THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

October.		R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.	
5 Saturday,	6	2 5 35	3 59	10	17
6 Sunday,	6	3 5 33	5 2	10	49
7 Monday,	6	4 5 31	Sets.	11	20
8 Tuesday,	6	5 5 29	5 43	11	48
9 Wednesday,	6	6 5 27	6 5	0	19
10 Thursday,	6	8 5 25	6 37	0	58
11 Friday,	6	9 5 23	7 6	1	23

New Moon 7th. 9h. 34. 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 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Henry Gilbert, 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: James Whitney, Esq.

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: James Kirk, Esq.

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

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

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.

Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Concluded.)

The *ci-devant* Shark seemed desirous of proving herself worthy of her name. I had very soon the pleasure to see far behind me not only my three late consorts, but even the fast-sailing and suspected sloop, which obstinately sailed exactly in our wake, as though anxious to come up with us. We outsailed her, however, so completely, that in a short time we could barely make out the hull. Somewhat tranquillised at having thus far gained the advantage of my supposed enemy, I went below and endeavoured to impart my new-born hopes to Ermance. Scarcely had I succeeded in calming her fears, when I was summoned to the deck to learn that there was treachery on board! Both standing and running rigging had been effectually yet so ingeniously injured that it was only now, when the ship was all but literally flying through the waters under the united influence of a brisk breeze and crowded sails, that rope after rope snapped like burning flax, and sail after sail flapped heavily and uselessly against the masts! Yes, there *was* treachery on board; and so successful had been that treachery, that even during the few brief and agonising minutes which I used to reflect upon the best mode of acting under circumstances so threatening, the hull of the sloop rose higher and higher, and she was clearly outsailing us by several knots an hour. God forgive me the rage, the bitter animosity, I then felt—the awful, the deadly oaths in which my impotent rage found vent.

How was I to act? *That* was the all-important consideration! O! there was no doubt now as to the character of the sloop. No doubt remained now as to who commanded her, and with what purpose she so obstinately followed us. Stamar, the accursed Stamar, was her commander.

My confused reflections were interrupted by my mate, who, with terror strongly depicted on every feature, exclaimed, 'Captain, captain! the master and crew have barricaded themselves forward. They are singing, fit to split one's ears. Listen!'

And, in fact, all forward burst into loud singing and laughter. The beasts had not only been treacherous, but were laughing at my credulity, making sport of the unspeakable bitterness of my soul.

'Wretches,' I shouted, 'come here and do your duty like men, or by Heaven I'll kill the first I can lay hold of, as I would a mad dog.'

The dogs knew my circumstances far better than I myself knew them: their sole reply to my menace was a burst of laughter that might have been heard a mile off.

All threats and entreaties proving utterly unavailing, I and my mate went aloft to see if, by dint of splicing, we could so far repair the evils as to enable us to make way, however slowly; but a very few minutes' examination showed us that no hope of that kind remained to us, and I descended to the deck, just as Ermance, pale, trembling, and terrified almost out of her reason, came up from the cabin.

'Go down again, I pray you, Ermance, and leave me to provide for your safety. Be tranquil, and rely on me.'

'No, no, I will not leave you, Eugene. Good God! is that lightning?'

Lightning! The infernal sloop, having now neared us sufficiently, had sent us a shot, which struck our mast about ten feet above my head. As though in obedience to this signal, two muskets were now discharged at us by my mutinous and barricadoed crew; one ball passing through Ermance's straw hat, and the other killing my faithful mate upon the spot.

'Are you,' I demanded of Ermance, in a voice half stifled between rage and despair, 'are you prepared to fall once more into the power of the atrocious Stamar? Do you prefer life with him, or death with me?'

'Or life or death—let me live or die with you.'

Drawing two pistols from my belt, I rested the muzzle of one upon her forehead, when a vigorous arm dashed me backwards with great violence; my pistol discharged itself innocuously in the air, and in another moment the sloop had boarded us, and I saw Stamar once more standing on board *The Shark*—his features wearing the old calm but fiend-like and truculent sneer.

'Well, Captain Daumont,' said he, 'have I not kept my word with you?—Have we *not* met again, as I promised that we should? What think you of your notable convoy? And, above all, how do you like your faithful and obedient crew? Poor, silly Daumont! to imagine for a moment that Stamar, whom you knew so well, would let you peaceably take the gallant Shark to Bordeaux.'

His bitter derision, and the still more bitter tone in which he spoke, scarcely affected me. All my surprise, all my indignation and sorrow, were engrossed by a very different object. By the side of Stamar stood—Peters! It was then only too certain that his evasion had been both premeditated and treacherous. O yes! Peters, in whom I had placed so much confidence, had betrayed me to my direst and most implacable foe.

'However,' continued Stamar, 'you may think yourself fortunate that, thanks to Peters, I shall not call you to account for the death of Lorenzo; nay, thanks also to Peters, and to some old reminiscences which appeal to me in your favour, I shall neither put you to death nor keep you in irons. O no; quite the contrary; I shall reinstate you in your former capacity in my crew.'

What a favour! and how much enhanced by the sneering triumph and devilish hate of the tones in which he pronounced my doom! Having for a few moments ceased speaking, as if the more perfectly to enjoy the torture which my utmost efforts could not prevent from appearing in my countenance, he added, 'Remember this, however, that I shall put you ashore on the first land we make, be it desert or not. I shall leave you there to colonise it; *en revanche*, I shall give you full liberty to call it by what name you please.—Now, master, let him loose.'

And I was set free from the strong grasp which two of my treacherous crew had hitherto kept upon me.

'And now,' said Stamar, in a tone of actually jocund malignity, 'I will go and see in what style *Captain* Daumont has furnished my cabin; *one* article at least I shall find there that belongs to me—*ma bella Ermance*, for instance.'

He said this as he entered the cabin-door;—he was answered by a long, loud, and piercing shriek, and in a few moments returned upon deck, and sent the doctor down to the unfortunate girl, whom the mere sight of her detested and villanous persecutor had thrown into strong and alarming convulsions—a circumstance which was so far fortunate, that it saved the poor girl from being at that time tortured by the presence and the insults of Stamar.

The hold of the Shark was now speedily cleared of the cargo, consisting chiefly of coffee, sugar, and tobacco, the whole of which was tossed contemptuously into the sea. The great and small arms were then taken out of the sloop, and put on board the Shark, the injuries to the rigging of which were repaired with a celerity at which I should have been actually astonished, had I not on so many former occasions witnessed the almost incredible exertions to which Stamar's fierce nature could compel his followers.

While this was going forward, Peters snatched a few moments to explain to me that he was a traitor only in appearance. It seems he had accidentally encountered Stamar at the Havannah, and that savage having given him his choice either to follow him without having any communication with me, or make up his mind to be assassinated, Peters, who well knew Stamar's daring and resources, thought it best to go with him, in the hope that, eventually, we might together contrive some means of escaping. Wretched as I was, and almost utterly hopeless as our case seemed to be, I was nevertheless unspeakably delighted at finding that I had not been deceived by Peters.

Stamar having completed his preparations, we made all sail for the coast of Africa. Early one morning we descried a ship, and for the whole of the next twelve hours chased her in vain—Stamar foaming with rage, and swearing awfully at finding himself outsailed. At the close of the day, however, the breeze fell somewhat, we gained upon our chase hand over hand, and boarded her. She was an armed slave ship; but wretches as her crew were by profession and in practice, I shudder as I remember the horrible tortures in which they died. Not a man of them was saved, but the brig having proved her excellence as a sailer, Stamar, contrary to his usual custom, resolved not to sink her. Thirty of our men were put on board her, under the command of Peters, who was to take her to the south coast of Cuba, and there disembark and sell her cargo of slaves, amounting to three hundred men.

On the following morning, just as we were about to part company with Peters and his new command, we saw a large armed frigate bearing down upon us.—We hastily made all sail, but as the slaver did not on this occasion at all equal the Shark, Stamar resolved to abandon the former. The slaves were hurried on board of us, and Peters furnished with Spanish colours and "excellent Spanish papers," Stamar leaving him only ten men, and desiring him to allow himself to be overhauled, and to state that we had boarded him, and robbed him of his entire cargo and part of his crew.

Poor Peters seemed to be but very little elated by the task entrusted to his address and courage; Stamar, however, paid no attention to his woe-begone looks, but crowded every sail to the east-n. east.

We speedily left the slaver far astern of us, and, as Stamar had judged, the frigate hailed her. Much to his annoyance, however, she did not stay to send a boat on board, but continued her chase of us. Finding that she was fully our match upon a wind, Stamar gave orders to throw the slaves overboard. A shot being fastened round the neck of each as he came upon deck, some were thrown over by main force, while others, maddened and desperate, leaped wildly into the waves, their frantic laugh contrasting horribly with the groans of their more timid or more sane fellow sufferers, and with the abominable imprecations and ribaldry of their butchers. And then the horrible strife among the hundred sharks that swam around their detestable namesake, struggling for every new victim that was tossed to them, and literally tearing them limb from limb, ere even the heavy shot attached to them could sink them out of our sight.

Nearly one half of the unhappy slaves had been thus disposed of when the breeze increased to almost a gale, and the frigate was observed to furl topsail and mainsail. Stamar now knew himself safe; for he continued to carry on with every yard of canvass set, though the wind well-nigh blew the sails out of the boltropes, and a few minutes showed that we were rapidly leaving the frigate behind us. An order was now given, therefore, to stop the murder of the slaves; and we very soon were completely out of sight of the frigate, which, moreover, was far to leeward of us.

On going below, I remarked, with equal surprise and pleasure, that the negroes who had been freed from their irons to facilitate the massacre which they had so very narrowly escaped, in the subsequent confusion, been allowed to remain unmanacled. An idea of safety and of vengeance then flashed across my mind, and I lost no time in endeavouring to put it into execution. Peters had assured me that, in the event of our making any attempt at throwing off the yoke of Stamar, we should find a zealous assistant in Brissac. I hastened on deck, therefore, and signed to the worthy Gascon to follow me to the hold. When we arrived there, I proposed to him that we should arm the slaves, and that he and I should lead them on against Stamar and the pirate crew.—After some consideration he consented. The moments were very precious, for if Stamar or any of his followers should descend before we were ready, not only would our plan be defeated, but we ourselves should undoubtedly be put to death. Throwing open a chest of arms, I gave a boarding-axe to each of the slaves; and then, by signs, I explained to them how the pirates had murdered those of the negroes who had been taken on deck. The negroes rapidly comprehended me. Fire flashed from their fierce and blood-shot eyes, their dusky and ugly countenances became literally livid, and when I motioned to them to follow me and Brissac to combat against their oppressors, they rushed upon deck with an eagerness and zeal which of itself assured me of the success of my enterprise.

Stamar and nearly the whole of his crew were anxiously looking out to leeward to see whether the frigate had hove in sight again, when the Gascon and I, closely followed by the blacks, gained the deck, and rushed furiously upon them. At the first onset we took the brigands so much by surprise that they retreated before us, but speedily rallied and defended themselves. Stamar, who, to do him justice, was, as usual, in the hottest of the fight, shouted to me, 'Ah, ah, friend Daumont! It is to you, then, that I owe this shrewd turn, is it! Well—see if you do not pay pretty dearly for it, if you chance to fall into my hands!'

'It is you, ruffian, who will fall into and die beneath my hand,' was my reply; and Brissac and I, by voice and example, cheered on our Africans, whom we had already almost excited to madness.

The negroes needed very little incitement to their work; so furious and so obstinate were their attacks, that in a brief time the deck was covered with the corpses of the pirates. Stamar was so admirable a master of his weapon, that he was but trivially wounded, and though he at length found himself singly opposed to a perfect host of foes thirsting for his blood, he fought on with his usual cool and concentrated ferocity.

Suddenly the cabin door opened, and Ermance, pale, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole appearance bespeaking the extremest terror and anxiety, endeavoured to rush towards me. Ill-fated girl! Most luckless impulse that led her into such a scene at such a moment! Had she remained in the cabin for only a few minutes longer, our dire enemy would have been beyond the power to inflict mischief upon us. As it was, he bounded upon her with the fury and the agility of a wounded and maddened tiger, and dragged her by the head, exclaiming, 'Ah, Daumont! you see I am somewhat more alert than you are. You see I can offer a good ransom! Ransom! delay only three minutes in drawing off your nigger fellows, and consigning them again to the hole, and this trembler shall be not my ransom, but my victim.'

At this moment one of the negroes dashed forward and aimed a blow with his boarding-axe, which, had it but taken full effect, would have annihilated Stamar, and have saved my poor Ermance for long years of peace and happiness. Unfortunately, Stamar shifted his position so adroitly, and with so much agility, that the axe merely grazed his shoulder, and infuriated instead of crushing him.

'African dog!' shouted he, 'your axe is not sure! My dagger is rather more so, you see!' And suiting the action to the word, he plunged it to the very hilt in the poor girl's heart, and she expired without word or groan. In another instant he was disarmed, lifted in the arms of a crowd of the negroes, and hurled into the sea, whence we could see him for a few seconds madly and vainly struggling to evade two enormous sharks, which speedily tore him to pieces.

From that fatal day I have never known an hour's happiness. Peters, more fortunate than I, has been many years married to the faithful Zelia, and in the long winter's evenings delights, his three curly-headed and handsome boys with long yarns, not a little embellished, about the prowess and atrocities of Stamar the Pirate.

Montreal, Sept. 15.

KEEP COOL.

A good deal of effervescence agitates the public mind, the British mind, of this city, owing to the result of Jalbert's trial. On Tuesday night, at 10 o'clock, we passed through Notre Dame Street, and were surprised to see the street, near the Court House, filled with Grenadiers, (their arms piled.) In he brilliant gas light, it was a striking scene.—It stirred the spirit, and then we learned the cause of the appearance at that strange hour, namely, the protection of the prisoner, and the *Political* Jury, from the fury of the British inhabitants, we could not but reflect, and the impression was deep on our soul, how fragile and frail is the tenure, of life, property, and peace, in this ill-starred country.—The wretched mistake of 1791, dividing the Province into French and English, is the remote cause of the scenes now enacting. Let future politicians ensure up this proof, this additional proof, that two races cannot dwell in peace in one and the same country. The History of Nations, of human nature, spoke in vain; to the Legislators of 1791, but *now, now*, we have the proof.—National animosity is supreme, and justice cowers beneath party-spirit.

Our own conviction is, that Jalbert is the murderer of Mr. Weir: the testimony, we think, clear and positive, but setting aside the positive evidence of witness; that of Mason, that of several others, who saw the sword he carried, red with blood; the circumstantial evidence adduced, was strong enough to have justified a jury in bringing in a verdict of Guilty. The evidence adduced in exculpation of the prisoner, was of such a character, as to make us close the book of human nature, with disgust.—Twelve Jury would not pronounce him guilty. Eight of these Ten are French Canadians; another is a man of British descent, but, whose father, as well as himself, has, for very many years, been for the French, of the French, and with the French, deriving their support, and very means of subsistence, from the French Agitators; the tenth, is a Yankee; *Sympathetic*, a Papineau-man, who voted for that person at the last Election in Montreal, and who is perfectly well known to be a political friend of the French. These are the men who leant to the side of Mercy!—There was a doubt, certainly, such a doubt as can arise from positive testimony, that Jalbert did not strike the victim;—but what testimony was it!—of actors in the atrocious business, of children of *precocious* memories!—The mental hesitation and reservation of these witnesses, to use no more significant expression, was such as to throw discredit on their testimony. However, we do not, and we are sure, that few of the British population do, care, that the savage, has not been handed over to the Executioner. We do not believe, that putting men to death, for murder, is the preventive of murder,—and, therefore, we do not demand his death. But, still, we believe, this man to be the murderer of Lieutenant Weir.

When the passions are excited, it is a difficult thing to controul men, and, accordingly, indications we understand, were given, which were noticed by the police, of an intention to inflict summary justice, on the prisoner and jury. This was the cause of the Grenadiers being out, to protect those individuals, and to vindicate the laws. At half-past eleven at night, on Tuesday, the Court House was as much crowded as during the morning: the judges took their seats: the prisoner was placed in the dock; the jury being summoned, they announced they, could not agree on a verdict. The hour of twelve, was permitted to arrive, when the judges rose, proclaimed that the Court had terminated,—that the Court no longer had power. *Their honours then retired hastily!* Then commenced the storm; curses were heaped on the heads of the jury,—they were reviled, assaulted, and more or less injured. The indignation of the multitude was directed more towards the jury, than the prisoner. Suffice it to say, had not the military been in force, on the spot, there is no telling to what lengths, the exasperation would have proceeded. A cry was heard, to put out the lights, and it is fortunate they were not extinguished. If that had been done, we believe Jalbert would have been pitched head foremost from the window, and perhaps the Jury also. The *Counsel often*, were taken in charge by the soldiers, and the Glorious Minority, Fraser and Maxwell, were raised on the shoulders of the mob, and borne to their homes, amid the cheers of their countrymen. A loud cry was heard of "Walker." "Walker," but that gentleman had vanished; *non est inventus*, was the return to the Lynch writ. Mr. Walker acted as Counsel for Jalbert.

We are happy, the course of law was not further interrupted, and as to the unhappy being charged with this crime, let him be protected by the law of the land. But, it is a terrible state of things, exhibited by this event. The murderers of Chartrand were acquitted, because the Jury were all French; the murderer of Weir would have been acquitted, but that two *Britons* were on the Jury. We think it is but indifferent consolation to a man when falling beneath the swords of assassins, to think justice will avenge his death;—but still, of even this bull-dog consolation, the Britons of Lower Canada, are now deprived

Look to it, Sir John Colborne: this Province must be either wholly French, or wholly British: there is no medium: oil and vinegar will not unite: the British and French will never coalesce—Amalgamation may do the work, but that is a slow process. An Imperial Act will make us British, and it should no longer be delayed.—Delays are dangerous.—*Montreal Courier.*

MERRILY O'ER THE WAVES I GO!

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Merrily o'er the waves I go,
Far, far away from shore,
No music half so sweet I know,
As the noise of old ocean's roar.

Merrily, merrily o'er the wave
I speed on the gale's soft wing,
The surges round me madly rave,
As their foam to the skies they fling.

No earthly king can rival me.
Nor half my glory own,
My kingdom is the mighty sea
And my gallant ship my throne.

From shore to shore, like some fleet bird,
I cleave the sea and sky,
To my merry men I give the word,
And where'er I list I fly.

Excitement in Arkansas.—A letter to the Louisville Journal, from Batesville, Arkansas, dated the 27th ult. says, "Great excitement prevails in Washington county, Arkansas, relative to the murder of Wright's family. The three men who were hung for the murder by the populace, it is thought were innocent, and suspicions were resting upon the head of an individual who was clerk to the Legislature of Arkansas last session. A man by the name of Wallace, residing in Fayetteville, murdered an individual and stabbed another. This has produced a great deal of excitement, and after his honor Judge Hoge bailed him, the people, to the number of 200 attempted to take him.—He, with a party of 80 or 100 retreated to the Court House, where pieces of cannon, muskets, &c. belonging to the United States had been stored, and the people were forced to retreat. At the last accounts they were gathering for another attempt to take Wallace."

Launch of the Iron Boat.—Every thing being in readiness, the word was given to "cut away," and the boat started in beautiful style, gliding into the water without jar or surge. Nine inches astern. Nine and a half forward, proves to be her draught.

The instance is without paralell, a timber boat of her capacity, similarly constructed, would draw twenty-one inches, while the Iron Steamboat draws but nine and a half.

To guard against sinking, the hull of the boat has been divided into three compartments lengthwise by two staunch, water tight, bulk-heads of Iron. Either of these divisions filling with water would not suffice to sink the boat.

Her length in deck is 160 feet, length of keel 140 feet, breadth of beam 25 feet 4 inches, depth of hold 6 feet.

Pittsburgh paper.

Cure for the Yellow Fever.—The following efficacious method of treating the *Yellow Fever*, appears to have been practised with success by the late Ferdinand Smith Stuart, M. D. As it appears to be a rational, and at the same time a simple process, it is made public with a view to serve mankind; and in the hope that it may be the means, under Providence, of saving many valuable lives, who otherwise might become the victims of that dreadful and generally fatal disease. It is extracted from Memoirs of Dr. F. S. Stuart, published in the *London Monthly Magazine* for February 1815.

"In his voyage to St. Domingo, the Doctor was wrecked three times in Admiral Christian's fleet, in 1795 and 1796, above five thousand men being lost, and not one-sixth of four hundred sail returned to England. He was afterwards at the capture of St. Lucia, at Martinique, and again in St. Domingo, where 7600 British troops, and as many seamen died in five weeks of the yellow fever, which though not of the medical staff, he discovered a means of alleviating or curing. All the remedies prescribed by impudent empirics (says Dr. S.) are the basest falsehoods and impositions; for the disease is merely a bilious fever, with the bile rendered acrid and corrosive by the extreme heat, "and is cured by five grains of tartarised antimony, and one table spoonful of soft sugar, dissolved in fifteen table spoonsful of boiling water, of which one is taken every fifteen or twenty minutes, until it has operated three distinct times, when an immense quantity of acrid, called viscid bile is evacuated, and the patient immediately relieved; toast and water with nitre is used for constant drink, and an ounce of *nitron vitriolatum* (Glauber's salts) in it on the second or third day after, which, with bark in Port wine during a state of convalescence, has constantly completed the recovery.

Receipt for Preserving Horses and Cattle from the bite of Flies.—"Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it will be fit for use.—No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz: between and upon the ears the neck the flanks, &c.—Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure, will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared; but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months."

A Triple Pun.—Miss Edgeworth was one evening busily writing beside her father, when a servant brought in the tea equipage. The authorities measured the due spoonful into the China cup, then turned on the boiling water into the tea pot, let it stand the proper time for infusion, put into other cups their cream, and pouring thereon—what? In her literary abstraction she omitted to put in the Hyson, so that the draught she now offered her parent was very milk and waterish indeed.—'Were you thinking on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?' asked the sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "'twas Irish *absent Tea ism.*"—*Chambers Edinburgh Journal.*

The Frenchman and the Bank.—Vat you say, sare? Vill you read, sare? Vis dis not ten dollars yours, sare. Vill you not pay de l'argent, sare—de silvare, de gold, de coppare?' "We have suspended, sir, and do not redeem our notes in coin." "Suspende! what da'—hang by de neck like one dam thieving dog?. Oh, no, sare, you no deceive me, sare. Ay Gar, I vill shoot you mit de pistole, de gun, de cannon, sair—eh! Vill you pay de l'argent?" "No, Mr. Trompe, we cannot redeem the note now, but will when the other banks pay theirs." "Ven de other banks pay deirs, sare? By Gare de oder banque say de same, sare. Ven you pay yours, sare. Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, de la monie—de silvare, gold, coppare, l'argent, sare. I will be revenge, sare. Lock here: I tear the dam billet note in little peice—I spit on him—I chew him—you lose your dam note, sare—I am revenge—I am revenge—am, by Gar, revenge." So saying, the Frenchman walked out of the bank with the imperial air of a Napoleon.—*Steubenville Union.*

A French author says—"The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while the ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as it is filled with grain, it bends modestly down and withdraws from observation."

WELLERISMS.

'You be *darned*,' as the Yankee said ven he saw a great hole in his stocking.

'These are the times that try men's *roles*,' as the man said ven he was kicked through the streets for lying.

'For further particulars see small bills,' as the man said ven he was tried for counterfeiting shin plasters.

'I'm not fond of catnip,' as the little girl said ven pussy bit her nose.

'Money is very tight,' as the thief said ven he was trying to open a bank vault.

'Verry good, but rather two pointed,' as the fish said ven he swallowed the bait.

'I'm living down the law,' as the client said ven he floored his counsellor.

'Music and drawing taught here,' as the man said ven he was pulling a wheelbarrow through the streets without any oil upon its axles.