# THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

VOL. V. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1841. No. 38.



## The Chronicle,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.


### Weekly Almanack.

| MAY. | R. SUN. S. | MOON. | H. W. |
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| 22 Saturday, | 4 45 7 15 | 10 3 | 0 45 |
| 23 Sunday, | 4 44 7 16 | 10 56 | 1 29 |
| 24 Monday, | 4 44 7 16 | 11 34 | 2 17 |
| 25 Tuesday, | 4 43 7 17 | Morn | 3 9 |
| 26 Wednesday, | 4 42 7 18 | 0 6 | 4 7 |
| 27 Thursday, | 4 41 7 19 | 0 31 | 5 9 |
| 28 Friday, | 4 41 7 20 | 0 52 | 6 19 |

First Quarter, 27th, 10h. 16m.

### Public Institutions.

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

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Mr. G. T. Ray.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint 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: James Kirk, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

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

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

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.


### ☞NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having closed his Retail Grocery and Spirit Establishment at No. 12 King street, the same being now occupied by Mr. John Sears—all those indebted to the firm of J. & J. Alexander or the Subscriber, by note or book account, are requested to liquidate the same before the 1st day of May next, otherwise such notes and accounts will be handed over to an Attorney for collection at the expiration of that time.—Office, over No. 12, King street, in the same building.

*Still on hand.*—A choice selection of Bottled and Draught Wine, which will be sold *very low* to close.

March 26. JOHN ALEXANDER.

### ☞NOTICE.

THE term of Co-Partnership existing between the subscribers terminates this day. The business in future willl be conducted by JAMES WHITNEY.

JAMES WHITNEY,
CHARLES R. GIBBONS.

*St. John, 6th March*, 1841.

### NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership of NELSON, FRASER & CO. was dissolved by mutual agreement, on the 1st day of October, 1840.

V. H. NELSON.
ARCHIBALD FRASER.

THE Business will in future be carried on by the subscriber on his own account, in the new Store, next to Messrs. Holdsworth & Daniel, Market Square, who is duly authorized to receive all debts due, and also to settle all claims against the aforesaid firm in these Provinces.

ARCHIBALD FRASER.

*St. John, October* 1, 1840.

NOTICE.—All Persons indebted to the subscriber, up to the first day of March, instant, are respectfully requested to call and settle up their accounts immediately. S. K. FOSTER,
5th March, 1841. *King street.*

*New-York, January*, 1841.

MR. WILLIAM HOWARD is appointed my Agent for St. John, N. B. and the adjacent country, to receive subscriptions and money therefor, for the "*NEW WORLD.*" Newspaper, published in New-York; and also for the "*EVERGREEN,*" a Monthly Magazine, published by

J. WINCHESTER *Publisher.*
23, *Ann street.*

☞Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Wm. Howard, North Wharf, at $2½ per copy, exclusive of Postage. *Feb.* 12.

### THE SUBSCRIBER

*Has received by the ship "Sophia," from London:*

AN extensive stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Bandages, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Confectionary, Orange Marmalade, Jellies, Jams, Preserved Meats, do. Grouse, do. Hares, do. Soups, &c. &c.—which will be open for inspection early next week, at his Establishment, in the New Building erected by C. Johnston, Esq., corner of North Market wharf and Dock street.

JOHN G. SHARP.

Jan. 1. *Chemist & Apothecary.*

### SAINT JOHN HOTEL.

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

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

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

WILLIAM SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

St. John, Feb. 15, 1840.


### Miscellany.

### SKETCHES OF SENATORS.

*(From the Britannia.)*

MR. SERGEANT JACKSON.

Mr. Sergeant Jackson is one of the most eminent leaders of the Irish Conservative party, and from the straight forward manliness of his parliamentary conduct, and the soundness of his political principles, enjoys a high and steady reputation, not only with his own particular section of the Conservatives, but also with the party generally.

In no respect has the reaction of opinion in favor of Conservatism the old political religion of the country, been more unequivocally developed than in case of those Irish politicians who used to be called Orangemen. Time was, when they were regarded with a species of mistrust even by their own parliamentary coadjutors. Though agreeing with them in their general principles, and ready on all occasions both to give them support and receive it from them, yet there appeared to be for a time a certain degree of exasperated feeling mixed up with their legislatorial duties which might render it dangerous for the representatives for England and Scotland too intimately to identify themselves with them. Not that there ever was anything more than the appearance of a rancorous or revengeful spirit in the hon. gentlemen in question, nor that the English Conservatives did not give them full credit for the sincerity of their motives and the purity of their patriotism; for neither of these imputations did their conduct afford the slightest ground. But, fresh as they were, session after session, from their own personal experience of the intolerant domination of their political opponents and conscious that in England the real state of the case was not known or fully appreciated, there was an apparent violence, an ill-suppressed vexation, in their mode of treating Irish questions, and a too prominent desire to press them unseasonably on the house, which afforded the ministerial speakers and writers grounds and topics for sneering and ridicule, and, in the minds of the unthinking, might to a certain extent, have compromised the character of the whole Conservative party for moderation, and a determination only by gradual, temperate, and strictly constitutional means to recover the helm of the state.

Now, whether this feeling existed at all, or whether it was well or ill founded, is no longer matter of question, for no such want of full confidence exists at present, or has existed for a considerable time. The reaction in favour of the Irish Conservative members has been very great, great in proportion as the *prestige* which existed at one time among the moderate Liberals in favor of the Irish members on the Liberal side has declined. The English Liberals of the old school have begun to discover that their idol is only a Caliban; and that the party which had by him been held up as embodying all the worst vices of political depravity—as being born tyrants, inveterate enemies of the majority of their countrymen, and waiting only their return to power in order to carry fire and sword through their native land—they have begun, I say, to find that these much aspersed men, albeit they have had their own wrongs and oppressions to endure, are as anxious as their opponents can be for the well being of their country, and are willing for ever to bury the sword and the remembrance of the sword, if the others will lay aside the bludgeon.

Mr. Sergeant Jackson is, taking all considerations into account, perhaps the most popular man among this section of the house. His mental qualities are such as always command respect. Frank, open, consistent, and fearless in the expression of opinion, even his opponents—that is to say, his English opponents—always give him credit for sincerity and gentlemanly feeling. He may be fairly said to have worked his way upward in the regard of the English portion of the house, in consequence of his possession of these qualities. By the more moderate of the Irish Liberals also, he is looked upon with respect, because they give him credit for a sincere love of his country; but by the more violent of the O'Connellite members he is hated, and ever will be—in their eyes an Orangeman he has been, an Orangeman he is, and an Orangeman he will be to the end of the chapter. For these general reasons, Sergeant Jackson is always listened to with respect by the great majority of the house, and as he seldom makes long speeches, he never wearies them, and always produces much effect.

When Mr. Sergeant Jackson was first returned to Parliament, great expectations were formed of his talents as a speaker. It was thought that he would prove a great debater, if not an orator, and that in time his party would have a counterpoise to Mr. O'Connell. But it is only candour to say, that those expectations were disappointed. I remember listening with much curiosity and interest to his first great speech, and my opinion was at once formed, that he did not then understand the art of parliamentary speaking. To become a great parliamentary debater, a man must have perfect command both of his temper and his intellect; he must sink all personal prejudices and peculiarities of thinking, and study solely to adapt himself to the views and varying feelings of his hearers; to present his ideas and opinions in that shape which will be most likely universally to please a body composed of various capacities and tastes. Now, Mr. Jackson does not succeed in accomplishing this object; indeed it is but fair to say that, of late years, he has not aimed at it. His speeches latterly are plain, straight forward expositions of his views, but strongly tinctured with his personal feelings, and more likely to give especial pleasure to those members with whose sentiments his own happened fully to accord, than calculated to produce conviction in the house. While fully believing in the sincerity of his motives, and the absence of any design to mislead, you are tempted to doubt, from the earnestness and peculiar excitement of his manner, whether he may not be himself deceived. And as the majority of his speeches consist of details of acts of aggression committed by the other party in Ireland, a greater degree of doubt is engendered in the mind of an Englishman (who always carries the habits of the jury-box into all questions of fact and evidence) than if they were argumentative upon general principles, or took a practical and statistical view of Irish affairs. These remarks are made in the spirit of friendly candour, and with a full knowledge of the very great abilities of the hon. and learned member for Bandon. The speech I have alluded to, for instance, produced a most powerful effect upon the house, and at once showed the ministerial party that a very valuable ally had been secured by their opponents. Its only defects were those which, perhaps, one ought not to entertain as matters of charge at all. Probably Mr. Sergeant Jackson never once thought of setting himself up as a rival to such men as Lord Stanley or Sir Robert Peel, and was only anxious to utter his opinions and facts in as plain, straight forward, and convincing a way as possible; such, at least, has been the character of his subsequent speeches.

Mr. Sergeant Jackson's person and manner are decidedly manly. He is tall, muscular, and well made. His countenance is open and frank in its expression, his complexion florid, and his hair nearly white. He has, if I mistake not, a blue eye very expressive, and good teeth. His voice I do not consider agreeable; and he has a bad habit, in addressing the house, of elevating it too much, which the organ not being naturally musical, renders his speeches less agreeable than they otherwise might be. I have already adverted to the great defect in his style—a pervading consciousness of wrong, past, present, and to come, which gives him to those who do not understand him, more the air of a man absorbed in developing his personal grievances and prejudices, than of a statesman philosophising on the political wants and position of his country. Though his matter is not personal, his manner appears so. Without being a partisan, he sometimes looks like one. Yet no man is more ready to bow to the rules of the house, or more eager to acknowledge an error if inadvertently led into one. Perhaps these defects (and I may be hypocritical in noticing them) result more from the national failing of never doing anything in moderation, than from any peculiar irascibility of character. This national failing it is which makes it so difficult for Englishmen to deal with Irish politics, and Irish ideas of right and wrong. Common sense and coolness of judgment are held to be unmanly weaknesses in Ireland, and virtue is an impetuous hot-headed young gentlewoman, whose overboiling excellencies would in England be perpetually getting her lodging in the station-house. In judging of Irish politics, whether on the one side or on the other, we do not sufficiently allow for this peculiarity, nor do we recollect the exasperated feeling induced by years of almost personal warfare. Remembering all these considerations, I am much more disposed to admire Mr. Sergeant Jackson for the moderation which he really does display, than to find fault with him, because, to reserve a popular phrase, butter *would* melt in his mouth.

Mr. Sergeant Jackson is second Queen's Sergeant in Ireland, and has a high professional reputation. His seat in Parliament is honorable to him, from his having been spontaneously elected by a large majority of his constituents, without any influence of his own being exerted. He has been in Parliament since 1834, and has increased very much in importance of late. His evident sincerity and incorruptibility of principle, no less than his abilities, contribute to this result.

LORGNETTE.

*(From Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.)*

### THE DUEL.

A small and narrow ravine between two furze covered hills, led to the open space where the meeting had been arranged for. As we reached this, therefore, we were obliged to descend from the drag and proceed the remainder of the way on foot. We had not gone many yards when a step was heard approaching, and the next moment Beaufort appeared. His usually easy and *degagee* air was certainly tinged with somewhat of constraint—and though his soft voice and half smile were as perfect as ever, a slightly flurried expression about the lip, and a quiet and nervous motion of his eye-brow, bespoke a heart not completely at ease. He lifted up his foraging cap most ceremoniously to salute us when we came up, and casting an anxious look to see if any others were following, stood quite still.

"I think it right to mention, Major O'Shaughnessy," said he, in a voice of most dulcet sweetness, "that I am the only friend of Captain Trevyllian on the ground; and though I have not the slightest objection to Captain Baker being present, I hope you will see the propriety of limiting the witnesses to the three persons now here."

"Upon my conscience, as far as I am concerned or my friend either, we are perfectly indifferent if we fight before three or three thousand. In Ireland we rather like a crowd."

"Of course, then, as you see no objection to my proposition, I may count upon your co-operation in the event of any intrusion; I mean that while we, upon our sides, will not permit any of our friends to come forward, you will equally exert yourself with yours."

"Here we are, Baker and myself—neither more nor less; we expect no one, nor want no one: so that I humbly conceive all the preliminaries you are talking of will never be required."

Beaufort tried to smile and bit his lips, while a small red spot upon his cheek bespoke that some deeper feeling of irritation than the mere careless manner of the Major could account for, still rankled in his bosom. We now walked on without speaking, except when occasionally some passing observation of Beaufort upon the fineness of the evening, or the rugged nature of the road, broke the silence. As we emerged from the little mountain pass into the open meadow land, the tall and soldier-like figure of Trevyllian was the first object that presented itself; he was standing beside a little stone cross that stood above a holy well, and seemed occupied in decyphering the inscription. He turned at the noise of our approach, and calmly waited our coming. His eye glanced quickly from the features of O'Shaughnessy to those of Baker, but seeming rapidly reassured as he walked forward, his face at once recovered its usual serenity and its cold expressive look of sternness.

"All right," said Beaufort in a whisper, the tones of which I overheard, as he neared his friend. Trevyllian smiled in return, but did not speak. During the few moments which passed in conversation between the seconds, I turned from the spot with Baker, and had scarcely time to address a question to him, when O'Shaughnessy called out. "Hollo, Baker!—come here a moment." The three seemed now in eager discussion for some minutes, when Baker walked towards Trevyllian, and saying something, appeared to wait for his reply. This being obtained, he joined the others, and the moment afterwards came to where I was standing—"You are to toss for first shot O'Malley. O'Shaughnessy has made the proposition; with two crack marksmen, it is perhaps the fairest way. I suppose you have no objection?"

"Of course I shall make none. Whatever O'Shaughnessy decides for me, I am ready to abide by."

"Well, then, as to the distance," said Beaufort, loud enough to be heard by me where I was standing. O'Shaughnessy's reply I could not catch, but it was evident from the tone of both parties, that some difference existed on the point.

"Captain Baker shall decide between us," said Beaufort at length, and they walked away to some distance. During all the while, I could perceive that Trevyllian's uneasiness and impatience became extreme: he looked from the speakers to the little black pass, and strained his eyes in every direction: it was clear that he dreaded some interruption. At last, unable any longer to control his feelings, he called out, "Beaufort, I say, what the devil are we waiting for now?"

"Nothing at present," said Beaufort as he came forward with a dollar in his hand. "Come Major O'Shaughnessy, you shall call for your friend."

He pitched the piece of money as he spoke, high into the air, and watched it till it fell on the soft grass beneath.

"Head for a thousand," cried O'Shaughnessy, running over and stooping down; "and head it is!"

"You've won the first shot," whispered Baker; "for heaven's sake be cool."

Beaufort grew deadly pale as he bent over the crown piece, and seemed scarcely to have courage to look his friend in the face. Not so Trevyllian; he pulled off his gloves without the slightest semblance of emotion, buttoned up his well fitting black frock to the throat, and throwing a rapid glance around, seemed only eager to begin the combat.

"Fifteen paces, and the words 'one—two,'"

"Exactly. My cane shall mark the spot,"

"Devillish long paces you make them," said O'Shaughnessy, who did not seem to approve of the distance. "They have some confounded advantage in this, depend upon it," said the major in a whisper to Baker.

"Are you ready?" cried Beaufort.

"Ready—quite ready!"

"Take your ground then!"

As Trevyllian moved forward to his place, he muttered something to his friend. I did not hear the first part, but the latter words which met me were ominous enough—"for as I intend to shoot him, 'tis just as well as it is."

Whether this was meant to be overheard and intimidate me I knew not, but its effect proved directly opposite. My firm resolution to hit my antagonist was now confirmed, and no compunctious visitings unnerved my arm. As we took our places, some little delay again took place, the flint of my pistol having fallen; and thus we remained full six or twelve seconds steadily regarding each other.—At length O'Shaughnessy came forward, and putting my weapon in my hand, whispered low, "remember you have but one chance,"

"You are both ready!" cried Beaufort.

"Ready!"

"Then, one—two."

The last word was lost in the report of my pistol, which went off at the instant; for a second the flash and smoke obstructed my view: but the moment after I saw Trevyllian stretched upon the ground, with his friend kneeling beside him. My first impulse was to rush over, for now all thought of enmity was buried in most heartfelt anxiety for his fate: but, as I was stepping forward, O'Shaughnessy called out, "Stand fast boy, he's only wounded!" and the same moment he rose slowly from the ground, with the assistance of his friend, and looked with the same wild gaze around him. Such a look I shall never forget; there was that intense expression of searching anxiety, as though he sought to trace the outlines of some visionary spirit as it receded before him: quickly reassured as it seemed, by the glance he threw on all sides, his countenance lighted up, not with pleasure, but with a fiendish expression of revengeful triumph, which even his voice evinced as he called out—"It's my turn now."

I felt the words in their full force, as I stood silently awaiting my death wound; the pause was a long one—twice did he interrupt his friend as he was about to give the word, by an expression of suffering, pressing his hand upon his side, and seeming to writhe with torture—and yet this was mere counterfeit.

O'Shaughnessy was now coming forward to interfere and prevent these interruptions, when Trevyllian called out in a firm tone, "I'm ready!" The words "One—two," the pistol slowly rose, his dark eye measured me coolly—steadily—his lip curled, and just as I felt that my last moment of life had arrived, a heavy sound of a horse galloping along the rocky causeway seemed to take off his attention. His frame trembled, his hand shook, and jerking upwards his weapon, the ball passed high above my head.

"You bear me witness, I fired in the air," said Trevyllian, turning towards O'Shaughnessy, while the large drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead, and his features worked as if in a fit.

"You saw it, Sir—and you, Beaufort—my friend—you also—speak! Why will you not speak?"

"Be calm, Trevyllian; be calm, for heaven's sake. What's the matter with you?"

"The affair is then ended," said Baker, "and most happily so. You are, I hope, not dangerously wounded."

As he spoke, Trevyllian's features grew deadly livid, his half-opened mouth quivered slightly; his eyes became fixed, and his arm dropped heavily beside him, and with one low faint moan, he fell fainting to the ground.

As we bent ever him, I now perceived that another person had joined our party; he was a short, determined looking man of about forty, with black eyes and aquiline features. Before I had time to guess who it might be, I heard O'Shaughnessy address him as Colonel Conyers.

"He is dying," said Beaufort, still stooping over his friend, whose cold hand he grasped within his own; "poor, poor fellow."

"He fired in the air," said Baker in a whisper, in reply to a question from Conyers; what he answered, I heard not; but Baker joined, "Yes, I am certain of it: we all saw it."

"Had you not better examine his wound?" said Conyers, in a tone of sarcastic irony. I could have almost struck him for. "Is your friend not hit?—perhaps he is bleeding."

"Yes," said O'Shaughnessy, "let us look to the poor fellow now." So saying, with Beaufort's aid, he unbuttoned his frock, and succeeded in opening the waistcoat; there was no trace of blood any where, and the idea of internal hemorrage at once occurred to us. When Conyers, stooping down, pushed me aside, saying, at the same time, "your fear for his safety need not distress you much—look here." As he spoke, he tore open his shirt, and disclosed to our almost doubting senses, a vest of chain mail armour fitting close next the skin, and completely pistol proof.

I cannot describe the effect this sight produced upon us. Beaufort sprang to his feet with a bound as he screamed out—rather than spoke—

"No man believes me to have been aware——"

"No, no, Beaufort, your reputation is very far removed from such a stain," said Conyers.

O'Shaughnessy was perfectly speechless—he looked from one to the other, as though some unexplained mystery still remained, and only seemed restored to any sense of consciousness, as Baker said—"I can feel no pulse at his wrist—his heart, too, does not beat." Conyers placed his hand upon his bosom, then felt along his throat—lifted up an arm, and letting it fall heavily upon the ground, he muttered, "he is dead."

It was true—no wound had pierced him—the pistol bullet was found within his clothes—but some tremendous conflict of his spirit within, had snapped the cords of life, and the strong man had perished in his agony.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.—"He was wont to say that he had nearly survived the good manly words of assent and denial, the yes and no of our ancestors, and could now hear nothing but 'unquestionably,' 'certainly,' 'undeniably,' or 'by no means,' and 'I rather think not:' forms of speech to which he gave the most odious and contemptuous names, as effeminate and emasculated, and would turn into ridicule by caricaturing the pronunciation of the words. Thus he would drawl out 'unquestionably' in a faint childish tone, and then say, 'Gracious God! does he mean yes? Then why not say so at once like a man?' As for the slip-slop of some fluent talkers in society, who exclaim that they are 'so delighted,' or 'so shocked,' and speak of things being pleasing or hateful 'to a degree,' he would bear down upon them without mercy, and roar out, 'To what degree? Your words mean anything, and everything, and nothing.' There needs no addition to this for the purpose of remarking how easily he was tired by pr[o]lers (those whom it is the mode to call *bores*), come they even under coronets and crowns. Once when the Prince of Wales was graciously pleased to pursue at great length a narrative of little importance, Sir P. Francis, wearied out, threw back his head on his chair with a 'Well, Sir, well?' The sensitiveness of royalty at once was roused, and the historian proceeded to inflict punishment upon the uncourtly offender by repeating and lengthening his recital, after a connecting sentence, 'If Sir Philip will permit me to proceed.'—A less exalted performer in the same line having on another occasion got him into a corner, and innocently mistaking his agitation and gestures for extreme interest in the narrative which he was administering to his patient, was somewhat confounded when the latter, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed with an oath that 'Human nature could endure no more.'—In all this there was a consistency and an uniformity that was extremely racy and amusing. He is not now present to cry out, 'What does that mean, Sir? What would you be at? No gibberish!' and therefore it may be observed that there was something exceedingly *piquant* in his character."—*Lord Brougham's Sketches.*

*Uncertainty of Human Expectations.*—Dark and uncertain is the state of being in which we now exist. Human life is not formed to answer those high expectations, which, in the era of youth, and imagination, we are apt to entertain. When we first set out in life, we bid defiance to the evil day; we indulge in dreams and visions of romantic bliss, and fondly lay the scene of perfect and uninterrupted happiness for the time to come.—But experience soon undeceives us; we awake and find it but a dream. We make but a few steps in life, without finding the world to be a turbulent scene; we soon experience the changes that await us, and feel the thorns of the wilderness wherein we dwell. Our hopes are frequently blasted in the bud, our designs are defeated in the very moment of expectation, and we meet with sorrow and vexation, and disappointment on all hands. There are lives besides our own in which we are deeply interested; lives in which our happiness is placed, and on which our hopes depend. Just when we have laid a happy plan of life; when after the experience of years, we have found out a few chosen friends, and have begun to enjoy that little circle, in which we would wish to live and to die; an unexpected stroke disappoints our hopes, and lays all our schemes in the dust. When, after much labour and care, we have reared the golden structure, when we have fenced it, as we fondly imagine, from every storm that blows, and indulge the pleasing hope that it will always endure, an invisible hand interposes, and overturns it from the foundation. Son of prosperity! thou now lookest forth from thy high tower: thou now gloriest in thine excellence, thou sayest that thy mountain stands strong, and that thou art as firm as the cedar of Lebanon; but stand in awe. Before the mighty God of Job, and by the blast of the breath of his nostrils, the mountain hath been overturned, and the cedar of Lebanon hath fallen like the leaf before the tempest. At this very moment of time, the wheel is in motion that reverses the lot of men, that brings the prosperous to the dust, and lays the mighty low. Now, O man, thou rejoicest in thy strength; but know that for thee the bed of languishing, the bed of death will be spread. Thou now removest from thee the evil day, and sayest in thy heart, thou shalt never see sorrow; but remember the changes of this life. The calmest and the stillest hour precedes the whirlwind and the earthquake; the monarch hath drawn the chariot of state in which he was wont to ride in triumph; and the greatest who ever awed the world have moralized at the turn of the wheel.—*Logan.*

MASONIC ANTIQUITIES.—In Elephanta are cavern temples of great antiquity. The principal excavation is of vast size, and decorated with colossal images of the chief divinities of India: some being more than fourteen feet in altitude. They are sculptured in such high relief as to present the appearance of detached figures; and exceed the Egyptian statuary in elegance, although they fall short of the works of our expert brethren in Greece. Most of these figures are decorated with the Zennar, or sacred cord, which was a symbol of initiation. They are depicted with crowns and pyramidal caps, and decorated with jewels; they exhibit countenances of the most revolting character. In the words of Linschoten, they are distorted into such horrible and fearful forms, that while some make a man's hair stand upright, others are distinguished by a placid serenity and benignity of countenance: and others betray evident marks of deep dejection and inward anguish. The more conspicuous figures are all gorgeously arrayed after the Indian fashion with heavy jewels in their ears, with superb collars of precious stones, with belts sumptuously wrought, and with rich bracelets on their arms and wrists. The chapels or smaller temples have their walls covered over with hieroglyphics and symbolical figures; amongst which we find representations of the Tau Cross, which was an emblem of generation. The Christian reader may start when he beholds the sacred emblem of his faith used as a symbol of heathen devotion, but it is even so. The holy Cross pointed to the four quarters of the compass; and was honoured as a striking emblem of the universe by many ancient nations. It is found engraven on their monuments; and even the erection of many of their temples was conducted on the same crucriform principle. The two great pagodas of Benares and Mathura are erected in the form of vast crosses, of which each wing is equal in extent; as is also the pyramidal temple of new Grange in Ireland, and many others.—*Freemason's Quarterly Review.*

HAM HOUSE—THE ROYAL OAK.—At a short distance beyond Gay's summer-house (Twickenham) and on the same side of the river, stands Ham House, formerly the residence of the noted Duke of Lauderdale, and where he and his four colleagues Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham and Arlington, held those secret meetings which acquired for them a name infamous in English history, the Cabal—a word which their initials happened to compose.—In the house, now the residence of the Countess of Dysart, are preserved many memorials of the Lauderdale family. According to tradition, this is one of the places in which Charles the Second took refuge after the battle of Worcester; and it is also said that the great gate leading to the Ham avenue has never been open to any meaner visitor since the hour when the fugitive King, after he left the wood of Boscabel, was admitted within it for a night's shelter. Another tradition, which is still more questionable, asserts that here also, as at Boscabel, he hid himself among the branches of an oak to escape a party of his eager pursuers. A shattered trunk of a tree in Ham-lane was formerly shown to the visitor as the identical Royal Oak, and a fair which is annually held on the spot on the 29th of May, has tended to countenance the belief among the people of the neighbourhood, who have no notion that any incredulous and too precise examiner into dates and facts should deprive them of their traditions. However "truth is strong," and truth compels us to say, that their Royal Oak is only a counterfeit.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

PENNY POSTAGE.—We will not mingle taunt or sneer with our unqualified approbation of this step in Whig liberal policy;—we were about to say, the only one; but that would be a branch of contract, which genuine Radicalism abhors. There is a great deal of interested delusion afloat among the out-door advocates of the scheme. The sons of commerce will, no doubt, draw a large degree of benefit from it. But, having "a soul above buttons," we confine our view to its invaluable advantages in opening wide channels of communication for the endearing intercourse of parents, children, lovers, friends, philosophers, and authors of all descriptions:—

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole!"

There's for you, Mr. Rowland Hill—a wreath, ready-made, and waiting for your twelve centuries—not of paltry bay or laurel, but of amaranth, woven by the hands of the immortal nun, the spiritual Sappho of ungrateful Abelard. Was ever financial economist so gracefully decked, for turning the most enraptured sentiment that language can produce into an English Act of Parliament?—*Manchester Advertiser.*

ACCIDENT AT THE CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE.—M. Jules Janin, the celebrated Feuilletoniste, thus pathetically describes an accident which took place some evenings ago at the Cirque Olympique:—"The inauguration of the summer circus was last night most cruelly disturbed. Eight horses were galloping under one man (Paul Cuzent); the horse inside threw his fore leg between the legs of the horse outside; the poor animal fell, got up again, his leg broken, and Paul Cuzent continuing his leaps. Then took place the most mournful drama I have witnessed at any theatre—and many have I witnessed. The poor limping horse, mortally wounded, alas! himself broke loose, leaving the other horses to run! He came upon his remaining three legs to the middle of the circus, close to Franconi, his skilful master; and as Franconi, who was wholly occupied in restoring order, paid but little attention to the wounded horse, the latter softly dropped his head upon his master's shoulder, looking at him with a moist eye, and showing his broken leg! At this sight Franconi wept, and so did many others. The poor horse was killed, to prevent his suffering. Believe me, I have seen all the kings, all the queens, all the heroes of the world die upon the stage—from old Œdipus down to Napoleon Bonaparte—never was my heart moved so much as by the death of this horse.

POLISH JEWS.—A few words with regard to the Jews in Poland. From the moment of crossing the border of Lithuania, I had remarked in every town and village swarms of people differing entirely from the other inhabitants in physical appearance and costume, and in whose sharply-drawn features, long beards, and flowing dresses, with the coal-black eyes and oriental costumes of the women, I at once recognised the dispersed and wandering children of Israel. On the second destruction of Jerusalem, when the Roman general drove a plough over the site of the Temple of Solomon, the political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated, their land was portioned among strangers, and the descendants of Abraham were forbidden to pollute with their presence the holy city of their fathers. In the Roman territories their petition for the reduction of taxation received the stern answer of the Roman, "Ye demand exemption from tribute of your soil; I will lay it on the air you breathe;" and, in the words of the historian, "Dispersed and vagabond, exiled from their native soil and air, they wander over the face of the earth without a king, either human or divine, and even as strangers they are not permitted to salute with their footsteps their native land." History furnishes no precise records of the emigration or of the first settlement of the Israelites in the different countries of Europe; but for centuries they have been found dispersed, as it was foretold they would be, over the whole habitable world, a strange, unsocial, and isolated people, a living and continued miracle. At this day they are found in all the civilised countries of Europe and America, in the wildest regions of Asia and Africa, and even within the walls of China: but, after Palestine, Poland is regarded as their land of promise: and there they present a more extraordinary spectacle than in any country where their race is known. Centuries have rolled on, revolutions have convulsed the globe new and strange opinions have disturbed the human race, but the Polish Jew remains unchanged; the same as the dark superstition of the middle ages made him; the same in his outward appearance and internal dispositions in his physical and moral condition, as when he fled thither for refuge from the swords of the crusaders.

BEAUTIFUL TELESCOPIC PHENOMENA.—At about seven minutes after three in the afternoon of the 14th of this month, the planet Venus will pass the Meridian, like a lovely harbinger, immediately preceding the silver crescent of the moon, which will also pass the southern line one minute after. With the aid of telescopes of sufficient power this highly interesting spectacle may be advantageously viewed, should the weather prove favourable, and the sky quite clear. Between 7 and 8 on Friday evening last, an exceedingly beautiful atmospherical phenomenon was imposingly presented—like a picture of silver—to the delighted view of many admiring spectators, as it passed over Derby, and its vicinity. As the hour was too early for the Aurora Borealis, some of whose recent arches it greatly resembled, and as it was far less extensively diffused than the nebulous figure, which (because it is ribbed like the hull of a ship) is most commonly called Noah's Ark; it was probably occasioned by refracted sunshine sweetly transferred by some lingering ray, through a casually far-stretched over-arching cloud. Various were the conjectures that observers expressed with respect to the cause of this attractive object, and various their opinions with regard to its shape; by some it was compared to a far-spread ostrich feather, splendidly contrasted with the azure of the sky; while others thought it bore a more striking resemblance to the ever-interesting olive branch of peace.—*Derby Mercury.*

FREAKS OF CALIGULA.—One of the first acts of Caius, after his restoration to health, was to put his cousin Tiberius to death, under the pretext of his having prayed that he might not recover. He also forced his father-in-law Silanus to terminate his own life, because he had not accompanied him on his late voyage; pretending that he intended to occupy the empire if anything adverse had befallen him, though Silanus's only reason had been dislike of the sea. A knight had vowed to fight as a gladiator, and another person to die, if Caius should recover; and instead of rewarding them as they expected, he forced them to perform their vows.

He showed the natural ferocity of his disposition by the delight with which he regarded the massacres of the amphitheatre, where on one occasion the number of condemned persons who were to be exposed to the wild beasts proving short, he ordered some of the spectators to be seized and cast to them, having previously cut out their tongues to prevent their crying out or reproaching him. He made Macro and his wife Ennia be their own executioners; and he put to death numbers of persons on the charge of having been the enemies of his parents or his brothers, producing against them the very papers which he pretended to have burnt.