THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

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The Chronicle,

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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.

Sept.		R. Sun.	S. Mons.	H. W.	
26	Saturday,	5 53	5 51	5 54	11 25
27	Sunday,	5 54	5 49	6 16	11 58
28	Monday,	5 55	5 47	6 40	0 30
29	Tuesday,	5 56	5 45	7 9	1 5
30	Wednesday,	5 57	5 43	7 48	1 43
1	Thursday,	5 58	5 41	8 35	2 26
2	Friday,	5 59	5 39	9 23	3 16

First Quarter, 3d Oct. 10h. 58m. ev.

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 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: N. Merritt, 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: Chas. Ward, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, 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: E. DeW. Ratchford, 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 Insurence.—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.

SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having leased the above named Establishment from the Company, and put the whole in a thorough state of repair, they respectfully beg to intimate that the House will be re-opened on *Monday next*, the 17th instant.

They are determined that every thing which can conduce to the comfort and convenience of those who may patronize them, shall be strictly attended to on their part, and they confidently hope that their exertions will merit a share of public support.

☞ A supply of the choicest Wines and Liquors will be constantly on hand at the Hotel.

WILLIAM SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

St. John, Feb. 15, 1840.

☞NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Daniel Brundage, late of Carleton, City of Saint John, N. B., deceased, are requested to present their accounts, duly attested, within Twelve Months from the date hereof; and those indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

HANNAH A. BRUNDAGE, *Adm'rx.*
WM. OLIVE, Sen. *Administrator.*

Carleton, 30th April, 1840.

Per Sophia,

198 COILS Manilla ROPE, of very superior quality, assorted from 6 thd. to 3¼ inch;
23 Reams Sheathing Paper; 1 case Stationery;

The above are now landing on the subscriber's wharf, and will be sold low if applied for immediately. JOHN ROBERTSON.

24th July, 1840.

ESSENCE OF SMOKE.

For the Smoking of Hams, Bacon, Fish, Beef, &c.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to announce to the Public, that the Essence of Smoke has been extensively used throughout the Province during the past season, and that all those who have given it a fair trial, recommend it as decidedly preferable to the old mode of smoking fish and meat.

House-keepers, Provision-dealers, and others can smoke any quantity of meat or fish, without the least inconvenience or loss of time, by attending to the following plain directions:—While the ham, &c. is moist from the pickle, wipe it with a dry towel, then wash it over twice or three times with the Essence of smoke, allowing six hours to elapse between each washing; hang it up, to dry slowly; it will then keep for years, and in any climate.

No fly or insect will touch any thing preserved with the Essence of Smoke.

Half a pint is sufficient for the largest ham.

Meat or Fish that has become tainted will be restored to a wholesome state in a few hours by being washed once or twice with the Essence of smoke.

For its uses in the cure of Rheumatism, Inflammations, Cuts, Burns, Sprains, and many other complaints, and also for its beneficial effects in the removal of diseases, and accidents to which horses and cattle are liable, as Inflammatory sprains, spavin, heaves, &c. see handbills.

A liberal commission allowed to merchants and traders wishing to become agents.

Sold by Thos. Walker & son, J. & J. Alexander, Peters & Tilley, and G. Chadwick, St. John; J. Cook, Carleton; Robert Boyle, Portland; Barnes Travis, Indian Town; James F. Gale, Fredericton; G. F. Bonnell, Gagetown; J. Baird, Woodstock; Jas. Lyons, Long Reach; Thos. Sime, St. Andrews; G. Ruggles, St. Stephen; Gould Picket, Kingston; Samuel Fairweather, Bellisle; David Burnham, Digby, N. S.; G. Bent, Bridgetown; Stennes Jones, Weymouth; J. Runciman, Annapolis; E. W. B. Wood, Yarmouth; J. D. Harris, Kentville, and by the subscriber.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

Hampton, 22 July, 1840.

Miscellany.

THE QUEBRADA OF SAN JUAN DE DIOS.

I.

Easter Sunday in Valparayso.

The night was very dark in the city of Valparayso, over whose unlighted streets and the waters of whose shore the moon had not yet risen. The serenos* were blowing their whistles, and trying to excel each other in the sharp and shrill tones with which they shouted *Vira Chile! Las once han dado sereno.* (It is eleven o'clock, and the sky is clear.) All the churches of Valparayso were full, and clouds of incense floated over the pious as they repeated their orisons. But all the faithful were not on their knees before the saints and altars; and while the votaries were intent upon the elevation of the host, a young couple disengaged themselves from the crowd, and left the cathedral together.

Don Jose and Donna Venencia rapidly ascended the Cordillera on the edge of the sombre and broad Quebrada of San Juan de Dios. But as they proceeded they trembled, and turned round suddenly as they both fancied they heard the sound of footsteps behind them. With eager eyes they endeavoured to penetrate the depths of the Quebrada, over which they thought they perceived a shadow move. But all was motionless and silent, and they again applied themselves to climb the mountain, in which effort the lady was carefully and tenderly aided by her lover's arm. While passing the wretched hovels on the road in which they saw lights, they did not exchange a syllable; but as soon as they reached the summit of Bella Vista† they stopped, and a long-drawn sigh escaped from their breasts panting with fatigue and agitation. The young man spread his mantle on the ground, and both seated themselves upon it close to the precipice.

For some time the silence was unbroken, while with gushing hearts and clasped hands they gazed upon the tranquil roadstead below. An expression of melancholy clouded their features, as they turned to look at each other, and the lover sought to read the soul of his mistress through her large dark eyes, which flashed under her long lashes like gleams of lightning beneath a glowing and fading rainbow. He clasped his lady's waist, while his trembling hand rested on her heart as if to still its throbbings, which were plainly perceptible through her velvet *basquina.*

The lovers of this scorching climate have no other resource to hope for than a calm and quiet night. In this arid region the only attractive object is the pure and starry dome above them, and they would search around them in vain for any shadow to protect their heads. On this part of the South American coast there are no orange groves to shelter them, no odorous flowers, no delicious perfume of roses, no balmy and voluptuous breezes to waken the senses, no nightingales and *bengalis* to enchant their ears, no limpid and babbling stream to interrupt their sighs by its natural melody. A luminous sky and the pale stars shine above them, while the moon pauses for an instant at the verge of the horizon, and then shows its full effulgence as it steadily and silently climbs the mountains.

"You really go to-morrow, then?" said the young man in sad accents; "the wretch really drags you away from me. And yet, Venencia, nothing ought to separate us; we have mutually sworn that nothing should; so I have made up my mind to follow you everywhere. Do you imagine that I can see the happiness we have so long dreamed of disappear for ever in this way? Never! And though they have given, or rather sold you, to that man because he is rich, the sacred bond of love which unites us cannot and shall not be severed. Death only can separate us in this world. Is it not so?" he asked, as he pressed her to his heart, and drew her face close to his.

"Yes," she replied, as she trembled beneath his passionate kiss. "Look," she added, pointing to the roadstead, "do you see that dark vessel, motionless and alone, at a distance from the others, like one plague-stricken, who carries death within him? It is silent as the grave—and to-morrow will carry me away from you, and all that is dear to me. I cannot do away with a sad secret presentiment that some great misfortune threatens us. Each step I take, death seems to follow me, or to walk by my side. Jose, Jose," she whispered, "this night is the eve of Easter, and only think how wicked it is of me to be here with you, instead of praying in the church." She paused, and hid her face in her hands.

"Very true," rejoined the youth somewhat haughtily, and with a gesture as if he were about to repel her from him; "go and pray, Venencia, pray fervently and collectedly; but forget not in your prayers one whose head will soon be crushed amid yon rocks at the bottom of the Quebrada." So saying he made a motion as if he would rise.

"No, no!" she exclaimed in frightened tones, and twining her arms around her companion's neck; "no, my Jose, I will remain here by your side. Alas! I am preferring you to heaven as well as to the world. But I was mad," she continued with a bitter smile; "O yes! I was mad to think of leaving you now, when we shall be so soon separated, and perhaps for ever . . . . I shall have time enough to pray hereafter, when I can see you no longer." Her voice was choked with emotion; she burst into tears, and hid her face in the youth's bosom.

"Dearest," he said tenderly, as he caressed her, "how vast is our love! What happiness we might have enjoyed together! Yet now, what sorrow and bitterness we both feel! All those enchanting dreams that smiled upon us, that filled our existence with happiness, and which we delighted so to colour and embellish, have vanished for ever; and in disappearing they have taken away the light of my soul, and stained the current of my life. It seems to me as if my heart were turned to gall, and that I am incessantly sharpening a poniard in my rage. . . . O Venencia! I shall kill that man!"

The young couple were seized with a cold shudder, as they seemed to hear an abrupt and sardonic laugh, which they thought proceeded from the deepest recesses of the Quebrada. But they must have been mistaken, for the silence around them was not again interrupted; or perhaps it was the sharp cry of some wild bird soaring affrighted from its prey.

"Do you remember," resumed Don Jose, in a low tone, "the day when for the first time I ventured to make an avowal of that love with which you had inspired me, and which my dreams assure me is to cause the happiness of my future life? When I approached you, I trembled like the leaves of the almond tree when shaken by the rude breath of the north-west. Even while I spoke, I wished to check my words, for I dreaded your displeasure worse than death. But when I saw you blush, your eyes downcast, and the smile of an angel growing and spreading on your lips, I took courage, as it seemed that you also loved me. You rose hurriedly, but you came back in an instant with some odorous buds you had gathered in the *corral*, which you offered to me as you bent towards me. Then all my blood rushed back to my heart, and my life seemed to leave me. I did not wish to exist, unless. . . . What did I do?" he asked, as he gazed upon her with eyes liquid with tenderness and love.

"You embraced me too boldly," she replied, smilingly.

"Yes, it was the first kiss," he added, as he clasped the young girl to his heart; "it was the first, angel of love! and I have had need of many since, to try to moderate the flame that was consuming me—is it not so?"

"Yes," she murmured, while their cheeks met, and their tears mingled.

"And do you recollect," asked the lady, overcome with emotion as she reclined on her lover's arm; "do you recollect our solitary morning rambles on the beach, when, at the foot of *Castello* we sat upon a rock, against which the waves dashed gently while we listened in silence to their mysterious murmurs, and their slow and melancholy cadence; or when we gazed upon the distant fires on the other side of the roadstead, which were lit by the travellers on their journey to Coquimbo; or when sometimes we admired the moon as it rose over the mountains? Ah! there it is," she exclaimed; "do you not see it appear lonely and pure as in the days of our past happiness?"

"Yes, alas!" he said, sadly shaking his head; "it is we only who have changed."

In fact, at that moment the star of night showed like a dome of fire over the *Campara de la Quillotta*, whose three round hillocks stood out in bold relief. The surrounding levels were lit up with a pale and ash-coloured light, and the sky, tinged with red streaks, seemed to reflect the flames of a volcanic eruption. When the moon had detached itself from the topmost peak of the Andes, it rose rapidly in the air like a fiery and massive aerolith, casting a flood of radiance upon the roadstead which had hitherto remained in obscurity, and whose calm and limpid waters seemed like an immense mirror, in which the placid luminary silently gazed.

For some time the two lovers sat speechless before this sublime spectacle, which recalled their dreams of former times and their departed happiness. The young girl was the first to speak.

"Alas," asked she, as she looked upon Jose, "are we never again to have any pleasant days?"

"O yes!" he eagerly replied, as he snatched her to his heart. "But let us forget everything in this moment, Venencia. Let us not trouble our few and brief moments of happiness by apprehensions of the future. You are mine now, as the vital stream that warms my heart, and the animating impulse of my breath; sweet flower of life, you are mine. We will be together for ever. Venencia, O why can we not die of love and happiness?" he sighed, while his fingers played furtively with the perfumed tresses of the young girl under her black *mantilla.*

"My Jose, uttered Venencia, in the same low tones, "do you love me?" and her form trembled in her lover's caress. "Tell me again, my Jose, that you love me only," again Venencia exclaimed, "and that wherever I go, you will follow me."

"For ever and throughout—I hold nothing dear in the world but you."

"And I will be yours, or die," gasped Venencia; but as she uttered this declaration she suddenly disengaged herself from the youth's arms, while, trembling with terror, she sank on her knees, and repeatedly and rapidly crossed herself.

Don Jose listened in astonishment.

A solemn and religious melody was heard in the distance, and reached their ears from the waterside. Male voices in a choir were singing the Litanies of the Virgin. By degrees the singers approached nearer, and at the edge of the ascent the lovers distinguished a number of priests, who were proceeding slowly towards Ahuandral. A large banner of white silk was borne before them, which was clearly defined from the vast and dark rocks of the *Cabo di Horno*, as it was shaken by the breeze like a sail, while the procession passed them.

Venencia continued praying, and Don Jose did not venture to interrupt her. The monotonous accents of the monks were reiterated at intervals by the echoes of the Quebrada, and for a long time sounded in their ears, after which they gradually died away, until only an imperceptible murmur was heard like the expiring cadence of a distant bell. When all was quiet, Venencia, who still continued kneeling and trembling, slowly raised her head, and gazed upon her lover, whose eyes were fixed on the sea beneath, and who smiled with a peculiar bitterness.

"Pepe," she whispered, as she dragged herself to him, and tried to read in his eyes the feeling which agitated his heart. "My Jose," she repeated mournfully, clasping her hands on her bosom. "I am distracted—I could wish you to kill me." Unable to continue, she bent her head, while large tears ran down her cheeks. The youth, disarmed by this ebullition of agony, seemed to rouse himself from a dream, and turned his eyes, which were all so dim with tears, upon the hopless penitent, who prayed to him at this moment with as much fervour as she had previously addressed the Virgin.

"You have ever been an angel of love," he said, as he raised her and dried her tears, which flowed in abundance beneath her long and humid eyelashes. "Come!" and he led her into an uninhabited cottage, which stood close to the side of the edge of the Quebrada.

When Don Jose and Venencia left the building, they noticed, at some distance before them, on the Cordillera, a man wrapped up in a cloak, who seemed to be gazing attentively in the direction of the open sea, or to be scrutinizing the vessels at anchor, or the wafers of the bay, which the moon had silvered with a thousand undulating reflections. They trembled at the sight, and hesitated for an instant before they showed themselves; at length they stepped over the threshold, and commenced their descent. The stranger stood motionless, and did not cast a glance in their direction, nor was a fold of his cloak moved.

"It is a poet, or some madman, admiring the full moon," whispered Jose to his trembling companion, as he led her to the foot of the Cordillera.

The poet or the madman strode silently away, and was lost in the shadows of the Quebrada, from whence he doubtlessly continued to soliloquize upon the beauty of a moonlit night.

* The *serenos* discharge in Chili the functions of the *ci-devant* London watchmen. They cry the hours, and announce the state of the weather. When it is fine, they shout *sereno*; when cloudy, they cry *nublado*. Some of these guardians of the night make a parade of their piety by preceding their announcement of the state of the weather with the words *Ave Maria purissima.*

† Bella Vista is the name of the least barren of the hills which surround Valparayso.

‡ An abbreviation, or rather synonyme, for Jose

Miss Mellon's Marriage to Mr. Coutts.—Of this event the account is rather romantic. Mr. Coutts was so ill that his life was endangered, and he despatched Mr. Raymond to Hollylodge, to entreat Miss Mellon to marry him. They were several hours together; and from the angry bursts of voice, a friend who waited for Mr. Raymond thought some unpleasant dispute had arisen which his interference might quell; but on entering the room, he saw poor old Raymond actually kneeling in entreaty before Miss Mellon, and the latter standing in such a state of excitement, that the unnoticed witness was glad to retire hastily from a scene which seemed past his influence. Mr. Raymond, skilled in human nature, allowed this violence to exhaust itself; when it afterwards changed to hysterical weeping, he taxed her with ingratitude to the only friend she ever possessed, in caring for the world's opinion of a delay more than for the chance of saving her benefactor's life; and he worked on her sympathies by every plea in the power of his eloquence to urge.—He quoted the example of Miss Farren, whom she had admired so much; who for a length of time was publicly known to have been engaged to the Earl of Derby, during even the lifetime of his first countess; after whose decease, Miss Farren was married to the widower within six weeks, without having a plea of his dangerous illness urged as the cause of such promptitude; and yet no one had been more respected or better received in society than the second Lady Derby. Why not the second Mrs. Coutts likewise? as the first Mrs. Coutts had been morally dead to the world for years! At last, worn out, if not convinced, Miss Mellon agreed that, if her benefactor still continued dangerously ill, by a given time she would obtain by a private marriage, the privilege of going to his house to nurse him, should an increase of danger require it.* While coolly recording this fact, without the excitement of the circumstances, it seems as if no human persuasion ought to have extorted a consent which her better judgment made her so decidedly and vehemently refuse. The dispassionate impulse of every mind will accord with her first resolute refusal; yet (while no palliation is here offered for her compliance) it would be arrogant in any to affirm they could not have been so persuaded, until after they had actually passed through a similar ordeal. Mr. Raymond having secured her reluctant promise through his powers of persuasion, did not wait for his influence to cool, but produced a written consent to their marriage, (previously drawn up and signed by Mr. Coutts,) which she signed, and he hastened to the good old gentleman in Stratton-street. Mr. Coutts was too seriously ill to be expected to recover permanently; but his mind being easier at the thought of his ability to do Miss Mellon a pecuniary kindness without slander, he became rather better. At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Raymond summoned Miss Mellon to fulfil her promise. She insisted on the ceremony being kept perfectly secret, as in the event of Mr. Coutts recovering, she would hereafter have a public and more joyful solemnisation than the present; therefore she went to St. Pancras Church with Mr. Raymond and another person. Mr. Coutts arrived in an equally unostentatious manner, and they were married by the curate, the Rev. Mr. Champeneys. When the names were signed, they departed in the same way they came. Mr. Coutts having in the vestry-room presented Mr. Raymond with a snuff-box containing the promised thousand pounds; and Miss Mellon returned alone to her own house, without mentioning the change in her name to the nearest friends in her confidence. Every day she drove as usual to his door, and sent up to know how he was; the physicians sometimes coming down with their verbal bulletin. Nothing indicated the marriage, unless, indeed, that Mr. Raymond called her the "Lady of Woodham Walters,"† avoiding to say Miss Mellon. In about a month from the time of the marriage, she drove one morning to the door in Stratton street, and one of the physicians came down with great concern, to tell her Mr. Coutts was considerably worse. Alarmed out of all her caution, she clasped her hands and cried, "Good heavens, tell me all! I am his wife!" The astonished physician then very forcibly described the danger of Mr. Coutts; and it was resolved that she must at once assume her place in the house of her husband, the crisis of his illness requiring unremitting care. Such was, in reality, the "*gay* honeymoon" of the poor dying old man of eighty-six, and the greatly afflicted object of his regard!—*Mrs. Wilson's Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Albans.*

* She had always the pardonable whim of a much flattered person, viz:—that whatever came from her hand must be most acceptable to the invalid, and that her presence would bring comparative ease to those she loved. Thus, it is said, when the Duke of St. Alban's took the small pox, during its preliminary shiverings, the Duchess thought nothing could be so efficacious as a cashmere shawl from her neck; and one after another of those hundred guinea articles was just worn by her for a few minutes and transferred to the chilled sufferer, although she knew her own dread of infection would never allow her to resume their use.

† She was lady of the manor of some small place bearing the name of Woodham Walters. Besides many very many valuable proofs of Miss Mellon's solid regard for Mr. Raymond while living, she at his death (then Mrs. Coutts) took great interest in promoting the almost magnificence of his funeral, which was attended by more than fifty mourning coaches. When it passed from Pimlico, through Piccadilly, to Covent-garden, (where six theatrical managers supported the pall,) she stood to view it, evidently in tears, in a window of her late residence at the corner of Stratton-street.

BURIAL OF THE EMIGRANT'S BABE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I mused amid the place of graves,
When the brief autumn day,
With its hoarse minstrelsy of storms,
Sank to its rest away—
The long grass gave a rustling sound,
As to the mourner's tread—
And lo! a lonely woman came,
The bearer of her dead.

No stately hearse, or sable pall,
Or tall plumes waving high,
Impress'd the solemn pomp of wo.
Upon the passer by—
But Nature's grief, so oft unknown
Beside the proud man's bier,
Where long processions slowly move,
Spake forth, resistless, here.

No foot of neighbor or of friend,
In pitying love drew nigh,
Nor the sweet German dirge breath'd out,
As neath her native sky,
To bless the clay that came to sleep
Within the hallow'd sod,
And emulate that triumph-strain
Which gives the soul to god.

Poor babe! that grieving breast from whence
Thy transient life-stream flow'd,
Doth press the coffin, as it goes
On to the last abode;
Those patient arms that shelter'd thee,
With many a tender prayer,
In sad reluctance yield thee back
To Earth, thy mother's care.

No priestly hand the immortal scroll
Of heavenly hope displayed,
As in the drear and darken'd vault
Her infant gem she laid;
And wildly mid the stranger shades
Of that sequester'd dell,
The lofty language of the Rhine
In troubled cadence fell.

But grasping fast the mourner's skirts,
In wonder and in fear,
A boy, who thrice the spring had seen,
Stood all unnoticed near,
And wistful on his mother's face
Was fixed that fair child's eye,
While tear-drops o'er his glowing cheek
Gush'd forth, he knew not why;

For sympathy's o'erwhelming sob
Awoke his bosom's strife,
And wondering sorrow strongly stirred
The new-born fount of life—
Yea—still that trace of woe must gleam
From life's unwritten page,
Though Memory's casket he should search
With the dim eye of Age.

But with so strong and deep a power
That lonely funeral stole,
Among the pictured scenes that dwell
For ever in the soul,
That often when I wander near,
And sad winds murmur low,
Starting, I seem once more to hear
That wailing mother's woe.

Lord Lyndhurst, a Poet.—While he was at a school kept by a Mr. Franks, a circumstance occurred which will serve to show how early the ardent temperament and ready talent, which has distinguished his public career, developed itself in this remarkable man. At Clapham there was a young ladies' school, which was attended by the same dancing master as that employed by Mr. Franks; and previous to his annual ball, the two schools used frequently to meet together for the purpose of practising. At one of these agreeable *re-unions*, young Copley, then not more than fourteen years of age, was smitten with the charms of a beautiful girl, and, at their next meeting, slipped into her hand a letter containing a locket with his hair, and a copy of verses, of which the following is a transcript. They were entitled—

"*Verses addressed by J. Copley to the most amiable*—

Thy fatal shafts unerring prove,
I bow before thine altar, love;
I feel thy soft, resistless flame,
Glide swift through all my vital frame:
For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul;
My faltering tongue attempts, in vain,
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs;
Condemn'd to muse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unheard I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

"I beg you will do me the honour to accept of the trifle that accompanies it, and you will oblige your affectionate admirer, J. S. Copley, jun.

"P.S.—Pray excuse the writing."

It is only necessary to add, that the lady to whom these verses were addressed still survives, and retains in her possession both the letter and its contents.—*Law and Lawyers.*

THE QUEEN—THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

We perceive that Sir Augustus D'Este and his sister were at the state ball given by Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, on Monday evening. This is, we understand, the first time that Sir Augustus has been within the precincts of the court since the day he exhibited his bill in chancery to clear his mother's fame, by perpetuating the evidence of her marriage.—For that act—an act of filial duty to the memory of his deceased parent, of self-respect, and of justice to his sister—he was (by the exercise of an undue and unnatural influence) dismissed from the household of William the Fourth, in which he held the situation of Equerry, and never after admitted within the Royal circle. We regret that the circumstances will not permit of our ascribing this harsh proceeding to any thing but the unjust resentment of a husband and father—but we curb the indignation which would fain characterize such conduct with suitable epithets.

A better day, we trust, has dawned on the offspring of the ill-fated lady—a kindlier and a juster feeling begins to prevail. God grant its influence may have been felt by the great offender, and that he is preparing to make what restitution lies in his power to his wronged and patiently enduring children. We trust a portion of this opening reparation may be due to the penitence and returning paternity of the Royal Duke. But whether it be so or not, we rejoice that their undeserved sufferings have attracted the notice of the Sovereign herself, and that the gracious Majesty of England has taken the first, and (unless the demonstration be a mockery) a decisive step towards the recognition of the birth of these illustrious persons, and their elevation to that position and those rights in the country which the constitution allows them.—*Mail.*

Oil as a Manure.—In the spring of 1839, I divided a plat of ground which was ten feet by twenty, into two beds of ten feet square each; to one bed good stable manure was applied in proportion of about forty loads to the acre; to the other common lamp oil was applied in proportion of one pint to the square rod. The oil was thoroughly mixed with dry sand, in sufficient quantity to absorb it, and the sand was then sown on the square. In all other respects the two beds were treated exactly alike, and were sown at the same time with sweet marjoram, which came well, and both appeared very much alike for the first three weeks; when that to which the oil was applied gradually gained the ascendancy, and showed so visible a difference in favour of the oil, that it was often noticed by strangers.—In the fall the products of the two beds were correctly weighed, with the following results: that to which the manure was applied produced 37 and a half pounds, while that which received the oil produced full 68 3-4 lbs., making a difference of 31 and a quarter pounds in favour of the oil. But whether the oil will be equally beneficial for all kinds of crops or not, we are not prepared to say, or whether this is the best mode of application or not, we cannot say; but we have undertaken a series of experiments on a somewhat larger scale, and by various applications, with the common blubber, the result of which we shall be happy to communicate as soon as practicable.—*Gor. Hill's Monthly Visitor.*

Electric Telegraph.—This extraordinary machine is now being worked on the Great Western Railroad, between Drayton and Paddington; and, though no distinct idea of the apparatus can be imparted without plans and draughts of the dial, pipes, rods, &c., of which it is composed, yet the principle will excite unqualified admiration when our readers learn that intelligence is conveyed at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, or eight thousand times quicker than light travels during the same period, by means of electrical currents passing through coils of copper wire placed immediately behind some fine magnetic needles, made to operate upon a circular series of twenty letters, which indicate such terms, either separately or collectively, as they have been arranged to represent. This telegraph will act both day and night, in all states of the weather, and with a rapidity so superior to the common process, that one minute only is required for the communication of thirty signals.

Queen Elizabeth at Hatfield.—In a goodly chamber well hung with costly arras that was in the Palace of Hatfield, there sat a lady of a very commendable aspect, though it wore an expression somewhat serious withal. She was young—that is to say nigh unto five-and-twenty years of age—and looked to be of a fair stature. The hair of a light red tint, whereof the greater part was concealed under a small caul of gold thread, was combed up from the forehead, showing a light delicate complexion and a brow of famous thoughtfulness. Her dress was a close vested robe of a sober colour, and without ornament that had anything noticeable about it save its extreme simplicity; indeed, in her whole attiring, seemly though it was, there was evidence of a wonderful modesty in the wearer, and a marvellous freedom from that common vanity of the sex that delighteth in the wearing of gaudy apparel. She sat in a cushioned arm-chair of oak, close upon the hearth, seemingly as if gazing upon the log that was burning on the fire-dogs, for it was on the 17th of November—holding in her lap what looked to be a missal or other work of the like kind, used by Catholics in their devotions; and she wore a rosary round her neck, to which there was affixed an ivory cross. This was no other than the Lady Elizabeth, at that time residing in a sort of honourable durance, at the royal palace of Hatfield, by command of her sister Queen Mary.—*The Psyche*, a new periodical.

The True Way.—When you begin to be discouraged, then be sure to pluck up a good heart and exert yourself, for your fortune is just at that moment on the point of changing for the better.

Scrap for the Ladies.—Excessive talkativeness on the part of the wife, will entitle a man in China to a bill of divorce.

MUTILATED ISSUE