THE Weekly Chronicle

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

DECEMBER.	R.	SUN. S.	MOON. R.	H.	W.
23 Saturday,	7	35 4	26	3	13 8 2
24 Sunday,	7	35 4	27	4	27 9 3
25 Monday,	7	35 4	28	5	43 9 56
26 Tuesday,	7	36 4	28	Sets	10 45
27 Wednesday,	7	36 4	29	4	12 11 24
28 Thursday,	7	36 4	29	5	28 morn.
29 Friday,	7	36 4	29	6	51 0 46

New Moon, 27th, 9h. 49 m.

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: T. Millidge, Esq.

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, Esq.

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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.)

Poetry.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

TO THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY.

Let man revile Thee!—Bond of our ancient faith,
And vent their pointless enmity, on ties
Whose truth is firm in life,—nor dies with death,
Nor fails us in our need!—whose strength defies
Distance and Time, and the detractors breath;—
Nor limits Love to kindred,—nor relies
Upon the Blood of Blood for Truth alone:
Thou art with Us—where language is unknown!

All climes,—all skies,—behold Thee still the same;
Strangers, to strange eyes, can look thy language;
and
Earth's distant tribes, a kindred tie can claim,
And prove their faith on the remotest strand:
Thou dost not bind by nation—tribe—or name,
But sets thy seal in every clime and land—
Thou art!—far as the waves of Ocean flow,
On India's plains—or midst the northern snow.

Thou from far ages hast unveil'd thy light
To us;—and rear'd within our hearts a shrine,
Pure from the mists of prejudice and night,
Unto thy worship,—holy and divine—
The Stars, whose halo beams from Thee, are bright;
The noblest names of earth are there,—are thine.
—We smile at rancour as we look at them,
Forming such glory round thy Diadem.

Around the Earth!—are not thy Temples there?
Arching their Union,—based from Heart to Heart,
In shrines of Concord—beautiful and fair;—
Breathing of Thee—and us—We, as a part
Of THAT all mystic Concord;—We—who dare,
Look on thy Ordeals, and unfold the chart
Of Time, and of creation,—and to scan,
What Heaven hath plan'd, and deign'd to do for
Man.

Thou leadest us upon a path of love;
Strengthening our hearts with Hope—and shed-
ing o'er
The charities of earth, dew from above;
Blending our thoughts with heaven;—and from
thy lore
Has taught us lessons, whose high secrets move,
Foes unto friendship, in the Battle-hour;
The sword averting in the deadly strife;—
When mercy beams on hope, with renovated life!

Benevolence attends thy steps!—the earth
Is hallow'd in thy presence—and anew,
Hath a new world embraced Thee, in its birth·
The proud offspring of a proud mother, who
Hath equal'd her high names of might and worth;
And *thine* are with the proudest;—names which
throw
Glory around all Time,—and TIME TO BE,
Shall find their Glorious memory link'd with Thee.

Thee can detraction harm not:—age on age
Hath multiplied thy power,—and render'd time,
A minister unto thy light;—The page
Of deathless Records, holy and sublime,
Hath consecrated Thee!—We leave the gage
Of what *thou art*, to every land and clime,
Whose Children hath embraced Thee;—Thou art
yet
What e'er thou wert.—And worlds will not forget!

St. John, Dec. 4. W.

Miscellany.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ARDY.

(Continued.)

Caroline Dornton unfortunately was not a young woman of sound sense and good understanding, although she was generally considered as remarkably clever. She read much, though much, was a proficient in all female accomplishments, and had mixed a great deal in society for the last three years; she was kind-hearted, obliging; and yet Caroline was not formed to go well through the world, to resist its trials, to bear its mortifications, or to rise superior to its allurements. The secret lies in one word. Caroline was enthusiastic, her favourite reading was of a fanciful and enervating description, her charities were the charities of sentiment, not of judgement, her friendships were violent for the time being, but soon dissolved, because she expected sympathy, congeniality, and devotion, which her friends were neither willing nor able to pay. Caroline's family connexions were not suited to an enthusiastic disposition; she was certainly more talented and intellectual than any of them, and she felt conscious (to use the favourite phrases of the romantic) that she was not "appreciated" and "understood" in her own circle; she had too much good feeling and propriety to give vent to her opinions, but she could not help thinking within herself that her mother was shallow, her two sisters frivolous, and her other relations very heartless, every-day people. Caroline had never felt any attachment till she reached the age of twenty; she had an innate delicacy which preserved her from the propensity of falling in love evinced by vulgarly sentimental young ladies, consequently she was on the best terms with her mother; and when she readily complied with the desires of the latter, that she would be very cool in her manner to some gay half-pay officer, or that she would avoid singing duets with some curled, perfumed, and pennless younger brother, Mrs. Dornton praised and valued her obedience rather more highly than it deserved. The merit of compliance only lies in self-denial, and the flatteries of trifling every-day-young men were so little acceptable to Caroline, that it was more congenial to her taste to avoid than to seek them.

Caroline had refused several offers with the entire concurrence of her mother, although more than one of the applicants were men of large fortune. Mrs. Dornton had for some years been a widow, with three daughters, and a genteel income; she was resolved that her daughters should marry what she called "well," but she had no wish to sacrifice them to age and infirmity, because she was really a good-natured woman, and wished to see everybody happy in their own way as well as in hers. Most gratifying, then, were her feelings, when during the course of a fortnight's visit to the country-house of a friend, her daughter Caroline captivated and was captivated by Edmund Clifford; his fortune, connexions, manners, and appearance, were all unexceptionable, Caroline avowed herself perfectly happy, and Mrs. Dornton, after a short private interview with her future son-in-law, sat down and covered sheet after sheet of pink paper in expressing to the whole circle of her relatives her delight at the conquest made by her daughter. These letters all met with correspondent returns, and when Mrs. Dornton and Caroline repaired to London, so much attention and kindness were lavished on the latter by her connexions, that she began to think she had done them great injustice, and that they had really "understood" and "appreciated" her all along. Her mother and sisters, too; how fond, how affectionate was their behaviour to her!—how could she ever have fancied them wanting in regard and tenderness? Caroline was wrong in thinking that her relations were different from what she had supposed them to be, and yet not one of them was playing the part of a hypocrite, but they had all some motive of their own for rejoicing in her success. Mrs. Dornton was pleased with her own tact and carefulness as a mother, to which she chose to impute Caroline's escape from all silly love-affairs and beggarly offers; she was pleased with the fine person and polished manners of her son-in-law, and she was gratified with the style of his establishment; she remembered that she had been considered very comfortably married; although she had only begun life with a house in Marchmon Street, a maid, and a footboy, and a husband who had red hair, and was twenty years older than herself. We all desire the lot of our children to be more brilliant than our own, and she was glad of her daughter's superior prospects, thinking to herself, however, that Caroline was far more fortunate than she had been in the cleverness and good management of her mother. Gertrude Dornton, a pretty-looking girl, about eighteen, had several reasons for feeling highly satisfied with the marriage in question; she was glad to get rid of Caroline as a rival, and glad that in consequence of her near neighbourhood, she might depend on her as a chaperon; she thought over two or three of her sister's admirers, who would probably, under the present circumstances, transfer their adoration to herself, and she thought of the dances and parties which she should persuade Caroline to give, and of the new introductions, partners, and beaux, attendant thereon. Emily, the youngest sister, was only fifteen, and did not enter into such abstruse calculations, but she exulted in the probability of coming out a year or two earlier in consequence of Caroline's marriage, for as she very justly observed, "Mamma would never be able to bear the thought of taking out three grown-up daughters at once!" Caroline's aunts had also something of selfishness mingled with their satisfaction: the eligible match formed by their sister's child seemed to promise well for the success of their own; they would have no need to hold up the fallen fortunes of their niece *in terrorem*, to frighten their daughters from a love-match. Caroline had not "high caste;" they might talk of her among their acquaintance, not only with impunity, but with credit, and with these feelings were mingled (for I wish to do justice even to a worldly family) a certain kindly satisfaction that the delicate pretty little girl to whom they had given fairy-tales and sugar-plums in the days of her coral necklace and white muslin frocks, would be raised above those homely troubles which she was ill qualified to encounter, and that she would be able to read poetry, play the guitar, and tend greenhouse plants, without the necessity of personally inspecting those mysterious horrors of the kitchen, which often render that place a perfect and perpetual "Blue Chamber" to the unfortunate heroine of a love-match.

As for the young ladies of the family, they regarded Caroline with that mixture of awe, admiration, and envy, with which the successful candidate who has taken the highest honours at the University, is beheld by such of his fellow collegians as entertain but confused hopes of taking any honours at all. Caroline had so chosen, as to please herself and her mother. Her cousin, Anna Morris, thought of the handsome Lieutenant Gayville's hazel eyes Grecian nose, and wished that he had a house in Torrington Square, and a carriage; and her cousin Kate Sedgewick, thought of the rich Sir James Bradbury's bald head and rubicand visage, and wished that he had chestnut curls, and was eight-and-twenty years old. Caroline, they agreed, had done wonders, and must, consequently, receive that respect to which all workers of wonders, time out of mind, have been entitled. Caroline's uncle was less moved and excited than the rest of her connexions by her marriage; he was the rich man of the family—his speculations were not matrimonial but mercantile—his worship was at the shrine not of Cupid but of Plutus; and as his two children were little boys in petticoats, he had small sympathies for the manœuvres of match-making mammas, or the triumphs of their captivating daughters. Mr. Fletcher, however, to quote his own phrase, (and surely none could understand his character so well as himself,) was "a strictly conscientious man, who always on every occasion, did what was just and proper to be done." Accordingly, he paid his niece a visit of congratulation, patted her on the cheek, told her that she was a good girl, and had done very well for herself, and presented her with a beautiful emerald necklace; he was accompanied by his two little boys, who having succeeded, during a hasty private interview in the corner, in winning from cousin Caroline a promise that she would have a juvenile party and a magic lantern soon after she was established in a house of her own, became immediately warm partizans of her marriage, and were quite as much alive to its advantages as the seniors of the family, and from motives about as wise and pure.

The great triumph of Caroline, however, was in the victory that she achieved over the iron heart and close purse of her godmother, Mrs. Priscilla Penry. Mrs. Priscilla was what the people are fond of calling "quite a character," although her only claims to that denomination lay in being a stiff, narrow-minded, sordid old woman, whose mind and body were alike clothed in the habiliments of fifty years' ago. She was very rich, had no relations, had never been married, and did not seem to care for anybody, not even for herself; she was as scrupulously economical in her own dress, and as sparing in her own diet, as she expected her unfortunate solitary servant to be. She carefully exacted the farthings in change from her tradespeople, because, as she charitably observed, they were "such nice things to give to the poor street sweepers;" and when twice a year she invited a few friends to pass the evening with her, she invariably inquired of them before the tea equipage made its appearance, whether they would take one slice of bread and butter or two, that orders to the necessary effect might be issued to the rigid, spare handmaiden, who was a thorough personification of Famine, but whom her mistress always characterised as being "sadly thoughtless and wasteful." Caroline had never received anything from Mrs. Priscilla but lectures on the duties of early rising and carpet work, till she attained the age of seventeen. Her godmother, however, like that of Cinderella, felt disposed to do the thing in style on occasion of the coming out of her *protégée*, and accordingly wound herself up to the unprecedented liberality of sending her a box and a note, the latter requesting her acceptance of the contents of the former, namely, "a dress muff, and a gold watch with appendages." Caroline eagerly opened the box to gaze on her treasures, picturing in her mind's eye the snowy swansdown of the one, and the delicately woven chain and beautiful French seals of the other. The "dress muff" proved to be a small article about six inches long, composed of peacock's feathers, a number of which had started in various places from their fastenings, disclosing to all who were curious respecting the mysteries of construction, a view of the black satin foundation beneath. Ten years ago Caroline would have welcomed the present as an inestimable acquisition to her large wax doll; but, like many other of the good things of this world, it came too late to be of much use. The "gold watch and appendages" proved a still greater source of disappointment: the watch was a thick, old fashioned repeater, very much out of order, and the "appendages" consisted of a black ribbon, to the end of which a common watch-key was attached!

Rendered moderate in her wishes by this specimen of Mrs. Priscilla's liberality, Caroline, on the occasion of her marriage, expected nothing beyond a handsomely-bound copy of the "Spectator," or an old waist buckle of Dovey's diamonds; but misers' gifts, like misers' feasts, are sometimes unexpectedly lavish, and not only did Mrs. Priscilla bestow a hundred pound bank-note on her goddaughter to lay out as she pleased, but, for the first time in her life, she made some plain allusions to her will, and to the prominent station that Caroline would occupy therein. She also favoured her with much good advice as to her conduct in married life: but as her ideas and notions were all of the olden time, her advice was not particularly applicable; and when she warned Caroline not to make a private purse for herself, not to open her husband's letters without leave, and, above all, never to employ any body to track and follow him in his walks, the astonished girl felt half ashamed and half indignant at being suspected of the possibility of practices as revolting to her good taste as to her good principle. Caroline, however, heard all their wise dogmas in silence, which much advanced her in Mrs. Priscilla's good opinion. Caroline was remarkably silent whenever she feared, disliked, or thought ill of the intellectual qualities of a person; but as silence is by many imputed to respect, her habit of taciturnity, perfectly free as it was from gloom or sullenness, often procured the suffrages of the old and formal. Mrs. Priscilla, in particular, who was perfectly scandalised at the quick repartees, chattering, and giggling of the girls of the present day, did due justice to Caroline's government of the tongue, and she did not say more than the truth, when she signified to her god-daughter that she intended her for the heiress of her long accumulated hoards—Caroline, however, never thought of mentioning the promise to any one, and, in this case, her artlessness had all the effect of art: nothing is so likely to procure the revocation of a legacy, as any unwary boasting on the part of the legatee.

Among the delights of Caroline in her new character of a betrothed bride, her introduction to her future husband's relations could not be reckoned: they were very few, but she could have wished them still fewer; he had a middle-aged cousin a boisterous fox-hunting country squire, who talked as if all his auditors were deaf, stood with his back to the fire, was fluent in witticisms about modern dresses and French fashions, asked Caroline to sing Vauxhall songs, and always spoke of her as "pretty Miss Carey," a contraction of her name which she had been accustomed to resent from her earliest school-days, as an insult of the first magnitude. He had also a maiden-aunt, an old young lady, who was deep blue, and because she had heard that Caroline was literary, bored her most unmercifully with accounts of geological lectures and chemical experiments, and wondered that she had never studied Latin and hinted that it was impossible for any one to speak or read English with tolerable accuracy, who had not enjoyed that advantage. Caroline's great object of distaste, was her future mother-in-law; and most unfortunate was she in this feeling, for Mrs. Clifford was so unexceptionably correct in her behaviour, so very wordy in her professions, so scrupulously careful to round off her long periods as neatly as even her Latinised sister could do, so liberal in giving way soup and blankets at Christmas, so devoted a mother, so punctual a correspondent so regular in her ready-money payments, and so attentive in replying to invitations, returning morning visits, inquiring after her sick friends, and remembering the number, ages, and names of every body's children, that she was universally spoken of; she was a small star twinkling forth in all the glimmer of the minor virtues: she was "respectable" and "well-bred," qualities which many people think imply every thing desirable in a woman, but what a woman may nevertheless possess, and be thoroughly narrow-minded, cold-hearted and disagreeable.

Mrs. Clifford's disposition was intensely selfish, and she was a person of vulgar mind, although not of vulgar manners. When she married, she much disliked her husband's female relatives; and it was her constant endeavour to alienate him from them; she was successful in this trial, from the perfect acquaintance with all the petty low arts of dissimulation, with all the minutiæ of cumping management; she could "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," and say and do things which were thoroughly provoking to her new connexions, yet which had nothing tangible in them when made the subject of complaint to others; they were frank, warm-hearted, and somewhat irritable people, quite unfit to cope with her cold policy; and as she had obtained unlimited influence over her weak-minded husband, she soon surrounded him with her own herd of sycophants, and his mother, an amiable, intellectual, and affectionate woman, had ample cause to agree with the old adage, which sets forth that "she who marries a son loses one."

Mrs. Clifford's husband died, leaving his wife and only son amply provided for, and Mrs. Clifford was *pronounced* by her flatterers as an exemplary and pattern mother: it is no very difficult thing, however, to be an exemplary mother to a beautiful boy of fine talents, and excellent disposition, and little more credit was due to Mrs. Clifford for the fact which her flatterers set forth in the second count of her excellencies, that she had refused several offers, and resolved never to marry again; she was apathetic and selfish, fond of power, and impatient of contradiction; she had married for an establishment, and having secured it, she had nothing to gain, and much, probably, to lose by admitting a second lord and master to share it; a very advantageous offer might have tried her resolution, but such she never had to boast of. Mrs. Clifford had always had a nervous horror of her son's marriage; she really loved him after her own way, and better than she had ever loved any one else in the world; and remembering how successfully she had detached her own husband from his mother, she imagined that similar manœuvres would be played off on herself, and gave a pre-occupied hatred to the fair shadow of a future daughter-in-law, which had not yet assumed a palpable shape. Whenever her son appeared to admire a young lady, she made it her study to discover and point out her defects; and, as she generally was very guarded in her objections, and not at all addicted to indiscriminate abuse, her "few and far between" strictures carried with them a due effect. Her son had always intended to consult her in his choice of a wife, and had he adhered to his resolution, he would, probably, never have had a wife at all; but he was so suddenly and violently smitten with Caroline, and so afraid of the rivalry of two or thee young gentlemen, who seemed to participate in his sentiments, that he had made his offer, been accepted, and Mrs. Dornton's pink notes were on the wing to her brother and sister before his mother received intelligence of the fate in store for her.

Mrs. Clifford felt that remonstrance and opposition would now be in vain, and would only tend to lower in the eyes of the world that character for strict propriety and integrity which she had always prided herself on preserving; accordingly, she visited and caressed Caroline, gave her a fine-toned Pianoforte of Stodhart's, admired her drawings and fancy work, and promised to be a second mother to her. Caroline's mother and sisters were perfectly satisfied with her behaviour; but Caroline herself felt that there was something wanting, and that the something in question was sincerity. Her intuitive quickness pointed out to her that Mrs. Clifford did not, in reality, like her, and was only acting a part in pretending to do so. She was quite right in her conjecture. Mrs. Clifford, satisfied and happy, as she appeared to be, felt that she had three heavy grounds of complaint against her son; first, that he should marry at all; secondly, that he should not have chosen a lady of fortune; and, thirdly, that if he were disposed to wave fortune, he should marry anybody but "dear Sophy Bennet." The person always mentioned by Mrs. Clifford under that endearing appellation was her niece; a young woman whom the death of her parents had rendered, some years ago, a temporary inmate of the house of her aunt; an abode which she had contrived to render permanent by her skill in the art of flattery and insinuation. Sophy Bennet was very plain, had a sallow thick complexion and dull grey eyes; she was not witty, she was not accomplished, and yet Sophy Bennet was a universal favourite; her soothing softness of voice, her caressing manner, her habit of pointing out to every one their own good qualities, with an air of as much innocence and simplicity as if she were pointing them out to a third person, all told wonderfully well in mixed society. She had tried every power of fascination on her cousin's heart, but in vain; beauty was the first and most indispensable quality in Edmund Clifford's *beau ideal* of a wife, but he gave his cousin a meed of praise which many a beauty might have envied, in allowing that she was of all plain women the most attractive. Caroline could not allow so much; the *sotto voce* tone of Sophy Bennet, the languishing softness of her gaze, nay, her very fondness for herself, the warmth with which she pressed her hand, and the admiration which she could not restrain from finding vent in words, of her "pretty figure" and "sweet hazel eyes," were all revolting to the delicate and high minded girl. "Miss Bennet's company and conversation," she said to herself, (for she wisely admitted no confidante to share her unfavourable opinion of her husband's cousin,) "have the same effect on me as the atmosphere of a green-house. I am tired of faint, confined, and sickly fragrance, and long to breathe the cold, pure air again."

These unpleasant impressions, however, did not damp the happiness of Caroline; the fond attentions of her lover, the kindness of her family, nay, the very excitement and bustle of the preparations for her marriage, all tended to prevent her dwelling long on any but bright images. Among the various pieces of good advice bestowed on Caroline by her relatives at this interesting juncture, perhaps my readers will inquire,—Had she any one to point out to her the duties of the marriage state, as well as its pleasures, and to tell her, that her union should be considered by her rather as a religious rite than as a worldly contract? Yes, from one person Caroline received such advice. About two years before her own engagement, her cousin, Lucy Vaughan, had become a bride, although the matrons of the family always spoke of Caroline as taking the lead in matrimony of the rest of the junior branches, because, as they sagaciously remarked, "Poor Lucy Vaughan's marriage was really to be reckoned as none at all!"

Lucy's father and mother died when she was about five-and-twenty years old, leaving her only provided for by an excellent education and well-regulated mind; she availed herself for a year of an offered asylum with several relatives in town; and during her stay with Mrs. Dornton, became warmly and sincerely attached to Caroline; but Lucy had a delicate mind, and could not brook the idea of living in a state of dependence on her connexions; accordingly, she sought and obtained a situation as companion to a wealthy old lady at the west end of the town, and by so doing, gave grievous offence to her family, who indignantly said, that she was "the first female among them who had ever done anything useful!" Soon, however, their displeasure softened. Lucy's patroness, although ill-tempered and whimsical, was not insensible to the amiability of disposition and powers of intellect of her young companion; she treated her as a friend and equal, and Lucy was still enabled to wear fashionable shawls and bonnets, to take occasional calls on her friends in a handsome carriage, and to receive their visits in return, seated in an elegantly furnished drawing-room. Soon, however, a new aspect of affairs presented itself. Lucy, before the death of her parents, was attached to a worthy young clergyman of the name of Bernard. He was then merely possessed of a curacy, the amount of which was not sufficient to sanction even persons of their moderate tastes and wishes in marrying; but they were resolved to wait patiently, looking forward to better things; and a few months after the commencement of Lucy's companionship better things actually came to pass. A curacy in a country village was obtained by Bernard, doubling the amount of his former one in value, and possessing the advantage of a house to reside in, and he hastened to claim Lucy as his bride. Her patroness was unaffectedly surprised and angry at the event; her first exclamation was a very common one with irritable old ladies under similar circumstances, "What is to become of *me*, I wonder? How am *I* to do without you when you are married? Her second was an indignant inquiry,—"What *can* you wish for beyond what you have with me? Have you not a large house, a carriage, plenty of servants, and as much money as you can spend?" Lucy did not pretend to argue with her, but she did not yield up the point; she was gentle, kind, and respectful to the peevish old lady, who had, certainly, in her own peculiar manner, been kind to her, but she was firm in her resolution to marry, consequently, her patronness intimated to her, that "as it was not pleasant to have courting and love-making going on in quiet houses, the sooner she left her the better!" and Lucy retired to the abode of a friend till she could prepare her frugal *trousseau*, and make her other simple arrangements for the marriage.

Lucy's family, when they had ascertained the very slender amount of Mr. Bernard's income, were unanimously enraged at her folly: they all declined countenancing her marriage by their presence, and none of the various presents which, at a subsequent period, were poured on Caroline like the shower of tarts and cheese-cakes in the Royal Ram, rejoiced the eyes of poor Lucy; no silver tea-pots, rosewood work-tables, or painted flower-jars, shed a radiance on the small parlour of the homely parsonage. Two exceptions, however, I must record.

(To be continued.)

RIFLE BRIGADE, 1st Batt.—The remains of the late gallant Colonel Eeles were conveyed on Monday to their last resting-place in Carleton church-yard. The men forming the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade (of which the deceased officer had had the command,) expressed a wish that the hearse should be dispensed with, and that, as a mournful tribute to his worth, they should bear his remains to the final resting-place, upward of a mile and a half. In conformity with this desire, twenty-four veterans were appointed to perform the melancholy duty. The East Horse-square of the Artillery Barracks was the place of rendezvous, the avenue from the east gate to Long's gate, which opens to the Charlton-road, being lined with mounted Horse Artillery faced inwards. The procession commenced moving at half-past two o'clock; the battalion of Rifles leading the van with arms reversed, their bugle band in the rear stepping off at slow time, which pace was continued to the place of interment, Charlton church-yard. This corps was followed by the rector of Charlton, the Rev. A. Drummond, supported by the garrison chaplains, the Rev —— Henslowe and G. Scott, all in canonicals, preceding the coffin, borne by six riflemen, the pall supported by Col. Castor and another Colonel of Horse Artillery, Col. Sir F. Lee, R.M., and three other Field Officers, the sword, cap, belt and sash of the deceased lying thereon, the late Colonel's charger followed with his boots in the stirrups, with the toes pointing to the rear. The Horse Artillery fell in on each side of the body. The chief mourner, the youthful son of the deceased (supported by two relatives), six gentlemen cadets of the Royal Artillery, a battalion of the Royal Marines with their band, two brigades of dismounted Field Battery Artillerymen, a battalion of Foot Artillery with their band, a body of upwards of 140 Officers of the Royal Marines Royal Artillery, Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Rifle Brigade; among whom were Lord Visc. Jocelyn, the Earl of Cassillis, Lord Cosme Russel; Capt. Sir John Louis, Bart.; Colonels Cleveland, C. B. K. H.; Cator, Dundas, &c.; the commandant of the garrison, Maj.-Gen. Sir J. MacLean, K. C. H., and commandant of the Marine division, Col. Wingrove bringing up the rear in an open barouche; the 'Dead March' in *Saul* being successively taken up by the several bands on the whole line of march, until the arrival at Charlton church, where a party of Foot Artillery had been stationed and presented arms to the corpse as it was borne through the open ranks of the rifle battalion, the men leaning on their arms in mournful attitude, the other corpse filing off round the oak tree which stands in the centre of the open ground entering the village from London. The coffin, accompanied by the mourners and officers, was carried into the church, the Rev. A. Drummond reading the service with most impressive effect, the dirge being played by the band of the Royal Artillery, and the mortal remains of the late soldier, Col. Eeles, was consigned to the earth, where the last military honours were paid to him by the thrice pealing thunder of the rifles of the corps he so long and zealously commanded, with the esteem of his officers, and beloved by his men. The respective corps returned in solemn silence to their quarters. The spectacle with the varying costume of the military, strongly tinged in with dramatic effect. There were several thousand spectators present, comprising the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

The band of the Royal Marines and Rifles did not play between the period of this highly esteemed officer's demise and funeral obsequies. The strength of the Horse Brigade which mounted as a guard over his remains at the funeral were two troops, fifty men; and it is a remarkable incident, that one of the Turkish officers, who are studying at Woolwich walked in the procession among the mourners who followed this much-regretted officer.

"WE LIVE TO LEARN."—It is of little consequence what people learn, unless they learn discretion.—Here is a world that has been running on almost six thousand years. Generation succeeding generation, and each professing to be wiser than that which preceeded it,—and yet after all, how small in the progress of the human mind in the essential principles of true wisdom. Age after age has recorded the history of its follies for the study of posterity, but the lesson have been successively read and uniformly forgotten. How few read the history of the past with a view to profit by the examples it contains of human weakness and human crime. The story of misfortunes awakenes a temporary interest—but how few search carefully into their causes with a view to avoid them. The narrative of suffering produces a momentary effect upon the heart, but who of us traces up the links of the chain which connect them with the parent follies, and profits by study. Whoever has read the works and history of Xenophon, has admired more the discretion with which his genius and fancy invested the great Cyrus, than the wisdom which he displayed himself. The son of Philip of Macedon, though trained in the school of the ablest politician and soldier of the age, was himself little better than an adventurous madman. The boasted wisdom of Athens drivelled down into effeminacy, and terminated in barbarism. And Rome had scarcely learned to rule the world, before she ceased to rule herself. Demosthenes was covered with glory in the forum, and with disgrace in the field. Cicero, with his eloquence, turned even Cæsar from his purpose and fell at last, a victim to irresolution and weakness, Sallust delighted the world with his splendid encomiums upon virtue, and wrote them in the Sallustine palace which he had built and decorated with the fruits of his rapine and injustice. And the lives of the Roman Emperors downward from the Augustan age, afford but one continued commentary upon the misery and folly of human greatness. How little modern ages have profited by past lessons, might easily be shown. How little men learn from the experience of others, is seen every day. "With all thy gettings, get understanding," is the wisest of precepts, and the least heeded by mankind. Now all this is not the result of natural imbecility; no—most men reason well. The difficulty is, that it is not permitted to rule—it is but one branch of the government. The passions divide the empire with reason—and man is governed by whichever power has the ascendancy for the time. It is amusing and instructive sometimes to listen to the colloquies between the rival parties. I see now a youth sitting under yon tree—his brow upon his hand. He is pondering the path of his future life. *Reason* is pointing him to the long, pleasant and quiet valleys of unambitious life—recommends industry, frugality and temperance; urges that in that path there are comparatively but few trials and temptations—that is from the disquietude and the mischances attendant upon every other course—that he may spend his days in peace and contentment, if he will but listen to her counsels—enjoying all the real sweets of life, he will experience but few of its vicissitudes. He listens, and his judgment is convinced. But then *Ambition* raises her voice—and she is an eloquent declaimer. She points him to the path of enterprise and talks of wealth and glory, and renown—tells him of the pleasures of the world—interests him with isolated examples of success, until he feels himself ashamed of his humble counsellor, and gives himself to ambition. It is not that reason is absent, but that the passions of his heart are more powerful. "Live to learn," yet what shall we learn with such counsellors, but "to know the right, and yet the wrong pursue."—*Trenton Emporium.*

The Great American Lakes: Extent, Elevation, &c.—The Ontario is 180 miles long, 40 miles wide, 500 feet deep, and its surface is computed at 231 feet elevation above the tide waters at Three Rivers 270 miles below Cape St. Vincent. The Erie is 270 miles long, 60 miles wide, 130 feet deep, and its surface is ascertained to be near 565 feet above the tide water at Albany. The Huron is 250 miles long, 100 miles average breadth, 900 feet deep, and its surface is near 595 feet above tide water. The Michigan is 400 miles long, 50 miles wide: depth and elevation the same as Huron. Green Bay is about 100 miles long, 20 miles wide, depth unknown; elevation the same as Huron and Michigan. Lake Superior is 480 miles long, 100 miles average width, 900 feet deep, and its surface is 648 feet above tide water. Bottom of Lake Ontario 269 feet below the surface of tide water. Huron 305 feet ditto. Michigan, 305 feet ditto. Erie is 415 feet above the surface of tide water.

From the Domestic Chemist.

ADULTERATED FLOUR.—When you are about to try the quality of flour, proceed as follows: grasp a handful, give it a sharp squeeze, and set a lump upon the table. If it holds together and preserves the form of the cavity of the hand, the flour is good; but if the lump soon falls down, the flour is adulterated. When the adulteration is ground bones, or plaster of Paris, the lump falls down immediately: but when whiting or pipeclay is present, the lump keeps its form a little longer. The presence of which bran is detected by the colour and feel of the flour: but in this case also the grasped specimen soon crumbles. Genuine flour retains the fine impressions of the grain of the skins much longer than any which is adulterated. Rub a little of the flour between the palms of your hands when they are moist, if you find any resistance the flour contains whiting. Moisten the fore finger and thumb with a little sweet oil, and rub a small quantity of flour between them. If the flour is pure, you may rub it for any length of time without its becoming sticky and adhesive: the flour in the mean time becomes nearly black. But if the whiting be present, the flour will soon be worked up into the consistence of putty which will retain the original white colour, or nearly so. Mix a little flour with water in a tumbler, then drop a little muriatic acid into the water. If any chalk or whiting be present, an effervescence will be produced by the discharge of carbonic acid gas.

THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.—His mind was cast in a peculiar mould: he was endowed with a vigorous understanding to which a lofty and fearless independence of soul gave free scope: he disregarded the taunts and frowns which he encountered from many jealous of his superior talents and growing popularity. To mention merely one proof of his activity, he wrote 550 letters on different subjects during the year previous to his death! Never was there a more firm and sincere friend. He was the mainspring, nay, the very life and soul of the benevolent institutions in the metropolis he was solicited to patronise, and when presiding at them he delivered the most powerful and affecting addresses. He never fashioned his doctines to the varying hour, but steady to those political and liberal opinions he embraced on full conviction, no power or interest on earth could prevail on him to depart from them for one moment. He was the friend of the lone widow miserable orphan, and true British soldier. In a word, no man stood on higher ground than the Duke in the estimation of the thinking class of mankind, or exhibited a brighter example to all ranks to go and do likewise.

NEW MUSIC.—We publish the following little story for the benefit of all females who pretend to high accomplishments and possess a great deal of false pride. It is from the Haverhill Gazette:

"A young lady of high accomplishments, (and no pride) in the absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glancing at the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing, Miss?' 'On the gridiron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying pan!' replied she, 'my mother is without help, and she says I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons.'

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.—A gentleman was at the theatre in Paris, one evening, with a friend. Towards the close of the performance, seeing his handkerchief projecting from the pocket, he drew it out gently and thrust it into his own pocket, intending to amuse himself awhile with the owner's vexation when the loss should be discovered. At the same moment a snuff box was slipped into his hand by a well dressed personage sitting behind him, and a voice whispered in his ear, "I beg pardon, Sir, I did not know you belonged to the profession or I would not have picked your pocket. It is against my rule to practice on a brother." The snuff box was his own.

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