THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

MARCH.		R. SUN.	S.	MOON.	S.	H. W.
11	Saturday,	6 19	6	11 54	2	20
12	Sunday,	6 17	6	2 morn	3	0
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First Quarter, 13th, 11h. 12m.

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Miscellany.

THE IRISH CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

EDITED BY MRS. TERESA TATTLE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Reader! have you in your travels round the world, or by the fireside, ever met the description of the facinating snake, whose victim wheels in endless circles above its insidious foe, but at length drops powerless into the jaws of the destroyer.—Such was the fate of Florence, who, after enduring much, and suffering long, found herself at the end, drawn into the very vortex from which she had so struggled to escape, for Lord Invermay was nephew to Lady Tiverton!

Painful and pleasing was the meeting between the two cousins—"pleasant, but mournful to the soul." Florence saw in the now constantly contracted brow and care-worn cheek of Laura, a confirmation of fame's worst report; yet still she strove with hollow gaiety to mask a breaking heart—not from that false pride which seeks to conceal that it has erred in the important choice of life, but to screen the chosen object from even a thought of blame. Oh, woman! in every class of life, in every scene, alike fond, faithful, confiding and undone!—"John did not mean to hurt me, I am sure he did not," is the exclamation of the expiring wife of the peasant or labourer, who dies the victim of his brutal intoxication. "I have been a little indisposed, but change of air will restore me," was all the complaint of the meek, long-suffering half-ruined Lady Invermay.

Florence soon discovered another drawback on her satisfaction. The latent sparkle, the flushing cheek that spoke the restlessness of the mind within were no misleaders. She soon perceived Lady Tiverton's friendship was to be still more easily lost than won. Offence given, however undesignedly, would awaken all the latent fires of a temper hardly ever in repose. Her polished manners, united to warmth of heart, concealed this from the general gaze; it was a volcano covered with verdure and flowers, but the fires that slept below were not extinct. To Florence it appeared that she had in some manner discovered Lord Invermay's latent attachment to herself, and watched her conduct with a jealous suspicious eye. Lady Invermay's removal from town to try the effects of a milder air being imperatively enjoined by her physicians, Florence hoped that, as Lord Invermay of course accompanied her, there would be at least a truce to these painful and humiliating trials.

They had been gone to the sea-side a fortnight, and the Marchioness dined from home, when Florence, who had despatched with negligent indifference a slight and solitary meal, had ordered the tea equipage at rather an earlier hour than usual.

Much to her surprise Lord Invermay was announced. He was always a welcome guest to Lady Tiverton, but her absence made his appearance awkward, if not alarming, to her representatives. Recovering from her momentary confusion she received with outward composure, although with inward uneasiness. Lord Invermay's statement of having run up to town on indispensable business, having left Lady Invermay in amended health and spirits, concluding with a declaration that he intended to intrude for a dinner on his *aunt*.

"I regret she is gone to dine from home," replied Florence, "and 'my tea-table,' she added with a faint smile, "would afford your lordship but poor refreshment.

"The very thing," exclaimed Lord Invermay, "nothing so refreshing as strong green tea after a journey; so come now, there's a good soul, give me the unusual pleasure of a cup made by the fair hands of a lady, and I'll produce a bribe (holding up a letter from Laura); I am very good to be the bearer of it, as no doubt it is full of sad stories about a certain Lord Invermay. Sit down;" for Florence had been standing during this brief colloquy, as a hint that he was expected to take his departure after she had announced the absence of Lady Tiverton: but Lord Invermay would take no hint; and as, with gentle urgency he led her back to the sofa, there was a grace in all he did and uttered, that that what in another would have appeared rude and obtrusive met with ready pardon in him. It was only in his absence that the faults of this dangerous and fascinating being could be remembered.

"Since you absolutely will not go without some tea," the sooner I prepare it the better; but surely at the clubs——"

Lord Invermay interrupted what she would have further said by a general complaint of the "cursed dullness of every thing in London—the dreary emptiness of his deserted mansion;" adding, with a forced laugh, "Although I have not, now, the French-man's reason for remaining all day at a coffee-house looking over a game of dominos, that he had 'a wife at home;' still Lady Invermay is too good an economist to think of providing for a husband's comfort in her own absence."

Florence resolved to have now recourse to silence and reading her letter.

"Will you permit me?" she said, unfolding the perfumed envelope.

"No, indeed, I will not permit you," said Lord Invermay, laughingly taking it out of her hand; "you must attend to me now, and any time will do for Lady Invermay."

Florence sighed to mark the determined coldness that accompanied every mention of the name of his suffering wife; a coldness which he had veiled at least, in former times, under the semblance of affectionate ardour. Turning to him with a sweet and persuasive earnestness,

"How I should rejoice to hear you call her Laura once again!" she cried.

"How I rejoice to hear you deign to express any wish it is in my power to grant! I'll call her Laura, or what you will," continued Lord Invermay, bending a too speaking glance on her averted face, "so I talk of her to you."

Florence felt alarmed, yet too confident of her own strength she thought this was perhaps the only opportunity she might have of recalling the being she had once loved with all the devoted singleness of affection, to duty, to happiness, and thereby securing the felicity of two persons still the most dear to her in the world. She spoke to him of Laura's claims, of her devoted affection; she pleaded her cousin's cause with a fervour of eloquence inspired by the recollection of her anticipated felicity, and the sad conviction of her bitter disappointment. She urged how happy they still might be if he would listen to the voice of reason, and renounce those mistaken pleasures that had already led them to the brink of ruin.

Lord Invermay listened with rapt attention. He could had have bade her go on for ever, while his eye wandered in uncontrolled admiration over her beautiful and animated countenance.

Florence mistook the cause of his emotion. She imagined she had gained a victory when she was never farther from the one to which her pure heart alone aspired. At length, availing himself of a pause, Lord Invermay snatched her hand, and, kissing, it passionately, exclaimed.

"Mould me as you will, enchantress; hereafter I am the creature of your power!"

Alarmed and startled, Florence turned to disclaim the assumption of any such influence, when her disclaimers were met—not by Lord Invermay, but by the Marchioness of Tiverton!

Her ladyship, having been seized by a slight but sudden indisposition, had returned home earlier than she was expected; and, from totally different causes, time had slipped away alike unheeded by Florence and Invermay. Lady Tiverton was much too well bred to let the slightest appearance of displeasure betray itself in the presence of her nephew. On the contrary, the welcome she gave him was so immediate and cordial, that Lord Invermay flattered himself his unguarded action had remained unobserved; but Florence, who knew every turn and variation of Lady Tiverton's countenance, was not to be lulled into tranquillity by this deceitful calm, and was aware that the storm was delayed, not averted.

Her fears did not deceive her—Lord Invermay shortly afterwards took his leave, and Lady Tiverton, relieved from the restraint of his presence, observed,—"You were regretted at Lady D——'s, Miss Butler. Her Ladyship, I told you, had expressed a desire to have you introduced to her circle; but as you can find so much better amusement for yourself——" Here she paused, fixed her fine black eyes on her in indignant scrutiny, and then resumed—"Rumour, for once, was no slander, I find. I now understand my nephew's long reluctance to a perfectly suitable match—the sudden removal of a dangerous inmate from the villa of Mrs. Delme—an inmate who abused the friendship and confidence of the unsuspicious Laura to——"

"Hear me, Lady Tiverton," said Florence in tears—"'tis true I have long known your nephew, Lord Invermay—knew him before——"

"Choose some other confidante, Miss Butler," answered her ladyship proudly. "To insult my ears with the story of your aspiring and criminal attachment is a freedom I neither can nor will brook. I ask no avowals—no humiliating and tardy confessions; they are useless to you, and unworthy of me."

Florence listened with her hands clasped, her head declined, her brow contracted, as if in these definite sentences she had heard her warrant of death: all the blood that should have circled round her heart seemed to have mounted to her cheek, enhancing her usually pale beauty with the richest crimson glow: then again retreating, leaving it paler than before; yet to a discerning eye, her appearance would have conveyed the impression of outraged delicacy—of injured rectitude—not of conscious guilt: but Lady Tiverton, blinded by passion, was incapable of making the distinction: she only quitted the object of her wrath to consider in what way she should make the preceding scene known to Lady Invermay. For she was indeed, as Mrs. Honeymoon had observed, one of the cruel comforters who, under the pretext of pity, plant a thorn in the unsuspecting bosom which no after kindness or sympathy can extract.

Laura was made acquainted with that, of which, if she had remained in ignorance, some chance would have existed of her benefiting by the change of air and scene, and a slight renewal of the attentions of her husband.

Laura was not naturally suspicious, but repeated and bitter experience had rendered her so. She listened to the voice of groundless jealousy, and indignant at her supposed wrongs, disdained to conceal what she felt. She wrote to Florence in the fulness of a heart bursting with the sense of unrequitted kindness, and announcing that their friendship was at an end. Thus injured by Lord Invermay, thrown off by the Marchioness, and suspected by the world, this was the last drop in the cup of misery that poor Florence was compelled to drink. The story was related in a wounded different ways, and in each to the disadvantage of the innocent heroine. It gave a sort of unhappy celebrity to the most modest and unobtrusive of human beings, and all were anxious to have a peep at the mysterious beauty caged at Lady Tiverton's. The distressed Irish clergyman's daughter, whose charms had fixed and fascinated the hitherto notoriously fickle as handsome Lord Invermay.

But Florence was now in no state to justify fame's exaggerated statements. Chained to a bed of sickness, unsoothed by sympathy or friendship, for one and twenty days, life and death struggled with her for the mastry; but in the extreme of misery consolation dawns, or the victim must succumb; and thus, from the enlightened and benevolent physician, whose skill recalls her from the brink of the grave, she was destined to find refuge from those storms which had almost rendered its haven desirable.

In the family of Dr. Welwyn, Florence at length met that consideration and kindness which she had hitherto sought in vain, and blest was she to devote her renovated strength and improved faculties to the charming family of this exemplary man.

Genius and knowledge were here arrayed in their most attractive garb. Doctor Welwyn did not consider his home as a mere resting-place, where he might recruit his overwrath spirits, and indulge in querulous complaint or sullen silence. The sight of his interesting daughters and amiable wife seemed to act at once as a cordial to his body and mind; and never, in his domestic circle, would it have been supposed, from his manner, that he had, perhaps, just returned from combating the opposition of ignorance, the taunts of envy excited by his superior success and skill, or the indecision of timidity worn out by long suffering, yet half conscious that some painful sacrifice must be made.

Here Florence witnessed, for the first time, the calmness that rules the mind devoted to science; and also the numerous pleasures which spring from that exhaustless source. She had been accustomed to apply the term "interesting" to a drama, a poem, or a tale. She had also occasionally heard the word used in speaking of young ladies far her inferiors in beauty; indeed had often observed with a secret smile, that a "sweet, interesting girl," was one of whom little else could be said; but in Doctor Welwyn's circle, she had got into a land of "interesting minerals," and "interesting earths," and often marked the unwearied philosopher, after a day of exhausting labour, prepare to consume the midnight oil in foreign correspondence, about some newly-discovered, and "most interesting chemical body."

But a term is put by nature to the exercise of the finest energies, and the intense and varied studies of Dr. Welwyn at length seriously called for an interval of repose. Travelling was discovered to be necessary to avert the threatened loss of health; and he was compelled to abstain for a time from every thing that could agitate or engross his mind. A tour in the southern provinces of France was recommended to him, terminating in a sojourn at Nice, and thither Florence obtained permission from home to accompany a family to which she had become sincerely attached.

The result of this experiment was favourable to Doctor Welwyn, so as to realize the most sanguine hopes of his relatives and friends. But as health dawned again on one member of the travelling group, it was but too visible another drooped and declined.

It was now three years since Florence Butler's first "coming out," and the variety of trials to which a delicate and sensitive female is thus exposed, had done their work. Toil anxiety, sympathy with a reverend parent's sufferings, who had been gradually reduced from "an elegant sufficiency" to the sacrifice of the conveniences, the comforts, almost the necessaries of life; but above all, those appalling and secret conflicts in which "the heart alone knoweth its own bitterness," and the purer the spirit the deeper the distress. These, added to the strange jealousy, and abandonment of the only relative, who, in England, had opened her heart to the sweet impressions of friendship and confidence, had undermined a constitution not naturally strong, and at length produced symptoms of that fearful scourge of youth and beauty, pulmonary consumption. And first she was obliged entirely to desist from the exercise of that voice whose clear tones had been the delight and hopeless emulation of her pupils. In song it could be raised no more, and soon the short reading lesson proved too much for her. Her kind friend Dr. Welwyn, who watched her symptoms with paternal care, then applied to her the fiat promulgated against himself, and enforced absence of application and gentle exercise as absolutely necessary.

At first she seemed cheered and renovated by the balmy air and foreign scene: but soon she shrunk in hopeless languor from the shortest walk, and riding and driving abroad alike were tried in vain.

While thus the Clergyman's daughter was trying but trying in vain the remedial course proposed by friendly sympathy, a stranger of distinguished rank and adorned with all "outward appliances" of splendour and luxury arrived at the same spot, perhaps to die.

Her wasted form her feeble gait and languid countenance too surely announced the ravages of the same disease with which Florence was attacked, and a look of hopeless melancholy contrasted strangely with her gay retinue and rich attire. Often would she after a short excursion leave her equipage, and with the aid of one favourite attendant seek some lone spot that commanded a view of the sea, and seating herself there, as she gazed on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, would let hours pass unheeded. Perhaps the mourner passed in review the hopeless sorrows of her fruitless life, and found in the inconstant element a resemblance to the perfidy from which she had suffered—it was Lady Invermay.

When first Florence heard of Laura's arrival, alone and suffering, "her heart went out to meet her," but she was now herself, too much enfeebled in health and spirits to encounter a harsh repulse, and she knew not, but that Lady Invermay might still retain all those feelings of misplaced resentment, which had already broken the bands of friendship as warm as the female bosom had ever cherished. These difficulties were surmounted by the active friendliness of Doctor Welwyn.

Having resumed, with health perfectly restored, his medical function, he was called in to attend the unhappy lady, and soon saw that she was "past cure, the root of her disorder being a broken heart. But he also saw that friendship might do much for her in smoothing the dark passage she was doomed to tread, and he longed to restore to each other those two young, hapless, and amiable creatures, who, but a short time before had begun life with such different prospects, but who seemed destined to be united in one common fate. The culpable absence of Lord Invermay at this critical period had, at least, this advantage, that it rendered easier to Florence the steps towards a reconciliation. She had long intrusted to Dr. Welwyn all that it was necessary to relate of her story. He seized a favourable moment to mention his interesting inmate, and lady Invermay's mind was already prepared for a reconciliation. Subsequent inexcusable conduct on the part of Invermay had led her to reconsider the past, and to tax herself with a too hasty condemnation of Florence in a case in which he probably was alone to blame. An interview was effected, and as the two friends gazed on each other's wasted forms in mute anguish, tears were the only language which ratified their complete reconciliation.

From that time to the close of their unhappy and innocent lives, Laura and her faithful Florence were never a day asunder—often at

——"the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea."

Laura would relate to her sympathising friend what yet remained to be known of her sad story: told her of her husband's deceitful return to kindness, the object of which was to deprive her of the last remnant of independence, that it might be dissipated with the rest—"But I could not renounce my settlement," continued Laura, her mild nature showing at length some spark of indignation—"I could not in justice to our child, and now I have neither child nor husband!" and the unfortunate and bereaved wife and mother declined her head on the shoulder of Florence and wept bitterly. At that moment, had Invermay offered to return, Laura's tender and all-forgiving heart would have opened to receive him.

But Invermay returned not, to receive the last sigh of her who had lived only for him. Provoked at the unexpected firmness of one whom he had accustomed himself to look upon as a soft and yielding idiot, he had at once inconsistently taxed her with obstinacy and folly, and as if the last tie between them was broken by the death of a daughter, announced his determination to separate from her, and hurried to another part of the continent, while Laura was weaging on her last thread of life at Nice.

In Florence the deceitful disease took its most beautiful and captivating from—the flushing cheek, the beaming eye, the pellucid skin. Laura, on the contrary, appeared scorched and withered by the wasting breath of sickness, and a few weeks seemed to have added years to her age. Fully aware of her state "They say consumption is a complaint that gives beauty," she said with a languid smile, "but it cannot be imparted to me—I now feel sure Inverl may never thought me pretty, and could he see me now——"

Her short cough interrupted this mournful retrospect which showed where her feelings, ever faithful, had taken their flight. Florence could enter into them all, and the band of sympathy was only strengthened between them that they had both once aspired.

"To reign over the same heart."

That heart was alike unworthy of the generous simplicity of Laura, or of the high-minded virtues of Florence. But all partiality in which guilt would have been included had long been over in her pure breast, and other causes had wrought the ruin of her health. She was not formed for the life she had been compelled to lead, nor did Laura possess that penetrating intellect which could alone have saved her happiness from shipwreck in the heiress's perilous career. The last pang was saved each of these gentle hearts—that of one surviving the other—for a few days alone intervened between the death of both. Such is the hapless lot of women—endangered alike when too hastily exposed to the scorching sun of prosperity or adversity's rude blast. The boundless wealth of Laura left her a prey to the tempter who caused her misery and ultimately her death, while a portion of it would have preserved from dependence and all its train of ills the Irish clergyman's daughter.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We will kill the fatted calf,
And chase the fallow deer,
While the yule log on the hearth
Shall blaze on our good cheer;
We will broach the ancient cask,
With brown October's store,
We will drain the Rhenish flask,
Replenishing with more:
And the pipe and tabor's sound,
Shall call both far and near,
To the merrie Christmas meeting,
And the happy New Year.

To the minstrels of the night,
The harper in the hall,
And the waits, with morning light,
Here's welcome for them all;
They shall troll the catch and glee,
And strike the martial chord;
With the vocal minstrelsy,
Delight the festive board;
While encircling there shall be
The kith and kindred dear,
In the merrie Christmas greeting,
And the happy New Year.

Here new generations cling,
From the infant to the chief,
And the merry dance shall bring
A joy for every grief;
For the mourner's who is sad,
Here's a balm for his despair,
While the youthful, who are glad,
Pastimes and games prepare;
For the welcome shall be given,
In the hand, the smile and tear,
In the merry Christmas greeting,
And the happy New Year.

K. H.

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

The number of Sovereigns that have reigned in England since A. D. 445, including the present King, is 184: of this number, 104 reigned prior to the year 827; at which time the governments into which England was divided, called *Heptarchy*, were consolidated into one monarchy. The Sovereigns which have worn the Crown since that event, a period of 109 years, are 79. The Saxon family reigned from A. D. 800 to 1066—266 years: and gave 16 Kings to the nation. The Norman family reigned from A. D. 1066 to 1135—69 years, 3 Kings. The French house of Blois, from A. D. 1135 to 1154, 19 years, 1 King. The house of Anjou or Plantagenet (*French*) held the throne 331 years, from A. D. 1154 to 1485, and furnished England with 14 Kings. In the year 1400 the Duke of Lancaster usurped the throne, after having murdered the Duke of York; and from this time the two rival families were engaged in continual feuds. At length the nation was plunged into a civil war, which raged from 1452 till 1485; and in which most of the Princes and families of York and Lancaster were slain. These rival houses furnished each 3 Kings; and the two branches were united in Henry VII. and peace restored on his accession to the throne A. D. 1485. Henry was the first of the Tudors: and his family wore the Crown till the year 1603, 118 years, and gave to England 5 Sovereigns. The Scotch family of Stuart next succeeded, and filled the throne till the year 1714, 111 years; in the persons of 6 Sovereigns. To them succeeded the present house of Brunswick, who have given 5 Kings and swayed the sceptre 122 years.

Of the whole number (183) 46 were killed; about one half the number in battle, the remainder by other means. Two were accidentally killed; one, viz.; Charles I. beheaded, and the remainder were destroyed, either by poison or assassination. Seven abdicated the throne, eight were deposed, and one became a Monk. The shortest reign was that of Oduald, twenty seven days, A. D. 796;—the longest was that of George III. from 1760 to 1820, 60 years. We have the record of but both more than 200 legitimate children, though this is probably not more than one third the true number; as before the Norman conquest nothing, or at most, little, is said of any, except those that wore the Crown. In addition to these, we have the names of 25 natural or illegitimate children, which probably falls very far short of the truth. England has had, since the Norman conquest, three Queens, who have governed as Sovereigns in their own rights, viz. Mary, crowned A. D. 1553, and Anne, in 1702. In addition to these was Mary, the sister and predecessor of Anne, who shared the throne and government with her husband, William III. The most conspicuous persons, considered usurpers, are Stephen, of the house of Blois, A. D. 1134, and Richard III (the humped back) Duke of Gloucester, A. D. 1483, and Oliver Cromwell, who took the reign of government with the title of Protector, after the execution of Charles I. 1650. In calling the house of Brunswick to the throne, England has restored the line of her ancient Kings—the family being descended lineally, through the female branch, from Wooden the ancient Saxon King.

KINGS OF SCOTLAND.

The house of Fergus reigned from A. D. 404 to 1370, 966 years, and gave to Scotland 60 Kings. The house of Stuart reigned to the year 1603, the period when the union took place between England and Scotland, 223 years, and gave 9 Sovereigns; making in all 69. A singular fate seems to have attended the Scottish Kings—of their whole number, no less than 30 came to their death by violent means, and by accident. Ten were slain in battle, 12 were murdered, (3 of them by their wives or through their instrumentality), 2 were drowned; 1 died in prison, 1 starved to death; 2 were beheaded; 1 died of grief; 1 of the bite of a mad wolf, and 1 committed suicide, two are uncertain. The two principle usurpers, Grimus and Macbeth. James VI. afterwards James I. of England was the last Scottish King, and the son of Mary, who was treacherously imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth eighteen years, and then cruelly beheaded by her order, to her everlasting disgrace. In him the two crowns were united, and the Scottish monarchy became extinct, as an independent government, in the year 1603. The shortest reign recorded in six months; and the longest forty nine years—in the person of William, surnamed the Lion, from the year 1164 to 1213.

FLOUR FROM FROZEN POTATOES.—In our paper of last week we published a very remarkable statement by Mr. Johnston, factor to the Earl of Glasgow, that potatoes which have been frosted to such a degree as even to resemble pulp, will still yield by proper treatment, farina of a perfectly pure and pleasant kind. A gentleman in our own neighbourhood having observed this paragraph in our journal last Friday, determined instantly to try the experiment. Having gone to a field where the potatoes had been raised and the land harrowed previous to the severe frost in the end of October, he there picked up a number of potatoes that had been left on the surface as useless, and had lain bleaching through all the rains and frosts we since have had. None of them were so fresh and firm that he could not have crushed them into a jelly with his hand. Very well; he put them through the usual process of flour or starchmaking; and the result was, as in Mr. Johnston's recorded case, a farina perfectly wholesome and good. A parcel of the potato flour, thus obtained by him, he brought to our Herald office, on Wednesday, and, as we supped on it that same evening, we can bear ample testimony to its excellence. We trust that none who see this corroborative statement will be so foolish as to throw away their frozen potatoes.—*Dumfries Herald.*

Mr. King, surgeon and naturalist to Captain Back's expedition in quest of Captain Ross, has published in two volumns, his narrative of that expedition. He has produced a valuable work—full of anecdote, chiefly illustrative of Indian and Esquimaux character. He proposes a new expedition at the cost of only £1000.

Captain Back wintered at the northern end of the Great Slave Lake; and thence travelled to the Great Fish River, in the following summer. Mr. King, on information procured from the Indians, (which it should be borne in mind, was all that the present expedition was based upon,) proposes to proceed at once to a tributary of that river, and winter there; by which means, he will have a shorter land and lake journey, traversing as it were the string of a bow instead of the arc, and what is more important, be ready to start at once on the breaking up of winter, without losing time, and fatiguing his men by a laborious land journey. He also intends to proceed differently; taking a few instead of many followers; and navigating in a canoe such as the Indians and traders use, instead of a great sea boat: for the canoe is swifter, and in case of rapids, falls on the contemplated land survey of the coast, four men can carry it with ease, whilst the larger boats can scarcely be lifted by the men they hold. On reaching the Artic Ocean, Mr. King proposes to make the survey of the coast, either by land or water, or both, as circumstances permit.

TEARS.—It is said to see a child weep; thus proving that it has already begun its mortal race, that the curse of sin is on it, sorrow and trouble, weariness and woe. But then those sobs are quickly hushed, and the bright eyes look through their long lashes, and the pouting lips uncurl with a brilliant smile; the whole face is lighted up again into beauty, the beauty of an April day, when the sun shines forth from behind a cloud; and we love it the more for its transient shadowing, and think it never shown so radiantly before. The child forgets its grief, laughs childhood's own light, witching laugh, as though it had never known a sorrow, and goes on its course happy in its blindness to the future. We cannot deeply mourn for what we see is so soon forgotten; we look on a child's tears with a real but transient sadness. It is more sad to look on the tears of the young and gentle girl, just bursting into womanhood. The spell of youthful hope is no longer perfect, experience bounds its power. She has scarcely crossed the threshold into life, and yet we feel that reality has come upon her in its bitterness. She struggles with her destiny, and we know too well that it is what her life must henceforth be, a struggle and a warfare; but her young heart shrinks from the truth, and she still clings to hopes that woo her to fresh sorrow. The tears of the matron are sadder still to look upon; for we feel that they flow from a deeper, sterner cause. She weeps no longer for a feeling or a thought: she has learned there is no luxury in grief, for she has felt its agony; she shrinks from sorrow, for she knows its reality. If her tears flow, it is because she cannot keep them back. Yet to woman those tears are a relief; she feels them to be such, and those who see them feel them so too, and the sadness of their sympathy is lightened. But it is not so when we look on the tears which fall from man; not the tears of boyhood or of dotage, but those wrung from the heart of bold and hardy manhood; such as are wrung forth only by the very intensity of agony. It is against his habits and his pride, it is thought a shame to his manhood that tears should fall; and when they do fall, their falling is not only a proof, but an aggravation of his suffering.—*The Merchant's Daughter.*

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.—As the Colonel and Mr. Burke were proceeding to dine with Sir Joshua, they observed Goldsmith also on his way thither, standing near a crowd who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of a house in Leicester square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Burke to his companion, and "mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." Proceeding forward, they reached the house before him, and when the poet came up to Mr. Burke, the latter affected to receive him coolly, when an explanation of the cause of offence was with some urgency requested. Burke appeared reluctant to speak, but after some pressing said, that he almost regretted keeping up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such indiscretions as he had just exhibited in the square. The poet with great earnestness protested he was unconscious of what was meant.—"Why," said Mr. Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the people must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jezebels while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was astonished.—"Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so.—"Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith with great humility; "I am very—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."—*Crocker's Boswell. vol. 1, p. 423.*

NOVEL OCCUPATION OF A SPORTSMAN.—The conduct of Lieutenant Charles Brown of the light company was conspicuous; seeing the Frenchmen pressing closely in, he was determined to lend a hand in giving them a check, in a manner which he could not accomplish with the feeble weapon which he wielded; he therefore seized a musket, (plenty of which were scattered about,) and extending himself upon a bank of earth, let fly with such deliberate aim, that many of the Frenchmen were effectually stopped in their career. Brown was an excellent shot, and enjoyed the thing amazingly, appearing quite in his element, going about his work as methodically as if he were shooting at partridges or wild ducks, showing a degree of skill worthy of the most practised amateur. This was the only instance of the kind that ever came within my observation, and can be justified only by the strong desire a sportsman (for he was a zealous son of Nimrod) had to indulge in his ruling passions: for officers, in general, have too much to attend to, while in action, and therefore could not, were they so inclined, indulge their fancy in that way. The Lieutenant joined us from the East Middlesex militia, from which he brought a number of volunteers. He was an active, good looking fellow, and a most agreeable companion. He was afterwards severely wounded, and retired on half-pay to enjoy a pension which he very deservedly obtained.—*Captain Patterson's Adventures.*

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT THROUGH THE PRESS.

The life of man fires like a shadow. The wealth which he toiled for is squandered by other hands. The lands which he cultivated are waste. That hearthstone: on which he gathered up the affections of his own home, is sunk into the elements. The very marble, which his children raised over his ashes for a memorial into eternity, is scattered to the wines of heaven. His sons, his kindred, his name, his race, his nation, all their mighty works, their magnificent monuments, their imperial cities, are vanished like a mist: and swept out of the memory of man. Yet the very word that he spoke—that little winged word—a breadth, a vapor gone as it was uttered, clothing a new, and noble thought, embodying one spark of heaven's own fire, formed into letters traced in hairy lines upon a leaf, enrolled, copied, printed, and multiplied, spreads over the whole earth: is heard among all tongues and nations; descends through all posterity, and lives forever, immortal as his own soul.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—We learn from Capt. Townsend of the ship Nile, that just before he left Port Cooper, the brig Bee arrived there from Sydney (New Holland) bringing information that the drought had cut off all the crops of the Island, and in consequence thereof provisions were very high and scarce. Flour was worth from twenty to twenty five dollars per barrel. Beef and pork high and scarce. Bread from four to five dollars per cwt. Vegetation of all kinds very high. A ton of oil was demanded for a ton of potatoes. From 15 to 20 sale of right whalemen, and as many sperm-whalemen were on that coast last season, and most of them short of provisions. The catchings have not been so great this season as formerly.—*New Bedford Gaz.*

SECESSION FROM THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.—It is stated in the latest English papers that Elisha Bates, a distinguished preacher among the Friends in England and a strenuous defender of evangelical sentiments in the last yearly meeting, has withdrawn from that Society, and received Christian Baptism at the hands of Dr. John Pye Smith. He has published a pamphlet in London, addressed to the Society of Friends, giving his reasons for receiving the ordinance of Christian baptism, &c. It is also said that a number of the most distinguished members of the Society of Friends, some of them (Mrs. Anna Braithwaith, for instance) well known in this country, have also left that Society.—*Essex Register.*

TAX ON BACHELORS.—The following resolution was submitted by Mr. Almond, in the Virginia House of Delegates, on the 14th ult. and was indefinitely postponed—Ayes 53, Noes 45.

Resolved, That the committee of Schools and Colleges be instructed to inquire into the expediency of imposing a tax upon bachelors over the age of 30 years, to be proportioned to their respective estimates or annual income—and of so providing that the revenue which may be derived from such tax, shall constitute a fund, the income of which shall be appropriated to the support and education of destitute female orphan children, under the superintendence of maiden ladies over the age of 45 years.

A large Wild Cat was killed in Topsfield on the 24th instant. He had taken possession of a barn and was indulging in the pleasures of life by feasting on two fat hens. He weighed 75lbs. and measured from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail 4 1-2 feet. The State allows a bounty of $5 each for killing these animals.—*Newburyport Herald.*

There are three means of believing; by inspiration, by reason, and by custom. Christianity, which is the only rational institution, does yet admit of its sons who do not believe by inspiration. Nor does it injure reason or custom, or debar them of their proper force: on the contrary, it directs us to open our mind by the proofs of the former, and to confirm our minds, by the authority of the latter. But then it chiefly engages us to offer ourselves, with all humility, to the succours of inspired grace, which alone can produce the true and salutary effect.—*Pascal.*

USE TO BE MADE OF RETIREMENT AND STUDY.—It is a means of obtaining knowledge which may rightly influence the conduct of the individual.—Knowledge is still the object, but it is not the ultimate object: it is not the knowledge which lies like the miser's hoard, unproductive, while other hoards are accumulating; it is rather like the wealth which is continually current, and is ever ministering to the necessities and comforts of mankind. From such a description of the end of study, it follows that the proper season for its cultivation is the spring of life while there is yet a future, the knowledge to be acquired may influence. In general, the foundation of a happy old age must be laid in youth; and in particular, he who has not cultivated the mind in young, will be utterly unable to improve it in old.—*Cooke's Life of Lord Bolingbroke.*

The constant effort to oppose what is wrong in ourselves; the constant endeavour to improve what is right; the desire to do what is fitting in Christian, and what is pious and holy towards God, are the sources of inward comfort, and, with Divine grace, may help us to attain that inward peace which is the best earthly possession.—*Memoirs of a departed friend.*