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

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

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

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

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

August		R. Sun.	S. moon	P. w.
20	Saturday,	5 16	6 44 rises	11 17
21	Sunday,	5 18	6 42	6 50 11 56
22	Monday,	5 19	6 41	7 13 Morn
23	Tuesday,	5 20	6 40	7 34 0 24
24	Wednesday,	5 21	6 39	7 48 0 54
25	Thursday,	5 23	6 37	8 16 1 23
26	Friday,	5 24	6 36	8 46 1 55

Full Moon 20th, 9h. 17m. evening.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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

Commercial Bank.—John Duncan, 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: Wm. Hammond, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Wm. Walker, Esq.

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

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

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

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

☞ NOTICE.

THE subscribers having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the business heretofore carried on by L. H. Deveber will in future be conducted under the Firm of

L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

L. H. DEVEBER.
RICHARD SANDS DEVEBER.

St. John, 7th May, 1842.

Removal.

DAVID PATERSON has removed his **Boot & Shoe** Establishment from Prince Wm. street, to the Brick Building lately erected by John Johnston, Esq., west side of Dock street, three doors from the Market square. *May 6.*

Removal.

THE subscribers have removed their place of business from *Water street*, to the new Fire proof store, lately erected by them at the foot of *Union street*, on the property belonging to R. W. Crookshank, Esq.

SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

April 29, 1842.

Crookshank & Walker have removed their Counting House to the same building. *April 29.*

St. Andrews & Fredericton.

L. L. COPELAND begs to inform the Public that he is now under contract to convey H. M. Mail's between St. Andrews and Fredericton, and will convey passengers on said route with the utmost expedition. The Stage will leave the former place immediately after the arrival of the American mail on Wednesday's, and Fredericton on Friday's.—Fare 30s.

EXTRA conveyances furnished at all times, on application at the Hotel.

St. Andrews, April 29, 1842.

For Sale,

AT THE PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,

A POWERFUL Low Pressure **STEAM ENGINE**, nearly finished, applicable either for Land or Marine purposes, to be had on reasonable terms, on early application to

THOMAS BARLOW & CO.

On Hand—A variety of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Ploughs, and Ship Castings. Mill, Ship, and Engine Work, with every description of Machinery made to order.

☞ Warehouse on the Mill Bridge, corner of Pond street. *Jan. 21.*

Steamer Nova-Scotia.

Arrangement for 1842.

HAS now commenced plying in the Bay of Fundy, as follows:—*Monday*—Leaving Saint John for Eastport, Saint Andrews, and Saint Stephen, at 7 a. m., and returning on Tuesday—*Wednesday*—For Digby and Annapolis at 7 a. m., and returning on Thursday.

Will leave Saint John every *Thursday* evening for WINDSOR, two hours before high water, until further notice.

For further information please apply to the master on board, or at the Counting Room of

E. BARLOW & SONS,

St. John, April 22. *Dock street.*

Post Office,

St. John, 9th July, 1842.

THE Mails for St. Andrews, St. George, St. Stephen and the United States, will in future be made up on *Mondays, Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—The return Mails will be received on *Tuesdays, Thursdays*, and *Saturdays*, at 4, P. M.

J. HOWE, Jr. P. M.

CARLETON

Mill Establishment,

IN THE CITY OF ST. JOHN,
GREATLY IMPROVED.

Honesty, Economy, Industry and Punctuality.—BE DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.

Logs, Logs, & Timber.

WANTED for the said Mills 4,000,000 feet Spruce and Pine LOGS, for a summer and winter supply, for which the highest market prices will be given. Also, 2,000 tons refuse Pine TIMBER, of all lengths and sizes.

The above Mills are now in perfect order to cut any quantity of Ship Plank, of all lengths and thickness, & Scantling of any dimension to the extreme length of 57 feet, if required. They are also prepared to manufacture any other description of lumber that may be required, including the produce of the Circular Saws, such as Shingles, Laths, Staves, Palings, &c. All orders will be executed at the shortest possible notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

The subscriber having just fitted up a second gang of Saws, on the most improved principle, with the best machinery, by a first-rate Machinist, is now prepared to manufacture 400 to 500 shiping Deals per day, or 100,000 superficial feet pr week.

These fine Mills are situated in the City of St. John, amidst ships and wharves, and directly opposite and within hail of the mooring-ground, and by which Deals and other descriptions of Lumber can be cut and passed clear and unsoiled directly from the saws into the vessels, as well as in the months of January, February and March, as in June and July.

N. B.—For all orders that the subscriber may be favored with, either from England, Ireland or Scotland, for Cargoes of Bright Deals, British Goods will be taken in part payment.

Flour and other Produce of the United States, will be taken in payment for any articles of Lumber that may be required from the Establishment in that quarter.

Logs and Timber cut at the halves, or on reasonable terms, at the shortest notice, either in summer or winter.

The spacious Pond in the rear of Mills, is one of the safest places of deposit for Timber and Logs in the world, and is capable of containing at least 15,000,000 feet. The use of the Divisions and Coves of the said Pond are offered gratis to all persons either in Saint John, Fredericton, Woodstock, or on any part of the river St. John, who may have Logs on hand; and the said Logs when so deposited can be cut at the halves, or on any other reasonable terms, at any time when it may best suit the interest of the owner.

The alterations and improvements in the Grist Mill are completed, and persons importing Grain and who are engaged in the Flour trade, can have the use of it, either in the summer or winter, for a mere trifle.

As fresh Oatmeal is so much required at all seasons of the year, by people of all ranks in society, both in town and country: the subscriber, having got through with the improvements in the Grist and Saw Mills, intends forthwith to prepare for the manufacture of that article. Should he succeed in the attempt, he proposes in order to save time, to give in exchange, without a moment's delay, for Oats brought to the Mill, fresh Oat and Indian Meal, Flour, American Produce, Groceries, Dry Goods, or any articles that the Establishment may produce.

LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS, Palings, &c. &c. always on hand.

N. B.—All the articles manufactured in this establishment are warranted to be done in the very first style of workmanship.

☞ Persons not in circumstances to purchase find these hard times, to keep them warm through a long and dreary winter, can have it *gratis*, by taking it away.

GEORGE BOND.

Saint John, N. B., 28th July, 1842.

E. L. JARVIS & CO.

Offer for sale at the lowest market prices, the following very recently imported Goods.

100 TONS IRON;
200 ditto common English ditto,
10 ditto best Swedish ditto,
10 ditto sheet, hoop, and plate ditto,
10 ditto cast, blister, and German STEEL,
20 ditto HOLLOW WARE,—viz. Iron Pots, Camp Ovens, Boilers, Axle and Block Bushes.
300 Canada Stoves, of various sizes, from 20 to 36 inches, handsome patterns and well fitt
240 Kegs and Bags Iron Spikes and Nails, all sizes;
3 Tons Composition Spikes, 12ds,
16 Smiths' Bellows,
21 ditto Anvils; 40 ditto Vices;
300 Kegs Gunpowder, assorted, all qualities;
400 Boxes Window Glass, of various sizes;
10 barrels PUTTY, in bladders;
10 ditto Pipe Clay; 10 tierces Paris Whiting
4 hogsheads Lamplblack,
100 Kegs *Brandram's* London White Lead,
600 ditto cold PAINTS, and No. 2 White Lead,
25 casks London Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil,
10 Rolls SHEET LEAD, assorted, 3 to 10 lbs. per foot,
36 boxes TIN PLATE, IC, IX, IXX, DC, DX, and DXX;
Together with a great variety of IRONMONGERY and CUTLERY of all descriptions.

North Market Wharf, 22d October, 1841.

NOW LANDING,

Ex Edwin, from London:

Brandy, Geneva, Old Jamaica Rum, Marsalla, Bucellas, and Lisbon.

2 PUNCHEONS and 22 hogsheads finest Old BRANDY, *Martell's*;
4 hogsheads very old Pale ditto ditto,
10 ditto best Rotterdam Pale GENEVA,
1 ditto Curious Old Jamaica Rum, (very choice,)
1 Pipe and 2 hhds. *Woodhouse's* Marsalla;
4 hhds. Old Bucellas; 4 hhds. Rich Lisbon:
Which, with a choice stock of Old Wines, &c. are for sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

24th June. Wine Merchants.

GENEVA, CANDLES, &c. &c.

W. H. STREET,

Has received ex Brig *EDWIN*, from London:—

40 HHDS. Fine PALE HOLLANDS;
30 boxes Wax Wick Mould CANDLES, C's;
30 boxes Dip Candles; 16 do. Sperm ditto;
1 Box Carriage Lights.

—IN STORE—

50 hhds. Martell's best Old Coloured and Pale BRANDY;
25 Puncheons H. P. Jamaica RUM;
10 Chests E. I. Company's Fine CONGO;
200 Boxes Liverpool and London SOAP; for sale at lowest market rates. *24th June.*

Miscellany.

From Lady Blessington's new work of 'The Lottery of Life.'

MARY LESTER.

A TALE OF ERROR.

It was a lovely evening in the early part of August, when a brilliant sun was sinking in the horizon, and tinging all round with his golden beams, that a travelling carriage and four was seen rapidly descending a hill on the north road. In the carriage, supported by pillows, reclined a young man, on whose high brow and noble countenance disease had stamped its seal in fearful characters, though the natural beauty of the sufferer still shone forth triumphantly over the ravages of ill health. His languid head rested on the shoulder of a young and beautiful girl, and his uptorned eyes were fixed, with an expression of unutterable love, on hers. The last rosy rays of sunset, falling on the pale brow of the young man, showed like a red cloud passing over snow, and contrasted sadly with its marble hue.

'Mary, my blessed love,' said the invalid, 'pull the check string, and order Sainville to urge the postilions to advance still quicker.'

'Be composed, dearest Henry,' replied the young lady, 'observe you not that the velocity with which we advance has increased the difficulty of your breathing! You will destroy yourself by this exertion.'

'Mary, you know not how essential it is to my peace of mind that we should reach Gretna Green most rapidly; every moment is precious, and the anxiety that preys on me is even still more fatal to my frame than the velocity of our pace. Tell, Sainville then, dearest, to urge the postilions.'

Mary pulled the check-string, and Sainville soon stopped the carriage, and stood by the step. The change that the last hour had produced on the countenance of his master struck the servant with dismay; and he almost feared he should see him expire, as, gasping for breath, he turned his eager eyes on those of Sainville, and laying his hand on the arm of the alarmed servant, said, 'Remember, Sainville, that my life—nay, more than life depends on my reaching Gretna Green in a few hours. Give the postilions gold—promise them all, everything, if they will advance with all possible speed.'

The postilions urged their steeds, and the carriage whirled along with fearful rapidity, while the invalid pressed with a nervous grasp the small trembling hand that rested within his.

Who were these young and interesting pair, whose dreams of love and happiness the gaunt fiend Death smiled in mockery while he held his dart suspended over them? To tell you who they were, it is necessary to resort to the village of Dawlish, in Devonshire, where dwelt Mrs. Lester, the widow of a field officer, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo; and who left his still young and beautiful wife, with an infant daughter, a scanty provision, and little else, save the distinguished reputation that his well known bravery had gained in a life devoted to the service of his country, and sealed by his blood.

Colonel Lester's had been a love marriage; but, unlike the generality of such unions, the love had increased with the years that had united them; and they felt so happy as nearly to forget that their marriage had deprived them of the affection and countenance of their mutual relatives, who had declined all intercourse with two poor and wilful persons, as they considered them, who were determined to marry from pure affection, contrary to the advice of all their friends. It was not until death had snatched her husband from her, that Mrs. Lester felt the consequences of her imprudent marriage. Left alone and unprotected, with an infant daughter, how did she wish to claim for her child that protection from her family for which she was too proud to sue for herself. And it was not without many struggles with her pride that she had appealed to their sympathy. This appeal had been unanswered, for the relatives to whom it had been addressed found it still more prudent to decline an intercourse with an ill provided widow, than it had formerly been to renew one with the wife of a meritorious officer, likely to arrive at distinction in his profession.

Mrs. Lester retired from the busy world, and fixed her residence in a small neat cottage at Dawlish, determined to devote her whole time to the education of her child. This spot had been endeared to her by her having spent some of the happiest days of her life there, with Colonel Lester soon after their marriage; and she found a melancholy pleasure in tracing their former haunts in its neighbourhood, when, leaning on his arm, and supported by his affection, the future offered only bright prospects. All the love she had felt for her husband was now centred in his child; and the youthful Mary grew, beneath a mother's tender and fostering care, all that the fondest parent could desire—lovely in person, and pure in mind.

She had only reached her sixteenth year, when, in the summer of 1827, the young Lord Mordaunt came to Dawlish, to try the benefit of change of air in a complaint which threatened to terminate in consumption. The cottage next to Mrs. Lester's was taken for the invalid; and his physician having occasion to refer to that lady for the character of a female servant, an acquaintance was formed which led to an introduction to his patient, who found the society of the mother and daughter so much to his taste, that no day passed that did not find him a visitor at Woodbine cottage. He would spend whole hours at the drawing or work table of Mary, correcting her sketches, reading aloud to her, or giving descriptions of the different foreign countries he had visited.

Lord Mordaunt was a young man so attractive in person and manners, that it would have been difficult for a much more fastidious judge than Mary Lester not to have been captivated by his attentions; and his delicate health served still more to excite a strong interest for him, while it banished all thoughts of alarm, even from the breast of the prudent mother, who looked on him with sorrow, as one foredoomed to an early grave. It is perhaps one of the most amiable proofs of the tenderness of women's hearts—their sympathy and affection which health and gaiety might fail to produce. The power was exemplified in the conduct of Mary Lester: for when, in their daily walks, in which Lord Mordaunt now attended them, his pale cheek assumed a hectic hue, from the exertion, and his eyes beamed with more than their usual lustre those of Mary would fill with tears as she marked the first precursors of decay. With trembling anxiety she would urge him to repose himself on some rustic bench; and when he yielded to her entreaties, would hang over him with feelings, of whose source and extent her innocence kept her in ignorance, or led her to attribute solely to pity.

Days passed away, each one increasing the attachment of the young people, and confirming the fears of Lord Mordaunt's physician, while he alone appeared unconscious of his danger. His pass on seemed to bind him by new ties to life; and when pain and lassitude reminded him that he was ill, he looked on the blooming cheek and beaming eye of Mary, and asked himself—if one, who felt for her the love that quickened the pulsations of his throbbing heart, could be indeed approaching the cold and cheerless grave? and he clung with renewed hope to existence, now that it had become so valuable.

At this period a sprained ancle confined Mrs. Lester to the house; and she confined Mary every day to the care of Dr. Erskine and his patient, to pursue their accustomed walk. The doctor was skilled in botany and geology: and the neighbourhood of Dawlish presented many specimens in both sciences capable of arresting his attention: hence the lovers were frequently left alone in their rambles while he collected treasures for his *hortus siccus*, or cabinet: and the conversation, which under the eye of the dignified matron, or grave doctor, had always been confined to general topics, now became purely personal. When young people begin to talk of themselves, sentiment soon colors the conversations and, from sentimental conversation to love, how quick is the transition! When Lord Mordaunt first avowed his passion, the pure and heartless Mary's innocent reply was. 'Oh! how happy dear mamma will be!' But a cloud that passed over the brow of her lover, showed that he anticipated not the same effect on Mrs. Lester.

'Do not, dearest, if you value my peace,' said he, 'inform your mother of our attachment. My family would oppose it so strongly, that she would think herself obliged to refuse her sanction—nay, she would, I am sure, think it her duty to prohibit our meeting. A separation from you I could not support; and but one mode seems to avert it. Fly with me, my beloved Mary, to Scotland: our marriage once accomplished, my family must be reconciled to it—at least, they cannot divide us; and your mother will be saved the blame of having aided it.'

Day after day, the same reasoning was tried by the impassioned lover, and was listened to with less reluctance by the too confiding girl; and as she heard the tender reproaches he uttered; and his reiterated expressions of his increasing illness caused as he asserted, by the anxiety that preyed on his mind at her hesitating to elope with him, and marked the increasing delicacy of his appearance, her scruples vanished, and, in an evil hour, she left the happy home of her childhood, and the unsuspicious mother who idolized her. A thousand daggers went through the heart of this innocent and affectionate daughter, as she prepared to leave the peaceful roof that had sheltered her infancy, paused at the chamber door of her sleeping mother, and called down blessings on her head. She only sustained in her resolution to accompany her lover, by the recollection she was to confer happiness—nay, life, on him, and that a few days would see her return to her mother, the happy wife of Lord Mordaunt.

It is the happiness they believe they are to confer and not that which they hope to receive, that influences the conduct of women: and many a one has fallen a victim to generous affection, who could have resisted the pleadings of selfishness. At the moment of leaving her home, Mary thought only of others, her lover and her mother occupied all her thoughts, and never perhaps, did she more truly love that mother, than when unconsciously plunging a dagger in her heart, by the step she was about to take. Never let the young and unsuspecting do evil, in order that good may ensue.—Mary knew that she was about to do wrong: but she was persuaded by her lover that it was the only possible means of securing their future happiness; and she yielded to the temptation.

The valet of Lord Mordaunt, who was in the confidence of his master, made all the necessary arrangements for the elopement; and the lovers left the village of Dawlish while the unconscious mother and Dr. Erskine soundly slept, unthinking of the rash step the persons so dear to them were taking.

They had only pursued their route one day, when the rupture of a blood vessel in the chest wrought so fearful a change in Lord Mordaunt, that he became sensible of his danger, and trembled at the idea of dying before he could bequeath his name to his adored Mary. His whole soul was now bent on fulfilling this duty; but, alas! the very anxiety that preyed on him only rendered its accomplishment more difficult. Still he proceeded, resisting all Mary's entreaties to stop to repose himself, and was within a few stages of his destination. No post horses were to be had, and the agonies of disappointed hope were now added to the mortal pangs that shot through the frame of the dying man. He was removed from his carriage and laid on a couch, while the agonized girl bent over him in speechless woe.

'Remember, Sainville,' murmured Mordaunt, in broken accents, 'that this lady would have been my wife, had I been spared to reach Gretna. Tell my father and mother that it was I who urged—who forced her to this flight, and to look on her as their daughter.'

Here agitation overpowered his feeble frame, and he sunk fainting on his pillow, from whence he never moved again, as death in a few hours closed his mortal sufferings. The hapless Mary stayed by him while a spark of life yet lingered; but when the hand that grasped hers relaxed its hold, she fell into a swoon nearly as cold and rigid as the corpse beside her. For many days a violent fever rendered her insensible to the miseries of her situation. During her delirium she repeatedly called on her mother to save her from some imagined enemy who was forcing her from them: and the mistress of the inn, and the chambermaids who assisted her, were melted into tears by the pathos of her incoherent complaints.

Intelligence of the death of Lord Mordaunt had been despatched to Mordaunt castle, the seat of his father, and in due time, the confidential agent of his lordship, accompanied by a London undertaker, arrived to perform the funeral obsequies.

Youth and a good constitution had enabled Mary to triumph over her malady; and, though reduced to extreme langour, reason once more resumed its empire over her brain; but, with returning consciousness came the fearful heart burning recollection of the death scene had witnessed, and she shrunk with morbid distaste, from a life that now no longer offered her a single charm.

Her entreaties won from the humane mistress an avowal that the mortal remains of him she had loved were to be removed the following day, and she insisted upon looking at them once again. It was evening when, pale and attenuated, presenting only the shadow of her former self, Mary Lester, supported by the pitying females who had watched over her illness, entered the chamber of death.—Her eyes fell on the marble brow and finely chiselled features of Lord Mordaunt, beautiful even in death, and an involuntary shudder betrayed her feelings. She motioned to be left alone, and there was an earnestness in the looks and gestures that pleaded for this last indulgence, that rendered compliance with it irresistible. She looked at the face so beloved, every lineament of which was graven in ineffaceable characters on her heart—that face which never before met her glance without repaying it with one of unutterable tenderness. While she yet gazed in mute despair, and tears, nature's kind relief, were denied to her burning eyes, the last rays of the sun, setting in brilliant splendour, fell on the calm countenance of her lover, tinging its marble paleness with faint red.

'It was thus, Henry, you looked when I last saw the sun's dying beams fall on your beautiful brow,' ejaculated the heart broken girl: 'oh no! for then those lovely eyes, now for ever veiled in death, sought mine with looks of deep, deep love, and silenced the reproaches of the monitor within my breast. But now, O God of mercy! who shall solace it, or who shall speak comfort to me? Look at me once again, Henry, adored Henry! let me once more hear the blessed sound of that voice!' and she paused, as if awaiting the result of her passionate invocation. Then, turning away, 'Fool! senseless fool that I am!' she exclaimed, 'he heeds me not! he has fled for ever! and I am alone—alone, for evermore—in a world that can never again hold forth a single allusion to me. Oh mother dear, dear mother! and was it for this I deserted you? I thought to return to you a proud and happy bride, and that he would plead, successfully plead, for your pardon for my first fault. But there he lies, who should have pleaded, cold and speechless, and I live to see him so lie. Henry! beloved Henry! thy lips have never pressed mine; pure, respectful love restrained each ardent impulse, and in thy devoted attachment I found my best shield. But now, now, when thine can no longer return the pressure, Oh! let me thus imprint the first seal of love!' and she pressed her pale and trembling lips to the cold and rigid ones of Mordaunt, and fainted in the action.

It was long ere the kind exertions of the women, who rushed in from the adjoining room on hearing her fall, could restore animation to the exhausted frame of Mary; and when they succeeded, the first sentences that struck on her ears were the following dialogue between Mr. Sable the undertaker, and Sainville.

'Je vous dit, dat is I tell you, Monsieur Sable, dat cet demoiselle, dis young lady, vas to be de lady, c'est a dire, l'epouse—de wife of my lord.—He cannot tell you so himself, parcequ'il est mort. for he be dead; but I do tell you vat he did tell to me with his last words.'

'Why you see Mr. Sainville,' replied the obtuse Sable, 'I cannot outstep my orders; and the affair has a very awkward appearance, to say the least of it. A portionless young lady, as I understood her, to be, eloping with a rich young nobleman of splendid expectations, and in the last stage of consumption—why, look you, it has a very suspicious aspect. The marquis is a very stern and severe nobleman; and the marchioness is as proud as Lucifer; neither would for a moment countenance a young person who had no legitimate claims on their consideration, and whom they would naturally look on as an artful adventuress, who had taken advantage of the weakness and partiality of their son to entrap him into an engagement, which, luckily, he did not live to complete. Mr. Scruple, the lawyer, explained all this to me; and therefore, neither he nor I can interfere in making any arrangements for the return of the young person to her friends; and as to her accompanying the funeral procession to Mordaunt Castle, it is out of the question.'

'And dis you call religion and humanity in dis country?' said the angry valet.—'Had my dear young lord lived tree hours longer, cette jeune et charmante demoiselle, dat is, dis young lady and pretty lady would have been Miladi Mordaunt, and Monsieur Scrupie and yourself would have bowed de knees to her with great respect. De marquis and de marchioness must den have treated her as la veuve—de vidow of deir son, and all homage and honors would be given to her: but now dat she vants every ting, you give her notings, and my dear dead lord's words go for noting at all, except vith me,—but I will not desert he! who was loved by my dear lost master. I will attend her to her home.'

Here a burst of tears interrupted the angry tirade of poor Sainville, who only *felt*, while Sable reasoned. But what where the feelings of Mary at this coarse *expose* of her position? She was ready to sink into the earth,—and, for a moment forgetting how useless was the measure, she ran to the bed where lay the inanimate corpse of *him* who once would have shielded her from even the approach of the semblance of insult, and throwing herself on the lifeless body, called on Henry, her dear Henry, to protect and save her, and vindicate her suspected purity.

A return of fever and delirium kept the unfortunate Mary many days on the brink of the grave, and those around her thought that each hour must terminate her sufferings. When consciousness again returned to her, she found that Sainville, the faithful servant of Lord Mordaunt, having performed the last sad melancholy duties to the mortal remains of his loved master, had returned to offer his services to conduct her to her mother. She thankfully accepted them; and when able to bear the motion of a carriage, Sainville procured the assistance of one of the women who had nursed her in her illness, placed her, propped up by pillows in the most comfortable chaise he could procure, and slowly retraced the route they had so lately pursued under such different circumstances. Mary's agonised thoughts dwelt on the sad contrast of the only two journeys she had ever taken, and were only drawn for moments from the lover she had lost, to the mother she was going to meet. 'If I can only reach her arms, lay throbbing on her bosom and die, I have nothing left to desire, thought the heart stricken girl. But her cup of bitterness was not yet quite filled to the brim, though she believed it was overflowing. Arrived at Dawlish, she observed an unusual silence in the street through which the carriage passed: Sainville being recognized, many persons approached him, and waving their heads, observed, 'You have come too late—it is all over—the funeral took place an hour ago.'

Mary heard no more; she was borne senseless into the desolate home, where no fond mother waited to receive her; for she who would have taken her to her heart had that day been laid in the grave. The shock which the elopement of her daughter occasioned Mrs. Lester, brought on a paralytic seizure, from which she was but slowly recovering when a harsh letter, filled with the bitterest reproaches and most unfounded accusations from the Marquis of Deloraine, the father of Lord Mordaunt, caused a fresh attack, which in a few hours terminated her existence. This letter was written during the first violence of grief, on hearing of the death of an only son, the last hope of an ancient house.—He attributed that death to the fatigues of the hurried journey to Scotland, which fatal step the proud marquis unjustly accused the mother of abetting.—He branded the unhappy Mary with epithets that struck daggers into her mother's breast, and brought on the return of her malady, which ended in death. By the imprudence of the old female servant, this harrowing letter was given to Mary. She read every word, while cold tremors shook her exhausted frame; and having laid the letter on her heart, she closed her eyes as if overcome with fatigue,—and it was not till some hours after, that the old attendant found the slumber was the sleep of death—expiating with her life her first and last error.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,190 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence; nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, although it can travel only fifty paces in a day. A worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour, and a Canary falcon can even reach 230 leagues in the short space of fifteen hours.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

Beauty went forth one summer day
To rove in pleasure's bowers,
And much she sported on her way
Among the opening flowers.
At length she reached a myrtle shade,
And through the benches peeping,
She saw, upon the roses laid,
Time, most profoundly sleeping.

Oh! what had she with Time to do—
That silly, heedless woman!
What could they have in common?
His power to blight full well she knew;
His head was pillow'd on his wings;
For he had furl'd his pinions,
To linger with the lovely things
In pleasure's bright dominions.
His scythe and glass aside were cast—
"How softly he repose!"
Cried Beauty, as she idly pass'd,
And covered him with roses.

Oh! what had she with Time to do—
That silly, heedless woman!
What could they have in common?
Time woke. "Away!" he kindly said;
"Go trifle with the Graces;
You know that I was never made
To toy with pretty faces.
'Tis pleasant in so sweet a clime
To rest awhile from duty;
I'll sleep a little more," said Time,
"No; do wake up," said Beauty.

Oh! what had she with Time to do—
That silly, heedless woman!
His power to blight full well she knew;
What could they have in common?

He rose—but he was grim and cold;
She felt her roses wither;
His scythe upon her heart was cold;
His hour-glass made her shiver.
Her young cheeks shrank, her hair turned grey;
Of grace he had bereft her;
And when he saw her charms decay,
He spread his wings and left her.

And thus I point my simple rhyme—
It is the minstrel's duty;
Beauty should never sport with Time—
Time always wishes Beauty.

Embroidery of the Turkish Women.—The Georgian and particularly the Turkish women, are renowned for their embroideries on the lightest and most delicate materials, such as crape and gauze, which they ornament with gold thread in a manner unequalled. Their embroideries in morocco leather have long been esteemed, on which they work the smallest object in *gold passing* without fraying the thread, in a way we cannot imitate. According to Mr. Savary, they formerly often ornamented their embroidery with pieces of money, the value of which they did not appear to understand; a circumstance, however, which the Genoese merchants, who had a considerable trade in the Levant, turned greatly to their advantage, as valuable and interesting coins and medals were frequently found in the old garments in which they sometimes trafficked. Besides the Turks, the Greek women of the present day, and the inhabitants of the islands of the Levant, are still celebrated for their embroidery, principally of gold and silver. The women of Therapia, in the Bosphorus, excel in a most beautiful description of this work; it can scarcely, however, be termed embroidery, being rather a species of exquisitely fine netting. They represent flowers in relief, every petal of which is worked with the utmost exactness. These extraordinary productions of the needle, unfortunately but little known in this country, cannot be sufficiently admired for their extreme delicacy and elaborateness.—*Miss Lambert's "Hand-Book of Needlework,"*

The Death of a Duellist.—"Much the same sort of feeling," resumed the lady, "seems to have overshadowed another successful duellist. I allude to the well known Capt. Best, the antagonist of Lord Camelford. The duel was forced upon him. An abandoned woman promoted it; and Lord Camelford, before he went to the ground, told his second that he was conscious he himself was in the wrong; that Best was a man of honour; but that he could not bring himself to retract words which he had once used. He fell, at once the aggressor and the sufferer. But Captain Best was never his own man afterwards. He died at the early age of eight and forty, at a boarding house called the Blanquets, near Worcester. Sorrow and remorse had done on him the work of years. In his closing hours, he is said to have told those who were in his confidence that the recollection of that duel and its results had embittered every moment of his life; that the whole scene was as fresh in his memory as if it had happened yesterday; and that there were times when Lord Camelford seemed to stand before him and gaze on him with an earnestness and tenacity that rendered life a burden. In consequence of some embarrassments—whence contracted I know not, for he inherited West India property to a considerable amount—he was for some time within the rules of the King's Bench. In his domestic arrangements, too, he was unfortunate. His marriage proved disastrous, and was dissolved by Act of Parliament. But he once and again declared that every sorrow would have sat lightly on him could he but have succeeded in wiping the stain of homicide from his brow."—*Bishop's Daughter.*

"Never marry a man for his wealth," says some newspaper Solon. Nonsense. You might just as well tell children not to eat "sweet things," because they may get sick. Young ladies want pretty dresses, and they want husbands to give the dresses to them; so, let rich men alone. The fair ones will smile upon them, philosophy or reason forbidding or not.—The lucky dog who can jingle dollars is almost omnipotent, at least all the mamas and papas say so.

The Hindoo Girl.—At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simply, could surpass in delicacy and fineness of texture the production of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloth.—In England, cotton has been spun so fine, that it would require a thread of four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound; but the Hindoo girl, had by her hands, constructed a thread which would require to be one thousand miles to weigh a pound; and the Dacca muslins of her manufacture, when spread on the ground and covered with dew, were no longer visible."

POOR COPY