THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum:] "*Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque.*" [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & Co. at their Office in Water Street, over the store of Messrs. Milby & Thomas.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

July.	R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W.
24 Saturday,	4 48	7 12	10 21
25 Sunday,	4 48	7 12	10 48
26 Monday,	4 49	7 11	11 20
27 Tuesday,	4 50	7 10	11 57
28 Wednesday,	4 51	7 9	morn 8 21
29 Thursday,	4 52	7 8	0 48
30 Friday,	4 53	7 7	1 39

	H.	M.
	3	45
	4	40
	5	49
	7	8
	8	24
	9	24
	10	13

First Quarter, 25th, 3h. 18m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Geo. Swinney, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Lewis Barns, 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: D. J. M'Laughlin, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, 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: William Walker, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John Boyd, Esquire, 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.)

Marine Assurance Company.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

White Lead, Oil, &c.

FOR SALE by the subscribers at their Store in Ward-street—A quantity of No. 1 & 2 White Lead, Yellow, Red and Green PAINT; boiled & Raw Linseed OIL, in small packages; PUTTY in small casks and bladders; Barrels COAL TAR; Barrels Wilmington Tar and Pitch; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright Sugar; Hhds. of Molasses.

May 7, 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship Chandlery, of every description.

May 7. WM. ROBERTSON.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale, that large and well built House in Queen-street, with the freehold estate, being 40 feet on the south side of said street, and running back, the same width 100 feet; lately the property of Mr. Joseph Scammell. Half the purchase money may remain for a term of years, secured by bond and mortgage, and the remaining half in payments of 3, 6, 9, 12, and 15 months, by good endorsed notes, with interest.

May 21.—6w. T. L. NICHOLSON.

Paints, oil, and Sheet Lead.

Per "Sophia," from London:

180 Kegs best London WHITE LEAD,
5 Casks Double Boiled Linseed OIL,
5 " Raw do.
2 Rolls Sheet Lead.—Which with their previous stock of Paints, in all colours, will be sold cheap by

May 28. RATCHFORD & BROTHERS.

TWO or three Young Men (Mechanics) can be accommodated with Board and Lodging from the First May next, in a pleasantly situated house in Charlotte street, by making early application to Mrs. Dean, at her present residence in St. James' street. *April 23.*

☞NOTICE.

THE Subscriber begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public that he still continues to purchase old Silver at 4s. per oz.; old Copper at 6d. per lb.; Brass at 4d. per lb.; old Lead at 1½d.; and old Iron at ½d per lb.—He further states that he will not purchase from any person or persons under the age of maturity, and that they must identify that they are legally entitled to dispose of the same, and give in their names and places of abode.

☞Constantly on hand,—Cloths, Ready-made new and second hand Clothing, Boots, Shoes, &c.

JOHN G. LEESON.

Saint John, 7th May, 1841.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of Dewolf & Bent, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.

WILLIAM H. DEWOLF.
WM. F. BENT.

Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

The Undersigned

Has received by the *Diana*, & other recent arrivals,

OLD PORT, East India, London Particular and Direct Madeira and Sherry Wines;
Old Double Diamond and other PORT Wines;
5 butts, 12 hhds., 12 qr. casks low priced Sherry,
2 hogsheads Dry Lisbon; 4 do. Tarragona,
106 Puncheons and hhds. best French BRANDY, (pale and colored,)
12 hogsheads very old colored and pale ditto,
10 puncheons, 20 hogsheads GENEVA,
4 puncheons best old Cambleton Whiskey,
10 Ditto good malt Ditto,
10 Ditto Irish ditto, 25 per cent. O. P.
4 hogsheads Claret; 100 doz. Edinburgh Ale,
220 casks, 4 doz., London Brown Stout. Porter, and Hodson's Pale Ale, in quarts and pints;
24 hogsheads London Brown Stout,
13 hampers Chedder Cheese,
20 barrels French White Wine Vinegar,
30 boxes London sperm Candles,
72 ditto London mould and dipt ditto,
700 gross best wine and beer Corks, Bungs & taps,
400 boxes Liverpool Yellow SOAP,
40 chests Fine Congo TEA; 20 hhds. Loaf sugar,
100 bundles London Oakum,
800 Kegs Painters' Colours,

AND IN STORE,

80 Puns. Jamaica, St. Croix, and Demerara Rum,
20 hogsheads Raw sugar.

With his usual extensive stock of choice old bottled Wines, comprising Hock, Champagne, Claret, Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, Marsalla, Madeira, Vidonia, &c. &c. are offered for sale at his Warehouses in St. John and Fredericton.

4th June. W. H. STREET.

PORK.

Just received and for sale by the subscribers—

40 BARRELS prime PORK, an excellent article for ships' use, and will be sold low by CRANE & M'GRATH.

25th June.

Port, Madeira, Geneva,

SHERRY BRANDY, &c.

By late arrivals from London, Liverpool, and Glasgow:—

PIPES, hhds. and qr. casks Choice Old Port, Genuine Vintage of 1834,
Butts, hhds. and qr. casks golden & brown Sherry,
Pipes, hhds. and qr. casks London Particular, and East India Madeira,
Hhds. and qr. casks Brandy, (best brands.)
Hhds. and cases fine Pale Geneva,
Hhds. and cases Lisbon and Barsac,
Puncheons Old Jamaica Rum,
Puncheons Islay and Cambleton Whisky,
Puncheons Irish Malt Whisky,
Hhds. Brown Stout & Porter, & Hodson pale Ale,
Casks, 4 doz. London Brown Stout and pale Ale,
Cases Chedder Cheese; and a few qr. casks of South Side Madeira, a very choice Wine,

IN STORE,—

90 hhds. and qr. casks best Brandy; 48 hhds. Pale Geneva; 50 puns. Jamaica, Demerara, and St. Croix Rum.

WINES in Wood of all descriptions,

With an extensive Stock of Choice Bottled Wines, comprising Sparkling Burgundy, Hock, Moselle, Sauperay, Rivesalles & Champagne; Still Hock, Hermitage, Burgundy, Barsac, Moselle & Chablis; Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, Calcavellos, Vidonia, Marsalla, Claret, Malmsay, Madeira, East & West India Madeira, South Side & London Particular Madeira, Brown, Golden & Pale Sherry, Old Port, &c. &c.—which the subscriber offers for sale at his Vault in Prince William street.

June 11. W. P. RANNEY.

June 9, 1841.

Just Received per Abeona:

KNOWLES' Dictionary, 8vo.: Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge; Landman's Gazetteer; Graham's Medicine; Norie's Navigation; Brown's Dictionary of the Bible; Davidson's Mathematics; Simson's Euclid; Taylor's Holy Living and Dying; America and the Americans; Domestic Manners of the Americans; Stephen's Travels in Greece; Russia & Poland; Keith on the Globes; Goldsmith's England; Greece and Rome, by Pinnock and Davis; Manguell's Questions; Ewing's, Stewart's, Goldsmith's and Guy's, Geography; Bonnycastle's Algebra and Mensuration; Dilworth's Arithmetic; Guy's and carpenter's Spelling; Hoyle's Games; Blair's Preceptor; Polyglott Bibles; Bibles and Prayer Books; Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary; Eton latin Grammar; Ellis' Exercises; Bradley's Eutropius; Dymock's Cæsar and Virgil; Xenophon's Cyropædia Mordan's Oblique Pens; do. Treble Points; Harwood's Bank Pens; Mordan's Patent Pen Holders, Ivory and Ebony Silver mounted; do. Bird Fountain Ink; Perry's Ink Filters; Metal Inks, with cap; Bottle and Patent India Rubber; Envelopes; Initial Wafers, for do.; Morocco and Russian Pocket Books; Wallets; Porcelain Tablets; Pink Tape; silk Taste; Cards, and card Cases; Bead Pen Wipers; cartridge Paper; Wetting and Drying Paper for Copying Machines; Extra superfine, fine and common Foolscap; do. do. Letter; do. extra Large Size; do. Gilt; do. Mourning; Scrap Books; Album's; copy Books, sett; Metallic Memorandum Books; common, ditto, &c. &c.

D. M'MILLAN.
first door south of the Market square.

FLOUR.—75 barrels and 50 half barrels Genessee superfine FLOUR, put up expressly for family use. For sale by

June 25. W. H. STREET.

LONDON GOODS.

The subscriber has received by the ship "Mozambique:"

50 PACKAGES of London GOODS:—consisting of Silks, Satins, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Cottons, Carpetings, Slops Woollens, &c., which are opening at their Establishment on the North Wharf.

☞ The remainder of their Manchester and Leeds Goods daily expected by the barque *Andover* from Liverpool.

Also—daily expected by the Andover:

150 Tons Liverpool SALT; 200 do. best Orrel COALS; 200 Barrels Roman Sement; 100 do. Coal TAR; 200 Coils Jackson's CORDAGE; 200 Kegs PAINTS.

JAMES LOCKWOOD & CO.

May 21.—8w.

Aerated Waters.

J. G. SHARP, Chemist, &c. begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Saint John and its vicinity, that he has lately erected a New Patent Engine, for manufacturing Aerated Soda and Seidlitz Water, Lemonade, Ginger Beer, Sarsaparilla, &c., which from the great power and superior action of the Machinery, will be produced in the highest state of perfection; and may be had from the Fountain, which is well supplied with Ice, or put up in strong glass bottles and sent to any part of the city free of expense. July 2.

THE WORLD—By Eliza Cook.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way
Are basked in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls;
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he who remembers alone,
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark;
Though the raven may scarce with its woe-boding tone,
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
But in meeting the dear one again,
Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
Which out-balances ages of pain?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul, in its fullness of love,
Would waver, if bidden, to choose between this
And the paradise promised above?

Though the eye may be dimm'd with its grief-drop awhile,
And the whiten'd lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around;
There are spots where the poison shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's our's,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers,
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet is not *all* gloom,
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That he who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should fate do its worst, and my spirit oppressed,
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste,
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

Miscellany.

SLANDERS ON AND DEATH OF L. E. L.

(From a Review in the Spectator of Blanchard's Life of L. E. L.

* * * * * * *

Questions relating to Miss Landon's studies, or the character of her genius, will not however, be the most popular part of this biography; but the slander that was connected with her name, or the still more exciting mystery of her death. Upon these points Mr. Blanchard exhibits no absurd squeamishness or delicacy; but there is a want of directness, as if he avoided *grappling* with the subject. We will present as succinct an account of the matter as we can; and first let this be said for the world, the *manner* of Miss Landon, whether natural or affected, was one to give countenance to any report when once afoot if not to cause it, seen, as she must often have been by total strangers, when lionizing in *blue* assemblies.

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Blanchard, "the very unguardedness of her innocence serve to arm even the feeblest malice with powerful stings; the openness of her nature and the frankness of her manners furnished the silly or the ill-natured with abundant materials for gossip. She was always as careless as a child of set forms and rules for conduct. She had no thought, no concern about the interpretation that was likely to be put upon her words by at least one out of a score of listeners; it was enough for her that she meant no harm, and that the friends she most valued knew this; perhaps she found a wilful and most dangerous pleasure, sometimes, in making the starers stare yet more widely. She defied suspicion. But to induce her to condescend to be on her guard, to put the slightest restraint upon her speech, correspondence, or actions, simply because her self-interest demanded it to save her conduct from misrepresentation, was a task which, so far from any one being able to accomplish, few would, without deliberation, venture to attempt; so quick were her feelings, so lofty her woman's pride, and so keen and all-sufficing her consciousness of right."

And again—"It must be owned, that her own injudiciousness still exposed her to attacks; and that to persons of an irritable or over-credulous temper she might easily become an object of suspicion and aversion, especially to her own sex. Her warmth of heart, her exuberance of gratitude even on trival occasions of service, her buoyant spirits, her recklessness as to consequences, and her stuborn indifference as to opinion were still, as before, her great enemies that created enemies; and when writing to authors whom she had known and confided in for years, and in whom difference of age and the long-worn honours of the married lot might have sufficed to guard her from all misapprehension, she was sometimes apt to lay aside the formalities of respect due to middle-aged husbands, and the reverence that belongs to the father of a numerous family."

The consequence of this manner, or, as her friends assert, envy of her success and the rage of disappointed authorship, was the circulation of a very derogatory report, which was current all over London, and formed a topic of common discourse in 1826; as some of our readers, doubtless, remember. Mrs. Thomson, the wife of Anthony Todd Thomson, undertook the unpleasant task of writing to Miss Landon upon the subject, and advising greater caution; to whom she addressed this autobiographical reply:—

"As to the *report* you named, I know not which is the greatest, the absurdity or the malice. Circumstances have made me very much indebted to the gentleman (whose name was coupled with hers) for much kindness. I have not had a friend in the world, but himself, to manage any thing of business, whether literary or pecuniary. Your own literary pursuits must have taught you how little, in them, a young woman can do without assistance. Place yourself in my situation. Could you have hunted London for a publisher, endured all the hot and cold water thrown on your exertions; bargained for what sum they might be pleased to give; and, after all canvassed, examined, nay, quarrelled over accounts the most intricate in the world? And again after success had procured money, what was I to do with it? Though ignorant of business, I must know I could not lock it up in a box. Then, for literary assistance, my proof-sheets could not go through the press without revision. Who was to undertake this, I can only call it drudgery, but some one to whom my literary exertions could, in return, be as valuable as theirs to me? But it is not on this ground that I express my surprise at so cruel a calumny, but actually on that of our slight intercourse. He is in the habit of frequently calling on his way into town; and, unless it is on a Sunday afternoon, which is almost his only leisure time for looking over letters, manuscripts, &c., five or ten minutes is the usual time of his visit. We visit in such different circles that, if I except the evening he took Agnes and myself to Mrs. B——'s, I cannot recall our ever meeting in any one of the round of winter-parties. The more I think of my past life and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and embarassment; from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continual struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty: and I must say, not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two new dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have to contend with, but this is what I have no right to trouble you with."

Upon this Mr. Blanchard comments thus.—

"These were her real feelings expressed to a real friend. Her acquaintances knew nothing of them; the world saw no change in her; for in no one respect could she be persuaded to put a curb upon her high spirit, to substitute reflection for impulse, or to set a guard over the free expression of her thoughts and opinions. She could not, however, at this time, surmise the whole baseness of the scandal. The knowledge of it was reserved for after years; when, her life and manners continuing what they had ever been, but the evil report never utterly silenced, it was discovered that a silent disdain of calumny is not always the best wisdom in the slandered, nor a reliance upon time and innocence for justice the truest delicacy in an adviser.

It was L. E. L.'s fate to suffer deeply in many after years of her life, from her own high-minded indifference to false reports, and her resolution to wear no false manner at any time. How pitiful and base, if a shadow were to be cast on the name she has left, or her character were still exposed to the slightest misconception, by any false delicacy to the living, or any flinching from the truth, however painful on the part of one whom she had in solemn terms charged with recording the success and sorrows of her life. It is, therefore, that the writer feels it to be a duty thus to advert to the slander, and thus to record the reply.

"How deep was the shock her feelings sustained her own words show. It would be in vain, perhaps, to speculate upon the duration of that bitterness and gloom which pervade the above transcript of her feelings, but the evil effect was certainly not of brief continuance; and, perhaps from this time her real sentiments towards society, and her philosophical speculations on life, whether expressed in her correspondence or conversation, partook far more of the morbid, despairing, and desolate tone of her poetry, than before."

The manifest untruth of the tale, and its contemptuous disregard by the object of it, caused the story to die away, and all belief in it, as regards the *public*, to cease; at least such is our impression. Time wore on: Miss Landon became acquainted with a "gentleman" whom Mr. Blanchard does not name, and an engagement took place between them; for though Mr. Blanchard talks of "rumours" and "guesses," and "conjectures" of friends, it is quite clear that there was an express betrothal. This part of the life is rather slurred over; but it seems the scandal was again revived, though it was much less general, that in 1826; an investigation was deemed necessary; but as there was nothing tangible to fix upon, it ended in nothing tangible, except a perfect conviction, in the minds of the inquirers, "that the falsehood was as vile as its fabrication was obscure." An interesting letter of the lady herself, and some comments of her biographer, characterized by a feeling of justifiable indignation, we pass over; but here is the *denouement* of the affair.

"It should be particularly marked, that the correspondence on this subject was not intended to be an inquiry into the truth of the accusation; *that*, so far from being deemed necessary by the parties to it, by any of her friends, more especially by that friend to whom she was matrimonially contracted, would have been deemed by them all degrading to the last degree. There was never for an instant, a shadow of suspicion upon their minds.—Nothing they did in doubt, but all in honour. The sole object was, to trace the false accuser and drag him forward. This failing, the sense of falsehood remained as strong as before, stronger it could not be, or it would have been strengthened by the result of the steps that had been taken for the detection of the calumniator.

"What should follow, then, by the fulfilment of the marriage contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained now as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet, the contract was broken off by her. However strong and deep the sentiment with which she had entered into it, she had the unflinching resolution to resist its promptings; and, in the spirit of the communication at this period between her and the gentleman to whom she was engaged, it was not difficult to perceive that the same high-minded feeling on both sides, the same nice sense of honour, and the same stubborn, yet delicate, pride (neither perhaps, discerning in the other the exact qualities that governed the conduct of both) so operated as to dictate a present sacrifice of affection, and the avoidance of a contract under the circumstances which had so controlled the parties to it.

"The severity of the shock she underwent, and the extent of the self-sacrifice she deemed herself called upon by duty to make, may be inferred from the following letter addressed to him, with whom the contemplated union had now, she felt, become impossible. The hand-writing gives painful evidence of the agitation of mind and weakness of body amidst which it was composed. Its insertion is permitted here, at the request of her surviving relative and of the writer to whom she confided the trust of doing justice to her memory. It must be received as the only explanation that can be offered of the feelings by which she was animated, and of the grounds on which she decided.

"'I have already written to you two notes, which I fear you can scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour; and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish, I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thompson say—'You have an idea of what the rack is now.' It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life; I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain—but this is not what I meant to say. Again, I repeat, that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement I cannot object to you stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—I cannot—allow you to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved; were it a difficulty of any other kind. I might say, look back at every action of my life, ask every friend I have; but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man's vanity of the slander of a woman's tongue? I feel, that to give up all ides of a near and dear connection is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance, the mortification of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard coupled with insolent insinuation?—you never would hear it.

"I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—"'And Monday I shall, I hope, be visible; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose—as if it were possible. Can you read this? Under any circumstances, the

"'Most grateful and affectionate of your friends,

"'L. E. Landon.

"The conduct of the gentleman to whom this letter was addressed was throughout, and in every respect, worthy of the honorable appreciation it obtained, and of her who could thus feel and act towards him."

Opinions may differ as to this conclusion; and that Mr. Maclean's conduct would have been different is beyond doubt, at least, if we may judge from what his conduct actually was when, shortly afterwards, he made Miss Landon an offer of his hand.

"At this time, as well as afterwards, indeed, from the commencement of his acquaintance with her to the hour of her death, Mr. Maclean entertained but one feeling in relation to reports circulated to her prejudice. That feeling was contempt, contempt that never once wavered. However the report might have varied, or wherever it might be whispered, or whatever name might be associated with hers to her injury, he equally despised the tale. Not only had everything been related to him, but all had been put to him in the worst light; again and again he was reminded, only to feel the more sympathy for the object of the calumny and the more confidence in that innocence, of which, indeed, society, if that word must be used, felt equally assured by its unquestioning reception of her. From first to last he desired nothing more than an opportunity of vindicating her; and took every occasion to show how impossible it was to shake his steady faith in her truth and honour."

Mr. Blanchard enters into an elaborate argument to show the great probability that Mrs. Maclean's death was natural, from the bursting of an abscess in her ear or head. This medical argument is merely conjectural, and that by an unprofessional man. His inference that the bottle discovered in her hand contained *no prussic acid at all* is ingenious; his argument is probable that prussic acid could not have caused the death of Mrs. Maclean, from the length of time she lived even *after* being discovered in the fit, and from the total absence of the distinguishing smell of that poison. The comments upon the conduct of the surgeon in not instituting a *post mortem* examination are warranted. The other remarks upon the inquest seem to be made without a due consideration of the climate and social circumstances of a colony like Cape Coast Castle. We, in England, looking at the interest inspired by the deceased, and the slow, elaborate, and solemn proceedings that would have followed such an occurrence here, forget that many, perhaps most, of the few European residents had but a vague notion of L. E. L., if any notion at all; that sudden death is too common an occurrence on that pestiferous coast to excite much horror; and that, had the inquest and funeral been delayed according to British notions of decorum, the dead could not have been buried or approached without the greatest danger to the living.

The want of considering the difference between England and Cape Coast Castle seems, indeed, to have been the remote cause of much of the vague suspicion that agitated the public mind in England. Her letters, even to the last, are full of spirit and hope—her chief complaint, if it can be called one, is not having brought out an English servant or two, to bear her household duties; and Mr. Maclean deposed, upon the inquest, that "an unkind word had never passed" between them. The idea of the jealousy of some black Roxana having caused her death was a still greater proof of ignorance; the castes even of Hindostan have no jealousy of Europeans; and Mrs. Maclean herself remarks, in a letter, "I can scarcely make even you understand how perfectly ludicrous the idea of jealousy of a native woman is. Sentiment, affection are never thought of; it is a temporary bargain." As to the real cause of her death, we offer no judgment; but the only points of a questionable nature are these. 1. Two letters were written by Mrs. Maclean the night before her death, and given to the woman who attended her upon the voyage out, with directions that they should be delivered immediately; these letters were taken to Mr. Maclean, and never reached their destination. 2. This woman and her husband were to have sailed for England the next day; but they remained or were detained in the colony a twelvemonth. For this delay Mr. Maclean has given an explanation, (Vol. I. pp. 245, 246.) but scarcely a satisfactory one; and no explanation can justify the detention of the letters.

Rebellion at Cambridge.—We learn from the Courier of this morning, that Harvard College is in a state of complete insubordination and disorder. The students refuse to attend at their recitations, or to submit in any way to the authority of the officers. They have put forth verbally, a 'Second Declaration of Independence,' and demand the expulsion of one of the tutors. The officers of course, refuse them this small favour, being more accustomed to expel students than tutors. The burning of a wooden building on the college ground, a few days ago, is supposed to be connected with these troubles. The affair grew out of an attempt to suppress a 'Hasty Pudding Club.'—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

We are glad to find that the City Council have determined to tax public exhibitions. Such a tax has become really necessary, to prevent us from being absolutely overrun with giants, dwarfs, and all the penny-peep-show et-ceteras, which have commenced to pour into Halifax since the Atlantic steamers have been running, and to see which the city folks have been called upon to pay their dollar or half-dollar. We do not think that an exception should have been made, or that a trifling tax would prevent real talent from occasionally paying us a visit. We believe there was much good taste in Halifax as will distinguish between an exhibition worth viewing, and what is only calculated to lighten the pocket, without imparting either amusement or instruction. In the former case the gratification would make the remuneration quite sufficient to justify the tax; while the discouragement would only exist with reference to those amusements, the tendency of which is rather perhaps to demoralise than otherwise.—*Halifax Times.*

It was Autumn when I looked upon this beautiful scene. The foliage of the trees was deeply dyed with the many-coloured paints of this rich season of the year. The bright red leaves of the mountain ash, the deep orange of the chestnut, and the pale yellow of the fading poplar mingled together. The struggling tints of the sycamore, the russet leaves of the old oaks, the red fallows, with the interposing meadows, comprising every shade of green, formed the quiet media that harmonised the whole. The little hamlets that nestled in the mountain nooks, sent up the blue smoke of their peaceful homesteads in pictured columns. The stately, and in some instances, magnificent villas that graced the river's side, or sought the shelter of the neighbouring hills, revealed themselves by the sparkling silver lights which they reflect from the setting sun. Such a clear calm evening I had scarcely before witnessed, with a landscape of so much majesty and beauty, gathering in its range the striking contrasts of natural scenery, and subduing the whole with that marvellous harmony of light and shade, through the most softening degradation of tone, which form the true *chiaro scuro*, till the vision of beauty vanished in the long line that stretches out of the vale over the level tract of Rhuddlan, to the rock of Diserth, and the broad sea beyond."—*From Roscoe's Wales, new edition, now publishing in monthly parts.*

Childhood.—There is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a sort of sanctity that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feeling with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this breathing world. One trembles lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat in their own hearts,—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Aye, which of us, of the wisest among us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child! Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own character!

The scenes of Childhood.—The man who spent his childhood in the country, loves his native hills; he loves the fields which lie in sight of his father's door. Every tree and shrub is connected with some pleasant recollection of childhood. Was he born at the foot of the lofty mountain? The first thing upon which he fixed his eye in the morning, was its top, gilded by the rising sun, and upon that, too, his eye rested the last thing in the evening, as its head faded away in darkness. Was he born on the spot where the land and the ocean meet? To him there is no music like the hoarse voice of the ocean; and in that ceaseless, eternal motion of its face, he sees a charm which can never be forgotten. What man ever fogot the steep hill which he climbed in childhood—the rock in the sea where he planted his foot when he began to fish—the brook over which he used to leap, in his buoyancy, or the tree under whose shade he used to read? He returns to childhood's home, after many long years. The hair on his head has turned grey; the generation who were borne with him, have passed away; the dwellings have altered: but he can recollect the countenance of each rock; can commune with the aged tree that sheltered his boyhood; and go back to the morning of life, as he treads the little foot-path that winds through the village grave-yard.—*Todd's Great Cities.*

British News.

By the English Mail.

HOUSE OF LORDS—Tuesday, June 22.

At a few minutes after two o'clock her Majesty entered the House with the usual form; and the Commons having been summoned to the bar, the Royal assent was given to the several Bills:—

Her Majesty then delivered the following most gracious speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"On a full consideration of the present state of public affairs I have come to the determination of proroguing Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

"The paramount importance of the trade and industry of the country, and my anxiety that the exigencies of the public service should be provided for in the manner least burdensome to the community, have induced me to resort to the means which the constitution has entrusted to me, of ascertaining the sense of my people upon matters which so deeply concern their welfare.

"I entertain the hope that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the course of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed by the authority of a new Parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the sums necessary for the civil and military establishments.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In the exercise of my prerogative I can have no other object than that of securing the rights and promoting the interests of my subjects; and I rely on the co-operation of my Parliament, and the loyal zeal of my people, for support in the adoption of such measures as are necessary to maintain that high station among the nations of the world which it has pleased Divine Providence to assign this country."

The Lord Chancellor then said—It is her Majesty's Royal will and pleasure that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 29th of June instant, to be then here holden, and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued till Tuesday, the 29th of June.

Her Majesty and her attendants immediately quitted the House in the same order as they had entered it.

THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

(From the Morning Post.)

The Queen went in state on Tuesday to the House of Lords to prorogue the Parliament.—There were four carriages drawn by six bays, and one by six blacks; the state coach was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, conveying her Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness Prince Albert; the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland; and the Master of the Horse, the Earl of Albermarle, G. C. H.

Previously to the arrival of her Majesty the House of Lords had gradually become filled to an extent that we do not remember to have witnessed for some time past. And this remark not merely applies to the numbers present, but to the rank of the ladies, and to their beauty moreover; for there assuredly was a larger proportion of pretty women than one has of late been accustomed to see on is-