THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Week Almanack.

JANUARY.		R. SUN.	S. SUN.	MOON.	H. W.
13	Saturday,	7 34	4 44	7 35	1 8
14	Sunday,	7 33	4 45	8 39	1 35
15	Monday,	7 33	4 46	9 42	2 5
16	Tuesday,	7 33	4 47	10 44	2 34
17	Wednesday,	7 32	4 48	11 49	3 7
18	Thursday,	7 32	4 49	Morn	3 44
19	Friday,	7 31	4 50	0 55	4 37

Last Quarter 8th 7h 50m. morn.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be lent the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: James Kirk, 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: John Wishart, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: J. T. Hanford, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's.—Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The Committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Crown Land Department.

IN COUNCIL, December 12.

The Petition of the undermentioned applicants for Land for immediate settlement, are complied with on the following terms:

YORK COUNTY.

William Coelran, 2s 6d per acre, down, or 3s by instalments.
John Cochrane, do. do.
William Quiffe, do. do.
George Bruce, do. do.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

Bryan M'Cassid, do. do.

KENT COUNTY.

Christopher Vantone, do. do.

SUNBURY COUNTY.

James M'Cosky, do. do.

YORK.

John Steward, 2s 6d per acre, immediate payment.
William Dickenson, do. do.
William Johnston, do. do.
James Sutherland, do. do.
Francis Elliott, do. do.
William M'Kay, do. do.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

John Ryan, 2s 6d per acre, immediate payment.
James Maloney, do. do.
Jas Mathews, do. do.
Wm Mathews, do. do.
Wm Munro, do. do.

CHARLOTTE.

Jas Smith, 2s 6d per acre, immediate payment.

QUEEN'S.

Tho. Malone, 2s 6d per acre, immediate payment.
William Chittick, do. do.
Edward Doherty, do. do.

GLOUCESTER.

Patrick Hayden, 2s 6d per acre, immediate payment
Pierre Dugas, do. do.

KENT.

Jas M'Kendrick, 2s 6d per acre, immediate pay't.

WESTMORLAND.

Samuel Kyle, 2s 6d per acre, immediate payment.
William M'Farlin, do. do.
Armour M'Farlin, do. do.
Noel Dow, York County, 3s per acre, by instalments
Solomon Dow, do. do. do.
John Hogins, Westmorland, do do.
Michael Doherty, do. do. do.
John Fitzsimons, do. do. do.
George Watson, King's, do. do.
Wm. A. Crosbie, Sunbury, do do.

The petitions of John Otty and Michael Lynch, on the Miramichi Portage, are complied with, at the 3d per acre, payable immediately on their making it appear that they own no land.

William Long, King's county, may have 50 acres reserved for, being half the lot with half the front.

Chichester Rider, Queen's county, may have 100 acres at the 6d immediate payment, with the usual [illegible] on the stream, or he may have 400 acres with the usual front, to be sold at auction, at the upset price of 3s per acre.

[illegible] the regulations heretofore published, the payments due on the above are required to be made within thirty days from the date of this notice.

The petitions of John Anderson and John Whalen referred for further information as to the [illegible] settlement or improvement, which must be [illegible] and certified by a magistrate or other person [illegible].

[illegible] Lane, praying that a grant of a lot of land [illegible] Richard M'Lauchlan may issue in the [illegible] of Belcouch Chandler, is complied with.

[illegible] De Wolfe, on finding the certificate of [illegible] of Crown Lands, the Council not having [illegible] of William James Fraser, Clarinda [illegible] Charles Henry Fraser, who referred [illegible] to the claims of Richard Hoppe[illegible].

[illegible] Hatfield, referred to the commissioner of [illegible] for information.

[illegible] Hatfield, referred until David Pidlige can [illegible] of the claim adverse.

[illegible] Carman and others, merchants of Falk & [illegible], to purchase Island Point.

[illegible] Caroline Gordon, on application to the [illegible] Commissioner, the Council not having [illegible] to make the grant proposed.

[illegible] Hatfield, praying that the fast in[illegible] pasturage whereby may be secured, is [illegible].

[illegible] W. Fraser, William Greenes to be fur[illegible] a copy of M. W. Fraser's petition, and [illegible] has answer thereto on or before the [illegible] next, to be laid before the Council.

[illegible] Gray, for two tracts in the Parish of Portland, Saint John County; the first tract not complied with, the second tract to be sold at auction, at the upset price of 3s 6d per acre.

The following petitions are not complied with, as the land prayed for has not been surveyed.

George W. Hoben, Queen's County, Patrick M'Dwitt do, Michael Dougherty do, Patrick Dougherty do, Patrick M'Quaid do.

William Roe, Northumberland, Alexander Johnston, do, Andrew Irving, do, Malachy Dwyre, do. John O'Keefe, do.

Leon Babinot, Kent, Michael Walsh, do, John Harnett, do.

Michael Sweeney, York, Robert Stanford, do. Murdoch M'Lane, Charlotte, Jeremiah Stewart, do. David Adams, Sunbury, James Kingslow, do.

The following are referred for further information:

John Chissell, York, Patrick Chissell, do.

Michael Dalton, Northumberland, James Donald, do, Samuel Mathews, do, James Mathews, do.

James E. Gallagher, Queen's, John Nelson, do.

William Anderson, Sunbury, Thomas Weeks, do. Henry Grass, do., Edward Grass, do.

Uriah Christy, Charlotte.

The lands applied for by the undermentioned applicants are to be sold at public auction. (See Advertisement.)

Benjamin Crandall, Westmorland.

Carlton Peters, Queen's, Archibald Dolan, do, John Conolly, do.

William M'Gauchlin, Queen's county, a 7 year lease of the lot to be sold.

William Carrothers, King's County.

Hugh Jamieson, York, Patrick Williams, do.

Marcus Palmer, Carleton.

Eli Dugas, Gloucester.

John J. Donald, Northumberland.

James Allanshaw, Charlotte, a 7 year lease of wild meadows on the Digdeguash.

George Ball, Portland, St. John.

The following petitions for Timber or Lumber are complied with, subject to the regulations heretofore published.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY.

William Adams, Barnabies river, John M'Kinley, Semiwogan do. Isaac Leighton, South West Miramichi.

KENT.

J P. Ford, Richibucto river, Jas. M'Arthur, do.

KING'S.

Alexander Kinnear, Salmon river.

CARLETON.

Walter Hay, Eel river, James Taylor, Wapskehagan, C P. Ingraham, Little Salmon river, Saml. Nevers, Begaguimick, Charles Connell, jun. Little Presqu'ile, Thomas E. Perley, Shiktahauk, Charles Connell, Begaguimick, Charles Connell, jun. Nackewikak.

YORK.

Lewis Hinestis, Sugomoc, Wm. Barker, Pennioc.

SUNBURY.

Hezekiah Eastabrooks, Maugerville, Geo. Cox, Pennine.

QUEEN'S.

George Parker, Washademoac, Carlton Peters, Shannon settlement, Hiram Briggs, Washademoac. Enoch Lunt, salmon river, Eastabrooks M'Neil, do. Eastabrooks M'Neil, do. Alfred Hudlington, Grand Lake.

CHARLOTTE.

John M'Allister, Scoodic Lakes, John Campbell, do. do.

WESTMORLAND.

Richard Wilson, Coverdale river.

The following petitions for timber or lumber are complied with, agreeably to the usual regulations, but the parties ask for too large an extent of ground which must therefore be reduced, or the quantity to be cut increased.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

Arthur Ritchie, Benjamin river, Arthur Ritchie, Charloe river, do. do. Benjamin river, John Montgomery, Eel river.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Joseph Cunard, Black Brook; Daniel M'Leod, South West Miramichi; Stephen Hilton, Sabbies River; John Pond, Bartholomew's River; Peter Esson, Barnabies River; Alexander M'Laggan, Bartholomew's River; A. Campbell, South West Miramichi.

KENT.

Charles Shampler, Shediac River; Andrew Dixon, Kouchibouguacis.

WESTMORLAND.

Henry Blakesly, North River; do. do. Pollet River; do. do. do. do.

KING'S

Isaac Foshay, Studholm's Mill stream.

CARLETON.

Charles Connell, Begaguimick River; Charles Connell, Jun. do. do.; Samuel Dickenson, do. do.

YORK.

George Morrow, St. Andrews Road; William Humphries, Nashwaak.

SUNBURY.

Cornelius Connolly, Mangerville; do do. do.

QUEEN'S.

Robert Lackey, Coal Creek; Joseph Coldwell, Coal Creek.

The petition of Alexander Rankin on Tabusintac River is complied with, not interfering with the rights of prior applicants.

By the regulations heretofor published, the payments due on the above are required to be made within 30 days after the date of the notice.

Crown Land Office, Dec. 19th, 1837.

Crown Land Office, Dec. 19, 1837.

The undermentioned tracts of Crown Land will be offered at Public Auction, at this Office, on Monday the 5th of February, 1838, sale to commence at 11 o'clock in the forenoon:

Lot No. 25, in Deputy Wilmot's survey, on the north River Petitcodiac, 100 acres. Upset price, 4s. per acre.

Lot No. 48, on the south side of the Shepody Road, western District, 100 acres. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

Lot No. 17, Macdonald's survey, on Albright's Brook, south of the Grant to William M'Crea, 300 acres. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

A tract of wild meadow, on the west side of the Norrais Road, in rear of the second tier, and west of land applied for by Daniel M'Carty, to be joined to the highest bidder, for the term of seven years, the house to bear the expense of the survey; contents 50 acres.

The marshes of Lot No. 12, first tier, west range of the Howard settlement, 100 acres. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

A lot of Land on the east side of the Scoggin Road, in rear of Lots 52 and 53, 50 acres. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

The east half of Nos. 22, 23 and 24, in the third tier of the Williamstown settlement, 50 acres. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre.

Lot No. 21, on the west side of the Oromocto Lake, 150 acres. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

Lot No. 2, second tier, of Davidson's survey, south of Cocagne harbour, 150 acres. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

The vacant wild meadows on the Digdeguash River, above the Wolfen Grant, and the vacant wild meadows on the north west branch of the same, from the mouth up to Albert G. Foster's Mill lot, to be leased for seven years. Upset price, £140.

Lot No. 12, on the south side of the south west Miramichi, west of the grant to Henry Green, 100 acres. Upset price, 3s. per acre.

A tract of land, containing about 700 acres, in front of the grant to James Milliken, and west of the Grant to Davie Beveridge, and fronting on the Bay of Fundy. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre; any further survey to be at the expense of the purchaser.

A tract of Land, in the Parish of Portland, County of Saint John, on the south west side of Bull's or Pleasant Lake, and on the south side of Hawk's and Milliken's Mill Stream, 100 acres. Upset price, 3s. 6d. per acre; any further survey to be at the expense of the purchaser.

Conditions of Sale.

Ten per cent. to be paid at time of sale, and the remainder within fourteen days after.

THOMAS BAILLIE,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Miscellany.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. AUDY.

(Continued.)

Summer now smiled around in all its warmth and beauty; when Caroline and Clifford had been married on the preceding November, he had promised her, as an indemnification for the shortness of the tour to which the season had restricted them, that he would take her to Scotland the ensuing summer: she reminded him of his promise, but the ruler of her destiny, Mrs. Clifford, had long resolved not to allow her the glorious advantage of a whole summer's *tete-a-tete* with her husband; and Sophy Bennet succeeded in persuading Edmund that there could be no hope of improvement or safety for Caroline, if removed from the careful wing of her exemplary mother-in-law. Mrs. Dornton had a different plan for the young couple: she wished Clifford to take a house at Brighton, and invite herself and her daughters to stay there. "A great many good matches are made at watering places," said she "I remember when Mr. Morris first took a fancy to my sister Anna: he sponed quite shy of visiting in Marchmont street, but I persuaded poor dear Mr. Dornton, (not that he wanted much persuasion,) to take Anna with us to Brighton for a month. Mr. Morris immediately followed us, and made proposals to Anna a fortnight afterwards at Wright's Musical Library." Clifford had, by this time, almost accurately acquired his mother's cold haughty bend of assent, and Mrs. Dornton received no other reply to her observation. "Brighton, too," she proceeded, "is so much gayer and pleasanter now than it was then; the cliffs are absolutely crowded in the middle of the day, and a carriage can hardly get along safely; then the chain pier is such an addition to the place; our neighbour, Miss Burrows, told me, that one morning she only took a single turn to the top and back again, and met with fourteen people of her acquaintance!"

"A powerful recommendation to those who are accustomed to associate a visit to the country with quiet, rural pursuits and retirement," said Mrs. Clifford with her usual sneer; and Sophy Bennet added, "It is not every mind that is formed to enjoy and improve retirement, like that of dear Mrs. Clifford." 'Dear Mrs. Clifford" at length settled her son's summer plans for him to the advantage, as she told him, of his purse and his peace of mind; she took a house at Richmond, and invited Clifford and his wife to become her guests during her stay. It was in vain for Caroline to object to this plan.—Clifford asked her to produce one good reason against it, and she could not give him her only reason: she could not tell him that it would be to her the bitterest of penance to see his mother every day, and all day long. Caroline's train of reflections on every occasion now partook of her peculiar circumstances; one of her neighbours was going to pass the summer in a very dull village in Essex. "It will not be cheerful," thought Caroline, 'but she will not mind it; her husband will be with her, and they will not be annoyed by visitors.' Another was to stay all the summer and autumn in London.—'Well,' thought Caroline, 'she and her husband are fond of walking together; she can take his arm and enjoy pleasant evening strolls."

Any stranger who had heard Caroline's soliloquies, would have imagined them those of a happy wife. How widely removed from truth may be a natural and plausible conjecture! Caroline at length went to Richmond with a thoroughly bad grace, determined to find her visit very disagreeable, and it proved just as disagreeable as she could have predicted. All outward circumstances, however, combined to make her situation appear happy: the summer was one of remarkable fineness and beauty; Mrs. Clifford's house was situated on the hill, commanding the loveliest of prospects; they daily took the most delightful of walks and rides, or rowed in a pleasure-boat upon the clear and beautiful river. When they occasionally appeared upon the public walks, Caroline in her delicate white muslin pelisse, and transparent crape hat, was generally considered the prettiest woman in Richmond; she was envied for her handsome husband, especially when it was ascertained that she had brought him no fortune, and she was considered by all who were acquainted with his family to enjoy most pleasant domestic companions in "that excellent and highly respectable woman, Mrs. Clifford," and "that kind-hearted, worthy, and affectionate creature, Sophy Bennet!" How little can we understand the happiness or unhappiness of others, how little is our own understood by them, and yet all persist in giving positive opinions on the subject merely founded on outward signs; most truly it is said in that sacred book, which says every thing better than it can be expressed by a profane writer, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." Caroline's spirits had long deserted her, and now her temper in turn began to fail.

Very few people had passed through life with such a reputation for good-temper as Caroline; her schoolfellows, her friends, and her relations had in turns enlogized her as possessing an "easy temper," a "sweet temper," a "kind temper," a "fine temper," and twenty other praiseworthy varieties of temper; it was perhaps, all these, but it was not a temper founded on Christian principle, and, therefore, it deserted its possessor in the hour of need. Caroline had borne many unkind taunts from Mrs. Clifford in silence, and had carefully refrained from contradicting or exasperating her, and having done this, she considered she had done all that could possibly be expected from her, and more than her mother or sisters would have done; but she had never prayed that God would change the temper and spirit of her oppressor, or that, withholding that change, he would give to herself grace to bear the trial with that patience and humility befitting an humble disciple of Christ. No. Caroline worked in her own strength, and what could be expected but that she employing only the unhallowed weapons of human pride and obstinacy, should rank wounded and degraded in the conflict? Caroline lost her forbearance and her self-command; she replied with such hasty irritability to every observation of her mother-in-law, that she actually converted her mere jealousy into the bitter enmity that she had at first believed it to be, and by its contemptuous rejection of Sophy Bennet's enjoleries, she enabled the latter to discover that she had seen through her, an offence which no hypocrite can possibly forgive. Caroline's mind now gradually became in such a morbid state, that she could not, to use a colloquial expression, "settle for a moment to anything;" her music and drawing were neglected, a circumstance which gave Mrs. Clifford ample scope to harangue on the folly of wasting money to give girls accomplishments which were all laid aside directly they had procured the desired end, of entrapping husbands for their possessors. Reading was almost her only occupation, and even the higher branches of reading demanded more attention than her restless, agitated spirit was able to bestow. When Caroline was single, history, biography, travels, poetry, and the best novels, had in turn excited her warm interest: but now she confined herself to the mere trashy volumes of a circulating library, and Miss Chesterton the blue-stocking old maiden aunt of Clifford, to whom I have before alluded, and who came to pass a few days with her sister at Richmond, had not words to express her astonishment and contempt at the idea that anybody could call a young woman literary, who was always poring over 'Stories of the Heart,' and 'Tales of the Imagination.' Caroline and her husband returned to London more divided than ever, but Caroline was in high beauty; an extremely pretty girl of one-and-twenty with a fine constitution can bear much mental disquietude before it affects her personal appearance, and all her acquaintance told her that Richmond had agreed with her wonderfully, and that she had been passing a delightful summer, and she allowed their assertions to pass uncontradicted. The fifteenth of November came, Caroline's wedding-day. Mrs. Dornton had been particularly desirous that a party should be invited by her son-in-law to celebrate it, for 'poor dear Mr. Dornton,' she observed, 'always enjoyed the party on the anniversary of their wedding-day more than any other in the year.'—Caroline suggested the idea to her husband: in fact, they now owed invitations to several families, but Clifford was not inclined to invite company to his house; his mother had praised him so warmly for his great prudence and judgment in avoiding it, that he was determined not to give up his claim to her commendations; besides, his dislike to Mrs. Dornton, and his aversion to the 'dear departed Mr. Dornton,' constantly quoted as an example to him, rapidly increased.

Caroline's request was refused, and when she reproached him with asperity for his disinclination to oblige her, he sighed deeply, and said to himself, 'My mother is quite right: she cannot love me, or the return of our wedding-day would of itself be a sufficient source of pleasure to her without the excitement of company!'

Caroline now began to muse painfully on another of her causes of disquietude. A young friend, who had married a little while before her, had recently become a mother; and when Caroline went to visit her, saw her bending over her infant, and heard the fond father declare that his wife had become dearer far dearer to him than ever, since she had bestowed so sweet a gift on him, most deeply did she lament that the blessing of a child should have been withheld from herself. 'It would surely draw my husband's affections towards me," she thought; 'it would be a source of mutual interest, and no man with human feelings could bear to see the mother of his child slighted and despised.'

And her warm tears fell on the baby's face, as she imprinted a long fervent kiss on its tiny velvet cheek. Soon afterwards Caroline saw an old friend of the family, who had recently been in the village where Bernard resided as curate. Lucy and Bernard had one child, a little boy just turned of two years of age, and under the influence of her newly-acquired interest for children, Caroline asked many questions respecting little Charles Bernard. The gentleman whom she addressed was a father himself, and gave her so animated an account of the child's personal beauty, his winning ways, and artless playfulness, that she actually went to sleep conjuring up before her the vision of a little figure with rosy cheeks, dancing hazel eyes, and flaxen curls, and murmuring to herself, "O that I were as happy as Lucy! O that Heaven would give me such a boy!"

The next morning she wrote a long letter to Lucy, expressing her wish to hear every particular respecting her boy, and dwelling at length on the grief caused in her own mind by the fear that she should never enjoy a similar blessing. Several days elapsed before Lucy replied to her: the letter, when it came, was sealed with black, and Caroline's heart sank as she opened it.

'Dearest Caroline,' Lucy wrote, 'how truly did your letter recal to me that 'even in the midst of life we are in death;' you related to me the account that you had received from our friend of my sweet boy's health, beauty, and vivacity: your letter found me sitting by the little bed where my darling was reclining, a cold and silent corpse. An attack of inflamation, which began and terminated in a few hours, has deprived us of our beloved infant: his lisping words, his fond caresses, his glad smiles, must henceforth be to us as memories of the past. O Caroline! when you think of the blessing of possessing a child, (and a great and precious blessing I allow it to be,) think also of the sad pain, the bitter trial of losing one. Yet we do not sorrow as those without hope; the Lord, who for a time lent to us this sweet and endearing child, has thought fit to reclaim his own: and it would be as sinful as it would be unavailing to murmur at the behest of Providence; our beloved baby is happier far than our utmost cares could have rendered him on earth.

'We know, for God hath told us this, that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast;
We know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things;
We know that we shall meet our babe, his father dear and I,
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.'

Pray for us, dear Caroline, in our affliction—pray that we may be enabled to bear it with resignation; and that the loss of our dear son may strengthen our endeavours to keep in the narrow path which leads to that blessed land where one day we may hope to rejoin him.'

Caroline wept over this letter, answered it affectionately, and felt more reconciled than she had hitherto done to her exemption from the pains and pleasures of maternity. Nothing, however, could reconcile her to the continued presence of Mrs. Clifford; her spirit actually sank within her, as morning after morning she encountered the chilling scrutinizing look, and the sharp contradictory speech of her visitor, nay, even her stiff, chocolate-waisted silk dress, large gold chain, and widely-spreading blonde cap, shared in Caroline's detestation; and an "ugly black, and midnight bag," could be an object of no other optical horror to her, than the portly, dark-looking, and handsomely-dressed elderly lady, who daily occupied a corner of the sofa in her drawing-room.

Mrs. Clifford possessed in perfection an art which all those, who wish to be feared and shunned, would do well to study; the art of saying things to the objects of her dislike, which made them feel dissatisfied with themselves, and which depreciated them in the estimation of all who happened to be in company with them, without affording any tangible ground for complaint. The sensitive and warm-spirited Caroline was just the person to be aggrieved most bitterly by these insults, because she possessed quickness of observation and depth of feeling, without being under the influence of religion. A simpleton would not have penetrated Mrs. Clifford's unkind innuendos—a manœuvrer would have outwitted her—a vixen would have overawed her, and a Christian might have succeeded in softening and correcting her.

Caroline, however, was not destined to remain in thorough insignificance; her husband and herself were one day invited to a dinner party at the house of an acquaintance, and Caroline was presented with marked respect to General S——, an elderly gentleman, well known in the world of letters as a patron and admirer of literature; and who, the lady of the house informed her, had seen some of her manuscript poetry, and expressed an earnest desire to be introduced to the authoress. Caroline had an exquisite taste for poetry; but as she never wrote but in albums and scrap-books, she was confounded by the world in general with the multitudinous tribe of young ladies, who 'cannot bear the thought of appearing in print, but just write to please themselves and their friends.' A manuscript writer, however clever, is seldom thought much of; the vein of poetry may justly be likened to

. . . . . "The golden ore,
Which has gainess intrinsical in it,
Whose worth is never known before
It is tried and impressed in the mint."

It requires the aid of a printing-press to stamp it with consequence.

Mrs. Dornton, too, had never much encouraged Caroline's attempts, having rather a dread of literary ladies. Mrs. Clifford had designated her daughter-in-law's effusions as 'very poor things indeed;' and Miss Chesterton had actually not had patience to read the end of one of them! Clifford, who although an intellectual man, was too apt to see with the eyes and hear with the ears of others, had therefore a very limited opinion of his wife's literary powers, and was actually astonished that General S——, a man of acknowledged taste and judgment, should express himself in such warm terms of commendation concerning them. Caroline was handed down to dinner by General S——; he sat by her, and addressed most of his conversation to her. Caroline was pleased and gratified with the unusual distinction conferred on her. Although in some respects of a timid disposition, she was not at all a shy one; she had no fear or dislike of strangers; and although she talked little where she thought she was neglected, or could not be understood, she could be both fluent and eloquent in conversation where she was encouraged and appreciated.

General S—— was delighted beyond expression with her unaffected manners, and her extensive knowledge of books; he congratulated Clifford warmly on his possession of so charming a wife, who, he observed, 'must make his fire-side a scene of perpetual and exquisite enjoyment;' (poor General S——, with all his reading, fine sense, and knowledge of the world, how easily was he deceived by appearances;) and he concluded with inviting them both to a literary party to be held at his house in the ensuing week. Clifford could not help feeling proud of this invitation; he had heard of General S—— and of his parties, and knew that it was reckoned quite a distinction to be admitted to them. Mrs. Dornton was more than pleased, she was delighted. General S—— was the uncle of Sir Henry Milner, and she warmly urged Caroline to 'take great notice of Sir Henry, and be remarkably civil to him!' Mrs. Clifford, however, was thoroughly annoyed and irritated; she could not deprecate the General's parties, because her sister, Miss Chesterton, was, from time to time, making efforts to get invited to them, and endeavouring to gain her purpose by every variety of eulogy and flattery; she could not ridicule her son for going in the train of his wife: it would be tacitly admitting Caroline to be intellectual and superior, if she allowed that she could be privileged to confer consequence on another; she therefore contented herself with saying, that 'General S—— had been a clever man in his day but was now getting old, and, she should think, half childish!'

Clifford and his wife went to the party; the General introduced Caroline to his friends, in a manner which bespoke his esteem for her talents; some of them were persons of high rank, and others of strong intellect, and there were two or three popular writers among them, whom Caroline and Clifford had previously only known by their works. Caroline was delighted with an evening passed in a manner at once elegant, social, and rational, and she was gratified to find that all who conversed with her evidently thought her opinions worth attending to, and frequently praised her for the justice and originality. Clifford, too, was perfectly satisfied; he was not treated merely as an appurtenance to his wife; it was soon found that, like her, he had read much, and could converse on what he had read; she once or twice appealed to him when she was at a loss to remember a particular passage of some author who was the subject of discussion, and, strange and incomprehensible as it may appear, these young people seemed more drawn together, more animated by congenial feelings, during this evening passed in the society of strangers, than they had ever been in the course of months spent in what the Russell Square world denominated 'the bosom of their family.'

General S—— took leave of Caroline and her husband with much kindness, and promised to call the next morning in Torrington Square, and bring with him a book which he had recommended Caroline to peruse; but, alas! this intimacy, which promised so favourably for the interests of my heroine, was to meet with a sudden check. General S—— was seized that night with a severe attack of gout, and was confined for many weeks to his chamber. His nephew, Sir Henry Milner, waited on Caroline with the book the following day; he was found of his uncle, and disposed to adopt his tastes and preferences, and unfeignedly grathed with the manners of Caroline and her husband. He sat conversing on various subjects till a late hour; Clifford, who had been confined almost entirely to female society for many months, was pleased with the acquaintance of a young man of his own age, and not altogether insensible to the attentions of a baronet who was a member of the fashionable world. He invited him to stay to dinner; fortunately none of the relations on either side happened to 'drop in' during the evening, and Sir Henry quitted the house with the conviction that his new friends were a delightful acquisition to himself, and were perfectly happy in each other. Sir Henry's visits were frequent during the next three weeks, which period happened to be spent by Mrs. Clifford and her niece at the house of Miss Chesterton at Knightsbridge: when they returned, they were truly mortified at the position of affairs. Gertrude was in Torrington Square almost every day, for her mother was delighted at the opportunity of throwing her in the way of Sir Henry; he, however, considered her very inferior to her sister Caroline, but Gertrude was good-humoured and cheerful, and made no unpleasant addition to the little circle; and Clifford was so amused by the conversational talents of his new friend, and so happy in the absence of strife and bickering, that he was actually in danger not only of becoming proud and fond of his wife, but even of tolerating his wife's sister.

Mrs. Clifford soon decided that affairs must not continue in their present state, but she was rather puzzled how to reverse them; she feared to venture on any personal rudeness to Sir Henry, or to depreciate and ridicule him; he was a decidedly clever man, and he was also a man of fashion and fortune: she could not frown him away, as she had succeeded in frowning away divers young Mr. Browns and Mr. Thompsons, who had been humble admirers of the pretty Caroline Dornton, and would have been glad to have found an occasional lounge at the house of the still prettier Caroline Clifford: she contrived, however, materially to spoil the pleasure of their meetings by adopting her usual contemptuous manners to Caroline, breaking in upon her in the middle of a speech, and controverting or denying whatever she asserted. Sir Henry, for a moment, felt surprised to see the elegant, intellectual young woman, who had been the star of his uncle's literary party, talked down and frowned into insignificance at the head of her own table; but an observer of humane nature is never long surprised at anything; he respected and admired Caroline, however, and resolved to do all in his power to support her; he determinately drew her out in conversation, listened to Mrs. Clifford's laboured dogmas, or still more laboured witticisms, with an air of great lassitude, and interrupted Sophy Bennet in the midst of a long, hollow, sofi-sounding speech, by asking her whether she did not think Mrs. Candour, in the "School for Scandal," an admirably drawn character.

(To be continued.)

Life Boat.—Last week, a life boat, with 400 fathoms of grass rope, and other materials for wreckers, was taken to Rockaway, and placed in the house erected for the purpose, near the Marine Pavilion. The life boat was built of the best materials, by E. De La Montagnie, of the city, and after the model projected by the inventor, Mr. Greathead, of England. She is thirty feet long, and ten feet in width, and filled with cork between the ceiling and sheathing. There are also air pipes in the cuddies, fore and aft. She rows with ten oars, double banked, and she has a shifting mast, with a small lug-sail which she can use in any weather. From her construction, she cannot be upset, and she will carry, when filled with water, 9000 pounds of stone without any danger of sinking. Her draft of water is about five inches, and a proper vehicle is to be provided to transport her from her station to any part of the coast where she may be wanted. The boat is under the charge of Mr. Hewlett of Rock-Hall, and the wreck-masters have been authorized to use her when wanted.

The house, boat, and materials, have cost between $1700 and $1800, of which about $1600 have been subscribed. Another boat is wanted for the New-Jersey shore, and an effort will be made to make a similar provision for that part of our coast.

In justice to an enterprising and valuable fellow-citizen, we should add, that the existence of this boat is in great measure attributable to the persevering efforts of Joseph Blunt, Esq., who was mainly instrumental in collecting the subscriptions, and under whose superintendence she has been built and placed upon her station. We hope he will meet with similar success in procuring a life boat for the Jersey shore, where it is much needed. He need but make the effort to succeed, for our merchants are always ready to do their duty, in every project of admitted public utility. [*New-York Courier and Enquirer.*]

TO OUR GALS DOWN IN VERMONT.

Dear Gals,—Now, a'nt you tarnel shamed of yourself, to give them are flags to the critters that was goin to cut all our throats here in Canada! If you an't you ha'nt got no shame in you, by golly!

Why, there a'n't a Yankee gal in all Canada that would give um an old flannel petticoat, or a worn out factory shift—much less stuff that would make a gown fit for aunt Sal to go to meetin in.

I s'pose you thought that we and the Britishers was goin to be lick'd! By the jumpin gings we wa'n't no more afraid on um than a catamount is of a squirrel! Why the old Royals walk'd into them like grein'd lightnin into a cedar swamp!—Chrismas! if you'd seen um dear! it made me think of our old mare goin home from the grist mill.—Tell cousin Sam if he comes over the lines to fight for them rascals we'll lick him first and then hang him up for a scarecrow! You know I kind'a liked one of you—but if I have any of you know there's no snakes in Virginia!

Your servant, gals,
JONATHAN IN CANADA.

P. S.—Tell Aunt Sal I'm going for to get married one of these days—but you sha'nt come to the house-warming! Tell Dad he need'nt send the long rifle, for I guess the scrape's over now.

So, no more,
JONATHAN.

A RIDDLE.

From Southey's edition of Cowper's Works.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told,
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought:
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

ANSWER.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A Riddle by Cowper,
Made me swear like a trooper;
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
For remembering the bliss,
Of beauty's soft Kiss,
I now long for such riddles again. J. T.

A Hint on Manners.—If you meet a friend in the street, in a coffee-house, shop, or in any public place, never address him by name, at least not so loudly as that others may hear it: sensitive people do not like to "be shown up" to strangers as 'Mr. Jones' or 'Mr. Smith,' and to attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend quietly; and do not cry out, "Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith?" It is very offensive, and shows a want of proper delicacy.

At a tavern in Columbus, Ky., the other day, the following dialogue took place between a traveller and a negro boy, who attended to the stables.

Traveller. Boy, I want you to rub my horse well to-night, and I'll remember you in the morning.

Ostler. Yes, sir, that I will. Traveller. I reckon you make a great deal of money by rubbing horses.

Ostler. No, sir, not so much as some to think. Traveller. Why—what's the matter. Ostler. Cause, sir, Mr. Gentlemen, to get his horse (wos) off the hands.

A gentleman, on entering a subscription of Gibbon's Rome to a bookseller, [illegible] to be bound, was asked jocularly by the bookseller, [illegible] in Rome; "Oh no, Sir! he [illegible] Rome for ever, I will have it bound [illegible]."

A clever little [illegible] in the London [illegible] lately an article [illegible] discourse under the title: "Dreams, Nightmares and Loss of Life."

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