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.

JUNE.	R. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
16 Saturday,	4 15 7 46	0 45	5 25
17 Sunday,	4 15 7 46	1 6	6 25
18 Monday,	4 15 7 46	1 29	7 38
19 Tuesday,	4 15 7 47	1 57	9 8
20 Wednesday,	4 15 7 47	2 31	10 23
21 Thursday,	4 15 7 47	Sets.	11 25
22 Friday,	4 16 7 48	8 57	ev. 17

New Moon, 21st. 9h. 49m.

Public Institutions.

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

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: Charles Simonds.

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: Hugh Mackay.

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: John Robertson.

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.—F. 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-Partenership, 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 8. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Poetry.

The Returned Locket.

The only blessing that I prize,
Of all things here below,
Fain would I ever fix my eyes,
No other comfort know;
And as I gaze on this sweet tress,
I'll think on days of bliss,
When first I felt that fond caress,
When first thou gav'st the kiss.

It wakens every dormant power
Within my mem'ry's eye,
And as I think on that sweet hour,
I heave a maddening sigh;
With thee I've roam'd in yonder glen,
And on the mountain brow,
But oh! how little thought I then,
That thou would'st break thy vow.

'Twas there that first thou tried'st to prove
How great thy love for me,—
And sweetly told thy tale of love,
Beneath the old oak tree;
And often have I felt a joy,
When listening to thy voice,—
This gave to pain a sweet alloy,—
This made my soul rejoice.

But Henry, take which once thou gave,
So lately with a kiss,
And when I slumber in the grave,
Oh! think on days of bliss;
Though it be wetted by my tears,
Of many a joy 'twill tell,
And sweets of now departed years,
Though evermore—farewell.

Austell. N. D. S.

The Sailor's Grave.

Our bark was out—far, far from land,
When the fairest of our gallant band
Grew sadly pale, and waned away,
Like the twilight of an autumn day.
We watched him through long hours of pain,
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain:
Death-struck, he gave no coward alarm,
For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
But we placed a round shot at his feet,
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
As a king in his lawn-shroud, marble-bound.
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest
With the English flag about his breast;
We gave him that as the badge of the brave,
And *then* he was *fit* for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke, our hearts turn'd weak,
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek,
And a quiver played on the lips of pride,
As we lower'd him down the ship's dark side:
A plunge, a splash, and our task was o'er;
The billows roll'd as they roll'd before:
But many a rude prayer hallow'd the wave
That closed above the sailor's grave.

Miscellany.

LORD LOVELL'S DAUGHTER.

ON the coast of Lancashire, within distant view of the ruins of Furness Abbey, lies a small territory, an island or peninsula, according to the ebb or flow of the tides that lave its flat and unfruitful shores. At noon, perhaps, the traveller beholds it an islet, moored, as it were, under the protection of the main land; isolated and cheerless, containing—in the midst of the forty acres of arid land which centuries of cultivation have barely redeemed from barrenness—a single dwelling; a small farm, the rosemary bushes of whose garden-enclosures form the nearest approach to a tree discernible in the place. But a few hours later the dreariness of Hailisle, (or Helisle, as it is pronounced by the fishermen of the coast,) is in some degree relieved by the reappearance of the hard smooth sands, a quarter of a mile in extent, connecting it with the Lancashire coast. It now assumes the aspect of a rude nook of earth, ribbed from the neighbouring farms by the firm compact terrace which affords a delightful and exhilarating walk to the inmates of that solitary abode.

Viewed from the house, however, the scene assumed a totally different appearance. Persons accustomed to the rich garniture of inland landscape, with its contrasting features of hill, dale, or mountain—river, lake, or torrent,—verdant pasture or golden plain,—are apt to tax a marine prospect with monotony. But ask the abiders by the great deep whether they ever experience the sense of satiety arising from sameness of object? It is not alone the vast transition from the smooth surface of the summer sea, to the boiling, seething fury of the mighty ocean labouring with the terrors of the storm, which vary their unspeakable extent of prospect. A thousand intermediary changes are hourly, momentarily, perceptible. Not a cloud sailing across the sunny sky,—and ocean skies teem with those humid exhalations,—but casts a correspondent shadow on the surface of the waters, darkening their blue to purple, or changing their glossy green to the tinges of the dying dolphin. The "sea changes" of a marinevie were in fact so infinitely multiplied by the effects of wind and weather, tide and time, that from the first gleam of morning to the last of evening twilight, too wonderful a succession of beauties presents itself to the observant eye, for the commemoration of pen or pencil.

But independently of its fine prospects of the open sea, the farm of Helisle commanded a coast-view of unusual interest. Though immediately adjoining the spot the shore presented only a gravelly bank, yet at the distance of half a mile along its windings, commences the beautiful mountainous ridge, shelving to the sands of Furness from the lofty heights diversifying the district of the Lakes. From these, with their changeful mists or clear prominence against the sky, Helisle borrows another source of endless variety; and while the dainty tourist might pronounce this region of curlews, remote from city, town, or even village, the most desolate fragment of a sufficiently desolate country, the dwellers on the spot found in its exciting breezes and varying tides as attractive a play of features as ever brightened the serene countenance of solitude.

Yet the inmates of the secluded house were people who had seen the stir and tumult of the world; had sat and even presided at good men's feasts; having retired to the precarious shelter of that comfortless abode neither from disgust at the giddiness of the crowd, nor a milder frame of self-denying philosophy. They came there all but penniless; they still abided there, miserably poor. But though Master Warnford's wife was saluted by her humble neighbours of the coast as "Mistress" or "Dame," she had claim to the right honourable title of "the Lady Anne," being daughter to the Earl of Lovell, one of the proudest peers of England; by whom, on her rash marriage at sixteen with the younger son of one of Cromwell's upstart generals, she had been cast off and renounced for evermore. The earl, by whose undue domestic severity the ear of his daughter was first inclined towards the first lovewit tendered to her charms, resented with firmness the rash step his harshness had brought about; and though, for five years after their marriage, the Warnfords entertained no doubt of his eventual pardon, they were at length forced reluctantly to admit that all hopes was lost of Lord Lovell's succession from his oath to behold his daughter's face no more. They now felt that they should have dealt more sparingly with the small patrimony derived by Warnford from his deceased parents, which was all but dissipated in the belief that, after a certain period of estrangement, the earl would recall his daughter to his favour, and restore her to her rights upon his inheritance.

But this expectation was extinguished. A staunch adherent of the House of Stuart, to whose haughty and obdurate despotism the frailties of his own nature bore considerable affinity, the Earl of Lovell had in his time been exposed to insult and injury at the hands of the Roundheads; and his narrow spirit took delight in revenging on the son and grandchildren of General Warnford the long-smarting wounds of his self-love: regardless that in the veins of the latter was flowing the blood of progenitors whom he worshipped with all the paltry adulation of family pride. Rejecting every overture of reconciliation from his daughter, he left her letters of entreaty unanswered, and at length returned them unopened; till Warnford, who, at thirty years of age, had progressed from the romantic youth into a disappointed, gloomy, helpless, hopeless man, insisted that she should humiliate herself and him no more by the renewal of those unavailing solicitations.

From the period of their imprudent marriage, the young people had inhabited a small house in the little capital of the county-palatinate, of which Warnford's mother was a native; and there, in attempting to secure to the lovely Lady Anne, whom he had allured, while a student of Oxford, from her father's stately mansion in the neighbourhood of the university, some portion of the comforts of her luxurious home, his substance had dwindled away. At thirty he was the father of two children, a girl and boy, with barely the means of maintenance for his single self.

"We shall starve—we and these helpless ones must starve!" was Warnford's desponding ejaculation, on the night when Lord Lovell's silent rejection of his daughter's last petition satisfied them that all expectation of succour from his mercy was at an end. "Our debts in this place nearly equal the small remnant of my means. I have no friends, no kinsmen, no interest to push me forward in the world. Though the slightest word from Lord Lovell's lips would, without diminishing by a doit the property he prizes so dearly, secure me from the king's government the occasion to work out my independence and bestow an education on our children, we must sink still lower in the scale of misery—must work—must want—and perhaps work and want in vain. Perhaps, with our best efforts, these babes may sink under their privations; and you, my patient, suffering wife, prove unable to confront the hardships we have no longer hope to overcome. Would—would that I had died, ere I persuaded you to desert your prosperous and bright career, for the cheerless home of an obscure and poverty-stricken man!"

"Have you courage to say this?" faltered his wife, who sat rocking with one foot the cradle of their elder child, and holding in her arms the noble infant she had just hushed off to sleep upon her bosom, "when you know that my sole solace in my troubles is the belief that life would have been worthless in your eyes unshared by the wife and children who are weighing you down to poverty!"

"And so it would!" cried Warnford, with rapid utterance. "You have been, you *are*, you ever will be—the crown and glory of my days. The sight of these children and their tender caresses would be as a foretaste of heaven, but for the anxieties for their future welfare darkening my soul. But to know that, grievous as are the straits to which my rashness has reduced you, they must become a thousand fold more cruel, distracts my very reason. You, so tenderly reared—so cared for that your foot fell upon velvet and not a breath was suffered to blow on your fragile youth—*you* to labour—*you* to need the common necessaries of life!—O why was I tempted to do this thing, and how shall I abide the sight of your wretchedness?"

"Cheer up, Warnford!" cried the kind-hearted being, whose nature was a nature of love, sparing one hand from her little charge to extend it to the ready caress of her husband. "If this be all, cheer up!—You know me only as the thriftless, giddy girl—the dainty, tender woman—henceforward you shall see me the stirring matron—the careful housewife. Love would be a pitiful thing did it suggest no higher proof of its strength than honeyed words and idle fondling, such as I have, perhaps, wearied you withal. But it has a power and courage of its own! Trust me it has a power and courage of its own!—a power to act, a courage to bear, which constitute a yet more intimate portion of its happiness. Had we been prosperous—world-seekers, pleasure-hunters, wasters of the gawds and luxuries of life—sweet protestations and tender embraces had been the utmost proof in my power, but never have I repented the act suggested by the wantonness of girlish preference. My reason now confirms my choice. The blessing of God decrees that the vows so lightsomely sworn can now be renewed in all the solemnity of womanly truth; and to that sweet promise to love and honour, in sickness and in health, to take for richer for poorer, for better for worse,—I superadd a pledge that, knowing the *poorer*, and having experience of the *worse*, I would still bear all, and more also, for your sake."

Warnford made no reply. He was labouring, with a strong man's effort, to restrain the tears that would have fain burt forth from the inmost recesses of his heart. He was too proud to weep in her presence—too agonized to speak.

"You think, perhaps,' added Lady Anne, in a lower voice, 'that this fortitude will not abide; that poverty is a gnawing thing which devours the strongest courage. *Try me!* I have the consciousness of a stronger mind—a yet more enduring patience. I defy the cares or wants of life to do more than bow down my body to death;—they shall neither tire my submission nor exhaust my tenderness for you and those whom you have given me!"

He was about to answer, when pressing his hand fervently with the soft slender fingers in which it was still enveloped, she added, 'One word more!—I have a condition to affix to my devotedness.—I must have you cheer your spirits for my sake—I must have you up and bestir yourself—I must have you persevere to a good end!—I will labour cheerfully, but you must be my help-mate and companion. I will oppose a cheerful face to sorrow, but yours must no longer wear a frown. We are not utterly deserted of Heaven—we have youth and health; and for how many of the creatures of God do these form a sufficient provision! Such fair and promising children are not vouchsafed to us in vain. They are given us as pledges of better days—they are given us as an encouragement to bear and to forbear—they are given as an incitement to our efforts, and a comfort to our cares. For *them*, dearest, and for *me*, look to the brighter side of things. If I do not forget my father, I have at least forgotten my father's house; nay, I have forgotten all, save love and duty—love that makes duty light, and duty that ushers and consecrates the sportiveness of love. Low as we are in life, I am happy: be happy too, and nothing will be left me to desire."

And lo! thus cheered and comforted, there was hope by the desolate fireside of the necessitous man.

But this was not all. Words of solace were not the only offering of the good and tender wife. She had words of counsel, too, for his ear, which, after much debate, tended to a happy issue.

Lady Ann persuaded him to quit Lancaster, to renounce the intercourse of those of their own degree—people who loved them no jot the better for attempts to maintain a position in life ruinous to their narrow fortunes. After much seeking, they found notice at an attorney's office of a vacancy at the miserable farm of Helisle; and nearly the remainder of Warnford's heritage was expended in the necessary outlay for lease, stock, and plenishing. Having settled themselves thus, at the extremity of civilization, they resigned all pretence to gentleness of condition, the pomps of life; worked hard, fared hard; and after two years buffeting between necessity and the lingering influence of their early breeding, found their refinement of nature and sentiment worn down to the exigencies of their condition. Algernon Warnford held the plough which was to procure bread for his children, while Mistress Warnford tended the two lean milch-kine, which afforded their chief subsistence.

The unfruitful soil was such as to tax the utmost efforts of the inexperienced husbandman. The peasant's boy and girl hired to assist the labours of the distressed family, gave only trouble by their ignorance. But in the sequel, perseverance prevailed. Though he who, as a gentleman, had been a bad scholar, proved as a farmer an indifferently agriculturist, the effort of being up early and late, toiling through summer's sun and winter's frost, overcame, as providence hath promised, the stubborn curse of nature; and at the close of five years of heavy labour, the Warnfords were not only able to maintain their elder children, and a younger—an ocean pearl, born in the briny solitude of Helisle—but had amassed great store of wealth—a press full of linen, spun under their roof—several articles of household furniture, the product of their united ingenuity—and, above all, a stout coble-boat, which, with the aid of an able builder from Whitehaven, who passed a couple of summer months domiciled with them at the farm, Warnford had launched with great ceremony from the stocks, and christened and painted with the auspicious name of "The Lady Anne of Helisle." It may be doubted whether the Earl of Lovell, who was now officiating in his frivolous old age as Lord Chamberlain to his most gracious Majesty, had in the interim achieved any effort half so gratifying.

Nor was the ornamental department wholly neglected. Warnford had retouched and whitewashed within and without, the plaster walls of the little dwelling, had contrived a rude carpet of sheepskins for the portion of the hall or kitchen specially habited by his wife, and had even planted the spot of ground beneath her window with hedges of fragrant rosemary, which, as its name denotes, rejoices in the dew of the sea: for the sea-spray reached it there. On winter nights the humbleness of the one-storied mansion was its sole security against the tremendous storm-bursts of the Irish channel: and often, when signals of distress boomed from the offing, Mistress Warnford would start from her pillow, and with a prayer of intercession for the souls in peril, bless the roof that gave such comfortable shelter to the helpless ones whom her soul loved.

In fine weather, she and her children—more especially her son Walter—often accompanied Warnford when his day's labours were done, in an evening sail, coasting those beautiful shores. Or she would follow him to the mainland, when buisness carried him to market at Dalton or Rampside, for a kindly visit to the wives of one or two small farmers with whom they maintained interchange of goodwill borrowing or lending, nursing or claiming tendance in sickness, exchanging a basket of fish for a brood of early chickens, or a measure of rapeseed or yarn for faggot-wood or turf. It was one of the sacrifices exacted of Warnford's pride by his more nobly-constituted wife, that he should stoop in all things to his altered condition, and live, and let live, with those among whom Providence had appointed their career.

There was old Hal Hobbs and his dame, cotters on the Condish estates, which extend along the coast by Furness, who thought the month a long one in which Mistress Warnford, or her good man, forgot to bring Watty and Leeny to taste their honey, or garden berries.

"Marry—the boy and girl were so sprightly, yet so jaunty and well-spoken withal," that the old people hailed the coming of the young mother, (with her large loving eyes beaming tenderness on the fair child, the young Lucy, that still lingered in her arms, from fondling more than helplessness,) as a festival in their life of labour.

(To be Continued.)

FRENCH SHIP ALEXANDRE.—The French consul for the State of Rhode Island has arrived in this ship under the command of Bonet, Louis *dit* Dubois, ranked as a Lieutenant of the French navy, she regularly cleared from Bordeaux for Samarang, Benoir Matland, belonging to the maritime service at Bordeaux, as Quarter Master, acting as 2d captain.

It appears that a few days after leaving Samarang, the captain Bonet, the lieutenant, Morpain Jean, the *medical equipage*, (boatswain) Herui Jean Fidele Audoin Bertrand, (sailor) Gerding Reiard, (sailor) Desset Pierre Jean Philipe, (mariner) Lemoyne Louis Fois Clement, (mariner) seven in number, were missing—reported to have been washed overboard in a gale, by a *coup de mer*.

After this the vessel, under the command of Marland, the second captain, put into Maurice, (Isle of France) to repair, where the French consular agent was satisfied that all was right—Here ten new French sailors, three British sailors, and one American sailor, with two Malay women were said to have been found on board two days after the ship was cleared for Bordeaux,—but after passing the Azores, within ten or twelve days' sail from the coast of France, the destination was changed for Boston.

This vessel on the 20th instant, reached Newport and soon after her arrival, the town was filled with whispers of suspicion. The commander, Marland, came on shore on Sunday and tried to dispose of his vessel and cargo to the merchant there. The French consul hearing this, deemed is his duty to go on board the vessel, & make an exact minution. The crew all appeared obedient and in good health, and all the consul did was to order him to bring his papers and some of the crew, for the purpose of satisfing the people of Newport their suspicions were incorrect. To this Marland assented, but being afterwards informed by his American sailor that Newport was a small place, and had no French consul, Marland said he was going to Boston, and would not surrender the papers. The consul then deemed it his duty to apply to the collector to have the vessel detained, and placed under the charge of a revenue cutter, till he could hear from the Consul General at New York, which report was complied with.

Marland then endeavoured to make an escape, with a large amount of gold and dimonds, and one of the Malay women, to come to New York on board the steamboat. The consul then caused Marland to be arrested, and after some difficulty the arrest was made. The remainder of the crew, from Bordeaux to Samarang, next morning were arrested and lodged in jail. The officers were then put on board the ship, the crew assenting, after a great deal of trouble.

During this time many things occurred to excite suspicion. One of the Malay women, the pretended wife of Marland, contrived during the affray on board the ship, to carry away a bag of gold containing about $12,000, and a sealed box, containing a large quantity of diamonds. Marland, it is stated confided the care of his Malay wife and treasures to the M. Seiler, the *Chevalier d'Industrie*, who figured so conspicuously in this port when the foreign enlisted corps was embarking for Florida—but Marland soon finding out the reputation of Seiler, sent back his wife after the treasures, when Seiler was not to be found at home, but was making his way for the New York steamboat, where the gold and diamonds were found, and lodged in the bank under seal.

The French consul thinks all these circumstances are enough to justify the detention of the vessel and to make a request upon the American Government that Marland and his confederates be sent to France for examination. The sudden loss of the captain, and so many of the crew, the deviation of the voyage without rational reason, the arrival at Newport, the extraordinary conduct there, the course of Marland with his women, &c. he thinks justifies suspicions of piracy. Of this however, the public can judge as well as ourselves. We have sifted a one-sided story, and we think have got at the general facts. It may be necessary to add that the persons suspected of the piracy have not yet been publicly examined.

Postscript. We are further informed that orders left Washington 25th. for the three-decker Hercules, at Norfolk, to repair to Newport, and take the captain and crew of the French ship to France, and that the vessel-herself, with a new crew, was to be sent to France.—*Boston Paper.*

THE GROTESQUE.—Let men love laughter as they may, they invariably form a depreciating estimate of what makes them laugh; neither the persons nor the books endowed with that gift, ever have justice done to their more serious qualities. We are too apt to prefer something of delusion and surprise in our serious pleasures. Like school-boys when abroad for a holiday, we would escape from what is familiar to what is distant—we would lose ourselves among the visionary shapes of a dead world, rather than avail ourselves of the realities which abide with us at home, and eat and drink, and bargain and lie down with us. Hence,—while in art and literature the severely classical; the purely imaginative, have always been most highly esteemed, the grotesque has till lately been scornfully passed over as absurd and unworthy of interest, or even senselessly denounced as far-fetched and unnatural. Far-fetched! * * * * * Who is there so dull that, in some moment or other, he has not, with half-shut eye, overpassed in imagination the boundaries of sense and spirit?—not watched the growth and decay of strange faces in the bickering fire at even-tide not bent his ear to listen to counsel in the creaking of the door, after the fashion of the willing French widow, who was advised into matrimony by the tinkling of the church-bells? Unnatural? In what passage of life is dignity to be found without its flaw of littleness, or truth without its disfiguring speck of falsity?—the sacred beauty of sorrow unblemished by distortion?—the eloquence of passion wholly guiltless of bombast?—or the merriest laughter unchecked by its undertone of sadness? It is but going a few steps beyond nature in the opposition of these things that forms the secret of the grotesque. For nature, though exceeded, must never be wholly forgotton. A healthy, as well as an exuberant taste—a sound judgment, no less than a subtle apprehension—must preside in this school of art also, freakish and irregular as it appears. While fancy is permitted her airiest scope, reason must still be propitiated. The face in the fire just mentioned, to be seen by two persons, must possess some recognizable lineaments—the tournament traced out by the child in the veins of a block of marble must have at least one undeniable spear and helmet and charger among its mass of struggling figures.—*London and Westminster Review.*

DIGESTION.—It is well known that persons in good health of sound digestive organs, who take plenty of exercise, and are free from anxiety, may eat almost any thing, and in quantities which would kill those in different circumstances. In reference to this point, Dr. Brigham observes,—"We do not find dyspepsia prevalent in countries where the the people eat most enormously. Travellers in Siberia say, that the people there often eat forty pounds of food in one day. Admiral Saritchoff saw a Siberian eat, immediately after breakfast, twenty-five pounds of boiled rice, with three pounds of butter. But dyspepsia is not a common disease in Siberia. We do not learn from Captain Parry, or Captain Lyon, that their friends the Esquimaux are very nervous or dyspeptic, though they individually eat ten or twelve pounds of solid food in a day washing it down with a gallon or so of train oil. Captain Lyon was, to be sure, a little concerned for a delicate young lady Esquimaux, who ate his candles, wicks and all: yet he does not allude to her inability to digest them.—*Harrison Curtis on the Preservation of Health.*

From the Sydney Commercial Journal.

THE attention of Owners and Captains of Whalers is hereby called to the many advantages offered, by the Harbour of Port Stephens, as a place at which Vessels employed in the Southern Seas may obtain refreshments and supplies.

The conveniencies of the Harbour for the entry and departure of Vessels, its perfect security, the facility of obtaining Wood and Water, its proximity to Sydney, and above all, the absence of the various temptations to irregularity and licentiousness which prevail in other places, frequented by Whaling Vessels, are amongst the advantages alluded to

Fresh Meat and Vegetables can be procured, from the Establishment of the A. A. Company.

A Mail leaves Carrington on Tuesday and Friday each Week, by which the Owners of Whalers, or their agents residing in Sydney, may be apprized on the day following, of the arrival and wants of their Ships. Vessels trading to Newcastle for Coals, may be freighted at a moderate rate for the conveyance to Port Stephens, of such Articles or Stores as may be required, and the *Wm. IV.* Steamer, for a trifling sum, calls at this Port, on her Voyages to and from Port Macquarie.

The Harbour of Port Stephens being much frequented by Black Whales, it has been thought that a profitable Establishment might be formed near the Heads of the Harbour, in connexion with Vessels employed outside for the capture of these Fish.

Captain Butcher of the Brig *Nereus* recently killed a Whale measuring 75 feet long, whilst laying in Farm Cove.

The Brig was made fast to the Stump of a Tree, in the margin of the Steep Bank of that part of the Harbour, whilst she was divested of her rigging and underwent repairs, which to undertake when here, would have required the security and shelter of a Dock. Captain Butcher affirmed, that he performed in 6 weeks, labour which could not have been completed in the Bay of Islands, in 6 months; at the same time that the health of his Crew was completely restored, by the regularity of their habits and their exercise on Shore. A medical officer resides at Carrington, at which place there is a commodious Hospital, in which sick men, if required may be treated at the same rates as are charged in the Civil Hospital in Sydney.

Should the present Notice induce Whaling Vessels, to visit the Harbour of Port Stephens in sufficient numbers, to justify the adoption of more extensive arrangements for obtaining and holding in readiness every necessary supply, such arrangements shall be promptly made.

"Signed" H. DUMARESQ,
Commissioner for the
A. A. Company.

Port Stephens, 20th Sept. 1837.

INCREDIBLE.—Dr. Brandreth has made a couple of pills of twenty-horse power each. He thinks them capable of working a steamboat across the Atlantic.—*Boston Statesman.*

A BUSY AUCTIONEER.—An English auctioneer announces in a newspaper advertisement, that he has so much business he has recently worn out two hammers, and is now on the second end of the third!

HEAD QUARTERS, FREDERICTON,
25th May, 1838.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief has been pleased to order the General Inspection of the Militia to be conducted by their respective Commanding Officers of Battalions, agreeably to the following arrangement; and they will be pleased to transmit their General Returns, as usual, to the Adjutant General's Office, to be laid before His Excellency.

One day's Company drill, only, will be required for the present year.

DISTRICT No. 1.

1st Battalion King's County.—1st Division at Whelpley's Long Reach, on Saturday, 30th June. 2nd Division at Kennebeccasis, on Monday, 2nd July.

3rd Battalion King's.—1st Division at Gillis', Springfield, on Tuesday, 3rd July. 2nd Division near Titus', Hammond River, on Thursday, 5th July.

2nd Battalion King's.—At Sussex Vale, on Saturday, 7th July.

1st Battalion Westmorland.—1st Division at Pitfield's, on Monday, 9th July. 2nd Division at the Bend, on Wednesday, 11th July. 3rd Division at Shediac, on Thursday, 12th July.

2nd Battalion Kent.—At Cocagne, on Thursday, 12th July.

1st Battalion Kent.—At Richibucto, on Saturday, 14th July.

2nd Battalion Westmorland.—1st Division at Charters', on Monday, 16th July. 2nd Division at Sackville, on Tuesday, 17th July.

4th Battalion Westmorland.—At Bay Verte, on Wednesday, 18th July.

3rd Battalion Westmorland.—At Hopewell, on Thursday, 19th July.

2nd Battalion Charlotte.—At Magaguadavic, on Thursday, 23d August.

1st Battalion Charlotte.—At Saint Andrews, on Friday, 24th August.

4th Battalion Charlotte.—At Saint Stephens, on Saturday, 25th August.

3rd Battalion Charlotte.—1st Division at Indian Island, on Wednesday, 29th August. 2nd Division at Grand Manan, on Friday, 31st August.

1st Battalion Saint John City.—On the Sands near Saint John, on Saturday, 8th September.

Saint John Rifle Battalion.—On the Sands near Saint John, on Monday, 10th September.

Saint John Sea Fencibles.—On the Sands near Saint John, on Tuesday, 11th September.

1st Battalion Saint John County Regiment.—At Manawoganish, on Saturday, 6th October.

2nd Battalion Saint John County.—1st Division at Loch Lomond, on Monday, 8th October. 2nd Division at Quaco, on Tuesday, 9th October. 3rd Division on the Sands near Saint John, on Wednesday, 10th October.

DISTRICT No. 2.

Second Battalion Northumberland.—First Division at A. Moore's, on Saturday, 23d June. Second Division at Capt. Fiddes', on Monday, 25th June.

First Battalion Northumberland.—First Division at Saint Andrew's Point, on Tuesday, 26th June. Second Division at M'Donalds, (Glenelg,) on Tuesday, 26th June. Third Division, at Burnt Church, on Wednesday, 27th June.

First Battalion Gloucester.—First Division at Bathurst, on Friday, 29th June. Second Division at Dalhousie, on Monday, 2d July.

Second Battalion Gloucester.—First Division at Poakshaw, on Tuesday, 3d July. Second Division at Caraquet, on Wednesday, 4th July.

First Battalion Queen's.—First Division at Nerepis, on Monday, 10th September. Second Division at Gage Town, on Tuesday, 11th September.

Second Battalion Queen's.—First Division at White's Point, Washademoak, on Wednesday, 12th September. Second Division at Ferris' Point, Grand Lake, on Thursday, 13th September. Third Division at M'Alister's, Salmon River, on Friday, 14th September. Fourth Division at New Canaan, on Saturday, 15th September.

Sunbury.—At Maugerville, on Monday, 17th September.

First Battalion York.—At Fredericton, on Saturday, 22d September.

Third Battalion York.—First Division near Lieutenant Colonel Robinson's, on Monday, 24th September. Second Division at John M'Laggan's, (Saint Mary's,) Wednesday, 26th September.

Second Battalion York.—First Division at the Upper Village, on Tuesday, 25th September. Second Division at Nackawickac, on Wednesday, 26th September.

First Battalion Carleton.—At Lieutenant Colonel Ketchum's, on Thursday, 27th September.

Second Battalion Carleton.—First Division at White Marsh, on Friday, 28th September. Second Division at Hallet's, (Perth), on Saturday 29th September.

Third Battalion Carleton.—First Division at Grand River, on Monday, 1st October. Second Division at the mouth of the Madawaska, on Tuesday, 2d October.

PROMOTIONS, &c.

Third Battalion Charlotte.—Lieutenant John Cunningham, to be Captain, vice J. Ingersol, promoted. Ensign Daniel Gatcomb, to be Lieutenant, vice Cunningham.

To be Ensigns—John M'Intosh, Gent. vice Smith, deceased, dated 28th May, 1838. Charles Hatch, Gent. vice Burke, dated 29th May, 1838. Richard E. Foster, to be Quarter Master to the Division at Grand Manan, with the rank of Ensign, 30th May, 1838. Lieutenant Samuel Ingersol to retire with his rank, from lameness.

First Battalion Charlotte.—To be Lieutenants, Ensign John Parkins, dated 28th May. Ensign Amos Hitchings, dated 29th May.

Adjutant Edward Pick, of the New Brunswick Regiment of Artillery, to have the rank of 2d Lieutenant, dated 10th May, 1838.

By command.
GEO. SHORE, A. G. M.