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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☞ 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.

Weekly Almanack.

JULY.	R. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
7 Saturday,	4 24 7 46	RISES.	11 57
8 Sunday,	4 24 7 46	9 11	morn.
9 Monday,	4 25 7 46	9 42	0 42
10 Tuesday,	4 26 7 45	10 7	1 23
11 Wednesday,	4 26 7 45	10 29	2 4
12 Thursday,	4 27 7 45	10 49	2 43
13 Friday,	4 28 7 44	11 11	3 24

Last quarter, 14th. 2h. 35m.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Robt. F. Hazen, 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: Thomas Millidge.

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: James Whitney.

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

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: James Kirk.

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.)

☞Notice.

THE subscribers having formed a connection in Business, will in future transact under the Firm of JAMES WHITNEY & CO.

JAMES WHITNEY,
CHARLES R. GIBBONS.

St. John, 1st May, 1838.

☞Notice.

THE subscriber having taken a store in Ward street, adjoining the premises occupied by Messrs. D. Hatfield & Son, for the purpose of transacting a General

Auction & Commission Business,

is now prepared to receive Goods intended for sale, and to attend to such orders in the above line as his friends and the public may be pleased to entrust to his management.

16th March. S. L. LUGRIN.

☞NOTICE.

JOHN & JAMES ALEXANDER having this day entered into Co-Partnership, the Business previously carried on by John Alexander, will be continued under the firm of

John & James Alexander.

JOHN ALEXANDER.
JAMES ALEXANDER.

Saint John, April 14, 1838.

☞Notice.

THE subscriber announces to his friends and the public, that in addition to the Business of a General Commission Agent, he will from this date undertake that of a MARINE INSURANCE BROKER, and solicits a share of their countenance.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, April 28, 1838.

CARD.

SUBSCRIBERS are respectfully solicited for an ENGRAVING to be made after a Picture now to be seen at Mr. AVERY's Book-store, Prince Wm. street.—This Picture represents the Great Conflagration that took place in the City of Saint John on the night of the 14th January, 1837.

April 20, 1838.

STEAMER NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. REED, will continue her present route until the 7th of May: after that period she will be employed weekly as follows:

MONDAY, For Digby and Annapolis, returning to Digby from Annapolis the same evening, and to Saint John on Tuesday morning.

WEDNESDAY, For Eastport, returning the same Evening.

THURSDAY, For Windsor, starting as the tide may suit, and returning on Friday.

SATURDAY, For Eastport, and returning the same Evening.

This arrangement will continue until further notice.

☞ The first Friday and Saturday in every month the Boat will remain at Saint John, to clean boilers, &c. For further information, apply to Capt. Reed on board, or to E. BARLOW & SONS.

St. John, April 27, 1838.

Emigrant Office,

At Mr. Wedderburn's, St. James' Street.

DAILY attendance from 9 in the morning, until 6 P. M. Persons desirous of obtaining Land for settlement, should apply before the 20th of the month, that their applications may reach Fredericton in time to be laid under consideration of His Excellency in Council.

May 4. A. WEDDERBURN, *E. A.*

MOLASSES & TEAS.

JUST recieved and for sale,—20 Chests Fine Congo TEA; 10 do. fine Bohea ditto; 3 do. Gunpowder ditto; 20 Puns. choice retailing molasses.

May 3. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Poetry.

FOR THE CHRONICLE.

"Nunc scio quid sit amor."—Virgil.

Come, Erato! sweet lovely maid,
How oft have I invoked your aid!
Come Muse of love and with me dwell,
In my highest serial cell.
Delightful hours I've spent with thee,
From care and melancholy free:
When in youthful strains I sung,
Where the flowers bloomed fresh and young,
Cupids wiles and fatal darts,
Cruel fates and broken hearts.
Goddess! *thou*, at least, art kind;
Come this wounded heart to bind;
Bring, or thou wilt come in vain,
Balm to sooth undying pain;
Power to *scorn* each mortal Fair,
And love the Goddesses of air.
Give me for my future guide,
Spirits high and lofty pride;
Dignity which cannot bow,
E'en though Beauty smile and vow.
When a Fair-one's arrow flies,
Dipped in poison from her eyes;
When she seems to take delight,
In its swift and deadly flight;
Give me then the power to feel,
That my heart is made of steel.
Where good-nature never dwelt,
Where no kindness e'er was felt,
Turn away my truant eyes,
Teach me to repress my sighs;
Goddess! from my heart remove,
All the vestiges of love;
Let me drink of Lethe's wave,
In the balmy waters lave;
Give oblivion to my heart,
That it feel no more the smart.
But to thee, in gentle strains
But to thee I breathe my pains;
Come, sweet Muse, and with me dwell,
In my highest aerial cell;
Come this bleeding heart to bind,
Goddess! *thou*, at least, art kind. A.

Saint John, 20th June, 1838.

AN ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

Hail Victoria, our Royal virgin Queen,
Honour'd by all Nations, with Erin's Isle so green,
Long may you sway the sceptre over our happy land,
Your subjects will prove true, and firm around you stand.
Should Yankee *sympathisers* attempt the sword to draw,
We'll soon teach uncle Jonathan, to honour British law,
Should *Martin Van*, but lend a hand, we'll roast him like an Ox,
Make him and *Clay*, that very day, kneel down to Mr. Fox,
If they're so bold, they must be told, we'l soon show them some fun,
Soon they like Jemmy Maddison, from Washington must run,
We've British bayonets on the spot, I'm told some thousands ten,
And when good Queen you sent us troops, you've sent the best of men.
Now here our brave Militia, are ready for the fight,
With cannon, and small arms, and bayonets quite bright,
God bless our Queen, is now the word, through every part of town,
Our loyal boys, who fear no noise, will keep the Rebels down. B.

Saint John, June 30.

Miscellany.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

So many circumstances govern and control the actions of men to whom the adventitious advantages of birth, fortune, and education belong, that, even to themselves, they may hoodwink the motives of those actions that carry a sounding trumpet to the world; but the simple unlettered child of nature, without any of the leaven of pride or ambition, that sets the passions in a ferment, goes straight forward in the path love points out, never seeking to enter the dark labyrinth in which selfishness loses sight of all but the golden clue.

Donald, proud of the trust reposed in him, and no less happy in the knowledge that the person he was to oblige was the identical Charlie Stuart, grandson of "King Jamie, o' blessed memory," soon got everything arranged for the prince's accommodation in the place of concealment, which a fifty years' servitude at the castle had made him better acquainted with than his lord. Thus far all was well. Donald's next step was to visit the servants' hall, and there, with the authority of an old confidential favourite, inform them, under the rose, as it would seem, that the stranger who came from England brought dispatches with him of so important a nature, that the earl sent him back again without allowing him to rest. "'Tis mair than probable, ye ken," added Donald, with a significant nod, "that the Pretender, as they ca' you Charlie, hae gotten footing in England, whilk the troops joost sent over by King Geordie ken naething o', running a' the country round on a gowk's hunt, he! he! he! like so mony daft boys to put saut on a birdie's tail."

Having lulled all suspicion about the visit of the stranger, and plied the servants well with genuine mountain-dew, Donald had the satisfaction of seeing them all depart to their beds, when he hastened to conduct the prince to his concealed dormitory.

Left alone with his sister, the earl was silent for some time, pacing backward and forward with the air of one much disturbed. "This has happened most unfortunately," said he at last, striking his forehead.

"It has, indeed," answered Lady Jane mildly, "but I hope no evil will arise to you from an action so natural and praiseworthy as saving the life of a fellow-creature."

"That is nothing to the purpose, Jane," said the earl somewhat testily, "we are not bound to save all that fly to us, at the risk of our own life, or, what is yet dearer, our good name."

"But, as he put himself into your power," said Lady Jane, remonstratively—

"I could not well give him up to his enemies, you would say," rejoined her brother. "No: but I need not have found him a hiding corner in this castle, of all places; there are plenty of cottages on the island where he might have found shelter for a night: however, the thing's done, and cannot be undone: but mind me, sister, to-morrow morning I depart for Edinburgh, where Argyle expects me."

"So soon as to-morrow," said Lady Jane, affectionately.

"Yes," replied the earl; "as matters stand, it would be impolitic to prolong my stay here. All I have to request of you is, that you do not suffer your pity for Charles Stuart to get the better of your good sense, which will point out the madness of harbouring in this castle the sworn enemy of my king: be careful then, or my life may pay the forfeit of your romantic generosity to a stranger. Say not one word to oppose the Chevalier's departure on the morrow."

My grandmother promised obedience, and the earl, lighting a taper, kissed the cheek of his sister, and left the apartment.

Donald having seen the prince comfortably settled in the chamber, returned to the sitting-room, where he found Lady Jane standing by the fire meditating upon the conversation she had just had with the earl.

'Well, Donald, do you think the prince is safe from all hazard of discovery if the English troops should come?"

"Ye'll see, ye'll see," said Donald, rubbing his hands with glee; "diel a southern o' them can track the puir laddie, wha lees snug as ae chick under the wing o' the auld hen."

'And did you leave him the things I mentioned to you, Donald?"

"Ye needna fash for that he'll want a gude tass o' the primest wine in a' the cellar, or any ither refreshment [whilk auld Donald can fin for Charlie Stuart; gude troth, but he's a braw-looking mon, wi' a bonnie face o' his ain, and for speech can crack wi' ony ane, gentle or simple. Weel, weel, it maun a' be right, I suppose, whilk the Southrens do maethless; to my min' its unco strange that the rightfu' king o' Scotland maun be hunted down by his ain subjects, like the puir hart whilk the arrows o' the huntsmen kills on its ain proper hills.'

'Well, Donald,' said my grandmother, willing to put an end to the old domestic's loquacity, "we have nothing to do with these things; ours is an office of mere humanity and Christian feeling."

'Troth is it,' muttered Donald, 'and sham to a' the staney hearts that wad turn tail o' the princely laddie sin the jade Gude Luck hae turned away frae him."

'Good night, Donald,' said Lady Jane, as she laid her hand upon the handle of the door.

'Gude night, my bonnie leddy,' said the old man as he hobbled after his young mistress into the hall, when each departed on their separate way, Lady Jane to her chamber in a remote part of the building, and Donald (whistling as he went the favourite air of the rebel army, 'The king shall enjoy his own again,") to a new dormitory which he had chosen for his night's repose near the hiding-place of the fugitive prince, that he might be on the alert in case of intruders.

On retiring to her chamber, Lady Jane threw off her travelling dress, and combed down her long redundant tresses, whose dark hue, as they swept almost to her delicate feet, formed a beautiful contrast to the virgin snow of her loose wrapping gown of fine lawn. She opened the antique casement and looked out upon the sky. The moon shone faintly through a dense atmosphere of mist; the night winds swept in loud gusts over the old battlements, and ever and anon she fancied voices mingling with the gale: it was a night when the genius of romance loves to be abroad, and to people the rolling clouds with spirits once of earth.

Lady Jane's mind was but little tinctured with those feelings of the supernatural common to youth, and more particularly the youth of Scotland, whose infant senses are lulled to sleep by the wild songs setting forth the wonders of fairy land and the fearful tales of witches and goblins. Yet, the solemn hour and passing events gave a more sombre coloring than of wont to her thoughts. The circumstance of the prince's concealment at Bute, where his noble progenitor once held lordly sway, produced a train of melancholy reflections upon the instability of human greatness, from which starting at times, she listened to some of those strange sounds so often heard in old buildings, though so rarely, if ever, reasonably accounted for.

Her lute lay upon the window-seat: she took it up, and sought to calm her spirits by playing one of those exquisite airs, which have immortalized Scotland as the land of song. 'Mary's Dream' was one of her most favourite strains, and with a voice subdued she sung to it the following words:

Thou wakeful star o' silent night,
That guidest my Donald far frae me,
I envy thee, serenely bright,
That look's on him I cauna see.
'Tis past—'tis gane—my dream o' bliss,
Like gather'd roses crowning death,
That mock the brow they coldly kiss,
Wi' mortal bloom and summer breath.

Oh! dinna let the worldling say
That woman's heart can faithless prove;
Her love is but a stolen ray
Frae glowing shrines that burn above:
And when the tender heart is cold
To a' that fana'd its earthly fire,
'Twill breathe again in purer mould,
To wake love's unforgotten lyre!

As she concluded the last stanza, a sound, not loud but continuous, broke upon her ear. Lady Jane's chamber, as I before stated, was in a remote part of the castle, and the sound came broken by long passages and strong doors. The noise increased in loudness as of many persons speaking together; it came nearer and nearer, and now, more fully displayed, step after step, seemed ascending the stair leading to her chamber. Voices of men now distinctly sounded near her door. Who these midnight intruders were she could not for a moment doubt. 'Oh!' said she, 'if they should discover the prince's place of concealment, and drag him forth! Merciful God! save him from his foes.' Her gentle heart sickened at the thought of his danger; the next instant a loud knocking at her door blanched her cheek, but determined to say something if possible to blind his pursuer, she, though with trembling hand, unbolted the door, when a party of English soldiers rushed into the chamber. At sight of the young beauty in her night gear, with her rich flowing hair almost covering her person, they halted, and one who appeared to be their chief, stepped forward, and apologized for their unseasonable intrusion.

'It grieves me, lady, that our unhallowed feet should profane the sanctuary of beauty,' said he, gallantly bowing to my grandmother; 'but our duty imposes a painful task, and we cannot leave this castle till we have searched every part of it, for the Chevalier Charles Stuart, whose steps have been traced to Bute. Not,' said he, smiling, 'that I suspect he is hidden in this chamber.'

'Indeed he is not,' answered Lady Jane quickly, and blushing beneath the ardent gaze of the young soldier, 'nor will you find him, be assured, under this roof. My brother, the earl, is to stanneh to the King of England to be the friend of the unfortunate prince, and without the earl's approbation he could never have found shelter within these walls.'

The beauty and address of Lady Jane acted like magic upon the hearts of all, and after a slight survey of the apartment and dressing closet adjoining, the captain withdrew with his men.

Lady Jane, when they had all descended again, taking up a taper, followed softly on tip-toe down stairs, and having reached as far as she deemed she could prudently venture, stood with suppressed breath to listen, but the beatings of her heart almost prevented her hearing distinctly. The murmur of voices sounded at intervals, but far off, and blended with the shrill bleatings of the wind; her hope was now strong that the troops, after an unsuccessful search, were departing. Footsteps approached, it was Donald, 'Hist, leddy, is that you?'

'Yes, Donald, are they gone? Is the prince safe?'

'Thanks to the gude God, Charlie Stuart's safe enough,' said the old man; 'the mundering deevils past close to his hiding place, and niver kenn'd o' it; but I maun rin, my lord's wi' them in the cedar chamber waiting for samthing to gie the hungry loons, diel tak them. I'd fin' heart to loot them a'gang back the gate they cam wi' nadthing to fill their empty bellies but the whistling wind, or a little saut water. I'd refresh them wi' a witness for hunting down royal Charlie; but I maun rin, sae be o' gude cheer, leddy;' and away hobbled Donald to the cellar and buttery to get most grudgingly the best he could find to feast the Southrens, whom in his soul he detested.

Comforted by the news old Donald had given, Lady Jane tripped lightly up the stairs to her own chamber again, but without any intention of going to bed. The night was far spent, in another hour or two day would be dawning. As she sate at the casement watching the grey clouds that herald the infant dawn, Donald tapped at her door.

'Well Donald, when will they depart?'

'Weel, they are a' on the wing, ye'll see them gin ye like the sight of their Southren backs as weel as myself.'

'Indeed I do, Donald,' said Lady Jane, smiling; 'is my brother still with them?'

'Na, na, he didna care to be o'er long o' their company, seeing siblins they wad be cracking o' Charlie Stuart; no, but my lord hae a gude bould face o' his ain for keeping a secret. He! he! he! I'd match him wi' the best o' them: sae he wished them a' luck, and went quietly back to bed, and there hae the loons been ivir sin' guzzling o' the cellar wi' nae mair decency nor savages.'

Lady Jane watched the sun rise, and still no appearance of the troops made her fear they had taken up their abode as spies upon the proceedings of the castle. At last, they sallied out with their captain, whose beautiful face and chivalrous figure my grandmother could not but admire. Looking up as he passed, he glimpsed the fair face of Lady Jane, and gracefully doffing his plumed cap, proceeded on to the water's side, where a boat soon conveyed them from Bute.

The events of the past night had caused the earl much disquietude, and, at an early hour, he was on the alert to depart for Edinburgh. 'Remember,' said he to Lady Jane, 'what I told you last night. On no account suffer the Chevalier Charles to prolong his stay here beyond the shades of evening. At dusk Donald can lead him by the private way to the water's side; it might be advisable also for him to change his dress, the better to disguise his person. Lady Jane promised to attend to all her brother said, and the earl departed.

When my grandmother had dismissed the business of the toilet, always a light labour to real beauty, she stole to visit the prince. If his personal attractions shone over night through the eclipse which fatigue had spread over them, they now appeared with double claims to admiration after repose had renewed the bloom of his cheek and lustre of his eye: he was in sooth, my grandmother said, 'as beautiful and noble looking a creature as ever wore a star.' After the first salutation, Prince Charles thanked Lady Jane with grace and feeling for the friendly interest she had taken in his safety. 'I cannot feel, said he smiling, 'the same gratitude towards the Earl of Bute, who, I believe, would very willingly have given me up to the English last night.' Lady Jane excused her brother, as well as she could on the plea of his great loyalty to the king. They then fell into a desultory conversation highly interesting to my grandmother, who could not but admit the rank injustice of party spirit which had so often described him either as an "effeminate Italian," or 'lawless bandit,' whichever best suited the purpose of the speaker; when, in fact, his language and manners were those of the accomplished well-bred, and elegant man. He had great facility in speaking both in English and broad Scotch. And as to his being effeminate, all his actions gave the lie to the shameless remark; for he had braved every toil and danger with the utmost ease, 'marched all day on foot, and every river they had to cross he was the first man that leaped into it; he dined in the open field, and slept on the hard ground, wrapped in his plaid.'

My grandmother's heart melted at the prospect of those fearful dangers and hardships in which the prince seemed to end his romantic attempt to win back the crown of his grandfather; but do not, gentle reader of these records of bygone years, give Lady Jane credit for any of those Jacobite feelings which animated so many of the Scottish maidens at that period, for such was not the case. She had never been zealous in his cause, till his misfortunes pleaded for him at the bar of human feeling and Christian justice.

It is very remarkable, that many of the prettiest ladies in 'bonnie Scotland' were Jacobites, and members of non-juring meeting-houses. The Laird of Mackintosh's lady, who joined the rebel army at Inverness, was accounted the greatest beauty there. She got together all her clan, and marched at their head, (with a white cockade,) and presented them to Prince Charles. The Lady Seaforth also headed a clan of the Mackenzies, and many other fair faces put their blushes to flight in the cause of a young and chivalrous prince.

Perhaps, of all the fair friends of Charles Stuart, none merited so little the praise bestowed upon her services as Flora Macdonald, who, so far from playing the heroine, and entering heart and soul into the plan which the faithful O'Sullivan (the devoted friend of Charles in his fallen fortunes) concerted as the only means of saving the prince's life, absolutely refused, at first, to lend him her help. I would not be severe upon that fair northern flower but only show how prone the foolish multitude are to run after every will-o'-the-wisp, often mistaking that for a star which is but the glimmering of a glow-worm.

As the day wore away, and the shades of evening began to fall over the face of nature, my grandmother felt very acutely the unpleasant situation in which her brother's commands had placed her: to send the prince forth, again a wanderer, upon the chance of the troops being gone, when perhaps they were lying in ambush, ready to spring upon their victim, was against all her notions of Christian charity, or human sympathy. The prince, however, with a nobleness characteristic of his chivalrous nature, declared to Lady Jane his determination to run all hazard, rather than break his promise given to the earl, to avail himself of only one night's shelter at the castle.

Day wore apace, and, with the gathering shades of eve, Donald's face became more and more clouded, and his speech teemed with more bitterness against the "southern bloodhounds," dashed with occasional caustic witticisms, covertly directed at the earl's timidity and want of hospitality.

"Weel ye ken," said the old man eyeing the prince with affectionate glances, "the warld's no the same as langsyne, the auld canna mak the young o' the sam mettle wi' themselves; na, na, thae days have flitted frae Scotland, when a leal heart an a bra han tauld mair nor onything, for now feint a crumb cares ony o' the great lords whilk is the right seeing they hae gane the wafe gate."

The prince, having equipped himself in the dress which old Donald had procured, (as a safe disguise) consisting of 'a loose jacket of coarse tartan, stuff gray breaks, and blue cloth bonnet,' and put up in a wallet his own more costly wardrobe, together with some provisions, and a bottle of mountain dew, followed Donald from his place of concealment just as the old clock in the hall struck the hour fixed upon for his departure.

Lady Jane accompanied the prince to the private door, through which they could pass unseen by any of the servants, when my grandmother, with the tears of pity standing in her eyes, pronounced her farewell to the prince, mingled with many wishes for his safety. Charles, respectfully raising her hand to his lips, exclaimed, 'God bless you, lady! oh! whatever may be the fate of Charles Stuart, he will never forget your generous sympathy;" then turning away, he followed Donald a few paces, when looking round and seeing Lady Jane still standing to watch them, he waved his hand again, repeating with energy, 'God bless you!' and then quickly passing onward was soon out of sight.

Deep and heartfelt were the wishes of my grandmother for the prince's escape; but, alas! wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits. Yet still we wish on, even to the gates of another world, where alone the promise made to the ear is not broken to the heart.—To conclude, the times are now happily gone by, when to speak of the Stuart could, by possibility, be liable to either misunderstanding or misrepresentation. The last of that most unfortunate race is now extinct, and the present illustrious family have been long securely enthroned in the hearts of the people. Yet, that such a people as the Scotch, brave, free, and chivalrous by nature, should still among their mountain homes invoke the shades of their native kings, and love the legend and the song that embalms the memory of their fathers, who fought and bled for the rights of the expatriated Stuarts, cannot be wondered at; and though, as the immortal bard beautifully and truthfully says,

"Old times are changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fills the Stuart's throne;"

and though Scotland now beholds in that stranger a father and a benign ruler of the nations, yet the hardy highlander will tell you, as he treads with free step the pine-covered hills and bracken shades, that the memory of other days and other men is still "green in his soul."

That there's a pleasant odour still,
Time has nae swept away,
It haunts the stream, it haunts the hill,
Like friends remembered aye!
It hangs around the wassail bowl,
It scents the cotter's sang;
O' Scotia's harp it is the soul,
And steals the strings amang.

Touching these records, it may be necessary, perhaps, to assure the reader that they are undeniably true. The circumstance of the young pretender having been concealed at Mount Stuart, in the Isle of Bute, at the time the British troops arrived there in search of him, is an actual fact, which can be proved by many, now living, of Lady Jane's relations, although the knowledge of it was, for obvious reasons, confined to the Earl of Bute's own family, and has never before been, as the writer of these records believes, publicly divulged. The plaid, or tartan cloak of the fugitive prince having been left behind him, in the hurry of his flight from Bute it fell into the hands of Lady Jane Stuart, who carefully preserved it during the remainder of her life, in memory of its illustrious but unfortunate owner. It also served, indeed, to commemorate an event, to herself personally, most interesting and extraordinary: for on the night of Prince Charles Edward's concealment at Bute, she first saw, in the young officer who commanded the king's troops, her future husband, for literally, as I before stated, Lady Jane was preparing to retire to rest, when Captain Courtenay entered her chamber, at the head of his soldiers, in search of the pretender; a mutual attachment arose between them, they were subsequently married, and lived together many years the happiest and most united pair in the world.

I have a part of the identical plaid, in which the unfortunate Charles wandered perhaps many a stormy night, houseless and heart-sick: and when I look upon its faded colours, and reflect upon all the changes it has undergone, I cannot resist the wish, that it had a voice to tell the tale of other years.

‡ "The young prince, after sustaining an innumerable variety of hardships, well worthy of a romance, at last made his escape out of Scotland with Cameron of Lochiel, Mac Donald of Burrisdale, Stuart of Ardshield, and some other of his faithful adherents, who had long wandered with, or followed him from shore to shore, and from island to island, encountering the most incredible difficulties, surrounded with imminent dangers, and partaking of all his calamities while eluding the vigilant search of the royal forces, everywhere dispersed, and constantly on watch to take him captive."

† "Some years after the rebellion in Scotland, the pretender came in disguise to London. This was a natural, but dangerous curiosity, to behold the place where his grandfather, King James the second had been on the throne. Ministers being apprised of the circumstance, went in haste to King George the Second with the information, and strongly recommended his immediate apprehension. The monarch, with one of those shrewd answers for which he was remarkable, replied, 'No—let the poor man satisfy his curiosity; when done, he will quietly go back to France; and the king's observation was verified."

* A singular case of deuteroscopia, or second sight is recorded. "In April, 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in deep thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle which was fought on that very spot two years afterwards, at which description all his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the pretender's coming to Britain at that time."

EARLY INSTRUCTION.—Teresa was trying to teach her first-born to read; and, seated by the open window of the villa, in her neat, not precise dishabille—with the little boy's delicate, yet bold and healthy countenance, looking up fearlessly at hers, while she was endeavouring to imitate him—half grave, half laughingly—into the mysteries of monosyllables the pretty boy and the fair young mother made a delightful picture. De Montaigne was reading the essays of his celebrated namesake, in whom he boasted, I know not with what justice, to claim an ancestor. From time to time he looked from the page to take a glance at the progress of his heir, and keep up with a march of intellect. But he did not interfere with the maternal lecture; he was wise enough to know that there is a kind of sympathy between a child and a mother, which is worth all the grave superiority of a father in making learning palatable to young ears. He was far too clever a man not to despise all the systems for forcing infants under knowledge-frames, which are the present fashion. He knew that philosophers never made a greater mistake than in insisting so much upon beginning abstract education from the cradle. It is quite enough to attend to an infant's temper, and correct that cursed predilection for telling fibs, which falsifies all Dr. Read's absurd theory about innate propensities to truth, and makes the prevailing epidemic of the nursery. Above all, what advantage ever compensates for hurting a child's health, or breaking his spirit? Never let him learn, more than you can help it, the crushing bitterness of fear. A bold child, who looks you in the face, speaks the truth and shames the devil; that is the stuff of which to make good and brave—ay, and wise man!

SCOTT'S FLATTERY.—Scott's flattery was extremely well applied. When his Majesty left Edinburgh, he writes—"This is a vile day; but it is right Scotland should weep when parting with her good King." When he was in town, previous to going to Italy, Sir W. Knighton called on him; and we have the following amusing paragraph:—"Sir Walter said that a good account of George the Fourth's political reign would be very useful and amusing; but it must be grafted on some previous account of what happened in the reign of George the Third. He then said, in a sort of ejaculation. "The world is a sad wilderness!" He told me that he expected much amusement from Malta, and seemed to enjoy the thoughts of some chivalrous tales relating to the ancient order of the Knights of Malta. He said moreover, he should meet Lady Northampton at Naples, who was originally a ward of his. He mentioned with delight the following anecdote, as an instance of her playful cleverness. "When she was about to be married," said he, 'I thought it necessary to write to her on the subject of pecuniary matters, and as to what settlement was to be made for the benefit of the younger children, &c.; upon which she answered me by reminding me of a story that I had told her many years before:—A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said. "Now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to." Upon which he replied, "Sing what you please; I shall not meddle in those matters.' Sir Walter laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story. He related, also that Lord Melville told him, in allusion to Sir William Grant's taciturnity, that Mr. Pitt and himself once decided, in order to make Grant talk, to remain quite silent, and only to pass the bottle quickly. This had the effect; their silence, with the assistance of the bottle, made him talk freely. Sir Walter is fond of a few glasses of wine; his favourite wine is champagne."—*Ibid.*

MANNA.—This tree is believed to be an insect secretion, and collected from a shrub called gavan 2 feet high, bearing a resemblance to the broom.—It is collected in cloths spread beneath them at night and in them wears the form of large crystal drops of dew, such as are seen on plants in England early in the morning. It is found in Mount Sinai, and regarded with peculiar interest in consequence of its connection with one of the most striking events recorded in Scripture. It falls during the heat of the day, is collected early in the morning, and after straining it through cloths, it is placed in skins or gourds; a considerable quantity is consumed by themselves, a portion is sent to Cairo, and the monks of Mount Sinai retail it to pilgrims, who receive it with much reverence as an incontestable proof of the event to which it refers. It is held as a luxury, and used for all the purposes of honey; and when taken in any large quantity proves a mild laxative. —*Wellstead's Travels in Arabia.*

GIRLS *versus* BOYS.—There is always something of nature's own gentility in every young woman (except indeed, when they get together, and fall a giggling.) It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape, than our rough, masculine angels. A vulgar boy requires, heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy that has a soul in it: but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women, and, sentiment gives delicacy to thought, and tact to manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not as with the other sex, of the moral.

PORTRAIT OF TERESA.—She was at most four-and-twenty years, mirthful and playful as a child, but with a certain feminine and fascinating softness in her unrestraining gestures and sparkling gayety, which seemed to subdue her natural joyousness into the form and method of conventional elegance. Dark hair, carelessly arranged, an open forehead, large, black, laughing eyes, a small, straight nose, a complexion just relieved from the olive, by an evanescent yet perpetually recurring blush, a round, dimpled cheek, an exquisitely shaped mouth, with small, pearly teeth, and a light and delicate finger, a little below the ordinary standard, complete the picture of Madame de Montaigne.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.—What a new step in the philosophy of life does a young man of genius make when he first compares his theories and experience with the intellect of a clever woman. Perhaps it does not elevate him, but how it enlightens and refines! What numberless minute, yet important mysteries of human character and practical wisdom does he drink unconciously from the sparkling *persiflage* of such a companion! Our education is hardly ever complete without it."

"Molly," said a lady to her servant, who was not remarkable for her quick conception or general industry, "I think you will never set the river on fire." "No, m'am," was the reply, "I would be very sorry to do any thing so wicked."

Lord St. Vincent never liked to hear of an officer getting married in war time. He would say, when one asked permission to go home to England for a short period, "Sir, you want to go on shore and get married, and then you won't be worth your salt."

A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes; one being black, and the other light hazel. "It is lucky for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been *matches*, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—"Stop her! stop her! stop the boat, captain," cried out the shoe-black of a steamer, after the boat had been sometime under way: "I've left my brushes on shore!" How many men there are of tremendous importance in their own estimation, who think the world is coming to an end, if they happen to leave their "brushes on shore."

AN INVITATION.—Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob a dinn wid your mos humble serbent, won't you, heh?"

"Wy, look here, Sam—I'se not particular in my sosiashuns—but I wish to know fus before I vail myself ob your perlite imptimasshun, whar you hab your lodjins."

"No difference, nigger, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid me—but only to eat dinner in a greeable sociumbility."

A NEW METHOD OF PLAYING THE VIOLIN.—A Monsieur Ivoard has constructed a violin to be played by a pair of bellows. The performer holds the instrument after the manner of the violincello; his feet work the bellows, and his right hand directs the stream of air to the string requiring it.—*Musical World.*