THE Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Almanack.

MAY.		H. SUN.	S. SOOS.	H. MOOS.	I. W.
27	Saturday,	4 21	7 32	1 26	5 24
28	Sunday,	4 20	7 33	1 44	6 46
29	Monday,	4 19	7 34	2 1	7 55
30	Tuesday,	4 18	7 35	2 21	8 53
31	Wednesday,	4 17	7 36	2 42	9 40
1	Thursday,	4 18	7 37	3 6	10 21
2	Friday,	4 17	7 38	3 33	11 1

New Moon, 3d. 3h. 0m.

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: Hugh Johnston, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Charles Simonds, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Robert Rankin, 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.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE OPENING OF WATERLOO BRIDGE.—June 18, 1837.

Yes! 'twas a fearful deed; the sun's dark flood,
That rose in tear-drops, poured his setting beam,
Red with solstitial splendour, blood for blood,
As weeping Heaven had blushed to view the stream,
That stained earth's bosom; yet e'en thou, proud theme,
Thou, Waterloo, to younger names shall yield;
Soon shall thy fame a distant meteor seem,
Known but as Agincourt or Cressy's field,
While future heralds deck some newer, baser shield.

Vain, feverish man! that think'st thy insect toil
Can snatch e'en Waterloo from time's decay!
E'en while we gaze, death strips this moral coil,
Our life an hour, our memory but a day;
And then, when every glory melts away
An icy palace, vain yon granite pile
To tell to distant age the wild affray
That stampt its name; ah, distant age shall smile
To think man's feeble art oblivion, would beguile!

No; but Waterloo shall be but as a dream,
To fill some book-worn brain, where learned lore,
Deep treasured, sheds a momentary gleam
On deeds forgotten; pointing where, of yore,
Europe, colesgued, numbered trophies bore
From Belgie plains; and where a tyrant's band
Drank the dark cup the world had drunk before:
Their blood-stained lord expelled to distant land
To pine life's lingering day, on Helen's desert strand.

Yet then, when faithless to man's dearest pride,
The chisell'd granite yields its age-worn trust;
And yon proud arch, that spurns the crouching tide,
Shall sink, at length, a monument of dust;
Then blest shall be the memory of the just;
Whose lowly deed, in Heaven's fair page enrolled,
Shall bright survive the warrior's trophied bust,
And fresh with wreaths that ne'er may waxen old,
Shall teach how vain the wise, how impotent the bold!

Oh then be mine the fame that cannot die!
The wisdom mine that tells of worlds unknown!
Be mine the faith that lifts her tranquil eye
To Heaven's bright orbs, and calls them all her own!
And when the breath that wafts my parting groan
Shall lose its burden in the passing gale,
And nought shall live but one frail funeral stone,
Whence soon must laspe the plaintive moss-worn tale,
Then stretched be Faith's bold wing, and swell'd hopes joyful sail!

And heaven be mine, and heaven's eternal year;
And glories bright, and ecstasies divine;
And mine the Almighty Father's voice to hear—
"Servant, well done! thy Saviour's joys be thine:
I would not 'scutcheoned pall, or gorgeous shrine;
The plausive tablet, or the chantry'y pride,
The sculptor's emblem, or the minstrel's line;—
Be mine the merits of the crucified;
Of Him, who for me lived, of Him who for me died.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

TO MARY.

Say Mary why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which all that's great or good can move,
Which can be good and kind?

Is it because you dread to show
The woes that love molest,
The anxious thought, the doubt, the care,
That racks the *fond one's* breast?

Alas! By some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain,
That heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never felt a pain. LARA.

Saint John, May 23, 1837.

Miscellany.

COLONEL DOMINANT & MR. TRUCKLE.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

"——I huff, I strut, look big, and stare,
"And all this I can do, because I dare."
DRAWCANSIR.—*Rehearsal.*

Picard, in the preface to one of his pleasant comedies, says of a certain character—"It was drawn from the life: its original paid me a visit one morning; almost whilst he was speaking I wrote down his words—*et voila la scene.*" Thus, of the following sketch I may say, that it is a literal transcript from a scene or two which I actually witnessed. For an obvious reason I have introduced the *Dramatis Personæ* under fictitious names; but the *dialogue* I have given without exaggeration, and I really believe without the alteration of a material word.

If with unblushing effrontery I can confess, not only that I know where is Bloomsbury Square, but that I have been in it: if I have the hardihood to acknowledge as my friends human beings who absolutely reside there: nay, more: if, without the slightest sense of shame or of remorse I own that, upon occasion, I positively visit them; it will be the less wondered at that I should be capable of declaring in the face of all Europe that once I was at Margate. But as Goldsmith's bear danced to "none but the genteelest of tunes," so did I appear at none but the genteelest of places—the French Bazaar, Bettison's Library, Clifton's Bathing Rooms,* and Howe's (the Royal!) Hotel. Having stated thus much, I think it hardly worth recording, that one evening during my stay there I was *the* person in the boxes of the Theatre—the pit and gallery being tenanted by six others, inveterate play-goers like myself.

It was at Margate, then, that scenes the first and second occurred.

I was taking my dinner in the coffee room at How's Hotel. At a table opposite to mine, (the only other table in the spacious apartment that was occupied,) sat two gentlemen, whom I shall designate as Colonel Dominant and Mr. Truckle. The former was a tall man, thin and stiff, with red hair cut very close, large bilious looking eyes, and complexion of the colour of the very best pickled mangoes. He wore a blue coat, buff waistcoat buttoned close up to the throat, white duck trowsers, and a black military stock. He was reclining back in his seat, reading a newspaper, with his feet each resting on the back of a chair, elevated to a level with his own nose. He had lately returned from the East Indies after many years of profitable service—to himself at least.

Mr. Tuckle was a small, slight man, of about five and forty years of age, with a head entirely destitute of hair, a good humoured blue eye, and a perpetual smile upon a countenance strongly indicative of its owner's willingness to be pleased and happy as long as the world would let him. He was drest in a black coat and waistcoat (not of the newest,) white trowsers, and a white cravat ornamented with a huge bow and ends. His voice, like himself, was small, and his manners mild and unassuming in the extreme. He sat opposite to the Colonel, with his hands resting on knees, and legs unostentatiously tucked under his chair. He was a distant relation of the Colonel's, who certainly did not seem inclined to diminish the distance between them by any inviting approaches on his part; and that he was poor relation also, his attitude and demeanour, as contrasted with those of the former sufficiently attested.

Generally speaking, there is nothing of the humorous or the ludicrous in a display of unfeeling domination on one side, of the "all this I dare do because I dare,"—and of helpless acquiescence on the other: pity for the oppressed, and disgust or hatred of his petty, paltry tyrant, are the only emotions it exites. There does not at this moment occur to me a more remarkable illustration of this than the early scenes between Sir Giles Overreach and Marall in the "New Way to pay old debts;" though there, perhaps, somewhat of contempt for the interested subserviency of the latter may mingle with one's compassion for his slavery. But in the case of Truckle it was otherwise: he was humble, submissive, and satisfied, as if he conceived it to be in the immutable nature of things that he should be so; and the *ludicrous* of the situation arose simply out of the immeasurable disproportion between his gentle attempts, now and then, to hint at a wish or a desire of his own, and the nature of the execration with which they invariably were met by Colonel Dominant.

Be it observed that the colonel's voice, though deep-toned, was harsh, and that his utterance was abrupt and snappish—sounding like the word of command when given by an ill-tempered drill-sergeant: except, indeed, when he delivered the emphatic word of execration alluded to, and upon that he would drawl.

It was five minutes past six. Truckle looked at the clock which was facing him, hummed part of a tune, (accompanying himself by beating with his fingers on the table,) and hesitatingly, and in a gentle tone of voice, said—"Dear me! five minutes past six! well—I *think*—really I *do* think it is time they brought our dinner.'

The Colonel threw down his paper suddenly, thrust his arm, (extending it to its full length across the table,) with his fore finger pointed directly at Truckle's face, and vociferated—

"What's that?—I say, Sir, what's that you say?"

"Why, Sir," mildly, and smilingly, replied Truckle, "dinner was ordered at six; it is now five minutes past; and as they might as well be punctual, I merely ventured to—"

"D——n your ARROGANCE!! Punctual! have the poor devils here nothing to do but attend upon you? Have *I* complained? Am I in any hurry for *my* dinner? Yet *you* talk about punctual! D——n your arrogance!"

"True, Sir, you did'nt *say* you were in any hurry, but I—I thought, Sir—"

"Thought! *Thought*, did you? *You* thought! *Da—a—a—a—mn* your arrogance!"

Arrogance and poor little Truckle named in the same year! He, in thought, feeling, manner, and conduct, an impersonation of humility!

Their dinner was served. Dominant helped himself, and then thrust the dish across to his companion. Just at this time I happened to call to a waiter for some Chili vinegar.

"Dear me!" said Truckle, looking into his plate, smiling, and rubbing his hands at the same time—"Dear me! I think—yes, really I *do* think I should like a little Chili vinegar myself. Waiter bring *me* a little Chili vinegar, too."

"What's that you want, Sir? I say Sir, what's that you want?" (These words were accompanied by the same gesture of pointing the finger as before.)

"Why, Sir," answered Truckle, "I heard that gentleman ask for Chili vinegar, and I thought that—Chili vinegar, you know, is a very nice relish, Sir; so I thought that when that gentleman had quite done with it, why—why *I* should like a little Chili vinegar."

"Chili vinegar! D——n your arrogance! Who are you, Sir, that you can't eat your dinner without Chili vinegar? Do *I* ask for Chili vinegar? But it is just like you, with your insatiable desires: whatever you see or hear of you want, d——n your arrogance! Waiter! no Chili vinegar to be brought to *this* table. Chili vinegar, indeed! *Da—a—a—mn* your arrogance!"

* * * * * * * *

Scene the Second.—In the evening I went into Bettison's Library. They were playing eight shilling loo. I approached the table. Close to it, and in the front rank of a small crowd, forming three or four deep, stood Truckle. He was earnestly watching the proceedings, but did not play; though ever and anon his right hand made an inflected move towards his breeches' pocket. A few games had "come off" and the insinuating dealer was announcing, in his usual seductive phrase, the near completion of another:—

"Now, ladies and gentleman, *only* three numbers is wanting to complete this loo: 2, 3, *and* 5.—Thank'ee, Sir.—Only 2 and 5, vacant—Thank'ee, Madam.—Number 3 gone.—Only *one* wanting.—No. 5 vacant."

Here was a tantalizing pause. There was no bidder for No. 5. At length Tuckle exclaimed:—

"Dear me! Well, now, I think—really I *do* think *I'll* have a chance."

His hand made a desperate plunge into his pocket, and, in an instant, or ere reflection could come to his aid, his shilling lay glittering on the table. In the same second of time a voice was heard from behind the crowd:—

"What are you doing there, Sir? I say, Sir, what is it you are doing there?"

There stood Colonel Dominant, his white hat seen high above the crowd in front of him, his outstretched arm reaching over their heads, and the fatal fore-finger pointing directly in the face of poor Truckle, who had turned as suddenly as if he had been *twirled* round by some mechanical power inherent in and peculiar to the voice of his tyrant.

"I say, Sir, what is it you are doing there?"

Not in the least degree confused or abashed by this authoritive interference, public as it was, Truckle good humouredly replied:—

"Why, Sir, I—you see, Sir, this is loo; and by putting down a shilling——"

"Put down a shilling! *You*, Sir! D——n your arrogance! How dare you put down a shilling! Take it up, Sir."

"But this is a loo, you see, Sir; and by putting down one shilling I may win seven; that is to say, I may win a ticket which——"

"D——n your arrogance! win seven upon one! What right have you to try to win seven shillings of these poor people's money with one of yours? D——n your arrogance! take it up. Take it up, I say. *Ta—a—a—ke* it up, Sir. *Da—a—a—mn your arrogance!*"

* * * * * * * *

Scene the third.—I left Margate by the steamer. We had completed about one hour of our homeward bound voyage when Colonel Dominant ascended on deck from the after cabin. He set himself down on the gunwale, midway between the stern of the vessel and the paddle-box. I *believe* I have applied the term "gunwale" correctly; but, not feeling perfectly at my ease concerning it, it were safer I should explain that thereby I mean the sort of paling which runs along the sides of the deck to prevent one's tumbling into the water. By this modest caution two points are gained: if the term be the proper one it might still be unintelligible to many whose voyages, like my own, have been limited to those seas; if otherwise, I have taken it out of the power of any seaman more experienced than myself to assail me with—D——n *your* arrogance!"

The Colonel, as I have said, was sitting on the gunwale, in that aristocratic division of a Margate Steamer which lies between the paddle box and the stern. His arms were supercilliously folded across his chest; his head was erect and motionless, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; while his eyes disdained to encounter any meaner object than the glorious heaven themselves. Presently I saw emerging from the *fore*-cabin, the happy, good humoured Mr. Truckle. Smiling, and rubbing his hands together with an air of self-enjoyment, no sooner were his feet fairly on deck than, in the fulness of his delight, he exclaimed:—

"Capital breakfast! I never made a better breakfast in all my life. *And* such a beautiful morning as it is! *And* such a fine passage as we shall have!"

Trippingly he approached the Colonel.

"Charming morning, Sir! I'm happy to inform you the captain assures me that——"

On the instant, out went the arm with the portentous fore-finger at the end of it.

"What do you want here, Sir? D——n your arrogance! What do you want here?"

"Why, Sir, as the Captain told me that we shall have a delightful passage, and that we shall be at the Tower by half-past three, I thought you'd like to kn——"

"D——n your arrogance! Come here, Sir."

The Colonel, followed by Truckle, placed himself in front of the paddle box, and directed the attention of the latter to certain words which were thereon inscribed; saying—

"Read that, Sir. Read that, I say."

Truckle looked at the words for just so long a time as might suffice to read them, and then nodded his head in token that he had done so.

"Do you hear me, Sir? read that."

"Well, Sir, I have read it" replied Truckle with his usual smile.

"You have read it! D——n your arrogance! Read it aloud, Sir." Truckle read:

"*Whoever passes the paddle-box will be expected to pay the FIRST-CABIN fare.*"

"Then, d——n your arrogance! what do you do here? go back, Sir."

"Why, Sir, as I said before, I thought you might like to——"

"And, because you presume to think, am I to pay two shillings additional for your d——d arrogance? Go back, Sir; d——n your arrogance! Go back—Go back, I say; *g—o—o—o* back, *da—a—a—mn* your arrogance!"

* * * * * * * *

The last time I saw poor Truckle, I accidentally met him as he was descending the steps of some chambers in Paper Buildings, Temple, I amused myself for some time in fancying what could have been his business there. At length I came to this conclusion:—He was desirous of saying to Colonel Dominant that "his soul was his own;" and had been to take the opinion of counsel learned in the law as to whether he had any right to make the assertion. P.*

* A certain person at this place being shown into a bath-room by no means remarkable for its cleanliness, with much simplicity inquired of the proprietor—"Pray, Sir, where is it people go to wash, after bathing here?"

A few nights since, a rehearsal took place at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, for the following Monday night's performance, of the "Elephant of Siam." During the rehearsal the well-known elephant from the Zoological Gardens was brought on the stage to perform his part.—After having done this, he espied the prompter's book on the table, and began to read, mark, and learn its contents; but, thinking it better inwardly to digest the whole, in order, no doubt, to be complete master of his part, to the no small astonishment of Mr. Neville and his assistants he at once swallowed the book.—*Liverpool Telegraph.*

EFFECTS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—From Seville to Madrid, a distance of about three hundred and sixty miles, there is not a city, town or village, which does not wear the aspect of desolation. Many of them, indeed, are complete ruins. Cordova, once illustrated by the names of Seneca and Lucan, and said to possess in the time of the Moors a million of inhabitants, has scarcely one good shop remaining. As for trade, commerce or manufactures not a trace of them remains, as compared with its former prosperity. The same may be said of the other principal towns met with in this line of road through the country. You enter any one of them—the streets appear as if the wretched pavement had been just dislocated by an earthquake You inquire for public schools—the phrase is scarcely intelligible to the inhabitants. You ask for an asylum for the poor—the voices of a crowd of paupers tell you too plainly that no such institution exists. You pass on to one of the churches on Sunday, expecting to find a congregation with books in their hands; the house of worship is not half filled, nor does one out of twenty know how to read. You proceed to the barrack—a corresponding scene presents itself to your view; a set of men as fine as any in the world you will no doubt find there, but scarcely two of them are dressed alike; the whole, indeed, presented a most unsoldierly appearance. You look for a manufactory where some branch of national industry might be profitably cultivated, and the numbers of children and idlers who perambulate the streets, or sit in the highways, might be employed, but in no instance have I been able to observe any such symptoms of regeneration. Over this melancholy scene of indolence and misery the clergyman or the alcaid is seen presiding at some door, surrounded by the barber, the tailor, shoemaker, and other important personages of the place, smoking their cigars in the sunshine, and patiently waiting the improvement of Spain, or the triumph of Don Carlos. Turn into the country, and a scene equally drear awaits your observation. Not in fifty miles, perhaps, will you meet the dwelling of a cottager. No where, indeed, is to be seen the comfortable home of the peasant, with its small but well cultivated garden and flowers, that unerring emblem of national peace and prosperity. Afraid to dwell alone the peasantry are collected into wretched villages, afar from the fields which they cultivate, and in which they have little or no interest. To so fearful a state has a succession of wars brought the country, that I have not unfrequently seen the ploughman proceed to the field with his musket slung over his shoulder, and the sword suspended from the olive while the labourer was pruning its branches.

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO.—We have no recollection of having ever seen the following letter in print: it is in the "Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair," to whom it was addressed. Sir John had applied to him for information:—"Bruxelles, April 18.—Dear sir, I have received your letter of the 20th. The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it, but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by those novels called relations, impartial accounts, &c. &c. of this transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers, &c. &c. and have published to the world as the truth. Hougomont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for the want of fortification, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt. I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all that I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to believe that the British army had never fought a battle before; and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea of the transaction; and this is because the writers have referred themselves to the authorities above quoted, instead of to the official sources and reports. It is not true that the British army was unprepared; the story of the Greek is equally unfounded, as is that of Vandamme having 46000 men. Upon this last point I refer you to Marshal Ney's report, who upon this point must be the best authority.—Ever, dear sir, yours most faithfully—WELLINGTON."

FIRES IN LONDON.—Of 564 fires which occurred in and around London during the last year, the following are the causes, as far as the same could be ascertained by diligent inquiries made by the firemen, immediately after the occurrences: accidents of various kinds, scarcely avoidable, 11; apparel taking fire on the person, 2; bed-curtains set on fire by accident, 71; accidents with candles, 51; cases of palpable carelessness, 18; charcoal fires, portable, 2; children playing with fire, 6; fires kindled on hearths, 5; defective or foul flues and chimnies, 72; fumigation, 9; sundry gas accidents, for the most part occurring from gas fitters during progress of repairs, 38; gunpowder, 1; heating of hay, lime, &c. 7; sparks from lamps, 2; linen incautiously hung before fires, 31; ovens overheated, 6; loose shavings ignited, 13; sparks from fire, 8; defective setting of stoves, &c. 28; application of fire heat to various purposes of trades and manufactures, 34; tobacco smoking, 1; unknown, 96; wilful, 8; window curtains catching fire 35. The number of fires where one or more buildings were totally distroyed was 33; where one or more were seriously damaged 134; were slightly damaged 397. The total number of buildings damaged by fire during the year is estimated at 704. The state as at insurances of the houses in which the 564 distinct fires originated are ascertained to be as under—

Insurances of building and contents	169
On the building only	73
On the contents only	104
Neither insured	218
Total	564

THE PRINCE DE POLIGNAC.—This evening the Prince and Princess de POLIGNAC leave town for the Continent, it being their intention to go through Belgium to Carlsruh, and thence to Prague. Previous to the Prince's departure he had the honour to be received by his Most Gracious Majesty KING WILLIAM IV. at Windsor, and to hear from the lips of the British sovereign assurances of the great sympathy which he felt in his misfortunes. Prince and Princess de POLIGNAC are represented by the contributors of fashionable intelligence to the newspapers as having given various dinner parties, and indulged in all the gaieties of the capital. The contrary is the fact. They could not, according to etiquette, so soon after the death of their royal master, CHARLES X. give entertainments; and if they accepted the invitations of some of their friends, it was because they could not be insensible to the repeated marks of kindness shown to them by the most distinguished members of our nobility. It has been a source of the greatest consolation to this amiable prince and his lady to find all classes of their former friends, without distinction of party, pressing around them to offer the most unbounded attention. Loving England from family connections, and a thousand early associations, the reception they have now met with has been most acceptable to their feelings, and they leave this country again for a certain period with their hearts filled with gratitude for the kindness they have experienced.—*Evening Paper.*

KNOWLEDGE.—Make yourself acquainted with the general facts of science, with the wondrous laws by which the Almighty governs all that surrounds us; and with the endless illustrations of these laws, in the world and all its parts. You will find here a rich and boundless variety of instruction and entertainment. But here, as in reading history, keep to the *facts*. All that is *real* is worth knowing. Be not lead by speculations, by mere guesses. Many are bewildered by these. But Paleys maxim may be safely recommended, as the best guide in all such cases, that "true fortitude of understanding consists in not suffering what we do know to be disturbed by what we do not know.' To which we may add the wise sentiment of another writer, that, 'in the present world the Almighty intends to proportion our knowledge to our *wants*, and not to our *pride*.' The facts of natural history will afford a abundant matter of agreeable and useful knowledge. The plants, the animals, the soils, of your own country and of other countries the changes of the seasons, the state of the atmosphere, the make and composition of all that surround you, duly observed, and made the subject of reading of conversation, of reflection, will at once store your mind, and raise your ideas of the wisdom and goodness of Him who it will soon be perceived, has made all things 'by number, weight, and measure.' The study of your own frame, your bodily make and constitution, may be made an object at once of interest, of instruction, and of benefit. Early may you be brought to perceive, in the very constitution of your own bodies, much of your duty as enjoined by Him who formed you such as you are. Temperance, self-government, moderation, avoidance of all abuse of the body, are written in the very make of the body itself. And it will hence plainly appear, that when our Maker says, abstain from all intemperance, from all impurity, he does but say, 'Do thyself no harm.'

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.—At the upper end of the sea, between me and the hills, here is occasionally a very broad belt of pasture land; and at the mouths of the glens opening into it, I could often perceive the tents of the Arabs whose flocks grazed it. There are many scenes where people would gather together for such purpose as the multitudes followed our Saviour. The most perfect seclusion may be enjoyed in all directions; but I do not think that either the word "desert" or "wilderness," according to our understanding of them, describes the species of solitude; and yet it would be difficult to find another expression, perhaps, to suit it so well.

In two or three places on the banks of the lake, are the remains of towns. At the upper end of it, near to the entrance to the hills, I found a few ruins, and sat there to rest, in the hope that I was, if not on the precise spot, somewhere near the site of Capernaum. Some distance on my left hand, as I looked down the length of the sea, the Jordan ran into it. I could just see it; and beyond it I thought I could perceive through my glass the position of Bethsaida How completely desolate of living beings is this fine scene now! I could see nearly to the southern end of the lake; and, with the exception of poor Tiberias, there is not a dwelling even in sight. How populous must these shores have been when daily witness to our Saviour's mercies, when it was no doubt the custom to pass from city to city, and coast to coast, in boats that plied upon waters incessantly! There is not a vessel now to be seen upon them, nor while I remained in my resting-place, one man upon the banks. I could scarcely quit the spot, it was so still and beautiful.

I entered the hills, and was soon lost among the rocks and wild crags; over which for three hours we stumbled and scrambled without meeting a soul, or hearing even the sound of the shepherd's voice. Occasionally, as we ascended, the height commanded a view of the lake and of all its mountains and hills. Sometimes the paths and the green slopes above them were covered with a rich variety of flowers; the purple Iris, anemones, tulips of every colour, geraniums, and the finest lupines I ever saw.

From late American Papers.

THE TIMES.—It is stated in the New-York papers, that the President of the United States Bank has declined accepting the terms of the Bank of England, respecting drawing for the two millions of pounds sterling, or, at any rate, that he has not yet accepted it. The conditions were that the Bank of the United States should in all cases remit one half the amount of its bills in specie in season to meet those bills, therefore the credit of two millions turns out to be nothing more than a credit of one. It is said that Mr. Biddle cannot and of course will not accept this proposition, unless he can make some arrangement with the government to withdraw the specie from the West. Mr. Biddle has lately been to Washington, and it is rumored that the Executive gave him no encouragement that anything could be done through his means. If the different Banks in the country will co-operate with the United States Bank the arrangement may yet be made, but not without. Mr. Jandon, the Cashier of the United States Bank, is expected in New York in a day or two, to make some negociation.—*Boston Courier.*

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—Upon the trial (by court martial) of Capt. Seymour and officers of H. B. Majesty's Frigate Challenger, on the coast of Chili, the extraordinary fact was given in evidence, that the late earthquakes on that coast have transformed what was previously a current of two miles an hour to the northward, into a current of five miles an hour to the southward, and that the soundings along the whole coast have been materially changed.

OUTRAGE UPON OUTRAGE.—A humilating scene in all its lights, recently occurred in Memphis, Tennessee. A woman of ill fame in that place, followed a highly respectable widow lady with a cowhide, through the street, with the avowed intention of using it on the latter, whose offence consisted in having expressed the opinion, that the virago had harboured one of her servants. Had not the lady taken refuge in a shop from her pursuer, the fell purpose of the latter might have been accomplished. Such an attempt necessarily produced great excitement, and, as is but too common in these latitudes and latter days, the people were impatient of the slow process of the law, and took the affair into their own hands. In the evening, as we learn from the Memphis Gazette, "a crowd of respectable gentlemen" repaired to the house of the culprit, which was "razed to the ground." During the attack, a gun was fired from the house, which severely wounded one of the assailants. When this circumstance became generally known the next morning, it produced still more excitement against the offenders. A public meeting was held, and a resolution was adopted, for placing the obnoxious individuals in a boat without an oar, and set them adrift in the middle of the Mississipipi. The meeting then constituted itself a committee for carrying this resolution into effect, which it did according to the letter. Thus was one deep wrong, by an outcast of society, followed by the commission of another wrong. When again shall we cease to hear of these outrages, and summary punishment, and live once more under the reign of the laws?

From the Times of April, 1st.

Money Market and City Intelligence.—Friday Evening. An arrangement which has been before hinted at between the Bank of England and the Bank of the United States, for establishing a large credit in favor of the latter, for the purpose of drawing bills on England to represent payments made in the United States on English account, is now said to be on the point of being carried into effect. The operation is of a somewhat complex nature, but the effect of it will be that of making the United States Bank indebted to the Bank of England, instead of the houses whose bills have been taken, and to whom advances have been made. All that will be accomplished by it is the affording to those American merchants who are prepared to fulfil their engagements with this country a medium of payment to which no exception can be raised on either side of the water, and which will rid the circulation of paper of a doubtful description. For the present the arrangement does not facilitate any transmission of bullion, but rather prevents it; but it has become a most important object in a commercial point of view, not to force the Americans to send gold.—When the trading difficulties are a little adjusted, that end is likely to be accomplished in a more steady and secure manner.

The failure of Messrs. Fry and Lightfoot, the bullion brokers, was made known this morning, and caused much surprise, as they were known to have an excellent business, and were not believed to be entangled in any of the dangerous speculations of the day. Besides this failure, a large one at Liverpool, that of Bently & Co., has been announced.

LONDON, March 31.—There cannot be any doubt that confidence has been materially restored, as we learn by our advices, at the outports and in the manufacturing districts. Discounts of commercial paper have been greatly checked, as well as orders for manufactured goods, for all parts of the world. It requires therefore, no great degree of foresight to predict, that those manufactures who have been in the custom of drawing, against orders and relying upon such a resource, must feel the effect of the slightest depression of commercial transaction. In fact trade has too long been carried on artificially upon an unstable monetary system.

Some anxiety prevailed this afternoon in consequence of a rumor that a firm of much respectability and some standing, had been placed in difficulties—but it is not apprehended that this circumstance will particularly affect commercial credit.—*Morn. Herald.*

LONDON, April 1.—The commercial money market presents no new feature of import to-day; but there is, nevertheless, some considerable apprehension that commercial and monetary dealings have been unnaturally forced on to an artificial system.

The accounts from Liverpool are not quite so favorable, and the understanding that the failure of a mercantile firm dealing in bullion and foreign bills yesterday, is to a much larger amount than was anticipated, has had the effect of damping commercial credit.

We take pleasure in announcing the arrival of Captain Marryatt, the popular novelist, in the Quebec, yesterday. He puts up at the American Hotel.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

SPAIN.—There is nothing new from Spain of a positive character; but there is negative evidence that the alleged general engagement and the defeat of Espartero at Zornossa, was either unfounded altogether, or confined to a mere skirmish. The Carlists here assert, however, that in another direction the arms of Don Carlos had signally triumphed.—"Irribarren," say they, "has been knocked to pieces, and has returned with the wreck of his army (Saarsfield's corps) to Pampeluna, in the greatest disorder."

The defeat of the British auxiliaries under General Evans, has been followed by a similar disaster to Espartero, who, having advanced some leagues beyond Bilboa, was met, on the 21st of March, by the main body of the Carlists, commanded by the Infante Don Sebastian, and compelled to retrograde with some loss—which, of course, is magnified by the Carlists letter-writers. Saarsfield had also met with a check, near the frontier of Guipuzcoa; and to complete the tale of disaster, Irribarren had also been forced to retreat on Pampeluna. Thus the combined movement seems to have been completely frustrated, at every point. The government appears however, to have been successful in raising money, for a remittance of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs reached Bayonne, on the 25th of March, for the use of the army, being the third within a month, and the three amounting to two millions two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

A powder magazine had blown up at Santander, destroying a whole street of houses, and very many lives.

Three of the British Officers, Colonel De Lancy and Captains Fielding and Multon, had died of their wounds received in the engagement of the 16th.

General Evans was making great efforts for another dash at the Carlists, who on their part were quite inactive, having sustained very heavy losses in the several engagements.

Trial for Murder.—At an Assize Court at Kingston, in England, March 29, William Bayne, aged 21, was put on his trial, on an indictment for the murder of Isaac Newton Slocombe, a Medical Student, and an American, who had been but about a year in England. It appeared on the trial that the deceased, with two companions, who were also Medical Students, had walked to Woolwich on the afternoon of Feb. 24, and had partaken of refreshments at several houses in the town, in the course of the afternoon. In the evening, as they were passing through Church street, one of the party broke a window, and on the people coming out to to complain, they paid the damage. Subsequently another window was broken, upon which a number of persons assembled, and an affray ensued in which the deceased was so severely bruised that he died of his wounds on the following day. The prisoner was proved to have struck the deceased a violent blow on the head with a stick, and the jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter. The Judge sentenced the prisoner to one year's imprisonment in the House of Correction.

KINGSTON, (U. C.) May 2, 1837.—The American Government has sent instructions to the proper offices, requiring that duties be levied on "grain wool, and cloth coming from the Canadas to our mills for manufacture and re-exportation,"

Duty on Wheat 25 cents per bushel.
on Oats 10 do. do.
other grain free.

This order will effectually stop the practice so common along the Canadian frontier, of sending grain, cloth, &c. to be manufactured in the States. Why such an order was issued, does not appear, unless it was thought that the trade thus carried on gave an inlet and facility to smuggling. The States millers will lose the trade, and the Canadian growers must now employ their own mills, which in many cases along the lines, are more distant than the American mills. Thus both parties are inconvenienced by the arrangement, but our people will be taught to stay at home, and give their custom to their own millers.—*Herald.*

Valuable Tree.—An oak tree, at Ashtan, in England said to be the finest tree in the country, has been lately sold for 60 guineas, and is to be cut down as soon as the barking season commences. About thirty years since it was sold for £100, but a chancery suit then arose, which saved it from the axe. The length of the trunk, a straight column is 72 feet, at which height it is two feet in circumference. At six feet above the ground it is 20 feet in circumference.