THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

SEPTEMBER.	R. SUN. S.	MOON	H. W.
30 Saturday,	5 57 5 43	6 7	0 2
1 Sunday,	5 57 5 41	6 26	0 32
2 Monday,	5 59 5 39	6 48	1 15
3 Tuesday,	6 0 5 38	7 15	2 1
4 Wednesday,	6 1 5 36	7 53	2 43
5 Thursday,	6 2 5 45	8 39	3 36
6 Friday,	6 3 5 33	9 40	4 46

First Quarter, 4th, 2h. 29m. 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: R. W. Crookshank, Esquire.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Charles Simonds, 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: John Wishart, 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 three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: William Jarvis, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John R. 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.)

Poetry.

GRIEVE NOT THY FATHER AS LONG AS HE LIVETH.
Son of Sirah.

Ah! grieve not him whose silver hairs
Thin o'er his wasted temples stray;
Grieve not thy Sire when time impairs
The glory of his manhood's sway.

His tottering steps with reverence aid,
Bind his wan brow with honor's wreath,
And let his deafened ear be made
The harp were filial love shall breathe.

What though his pausing mind partake,
The evils of its house of clay,
Though wearied, blinded memory break
The casket where her treasures lay?

Still with prompt arm his burdens bear,
Bring heavenly balm his wounds to heal,
And with affection's watchful care,
The error that thou mark'st conceal.

Knowest thou how oft those powerless arms
Have clasp'd thee to his shielding breast,
When infant woes, or childish harms,
Thy weak, unguarded soul distrest?

Know'st thou how oft those accents strove
Thine uninstructed mind to aid;
How oft a parent's prayer of love
Has pierced dense midnight's darkest shade?

Grieve not thy father, till he die,—
Lest when he sleeps in earth's cold breast,
The record of his lightest sigh
Should prove a dagger to thy rest.

For if this holiest debt of love,
Forgotten, or despis'd should be
He, whom thou call'st THY SIRE ABOVE,
Will bend a Judge's frown on thee.

Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, IN THE EARLY CAMPAIGNS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

"The English people are warlike without being military, and, under the pretence of maintaining liberty, oppose all useful martial establishments."
Napier's Peninsular War.

[CONTINUED.]

In reverting to a period of so old a date, I do not pretend to take upon myself the task of historian, or go over a detail of events which have been already better told; my wish is only in some degree to prove the force of my position, stated in former papers, as regards the impolicy of reducing an army so low in peace, that when the moment of danger arrives, we look round in vain for its assistance. It was certainly a very imposing spectacle, that of placing 300,000 men under arms for the defence of their country, and every credit was due to the volunteer force of that day: they were assiduous in gaining some insight into the profession of arms, but soon began to be conscious that the trade of a soldier was not to be learned in a day, and looked around, with a sort of want of confidence in themselves, for the support of regular soldiers. The Minister seemed also to have the same sort of feeling, and resolved to reinforce the army with a levy of 30,000 men, to be called the army of reserve, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and in the meantime all sorts of measures were called into play (some of them ridiculous enough) to remedy the want of an effective army. Orders were sent round to drive and lay waste all the country where the enemy might land; all kinds of vehicles were to be in requisition for the transport of the few troops to be had. Because one of our ships had been beaten off by a circular tower in Sardinia, martello-towers became all the fashion; the coast of Kent, and even parts of the shores of Ireland, were studded with these "egems of the sea," and they stand there now, monuments of the panic of the times. Immense sums were expended on the heights of Dover and the lines of Chatham,—as if an enemy was bound by contract to march on London by that route, when he could, as the Irishman says, come up "fair and easy" by the Maidstone road. A canal was dug from Rye to Rye, which cost £500,000 and the lives of many of the Lincoln militia, who were stationed there under the impression that they were "mud-larks" by profession; and when this magnificent specimen of inland navigation, running parallel with the sea, was finished, no one could discover its use;—an officer of engineers, who had been employed in the construction, and was hard pressed on this point, said it would serve as a ditch and defence in case of an enemy landing on the beach beyond it; an officer of the Rifles, who was present, offered a bet that he would hop across it with his feet tied together: it also remains, and serves to convey soldiers' baggage from Hythe to Rye, and for the officers to skate on in winter.

In aid of these expensive projects of the Government, a society was formed for rewarding merit of a military nature, and the source from which they drew the means was called the patriotic fund. In many instances they did considerable good, but in others were imposed on by trumped-up stories; they continued their labours, however, for three or four years. To show what nice casuists in *casualties* they were, I shall relate two incidents for which applications were made with different results. The first was one of the prime seamen of H. M. S. Bellerophon, in chase of a ship of equal force; this poor fellow was rigging out a studden sail boom, when by a sudden gust the spar was carried away and the man with it; under the circumstances it was impossible to heave the ship to; they cut away the life-buoy, but the man never reached it, and perished before their eyes; to the application of this man's widow and two children the answer from the committee was, "that they could not take casualties into their plan of compensation." On the very day they gave this answer, one of the Kensington volunteers, at exercise in Hyde Park, was so ingenious as to load his firelock at full cock, and peeping, "like a magpie into a marrowbone," to see how things were going on in the iron tube, the piece went off, and sent the ramrod through this investigator of gun-barrels. To the widow of this man the patriotic fund at once accorded a pension.

I have alluded to raising 30,000 men, under the appellation of the army of reserve. This levy was in fact nothing more or less than a conscription, with the only difference that those drawn might purchase an exemption by substitute: this became a hard case on those whose employments debarred them from joining the volunteer force, and they were obliged to purchase their representatives at an enormous rate,—many of these men received as much as £70, and then a fresh bounty when they volunteered into the Line. Never were soldier better paid. In the hurry and anxiety, among several fine young fellows, there were many that contrived to pass who were in every respect 'King's hard bargains.' One fellow I recollect, who joined a regiment at Bristol, had that convulsion of the nerves called St. Vitus's dance, and could be put to no manner of use except as a camp colourman; and from that they were obliged to desist—the fellow's head shook like a top-mandarin, and it set all the men laughing as they came up to this vibrating pivot; yet this man, who was "neither useful nor ornamental," acknowledged that he received £60 bounty. It may be reckoned that of this levy 25,000 men became regular soldiers, which was a very handsome addition, but still much below the mark.

At length

"These critical times of feuds and jars,
Invasions, uproars, wounds, and scars,
Militia marching in brain new coats,
The Dutch, the d—l, and flat-bottom'd boats,"

passed away; the French were drawn off by the war with Austria, and our volunteers were allowed to give up the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," to return to their shops and country houses. Perhaps in no class of life could the distinction between the French and English be more strongly shown than in contrasting our Volunteers with their National Guard. In the former, the Englishman, on the call of danger, takes arms in defence of his country, and, in the event of any immediate crisis, would no doubt display both zeal and courage; but military duty extended over any length of time does not suit him—it is "out of his beat," and he sighs to be back at his daily occupation, which is also his pleasure. On the contrary, military pursuits are highly congenial to our neighbours of all classes; and Chateaubriand has concisely stated this by saying, "*La France est un soldat.*" The Parisian shopkeeper partakes of this feeling with his country; his delight is not in business; he is glad of any excuse to throw the details on his wife—his business is pleasure, and, although at first sight there does not seem to be much of that sensation attending the monotony of mounting guard at the Tuileries, yet the National Guard is aware that his position places him in the first rank of sight-seeing, and he is quite happy in the pursuit. As every thing is exhibition in France,—whether it is the opening of the Chambers, the execution of a Fieschi, the anniversary of a great row, or the burial of a celebrated fiddler,—*La Garde Nationale* always occupies the first place, and the delight of the spectacle amply compensates its members for the dullness of the remainder of their life.

The alarm of invasion of England having subsided; the probability of its taking place in Ireland was then started—a large camp was formed on the Currah of Kildare, under the command of Lord Cathcart. When it broke up, the troops were prudently not dispersed along the coast, but cantoned as nearly as possible in the centre of Ireland, where 15,000 men could have been concentrated in a day, and brought to bear on any point, that the enemy might have chosen; and from the discipline of that army and its high spirit, there can be little doubt but that they would have given a good account of an invader. This bugbear at length also died away, and people began to observe that we had been nearly three years at war at an enormous expense, without a blow being struck at the enemy. I need hardly make an exception on account of the West India Islands—in all the wars we have had with France, the ball always opens with the capture of the islands, we cede in peace; our maritime preponderance enables us to do this with comparative ease, and the fall of the West India Islands seems to be as regular as serving out the ammunition by which it is effected.

The march of intellect had not yet proceeded so far as to prompt the advantage of holding in hand a disposable and effective army of 40,000 or 50,000 men, ready to strike a serious blow on any vulnerable point that the enemy might leave, particularly when he was engaged in warfare with other nations. The old system was kept up of frittering away our means in secret expeditions (whose destination, were always known), then seldom amounting to more than 4000 or 5000 men, only fit, in point of force, for the reduction of a sugar colony, and often so ill-judged as to bring considerable disgrace on an army, which in no sense deserved it.

I may here allude to an anomaly in our political institutions, which is as curious as that of a Chancellor who looses his office when his party goes out, or, as it was wittily said in the House, "that a man might be the third of a Chancellor one day, and a whole one the next." I mean, that we are the only nation in Europe that has not a *War-Minister*. We have a Commander-in-Chief, who chooses what troops shall form the force allotted for any service,—we have a secretary-at-War, who looks only after the finance of the army,—and we have another Secretary, for War and Colonies, who receives the dispatches of Generals and gives them publicity; but we have actually no War-Minister who fixes how and where the forces are to be applied—this arrangement emanating with us in the office of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which has not been held by any military man except the Duke of Wellington, and his period of office was that of peace. Therefore the disposition of the military means of this country is at the discretion of a civilian, in like manner as the naval are at that of another; in other words, the two great and powerful arms of this country are wielded by persons ignorant of both:—can it be wondered at that mistakes have occurred?

I shall now revert to the period from whence this digression has carried me:—when the Ministers were really puzzled how to bring our forces into play. At length, in the year 1805, an expedition was ordered to assembly at Cove, and the troops were embarked in July. Sir Eyre Coote was appointed to the command, and it was generally understood that its destination was Caraccas—the present republic of Columbia; it was said that General Miranda was at Cork to accompany it; and the object in view was, to separate that province from Spain, by declaring its independence. Whether this project found opposition in the Cabinet, or from whatever other cause, the destination, after some weeks, was changed, and a new Commander, Sir David Baird, appointed. I shall endeavour to furnish some anecdotes of this expedition, as well as that which arose out of it,—the attack on Buenos Ayres—avoiding as much as possible military details, which might appear dry for the general reader, and claiming for myself the privilege of giving my free opinion as to the mode in which the operations were carried on; as the services of every naval and military man are, during their existence, the property of the nation, I conceive also the record of their lives, if impartially given, to be as much the property of the country as the MSS. in the British Museum; and the stock from which examples are to be drawn for the benefit of posterity, either as holding up a brilliant light by which future military aspirants may steer their course, or by showing a beacon to warn them of the dangers that may occur, either from vacillation or want of military skill. I have no pretensions to treat of this philosophical portion of biography, but merely to throw out hints that may be of use to the future compiler, something in the French way, of *memoires pour servir*. In this pursuit, I shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and with regard to facts, I shall state nothing that I cannot prove by living witnesses.

The troops composing the expedition destined for the cape had nearly all assembled, when one night a sudden alarm was spread; the bacon fires on the hill were lighted, cannon fired, bells rung, the drum beat to arms on board the transports, and the men were kept under arms till daylight; when the cause of all this uproar appeared entering Cove, in the shape of twelve large Indiamen;—the officer at the Old Head of Kinsale had made the signal correctly, but the second man, in place of twelve large East India ships, signalized twelve large enemy's ships—these vessels contained the 59th regiment and several detachments. A few days prior to sailing we had a rehersal, in Cove harbour, of making a landing good. The boats were all drawn up in divisions, and we proceeded to the attack of Haulbowline Island with the greatest regularity, landed and embarked again without loss.

On the 30th August, 1805, we got under way, but had scarcely passed the forts that command the entrance of Cove, when we found the wind had come foul; to save the trouble of returning to our anchorage, the ships were ordered to bring to where we were—an excellent motion for the rope-makers of those days and the Cork boatmen. The whole space where we anchored was rocky and foul ground and chain cables not being then in fashion, the next day when we wanted to get our anchors, about sixty of them declined obeying the summons, and were left a capital prize for the trawl-men. The ships of war were the Diadem, Belliqueux, and Raisonnable 64; Diomede, 50; the Leda and Medusa, frigates; L'Espoir, brig-sloop; and two gun brigs, with the twelve large India ships; sixty sail of transports, cavalry, and hospital ships, with a West India convoy; so that we cut a very respectable appearance when we got out on the "blue waters." I should not forget to mention that among other "varieties of the season," we had a female convict ship from Cork. These ladies enlivened us now and then with choice specimens of their conversable powers, whenever we came within hail.

After knocking about in "the Bay" in a gale for some days, we made good our passage to Madeira after a tedious voyage of a month. I know not with what variety of impressions different persons have made this island, but I can speak for the ship in which I was embarked:—we approached its lofty shores under the influence of extreme thirst; aware that we should visit the island, we had not laid in any white wine, our beer and porter had all been wasted, and burst; and latterly, as we got into warmer weather, we had no beverage but strong port wine, and water that had been seven months in the transports, which we were obliged to punish with whisks, to flog the offending hydrogen out of it, and to hold both nostrils when in the act of deglutition. It may be easily imagined with what avidity we gazed on the clear running streams when we got on shore: we drank Madeira and water by the bucket, and devoured grapes by the bushel. On leaving the island the West India convoy parted from us, as some of the East India ships containing non-combatants, that made the run to the southward.

On this occasion, Sir Home Popham hoisted his broad pendant, and was saluted by the other ships. Perhaps this will be as favourable an opportunity as any other to say a word or two of our Commodore, and try to describe what sort of a man he was. I should certainly say that he was not what is called one of Nelson's sailors—neither was he what another navy man of some celebrity has been named, "a soldier on board ship,"—the nearest thing I can imagine was a diplomatist afloat. He had led a sort of miscellaneous life—had been employed on gunboat service, forwarding pontoons, and such duty, under the Duke of York, in Holland—who ever afterwards remained his friend; he was then concerned in some private trade—the less said of that the better? at length he was appointed to his present command. He possessed what the Scotch call a good deal of *cleverality*—was very conversant with the details of landing and embarking troops—had made considerable improvements, and given greater scope to the code of telegraphic signals—could run up the repairs of a ship, to make them cut a respectable appearance in the annual expenditure—and could plunder an enemy's dock yard in the most complete and scientific manner. In his manners and address he was gentleman like and insinuating—and his powers with the pen need not be doubted as they got him from between the horns of a dilemma, perhaps more awkward then ever was previously encountered by any public man. Amongst his own officers he was very popular—he took them always wherever there was a prospect of prize money—and every thing in the shape of promotion, that fell at all within his power, he gave to the squadron. To do him justice, also, as regarded ourselves, he spared neither trouble nor expense to insure the health of the troops. We had fruit served out in abundance both at Madeira and Bahia—and at the latter place he bought the entire cargo of a ship loaded with London porter, which was served without discrimination to all hands. We had roomy ships, great attention to cleanliness—and all these combined brought us to the Cape in the most perfect health. I shall mention as an instance, the regiment to which I belonged myself. We embarked 903 rank and file from Cork, and landed 901 at the Cape—one man having died of consumption, and another detained on board by accident. I question if, in any other of the most favoured situations in the world, the result would have been equally good out of a body of 900 men thus confined for six months on board ship.

(To be Continued.)

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The following beautiful instance of filial affection deserves to be handed down to the latest generations:—Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, and having nothing bettter to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. Whilst we were thus occupied, a gentleman came upon horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window, when he alighted left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged paving the streets.

After he had saluted him, he took hold *of the rammer*, struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressed the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure. "This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labours, and comfort your old age?" "Forgive me, sir; I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father." "Where are they, then?" "The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the Honourable Company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivalling his brother." The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. "And pray, what has become of the third?" "Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and, being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison." At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man and resumed discourse. And has the oldest—this degenerate son—this captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?" "Ah! call him not degenerate; my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me." At this moment, a young man, passing his head through the Iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, "Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, that is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you." "Yes, my friend it is he," replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who, like one beside himself, attempting to speak, and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying, "Where is he, then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, come and embrace your mother!" The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. Wilson, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—"Captain, we ask the honour of acquaintance; it is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witnesses of this tender meeting with your family. We request the favour of you and yours to dinner in the inn." The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant, he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The whole family, now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. "Gentlemen," said he, "to-day I feel in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I required his attention badly; for, having constructed a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honourably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman, who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it."

After dinner, the captain gave his father £200, to supply the most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him as well as to his mother, an annuity of eighty pounds, reversible to his two brothers. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favours of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed indeed that he was worth of the distinguished honours so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.—The mortal remains of Harriet, Duchess of St. Alban's, will this day be removed from her residence in Stratton-street, Piccadilly, for interment in the vault of the Beauclerc family, at Redburn Hall, Lincolnshire. During the greater part of Friday, and the whole of Saturday, the repository of Mr. Banting, the state upholsterer, in Pall-mall, was crowded by the *elite* of the fashionable world and others anxious to gain an inspection of the coffin. It is manufactured of old English oak of the finest grain, and covered with crimson velvet of Genoa fabric, richly studded with gilt nails, forming triple rows, squares and diamonds. In the centre of each carriage on either side of the coffin, and at the head and foot, and immediately above the handles, is placed a ducal coronet, all of which, as well as the handles, are of a metallic composition gilded. On the lid of the coffin at the head is laid another ducal coronet, surrounded with laurel in gold of the most exquisite handicraft. In the centre, on a magnificent silver gilt plate, are engraved the arms of the Beauclerc family, and beneath is the following inscription:—

"Harriet, Duchess of St. Alban's,
Died 6th August, 1837."

At the foot is placed a curious device, representing a serpent speared. On Saturday evening at eight o'clock, the coffin was conveyed in a hearse from Mr. Banting's to Stratton-street, where, shortly after its arrival, it was placed in the grand saloon of that splendid mansion, which as well as the other suite of rooms, is hung with black; when the leaden coffin containing the shell in which was the body was brought down from the apartment in which her Grace expired, and deposited in the state coffin, and the lid screwed down, in the presence (as we understand) of some members of the Beauclerc family, her Grace's domestics, a few private friends, and Mr. Banting. The funeral will leave Stratton-st. this morning at eight o'clock, and will consist only of a hearse and six horses, two mourning coaches and six horses, and the family carriages, including the equipages of Sir Francis Burdett, the ladies Burdett, Sir Coutts Trotter, &c. On Friday the body will lie in state in the grand drawing-room of Redburn-hall.—*Morning paper.*

THE LATE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.—Previous to making her will, she, it is said, from good authority, sent for the Duke, to whom she made known her intention of leaving the bulk of her wealth to the family of the late Mr. Coutts, from whom she received it: at the same time informing him that should he marry the descendant of her former husband, to whom she should bequeath his possession, his Grace might keep the property in the family. It is reported that the Duke refused to make any promise to the above effect, which resolution on his part caused her Grace to make a final settlement of her affairs contrary to what might have been expected. By the will, the property is charged with an income of £10,000 a year to the Duke of St. Albans for his life, to revert on his death to the residuary estate. To the household servants, one year's wages are given, and several bequests of jewelry, &c., to a very trifling amount have been made to various acquaintances. After the above bequests, the whole of her grace's property, amounts it is confidently stated, to £1,800,000. The cause assigned for not leaving large legacies, to the Countess of Guildford and her daughter it is said to be that the testatrix during her lifetime gave £30,000 to her ladyship, and £10,000 to the Ladies North, her daughters, and also the alledged payment of the securities given by the only grandson of Mr. Coutts, made payable by him on that gentleman's decease, is said to have influenced her grace in not making any bequests in his behalf. The Duchess of St. Albans reserved to herself the sole and uncontrolled use of all her income, into the amount of which, or the manner of its disbursement, the Duke never inquired. She did not spend the amount of her receipts by nearly £40,000 a year, which immense sum has been actually invested, increasing the prodigious capital left to her by her first husband nearly two fold. Miss Angela Burdett, now the possessor of the largest fortune of any female in Europe, is in her twenty sixth year.—*Sunday Paper.* The Duchess gave to Lady Sandon on the day of her marriage twenty thousand pounds. On the day of Lord Dudley Stewart's alliance to the daughter of the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte) she agreed to give him two thousand pounds per annum, and it was regularly paid until within a short period of her demise. The *Globe* is wrong about the Duchess having left Lord Dudley Stuart two thousand five hundred pounds per annum; he is not named in the will. Her Grace has left five thousand pounds to each of the two daughters of Mr. Majoribanks, of the firm in the Strand; to the unmarried daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart., five thousand pounds; and to the lady of Sir Francis Burdett twenty thousand pounds sterling.—*Morning Post.*

Most Important to Farmers.—A gallon of unrefined hartshorn, mixed with two bushels of mould or ashes, and then sown broad cast over one acre of turnip land after the seed is sown, will protect the plant from fly as well as the insect which occasionally attacks the bulb.

In order to prevent horses being teased with flies, take two or three small handfulls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water, let it infuse one night, and pour the whole the next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold, it will be ready for use. Nothing more is required than to moisten a sponge with the liquid, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz. between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure, will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

NEW METHOD OF CAULKING SHIPS.—Mr. Yetts, of Yarmouth, has taken out a patent for a new method of caulking sea boats, which renders them water tight, and prevents the oakum from being pressed out by the straining of the planks. Mr. Y. effects this by introducing a narrow strip of caoutchouc (Indian Rubber) on each side of the threads of the oakum, on the outer sheath of the vessel.—*Norwich Mercury.*

DINNER ANECDOTE.—The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the the intended fare—a small turbot and a edgebone of beef. "The very things of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope: "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle:

"For finer or fatter,
Never rang'd in a forest or smok'd in a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught: and after a penny effort at trifling with a slice of beef, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner."—*Quarterly Review.*

A CARLIST BATTALION ON A MARCH.—The Spaniards have a natural taste for music. Night or day wherever they go, even if only three or four are together, one is sure to be found able to give out a marching song, another to sing a second, and the others to join in the chorus. The march of one of these merry battalions over the mountains, is a sight worth going thither from London to see. The rain beats on them—they don't mind it, but sing all the merrier, as if like ducks, they rejoiced in the drops. One fellow carries the soup cauldron of the company, and is obliged to stop occasionally to light on his load by spilling out the rain. Many have taken off their coats, and slinging them across their breast, leave their backs exposed, and thus face the storm. The sleeves are thereby unlengthed, but the Carlist loves his musket as if it was an arm of his body: so he thrusts the butt and lock up into the sleeve, and jogs on, a comical figure, as if he held up his elbow in defiance or derision of the clouds that drenched him. "There goes an officer without a sword!—How happens that?" "O, he broke it in the last assault on San Augustin; but he's going into battle, and he'll find another!" One happy national trait counter ballanced a hundred wants, grievances, difficulties, and misfortunes,—nobody grumbled; everybody was patient, struggled on and hoped for better times. There was seen a spirit approaching closely to what Englishmen would consider levity in the midst of the most important affairs.—*Stephens's Basque Provinces.*

MADAME LAVALETTE.—In one of the private *maisons de sante*, on the other side of Paris, there now resides an illustrious patient, whose beauty madness has not all faded, for her disease of mind is gentle and calm, and took its rise from the excess of affectionate concern, heightened by terror. This is Madame Lavalette, who procured the celebrated escape of her husband from prison. Having engaged by her persuasions, Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchison to aid Lavalette's flight to a place of safety, she was permitted to enter his prison the evening before his execution; his hair was already cut off, as a preparation for the guillotine, he fled in the disguise of his wife's dress. His heroic wife was bitterly reproached and threatened by the governor of the prison; and her nervous anxiety lest Lavalette should be retaken, of which she was assured there was no doubt, that she never after recovered the miseries of that night. After a time her fine intellect gradually gave way, and she has resided some years in this mansion, anxiously attended. Lavalette is now dead: but her silence is never broken by any event; she walks often in the garden, and plucks the flowers, or set for hours on the garden seats, but never speaks, and has not been heard to utter a word for some years. Her look is sad and lonely, and she seems no longer to feel sympathy with any being, a transition from devoted union, from passionate tenderness, to the chilliness and dreariness of the tomb.—*New Monthly.*

AN INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT!—'A few months,' writes Mr. Montague, 'before the death of Dr. Scott (a reverend phampfleteer) author of *Anti-Sejanus* and other political tracts, in support of Lord North's administration, I happened to dine with him in company with my friend Sir George Tuthill, who was the Doctor's physician. After dinner, Dr. Scott mentioned, as a matter of astonishment and a proof of the folly of men who are, according to common opinion, ignorant of the world, that he was once sent with a *carteblanche* from the Ministry to Oliver Goldsmith, to induce him to write in favour of the administration. "I found him," said the Doctor, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it? He was so absurd as to say—*I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance, therefore, you offer is unnecessary to me*; and so I left him,' added Dr. Sott, 'in his garret.'"

DRUNKENNESS.—The Prussian Government has just issued an order that every functionary or *employ* who shall have been convicted of having been drunk, shall be instantly dismissed.—"A police functionary," says the order, "ought not only to possess his moral faculties for the hours of business, but ought further at all times to show an exemplary conduct, befitting the trust and consideration reposed in him. A drunken functionary ought, therefore, to be deprived of his employment, and it is necessary that his superiors should have ocular evidence of his immorality, but the attestation of two respectable witnesses will be deemed sufficient." The order concludes by stating, that the regulation will apply more strictly to inferior officers, which are chiefly filled by military men in retreat, who, though not young, have not forgotten the bacchanalian habits of their younger days.—*Frankfort Paper.*

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF WAR.—I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory; but I also confess that even then the sight of a battle has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but, on the contrary, in endeavouring to destroy each other, as if Time did not himself do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years of age I still think: war and the pain of death which society draws upon itself, are but organised barbarisms, an inheritance of the savage state, disguised or ornamented by ingenious institutions and false eloquence.

SUSPICIOUS PAYMENTS.—"How you do, sare? How you get along trough de time hard? How you make out vid de dem plaster shin—eh?" said a Frenchman yesterday to his barber.

"Oh, very well," replied the barber, "considering."

"Vat you consider, ha? Vot you call the consideration?"

"Considering the hard times, I mean."

"How much money you make in von dah, heh?"

"Oh, about a dollar, or so."

"Von dollar?"

"Yes, thereabouts."

"No more as von dollar? Den, sare, how you live? How you maintain your von vife—you leetle enfans?

"My little what?"

"Enfans—vat you call de—de letul brat?"

"Oh, as well as I can."

"How many brat you got? Von, two, tree."

"More than that."

"Four, five six?"

"More than that."

"More? Begar! How much more? Seven, eight, nine?"

"More than that."

"More still? Mon Dein! How you all keep 'em, eh?"

"I keep them on bread and butter, and the best the city affords?"

"On bread and buttair?" exclaimed the Frenchman, jumping up half shaved, "Sacre diable! Vere you get him, eh? I cannot get nossin at all to keep my von famme—mine von enfant—vat you call de vife and de brat—no sare. I cannot get nossin—never at all—since the dem bank stop de *suspecious payment.*"

A fellow once exhibited a skull at a fair near London, as the skull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and died almost an old man. "I know that", said the exhibitor, undisturbed "but you see sir, this was his skull when he was a boy."

SAVE YOUR MONEY.—A young man applied for a warrant against a fellow workman, who had assaulted him. He was told it would cost six shillings. "Did he hurt you?" inquired the magistrate.—"No, I can't say that he did," answered the applicant. "Well then be wise, take my advice and save your money," said the magistrate.

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