The Morning Courier.

FOR THE COUNTRY.

Optimus est Reipublicæ status, ubi nihil deest nisi licentia perendi.—SENECA.

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Police Extraordinary.

The following singular case has only recently been brought to light, and that in a very curious way. It is not long since, when all the circumstances were disclosed at one of our principal police offices, but owing to the successful efforts made at the time to suppress the inquiry altogether, the public in all probability would have remained in perpetual ignorance, but for the loquacious turn of the party immediately concerned. A valuable little work, entitled "Anglers' Rambles," has recently been published, in which the narrative appears. The writer tells the story with artless success, and with equal delicacy suppresses the real name of the narrator. So shall we, though it is well known to us—at the same time we may be allowed so far to indulge innocent curiosity as to state, that this singular being lives within twenty miles of the country town of Suffolk:—

"Having landed between us two brace of good trout, and returned some smaller ones to their native stream, we were proceeding to put up our tackle, when we were joined by Mr. Peebles, the proprietor of the water, where we had been fishing, and of a small landed estate in the neighbourhood. I had known Mr. Peebles in London, and had obtained his permission to fish in his part of the river whenever I pleased. He had been duly informed of our arrival, and now came to see what success we had had. He was one of those unfortunate men who, having sufficient to live upon, have nothing to do. He had been for some years seeking happiness in the metropolis, and not having been able to find it, had purchased an estate in the country, in the hopes of finding it there. He was a good natured man, fond of talking of himself, and never so happy as when he could get any one to listen to his prosings. His great amusement, perhaps his only one, was fishing; and he might be seen almost daily, sauntering along the banks of the river with his rod in his hand, attended by a country lad. He could hardly, however, be called a fisherman, as he made more use of a worm than a fly in taking trout. He was in short any thing but a disciple of Izaak Walton. Mr. Peebles had one great disadvantage, that of extreme ugliness. His eyes were large and far between, and almost seemed as if they were placed in his temples; his nose was wide and very flat, and he had a multitudinous assortment of teeth—so many indeed to appearance, that he might be thought to have double the number which falls to the lot of most people; whether this was owing to his total want of a chin, or to some peculiar formation of his jaws, I know not, but so it was. His figure was short and dumpy, but he tried to improve it by a smart waistcoat, and a knowing sort of jacket. After some conversation on the sport of the day, we invited Mr. Peebles to accompany us to our inn, and, as his heart opened over a glass of grog, he gave us the following account of what he called his misfortunes:—

When you met me in London a few years ago, remarked Mr. Peebles, I had become tired of its smoke and bustle, and began to turn my attention to the blessings of a country life. I accordingly bought a small estate in this neighbourhood, having a sort of rustic villa upon it, with stabling, out-houses, and pleasure gardens, and annexed to it the right of fishing, as I had heard so much of the pleasure of angling, and been told that no one could enjoy the country without it. There for a short time I lived in perfect peace and happiness. I turned myself into a complete country gentleman. I made myself master of the corn laws, wore shorts and gaiters, and brewed my own beer. But alas! these pleasures soon palled, and I was bored to the last degree by the dull monotony of my rural existence, and I sighed for the activity and bustle of my former life. I turned over in my mind a thousand modes of alleviating my uneasiness of heart, but in vain; and I then began to lament most bitterly, the rash and inconsiderate purchase of a romantic villa, the volumes on the corn laws, and the shorts and gaiters. To crown all, I began to feel disgusted with my own home-brewed beer. It is true that I was sometimes cheered by visits from my former friends and neighbours, but when they departed I doubly felt my solitary and irksome situation. At length, however, an idea was suggested to me by the curate of the parish (for I freely confided to him my unhappiness,) which I then hoped, and still hope, will remedy the evil, and cause me to resume the study of the corn laws, look favourably on my shorts and gaiters, and again smack with former relish, my potations of home-brewed beer. "Peebles," said the curate to me (for we had now become intimate, and dropped the Mister,) "Why do you not marry." The idea rushed on my mind with all the force of its natural brilliancy of conception. 'My dear friend,' said I, I'll set about it immediately.—When he had left me, I began seriously to reflect on his advice, and to take into consideration the *pros* and *cons*. The *pros* had it, such as fortune, good temper, &c. But there was one very forcible *con* which gave me some uneasiness. I need hardly tell you, who have had so many opportunities of observing my features and figure—that I am not handsome. This consideration weighed seriously on my mind for some time, but on reaccolecting that marriages now-a-days were contracted for pecuniary aggrandizement, and that the word interest had long been substituted for love, I was inclined to think that though I might appear to be perfectly hideous in the eyes of the object of my choice, yet that she would not scruple to go through the forms at the altar (for I believe no one calls them vows in this enlightened age) for the sake of money. And then I pictured to myself the efforts I should make to win her esteem, and perhaps her love, after marriage, by good temper, and a wish to please. Having thus determined on an immediate departure from the paths of celibacy, I began to think which was the best mode of carrying it into effect. It at last struck me that I ought to go forthwith to the metropolis, that great matrimonial mart, where a man with money may get anything, from fashionable heartlessness down to unsophisticated suburban gentilesse. I lost no time in performing this intention, and soon found myself in Long's Hotel, Bond street. For six months, my efforts to find a wife were unremitting, but they were wholly ineffectual. At last I determined to advertise for one in the public newspapers, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the next day the following announcement of my wishes in the *Times* and *Morning Post*.

"MATRIMONY.

"A gentleman of independent fortune, good manners, and singleness of heart, is desirous of uniting himself with a female of strictly moral and unblemished character. Fortune is not an object. As the advertiser is not handsome, or even good looking, he does not require absolute beauty to lighten up the roseate cheeks of her who may hereafter become his wife. He wishes however, to state that regular features, a good figure, and winning manners, will be no detraction in the eyes of the advertiser. References will be given and expected. The advertiser will walk, between the hours of seven and eight, on Thursday next, through the front colonnade of the Opera House, dressed in a white hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen trowsers, and any lady desirous of gratifying his wishes, may address him by the name of Philander."

Having thus explained my views, I waited with anxiety for the appointed day, the events of which would, in all probability, decide my future fate. The morning of the eventful Thursday at length dawned, and I shall never forget the odd mixture of fear, impatience, and bashfulness, which agitated my breast. Evening at length cast her lengthened shadows o'er the dusky city, and having arranged myself in a white hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen fin tail trowsers, I walked firmly to the appointed spot. No sooner, however, had I reached it when some wags, who had read my advertisement, received me with shouts of laughter, and having thus amused themselves at my expense, they left me, and I began to look about me. My consternation was however great, on seeing at least four ladies advancing from different quarters upon me. All I could do was to stand still, and select from the matrimonial quartette, who were approaching. First, came a thin little woman, who squeaked, in an attempted softness of tone, "Philander!" and passed a little way. Then came a female, standing at least six feet without her shoes, who growled in my affrighted ear, "Philander!" After her waddled a fat asthmatic lady, who pantingly exclaimed, "Phi—Philander!" Fain would I have said with *Macbeth*—

"I'll see no more,—"

but lo! a fourth—certainly the best appearing of the four, who whispered, in a sweet voice, though I thought rather affected, "Philander!" The wonderous four had now stopped in dead silence before me, looking daggers at each other. Apprehending fearful consequences from their mutual jealousy, I broke the silence by saying, in a determined, though respectful, voice—"Ladies, I am Philander." "Then, Sir," said the squeaker, "I'll take your arm, if you please, and we can enter into those topics which the presence of strangers?—Here she was interrupted by the growler—"Give me your arm, Sir!" "No, Sir," said the asthmatic fair one, I've as much right." "Nay, ladies," answered the sweet-voiced lady, "let no contention arise among the votaries of Hymen. Let this gentleman make his own choice, and if afterwards he should wish to alter that choice you will, no doubt, hear from him again!" Sensible fair one, said I, (delighted to find a means of escape,) my choice has already fallen upon you. "Come, that won't do," said the squeaker. "Perjured villain," said the growler. "I won't coming all the way from Pimlico for nothing," said asthma. Wretch! villain! beast!—every opprobrious epithet was showered upon me. In vain I raised my voice in appeal to their sense of justice; in vain the object of my choice essayed to quell the rising fury of the rejected three. A mob collected, and I was on the point of having my clothes torn off my back, when a policeman kindly knocked me down. An alphabet of the same class soon made their appearance, and I, with the four fair ones, was hurried off to the station-house, amidst all sorts of remarks. I submitted to all the indignities that were thrust upon me, a I was sure that on my explaining the circumstances to the inspector of police, I should be released. But what was my indignation and astonishment on hearing the rejected females swear in the most unequivocal terms, that I had made a violent and unprovoked assault upon them, and that the female who now hung upon my arm, had aided and abetted in the violence. The policeman confirmed their statement, and as I had no witnesses to confute the charge, I was locked up in the station-house, with the fair partner of my misfortune, till the sitting magistrate should examine the case the next day.

The morning at length dawned on our sleepless and haggard faces, and in our turn we were brought forward to answer this most unfounded of charges.

The worthy magistrate, on hearing my statement, and referring to the paper which contained my ill-judged advertisement, at once ordered me to be released, more especially as the three perjured females had thought fit to absent themselves from the examination. But my woes did not end here, for on reaching my hotel, and taking up a newspaper, I found, under the head of "Horrible Outrage," an exaggerated and unfair statement of what had taken place. My name was mentioned, and my behaviour misrepresented, by some printer's devil, who was too hungry to wait to hear the circumstances of the case, but had rushed from the police office to dine, and write this calumniating account of me. I was obliged in consequence of this enormous falsehood to write a long statement in the papers the next day's explanation, accompanied with a copy of my advertisement. This, added to my annoyance, as it made me an object of public curiosity and amusement. I must add, that the police reports do exaggerate to the freedom of the press. But to return to my fair companion in adversity, and the result of our acquaintance. On looking at a card she had given me, I discovered that her name was Juliana Raymond, and she that she resided in Charles street, Covent-garden. This latter circumstance rather annoyed me, but I determined to draw no conclusions until I had seen her again, and acquainted myself with her history. Accordingly, having adorned my person as much as possible, I drove in my cab to her residence. The house itself was not prepossessing, but I was firm in my resolution to remain unprejudiced. I accordingly knocked at the door, and applied the usual questions to the opening maid—"Is Miss Juliana Raymond at home?" "She don't live here," said the girl. Strange, thought I, and again looked at the card and at the number on the door. At this critical moment, I heard a door bang at the top of the house, and then some one call over the banisters "Mary, Mary, if that's Mr. Peebles show him up!" The mandate was obeyed, and after clambering many stairs, I was ushered into a small back room.—The servant having thus introduced me, retired to an adjoining apartment, from which I heard some whispering, and "Give me that ribbon—another pin," &c. This suggested to me the idea that my fair one was adorning herself, and during the operation I took the opportunity of scrutinizing the room I was in. It was small and dirty, with one window, which commanded a view of an extensive tiled roof. There were four horse-hair chairs, two of them with holes in the seat, a table with a dirty cap, the remains of a mutton chop on a plate, a broken salt-cellar, and a volume of the "Romance of the Pyrenees," very much soiled, and one place marked with the knave of diamonds, the corners of which had been nibbled off, as if by some person greatly excited by the incidents of the story.—More I should have observed, had not the door opened and my fair friend entered. She welcomed me cordially, but while one eye cast a languishing look on my face, the other wore an air of the greatest consternation as it fell on the remains of the mutton chop. "I know, my kind friend," said Miss Raymond, "that you will look with pity rather than contempt on my humble abode and its appointments, for poverty and misfortune claim the sigh of commiseration." "They do," said I; "but pray Miss Raymond, sit down, and let us see if any thing can be done to alleviate your present lot, which I must confess appears unsuited for one of your engaging manners and appearance." As I was determined to be cautious in my conversation on matrimony with a person of whom I knew nothing, I begged Miss Raymond to enter at once into her private history, and in order to induce her to do so, I gave her a brief outline of my own life, my future expectations, &c. In return she informed me that she was the daughter of an officer of some rank in the British army, who had been killed in Portugal, and that she was educating a young brother and maintaining herself on a small pension granted by Government. She concluded by saying that she had read my advertisement, and that fate had whispered her to answer it. When she had done I fell on one knee, seized one of her small white hands, and imprinted a thousand kisses upon it, while she gently strove to disengage it. "Sweet Juliana," I exclaimed, "consent to be mine and my life shall be spent in making thee happy. You have won my heart, and if you can think of me as a husband, tell me so. Take till to-morrow to consider of it, and in the mean time do me the favour to accept of this (and I placed fifty pounds in her hand), as you appear in want of the common necessaries of life." After some pressing she consented to receive the money, and, again entreating her to consider my suit favourably, I took my leave. The next day I called again, and was accepted, and felt happier than I ever did before. Time flew on, and day after day did I pour forth the adoration of my soul at the feet of that woman; but the post was right in the selection in his couplet, of improbabilities:—

Seek constancy in wine, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph.

But I must not anticipate. My happiness continued for some weeks, during which time Juliana's expenses, which I thought myself bound to pay, exceeded three hundred pounds. During a visit I paid to this neighbourhood, whither I went to prepare my house for her reception, I frequently heard from her, but her letters, although replete with tender affection, always concluded with a request for money, which she wanted under one pretext or another.

At this time I was so infatuated with the woman, that these letters, which appear now the most absurd nonsense, were to me the outpourings of a grateful and affectionate heart. I read them over, spelt the words, kissed the signature, and in short committed all the follies which lovers do on receiving epistles from those they adore. The time lagged heavily, and I panted for the day when I should again behold my lovely Juliana.

It so happened, and as it proved, luckily for me, that I finished my business in the country three days sooner than I had expected, and with a bounding heart and full of hope, I once more betook myself to the metropolis. I arrived in the evening, and hoping to give my fair one an agreeable surprise, I flew to her abode. The door was open, as it often was; I walked softly up stairs, and was on the point of opening the door, when I heard a burst of laughter inside. I was surprised, alarmed, and struck, at this cachinatory explosion. My Juliana, in company with wine tippers and drunkards! My Juliana, who had not a friend in the world, drowning her cares in the "nut-brown bowl." 'Twas horrible. However, as I wished to be certain of her delinquencies before I condemned, I looked through the keyhole and beheld a scene which stamped her as a traitoress, and me as a deluded ass. At the head of the table sat my romantic Juliana, drinking brandy and water; opposite her was my own man servant, and the rest of the company consisted of fat and lean rouged women, with flowing gowns and their hair in paper, and gentlemen in plush shirts and mulroad cotton stockings. The frightful truth flashed upon me, and, unable to bear the sight any longer, I burst into the apartment. Peebles! shrieked Juliana. Never was such a scene beheld. The women screamed, the men rushed to their hats, the table was overturned, and the faithless Juliana fell on her knees before me. I bade them hold their tongues, in a voice of thunder, and turning to Juliana, "Yes, false one," I said "it is the injured Peebles. So madam, is this your love? Is this your gratitude? Cockatrice! Viper that I have nourished in my bosom only to be stung. Go, Peebles, go with these. Repent in silence and seclusion your transitory joys, and may you feel the bitterest pangs of remorse for the misery you have entailed on me." This was dignified, you see, without being Hippocrative. Then I turned to my servant Brodwagon, and said in an impertinent tone, "pray, sir, what have you to offer as an excuse for being here?"—"Sir" said Brodwagon, "I believe I've more right here than you."—"How, pray?" said I, surprised, but calm—"Merely, Sir, that the lady of the house is my wife," returned the sneering rascal—"I am sorry to say," replied this fiend fiend, "that this is the case."—"Infamous wretch!" exclaimed I, "you ——"—"Dont insult my wife," said Brodwagon, "or I'll kick you down stairs." I thought it prudent to prevent the catastrophe, and therefore left the house, amidst the jeers of these wretches. I took no time in returning to this place, and resuming my shorts and gaiters. I am still looking out for a wife, but have as yet met with little encouragement, and fate seems to have determined that I shall live and die an old bachelor.—*English Paper.*

Gods and Men.

GERMAN LOVE OF TITLES.—"The ladies are not behind us in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. All over Germany a wife is seen taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There is madame, general, madame privy-counsellor, madame dayhouse, emperess, and a hundred others."—*Examiner.* These titles sometimes extend to an almost unpronounceable length; only think, for instance, of addressing a lady as Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin (Mrs. Directress of the Upper Consistory Court.) This may be avoided, however, by substituting the words "gnadige frau" (gracious madame,) in addressing a lady. It must at the same time be observed that this fondness for titles, and especially for the prefix von (of, equivalent to the French *de*, originally denoting the possessor of an estate,) is to a certain extent a vulgarity from which the upper classes of German society are free. The rulers of Germany take advantage of the national vanity, and lay the so upon whom they confer the rank, under obligation, while they at the same time levy a tax upon the dignity proportionate to its elevation: thus a mere hofrath pays from 30 to 40 dollars annually, and the higher dignities a more considerable sum. If, however, the title has been acquired by merit, no tax is paid, but merely a contribution to a fund for the widows and children of the class. Certain forms and titles are also prefixed on the address of a letter: thus, a baron must be addressed Hochgeborener Herr (highborn sir;) a count, a member of the high nobleese, and a minister, even though not of noble birth, is called hoch-wohlgeboren; a merchant or rotunier must content himself with being termed wohl-(well) geboren, while hochedel (high noble) is ironically applied to tradesmen. It may be useful to observe that should the travellor assist at any feter or reception given by one of royal blood, and not be prepared to appear in uniform, or in full court costume, black will be correct dress; blue coats with metal buttons, white waistcoats, nankeen trowsers, &c. will be quite incorrect; black is admissible under the presumption that the party is in mourning.—*Handbook for Travellers.*

DERIVATION OF IRISH BULLS.—"A' thin, Fergus, a hagur!" (exclaimed *Odd Bill* Rutheven, addressing Rufus O'Connor,) how is it at all, at all, that we poor Paddies are so much addicted to blunders, for, divil conshume me, sir, iv I can have thim off night or day?" "Musha, ya bothoon! (magisterially responded the pet of Mrs. Nisbett) isn't it as plain as a pikestaff that same—arn't the Pope's bulls whipped into the bottoms av us from the time were are goosoons—eh? you know what's bred in the marrow will never come out of the bone?" The young ould un swore the raison given by Fergus was *an Pat*, that he would communicate it to the Kildare Club when he would next have the honor to associate with them.

BLOWS UP EXTRAORDINARY.—We had given our friend, brother Jonathan, heretofore, credit for being the greatest wonder-worker in the world, but of late our Gallic neighbour seems to out-herod the Yankee in the miraculous line. We find the following description of a whirlwind, that occurred recently in the Haute Garonne in France, on Wednesday:—"At Rolle, the water in a fish pond was raised up like a powerful fountain, and a young man was carried into the air, driven over the house-top, and dropped on the other side without sustaining any serious injury." We suspect when the Ravel Family hear this, they will be seriously disgruntled. If this poor youth could not raise the wind, it is pretty evident the wind could raise him. But to proceed—"A cherry tree of considerable size was torn from its roots, raised into the air, and fell reversed with its branches in the chasm formed where it grew." We recommend some of our arboriculturists to get a shoot from this topsy-turvy cherry tree, and plant it in "*Somerset*"-shire, on horseback.—*American Magazine.*

A BAR-BAR-OUS WANT.—An advertisement appears in a New South Wales newspaper to this effect:—"Wanted immediately, some barristers called to the Bar of England." "*Some* barristers!" They are not particular, it seems, as to the quantity of goods; but if the qualification is to be the having been "*called to the Bar* of England," surely our Australian brethren need not search beyond their own locality; they will then find plenty who have been thus *admitted*—practitioners of *tried* experience and *known* character. Still we can spare a few ship loads of the commodity demanded, with great advantage to the country.

An Irish pastor, who professed to have power over the weather, and who when applied to by one of his flock for a shower of rain, told him he should be very happy to oblige him, but he had several previous applications for dry weather, and as it would be impossible for him to disoblige any of his congregation, he was under the necessity of declining to interfere.

If the place of an absent juryman required to be filled up, why would it be the speediest method to bring a Hebrew into court, and tickle him *a posteriori* with a red hot poker? Because it is the quickest and surest way to make a '*Jew-ror*!' [If the fellow who perpetrated this atrocious conn was discovered in Duke's-place, we would not answer for his life]

We recommend the following advertisement to Roebuck and his penny squad. It ought to be glorious intelligence for them:—"Wanted, several respectable young men as paper-stainers." *We* can recommend the gang as perfect paper-stainers. A guarantee for "*respectability*" we decline entering into.

GAZECE.—Emigrations are taking place in Greece from the neighboring countries. Eighteen hundred families of Albanese horsemen, from Epirus, Macedonia and Thessaly, desirous of abandoning their wandering habits, have arrived with 600,000 sheep and 20,000 horses. Three thousand families from the Aspropotamos, among whom are many mechanics and country people, have also desired to be incorporated into various communes. The Ionians, too, are disposed finally to settle in Eretria, now that the Government has granted them some advantages.

The Diet of Frankfort has closed its sessions, without coming to any decision on the disputed Luxembourg question between Belgium and Holland.

A Geneva paper says that the prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte is at present with the camp at Thoune, acting as a captain of artillery in the service of the canton of Berne.

The entire police system of Paris has undergone a thorough revolution, every one of the *employés, agens secrets, commis* and *mouchards* (spies) having resigned with the *chef de police*, M. Gisquet. His successor, M. Delessert, has had to rummage every post, from the lowest thief-catcher up to the confidential secretary.

A project is under consideration for a railroad from Paris to Rouen, Havre, and Dieppe.

Translations of Capt. Marryatt's novels are announced for sale in Paris, at 15 francs (about $3) each.

The emperor and empress of Austria arrived at Prague on the 1st September, to be crowned, as king and queen of Hungary.

Morning Courier.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1836.

We have transferred to our columns a letter from the *Canadien* of the 24th instant, and put it in a dress that will render it sufficiently intelligible to mere English readers. No better illustration could be desired than it affords, of the practical evils of the Feudal Tenure, in the way it mentions.

The *Canadien*, in answer to the call the writer of the letter makes upon it, to discuss the question of the Feudal Tenure, with a duplicity, characteristic of the party, it serves, shuffles off its considera ion, until the "reform of reforms" is granted, an Elective Legislative Council. The country, it says, is at present without a Legislature, and "before speaking of work, let us try to find the workmen."

"The present is not the time" has been, from the beginning of the world, the ever ready plea of all anti-reformers, when the prosecution of measures, which they dislike, is pressed upon them. And such has always been the plea of the *Clique*, as regards ameliorations in those laws of the Province, that regulate the transfer of property. *Carpe diem*—now is the time—is their motto whenever, with eagle eye, they detect any defect or abuse in the Executive Government, but *credula postero*—now is not the time—is sure to be the reply to all demands for the removal of the leprosy that covers the social institutions of the country. Did not thick darkness cover the people, their reason and their interests would impel them to deliver themselves from feudal bondage. Their political leaders, or rather tyrants, prefer a compact and unenlightened constituency to one whose minds are emancipated, because the knavery that can be practised upon the former would not be tolerated by the latter.

As what a sacrifice to their country are these men gratifying their own passions, in refusing to assist in the reform of what is vicious in the laws—in delaying to break down the hindrances to civilisation and national prosperity, that exist in the Seigniorial portions of the country. Their fellow subjects of the same origin, as a people, are every year making rapid approaches to decrepitude and beggary. As this melancholy fact is too palpable to be denied, the seasons are blamed as having been unpropitious—nature is charged with the slothfulness and ignorance of the agriculturists. But it may be confidently asserted that, unless the social fabric be completely renovated, in those parts where decayed, the *seasons* will every year become worse for the majority of the inhabitants, Nature's laws are immutable, and obedience to them brings plenty and blessing, while their neglect inflicts misery. No miracle, will, we are convinced, be wrought by Heaven to arrest the retrograding circumstances of the majority of the population. The means for the country's regeneration are within herself, but if not properly employed, her doom is inevitable. These laws which have so often been proved to be blighting and deteriorating in their influence, are the shell that contains and keeps together the prejudices of the people, that cramps their energies, and checks the spread of knowledge among them. If this shell is not speedily shattered in pieces, and other means, the most energetic employed to elevate the acquirements of the Canadians, the ultimate fate (to which circumstances at present forcibly point,) of the original Colonists of this country will be one with that of the original Indian inhabitants of this continent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADIEN.

SIR,—I possess, in a Seigniory in the District of Montreal, Seigniorial property, to the value of at least one thousand pounds; I owe no one any thing—not even the Seigneur, if ever a Canadien can consider himself clear, when he is not in arrears.

Thinking that I could obtain some credit, I went, some time ago, to a capitalist, to solicit a loan of five hundred pounds for ten years, with a view to take shares in a railroad project, which, if carried into effect, would yield over 15 per cent. interest annually; and would, moreover, augment the value of my property in best three times.

What think you was his (the capitalist's) reply? "No, Sir, I cannot give you a loan for the term of ten years: you own nothing at present, I know, but your property is saddled with Seigniorial burthens; it is possible that, during that period, it may be sold ten times—that the lods et ventes, as also the rente, may not be paid—and when it more, the value of your property may diminish at the end of the term 50 per cent.; and, as Seigneurial dues, although created after the date of my mortgage, would nevertheless have the preference, I cannot, therefore, lend you my money, without exposing my capital to too great a risk."

I have since applied to several others, and have had from all, nearly the same answer.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you cannot point out to me the means of obtaining credit, tell me why the Feudal Tenure is not made to avoid the long list of our grievances.

The King of Naples has reduced his standing army by disbanding 10,000 men. In the meantime the emperor of Russia, increases his by 200,000.

An English paper says that Britannia metal teapots are now made by steam—the round bodies are spun, and the wooden handles and knobs are cut out by powerful steam engines. A good workman, it is said, can spin twenty dozen pot bodies a day.

At the late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences it was reported, by N. Arago, that a Danish watchmaker has invented a watch, which, at the end of the day, indicates the mean temperature for the last 24 hours.

A HINT TO DINERS IN THE CITY.—A stranger, dining with one of our very luxurious city companies, had himself helped to the first dish of meat that stood near him; and being hungry, and making no calculation as to the choicer dishes which were to follow, began to eat the slices of the plain joint with great gusto. "God bless my soul!" exclaimed a more experienced glutton, "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!"

ORTHOGRAPHICAL DECOCTION.—Mr. E——K——, long a respectable printer in Glasgow, was sadly bothered with an apprentice who could not or would not be initiated into that portion of grammar which treats of the proper disposition of letters in words. One day he represented such a shockingly inaccurate proof, as made his master, after standing with amazement, take the spectacles from his nose, and give the ill *disposing devil* the following recipe:—"My man! just gang hame this night, and tell your mither to boil Fulton and Knight's dictionary in milk, and take it for your supper, as that seems the only way you'll ever get spelling put *into* ye."

DUELLING.—The French Courts have lately pronounced some important sentences, of which the repetition may prove fatal to the system of duelling. They have given damages to the widow or orphan, to be levied on the slayer. The Royal Court of Bordeaux seems to have set the example, by giving the widow Cheurlet damages against Dutheuil, who had killed her husband in a duel. It applied the same principle in another case; and an appeal being made to the Court of Cassation, the sentence was confirmed. The trial of young Sivey, for killing M. Durepaire in a duel, has occupied the Assize Court of Paris many days, and it terminated on Sunday, by a verdict of damages in favour of the widow.

AN AMERICAN DEVIL.—An attempt was lately made in a court of law in the United States, to set aside a will, on the plea of insanity of the testator. One of the proofs in favour of it was, his having complained to his friends that the devil was in the habit of visiting him every night in the shape of a pretty mulatto girl and a bottle of champaigne. The judge, after due consideration, gave judgment against the applicants, for, as there was some evidence of the mulatto and champaigne, he held it to be a natural reasonable complaint, and therefore proof of the sanity of the testator.

BOB NOT OF THE POET CAMPBELL.—A dinner was lately given to Professor Wilson, in the town of Paisley, the inhabitants of which it is customary to call in Scotland "the Paisley bodies." The professor, in returning thanks to his fellow citizens, eloquently enlarged on the respectability and importance of his native town. It contained, he said, sixty thousand souls. Campbell, the poet, who was sitting on the other side of the chairman, leant over to Wilson and said in a low voice, "Ah, but remember I took that from you in speaking of Glasgow." "Tweedledee" replied Wilson, "I thought it was from Shakspeare."

SOUTH AMERICAN BOOTS.—The Guachos, in South America, manufactures a very singular kind of boots; they strip the skin from the ham and part of the leg of a young colt, and thrust their own leg into it. The widest part of the skin forms the calf of the boot, the hock is fitted to the heel, and the lower part covers the man's foot, leaving an aperture, through which he protrudes his great toe, for the purpose of placing it in the stirrup, when on horseback.—*American Magazine.*

A BAR-BAR-OUS WANT.—An advertisement appears in a New South Wales newspaper to this effect:—"Wanted immediately, some barristers called to the Bar of England." "*Some* barristers!" They are not particular, it seems, as to the quantity of goods; but if the qualification is to be the having been "*called to the Bar* of England," surely our Australian brethren need not search beyond their own locality; they will then find plenty who have been thus *admitted*—practitioners of *tried* experience and *known* character. Still we can spare a few ship loads of the commodity demanded, with great advantage to the country.

An Irish pastor, who professed to have power over the weather, and who when applied to by one of his flock for a shower of rain, told him he should be very happy to oblige him, but he had several previous applications for dry weather, and as it would be impossible for him to disoblige any of his congregation, he was under the necessity of declining to interfere.

If the place of an absent juryman required to be filled up, why would it be the speediest method to bring a Hebrew into court, and tickle him *a posteriori* with a red hot poker? Because it is the quickest and surest way to make a '*Jew-ror*!' [If the fellow who perpetrated this atrocious conn was discovered in Duke's-place, we would not answer for his life]

We recommend the following advertisement to Roebuck and his penny squad. It ought to be glorious intelligence for them:—"Wanted, several respectable young men as paper-stainers." *We* can recommend the gang as perfect paper-stainers. A guarantee for "*respectability*" we decline entering into.

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