THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

JULY.	R. SUN.	S.	MOON.	R.	W.
27 Saturday,	4 41	7 31	8 25	0	9
28 Sunday,	4 42	7 30	8 44	0	46
29 Monday,	4 43	7 29	9 12	1	19
30 Tuesday,	4 44	7 28	9 33	1	56
31 Wednesday,	4 45	7 26	9 56	2	43
1 Thursday,	4 47	7 25	10 21	3	20
2 Friday,	4 48	7 24	10 52	4	14

Last quarter, 2d. 5h. 10m. morn.

Public Institutions.

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Miscellany.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(Continued.)

Despair, like necessity, is the mother of invention, and the very excess of my misfortune inspired me with boldness to attempt to escape from it. The boats which lay alongside of us were at that moment completely emptied of their crews. Hastily concealing in my bosom the most important of my papers, and especially those which would serve to prove my identity, if I should find it necessary to my safety to do so on reaching land, I glided cautiously from the bow into the nearest boat, and, folding my body and limbs into the smallest possible compass, concealed myself under one of the benches, confidently hoping that I should be rowed to shore unperceived. In this situation I passed nearly an entire hour in a perfect agony of suspense. At length the men made their appearance.

"Good luck, Captain Stamar, good luck to you! We shall soon have another glorious rouse together, unless, indeed, you chance to dance a rigadoon at the yardarm, with a two-inch rope for a partner!" cried one of them.

"Devil a bit of that!" shouted the master, in reply; "rather than it should come to that, our captain and his crew will take their last drink with the dolphins."

Two of the strangers now leaped into the boat in which I lay so comfortably, and, as I flattered myself, so securely concealed, and one of them proceeded to cast off the painter. Before he could do so, however, his companion said,—"Avast there, what the devil bundle is this under my bench?—Have we forgotten one of the bags of powder?"

"Well thought of," replied his companion, "let us see."

And as he spoke he dealt me a violent kick on the ribs, and then laid his huge dirty hand upon my face.

"Devil take me if it is not a man!" he cried, as he made me rise from my recumbent posture.—Slipping from his grasp, I had hold of the Shark's shrouds and gained the deck. Here I was clutched in the iron grasp of Master Cardie.

"All right," cried he to the men in the boat—"it's Monsieur Daumont, one of the innocent sheep we caught down yonder."

"If I had fairly got hold of that sheep," replied the fellow, in a tone of anger, "I would have so sheared his wool as to teach him better manners for the time to come."

The captain was at this time pacing aft, in company with a man whose gait and figure I fancied I had noticed somewhere else. Dragging me aft, Cardie said, "Captain, here is Monsieur Daumont who has been hiding in one of the boats, intending to give us the slip."

Stamar was too deeply thinking of more important matters to attend to such a trifle, and he continued his short quick promenade, without deigning a single word of reply. His companion, who was less pre-occupied, or more malignant, stepped up to me; and I was literally struck dumb with astonishment in recognizing in him Lorenzo.

"You must have been more than half silly to hope to escape in one of those boats" said he, with an infernal sneer; "moreover, even if you could make your escape, you would act very dishonestly in doing so, for we have advanced you two months' wages, you know. However, I have not time to reason with you just now; so I'll take the next best means of convincing you of the impossibility of escape. Master Cardie, you have such things as irons on board, I think?

"Ay, ay, lieutenant."

"Very good; just accommodate El Signor Daumont with leg-fetters and hand-bolts until to-morrow. By that time he will most likely recover his senses, and I will give further orders."

And the *ci-devant* hairdresser, Lorenzo, now, to my great wonder, lieutenant of the Shark, walked gaily aft to rejoin the captain.

Being unable to find suitable irons on the instant, and being equally unwilling to lose much time, the master had me tied securely hand and foot, and I was then thrown under the bowsprit, to keep company with the poor fellow who had been hoisted aboard in a state of insensibility just before we sailed in the morning, and who had ever since remained in the same state of unconsciousness. Orders were now given to make all sail—the arms and chests of powder remaining on the deck; and the remainder of the night passed peacably enough; though, to me, most uncomfortably, both as to feelings and anticipation.

At daybreak the hoarse voices of Stamar and the master roused out all hands. When we sailed on the previous morning, I could only reckon, as I have already said, seven men; our captain was surely a clever man, for a full two hundred now mustered upon his deck. Among these I immediately recognized some of the richly-dressed and rascally-visaged worthies whom I had noticed in the shop of Lorenzo, when, for my sins, I was first unfortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

When the muster was at an end, the master came forward, and set me at liberty—so far, at least, as freedom of limbs was concerned; and then shouted loudly in the ear of my unconscious companion. He had by this time somewhat recovered from the effects of the liquor with which he had been plied by his kidnappers, and of the blows they had dealt him on the head, when, in the violent but helpless anger of intoxication, he had endeavoured to resist them, and the master's stentorian voice roused him so effectually, that he sprang up in haste, and struck his head a very severe blow against the bowsprit, exclaiming, "Ay, ay, sir—ay, ay!" But what's the use of calling me? I'm dead!" Then, looking about him with a most rueful and bewildered air, he went on—"The devil! why I verily believe I'm at sea; and yet, when I went to bed, I'm very sure that I was at the grog-shop of Peter Kandrin, with my messmate, Joseph Marty!"

Loud peals of laughter replied to the *naive* speech of Joseph Marty's messmate.

"Well," said the facetious master, "if you went to sleep at the grog-shop of Peter Kandrin, you have awakened in the hotel of Captain Stamar; and you are no small gainer by the exchange. You fellows who are standing about there, grinning and showing your teeth enough to frighten my honest friend here, away with you to work. And now, my bo, what name did your friends call you by when you were in Peter Kandrin's grog-shop?"

"Brissac," replied the poor fellow, who, by this time, trembled in every limb.

"Well, then, Monsieur de Brissac, allow me to inform you that you are on board of one of those swift sailers which take the liberty of boarding everything that comes within sight, for the mere sake of making polite inquiries as to quantity and value of cargo. Do you take me? Are you a seaman?"

"I flatter myself I am," replied Brissac, who was still too much bewildered to understand the master's ironical description of the character and pursuits of the Shark and her crew.

"Then if you flatter yourself so far, just oblige me by going to the forelop, and giving me a slight specimen of your ability at shaking out a reef."

In a few minutes after this odd interview between the facetious master and the kidnapped sailor, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe and the stentorian notes of the master's deep bass voice summoned all the crew aft, where they were addressed by the captain.

"Messmates," said he, "as regards the greater number of you, this is not the first time that we have cruised together under the red flag. Except one or two among you, you all know me and my way of enforcing obedience to my orders. Our rules I need not stop to repeat: as for the punishments of the Shark, they are soon learnt." Pointing significantly to the long steel-barrelled pistols which gleamed in his belt, he continued, "As for our battle-cry, it will be henceforth, as it always hitherto has been, "Death and plunder!"

"Death and plunder!" echoed a confused multitude of hoarse voices, and the blades of poinards flashed as they were brandished above the heads of the excited freebooters.

"I hope," continued Stamar, "that I have no need to remind you that we must scuttle our ship and sink with her rather than be taken. And now, my lads, to work. Let everything be put in order upon deck and below as soon as possible, and every gun be got into good working order. Triple rations to-every man, if all's done by to-night."

Three hearty huzzas followed this brief speech; and so well was the day employed, that the triple rations were fairly earned, and as punctually served out that evening. That single day's labour had given the brig a truly piratical and no less formidable aspect. Twelve carronades occupied a double row of portholes, and a long swivel of most formidable calibre turned on its axis a-midship, menacing at will each point of the horizon. Every man now received his small arms, cutlass, and boarding-axe. As Lorenzo gave me mine, he said, with an ironical grin, "I hope, Signor Daumont, that you will make admirable use of this little brace of pistols and the other pretty playthings with which we are so generous as to trust you."

I made no reply; but a far less keen observer than he might have seen, in the involuntary fierceness of the glance which I gave him, for whom I destined the contents of my pistols, should the day ever arrive when I could use them at my own pleasure. From that moment, without other explanation than that given by our mutual glances of hate and defiance, each knew the other for an enemy whose detestation could only cease when one or both of us should cease to live!

In the course of the day I contrived to speak privately with Peters, who had became a little more communicative upon the details of the situation in which they both were placed.

The crew, I now learned, was composed of some of the vilest off-scourings of almost every civilised nation under heaven, the Americans and the French, however, being by far the most numerous. Peters himself filled the important and confidential post of gunner; and was especially and exclusively entrusted with the service of the long swivel which in ironical allusion to the tremendous noise produced by its detonation, Stamar had christened "The Mute," or "Bumby." To have done with details, Peters informed me not only that I was, as was only too evident without his information, one of a pirate crew, but also that I was in the power and under the orders of a pirate whose equal the whole world could not produce, whether for daring, skill, luck, seamanship, or devilish and unsparing cruelty. A blessed situation for a tolerably humane and honest man, and *ci-devant* officer of the legitimate marine of *La Belle France!*

When Peters had arrived at the end of his yarn, which, in fact, was but little more than a mere confirmation of what I had already either observed or divined, I could not suppress an expression of surprise at a man, so superior as he appeared to be, voluntarily associating himself with such a set of coarse and brutal ruffians as the officers and crew of the Shark.

"Pardon me," said he, "voluntarily is not the right word: you do me injustice, though, of course quite unintentionally, by using that word. I have *not* volunteered into this infamous as well as perilous service. I have been partly dragged and partly deluded into it; and I continue in it because there is noway of escaping. Fretting would not make my case a bit the better as to the present, or the more hopeful as to the future; so I endeavour to take things pleasantly—as I would strongly advise you to do henceforth! For my part, though I have sometimes brought to bear rather too effectively on the poor devils of merchant ships, I have never dipped my hands in any other blood than that of my *dear shipmates*, and that chiefly when they have been a little too ferocious in the fulfilment of their mild and moral duties!"

The triple ration promised by Stamar was eagerly and jovially enjoyed. Some of the crew added a plentiful supply of spirits, which they had brought aboard with them. As the glass passed round, harmony and good-will rapidly took their departure; and I was shortly obliged to be witness to one of those scenes of bloodshed and carnage of which subsequently I saw so many.

Monsieur Brissac, like most Gascon sailors, fancied himself a rather more than middling orator, and was not the least in the world inclined to let slip any opportunity of displaying his abilities in that way. Moreover, having in the course of the day shown that he was a thorough seaman, he had found himself so high in the good opinion of his rude companions, that he was on even better terms than usual with himself—a fact which would seem incredible to any one aware of the usual vanity of Brissac, but not aware of the elasticity of a vain man's self-approving fancy.

Urged on partly by his copious draughts of ardent spirit, and partly by his self-complacent mood, Brissac talked for ten and gesticulated for twenty. To most of his companions his volubility was only a subject for surprise and merry mockery; but it unfortunately happened that one among them, a Kentuckian of gigantic proportions and of a most brutal temper and ferocious aspect, became weary of Brissac's increasing foolery and clatter, and vainly endeavoured to bully him into silence. His remonstrances grew louder and more authoritative, as he took deeper and more frequent draughts of ardent liquor, and he at length rose from his seat, and, looking fiercely at Brissac, exclaimed—"*Will* you hold your tongue, you infernal babbler, or will you not?"

"Eh!" replied Brissac, with a silly smile of a man who is just drunk enough to fancy that he can persuade people to believe that he is perfectly sober, "eh, eh! are you talking Chinese to me? *Mordiue!* why your countenance is as red as a cock's comb! Upon my soul, I could almost suppose that you are in a rage!"

The pirates present at this scene, most of whom happened to be Frenchmen, received this drunken sally of the verbose Gascon with loud and reiterated bursts of laughter. Excited still farther by the laughing of his countrymen, and not for a moment suspecting that they laughed rather at than with him, Brissac prepared to pour fourth a new torrent of jocular nonsence, but was prevented by the Kentuckian, who, no longer able to bridle his drunken rage, seized a quart of hot liquor, and dashed it, vessel and all, full in the Gascon's face.

"*Mort de ma vie!* I am blinded!" cried poor Brissac, with a really frightful shriek of rage and agony; and seizing a dagger, he rushed upon the Kentuckian shouting, "Brigand! assassin! you shall pay dear for your brutality!"

The Kentuckian stood on his defence, and in a second a deadly battle ensued between them. The French sailors, seeing that the Gascon had all the worst of it, endeavoured to drag him away; several American sailors, being at the same time attracted to the spot by the outcry, took part with their countrymen and a general and fierce fight took place. Jugs, bottles, and glasses were upset and crushed beneath the feet of the furious combatants, and even the appearance of the master, who laid about him very heartily with a heavy and knotted rope's end, had not now, as generally it had, the effect of putting an end to hostilities.

Brissac and the Kentuckian, separated, as if by mutual consent, from all the other combatants, fought with a most fiendish and deadly animosity. Now up and now down, they struck, kicked, wrestled, and cursed each other with an unction and volubility indicative of long practice. Suddenly, while rolling and writhing on the ground, in a struggle more fierce than any that had preceded it, the combatants were seen to recoil from each other, and at the same instant Brissac exclaimed in a voice of horror and orture—"The vile brigand!—he has killed me!—he has worse than killed me—he has torn out my eye!"

Poor wretch frightful as his words were, they were only the literal truth. The Kentuckian had deliberately and savagely watched his opportunity, and perpetrated upon Brissac this diabolical mischief.

By this time the outcry had reached the ears of the captain, who hastened to the spot. Knowing by long experience that it is a far more easy matter to make angry men feel pain than to induce them to listen to reason, Stamar, without troubling himself to essay the latter process, betook himself with exceeding earnestness and vigour to the former. Armed with a handspike, he distributed his crushing blows with a most determined impartiality; some half dozen or so of the furious combatants being thus laid wellering and helpless, the remainder deemed it most prudent to allow their heels to save their heads. Peace was restored almost as suddenly as it had been disturbed, "which plainly showed," as the facetious master was afterwards heard to affirm, "that a strong arm and a heavy handspike are extremely valuable in a row."

When the crowd of combatants was thus effectually dispersed, we, who had taken no part in the fight, and who neither felt nor feared the captain's resentment, perceived that the Kentuckian, who lay silent and motionless, had a dagger sticking in his throat, from which the blood gushed out as often as he drew his breath; while close by him writhed poor Brissac, with his eye literally torn out, he himself mingling execrations on his enemy with his uncontrollable cries of anguish and dismay, and continuing to strike at him furiously with his dagger.

"Bah! is it thus you amuse yourself in picking a messmate?" demanded Stamar: "don't you see the poor devil's past praying for, as the Spaniard said of the dead bull? Be a little merciful: blow his brains out at once, and put an end to his misery!"

Probably it was only in this especial way that the agonised Gascon could, just at that moment, have been induced to "be a little merciful." Seizing the pistol which the captain held out to him, he obeyed his command to the letter. The corpse of the Kentuckian was then tossed overboard, and the Gascon went below to seek the aid of the surgeon.

[To be continued.]

THE CONSERVATIVE CAUSE.—With regard to the effect of the recent political events upon the fate of the country and the success of the Conservative party, we do not entertain the shadow of a doubt. We are not of those who think that they will tend to shake the authority of the crown. The people of Great Britain will retain as firmly as ever their devotion to the throne, and their respect and attachment to its present occupant. But they will more than ever hate and despise the evil advisers who have hazarded the welfare of the nation by a pitiful intrigue about the retention in place of a few bedchamber women, the members of their own immediate families. The Whigs have, indeed, contrived by this last affair to do what could scarcely have been thought possible,—to sink themselves in universal estimation still lower than they were before. If the Conservative party was not otherwise in a condition to govern the country, it is as well that it should be prevented by this impediment from assuming office, as it should have been expelled from power after once attaining it. The disappointment it has sustained is less of a disgrace and less of a defeat. If the country is not yet tired of change and agitation; if its eyes are not yet opened to the delusions of Whig liberality; if it is still content with theoretical sciolists and practical blunderers, the Conservative party have no right to expect, and we have no desire that they should obtain office. But if the time for them is at last come; if the great mass of the people are disgusted with the present state of things, where no one is safe, and no one is satisfied,—where the advocates of Reform find none of the benefits of reformation, and the lovers of stability feel all the mischiefs of revolution; if the deliberate and decided preference of an able and honest administration to the present rotton and rickety cabinet has become a prevailing feeling, then the success of the Conservative party is but postponed for a moment, and its late difficulties will only the more insure and confirm its ultimate triumph and ascendency. The date of that desirable consummation is, we firmly believe, not far distant; but at all events, the great leaders of our party have, for us and themselves, maintained the high moral and constitutional position which becomes us, and which is all the more conspicuous from the abject degradation of our opponents.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Duke of Wellington and the Temperance Society.—The Duke of Wellington lately addressed the following letter to the secretary of the Temperance Society:—"London, April 29, 1839.—The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Parker. There is nothing of which the Duke thinks more highly than he does of the practice of temperance by men of all classes and professions, but most particularly by officers and soldiers in the army. But the Duke did not approve of the order issued to the Grenadier Guards upon that subject. The Duke does not approve of the establishment in military bodies of exclusive societies of any description, for any purposes, however praiseworthy. The Duke, however much he may approve of temperance, declines to become a member of the Temperance Society, or bind himself by any written engagement, or to accept the office which the society has been pleased to offer him of one of their vice-presidents. John P. Parker, Esq., Aldine Chambers, Paternoster-row."

A MERCHANT'S MUSINGS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWN.

(From the Dublin University Magazine for June)

"The sky, the sky, the clear blue sky!
I see it from my windows high,
O'er the church tower and heavy wall,
O'er the high rows of chimneys tall.

It smileth there as clearly blue,
As in past days 'twas wont to do,
As blandly clear, as softly sweet,
Upon this stirring, busy street.

I know 'tis summer—summer time—
Roses at home are in their prime,
My own small tree is gaudy now,
With crimson flowers on every bough.

I know beside my father's door
The aspen trembles as of yore,
And the clear rivulet onward sweeps,
To the small ledge from whence it leaps:

And the sweet linnet and the thrush,
Have builded in the old thorn bush;
They sing beside the rivulet's flow;
Do I not hear them even now?

It seems, indeed, but yesterday,
Since from that home I went away:
The memory is so clear and strong,
And yet, again, it seems so long.

How long since last I heard the call
Of friends, beside the waterfall;
How long since last my mother laid
My hand upon my head, and prayed.

How long, how long! a merry boy,
I left with mingled tears and joy;
And now I'm growing a steady man,
With teeming brain, and plodding plan.

I've made me friends in other lands,
With other ties have joined my hands:
Have wife and children, lands and wealth,
Content and love, and hope, and health.

Yet home, home, home! this summer day,
I long, I long, to be away:
To leave the hot and noisy town,
To bound once more o'er dale and down.

To early loved ones to embrace:
To look upon my mother's face:
To see her smile, as once she smiled;
To be again a very child!

Who totters in with merry shout!
Ah, baby! hast thou found me out;
Disturbing thus my reveries!
Come, little darling to my knee!

Reproach me not, my little one,
That I was yearning to be gone;
Dearer than memory's dreams can be,
Is the deep joy I have in thee!

Was I not murmuring even now,
That summer skies as bright should glow
On this dull town, as on the fair
Sea-isles, where my early memories are?

Oh; lighting up this busy street,
Thou shine upon a flower as sweet,
As rose or violet of the wild,
On thee, my dear, my blessed child!

I'll put the dreams of memory by,
And gazing on thy cloudless eye,
So by thy loving heart will see,
A pure, sublimed epitome,
Of my young happy days in thee!"

LORD BROUGHAM'S SPEECH ON THE MINISTERIAL POLICY—*(Continued.)*

—Meetings were got up in all the corporate towns, and in the counties. There were meetings of all the corporations, beginning with the town of Liverpool and ending with that of the common council of the day before. [A laugh.] The battle had been fought throughout the land—it had been fought everywhere and with various success. [A laugh.] The noble duke opposite, who knew more of these contests, might not say with various success; for he must say that he never knew a cry raised upon any public occasion which failed more than this. [Hear, hear, from Tory peers.] At Liverpool a person arrived the same night on which the government was restored, and he declared they were about to call upon their former supporters—that they were about to propose a new set of measures, and to throw overboard for ever the finality doctrine of reform. Upon this assertion they held a meeting at Liverpool, they voted an address, and at the same time they said to their informant, "if we are deceived, you shall see what you shall see." (Laughter.) The person who said this was one of very great note, of very great fancy. As to Cumberland, Yorkshire, and other parts of the country, he had authority of a noble friend of his—a Whig, too, and a supporter of the present government—who declared to him that "he never knew such a failure in the country." How had these attempts at excitement been made? The ten times reported falsehoods, ten times distinctly contradicted—ten times amply and intelligibly exposed by statements the real truth of which could not be controverted—all these falsehoods were brought forward—all truths were perverted, that they might reproduce ten thousand shoots of lesser fabrications: and upon them were grafted slanders the most despicable, though the most ridiculous and contemptible, and which surpassed all the tricks of all former factious proceedings; and yet not the less indecent, because they depicted the malignant, false, and corrupt nature in those who would make them the subject of their discourse, or in those who could patiently sit and listen to them (cheers from Tory peers.) He deeply regretted that he had lived to see the day when a great name should be mixed up with such falsehoods; it showed him, for the second time, what he had once before told their lordships, that common reason, and common sense, and common charity, were no longer to be found hereditary in families which in former periods of their history were illustrious for all that reason and sense, and charitable and kindly feeling, with which man's nature can be adorned; and which were combined with that genius and that spotless integrity which once made the name of Grattan to shine with surprising brilliancy and lustre. (Cheers from the Tory peers.) But he should say no more of slanders, which might be ascribed to weak tempers and to weak minds. He should no further assail them; but there were others for whom, neither on account of past fame or of present time, did he feel any such sentiments of tenderness or pity. He warned his noble friends who would not give up their conscientious opinions to win support of others, that they ought now, for their own sakes, plainly to express their disgust at these things; he warned them not to suppress their feelings with respect to such baseness from any fear of losing any of their supporters. Let them, he said, be well advised, that if they persisted in treating with such persons, they would themselves be deserted—that if they truckled to such persons, they would be themselves abandoned, that if they contaminated the bench with them they would be impeached. (Loud cheers from Tory peers.) The honest and manly course was open to them. He knew the difficulties of their situation; but then they ought to refuse from calumniators the hateful and foul offerings of their praises—they ought not to join hands with those whose contact must contaminate them—they should prefer hostility to support from certain quarters—and think such alliance more dangerous than the hostility of those whose fulsome flattery it was harder to bear than their foul abuse; for such was the feeling of the sensible and honest portion of the community, that the slaver was more pernicious than the tooth.—(Cheers from the Tory peers.) Then he came again and asked the question, after having dwelt upon the history of the last twelve days, and the failure of the attempt he had made, he put the question of the noble earl, which had not yet been answered. What was there now, on the 31st of May, to show that the government had more of the confidence of the house and the country than they had on the 7th of May, when they resigned? That was the question which was yet to be answered. He was most anxious to see an end to the finality doctrine, which had occasioned his opposition to the government. He was anxious again to extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and to co-operate with them, for he had never ceased to be their friend personally. He had that feeling, and it was that which induced him to hope that they really did mean to make such a change in their policy. He knew that supporters of their's at the meeting he referred to had made a statement to that effect, and that Lord John Russell the great supporter of the finality principle, was about to retire—never was there so foul a slander as that which thus referred to Lord John Russell; for if there were a stout reformer in a cabinet, Lord John Russell was that reformer. There was not one of the colleagues of Lord John Russell who did not participate in his opinions upon the finality principle. They were, he was sure, too manly to deny this. He knew the fact of his own knowledge—he first of all heard it from those who had it from themselves; besides, if these were not their opinions, they ought to have said so, and not to have let him over and over again charge them with arguing with Lord John Russell, and never once given an explanation. The fact, however, could not be denied, that the whole of the cabinet was of the same opinion with Lord John Russell with respect to the finality principle. But then they might have abandoned that opinion; they might have reconsidered it. He hoped and prayed that they might abandon it, and he knew, and so did every lord in that house know, that such was the strong feeling of reformers who had fought in the same ranks with them. Such was his and their hopes, but they had been dashed by the opinions and the generalities which they had heard that night Nevertheless, he lived in hopes that they would be speedily brought to bear. It was on this account that he supposed the ministers themselves would have been led to consider the basis on which their new government was to be placed; for now it was to be called, on account of their former declaration that they had lost the confidence of Parliament, and therefore were to stand upon a totally different foundation; and he was quite sure that it would be a constitutional one. This he supposed; for from all he had ever heard or dreamt of, he never tho't of any, and above all a Whig government, standing upon such a one as the present—namely, a bedchamber question—[cheers from Tory peers]—a question of personal feeling towards the sovereign; or that they should have resolutions calling upon them to stand by their sovereign; or that they should have attacked others for attacking the sovereign, and a rallying cry raised to defend their sovereign. [Cheers and laughter from Tory peers.] That was the ground for resuming office upon which the government now stood, and it was too upon that ground they appealed to the country for support. [Hear, hear, from Tory peers.] One of the first falsehoods in support of this ground all over the country had been this, that an attempt had been made by Sir Robert Peel to deprive her Majesty of all her ladies of all kinds. He had seen this over and over again stated, and anything more false or more foul had never been uttered or printed.—There had been a misapprehension in the breast of the sovereign, which his noble friend had admitted; but what was the advantage of satisfactorily contradicting it in Parliament, when they saw a ministerial member declaring that an attempt had been made to violate the sanctuary of the Sovereign, and to drive from her all her ladies. [Hear, and laughter from Tory peers!] There was, too, another falsehood circulated, which was calculated to pro-

[Continued on the second page]

NEW GOODS.

Per the "Sophia" from London, "Samuel," and "Allegro," from Liverpool, and "Ellen Brown," from Greenock:

NO. 1 white Lead, yellow, black and red Paints, Putty, raw and boiled Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Indigo, Starch, Ginger, Salt Petre, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cassia, Pepper; chests Souchong, Hyson, and Congo Teas; Hosiery, white and coloured Sarsenetts, Gros de Naps; sewing Silks and Twists, Ribbons, Parasols, Ladies' Boots and Shoes, Umbrellas, Chamois skins, Gent's assorted Braces, black and brown Hollands, Linnens, Lawns, black and coloured Crapes, black and col'd silk Handkerchiefs, Stationery, Lasting Cottons, Thread, Tapes, Buttons of all kinds; Head, Nail, shoe, Floor, and scrubbing Brushes; Dressing Glasses; Guns; Carpetings; Regatta stripes; Gent's fine Hats; Ladies' Shawls and Fancy Handkerchiefs, colored and white Flannels and Baizes; Calicoes; shirtings; Grey Cottons; white and blue Warps; Bed Tick; colo'd Quilts; good assortment of Muslins; Silk and Cotton Velvets; Lastings; Buckskins; Cassenets; Plaid; Yearings; shot; shovels; spades; Horse Nails; Chain Traces; Hand saws; Cutlery; Files of all kinds; sheep shears; sickles; shaving boxes & brushes; Hinges of different kinds; Combs; German silver & plated Ware; Shoe and Carpenters' Hammers; Hand Irons; Soap; Mould and Dipt Candles; 7x9, 8x10, 10x12, Glass; Loaf & Crushed Sugar; figur'd Druggets, &c. &c.—For sale low by

5th July. L. H. DEVEBER.

MAY 1st, 1839.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Per *Fingalton*, from London, and *British Queen*, from Liverpool, consisting of—

PRINTED Muslins, and Mousline de Laine Dresses;
Plain and Figured Lutestrings and Sarsnets;
Fancy Bonnet Ribbons, in great variety;
Plain and Fig'd Satins; Parasols & Umbrellas;
A large assortment of Fancy Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Hosiery, of every description.
White and colored Stays; Netts and Laces;
Muslin Edgings, Insertions and Flounceings;
Worked Collars; Gent's Stocks and Braces;
Black Bombazines and Crapes;
Fancy Buckskins and Broad CLOTHS;
Silk, Twist, Threads and Cottons;
Black and White Braid, Cotton Cords, Tapes;
Paste Boards, sheet Willows, Pins and Needles;
Printed Cottons; Furniture and Lining Cottons;
Grey and White SHIRTINGS; Regatta stripes;
Ticks; Merinos and Shalloons;
Fancy and Plain Satinetts; Moleskins;
Checks, Stripes, and Homespuns;
Cantoons and Fancy Trowser stuffs; Flannels;
Serges and Green Baize;
Plain and Fancy Druggets; Cotton Velvet;
Ducks, Canvass, and Oznaburgh;
Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Diapers;
Jaconet, Book, Mull, and Check'd Muslins;
Bishop Lawn; Linen and Cotton Cambric;
TARTAN SHAWLS, &c. &c. &c.

The whole of which are offered at the lowest market prices. W. G. LAWTON.

More New Goods,

BY

JAMES LOCKWOOD & CO.

Ex ship *Blackness* from London, and *Elizabeth* from Liverpool:

1 ELEGANT 6 & ¼ Octave Cabinet PIANO FORTE, O. G. front, columns cross veneered, with carl'd Mahogany case, French polished, &c.; 1 case rich Gilt Frame Looking Glasses; 1 do. rich JEWELLERY, consisting of Gold seals, Keys, Brooches, Eye Glasses, Lockets, &c.; 1 case silk Velvets and Ribbons; 1 case French Velvets, satins, Ducapes, silk, serges, &c.; 2 ditto Printed, Figured and Plain Cambletts & Merinos; 1 bale Orleans Cloth; 2 cases Mariner's Compasses; 14 and 28 second Glasses; 2 casks HARDWARE, consisting of a general assortment of Knives and Forks, Pen and Pocket Knives, scissors, Razors, &c.

Also—Dozens scythes, sickles, saws, &c.; 1 trunk assorted Boots and shoes; 1 bale shoe Hemp; 2 do. Candle Wick; 6 bales well assorted Slops—together with the remainder of their extensive stock of British and other Goods, which they offer on their usual low and liberal terms.

1000 Barrels Wheat and Rye FLOUR, and Corn Meal, daily expected by the ship *Frederick*, from Baltimore, which will be sold low while landing. July 5.

Iron, Tin, Castings, &c.

The subscriber has received per ship "Elizabeth Bentley," the following Goods, which he offers for sale on moderate terms:

100 TONS No. 1, Moukland Pig IRON. (5020 bars and 50 bundles English IRON, assorted, viz:—*Rounds*, 1-4 inch to 3 inches, *Squares*, 1-2 to 4 inches, *Flats*, 1 to 3 in. by 1-4 in. & 1 1-4 to 4 1-2 by 3-8,
34 bars Russian Iron, assorted, 20 cwt.
1246 Pots, assorted, } 13 Tons;
921 Pans, }
328 Camp Ovens, }
5 hhds. containing 345 KETTLES, tinned and untinned—marks 0, 1, 2, 3 and 4.
2 casks (331 pairs) Sadd Irons, ass'd.
10 cwt. Cast and German STEEL,
12 Anvils, assorted, 1 to 2 1-2 cwt.
20 pairs Forge Bellows, assorted, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches;
10 boxes CW TIN, 10 do. PDIC do. 10 do pontpool IC, 10 do. PDIX, 5 do. IXX, 5 do. DC, 5 do DXX;
37 dozen Farmers' Spades, 9 do. ballast Shovels
170 brls. & 25 half ditto Irish Mess, and Prime Mess PORK; 1 hhd. Irish HAMS, 11 cwt.
4 casks Irish BACON, 46 cwt.
19 brls. Coal Tar, 3 1-2 tons OAKUM,
120 boxes Irish SOAP, 2 cwt. each.

June 28. WM. CARVILL.

Spring Fashions.

JOSEPH SUMMERS & CO.

Have just received an assortment of very superior articles of Dress, suitable for the season;

—CONSISTING OF—

RICH Africo's; Gro de Ulloa; Ducapes; Gro de Nap; Mouseline de Laine; Satins, silks, Ribbons, shawls; Point Blonde and Thread Lace; Edgings; Muslin Edging and Insertion; Collars and Collaretts; Tuscan, Dunstable, and Rutland straw BONNETS; Kid, Prunella, and Russia Shoes and Boots; Printed Cottons, Ginghams, Cotton shirting, sheetings and Table Linens; Toweling, Furniture Prints; Trimmings; Fringes and Orris Lace; Combs & Brushes; CARPETING; Hearth Rugs, Flannels; Chamois, Cotton, and Merino shirts and Drawers; Black Bombazines, French ditto, Paramatta Crapes; Real old Brown Windsor SOAP; PERFUMERY, Hosiery, Gloves, Rich satin and silk stocks, India Bandanna Handkerchiefs, &c. &c. May 31, 1839.