THE Weekly Chronicle

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

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1841. No. 46.

THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by LEWIS W. 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.

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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.		H. SUN.	S. MOON	H. W.
17	Saturday,	4 42 7 18	2 52	11 57
18	Sunday,	4 43 7 17	Sets	morn
19	Monday,	4 43 7 17	8 24	0 18
20	Tuesday,	4 44 7 16	8 51	0 57
21	Wednesday,	4 45 7 15	9 13	1 34
22	Thursday,	4 46 7 14	9 34	2 12
23	Friday,	4 47 7 13	9 57	2 57

New Moon, 18th, 9h. 11m. 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: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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: Thomas Merrill, 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: W. H. Street, 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 morigage, 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 ¾d 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.

Miscellany.

CONSTANCE RAYMOND.

OR THE STORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY MARY L. GARDNER.

"Who is that lady with whom you so often converse, on the way to church?" said Ellen Grahame to her aunt, as they were quietly seated in the sitting room of the latter.

"It is an old and dearly beloved friend of mine," was the quiet answer; "one who has been made miserable by yielding to an ungoverned imagination, Ellen."

"Do give me an account of her life, will you, my dear aunt," said Ellen; "for her appearance has always much interested me: I have thought from the sad and chastened look with which she ever regards surrounding objects, that her heart has been long acquainted with sorrow."

"It has—it has," interrupted her aunt; "she has deeply drunk of the cup of affliction; although her opening day was bright with promise, yet long ere its meridian clouds were dark around. But bring me my knitting work, love, and I will recount some of the leading incidents of her life, trusting that you will find therein a warning against indulgence in like folly."

Ellen did as she was requested, and having comfortably arranged her aunt's chair, she drew her own by its side, in eager anticipation of the tale.

"Constance Raymond, for that was the name of the lady, was, when our acquaintance commenced, young, beautiful, loved, and loving,—a being all radiant with hope and joy, whose laugh was rich and mellow as the sound of zephyr in the forest, whose blue eye beamed brightly, and plainly betokened the noble powers within. I have said, such was Constance Raymond;—wrong, for such she was not to the giddy throng of fashion's votaries: amid such, was she cold, reserved, often haughty,—curling her lip in scorn as the heartless words of flattering met her ear, turning with contempt from the idle worshippers at the shrine of her wealth and beauty. Bred in seclusion, Constance Raymond had no knowledge of the world as it was, of the world as she afterwards proved it;—her knowledge was derived from the perusal of those overwrought works of fiction which swarm our land, exciting false expectations in the young and sensitive, awakening in their hearts, desires and hopes which may never be realized;—giving them a distaste for the sober realities of life—and wholly unfitting them for their stations;—and what was its worth, the knowledge thus gained, to that sensitive creature?—to that being made up of strong imagination, glorious fancy, quick perceptions of the pure and beautiful, a heart which shrank from all that was commonplace or vulgar, a mind earnestly grasping all which might be food for high contemplations. I will tell you, Ellen, its worth as her life has proved it. Constance was in infancy left fatherless, and confided to the care of a mother, who, totally stunned by the unexpected blow which widowed her, was almost unfit for the arduous responsibility thus devolving upon her;—idolizing her child as the image of her departed husband, with nought else on earth around which her heart might twine; and this one subject, a bud of richest promise,—can you wonder when I tell of an over-fondness, of an excessive affection, which prompted her to overlook the little faults which time made manifest; to allow the loved one full indulgence of every whim and caprice, without checking the wrong and cherishing the right. The library of her deceased father gave Constance every facility for satisfying the craving for mental food which she so early manifested. With avidity did she quaff from the fountains there presented, nor did tasting satisfy—it only increased the desire. Book after book did she peruse, pages glowing with lofty thoughts, rich with poetry and genius, high strains which might well arouse the keen susceptibilities of a heart like hers. With no one to direct her in her choice of books, to show the misery of a perverted taste and disordered imagination, or to point out the pleasure and benefit to be derived from combining the instructive and interesting, she continued to pass much of her time in the perusal of the lighter works of fancy, heeding little of life's realities, existing in the bright dreams her young heart framed. Thus passed her early life—her most constant companions the old attendant who nursed her in infancy, her governess, and her books—until her sixteenth year, when her mother removed from the house in the country she had from the time of her marriage with Mr. Raymond occupied, to the neighboring city. The fond mother deemed the change expedient, thinking a city life would improve her darling Constance; and feeling, with a mother's vanity, that such charms as those of Constance, were not born

'To waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

And most beautiful was she, with her wealth of golden tresses, her clear, liquid eye, bright as the gazelle's and blue as the sky at a clear sunset; her step light and free as the young fawn's, and a form where Fashion's murderous arts had never marred the symmetry.

"Beautiful, aye, but more beautiful than all these outward graces, was the temple within. At home with those she loved, did her true, her surpassing beauty burst on you,—as you listened to the rich tones of her voice as she warbled the songs her mother loved, or joined in sweet converse,—as you witnessed the final kindnesses, or listened to the glowing sentiments of a heart unchilled by earth's selfishness, then and there might you realize her loveliness,—know Constance Raymond as she was.

"Little, little did her mother realize of the danger and misery which city life would bring to her darling;—aye, little did she dream of what future years unfolded: of the torture and agony of a heart like her child's, when thrown upon the chilling mockeries of society.

"Most flattering was the reception Constance met upon her first entrance among the gay and fashionable. Her wealth and beauty were sure passports to their circles,—her sweetness of manner, and the charm of her conversation, found favor with the most fastidious of the other sex, while the disposition she manifested to shun their homage and flattery, gave her equal grace with the fair belles.—For a time the novelty of the life seemed to please her, and in the gay throng was she always found, moving to the measured notes of harmony, with a grace which charmed all observers, or joining to the rich music of the harp, the melodious tones of her own sweet voice attracting a circle about her, enchanted with the poetry of her sentiments, piquancy of her wit, or the glowing originality of her conversation. But as time unmasked all these, as she realized the hollowness of the professions she heard, as she penetrated the glittering tinsel by which fashion strives to hide its mockeries, its bitterness and strife, she turned away sickened at the emptiness and heartlessness of the world. Bitter was this, her first trial:—oh! how did these accord with her long cherished dreams, her romantic hopes, her yearnings for the glorious and beautiful.

"Her wealth and beauty brought as I before told you, many admirers, but from all she turned.—what were these butterflies of fashion to a heart which secretly cherished a beau-ideal of nobleness, dignity, and worth, as a sort of daystar to existence? Aye, what were they, but the same idle mockeries that all around presented to her view.

"About this time I left home for a distant State, where I remained a year and a half bearing in this time nothing worth remark concerning Constance; upon my return I was much surprised to learn that she was married, and married, too, to a man who had seen fifty winters, while she was but twenty. Soon after my return I called to see her, and found her happy, enthusiastic in her love, as in everything else. She spoke with high esteem and admiration of her husband, with a heart full of romantic expectations of future bliss with her chosen one. I ventured to hint of the great difference of their ages and feelings: 'but,' she replied, 'that, with his name, first won my regard; for I felt that reverence would mingle with my love,—and then his name so romantic, and his birth from the famed of another land,—how could I help adoring him?' 'Will these, fortune, name, birth, ensure happiness, my dear Constance?' I asked: 'and what is the name which so captivated you?' 'Oh! 'tis a charming name—such noble associations—it is Algernon Sidney Montague!—and it stirs noble thoughts of the brave hero who once owned it—and besides'—her eye kindling with romantic enthusiasm as she spoke—'he has himself been brave, and a sabre cut upon his cheek endears him to me, though it may with some disfigure him.'

"Upon inquiry I learned that Mr. Montague was a man of sterling worth, of correct principles and sound integrity, yet with very little of the ideal, the imaginary in his nature, and of course wholly unable to understand his wife's enthusiastic and romantic nature, or to sympathise in the manifestations of such emotions. He had been fascinated by her beauty and elegance, and without taking time to consider the dissimilarity of their natures, had offered his hand and heart,—and she, blind enthusiast has accepted him, as I have told you, because he bore a hero's name and had a sabre cut upon his face, and for the romance of mingling veneration and love. And what must be the fruits of such an union; how could she who knew nothing of life's cares and trials, who thought not of its realities, conform to such as he? She deemed her lot blessed; so might it have been, had her imagination been repressed, her faults corrected, her susceptibilities turned from the romance of life to a preparation for its duties and obligations, when younger; but this had been blindly neglected, and she had stepped upon life's stage, a creature of imagination, without the shield of religious principles, with no support but an intuitive sense of right, and abhorrence of wrong.

"Years rolled on, and with their flight change came over Constance. Sorrow was on that pale brow, paleness on the cheek, anguish at he heart. I could see that there was unhappiness between her and her husband; he was ever kind and respectful; never more. He could not comprehend their feelings,—foibles he called them,—she was sick at heart, for his want of sympathy;—she yearned for love such as had been pictured in her young fancies, and turned coldly away from simple manifestations of esteem. Her lap-dog, her pet bird, the creations of fancy which she so loved, he despised, and for hours have I seen her weep like the heart-broken, because he turned her lap-dog from the breakfast room.

"Children were born to them, two bright-eyed buds of promise,—and for a time after the birth of these, did she seem perfectly happy; for she loved them with all the unutterable tenderness of a mother's love. But her romance was yet ungoverned, and after the first excitement she left them to the care of others, and again sought pleasure from home. Her husband, miserable from disappointment, seldom visited with her; she therefore was exposed to the admiration of the unprincipled of his sex, who, knowing the unhappiness of her married life, dared to express their admiration in terms which were disgusting to her fine sense of delicacy. Yet she trusted herself with them, and at the theatres, operas concerts and ball rooms was she ever seen, attended by some one or more of those profligates: I knew of all this, yet I feared not that she so pure and virtuous, would fall.—I knew that her life rendered her husband unhappy, and that she was wretched, yet I thought not that she could yield to temptation. Judge then, if you can, of the consternation I felt, when early one morning a note from her was brought me, in which she told me that she had left her home, her husband, her children, her fair fame, with the profligate Colonel C——. But I have her letter, and will read it to you:—

"'*My Friend:* In haste your Constance writes, and writes what she knows you will unwillingly believe. You whose soul is so bound to the trammels of society, whose every feeling is so in the servitude of reason, will not, I know, justify my course. But, my friend, I was wretched at home,—oh! how unutterably wretched since I have known the coldness of Montague's affection for me. How have I yearned for the love, the bliss which I have so fondly dreamed of!—how have I despised him whom the world called my *husband*, when I have heard him reason calmly, aye, stoically upon themes which kindled in my soul emotions keen as forked flame. The love for which I yearned is found—that pure platonic flame, which finds not its pleasure in sensual enjoyment, which heeds not forms nor ceremonies ere it dare disclose itself—which is not weighed by arbitrary custom—which is enobling. Holy. With him who has taught me thus to love, I go, leaving him whom I made wretched, the children I once loved, yes, whom I now love, but whom my habits do not qualify me to educate—now, and 'tis the first time for many years, *happy*—a kind adieu.

'YOUR CONSTANCE.'

"I ordered my carriage, and drove to her former home. There had been company there the previous evening.—Yes, the last moments the unfortunate, misguided woman was to stay in that home, had been spent with the gay and fashionable. Strangely did the decorations of those rooms contrast with its owner's misery. I found Montague above in the nursery. When I entered his children were quietly sleeping; while he, their father, was seated by their bedside, a picture of agony. Little had I dreamed, till that moment, of the love, the passionate love he bore the infatuated Constance. The early rays of morning gleamed upon his head, and the morning's agony had bleached the locks, till they were as silver; his brow was knit, as if dark thoughts revelled within; his lip firmly compressed, and his cheek of ashy paleness. As he met my eye, he arose, and casting his arm over his sleeping innocents, he exclaimed, in an uncontrollable burst of agony—'Oh, God! my children—my motherless, my worse than motherless children!' I proffered no remark, for what are words in hours of anguish such as his? I left him there prostrate by the bedside, weeping as a very child. After a time he joined me in the drawing room; the first passionate burst of grief was over, but mighty indeed was the change wrought upon him; yet he spoke calmly.

"'My poor, misguided wife,' said he, 'little does she realize the consequences of the step she has taken, she dreams not of the degradation, of the misery which await her and her children. For myself I would not weep, though a blight is upon my happiness; but for them ——'

"Here he paused, and again the big drops coursed down his cheek. After a pause, I asked what course he intended to take with regard to her.

"'None: I shall attempt no pursuit—she is for ever lost to me and her children. For them I will labor to provide; and oh! may Heaven spare them from the curse of an ungoverned imagination.'

"I left him and drove home, sick at heart with the misery I had witnessed. That very evening she returned: yes, amid the rush of storm-cloud and angry wind, amid the pelting of a pitiless storm, the wretched Constance came to beg a shelter. Twelve hours had vanished her dreams of platonic friendship, and with disgust and abhorrence had she fled from her seducer, when she realized his sensual, licentious character. I received her, aye, more, I welcomed her, I offered her food, rest, a home, to the wretched, yet undefiled wanderer. With the next morning I sent for Montague, but he would not see her: prayers and tears were alike useless:

"'No—no,' was his reply, 'she has disgraced my name, ruined my happiness, cursed my children—henceforth must she be as a stranger to me and mine.'

"He was firm, nor could I change his resolution, he provided handsomely for her, promised that he would never make the matter public by applying for a divorce, recommended her to my protection; but further he would not go. She yielded, for from the home of her shame she was an altered being,—and as she realized more of the nobleness of her husband's nature, the more was her soul softened to a sense of its unworthiness. Of course she could not again be received into the circles which she once graced; yet in the company of some select friends, who like myself dared to brave the World's scorn by associating with her, she become comparatively tranquil, if not happy. Years passed, in which she saw nothing of her husband and children, when one Sabbath, as I was walking with her from church, a light form came bounding towards us, and half hesitatingly exclaimed, 'Are you my mother?' 'Twas her daughter—the form, the eye, the voice, all denoted the offspring of Constance. With a convulsive motion did the wretched mother press her to her aching heart, and press kiss after kiss upon her brow. 'My mother—my mother!' sobbed the child, 'I have always loved you—though nurse said you was a wicked, hard-hearted mother'—— A voice arrested her sweet tones: 'twas her father, calm and stern as adamant, commanding her to leave that wretched mother. She was taken from Constance, who pale and drooping reached her home: months of sickness, of delirium followed,—long, weary days she raved of her husband, her children: while he, all unknown to her, hung over her bed, administered the cooling draught, or bathed the heated brow. Yet even then he would not permit his children to visit her. 'No! they must be strangers,' was his uniform answer; and when reason came, and her mind recovered its consciousness, he came no more, and he even forbade me to mention that he came at all to her. Slowly health came to her; but never since have I seen her face lighted up by a smile. Her hope, her only gleam of light, is from, the blessed promise of Him who came that sinners might of life. In Him has she anchored her shattered bark, trusting to find hereafter the peace the world wareth."——

Here the old lady paused, and the bright eyes of Ellen were dimmed with tears. Both remained silent, too agitated to speak, when a ring of the doorbell aroused them; a note was handed the good lady, who, after perusing it, handed it to Ellen.

"Ah! 'tis a sad conclusion of my story, this note,—read it, while I prepare to comply with its request." And Ellen, fearful and trembling, read as follows:

"Come to me, come to me, for I am mad—my brain is on fire. *My daughter is dead!*—can I write it—and I not near to kiss the death-damps from her brow. Yes, she is dead! Good God! that I should be spared! She has, I am told, wasted since *that* meeting—and I have wept and prayed to see her—to speak but one word to her—to hear once more '*My mother!*' from her lips: but in vain—in vain; and she is dead! Oh! am I not punished for my sin! punished, aye, *'tis more than I can bear.*

CONSTANCE."

THE LADIES MAN.—In taking the national census, 'Ladies' Men' are numbered with the rest of the population, and are put under the head of—Males. But is this right?—are these beings of the masculine gender, and are they entitled to all the immunities, privileges, and considerations which lords of the creation legitimately enjoy?—Just think, had Adam been a 'Ladies' Man,' what a pretty set of fellows we should all have been! The idea is as forlorn as to suppose Eve a 'blue'—Joseph a hooked-nosed fellow, calling old clothes, (clo! clo!) under Pharaoh's windows, Eneas giving lessons in music, or Hannibal hemming pocket handkerchiefs. We should have no Miltiades—no Cæsar—no Brutus—no William the Conqueror—no Hampden—no Washington—no Napoleon Bonaparte, had the father of mankind been a 'Ladies' Man'—we should have dwindled into insignificance under the sun of heaven—the angels would not have wept for us, and the very devils would have said pish! when we were offered to them.

The 'Ladies' Man' is a non-descript, and therefore, the acute reader will perceive—is difficult to describe. He has small insignificant features—wears neat slippers, and is partial to a polyanthus in his button-hole. He uses cotton gloves—carries a thin yellow cane—sometimes a black one—and his hat is always well brushed. He is a punctual visiter, a regular correspondent, and can tell you what is good for a 'nervous headache.' He is gentleman usher at the 'sales of ladies' work'—secretary to the Female Society for the Importation of Poodles—and standing counsel "in the matter" of gooseberry wine. He is sometimes sent to scold a milliner, a feat which he afterwards prides himself upon—he will speak of his firmness, his coolness, and the cutting severity of his remarks on such occasions, adding boastfully that he 'was not afraid of her!'—he knows the name of all the popular preachers, and the days the band plays in Kensington Gardens—he is acquainted with a few young men whom he calls his friends, and once or twice a year formally asks them to tea!—God help him! and yet—I cannot get over it—this person is included in the census, and put under the head of males!

The attention of the 'Ladies' Man' to the sex are as incomprehensible as those of the jackall to the lion. He does not flirt with them, as is often erroneously supposed—he is there to be sure—he follows them—a family of daughters for instance, to various places of amusement—he visits the house for years—is a kind of family man, officiously useful at parties, where he is sometimes taken by strangers for a servant out of livery—he walks out as a fourth party—and an innocent one—when any of the young ladies have a flirtation, with mother—the sister takes the arm of the 'Ladies' Man' and the flirt that of her lover; while, when they have a quarrel, or when the lady is cross, she will perversely attach herself to this useful personage as a kind of neutral ground, no man being jealous of him.

The quarrels of the 'Ladies' Man,' are not with his own sex, but with that of which he is the tributary. He can bate with the puny spitefulness of a woman, and chatter acrimonious scandal with a zest which is 'quite refreshing.' He has 'enemies,' too, among the sex, and the system of warfare carried on between them is ridiculous in the highest degree. To an attentive observer—to one who takes interest in the entomology of society—it will create more amusement than perhaps any other of its relations could afford. Yet, to do him justice, he is not disposed to quarrel—on the contrary, a quarrel worries him—engages all his energies—and in his own beautiful language, makes him 'quite ill.'

The Ladies' Man writes a clear neat hand, in which he transcribes sonnets from the 'Lady's Magazine'—such as 'Lines to Robin Redbreast,' 'Lament for the Premature Death of a Daffodil,' or 'Song of the Cockchafer—a lyric.' He knows the names of the new quadrilles, and the shops where old china can be purchased. He can speak with interest of a nervous attack; condole with a dangerous case of tooth-ache, and understand the sensations of 'fainting away.' As he grows old his vivacity of aspect increases; he stoops prematurely; carries an ivory-headed cane, and is followed by a meek looking spaniel, regarding which he tells many anecdotes. The dog is usually named Pompey. He does not seem to possess the feelings natural to his kind. Love—for all that he is a "Ladies' Man"—is unknown to him—it is a kind of buzzing, moth-like instinct which keeps him near the sex. Ambition—that is out of the question—his thoughts, feelings, and habits are womanish. Enterprise—no! his soul is slavish; for to serve, to obey, are elementary impulses of his mind—nay, sin itself, with him, is snivelling—he has not energy enough to be very vicious or very good.

He is fond of sweets—reads the new novels, and knows all the "charming passages." His tastes are "delicate;" he does not like Boz, but admires the shabby-genteel style of Mr. Leigh Hunt. He is a quiet man, and lives innocently—pays the queen's taxes, dies, and has a tombstone. His death is recorded in the *Ladies Magazine* as 'the talented author of various charades."

THE LAND OF THE DYING.

The land of the dying, that wide domain,
The sorrowing land where death holds his reign;
Where the pale monarch flings his missiles of woe,
Hurling his death-bolts on myriads below:
Of that dying land thou speakest to me—
But thou sayest not where that dark land may be.

That dread domain! it surely must be
In the caverns deep of the billowy sea;
Where the pale king rides on the tempest wave
Engulphing the fearful, the bold, and the brave,
While sea-nymphs are decking each funeral cell
With the sea-curled leaf and the pearly shell:
This unseen land in the depths of the sea,
Is surely the death-land thou speak'st of to me!

Or say, does it lay in some burning clime,
Where pestilence reigns and mortals all pine;
Where the pale king walks on the city walls,
While his deadly shafts on the passer falls!
They're stricken—they sicken—they drop moving on,
Like sparks from the anvil, they come and are gone!
Ah, direful land! perchance it may be
The sorrowing land thou speak st of to me!

The land of the dying is the land of thy birth,
The spot where thou treadest, thine own native earth;
On the face of creation there is not a spot
Where the conquering victor visitch not,
Ah! wide is his cold icy banner unfurl'd,
The death-gales to waft o'er a life-teeming world.

The head that bent o'er thee, the eye that met thine
When thou enter'd this world of sorrow and crime,
And he who may watch for thy parting breath,
In kindness to close thine eyelids in death;
With the mother that cradled thy baby head,
(Like flow'rets frail) they must join with the dead:
But no sunbeam of spring shall bad the return
Of a spirit that's fled to the last solemn bourne,
Where soon we must follow—the mandate's gone forth,
That man must return to his own native earth.

Now why does the tear bedim thy young eye,
When thou hear'st me say that mortals must die?
Look upwards my child to the blue vaulted sky,
There's an UNDYING LAND in those realms on high;
The faithful in Jesus, they fear not death's sting,
To that Rock of Salvation my child thou must cling,
And thy father in heaven will meet thee above
In the UNDYING LAND of bliss, and of love.

EDITH.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

This past week has been replete with sporting events. Some days since, Captain Smyth, of the Carabineers, backed his bay horse 'Carabineer to jump eighteen feet of water, he backing the horse at 30 to 30. The umpires having selected a slip of the Medmuddart river about four miles from Dublin, and having widened the course of the stream two feet, Carabineer, jockeyed by Captain Wood, of the 12th Lancers, came up to the river, swerved, missed his footing, and gave his rider a burster; this amusement the horse repeated several times; in short, showed such evident symptoms of his anti-Father Mathew propensities, that his owner very wisely sent him back to his stable, with the appropriate remark that henceforth he should 'draw water in a cart,' since he could not leap a brook! Owing to the palaver occasioned by the above circumstances, the following matches came off. Captain Charles Forester, having purchased Lady Longford for the purpose, matched her to jump the same river, taking the odds at 3 to 1: accordingly, on Saturday week last the mare came to the post with Tom Abbot on her back, and from her character & known pluck was backed even against the water. The people who are accustomed to talk of 18 feet of water as ladies do of 'puppy dogs,' when they came to see this jump acknowledged their prior misconception. The jump was from a fine grass field, with a good gallop up to the taking off: from bank to bank it measured 21 feet, and had it appeared in a day's run with hounds we question if Lord Waterford himself would have gone at it. Her Ladyship, however, came up in brilliant style, cleared the river in superb form, and landed well on the other side; from her take off to where she landed measured 23 feet 10 inches! The captain's a bold man, thought we, and were about to congratulate him on his luck, when a rumour ran that an objection had been made; on inquiry it turned out that some betting man from Manchester, more on the look-out than the gentlemen who jump for pleasure had measured the water at the precise spot where the mare had jumped and found it to be short by some inches of 18 feet. To sum up a long story, the matter was referred to the umpires, then to a third party, and decided against the mare! An imaginative public must picture the visages of the captain's backers to themselves; curses both loud and deep were uttered against the Manchester man; the 12th lancers returned to their barrack sadder, and in one instance not wiser men; for the gallant Charles Forester undismayed by his luck, again backed the mare to jump the same leap on the following Wednesday. Accordingly the water was widened to 19 feet. Why, we could not discover, supposing 18 to be quite enough; however, there is no satisfying some people; Tom Abbot again appeared on the mare, rode at the jump in the same firm and scientific style, but, alas, not with the same success. The mare never rose at the brook, galloped in, and struck her chest heavily against the opposite bank. Woe to the Manchester man had he been seen at that moment! After this the mare's chance was out, as she seemed crippled, and was sent home, whither we were about to follow, when we saw a small thoroughbred grey pony, with Jack Abbot bestriding her, surrounded by a crowd.—Much chaffing had apparently been going forward as to her merits. Captain Bernal her owner (also the former and fortunate proprietor of the unlucky Lady Longford), having offered to take 100 to 5 that his grey pony cleared the 19 feet; the odds were made up, as we learned, by two gentlemen on the ground, and the grey started for her performance amidst the good wishes but lively fears of her friends. She came rushing up to the river in thoroughbred style, took off five feet from the bank, landed clear on the other side, but fell on her head, owing to the slippery state of the ground. We are glad to say she experienced no hurt: we took the trouble to measure her distance, which was 26 feet. The famous Mr. Moore, of wall notoriety, afterwards jumped his chestnut pony over a stone wall of six feet in height.

Dublin, May 20, 1841.

MAXIMS FOR LOVERS.

Upon your first acquaintance with a lady always endeavour to amuse her with pleasant little stories and light jests. If you wish to be loved, always appear to be amiable. Please, and you will persuade. He knows but little of love who is always talking of love to his mistress. That which is the most important point to be attained by a lover, is to make himself useful to the object of his adoration; so that, when she is alone, she may be always thinking of him. When you perceive, or rather when you are quite certain that the lady cannot do without you, find some pretext for leaving her for a few days, pretending that nothing so unfortunate could have happened to you as this removal, and that never yet was there a grief equal to your own on this account. Short absence fans the flame of love; a long one extinguishes it.—A lover may let his mistress know incidentally that she is not the only woman in the world, and that there *might* be another found who could possess his heart.—He is a clever lover who can so far irritate a lady, that selflove may aid his passion.—With a woman we should employ the arts of a woman.—There is sometimes great virtue in a *billet-doux*: because it spares a maiden's blushes, and she will peruse that readily which if spoken, she would not listen to.—If you want to write, write upon something she has done. If she has not done anything, upon a word that she did *not* say; or, if you cannot think of anything, write upon nothing.—Lovers can find a thousand reasons for writing; but their letters ought always to appear unstudied, light and gay.—The Graces with them ought always to be the orators of Cupid. Always believe that the lady will love you to-morrow, who would not waste a thought upon you yesterday.—Never treat a lady's maid with inattention, for they can tell you a great deal, and give you the best and surest information.—When you pay your court to a lovely and agreeable lady, you must always calculate upon it as a matter of certainty, that you will have rivals; and when you find you have them, do not pretend to notice them, nor to have even heard of them. You are a lucky man if your rival is so stupid as to abuse you to the lady; but you are particularly lucky if he commands you never to visit her again, under pain of his displeasure.—Little griefs often lead to great happiness; and puny quarrels, that are the offspring of a nothing, are frequently the fathers of a thousand pleasures. Never endeavour that your wishes should be the rule of a woman's will; for tyrants make rebels.—If you would guide a woman, you must hold the reins so lightly, that she must not feel she is directed. He is an accomplished lover who has the vivacity of a Frenchman, the facility of an Italian, and the devotion of an Englishman. Whatever your mistress likes you must be in love with; and the very barking of her lap-dog ought, in your ears, to sound sweeter than the voice of a first rate opera singer.—If the lady you are paying your addresses to is somewhat of a shrew, say she argues like an Aspasia. If she writes doggrel verses, swear to her that she is the tenth muse. If she is nearly purblind, asseverate that she has beautiful eyes; and in doing all these things you will be perfectly safe: for self-love was born before any other love.—*World of Fashion.*

GLOVES.—The ill-bred man never wears gloves but on extraordinary occasions, and therefore knows not how to use them. Either his gloves are unsuited to his dress, or they are too narrow or too wide. If he puts them on, he is at a loss what to do with his hands; if he don't put them on, he crumples them up, and speedily thrusts them into his pocket. The man who wears dirty gloves, or gloves with holes at the tips of the fingers, is a poor man ashamed of his poverty.—Eighteen-penny gloves are only permissible to linen-drapers' assistants, country shop-keepers, and attorney's clerks. Every man who wears cotton gloves by day, will at night wear a cap of the same material.—The gentlemanly man in choosing, putting on, wearing, and taking off his gloves, shows good taste. The puppy's gloves are so outrageously tight, that he can neither move his phelanges nor close his hand. He accordingly holds his cane between his fingers like a man taking snuff.—*Written Caricatures by Captain Pepper.*

The Queen gave a state ball (the second this season) at Buckingham Palace, on Wednesday evening. The ball was attended by the diplomatic corps and by several hundreds of the nobility and gentry: the ladies in new and elegant dresses, and the gentlemen in their respective court costumes and uniforms, the members of orders of knighthood wearing their respective insignia. After the arrival of the Royal Family, the Queen and Prince Albert were conducted by the Lord Chamberlain through the Grand Saloon into the Ball-room, the Lord Steward, and the other principal officers also preceding her Majesty and his Royal Highness, the Members of the Royal Family, and after them the general company followed. Sets for quadrille were then formed, and the Queen opened the ball with his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, his Royal Highness Prince Albert dancing in the same quadrille. Weippert's band, who were stationed in this apartment, performed, in the course of the night, the following new music: The Lausane Troubadour, and Indian Quadrilles, the Waldeck Waltzes, and the Tambour Gallope. Dancing soon after commenced in the Throne-room. Refreshments were served during the evening in the Green Drawing room. The company continued to arrive almost continuously until past 12 o'clock.

Washington Irving says, in speaking of Christmas in England—"It was really a delightful sight to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fire of his ancestors, and looking round him like a sun of a system beaming warmth and gladness to every heart."

The present King of Prussia, when Crown Prince, had a printing-office of his own, and frequently put into type original remarks and passages that he met in reading.