THE Weekly Chronicle

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Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.
27	Saturday,	7 24 4	2 7 13	1 12
28	Sunday,	7 23 4	5 8 31	2 0
29	Monday,	7 22 4	6 9 53	2 52
30	Tuesday,	7 21 4	7 11 11	3 27
31	Wednesday,	7 20 4	8 morn	3 57
1	Thursday,	7 19 4	8 0 26	4 43
2	Friday,	7 18 4	9 1 42	6 50

First Quarter, 1st, Feb. 0h. 50m. ev.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Thos. Millidge, Esq.

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

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

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MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock. (Sundays excepted.)

Miscellany.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

(Continued.)

The situation of Caroline was not, however, at all amended by this circumstance. Clifford passed most of his time in Keppel Street, where the faults of his wife and her relations were the unfailing theme of conversation, the "begged fox" to be turned out when everything else failed. Mrs. Dornton and her daughter were much in Torrington Square, but their company was but little solace to Caroline; for although Mrs. Clifford had left off coming to the house, Sophy Bennet had not, and she was a perpetual intruder on their conversations, and observer of their actions; she was a person, as Mrs. Dornton emphatically observed who was *not* to be affronted, and certainly Mrs. Dornton had a right to give an opinion on the point, since she had made divers and successless attemps to do so.

Caroline had discontinued accompanying her mother and sisters in their little morning excursions and recreations, pursuant to a hint that she had received from Sophy Bennet. "Pray excuse me for my candour," said Sophy, "but I must just tell you that dear Edmund does not approve of your going to morning concerts; a number of young men of course always crowd round you, and he is rather strict in his ideas of propriety. And it might be as well if you did not drive quite so often in the parks; somebody has told Edmund that your face is quite known there." Then observing the cheek of her auditor crimson with indignation, she added, in a fawning, coaxing tone, "See, Caroline, what a penalty you pay for being a beauty; now I might show my homely face at all the public places and public walks in London through the whole spring, and nobody would know or care whether I was there or not."

Dull and monotonous, therefore were Mrs. Dornton's visits to her daughter; but she made them very frequent, more out of opposition to her son-in-law, and to show him that she was not to be frightened away, than from any pleasure she derived from them: and she gained her purpose; for Clifford felt deeply aggravated, and made it an unfailing source of reproach to his wife, that while she had driven his mother from the house by her conduct, her own was a continual and welcome visitor.

Careful and circumspect as Caroline was in all matters of importance, her temper more and more gave way under trifles, and she sometimes acted as if determined to assist the cause of those who censured and deprecated her. Mr. Thomas Clifford, the cousin of her husband, who had offended her in her single days by calling her "pretty Miss Carry," was a resident in Yorkshire, and she had not seen him since her marriage; but he had now come up on business to pass a short time in London, and dined in Torrington Square soon after his arrival.

Mr. Thomas Clifford, although not a polished man, was a good-natured and a shrewd one; he had heard, to use his own expression, that "things were not comfortable" with Caroline and her mother-in-law, and he was sincerely sorry for the information. Had Caroline taken the least pains to interest and conciliate him, she might have found him a valuable friend; but she decided that because he was related to her husband, he must be her natural enemy, treated him with unbending hauteur, called him "sir" whenever she spoke to him, looked imperturbably grave when he joked about wide sleeves, and listened with silent contempt to his often-repeated conundrum—"Why is matrimony like Durham mustard? Because people praise it with tears in their eyes."

"Well, Edmund," said Mr. Thomas Clifford, as Caroline left the room after dinner, "your wife is prettier than ever, but I must say that her manners are not improved; I am afraid you have not married a woman with the best of tempers." Clifford neither confirmed his cousin's conjecture, nor contradicted it. "And then, too, she has affronted your mother away, I hear," said Mr. Thomas Clifford, after a pause. "Well, my poor dear Margaret, who is dead and gone, was neither a beauty nor a wit, but I never can forget her attentions to my mother; we lived within a few doors of each other, and she used to thread the old lady's needles, and see that her house and garden were kept neat, and read the newspaper to her on week days, and a sermon on Sundays, and my mother was always saying to me 'Well, Tom, I have often felt vexed that I had no daughters of my own; I am sure I ought to be much obliged to you for bringing me home such a nice one.'"

Clifford determined that Caroline should hear of this interesting family anecdote, although, had he reflected a moment, he might have surmised that these reminiscences of the late poor dear Margaret's attentions to her husband's mother, might be as distasteful to her as the detail of poor dear Mrs. Dornton's kindness to his wife's sister was to himself.—"O Edmund, Edmund!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Clifford, striking his hand upon the table to enforce his address, "why did you not marry that good, quiet, affectionate girl, Sophy Bennet? How dutiful she is to your mother, and how civil and pretty spoken to me and everybody else! She is not very handsome, I allow; but what is beauty after the honeymoon is over? Just a thing to please the eye and plague the heart; good temper is the best quality in a wife, after all."

Caroline lost much by this little dialogue. Clifford reasoned with himself—"My cousin is very good-natured, and not at all in the habit of judging uncharitably of anybody; he is not related to my mother, therefore can have no particular prepossession in her favour; he took a great fancy to Caroline when she was single, therefore he must have some good reason for speaking as he has now done concerning her."

Caroline derived less pleasure than ever from the visits of her mother and sisters. Lady Bradbury was now in the height of her spring gaieties, and Lady Bradbury's equipage, dresses, splendid dinners, and fancy balls, occupied almost the whole of their conversation, diversified by occasional indignant exclamations. "My aunt Sedgewick's head is quite turned by Kate's great marriage," and "My sister Sedgewick seems to have engrossed all the luck of the family."

Caroline, wearied by the want of real sympathy and sound advice, did what nobody else had ever thought of doing, she went to call on Mrs. Priscilla Penry, with the design of talking over her troubles with her. The door was opened by Betty, the starved-looking servant, and she found Mrs. Priscilla sitting at her knitting, in a high-backed chair by a square table, covered with a well-preserved green baize: the room, although kept scrupulously clean, gave the impression of being otherwise from its faded paper and dingy furniture, and its dulness was only enlivened by a bullfinch, in a very small, inconvenient cage, festooned with shrivelled chickweed, who always remained exceedingly quiet while the visitors were so likewise; but regularly began to scream whenever any one attempted to converse. Caroline frankly confessed to her godmother that she was not happy in the married state.

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "if you could not come to any one more able and willing to advise you than myself; my reading has been most extensive, and consisting entirely of the best authors, and at my time of life, it is needless to say, I have seen a great deal of the world."

Mrs. Priscilla's life had been spent in one house for the last thirty years, and during that time short and rare had been the visits that had disturbed her close companionship with her cat, her bird, and Betty. Her knowledge of literature was comprised in a high, dingy book case, which stood in a corner of the room; the contents of the shelves in sight afforded an earnest of the treasures of the others; they included "Sir Charles Grandison," "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," "Gay's Fables," "The Spectator," "Hervey's Theron and Aspasia," "Mrs. Montague's Letters," "Dialogues of the Dead," "Elegant Extracts," "The Castle of Otronto," "Dr. Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Tale of a Tub," "The Religious Courtship," "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph." Mrs. Priscilla did not hear much modern news, but had she heard of the elegant and feminine degree given by the gallant Americans to the ladies who study in the College at Kentucky, "M.P.L." (Mistress of Polite Literature,) she would sincerely and unaffectedly have thought that an acquaintance even with the lower shelves of her book-case, which have simply qualified any fair candidate to come confidently forward for the distinction. Living out of the world has its advantages, as well as its drawbacks.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Priscilla, with the cheerful and consolatory manner of a skilful practitioner, who knows that it is in his power to give immediate relief to a suffering patient, "tell me your causes of complaint; are you sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with? The Tatler's advice to his sister Jenny was, 'Endeavour to please, and you must please.'"

"I may not have been faultless in my own conduct," said Caroline, "but I must say, I think the great blame rests with my husband."

"Not unlikely,' answered Mrs. Priscilla; 'men often grow weary of the marriage state without the least reason. Mrs. Thrale says, in her letter to a newly-married man, 'the person of your lady will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years."

Caroline, stole a glance at the narrow looking-glass over the high mantel-piece, which was encompassed by a frame almost as wide as itself. "What are your grounds for complaint, my dear?" pursued Mrs. Priscilla; 'does your husband ill-use you, or does he waste his time in dissipation, or his fortune at the gaming-table?"

Caroline paused, rather at a loss to produce what the lawyers call 'evidence.' At length she stammered forth, that Clifford was displeased with her because she had objected to his mother's frequent visits at the house.

"And why should you object to her visits?' asked Mrs. Priscilla; 'she is, I believe, a perfectly respectable lady, both in station of life and moral conduct."

"Pefectly so,' said Caroline.

"I ought, however, to inquire,' added the thrifty Mrs. Priscilla, 'whether Mrs. Clifford's visits caused you any undue expense, or whether she failed in making you an adequate return; but now I remember, you and your husband were staying with her three months at Richmond last summer; it was surely no proof of her ill-will towards you to give you courtesy and hospitality for so long a period at free cost; had she indeed invited your husband without you, I think you might reasonably have considered yourself hardly dealt by."

"But I dislike her, and the whole of her intimates' said Caroline; 'I have an aversion to Miss Bennet, and Miss Chesterton, and all my husband's family."

"I dare say you may, my dear,' placidly returned Mrs. Priscilla; young people must take their chance of that: every married woman cannot expect to be so fond of her husband's relatives as Harriet Byron was of Lady G——— and Lady L———, the sisters of Sir Charles Grandison."

"It is easy to make husband's relatives very agreeable on paper," said Caroline, rather peevishly.

"Nay,' said Mrs. Priscilla, bridling. "Richardson is superior to the paltry art of colouring circumstances to suit his own purpose. Lady Davers behaved in a most insulting manner to her sister-in-law, Pamela, but was at length vanquished by Pamela's exceeding gentleness and forbearance."

Caroline looked confused, and was silent.

"Did your mother-in-law" triumphly pursued Mrs. Priscilla, "ever lock the door on you—prevent you from attending a party to which you had promised to go—and sit down to dinner in your presence without inviting you to partake, as was the most unfeeling, uncorteous, and reprehensible conduct of Lady Davers towards Pamela?"

Caroline had not a word to say in reply; a dead pause ensued.

"Come, my dear," said the old lady at length, her countenance brightening as though a happy thought had struck her. "I think I can provide a remedy for your trouble, whatever it may be."

She dived into the recesses of a deep pocket as she spoke, and brought up (in company with an old-fashioned housewife, a heart pincushion, and a silver bodkin-case,) an enormous bunch of keys, from which she selected one, which she applied to the glass door of the dingy book-case, and drew forth a volume of moderate size, with which she returned to the table.

"This book, my dear," she said, "is no modern trash; it was published, as you see, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety, by Mr. Hodges, of Pall Mall; it is called 'The Deportment of a Married Life,' and is the series of letters, from the Honorable E. S. to her niece; look over the heads of the letters, and you will be sure to find something to apply to your own case."

Caroline ran over an abundance of titles, among which were, "On Weakness of Temper," "On Quarrels," "On Confidence and Secrets," "On the Management of Conversation," and, "On the Management of a Family;" but there was no letter on the "Interference of Relations," and half provoked, she laid the book aside. Mrs. Priscilla took it up and turned over the leaves, and at length, as if some new light had struck her, exclaimed, "I hope, my dear, you are exceedingly careful to keep your accounts regular, and to look over your bills from week to week; hear what this good lady says at page 274, respecting the peace of mind attending the performance of such a duty. 'You will throw yourself into your chair with a happy unconcern on the morning when you have done it. It will appear indifferent to you what becomes of the rest of the day, now you have performed all that was necessary to do in it, and you will at the same time that you are above the reach of its cares, be open to all its satisfactions. These cannot be tasted, even the greatest of them, without that tranquillity which is only to be obtained from this source, and this ennobles even the least of them!'"

Mrs. Priscilla threw all possible emphasis into her thin wiry voice while reading this passage, and at the conclusion lifted off her spectacles, and fixed her vacant grey eyes on her god-daughter with a look which she meant to be one of solemn, searching investigation. Caroline could not help laughing. "My dear madam," said she, "this passage does not apply to me at all. I was always fond of accounts, and quick at them, and therefore have had no temptation to neglect them; but I cannot say I ever felt repaid by this buoyant exhilaration of spirits or that I was raised above the reach of the cares of the day because I settled my bills in the morning."

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "if that does not apply to you, something else will, so take the book home, and do not be in a hurry to return it."

Caroline, when she next called on Mrs. Priscilla, spoke as highly in praise of the book as her conscience allowed her to do, and her god-mother, much pleased, begged her acceptance of it, saying, "It will be of more use, my dear, to you, than to me;" and adding, after a moment's pause, in a half-aside tone, "I must own I have always found you very respectful to your elders, whatever Mrs. Clifford may say."

Gertrude, who had accompanied her sister, observed as they left the house, 'You are in high favour, Caroline; depend upon it you will inherit the old spinster's hoards."

Caroline sighed when she reflected that little as Mrs. Priscilla's wealth contributed to the happiness of its possessor, it would probably do so in a still less degree if it came into her own possession. The next incident that diversified the monotonous life of Caroline, was apparently unimportant, but was materially to influence her future life. Mrs. Clifford was still in the habit of dining with her daughter-in-law, by formal invitation, about once in six weeks, and on one of these occasions, Clifford informed his wife that Mr. Webster, a recently form'd acquaintance, would join their party. Mr. Webster, it appeared, had formerly had dealings in business with Sophy Bennet's father; he had recently succeeded in obtaining payment of a small debt due to them jointly, and had waited on Miss Bennet to transfer to her the share of her father. This good office had led to an acquaintance which speedily ripened into intimacy, and Mr. Webster had contrived to render himself a decided favourite in Keppel Street, before Caroline was even aware of his existence. When the privilege of an introduction to him at last became hers, she was not at all disposed to repine at the long delay of it. Mr. Webster was a little sallow man, with bushy eye-brows, cunning eyes, and a sinister expression of countenance; his discourse was entirely on different speculations, and he thought people must be insane to accept three-and-a-half per cent. interest in the funds for their money, when they might gain ten per cent in a hundred ways, without the least risk. Caroline did not ask him to enumerate the hundred ways, but if she had, he would no doubt have been prepared with a rejoinder, for he seemed perfectly equal to organize a joint-stock company for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or iron from roses. His manners towards Mrs. Clifford were as fawning as those of dear Sophy Bennet, and appeared quite as agreeable and acceptable to her; and when Clifford gave any opinion on the subject of business or speculation (and Caroline was quite surprised to hear her husband talk so much on these topics,) he would exclaim, "Astonishing; I never saw the matter in that light before—I must take a note of that in my pocket-book; and yet, Mr. Clifford, you have never studied mercantile concerns; well, I can only say, that a fine mind makes itself at home on every subject."

Caroline was very sorry to see her husband appear so pleased with the society of this man, for she considered, with justice, that it is a sure sign of a degraded mind when a person of education stoops to be gratified by course and servile flattery. As, however, this was the first visit of Mr. Webster in Torrington Square, and as he took leave without any threat of repeating it, she imagined that his manners and character could signify very little to herself; and he would soon have entirely faded from her mind, had he not been recalled to it by a trifling incident. Mr. Fletcher, the mercantile uncle of Caroline, in pursuance of what he deemed a proper and consistent line of conduct, paid an occasional morning visit to her, but as they had very few subjects of conversation in common, he was generally making memorandums in his tablets, or calculations in his mind during the time of his visit. One day, however, when he called on his niece, he was tired and overheated, and by no means in a calculating humour, but he produced a piece of paper covered with figures, which he reckoned aloud, but seemed unable to settle to his own satisfaction.

"I think I know what you wish to have done," said Caroline, looking over his shoulder, "and can save you the trouble of doing it."

"Nonsense, child," said her uncle; "don't make yourself ridiculous; it is very likely that a woman should understand a calculation of that sort. I suppose next you will invent a plan for a new steam-engine, or offer to guide a balloon."

The entrance of a tray with refreshments interrupted Mr. Fletcher's sarcasms, and, under the soothing influence of cold chicken, and sherry and water, he suffered his niece to possess herself of the paper in question, thinking all the while how he should be laughed at by his city friends, could they know that his calculations were submitted to the correction of a pretty fashionable dressed young woman, who was actually writing down her figures with a French pen, profusely decorated with ornaments of spun glass and knots of pink ribbon.

Caroline was not only, as she told Mrs. Priscilla, fond of accounts, and quick at them, but she was really an expert at difficult calculations, and she soon found out and rectified Mr. Fletcher's error. Nothing that Caroline could have impressed her uncle with such high a respect for her—all her successes in fashionable or literary parties would have been held by him with just as much indifference as he felt when contemplating her exploits at battledore and shuttlecock, or graceful feats with the skipping-rope in her childhood, but to be able to do so useful a thing as a calculation, raised her, as he would have expressed it, "cent. per cent," in his estimation; and, influenced by this newly-awakened feeling, he begged to call to her as if she were a rational being.

"You have shown yourself to have so good an understanding, Caroline," said he, "that I rather wonder you do not advise your husband against investing himself so much with that odd fellow, Webster. I can tell you he is not considered at all in a respectable light in the city; he is deep in every foolish speculation, and has so many irons in the fire, that he is likely to burn his fingers with some of them."

Caroline replied that she had seen Mr. Webster, and was not prepossessed in his favour; but that she had no cause to believe he was anything more to her husband than a common acquaintance, or that Clifford was at all implicated in his speculations.

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Fletcher, "that I have reason for what I assert. I happen to know that your husband has sold out a large sum of money from the funds to place in the hands of this man; and his mother, it is said, has given him the unlimited command of her property. I do not wonder at the latter, for poor silly women can know very little about the tricks of speculators, neither indeed can men who have lived a life of idleness like your husband; but you, Caroline, are not a silly woman, and you had better try to stop the connexion before it proceeds any further."

The warning of Caroline might probably not have produced much effect on Clifford's mind under any circumstances; but Mrs. Dornton, who entered while her brother was speaking, and who was seriously alarmed by his communication, insisted on taking the matter into her own hands, as being older, and having more experience than Caroline. She talked to Clifford in a very sharp strain on his imprudence and folly, repeating, with some exaggeration, Mr. Fletcher's remarks on Webster's wild schemes, and Clifford, who disliked Mrs. Dornton more than he had ever done any one in his life, was ready to add the present information to the many other instances of "frivolous and vexatious" interference on the part of his wife's family, and unhesitatingly expressed his conviction of Mr. Webster's perfect honour. Caroline ventured to intimate that his countenance & manners had made an unfavourable impression on her, but was speedily silenced by the answer, "My mother, who is a woman of great judgment & discrimination, thinks highly of him." Caroline saw Mr. Webster twice more in the next few weeks, once at her own house and once in Keppel Street, and her quick eye detected an evident understanding between him and Sophy Bennet,—an interchange of stolen looks and smiles not to be mistaken; and, on one occasion, when Sophy handed him a book to look at, Caroline felt confident that he took a letter from between the leaves, which he transferred to his pocket with a careless and readiness that could never have been the result of a first attempt of the kind. Caroline asked her husband if he did not see some appearances of regard between his cousin and Mr. Webster; but Clifford, like many other men, could not endure the idea that any woman who had been hopelessly in love with him, could ever turn her thoughts to a new object of attachment, and he indignantly refuted her observation, saying, that—"although Webster was a worthy fellow, he was the last man in the world to gain a woman's heart." Caroline was going to observe that a woman's heart and a woman's hand are not necessarily connected, but she checked herself in time, remembering that

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it:"

and neither her wisdom nor her wit had lately had the good fortune to be particularly successful with her husband. New troubles were soon to accrue from the attentions of a relation of Caroline, of whom my readers have yet heard little. Lady Bradbury, the *ci-devant* Kate Sedgewick, had been passing a spring of uninterrupted gaiety; her constitution, never very strong, was perceptibly giving way under the trial of continual excitement, and her physicians peremptorily interdicted late hours and crowded rooms. I once heard a lady during a pleasure excursion at sea, (which turned out much as such excursions usually do) exclaim with great *naiveté*, "Oh! what a painful thing pleasure is!" and poor Lady Bradbury, borne along on the sea of dissipation, had great reason to echo the opinion. Still, however, she was not a confirmed invalid; she might be permitted to enjoy small and early parties at her own house, and she began to ponder on the best method of organizing them. Musical *soirees* would, in many respects, be very suitable; but Lady Bradbury had, strange to say, no ear for music, and, stranger still, had the courage and candour to confess it. At length she decided the point: she would have little quiet literary parties; she could lie on the sofa and listen to all that was said, and her friends would kindly excuse her from joining in conversation on account of her illness; perhaps a better reason might exist for Kaffe declining to join in literary conversation than illness; but that reason, like many other good and true things, was kept in the back ground.

Among the company to be invited, Caroline occupied a foremost rank. Lady Bradbury had always been fond of her; she had heard that General S——— had spoken in high terms of her abilities, and several of General S———'s friends were persons whose presence at her house she deemed it very desirable to attain. Caroline was exceedingly glad to accept her invitations. Her time passed heavily and drearily. Clifford almost constantly spending the whole of his evenings at the house of his mother, and the conversation of the intelligent people whom she met at Lady Bradbury's made a most agreeable break in her uneventful life. Mrs. Clifford, however, exceedingly disapproved of these arrangements; she could not brook the idea that Caroline should twice a week enjoy cheerful evenings, and "make a sensation," and that various officious, impertinent people should perhaps accost Clifford in the street, and tell him how clever and agreeable his wife was, (and how proud he ought to be of her. She represented to her son that Lady Bradbury, like every other of Caroline's relations, was very frivolous and light-minded, and that young men might pay compliments and talk nonsense while turning over folios at a literary party, just as easily as while turning over a book of songs at a morning concert.

Clifford accordingly expressed his disapprobation to his wife, but Caroline was not to be easily deterred from her present relaxation: she felt herself unjustly suspected and persecuted; she knew that her husband's opinions were not the result of his own spontaneous feelings, but were suggested to him by his mother; and the accusation of flirtation and levity she could not hear without a smile, for the very few gentlemen who attended these parties were mostly the seniors of the master of the mansion, and one of them, who was about five-and-forty years of age, was considered as so decidedly on a different footing from the rest, that he was always styled, *par excellence*, "the young gentleman." Mr. Sedgewick also regularly called for her niece in the neat brown chariot, and brought her back in it at an early hour; and Caroline felt that no possible stretch of malice could convert her into a Lady Townly or a Lady Teazle. Reports, too, reached her from various quarters, that her husband had committed large sums of money to the management of Webster, whose speculative propensities began to be generally ridiculed and blamed, and Clifford could not deny this circumstance when taxed with it by his wife. In fact, Webster was an almost continual guest at Mrs. Clifford's and the evenings were generally spent in discussing some wild, vague plan of amassing wealth, which was received with eagerness by the infatuated Clifford. Like many other people disappointed in better pursuits, all his thoughts now seemed to rest on the accumulation of treasure; and Webster himself could not look with more contempt than did his promising pupil on the interests of three-and-a-half per cent. in the funds. Mrs. Clifford was delighted with Webster; she saw with the eyes of "dear Sophy Bennet," and those were not the partial eyes of love; for when Clifford hinted to her the suspicions of Caroline, she protested with a sigh that no such feeling was in the case; she confessed that she had *once* felt a partiality, it was needless to say when, and to whom; she was ashamed of her own folly in venturing to lift her hopes so high; *that* time had now passed, she should never love again, not at any time could she have loved poor, plain, plodding Mr. Webster; but she must say she esteemed and respected him as an excellent, well-principled man; he seemed thoroughly well-informed and shrewd in matters of business, and at the same time perfectly conscientious; and one thing in particular she liked him for, he was quite a counterpart of herself in being a straightforward character, spoke everything he thought, and was seen through in a minute. These observations confirmed the prepossession of Clifford and his mother in favour of their new acquaintance; and Sophy was continually adding to the impression, by repeating to them remarks made by Webster in their absence. "Mr Webster is quite astonished at Edward's memory and quickness of comprehension," she would observe; "he says they would have been a fortune to himself in early life, but all that he knows he has gained by plans and study, Edmund seems to possess by intuition. As for you, my dear aunt, he seems more in danger of falling in love with you than with me; he says you might very well pass for twenty years younger than you are, and that your conversation furnishes a sufficient contradiction to the opinion that handsome women are generally frivolous." In fact, he once told me that, considering my aunt's great charms of mind and person, he wondered that I should have so moderate a share of beauty and wit myself; most people would have been very angry with him, but I love plain-speaking; nothing is so delightful to me as truth; and I know that all who speak truth will be glad to do justice to my aunt and cousin even at the expense of a little superficial politeness to other people."

(To be continued.)

OUR GENTLE QUEEN.

(From the Hereford County Press.)

On, England, happy, happy land,
The beautiful, the free,
Ordain'd by Nature's bounteous hand,
The sovereign of the sea!
What "proud and palmy days" thou'st known,
What "merry times" thou'st seen!
But ever blithest when the throne
Has borne "a gentle queen."

From childhood we've been taught to praise,
To boast of, and to bless
The memory of "the golden days
Of good Queen Bess."
But, spite of her virgin vow,
Her proud and princely mien,
A fairer, purer, sways us now,
In England's "gentle queen."

Adorn'd with every youthful grace,
With every virtue blest,
First in affection as in place,
None, none can love her best;
But ere one hair upon her head
Should suffer scathe, I ween
A thousand thousand hearts would shed
Their best blood for their queen.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The recent statements which have been published in the *Gazette* in reference to the assets and liabilities of the Bank of England have naturally given satisfaction to the public generally, as they show the stock of bullion is increasing rapidly, while the circulation is decreasing. To the proprietors of bank stock the subject is very different, and we know that in the parlour it occasions much uneasiness; for they have no possible way of making use of their gold and silver profitably, and their securities at the same time are falling off extensively. The bank, in fact, especially as far as the metropolis is concerned, is positively doing no business whatever: and were it not for the discount operations transacted by the branch banks, the administration would be a source of loss instead of profit to the proprietors. The difficult question, therefore, which the bank has now to determine is, how the next dividend is to be paid, unless it is almost entirely abstracted from the "rest," or surplus capital, which does exceed £3,000,000, while the half-yearly dividend is about £600,000. At the weekly meeting to-morrow we understand something will be done about it, and we should not be surprised that a recommendation was proposed to reduce the interest from 8 to 6 per cent. It is well known that the bank had already, for some time past, been compelled to strain every nerve to make up the dividend, and it has surprised every one that this apparently inevitable reduction has not been effected before. The profits and resources of the bank have undoubtedly been much decreased during the last few years, yet the directors have been going on declaring a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, while the interest had been lowered in other public securities. The period has at length arrived when, *longue maigre*, they must have recourse to some energetic measure to relieve themselves from their dilemma. It is very true that they have nearly if not quite, £8,000,000 bullion in their coffers, but of what use is it? They cannot dispose of it by making investments in the funds, for that would be against their charter, and if they venture to issue it on loans in the present state of the money market it would engender reckless speculation and probably bring on another crisis. Besides, who will apply to the bank for advances as long as money is so abundant elsewhere at one per cent. less, at least, in the rate of interest? The usual quarterly notice to made advances upon approved securities until the beginning of January will be put forth to-morrow, we understand, but in the present state of things it appears wholly unnecessary. Through the branch banks, therefore, they can alone hope to make any profit for some time to come; but the system adopted in this respect is fraught with much mischief, denotes unsound banking, and is, moreover, extremely unjust towards the merchants and trading interests of the metropolis. It is not probably known but it is nevertheless, the fact, that while they demand four per cent. per annum for advances in London, the branches throughout the country are making them at three per cent. Why this difference should exist between the rates of the parent establishments and its branches appears quite unaccountable unless, indeed, it is done with a view of discounting the bills of the joint stock banks, who have the power of issuing their own notes at an easy rate, and thus by this manœuvre getting the notes of the Bank of England into greater circulation in the provinces, while they prevent the issue of local notes. The system, however, is bad, no matter what the motive is; and although it has been working well and profitable for a considerable period, it ought to be put a stop to. The bank evidently has not the means of paying a dividend of eight per cent. on £14,000,000, out of its legitimate profits, and ought at once, therefore, to declare its inability to do so any longer. From what we have heard we would infer, prepare the proprietors for such an event. The longer the evil day is put off the worse it will be. The "rest" cannot last for ever.—*Morning Chronicle.*

EAST INDIES.—The *Agra Ukbar* of August 30 gives most appalling accounts of the dreadful state of the Myapoore district:—"Famine," sums up the *Englishman* paper of Calcutta, "rapidly approaches, hunger is urging people to the commission of robberies, dacoities are numerous, armed multitudes make descents upon grain stores, the roads are everywhere unsafe, the gaols fill because they afford bread and a home to the starving and the houseless, and there is no appearance of any fall of rain that would bring relief. Futtehgurh is stated to be in a worse condition. Children are offered for sale at any price, even down to eight annas, and cholera is working its worst in the city. Government has come forward to give employment to the people, but the degree of succour falls far short of what is wanted." The drought continued general and excessive throughout those provinces. The rebellion in Shahjehanpoor, a district of Mofussil, had been somewhat suppressed by the capture of nearly 700 of the parties engaged in it. At one period it raged with great violence, four villages were seen in flames at the same time. It was said that plunder, and not hunger, was the cause of the rebellion, the mutineers not being of the lower classes. In Oude the cholera was raging to such a degree at Lucknow that from 700 to 1,000 persons were daily carried off by it. To add to the horror of this dreadful visitation, drought and famine prevail in an equal degree.

Advice had been received from Rangoon to the 28th of July, at which date Colonel Burney, the resident at Ava, had arrived, and meant to take up his residence there. Tharawaddie had left that capital, and wished it to fall into ruins, from a superstitious feeling that the dynasty had never flourished since abandoning the former capital, established by Alompra, the founder of the monarchy. He is represented to have parted with Colonel Burney on the most friendly terms, and yet it is asserted that he is disposed to dispense altogether with the presence of an English resident at his court, and considered the treaties made with the British by his brother as cancelled by the change of government, and refused to recognise the rank and authority of the governor-general, and his right to maintain a residency at his capital. A reduction of duties had, however, taken effect at Rangoon, amounting to about 217 rupees, in the port and anchorage charges besides the abolition of a tax of 10 per cent., which had before been levied upon the hire of coolies, carpenters, and caulkers. The Indian government were said to be strengthening the force in Arracan and preparing for an attack, which the new sovereign, in the intoxication of the moment, it was thought very likely might attempt.

The Tragedy in Arkansas.—We published on Monday, a short paragraph, stating that a Mr. Antony, a member of the Arkansas Legislature, had been killed in a rencontre with Col. Wilson, the Speaker of the Lower House.

It appears from the particulars since received that this murderous outrage was actually committed on the floor of the House, while in session—the Speaker in consequence of some offensive remark directed against him by the unfortunate member, having come down from his seat, armed with a *Bowie* knife.

The member, it is stated, was also armed with same weapon, but the rencontre lasted only for a moment, the latter having been left dead on the floor and the Speaker having had one hand nearly cut off and the other severely injured. Wilson was forthwith arrested by the civil authorities, and his name stricken from the roll of the House, by nearly unanimous vote.

Steam-Boat Disasters.—The Black Hawk, Capt. Taylor, on her passage from Natchez to Nachitoches, on the 27th ult. burst her boiler. The pilot and engineer were instantly killed—several more were supposed to be lost—number not known. Four or five were severely and several mortally wounded. $90,000 in specie, belonging to the United States, was on board of the boat. Of this 75,000 was saved.

The Vicksburg, Capt. Auter, was destroyed by fire on the 29th ult. while lying at the shore 12 miles above Baton Rouge. Out of 1177 bales of cotton on board, but seven were saved. The boat was valued at $35,000, of which $20,000 was insured; Capt. Auter's loss was $10,000.

Marriage in High Life.—Lieut. Colonel Harcourt, of the Grenadier Guards, son of the Hon. and Most Rev. the Archbishop of York, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the Lady Catharine Jenkinson, eldest daughter of the Earl of Liverpool, and Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. The ceremony is to be performed this week, and we understand will take place at Buxted Park, the magnificent seat of Lord Liverpool, in the presence of a large circle of their mutually distinguished relatives.

NO TIME TO GROW.—Some one asked a lad how it was he was so short for his age? He replied—"Father always keeps me so busy I han't time to grow."

O'Connell lately paid £6000 for some lands he has lately purchased in the 'Kingdom of Kerry.'

An eloquent professor in the healing art, thus characterises the article of calomel—"It is the jaw bone of Samson—the club of Hercules—the lever and fulcrum of Archimedes—and the terror of old maids.'

"What does your mother do for a living?" inquired a gentleman of a poor bare-footed boy the other morning. "Se'cets cold wittels, sir," was the reply.

POOR COPY