

# The Chronicle

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**The Chronicle.**  
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**Public Institutions.**

Academy	From 8 o'clock to 10
Sunday	7 5 3 10 16 4 1
Monday	5 24 6 37 11 14 5 16
Tuesday	5 24 6 35 10 14 5 18
Wednesday	5 25 6 32 1 22 9 15
Thursday	5 27 6 31 2 45 10 6
Friday	5 28 6 28 3 45 10 6

New Moon, 7th, 10h. 52m. evening.

**Bank of New-Brunswick.**—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount days, 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: F. A. Wagner, Esq.

**Bank of British North America.**—Saint John Branch.—John M. Wilson, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 11 o'clock till 4 o'clock. All communications by mail, must be post paid.

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

**THE PIRATE.**  
BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.  
(Continued.)

We now sent a boat on board the prize, Lorenzo, who went in the boat, returned in about a quarter of an hour, bringing information which Stumar required, viz: that the American vessel was from Boston, and her cargo silks and other French merchandise.

As soon as Stumar received this information he lifted and laid us alongside the stranger; and then through his speaking trumpet resounded the terrible cry, "Death and Plunder!" The words were spoken to me, who never needed two invitations to go on board an employment of their time and talents. In an instant our ruffians swarmed like bees on the deck of the American; and if I were to live for centuries, I should never forget the horrible butcheries which I then saw perpetrated.

The fate of the male passengers, had as it was, seemed positively enervated when compared with that of the females. These unhappy persons who were both old and ugly, but that did not prevent them from being abused with the most brutal violence. The scene was indeed truly horrible. One might have supposed that the pirates were hell-hogged and hell-born; for surely never could human mother have been looked upon by these brutal wretches, who only wanted of the commission of one horrid crime, to commence and complete that of murder on these miserable victims.

The captain and mate of the merchantman fought, in defence of their unfortunate passengers, with courage of true sailors, roused to a still higher pitch by a generous and manly indignation; and had their crew been more numerous, and all equally brave with themselves, our ferocious sharks might probably have been worsted. As it was, the gallant fellows, after cutting down a few of the brigands, were overpowered by numbers, and almost literally cut into inch pieces.

All of the crew of the merchantman, only two escaped instant massacre. These two were saved, temporarily, by a refinement of cruelty of which Stumar first conceived the idea. When sufficiently gorged with blood, the pirates commenced the work of destruction and pillage.

Brissac, who in the first instance had followed his fellow pirates, returned almost directly, his countenance bearing evident tokens of his mind being in a perfect tempest of mingled horror and indignation.

"I would far rather," said he, "never put another dollar in my purse, than procure the wealth of the world in company with such infernal cut-throats."

horror and loathing, appeared to produce the slightest effect upon the callous hearts of Stumar and Lorenzo, who walked the quarter-deck of the Shark with unmoved countenances, and talking as calmly as if no such thing as rapine or violence were going on within a thousand leagues of them. As for Peters, after having endeavoured to save some of the poor victims from destruction, he, too, returned to the merchantman. For some time past he had daily felt more and more disgusted with the infamous trade, and I never neglected an opportunity of increasing this disgust, and endeavouring to direct his thoughts to safer and more honourable pursuits. Already, indeed, it was at least tacitly agreed upon between us, that we should unite our efforts to get free from our worse than Egyptian bondage, and that the unhappy Ermanac and her faithful servant should partake our liberty, if we should be so fortunate as to achieve it.

It is worthy the intimacy that subsisted between Peters and me, had not aroused any suspicion, even in the mind of the superlatively suspicious Lorenzo. On this occasion, however, Stumar expressed much surprise at perceiving that Peters did not, as usual, go forward to secure his portion of the booty. Fortunately, Peters had sufficient presence of mind to allege, as the reason, his dislike to plundering his fellow-countrymen—a reason that was so far satisfactory to Stumar that he merely shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

In the meanwhile, the pirates having thoroughly ransacked the merchantman, had, as was usual with them, quarrelled among themselves as to the distribution of certain effects; and from high words they soon passed to hard blows. Already blood began to flow, when Stumar, who hitherto had looked on in silence, sprang from his own deck to that of the American, and his dreadful tones stopped the uproar and strife in an instant. "On board all!" he shouted, and, as if under the influence of an enchanter's wand, the lately furious and noisy band were silent as the grave, and every man on the instant obeyed the order.

Oddly enough were some of them attired. One came on board us clad in a protemper robe, composed of a piece of costly silk stuff, spotted with the still warm blood of some unfortunate who had vainly endeavoured to withhold it from the hands of the robber; another had his bleeding and mutilated face surrounded by a lady's hair, which he had just plucked from the head of a young girl, who, by the majority, directing their attention to a more substantial pillage, staggered on, bent half-double under the weight of bags of piastres. Some few, excited by the unlimited quantities of spirits which they had indulged themselves, showed symptoms of an inclination to dispute the authority of Stumar. He had a very summary way of putting an end to all differences of this sort; and when he had coolly blown out the brains of two of the most insolent, the others showed great alacrity in exchanging their dangerous position on the gangways of the American, for the far safer one of the between-decks of the Shark.

The two poor seamen to whom I have alluded, as having been temporarily saved, were now made fast to the hatchways of the American, and some tarry silks having been arranged around them, Stumar with his own hand set fire to them. He then returned to the Shark, gave the American a wide berth, and then lay to, as if to watch and enjoy the issue of his denunciations.

At first a thick cloud of smoke so completely enveloped the helmsmen, that for some minutes we could not discern any part of her; but we could distinctly hear—and, O! how terrible it was to hear—the crackling of the wood, the hissing of the curling and devouring flames, and the frightful cries of agony and terror uttered by the two unhappy victims. Here and there, amid the dense smoke, a fiery tongue leaped forth for an instant, and then was hidden until at length, the combustion being complete, the smoke entirely disappeared and gave place to one vast and livid mass of living flame, which threw its ruddy glow far into the already deepening shadows of the night.

At this awfully interesting moment I attentively considered the aspect of Stumar. That unfeeling and unsparring wretch stood, with folded arms, calm and unmoved as though he were an incarnation of innocence; and his harsh and sinister features, as shown by the lurid light of the burning vessel, bore an expression of hate and ferocity, mingled with the delight arising from his horrible gratification of all his worst passions; and his pale thin lips wore such a smile as an imaginative painter would give to the Genius of Evil gloating over the tortures of man—man created in the image of that God whom the fiends hate and fear!

Suddenly we heard a frightful noise; a noise resembling that of an enormous mass of water plunging itself suddenly and from a great height into an abyss;

then the immense sheet of flame, quitting the surface of the waves, darted suddenly upwards a great height, and with a loud and sharp hissing, entirely disappeared. Dazzled by the brilliant light of the burning vessel, it was some time before my eyes became again accustomed to the comparative darkness; when they at length regained their power, I looked eagerly towards the spot lately occupied by the stately vessel—alas! naught was to be seen but a few blackened fragments of her hull tossing hither and thither upon the waves.

On the morning after this frightful tragedy we were again at anchor in our asylum, having lost in this expedition only about a dozen men—a loss far more trifling than Stumar usually sustained on such occasions.

During the time occupied by the capture and destruction of the American, the unhappy Ermanac and her servant were left on shore under the charge of some of the most devoted and tried followers of Stumar, whose infernal passion for his victim and prisoner seemed to grow more and more strong with every new day.—She, poor girl, on the other hand fell, daily, into a more and more profound melancholy and despair, and it seemed pretty evident that she was rapidly sinking into the grave.

Stumar's passion for his poor victim was just now at its height; but very different, indeed, was his passion from that of other men. It was no longer of his hateful attachment that the unhappy Ermanac had to complain, but of his brutal and cowardly violence. Her piercing cries were frequently heard even on the fore-castle, and the more brutal of the pirates would say, "Hark! the captain is amusing himself with his dove!"

"Pretty amusement," Brissac muttered, in reply—"a pretty amusement for the poor young lady. Why, I have myself seen him beat her so, as I should be ashamed to beat an unruly hound."

And Brissac spoke the truth. It was thus that the wretch avenged himself upon Ermanac. For the horror and loathing with which his own horrible and loathsome conduct had inspired her, he was thus, it was next to impossible that we should fail to capture new prizes.—Within a fortnight from our wanton and unmerciful treatment of the American ship and her truly unfortunate crew, we boarded two French merchantmen, and obtained so considerable a booty, that Brissac, whose love of gold predominated over all his better feelings, was evidently much relieved from "compunctious visitings," and well nigh reconciled to his infamous pursuit. For a wonder, Stumar seemed to be temporarily tired of useless cruelty, and after having ransacked the French ships, and removed all he thought proper, allowed them and their crews to depart uninjured. His mercy on this occasion, to say the truth, did him some mischief; for the plundered captains gave notice of what had passed to two armed cruisers, and these latter immediately sailed for Abaco with the determination of endeavouring to find and capture this daring and hitherto successful skimmer of the sea.

Shortly after Stumar, with such unusual moderation, had dismissed the French crews without inflicting personal injury upon them, we boarded an English vessel. To the English, Stumar always manifested a peculiar, I might almost say a fratricidal hatred; and he now meditated what horrible and unnumbered tortures he should inflict upon the crew belonging to that detested nation. His meditation, however, was suddenly and disagreeably interrupted by the man at the main-head singing out—"Three armed vessels bearing down!"

To many of the other qualities of a wild beast, Stumar added the most piercing vision; and at a single glance he perceived that two of the three vessels in question were the two American cruisers which had already, by their activity, caused him so much anxiety, and compelled him to take so many precautions. The third vessel was an English frigate which had joined the Americans in pursuit of us.

It is to those French dogs, whom I was foolish enough to spare the other day, that I am indebted for this visit," said Stumar, "N'importe; they shall pay dearly for it some day. In the mean time, I'll show these beef-eating and grog-drinking fellows a spice of my quality."

By his orders our unfortunate prisoners were extended on the deck, and then, with his own hands, he nailed them, hand and foot, to the side-planks.

Never shall I forget the horrible concert of discords that then arose from the sky; the agonised victims' shrieks, piercing and shrill, above the hoarse and savage laughter of their abominable executioner.

"Adieu, my friends!" said he, when the wretched men having expired in their

agonies, he loosened their lifeless bodies and tossed them into the sea.

While this horrible butchery had been going on, all hands on board the Shark had been busied in working her towards our secure harbour, from which we were at this time at a considerable distance. The weather was cold and damp, and the atmosphere all around us was charged with dense fogs; but from time to time the whole horizon was illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning, and in one of these we were discovered by the foremost of the American cruisers.

Almost at the same instant, however, we dropped our anchor in the bay from which we had so recently sailed. The sails being brailed to, Stumar gave a signal, and the four men whom he had left on shore as gaolers of Ermanac and her servant, came on board, bringing their unfortunate prisoners with them.

Although Stumar appeared to be just as tranquil as though there had been no enemy within a thousand leagues of him, and although his own hand had the most imaginable confidence in both his courage and his skill, yet the cries, who stood in wondering groups forward, seemed to be by no means pleased with the aspect of affairs.

"O yes," said another, "we may gain a two-inch rope and a run up to the fore-castle-arm."

"These diabolical remarks were rather grumbled that apertly," said Brissac, "and most alarmed ceased even to murmur under their breath, when the fierce and piercing glare of Stumar was directed towards them."

Peters, standing by the long-swept, armed Dandy, which was loaded to the very muzzle with nails, spikes, and old iron, silently, and with an anxious countenance, seemed to be getting alongside of the English frigate, the hoarse shouts of vengeance of whose numerous and well-disciplined crew we could hear so plainly as though they were already alongside of us.

"Ah, ah!" said Stumar, "these fellows begin to understand that they have no life, however, had my last kind companion."

"But, Stumar," replied Lorenzo, "why wait for them? Would it not be better to make way through the western gale, and so give them the slip altogether?"

"Regularly," he replied, "Stumar, his eyes fixed on the English frigate, and he seemed to be a parakeet of our gains and of our danger—and you have had a far larger share of the former than the latter of the latter." "Stumar, you are a miser, and a miser, miserable dastard. We shall not be hanged this time, any more than heretofore!"

Lorenzo bent his head like a rebuked schoolboy; and after a moment's pause, he spoke in a low voice, to say truth chiefly depended for our safety; it was clear that Stumar was determined to await and equally clear, to the nearest capacity, that if they could succeed in getting alongside of us, we could not fall on all the worst of it.

Repeated efforts, on the part of the cruisers, being made to get alongside of us, and in spite of a frightful rough sea, the whale of our three vessels, which were now in the hands of the English frigate, were all directed towards the entrance of our bay, the evident design of cutting us out. The frigate's bows, swarming with the crew of the English frigate, and the other two vessels, which were now almost within their very grasp, the English tars gave three loud and repeated shouts, and pulled onward with redoubled vigour. On their cables, already taut, in pistol-shot of us, when Stumar, with a desperate smile, looked towards Peters, raised his hand, and shouted, "Let them have it!"

A perfect deluge of light flashed across the bay, and a stunning report was given back in a thousand and a hundred of the surrounding rocks. Dually he spoke to some purpose. When the smoke cleared away, we saw the frigate's bows shattered and crippled, and a number of men struggling and rolling in the sea. It was evident that if Stumar chose, he could in this manner crush all of the approaching boats, one and all; and he was now, apparently, satisfied with having so signally punished the tenacity of the crew of the barge, he gave orders for the cable to be cut, and in a few minutes we were making our way through the western passage, as had been earlier recommended by Lorenzo.

It was at this time that a perfect hurricane of wind and waves, such as I have never before seen, descended upon us. The boats that had been manned to cut us out, were dashed to atoms against the rocks; and their crews, with very few exceptions, drowned.

The terror which the pirates had for a time given place to a perfect intoxication of joy and triumph; and they danced and sang on the fore-castle like so many possessed creatures—no one's voice more loudly rivaling the hoarse howling of the winds, than that of Brissac. Three days afterwards we were at anchor in a bay of the old canal. This new place of refuge, very near Mutassac, had long been known to Stumar; and although it was no means so convenient or secure an asylum as that which we had just quitted, it was one never, in his power, to choose between sink or die, as he had it approved, or retreat into a bay, protected and hidden by the neighbouring mountains.

For fifteen days we remained perfectly undisturbed in this retreat; and Stumar began, and not without plausible reason, to think that the cruisers had given up all pursuit of him in despair. Under this impression he now began to think of departing—a step to which he was the more strongly inclined, because his worthy followers, having indulged more than ever in their abominable orgies, daily saw their ranks thinned by the yellow fever. As people as he was anxious, Stumar, previous to taking his departure in quest of new adventures, so completely disgusted and disgusted his cabin both by and rigging, that it was to the last degree improbable that in the tobacco, and stoves, and stoves, he now were, even the most sharp-sighted of her old acquaintances would recognise the trim and red cover that had been so many times in so many quarters. Still further, the guns were dismantled, and altogether with small arms and ammunition, carefully stowed away in the hold, and concealed with the sand we carried as ballast; in some water-casks and chests were, in readiness to receive a portion of the crew, in the case of our being visited by any cruiser, while another portion of the crew were discreetly stowed, so that they might support the character of passengers. These arrangements being completed, Stumar furnished himself, with unexceptionable papers, and felt not the slightest doubt, even if visited by those who had conceived a suspicion of him, he would be able to deceive them.

As for me, I looked upon all these preparations with the most perfect indifference. Twenty times, at least, opportunities presented themselves for escaping, and Peters himself let me know that he was ready to accompany me, but I could not make up my mind for the enterprise. My indignant regard for Ermanac urged me to remain among these desperate brigands, in spite of the horror with which both their character and their actions inspired me; the mere idea of abandoning her, placed as she was in the power of such desperate ruffians, freezing my courage, whenever I attempted to resolve upon escaping.

(To be continued.)

The following lines were written by a young female in a state of mental derangement, when confined in the Richmond Lunatic Asylum. She is at present perfectly recovered. An attentive perusal of them gives rise to a train of thoughts, both painful and mysterious. We know that this poem was composed in a prison, labouring under an aberration of mind, and yet we confess that we are unable to solve the mystery. Perhaps some of our (Stumar's) readers, whose thoughts are directed to such matters, would favour us with a solution, if the limited powers of man can afford an explanation.

What! the dark grove seeks  
The innoscent falling leaf?  
What! the voice of sorrow breaketh  
The wood-wind's wilder's rest?  
What! the tear of the weaver's eye  
O'er hallow'd wrecks of wraith hours?  
What! the soul of pleasure stings  
Mid agonised groans?  
What! the friendship kind, endearing,  
That life, or more than life endures?  
Should life, and leave a withering, wearing,  
Heart-wasting weariness behind?  
What! the death-bed of affliction  
Search every feeling of the soul?  
What! the wail of the orphan's cry  
Unheeded, unshrinking roll?  
Is there not yet a hope remaining,  
Whose harvest yields a rich increase,  
Where pleasure's soul, her sweets regaining,  
With flowers entwines the bow of peace?  
Is there not yet a love that filch  
With Heaven's inspiring joy the worlds above?

A love that thrills the Saviour's teeth  
Nor height, nor depth, nor power can move!  
Then, if the Christian's heart has withered,  
When others are not just a bloom,  
Does not our poor, for sin has gathered  
A golden harvest from the tomb!

**MILFORD HAVEN.**  
To the Editor of the Naval and Military Gazette.  
Sir,—In your last Gazette is a proposition from your correspondent (Philadelphia) in regard to the purchase of station from Falmouth to Milford. After what Captain Manderon, and an old officer some years since, stated on the subject, I concluded no more to be written on the subject. The purchase of the station, would ever advance such a measure. In a few words I will endeavour to show that with a westerly wind, the station would be reached in a few days, by carrying sail, weather Sun, and proceed on her voyage; while the one on clearing the harbour of Milford Haven, would be unable on the harbour side to get to windward of Falmouth, or on the starboard to go to the westward of the Land's End; in truth it is a *cal de sac*, and with the prevalence of westerly winds quite an unprofitable place for packets. Then as to the convenience of a Dock-yard, Plymouth is quite near enough to allied all that is wanted. As to the packets being so long kept aloft, there is water enough for a line of boats, say if they wish to anchor in deep water.

**ISLIP COFFIN, Admiral.**  
A Pilot Boat to Scotland and Milford Haven, Cheltenham, June 23rd.

**Plymouth, July 4.—Lunch of the Nile.**—Friday being the anniversary of the Coronation of Her Majesty, was appropriately celebrated by the launch of that splendid specimen of British art, the Nile, of 192 guns. The Nile was laid down in 1827, and has consequently been twenty years on the stocks. She was built at the Royal Dockyard, at Portsmouth, and is now on the Mediterranean station. Presently at nine minutes before six, the ceremony of christening having been performed in the usual manner by Miss Warren, the amiable daughter of the worthy Admiral-Superintendent, the signal was given to start, and the vessel, amidst a grand display of music, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and other signs of evaluation from the congregated multitude which covered every access to the wharf, proceeded on her voyage of the spectacle. The sight must have been witnessed by at least fifty thousand persons, of whom thirty thousand, it is supposed, entered the yard.

**Sagalar Occurrence of Sea.**—On Sunday night last, as the sloop "Enterprise," of Cores, William Hayden, master, was on her passage from Sandown, in Wales, to Newport, Isle of Wight, with a cargo of coal, two of the men went into the cabin with a lighted candle for the purpose of turning out their berths, when, instantly a terrific explosion took place, which blew up the hatchways, raised part of the deck, broke one of the beams, and threw the boat to one side of the vessel. For a few seconds the vessel appeared to be all on fire, and the men thinking they were going to the bottom, took to the sea; but after waiting some time, and seeing their craft all about, they went aboard again, and on trying the pumps found she made no water. They were determined to make for the nearest port, and having arrived off Yarmouth, and still finding the vessel free from water, they proceeded onwards, and arrived safely at Falmouth on Tuesday afternoon.

The complexion of the men is so much darkened by the explosion, that they appear as if just returned from a foreign voyage. This singular appearance is attributed to the accumulation of gas from the coal with which the candle was brought in contact. We need not say that the men were greatly alarmed, but fortunately received no other injury.

**INLET TO THE BRITISH FLAG NOWLY REPELLED.**—We have too often heard of late of insults and indignities to the "mother flag of England," occasionally offered by France, and quietly submitted to by those who once did "guard our natives." We have now to record an instance of insult as to the gross as that of the Express packet, but one which has been redressed with an energy and a dignity which have done honour to the days when "Make and mury Nelson's fall," and which for every circumstance it has been the endeavour of government to smother. We have received the following statement from a correspondent of the following tenor:—"A short period before the capture of

Vera Cruz by the French, but subsequent to the affair of the Express packet, her Majesty's ship *Vesta* was lying off Vera Cruz with a British sloop in company. Captain Carter of the *Vesta* being senior officer, and the sloop being under the command of a midshipman, and as she was pushing off, a Mexican threw himself into the boat containing protection. An armed boat from the French Admiral afterwards came alongside the midshipman's boat and demanded the surrender of the Mexican. The midshipman refused, maintaining the propriety of his flag, and resisted the removal of the man; but the French officer took him out by force, which the midshipman had not the power to prevent. The midshipman, a gallant young fellow, burning with indignation at his country's dishonour, reported the circumstances to his commander, by whom it was instantly transmitted to Captain Carter of the *Vesta*, who immediately wrote to the French Admiral, protesting in strong terms against the breach of the usages of nations as to such other, and the indignity offered to the independence of his country's flag, and demanded that the man should be given up. The French Admiral replied, that the British nation had no right to offer protection to the enemies of France, but that he had no objection to refer the matter to the British Commodore Douglas. Captain Carter instantly rejoined that he should allow of no reference, and admit of no delay, he was senior officer of that port, and would maintain his country's honour, and the honour of his flag, and if the man was not given up immediately, until as was his lot, he would come and take his ship, showing, at the same time, a disposition to get her Majesty's ship *Vesta* under weigh. The result of this spirited reply, British expectation was, that the man was given up within the specified time. It is further stated, that at this time a sail was observed in the offing, which proved to be the identical Commodore Douglas, to whom the French Admiral was so anxious to refer the decision of the subject.

Commodore Douglas, on being apprised of the violation on the part of the French Admiral of the usual respect due to the British flag, when, to the great indignation of Captain Carter, he consented to meet with that approbation from the Commodore which had been so nobly performed the duty, in raising to the utmost of his power, the insult offered to his country, was ordered by Commodore Douglas to be reprimanded by his own captain; but to the honour of that officer, he did not immediately deprecate to the Commodore that he fully approved of the midshipman's spirited conduct, and that, whatever might be the consequences of his discharging an order, he never would take on himself the office of reprimanding a man who had deserved the gratitude of his country for his determination in maintaining the independence of his country's flag. —*Household Advertiser.*

**Mr. Gladstone, a Liverpool merchant,** has contributed the sum of £500 towards the erection of a new church at Liverpool, showing it with a purpose of £100 towards the maintenance of a minister.

**Wellington.**—The most extensive arrangements are making by the committee of its ancient posts for the transport of his grace the Duke of Wellington, to take place at Dover, in August, next. So great and general is the interest felt, that applications for tickets have been received by the Secretary from the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Edmonds, the eminent architect, of Margate has received instructions from the committee to erect an elegant pavilion for 2500 persons, also a gallery for 500 beds.

**PROSECUTION OF THE ROYAL STATE TO HONOUR PARKE.**—On Sunday last, a court exhibited in the Strand, before the Duke of Devonshire, attended a Popish massacre, with a brace of the young *Saxo Coburgs*. We remember perfectly well, that Lord Wellesley, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, actually passed from the instructions, rather than permit the religion of the empire to be insulted by granting the request of Doctor Murray and Lady Wellesley, that a Popish massacre, and equipage should attend her newly fledged ladyship to Marlborough Street manse-house. His excellency very properly observed, "that the state equipage was an appendage to a Protestant government, and should not thus be perverted to a purpose incompatible with the character of that government."

But we have now fallen upon very different times and rulers.—*Dublin Herald.*

**ESTABLISHMENT WILL AND DISCOVERY OF PROPERTY.**—A few days since an individual named Mr. Wright, formerly a doctor in the House of Commons, expired at his residence in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, leaving it, it is said, property to the amount of from £150,000 to £200,000, a great portion of which he divided among his children, wife, his friends, and servants. The remainder is bequeathed to the children of his only daughter, who is now only three years of age. If she live any with this restriction, however, that none of them be permitted to keep a carriage. Since the death of the testator, on entering some of the rooms of his house, one of the servants discovered a small box of antiquated appearance, and on being opened it was found to contain nothing but ten-pound notes, to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds.

Parrs paid little deference to the artificial distinctions of society. On his way to Leith one morning, he met a man in hoodlums—a west country farmer; he took him expressly by the hand and stopped and conversed with him. All this was seen by a young Edinburgh gentleman, who took the opportunity to take his subject of talk. "Why, you are a fine general," said Parrs, "it was not the coat, the sash-bonet, and the Sanguine bow, I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh you and I, and ten more such, down any day."

**AN EXTRAIT.**—"There's nothing like a newspaper. To live without one is not exactly 'murder to high treason'—but 'sedition and battery,' to say the least. To borrow is still worse."

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to the former that man is most susceptible; he will deprive us of the latter, and the wretched weapon of the latter. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to destroy a fair name than to possess it; and he will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says, "Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." We should think it wiser "send a great amount of change of being combed out."

The progress of "low knowledge is slow, like the march of the sun." We cannot see him moving, but after a time we perceive that he has moved onward. Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after the bucket never over prevents its keeping full. The mind is like a trunk: if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing. Following a staircase from a correspondent of the following tenor:—"A short period before the capture of