'?

"Baby Blake! said I; thinking that a rather strange appellation for one whose well developed proportions betokened nothing of infancy. 'Baby Blake?'

"To be sure; your Cousin Baby."

"Indeed!" said I, springing forward. "Let me embrace my relative.'

Accepting my proffered salutation with the most exemplary coolness, she said—

"Get a chair now, and let's have a talk together.'

"Why the devil do they call you Baby?" said I, still puzzled by this palpable misnomer.

"Because I am the youngest, and I was always the baby,' replied she adjusting her ringlets, with a most rural coquetry. 'Now tell me something: why do you live shut up here like a madman, and not come near us at Gortnamorra?'

"Oh! that's a long story, Baby. But since we are asking questions—how did you get in here?'

"Just through the window, my dear, and I've torn my habit as you see.'

"So saying, she exhibited a rent of about two feet long thrusting through it a very pretty foot and ancle at the same time.

"As my inhospitable customs have cost you a habit, you must let me make you a present of one.'

"No: will you though? that's a good fellow.—Lord! I told them I knew you weren't a miser: that you were only odd: that's all.'

"And how did you come over, Baby?'

"Just cantered over with little Paddy Byrne. I made him take all the walls and ditches we met, and they're scraping the mud off him ever since.—I'm glad I made you laugh, Charley: they say you are so sad. Dear me! how thirsty I am! have you any beer?'

"To be sure, Baby. But would'nt you like some luncheon?'

"Of all things. Well, this is fun!' said she, as, taking my arm, I led her from the drawing-room. 'They don't know where I'm gone—not one of them' and I've a great mind not to tell them, if you wouldn't blab.'

"Would it be quite proper?'

"Proper!" cried she, imitating my voice: 'I like that! as if I was going to run away with you.—Dear me! what a pretty house! and what nice pictures. Who is the old fellow up there in the armour?'

"That's Sir Hildebrand O'Malley,' said I, with some pride in recognising an ancestor of the thirteenth century.

"And the other old fright with the wig, and his hands stuck in his pockets?'

"My grandfather, Baby.'

"Lord! how ugly he is! Why, Charley, he hasn't a look of you; one would think, too, he was angry at us. Ay, old gentleman! you don't like to see me leaning on cousin Charley's arm. That must be the luncheon, I'm sure: I hear knives and forks rattling there.'

"The old butler's astonishment was not inferior to my own a few minutes before, when I entered the dining-room with my fair cousin upon my arm. As I drew a chair towards the table, a thought struck me that possibly it might only be a due attention to my fair guest, if I invited the housekeeper, Mrs. Magra, to favour us with her presence: and accordingly, in an under-tone, so as not to be overheard by old Simon, I said—

"Perhaps, Baby, you'd like to have Mrs. Magra to keep us company?'

"Who's she?' was the brief answer.

"The housekeeper; a very respectable old matron.'

"Is she funny?'

"Funny! Not a bit.'

"Oh, then never mind her. What made you think of her?'

"Why I thought—perhaps you'd think—that is, people might say—in fact, I was doing a little bit proper on your account.'

"Oh! that was it, was it? Thank you for no thing, my dear, Baby Blake can take care of herself. And now just help me to that wing there. Do you know, cousin Charley, I think you're an old quiz, and not half as good a fellow as you used to be.'

"Come, come, Baby, don't be in such a hurry to pronounce upon me. Let us take a glass of wine. Fill Miss Blake's glass, Simon.'

"Well, you may be better when one comes to know you. I detest sherry; no, never mind, I'll take it, as it's there. Charley, I'll not compliment you upon your ham; they don't know how to cure them here I'll give you such a receipt when you come over to us. But will you come? that's the question.'

"How can you ask me! Don't you think I'll return your visit?'

"Oh! bang your ceremony. Come and see us like a good-natured fellow, that knew us since we played together, and quarelled over our toys on the grass. Is that your sword up there? Did you hear that noise? that was thunder: there it comes.—Look at that!" As she spoke a darkness like night overspread the landscape; the waves of the river became greatly agitated, and the rain descending in torrents, beat with tremendous force against the windows: clap after clap followed: the lightning flashed fearfully through the gloom, and the wind growing every moment stronger, drove the rain with redoubled violence against the glass. For a while we amused ourselves with watching the effects of the storm without; the poor labourers flying from their work: the dripping figures seeking shelter beneath the trees: the barks, the very loaded carts themselves, all interested Miss Baby, whose eye roved from the shore to the Shannon, recognising, with a practised eye, every house upon its banks and every bark that rocked and pitched beneath the gale.

"Well, this is pleasant to look out at,' said she at length, and after the storm had lasted for above an hour, without evincing any show of abatement; "but what's to become of me?'

Now that was the very question I had been asking myself for the last twenty minutes, without ever being able to find the answer.

"Eh, Charley, what's to become of me?'

"Oh, never fear: one thing's quite certain, you cannot leave this in such weather; the river certainly is impassable by this time at the ford, and to go by the road is out of the question: it is fully twelve miles. I have it Baby: you, as I've said before, can't leave this, but I can. Now, I'll go over to Gortnamorra, and return in the morning to bring you back; it will be fine by that time.'

"Well, I like your notion: you'll leave me all alone here to drink tea. I suppose with your friend, Mrs. Magra: a pleasant evening I'd have of it; not a bit——'

"Well, Baby, don't be cross; I only meant this arrangement really for your sake. I needn't tell you how very much I'd prefer doing the honours of my poor house in person.'

"Oh, I see what you mean—more propers. Well well, I've a great deal to learn; but, look, I think its growing lighter.'

"No, far from it; it's only that gray mass along the horizon that always bodes continual rain.'

As the prospect without had little cheering to look upon, we sat down beside the fire, and chatted away, forgetting very soon, in a hundred mutual recollections and inquiries, the rain and the wind, the thunder and the hurricane. Now and then, as some louder crash would resound above our heads, for a moment we would turn to the window, and comment upon the dreadful weather; but the next, we had forgotten all about it, and were deep in our confabulations. As for my fair cousin, who at first was full of contrivances to pass the time; such as a piano; a game at backgammon; chicken hazard; battledore; she at last became mightily interested in some of my soldiering adventures, and it was six o'clock ere we again thought that some final measure must be adopted for restoring Baby to her friends, or, at least, guarding against the consequences her simple and guileless nature might have involved her in. Mike was called into the conference, and, at his suggestion, it was decided that we should have out the phaeton, and that I should myself drive Miss Blake home; a plan which offered no other difficulties than this one, namely, that of above thirty horses in my stables, I had not a single pair which had ever been harnessed. This, so far from proving the obstacle I deemed it, seemed, on the contrary, to overwhelm Baby with delight.

"Let's have them. Come, Charley; this will be rare fun: we couldn't have a team of four, could we?'

"Six, if you like it, my dear coz—only, who's to hold them? they're young thoroughbreds; most of them never backed; some not bitted. In fact, I know nothing of my stable. I say, Mike, is there anything fit to take out?'

"Yes, sir; there's Miss Wildespin: she's in training, to be sure; but we can't help that: and the brown colt they call 'Billy the Bolter'; they're the likeliest we have; without your honour would take up the two chesnuts we took up last week; they're rank devils to go; and, if the tackle will hold them, they'll bring you to Mr. Blake's door in forty minutes.'

"I vote for chesnuts,' said Baby, slapping her boot with her horsewhip.

"I move an amendment in favour of Miss Wildespin,' said I, doubtfully.

"He'll never do for Galway,' sang Baby, laying her whip on my shoulder with no tender hand; 'yet you used to cross the country in good style when you were here before.'

"And might do again, Baby.'

"Ah, no; that vile Dragoon sent, with your long stirrup, and your heel dropped, and your elbow this way, and your head that! How could you ever screw your horse up to his fence, lifting him along as you came up through the heavy ground, and with a stroke of your hand, sending him pop over, with his hind legs well under him?' Here she burst into a fit of laughter at my look of amazement as with voice gesture, and look, she actually dramatized the scene she described.

By the time that I had costumed my fair friend in my dragoon cloak and a foraging cap, with a gold band around it, which was the extent of the mouthing my establishment could muster, a distant noise without apprised us that the phaeton was approaching. Certainly, the mode in which that equipage came up to the door might have inspired sentiments of fear in any heart less steeled to danger than my fair cousin's. The two blood chesnuts (for it was those Mike harnessed) having a groom's dislike to take a racer out of training) were surrounded by about twenty people; some at their heads; some patting them on their flanks; some spoking the wheels; and a few, the more cautious of the party, standing at a respectable distance offering advice. The mode of progressing was simply a spring, a plunge, a rear, a lounge, and a kick, and, considering it was the first time they ever performed together, nothing could be more uniform than their display, sometimes the pole would be seen to point strait upwards, like a lightning conductor, while the infuriated animals appeared sparring with their fore legs at an imaginary enemy. Sometimes, like the pictures in a school book on mythology, they would seem in the act of diving, while with their hind legs they dashed the splashboard into fragments behind them; their eyes flashing fire, their nostrils distended, their flanks heaving, and every limb trembling with passion and excitement.

"That's what I call a rare turn-out," said Baby, who enjoyed the sport amazingly.

"Yes; but remember," said I, "we're not to have all these running footmen the whole way."

"I like that near-sider with the white fetlock."

"You're right, miss," said Mike, who entered at the moment, and felt quite gratified at the criticism.

"You're right, miss, it's himself can do it."

"Come, Baby, are you ready?"

"All right, Sir,' said she, touching her cap knowingly with her fore finger.

"Will the tackle hold, Mike?" said I.

"We'll take this with us at any rate,' pointing, as he spoke, to a considerable coil of rope, a hammer, and a basket of nails, he carried on his arm. 'It's the break harness we have, and it ought to be strong enough; but sure, if the thunder comes on again, they'd smash a chain cable.'

"Now,' cried Baby. 'Charley, keep their heads straight; for when they go that way, they mean going.'

"Well, Baby, let's start: but pray remember one thing. If I'm not as agreeable to the journey as I ought to be; if I don't say as many pretty things to my pretty coz, it is because these confounded beasts will give me as much as I can do.'

"Oh yes, look after the cattle, and take another time for squeezing my hand—— I say, Charley, you'd like to smoke, now, wouldn't you? if so, don't mind me.'

"A thousand thanks for thinking of it; but I'll not commit such a trespass on good breeding.'

When we reached the door, the prospect looked dark and dismal enough; the rain had almost ceased, but masses of black cloud were hurrying across the sky, and the low rumbling noise of a gathering storm crept along the ground. Our passing equipage with its two mounted grooms behind—for, to provide against all accidents, Mike ordered two such to follow us—stood in waiting. Miss Blake's horse, held by the smallest imaginable bit of boyhood, bringing up the rear.

"Look at Paddy Byrne's face,' said Baby, directing my attention to the individual in question.

Now, small as the aforesaid face was, it contrived within its limits, to exhibit an expression of unqualified fear. I had no time, however, to give a second look, when I jumped into the phaeton, and seized the reins. Mike sprang up behind, at a look from me, and, without speaking a word, the stable men and helpers flew right and left. The chestnuts seeing all free before them, made one tremendous plunge, carrying the fore carriage clear off the ground, and straining every nut, bolt, screw, and strap about us with the effort.

"They're off, now,' cried Mickey.

"Yes, they are off, now, said Baby. "Keep them going'

Nothing could be easier to follow than this advice; and, in fact, so little merit had I in obeying it, that I never spoke a word. Down the avenue we went, at the speed of lightning, the stones, and the water from the late rain, flying and splashing about us. In one series of plunges, agreeably diversified by a strong bang upon the splash board, we reached the gate. Before I had time to utter a prayer for our safety, we were through, and fairly upon the high road.

"Musha, but the masther's mad," cried the old dame of the gate lodge; "he wasn't out of this gate for a year and a half, and look now——'

The rest was lost in the clear ringing laugh of Baby, who clapped her hands in ecstacy and delight.

What a spanking pair they are! I suppose you wouldn't let me get my hand on them,' said she, making a gesture as if to take the reins.

"Heaven forbid, my dear,' said I; 'they've nearly pulled my wrists off already.'

Our road, like many in the west of Ireland, lay through a level tract of bog; deep ditches, half filled with water, on either side of us, but fortunately, neither hill nor valley for several miles.

"There's the mail,' said Baby, pointing to a dark speck at a long distance off.

Ere many minutes elapsed, our stretching gallop, for such had our pace sobered into, brought us up with it, and as we flew by, at top speed, Baby jumped to her feet, and turning a waggish look at our beaten rival, burst out into a fit of triumphant laughter.

Mike was correct as to time: in some few seconds less than forty minutes, we turned into the avenue of Gortnamora. Tearing along like the very moment of their starting, the hot and fiery animals galloped up the approach, and at length came to a stop in a deep ploughed field, into which, fortunately for us, Mr. Blake, animated less by the picturesque than the profitable, had converted his green lawn. This check, however, was less owgin to my agency than to that of my servants; for dismounting in haste, they flew to the horse's heads, and, with ready tact, and before I had helped my cousin to the ground, succeeded in unharnessing them from the carriage, and led them, blown and panting, covered with foam, and splashed with mud, into the space before the door.

By this time we were joined by the whole Blake family, who poured forth in astonishment at our strange and sudden appearance. Explanation on my part was unnecessary, for Baby, with a volubility quite her own, gave the whole recital in less than three minutes. From the moment of her advent to her departure, they had it all; and while she mingled her ridicule at my surprise, her praise of my luncheon, her jests at my prudence, the whole family joined heartily in her mirth, while they welcomed, with most unequivocal warmth, my first visit to Gortnamora.

I confess it was with no slight gratification I remarked that Baby's visit was as much a matter of surprise to them as to me. Believing her to have gone to visit at Portumna Castle, they felt no uneasiness at her absence; so that, in her descent upon me, she was really only guided by her own wilful fancy and that total absence of all consciousness of wrong which makes a truly innocent girl the happiest of all God's creatures. I felt reassured by this feeling, and satisfied that, whatever the intentions of the elder members of the Blake family, Baby was, at least, no participator in their plots, nor sharer in their intrigues.

THE GENERAL OUT GENERALLED.—General W——was in the habit of recounting the following circumstances with great glee, as having happened to himself whilst in Canada. Having one winter's day gone a little distance to dine with a friend, and there meeting with a party of merry fellows, the the General, who was no enemy to his bottle, made it rather late before he returned to his quarters, and had moreover either forgotten, or not provided himself with the passwords for the night. But as even this had not occurred to him until challenged by the sentinel, he demanded a parley, and stating who he was, found no difficulty what ever in prevailing on the latter (a raw Irish recruit, and who was acquainted with the General's person) to let him pass. So far all went well. But the General had, like many other men, a little bit of a foible, which was, when he had taken a glass, to fancy himself rather a smart officer; and wished to impress the same notion on the poor sentinel. No sooner, therefore, had he received permission to enter the wicket, than he turned on the soldier in a violent rage, and demanned how the d—d rascal dare let any one pass without the parole, &c., adding at the same time, that as sure as he was alive, he would have him tried and flogged the next morning. In vain did the poor Irishman beg his Honour's pardon, and humbly urged that he could not keep his "Gin ral shivering in the cold sich a bitter night, knowing him all the while;" but nothing could pacify the gallant officer; punished he must be. The soldier finding all his arguements lost on the determined martinet, stepped short all at once, and thus accosted him: "And ye'll flog me, Gin'ral, for not keeping ye here to perish in the cowld? ye'll flog me?" "That will I," said the General, "so sure as my name is W——." "Och, but you won't thin," said the soldier (bringing his musket to the charge, with his bayonet at the officers breast) "bide ye there, Gin'ral; ye're not gone yet;" and very deliberately marched the General into the sentry box, where in spite of all his protestations that he only meant to frighten a young recruit, and that so far from harming, he would reward him &c. the inexorable fellow kept him, for two of the longest and coldest hours he had spent in his life, till finally relieved by the rounds.

"THE DUKE'S" VERSION OF "UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM."—The authenticity of the following anecdote may be relied on:—The Duke of Wellington recently honoured one of the most distinguished of living sculptors by sitting to him for his bust. The artist, wishing to observe the full play of the duke's features, engaged him in conversation on the best attitude, for the figure on which he was at work, and suggested that, it could be made to represent his Grace at the moment when he uttered the memorable words, 'Up, guards, and at em," at Waterloo, the statue would be more popular at the present day, and be more highly valued by antiquity. The Duke laughed very good-humouredly at this observation and said, "Ah, the old story! People will invent words for me. Poets will write, and painters will paint, and I suppose we must give them some license; but really I don't know what I said. I saw that the moment for the action was come, and I gave the command for attack. I suppose the words were brief and homely enough, for they ran through the ranks and were obeyed on the instant. I never saw sharper work. But, as to the exact words I used at such a moment, I am sure I don't recollect them, and I very much doubt whether any else can." We have been careful to retain the exact expressions employed by the illustrious Duke on the occassion, as the moment to which they refer is one of the most important and interesting in the whole range of history.—*Brittannia.*

[From the Kingston Chronicle.]

MEDICAL CASE OF THE LATE LORD SYDENHAM.—As everything connected with the latter moments of this lamented nobleman will be interesting to the public, we are happy in being enabled to lay before our readers a correct statement of the symptoms, &c. of his Lordship's mortal illness.

AT SIX O'CLOCK on Saturday, 5th Sept. on his return from riding, Lord Sydenham's horse stumbled, and fell on his right side, by which accident the right leg of his Lordship was thrown under. The horse was soon on his feet, and moved forwar the some distance, dragging the rider with his foot in the stirrup; from which position he was soon extricated, and carried to his residence then close at hand.

On the arrival of Mr. Farnden it was ascertained that the tibia was fractured obliquely to the extent of two inches, about two thirds from the knee, the fibula being entire. There was also a large circular and ragged wound of considerable depth, immediately above the patella of the same limb—which it appears was inflicted by the angle of a large stone against which he had been dragged.

The bone was at once adjusted, and the limb placed on a pillow, where it remained undisturbed till next morning, when Dr. Sampson was called in, and assisted in putting it up with a many-tailed bandage and splints, no inflammation having arisen to forbid such application. His Lordship passed this and the following night with comparative ease. The wound above the knee continued for some days to assume a sloughing appearance, which, however, was replaced by a healthy granulating surface. It was, however, afterward necessary to open a pending sinus of an inch and a half in extent, which all proceeded towards healing kindly. No difficulty was therefore apprehended from this source. On the morning of the fifth day it was thought necessary to place the limb on a double inclined plane in a fracture box, where it remained tranquily for a few days.

On the ninth day, his Lordship stated that he had felt, during the night, at certain intervals, three se-