THE
Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

April.		Sun R.	Sun S.	Moon.	W. H.
21	Saturday,	5 6	6 51	3 55	9 34
22	Sunday,	5 5	6 53	4 16	10 27
23	Monday,	5 4	6 55	4 36	10 56
24	Tuesday,	5 0	6 56	sets.	11 46
25	Wednesday,	4 58	6 57	9 11	0 31
26	Thursday,	4 57	6 58	10 27	1 24
27	Friday,	4 56	6 59	11 34	2 8

New Moon 24th, 2h. 16m. morn.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: L. H. DeVeber, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. M. Jarvis, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Wm. Jarvis, 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: Wm. Walker, 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.)

Miscellany.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By the Author of "Carendish," "Gentleman Jack,"

CHAPTER V.

[☞ Note—*The Chapter published in our last number should have been marked "Chapter VI." This being Chapter V. the reader will observe immediately precedes that in last week's paper.*]

Many are the men who have faith in dreams; but there are even a few so desperately unhappy, as to have trust in dreams. Of this small but sorrowful number, our hero—*late* Lieutenant Ramsay—was one. Consciousness revisited him. Alas! in what condition? Manacled hand and foot, the gore yet slowly oozing from the half-cut, half-contused wounds in his neck and forehead, which he had received when struck down, stretched on some wet, hard substance, and in utter darkness, lay the former possessor of the royal commission, the gallant and accomplished descendant of one of the noblest and most chivalrous families in the kingdom. On first awaking from insensibility, he closed his eyes once more, muttering "A dream, it must be some horrid dream." Still the more blessed reality, for which he hoped, came not. He heard the indistinct hum of voices, and tread of feet above his head, and one by one memory supplied each painful link in the heavy chain which bound. His late trial—that of his opponent—the varied award made to either—his receiving his appointment to the merchant brig—his passage on shore—the landing—the closing round him of the press-gang—the pleading of his exemption—the base act of infamy, of oppression, that destroyed the only evidence of his immunity—the flashing of swords around his head—the death-stroke and thrusts his desperate arm had wielded—some sudden pain, and then a vacancy, which darkness and despair filled up. Doubtless he had been carried on board the frigate; but surely, in such a case, they would have taken him to the cock-pit for his wounds; or since he was to be in irons, have placed him on the main-deck.—Could it be possible, then, that he was not on board the frigate? He listened. No, he distinctly heard the noise of the ship's company on the lower deck above him—the rippling of the water alongside—and, by the motion, he was not only on board a ship but a ship at sea, though in calm water. Where could he be? With difficulty, from extreme faintness, loss of blood, and the irons which bound him, he began to examine the hard substance on which he then lay.

Scarcely had he begun to turn over the hard heaps beneath him, than the truth at once flashed upon his mind. He had been thrust into the coal hole, the common receptacle for every culprit among the worst of the seamen, and which, on board a frigate, is sometimes made to do the duty of "the prison" on board ships of the line. While reflecting with indignant thoughts on this mean outrage, he heard some one essaying to cast loose the padlocks that confined the hatch of this horrible dungeon, for nearly filled with the firewood of that hot climate, it was necessarily swarming with cockroaches and vermin, and doubtless, had it been carefully examined, a scorpion or two. As soon as the hatch was removed, the serjeant of marines and master-at-arms appeared, one of them calling out, "Below there!" It was not until the hail had been several times repeated that the prisoner's voice gathered strength sufficient to be heard in faint reply. On being told to rise and get up to the lower deck by the notched perpendicular beam which served for a ladder, Ramsay found himself so utterly unable to move, that his visitors were obliged to get a lantern to descend to assist him. As soon as the light made its appearance in this dismal place, the cockroaches and other horrors, that had been attracted by the warmth of animation to crawl over him, now ran frightened to their cover, while the prisoner, with a shudder and a groan, fainted once more.

Arrested immediately after the rencontre with the press-gang, he had been brought on board insensible, and in that state thrust down into the coal-hole without the assistant-surgeon being allowed to examine one of his wounds; there he remained, happily for him, insensible until the following morning. Even the rude hearts of those now bent over him, accustomed as they were to scenes of tyranny and oppression, could not subdue the emotions of pity and remorse that arose within them, as they beheld the condition of a gentleman to whom, but a short time since, every one looked up with respect. "A sad business," muttered the sergeant, as he bent over Ramsay's body, and held the light of his lantern in his face. The master-at-arms shook his head. He was the superior officer of the two, and in that ship of universal oppression, none knew better than himself how ready her captain was to descend to the base act of espionage, and listening to one malcontent for tales of another. Even the ominous movement of the head was in him an expression of great force, and the sergeant groaned in reply. The result of this consultation was, that the latter ascended to the lower-deck, and by means of a tackle, and a pair of slings, the insensible body of the lieutenant was hoisted on the lower-deck, and the assistant-surgeon sent for. During the process of restoring animation, a message came from the quarter-deck, desiring to know why the master-at-arms did not produce the prisoner.

"Go up to Captain Livingstone," said the assistant-surgeon, "and tell him that unless I am allowed to attend to the state of this patient's wounds, I will not answer for his life."

On hearing this, the worthy captain replied, with many oaths, that the assistant was never required to answer for anything of the sort, and that the prisoner was to be forthwith produced upon the quarter-deck, dead or alive.

This was intelligible language indeed: there was no mistaking it. The master-at-arms ordered four stout hands to meet him with a spare hammock on the lower deck, and once more repaired below.—Ramsay had once more returned to life as he arrived. In spite of the assistant's urgent remonstrances, his patient was laid in the spare hammock, and so carried to the presence of Captain Livingstone.—The latter no sooner beheld his victim than he poured forth a torrent of abuse and oaths, and demanded, how he dared resist the king's warrant.

Ramsay feebly replied, as captain of a merchantman he was exempt from its operation.

"You, you scoundrel! who should make you captain of a trader? Where's your appointment?"

"You'd better ask the villain who tore it up."

"Who, sir, do you mean by that name?"

"The mate."

Dead men tell no tales, sir, as you know, you scoundrel! though I hope to hang you for his murder, yet how should he be able to tear up that which you, a close prisoner, never could have been able to obtain? Who got it for you, sir?—tell me that.'

But Ramsay was not a likely man to commit his friend; so closing his eyes, as if he had once more relapsed into insensibility, he replied nothing to the oaths and threats so plentifully showered over him; till Captain Livingstone, in a fury of despair, ordered him to be taken below, and his name enrolled on [illegible] ks as la[illegible] [illegible]man, and in the quarter-bill as among the mizentop-[illegible]en. This being the utmost that his present vengeance co[illegible] [illegible]til the re-established health of the prisoner should allow him to wreak it on his person as well as mind.

In the night which had elapsed since the seizure of Ramsay one or two important changes had been made in the ship. Fearful that the whole measure of his revenge, could not so easily be obtained upon the prisoner while the same ship contained the daughter who was so much attached to him, Capt. Livingstone had put that young lady on board a frigate, who was to bear them company, and who had on board the captain's wife, a lady, in every way a desirable companion for his motherless girl. In order, however, that she might not feel the loneliness of this fresh arrangement, young Livingstone made a temporary exchange in the same ship. This, moreover, had the additional good effect of seeming to result from a feeling of delicacy on his part touching the late court-martial—a sentiment he was about as likely to trouble himself with as was Mr. John Ketch of Newgate.

Fully trusting in her lover's having skill enough to baffle his persecutors, it was not until some days after his capture that her wretched brother communicated to her the afflicting intelligence. He did it after mature deliberation, hoping that she would feel her lover to be thereafter far too deeply degraded to rise again in her esteem. He knew little indeed of women to make so erroneous a calculation; but he lived long enough to reverse his opinions. The wound which he had received in his brutal office, though not a dangerous, was one of the most disagreeable he could have received. Up to this period he had not been without considerable belief in his own supereminent beauty of countenance; but a man with half of his nose cut away! even he could not help reflecting it would have been *some* drawback to Apollo.

One other change still more deeply affected our hero than either I have already mentioned. Capt. Livingstone, though without absolute evidence, was perfectly convinced in his own mind that the surgeon alone could have procured for his friend Ramsay the appointment as merchant captain; and on the surgeon he was resolved, in some substantial shape, to let the whole weight of his revenge fall at the earliest moment. As these thoughts passed through his mind it seemed to him that the present was the most propitious time. The doctor, imagining his ship would not sail till daybreak, was yet cracking, as he thought, a jovial glass on board the flag-ship. What should prevent his taking an early start, and leaving the independent vagabond behind? Every *one* else was on board—every *thing* else was on board:—excellent thought!—and the doctor might whistle for his traps.

In less than an hour the frigate was at sea, the doctor left behind, and Ramsay, now without one single friend, left to the iron mercy of his enemies. The first matter that he gave for their employment was the burial of the dead he had made for them the day before. On the succeeding day his irons were struck off, and though still exceedingly weak, the captain ordered him to be sent to his duty. His remonstrances against the injustice of his impressment were treated with scorn, only equal to that meted out to his own person. He saw that his only resource was to bend to the storm, and bide his time. Meanwhile, every device on which the vilest ingenuity could fasten for his torture and degradation was put in practice. In watch, and out of it, he was constantly made to sweep the quarter-deck, polish the brass belaying-pins, carronade monkey-tails and screws, and, in short, no contrivance was allowed to slumber that might lower him in his own respect, and debase him in that of the ship's crew. The latter had seen him, however, in action, and other trying moments of peril and difficulty. They knew his courage to be invincible, his seamanship to be unimpeachable, and his honor as bright as his sword. These feelings never could, by any tyranny, be bowed into contempt, but in its room was bred a deep, insatiable feeling of hatred towards the oppressor, and sympathy with the oppressed, which was doomed, in due time, to bring forth a terrible harvest. Wherever it was possible they voluntarily relieved him from many of the low duties imposed on him to perform. At first, the greatest part of the crew, whenever they addressed him, touched their hats, and said "sir." This was severely reprimanded on the quarter-deck, and all that was left for them was to give him place in silence. With equal judgment and knowledge of human nature, Ramsay, in his turn, never made any of the men his associates or confidants, and, though always kind, never for an instant appeared to forget his full consciousness of his own station. For a long time no artifice was left untried to bring him into a scrape, that would form a pretext for the only indignation and outrage to which he had not been subjected—a flogging. But so perfectly was Ramsay master of his profession, so guarded in all his acts, the effort was in vain. However disgusting—however low—however arduous or trying the duty enjoined, it was always done. It was clear he was playing some deep game, which the captain the more feared that he was unable to comprehend. But he had set his diabolically cruel heart on flogging him—at once accuser, counsel, judge, and jury, the prisoner had but slight chance of escape. It was evident to Captain Livingstone that he would not obtain his object by his victim's own misconduct. But this mattered little; he must now change his tactics. The morning after coming to this conclusion, an order was issued that the captains of tops should themselves be reponsible if any of their men were behind-hand in reefing and shifting top-sails, &c. &c. The next evening fault was found with the main-top-man, and well it might be so, for one of the after-guard, a new lad, wholly ignorant of the duties of a seaman, had been suddenly shifted into that division of duty. His name was Martin. His bungle had put the whole top behind-hand. In coming in he had nearly fallen off the yard, and for this the captain of the top was dismissed, and Ramsay appointed in his place. Ramsay, whose keen eye could at once see through this paltry measure, declined the honour, and was told to be absent from his post if he dared. There was for him no escape. The first night of reefing sails Martin was not allowed by Ramsay to lay out on the yard at all, but to conceal himself in the fore part of the tops. The main-top-men were the first to do their work, the sails went up, and no one was the wiser. The next night, as Martin got up the puttock shrouds, and was about to repeat the manœuvre, Captain Livingstone called on him by name, and thus, at the word, he was compelled to lay out. In the midst of taking in the reef he lost his footing, and falling head over heels, came dashed upon one of the quarter-deck carronades a senseless corpse. The captain, who was standing on the next gun, stop-watch in hand, to time the men, looked down upon the shocking spectacle for a moment, and while the bleeding mass still palpitated in the last death throes, coolly said, "See how the blackguard quivers." & then went on with the duty. The main-top-men, unfortunately, could not take a brother shipmate's death quite so coolly. They got flurried in their evolution, and the maintopsail yard was hoisted to its full altitude just four seconds after the appointed time. No sooner were all hands piped down, and the watch called, than the master-at-arms was summoned to the captain.

"Did you want me, sir?"

"Yes, master-at-arms, put Ramsay, captain of the main-top-men, down in the black-list."

"Sir," said the master-at-arms," doubting [illegible] he had he[illegible] [illegible]ard correctly [illegible]."

"Damn your deafness!" thundered the captain, stamping on the deck; "put Ramsay down in the black-list, sir, for four dozen to-morrow forenoon at seven bells. Officer of the watch, let that carrion," pointing to the mangled corpse of Martin, "be sewed up in its hammock, as soon as the assistant surgeon has seen it, and swab the deck:" leaving his hearers very doubtful whether their captain were most a man or a demon. The brutal savage then walked below.

Sir James Graham, in a speech made by him at a late public dinner giving him at Carlisle, entered much into the subject of Canada. The Baronet indulged in some cutting but just remarks on the *consistency* of Ministers in giving their whole support at the Middlesex and Westminster elections to Hume and Leader, though they knew at the time what opinion those radicals entertained on the Canada question.

Sir James, adverting to the Conservative policy which Ministers have lately adopted, (or at least made a show of,) attributes it to "the firmness, the good sense, and the virtuous and religious education of our Maiden Queen." According to Sir James's belief of what has passed between the Queen and her Ministers, "she has distinctly told them that their Radical experiments shall not be tried—that the Colonies shall not be surrendered—that the property and just rights of the Church shall not be invaded; that the command of the Army shall not be wrested from her." "I have," said her Majesty, "no predilection for party men, but to principles I will adhere; and, if you continue in office, it is on those principles you must administer the affairs of the country." All this reads very prettily. We sincerely *hope* it is true We should have liked to hear the *Kingly*-hearted young Queen when she was thus communicating to Lord Melbourne her *English* feelings, and to watch the expression of her countenance, and observe her attitudes, which we would fain fancy were all in the dignified manner of old Queen Bess, when she used to silence the arguments of *her* Ministers with—"Thus will I have it; or you may prepare to march, my worthies." It looks as if Lord Melbourne were a fixture in the Administration, at all events; for the papers say, his Lordship is perfectly at home at the Palace. He is scarcely to be found any where but basking in the sunshine of Royalty.

Maritime Force of Holland.—According to the authentic statement of the maritime commerce of the Netherlands during the year 1836, 5,175 vessels entered the several ports. Of these 4,802 were laden with merchandise, and their tonnage amounted to 624,869; 373 entered in ballast, and measured together 23,689 tons. The number of vessels which made entries of their departure was 5,245, measuring in the aggregate 667,361 tons; 3,414 were laden with cargoes to the amount of 449,871 tons, and 1,81, measuring together 207,490 tons, sailed in ballast. Of the arrivals, 2,454 came in under the national flag, 1,119 under British colours, and the rest of other countries. Of the departures, 2,500 belonged to the Netherlands, and 1,100 to the British dominions. The number of vessels arrived at Rotterdam was 1,379; of these 1,271 were laden with goods to the amount of 210,990 tons, and 108 were in ballast. Those under the national flag numbered 364, and those under British colours 649. The departures were 1,479 ships, of which 1,305 carried freights to the amount of 199,880 tons, and 174 were in ballast; 444 were national, and 648 English. At Dordrecht, 249 ships entered with cargoes to the amount of 38,783 tons; 112 were national, and 72 British; 324 vessels took their departure, of which 120 were laden with 17,260 tons, and 104 in ballast; 94 were national, and 77 British.—At Amsterdam, 1,754 ships arrived; of these, 1749 brought 231,598 tons of merchandise, and five were in ballast; 835 were national. The number of British is omitted. The departures were 1,751; of which 1,253 carried out 164,044 tons of merchandise, and 488 sailed in ballast; 300 were national, and 180 British.

TRANSLATION OF LINES COMPOSED BY A POLISH EXILE ON WITNESSING THE QUEEN'S ENTRY INTO THE CITY.

In pomp of power and Majesty of innocence, thou passest, Royal maiden! the countless ranks of thy happy subjects,—millions of hearts beating with love and devotion for thee. Blissful privilege of virtuous Royalty. One mark of affection breaks into thousands of equal strength and charm. Thou smilest and bowest around; and even as a broken mirror the eyes of the joyful multitude multiply each of thy smiles in thousands of the same image, and [illegible] its reflection with the proud conviction of [illegible]ference and favour bestowed.

But as thou art hailed by this loyal concourse of thy people, dost thou not seek to temper the fulness of thy heart by pondering on contrast, and dost thou not think of a nation, once powerful, equal to thine own in numbers, courage, and glory, but now prostrate and groaning under the iron rod of a ruthless tyrant. They have fought for liberty, and they have fallen!—Despair has taken her abode in Poland. Guilt has reared its throne on the bleaching bones of fallen patriots, over homes destroyed, altars broken. Silence stands at its threshold. Grief only is welcome. Sorrow chased away from here by your radiant presence will be the messenger to carry there the tidings of a happier nation.

Does not that pillared dome of faith remind thee of our religion oppressed, sanctuaries polluted, and the image of God superceded by the idol of a mortal, who bids his victims to worship his crimes, and forswear the belief of their fathers? Do not those little children, who sing in your honour the anticipative tribute of posterity, bring to your mind the woeful cries of Polish infants, snatched from the breasts of dying mothers, carried away to people dreary deserts, forced to forget their language, that they should not once know to hail the rising sun of their country, as your subjects do now?

Thou smilest!—Hast thou perceived the exile with his gloomy brow and phrenzied looks. He stands in solitary mourning amidst the gay crowd as a monument of insensibility of human things. His country has been once rich, great, and glorious. His fathers have fought for kings. Christianity has been saved by them. Yet Kings and Christians have deserted his nation in the hour of need. He knew how to forgive to Christians; but he swore eternal hatred to Monarchs. Yet he now exclaims, "God bless thee!" Should a sacrilegious blow be aimed at thy breast, he would be first to die in thy defence. Should thy Crown fall on the ground, he would take it up, and replace it on thy Royal brow. For hope sits on it. For him Victoria and Poland is its emblem—its spell-word. Thou art the representative of all nascent affections of England. With thee every flower of promise shall ripen into fruit of glory. England has begun to love Poland. Hail Victoria! Queen of England! Thou shalt see Poland revived.

Northern and Central Bank of England.—The half yearly general meeting of the shareholders in this [illegible] was held on Thursday forenoon at Ladyman's Hotel, Bridge street [illegible], Manchester.—The object of the meeting [illegible] was to enable the directors and inspectors appointed twelve months ago, to lay before the shareholders a statement of the affairs of the bank up to the 30th December last, and to elect two directors in the place of two retiring, according to the provisions of the deed of settlement. The attendance from all parts was very numerous. Previous to the reading of the report a badgering sort of discussion was carried on, which at last was put a stop to by the chairman. The report stated "that since the last meeting the directors have used their unremitting exertions to collect the debts due to the bank and discharge its liabilities, and although the amount recovered has not been so large as could have been wished, they have, nevertheless, the satisfaction of stating to the shareholders that the entire of the debt and interest due to the Bank of England has been paid, the warrant of attorney cancelled and about £75,000 of the sum due to the London and Westminster Bank liquidated." From the last estimate of the assets of the bank it appeared that there was a deficiency of £45,785, 12s 2d from the previous half year's estimate—a difference which is alleged to have principally arisen from the grossest deception in one large account. The total actual and estimated loss to the shareholders is £312,017 0s 3d. Some bitter reflections were made by the subsequent speakers on the old directors, to whose blundering mismanagement the disastrous state of the concern was attributed. It seemed to be generally admitted that one fatal error was that of the bank having too many branches. After deducting all liabilities, the net assets on the 30th December last are stated to be £457,182 19s 10d.

FRENCH ALMANAC.

January.—He who is born in this month, will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he may too often forget to pay his debts: but he will be complaisant, and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month, will be a pretty prudent house wife, rather melancholy, but yet good tempered.

February.—The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife, and a tender mother.

March.—The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent, but he will die poor. The lady will be a jealous, passionate chatterbox, something given to fighting, and in old age, too fond of the bottle.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month, will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage, for he will marry a rich heiress, who will——no doubt you all understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with a little mouth, little feet, little wit, but a great talker.

May.—The man born in this will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June.—The man born now, will be of a small stature, and passionately fond of children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a personage fond of coffee, she will be married at 21 and be a fool at 45.

July.—The man born in this month will be fair, he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female will be passably handsome, with a sharp nose, but a fine bust. She will be rather of a sullen temper.

August.—The man will be ambitious and courageous, but too apt to cheat. He will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married; but the second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September.—He that is born this month will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife who will give him great uneasiness. The lady will be round, and fair-haired, wily, discreet, affable, and beloved by her friends.

October.—The man will have a handsome face, florid complexion; he will be wicked in his youth, and always inconsistent. He will promise one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little given to contradiction, a little coquettish, and sometimes a little fond of wine, she will give the preference to *l'eau de vie.* She will have three husbands, who will die of grief, she will best know why.

November.—The man will have a fine face and be a gay deceiver. The lady will be large, liberal, and full of novelty.

December.—The man born in this month will be a good sort of a person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and a well-proportioned body, she will be married twice, and remain poor, but remain honest.

The Bedouin Arabs were exhibiting their feats of strength and agility at the Court Theatre of Brunswick, on the evening of the 4th inst., when the following deplorable accident occured. One of them was throwing a summerset over the heads of his companions, and at the same time firing a musket charged with powder, when the youngest of the party, a youth aged 16, without uttering a cry or speaking a syllable, withdrew behind the scenes, and there staggered and fell. A medical man immediately examined the poor boy, and found the wadding of the gun had entered the back of his neck. The matter was extricated, and hopes were entertained that the wound was not serious: but in the night vomitings came on, and before morning the sufferer was dead. On examining the wounded part afterwards, it was found that one of the vertebræ of the neck was broken, and the spinal marrow injured.—During this operation the countenances of the Bedouins expressed the deepest distress. The man who had caused the death remained crouched in a corner, with his eyes fixed on the body, without gesture or motion, as if completely stupified. On the 6th the body was washed, and then deposited in the burying ground without any ceremony, according to the custom of Africa.—*London paper.*

Belfast.—Belfast is reckoned the third town in Ireland, but, in a moral point of view, it is the first. Dublin and Cork are great cities, but they are strictly Irish cities: while Belfast, if transported with its population to England, would be reckoned a credit to the country. Its intellectual character I consider decidedly higher than that of an English manufacturing town of the same importance; while its buildings, if they do not pretend to the exhibition of taste, are, at least, to outward appearance, the abodes of ease and wealth. The streets, generally speaking, are wide and well aired, and the houses by which they are lined, clean and respectable, although built of unstuccoed brick, as plain as a band-box. The suburbs, inhabited by "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," to the easier classes, have nothing of that filth and misery which is an almost unfailing characteristic of an Irish town. Every thing in and around Belfast proclaims that it is the abiding place of a shrewd and intelligent population, devoted to worldly gain, and far from being unsuccessful in its pursuit. This, of course, is a general picture; for a town which has more then doubled its numbers within the last 70 years, must draw constant supplies [illegible] of population from the country, and to correct the habitual imprudence and want of neatness observable in the Irish peasant must be a work of time. A considerable number of the masters, however, now provide their workmen with lodgings; and some of these establishments are clean and wholesome, and extremely neat. In the midst of all their business, the upper classes of Belfast have time to quarrel with each other as fiercely, but without the shillelagh as if they were at Donnybrook Fair.—*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*

Death of Edward III.—An interesting description of the King's death-bed is to be found in an old chronicle often referred to by writers of his history. He is therein described as lying on his sick couch, (his disease unexpectedly assuming a mortal character:) "talking rather of hawking and hunting, and such trifles, than any thing that pertained to his salvation;" trusting to the soothing assurances of the Lady Perrers, that "he would recover, and not die; who, whilst the King had the use of speech to communicate his pleasure, sat at his bed's head: "much like a dog that waited greedily to take or snatch whatsoever his master would throw from the board." This authority also states, that as soon as she saw the hand of death was on the King she took the rings from his fingers, bade him adieu! All his retainers and dependents also "forsook him and fled." Thus he lay deserted in his extreme hour by all those who had existed on his bounty, except a single priest of the household, "who approached his bed, and boldly exhorted him to lift up his heart in penitence to God, and implore mercy for his sins." The dying King, touched with this simple, honest address, bursting into tears, faintly ejaculated 'Jesu!' the last word God gave him power to pronounce. The priest continued his admonitions that he would show, by such signs as he still might, his repentance, his forgiveness of his enemies, and his trust in God. He replied by deep sighs, by lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven in prayer, by lying his hand on his heart, in token of forgiveness from his heart of all who had offended him. Then taking the crucifix in his hand, with every sign of love and reverence of Him whose suffering for his sake it represented, he resigned his spirit to his Creator.—*Mirror.*

A Few Hints about Bees.—At the last meeting of the Ashmolean Society in Oxford, Mr. W. C. Cotton, of Christ Church, read some notices on bees. All that is required for bee-keeping is a small cottage garden, or even a few yards of ground before the door, as the bees have no knowledge of the division of landed property. His first principle was—"Never kill a bee." The cottager, who, even now, is sorry to be forced to do so, has in *fungus maximus,* or puff ball, a powerful instrument, ready to his hand, by which he is enabled, without any trouble or expense, to adopt a more humane, as well as more profitable mode of treatment. The smoke of this fungus, when dried so as to hold fire, has a stupifying effect on bees, and renders them as harmless and motionless as brimstone does, without any of its deadly effects. By means of this, weak swarms and casts, which would not live through the winter, may be united to strong stocks. He stated it as a most extraordinary fact, and borne out by experiments, that a hive thus doubled will not consume more honey in the winter than a stock in its natural state. This was discovered by a Swiss pastor, De Geliur. The additional heat seems to serve, instead of additional food, to keep up the vital functions of the half-torpid bees. He recommended a dry, dark room, the colder the better, as the best winter quarter for bees. They will consume less honey than if left on their sunny summer stands, and will not be weakened by the loss of the thousands which are tempted out by every bright December day, and which, when caught by the cold winds, fall to the ground, and never rise again.—Dryness, however, is essential. He stated some curious facts which had fallen under his own observation regarding the instinct of bees, and described at length the principle of ventilation, the most valuable improvement in bee-keeping.

Earths in the Act of Vegetation.—Earth, it is well known, is not a simple element. The exterior layer, which is the support of vegetables, is generally formed of lime, silica, and alumina, to which earths are frequently added magnesia, oxide of iron, and the remains of organic matter, which gave the soil the highest degree of vegetative force. There exists no fertile soil consisting of a single earth, or even composed of only two earths. The union of three earths, in proper quantities, is indispensable to fertility. The earth which is found in the bottoms of valleys, in primitive soils, and which is the result of the decomposition of granites, is one of the most fertile, as well as the mud of rivers, formed of analogical elements. It follows that a soil is the more fertile in proportion as there enters into its composition a greater number of mineral elements, besides organic substances, the action of which is independent of the nature of earths. Some chemists, and Davy among them, have thought that the fertility of a soil depended on its hygrometrical state, that is to say, on the facility with which it attracted humidity from the atmosphere. Experience, however, has shown that humidity is not an element of the fertility of a soil, but only a secondary condition, subordinate to its chemical composition.

Dreams.—"The philosophy of dreams," observed Mr. St. Lawrence, "is one of the most puzzling in natural or ethical philosophy, and was one of the *desiderata* which Lord Bacon left as a legacy for posterity to unravel. For the most part they are what you have called them, 'airy nothings.' The reason is, that for one instance of coincidence of events with a dream, there are millions of fancies which cannot be recollected. A subject too, which the dreamer has brooded over all day, may be, and frequently is, pursued even in sleep. Favourite sounds are repeated, favourite passages in authors; and even difficulties in composition which have baffled waking endeavours, as I have heard scholars say, have been suddenly set right in a dream. Of course a particular conduct, long revolved, when awake, may also seem to be recommended in sleep, and the event too may sometimes coincide with the fancy, so that the dream may appear prophetic."—*Illustrations of Human Life.*

Combination and Murder.—A sparrow, finding a nest that a martin had just built standing very conveniently for him, possessed himself of it. The martin seeing the usurper in her house, called for help to expel him: a thousand martins came full speed and attacked the sparrow, but the latter, being covered on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them who durst approach him repent of his temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow thought he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. Immediately they returned to the charge; and each having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they make their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow and inclosed him in the nest to perish there, though they could not drive him thence.—*Instinct and Reason.*

A wrinkle for the Phrenologists.—Dr. Vimont, a celebrated phrenologist, has discovered a new organ—that of *marriage*! which he locates on either side of the organ of philo-progenitiveness, upon which it somewhat encroaches. His researches were made upon many animals, and particularly upon [illegible] those which attach themselves to a single mate; in these the organ was found to be very large; but in those animals which are gregarious or solitary it did not exist. Old bachelors and old maids, it is to be presumed, do not possess this enviable organ—they belong to the solitary genus. Vimont's discovery will illustrate an old saying, "marriage and hanging go by destiny."

Anecdote of Napoleon at St. Helena.—We passed the Briars, a small white house, with outbuildings and fields, in a valley: several hundred feet above the sea. Here it will be remembered that Napoleon sojourned for some time, until Longwood was prepared for his reception, and here he lived on friendly terms with the family of Mr. Balcombe the late proprietor. Miss Balcombe was a great favourite with the Emperor: she was very young: and Napoleon used to condescend to romp with her. However, one day she drew his sword, and got him up in a corner lungeing at him and preventing his escape. "Now," said she with glee, "I have the greatest man in the world at my mercy." The emperor, it is said, was so annoyed at this sally, that he never spoke to her afterwards.

American Machinery.—The brig Carrol, which lately cleared from the port of New York, per Alexandria: (Egypt) is freighted with machinery of American manufacture, and carries out a company of Americans who have entered into an arrangement with the Pacha of Egypt for the establishment of mills for husking rice, and for the expression of oil from cotton seed.

Haydn at Guildhall.—This celebrated composer dined with the Lord Mayor (John Boydell, Esq) at Guildhall, on the 9th November, 1791, of which he says: "After dinner there was a ball in three different chambers, the first allotted to the *haut noblesse,* by whom only minuets were danced; the music was detestable, consisting only of two scrapers (violins) and a violincello. In the second chamber, they danced country dances; the band there was somewhat better, because the noise of the tambours drowned that of the violins. The third chamber, which was the largest, had a band somewhat more numerous, and less vile. The gentlemen were seated at several tables in drinking parties. There was dancing, but not to the sound of music, because the songs bawled at the tables, the toasts, the laughing, and the gabbling and clamouring totally prevented the instruments from being heard.—*Musical World.*

New Magnetic Electrical Machine.—Dr. Charles C. Page, late of Salem, now of Boston, has invented a new Magneto-electrical machine, which furnishes a galvanic power equivalent to that from a conflagration of 100 pairs of plates of common size. The current is a single and constant one of great power and the elements of all decomposable bodies are rendered separate and at their appropriate poles. The shock from this instrument is far greater than that from a hundred pairs, and it would, doubtless kill a large animal.—*Medical Journal.*

Carriage without Horses.—Such a one was advertised in 1790, in London, and stated to have only one wheel. The curious in mechanics were invited to see it. Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended, and in ardour of expectation, were shown a *wheelbarrow.*

Even-Handed Justice.—In the last number of the *Bedford Mercury* the following appear among the commitments to the new House of Correction. Bedford:—"Benjamin Carter, two calendar month's hard labour for breaking a mug;" "William Stonnaul, one calendar month's hard labour for stealing a cabbage."

A gentleman asked a wag the reason why so many of the tall gentlemen were bachelors. The reply was that they were obliged to lie cornerwise in bed to keep their feet warm, and a wife would be in the way.

A western story.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has *milked* nothing but *ice creams* ever since!

Dreadful Conflaggeration.—A young lady intending to sue for breach of promise, put her lover's letters into a bag for the purpose of producing them in court, when sad to tell, their own natural warmth produced spontaneous combustion.

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