

THE HERALD. Published every Wednesday Evening, by H. C. Tinsley, Editor and Proprietor, King Street, a few doors North of St. Paul's, in the building lately occupied by H. Smith, Esq., as an Auction Room. Editors: W. Bentley, Printer.

TERMS.—Four Dollars per annum, (exclusive of postage) payable six months in advance. Any person becoming responsible for the payment of twelve papers shall receive one gratis—and in like proportion for a greater number.

Advertisements without written directions are inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Orders for advertising advertisements to be in writing. Advertisements for insertion to be delivered on the morning preceding the day of publication.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LETTER PRESS PRINTING WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

For the Herald. YANKEE TRICKS. In eighteen hundred thirty three The Yankee folks were saying, And then the Kingdome folks see, Said they "we think you're dear, We want them here and deeper; For us they'll be a goodly gain, And then we'll get them cheaper.

LOWER CANADA. Mr. Stuart, late Attorney General of this Province, has addressed a long letter to the Hon. the Governor in Chief, on the suspension by the Governor in Chief, on the address of the Assembly. The letter is dated in Deer last, and has appeared in the Mercury.

NEWLY INVENTED RAILROAD.—Our attention has been again drawn to the National Gallery of Practical Science, where there is now exhibiting an Undulating Railroad, recently invented by Mr. Richard Biddall, who is a locomotive carriage travels with a rapidity far exceeding that of a similar one when moving upon the common or level road.

CONTEMPLE COMMITTEE.—On Saturday morning, the infant son of Mr. Hanswick, clerk to Messrs. Drommond & Co. Thirk, arrived in York, in the custody of a bailiff, it having been committed to York Castle for contempt of the High Court of Chancery.

and is no desire on my part, to seek shelter or obtain bounty by obsequies of a formal nature. Entirely free from blame of any kind, I do not stand in need of such means of defence. To the several charges advanced by the Assembly, to the multitude of imputations of its Committee, as well as to no small number proceeding from its members, I have, without objection to their admissibility, opposed satisfactory and conclusive answers.

ANTICIPATION.—This cold world of ours, and its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over man the horrid fogs of a soul-chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering Oasis in the drear wilderness of its sorrow, in every ray of heavenly sunshine, that gleams occasionally through the woebegone darkness of human wanderings.

MISCELLANY. From the American Gardener Magazine. SUGGESTIONS RELATIVE TO GARDENERS' WORK FOR APRIL. By the Editor.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—In Oxford, Mass. on the 27th ult. Mr. Aaron Elliot, aged 23, a New-Jersey settler, was killed by a cart wheel, which several instances have recently occurred in different parts of the country. He was grinding scythes at a stone about six feet in diameter and weighing nearly two hundred pounds.

HUNT AFTER A DEER.—A publican named Hunt of Philadelphia, Warren county, New-Jersey, publishes the annexed in a Trenton paper: "Some weeks since a certain William Deere of the State of New-York took his bed and board at my house, for the purpose of lecturing on the science of Agriculture."

NEWLY INVENTED RAILROAD.—Our attention has been again drawn to the National Gallery of Practical Science, where there is now exhibiting an Undulating Railroad, recently invented by Mr. Richard Biddall, who is a locomotive carriage travels with a rapidity far exceeding that of a similar one when moving upon the common or level road.

CONTEMPLE COMMITTEE.—On Saturday morning, the infant son of Mr. Hanswick, clerk to Messrs. Drommond & Co. Thirk, arrived in York, in the custody of a bailiff, it having been committed to York Castle for contempt of the High Court of Chancery.

Extracts from late English Papers. SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON. (From the Plymouth Chronicle). The recent vote given by Sir Edward Codrington in favor of Ministers, on Mr. Hume's motion, for the abolition of naval and military sinecures, has been much canvassed among the constituency, some of whom consider it a forfeiture of his pledge on stating, that the gallant Admiral is not above offering an explanation of his conduct to the electors, but immediately on hearing that some disappointment had been expressed, he dispatched a letter, which his friends have placed in our hands for publication, that his motives may be perfectly understood.

"No one who votes against his (Mr. Hume's) motion on that occasion, is at all pledged to support even any one of the sinecure question, when specially brought before the House as they will be shortly. I am pretty confident indeed, that the salary for that of Lord F. Fitzclarence will be refused; and in the other case, it will only be in consideration of the most of the King's household. When the estimates for such sinecures come before the House, there may be seen whether the individual holding sinecure or other sinecure offices, have any claim to such a remuneration for services or for pensions of any kind. If such as Saumarez and Foley are contented to receive as due rewards for acknowledged services of the highest order, inferior suits, coupled with a honorary title, in preference to large sums under the name of pension for good services in common with a peer, I think them well worth retaining as they are, and I think the first Lord of the Admiralty will henceforth confer them upon the mere tools of office, as has been heretofore done. I hold the same feeling against sinecures and undeserved honours as much as I do against sinecures, and I have no disposition to support any improper measures merely because they originate there; but I have no objection to their being retained, as long as they are not in the possession of power, it behoves me and others to consider, whether our affairs would be better administered by Messrs. Hume, Cobden, O'Connell, or on the other hand, by the Tories or Anti-Reformers. Indeed I may assure those who seem so much to be in a hurry to get rid of them, that I do not intend to be so ever to be made so."

TRIAL OF LADY BRISCOE FOR LIBEL. At the Middlesex Sessions, on Tuesday, Lady Sarah Briscoe, wife of Sir Wm. Briscoe, Bart., was indicted for publishing three libels reflecting on the character of a female named Tolson.

THE PROSECUTOR stated that she was some years ago a dress-maker, in St. James's street, and had the custom of the Royal Family, and several of the nobility, but failed in consequence of being unable to get punctual payment of her bills. In 1813, Lady Briscoe died from Crofton Hall, and she was her residence with her; it was agreed that witness should take a house in Dorset street, Dorset-square, and that Lady Briscoe should furnish it and pay her board and lodging. The expenses of her household were defrayed by witness, to whose credit every thing was supplied, Lady Briscoe being unknown in the neighbourhood. Witness afterwards removed to Upper Norton-place, Portland-place, leaving Lady Briscoe in the sole occupation of the house in Dorset-street. In August, last year, in consequence of something she heard, witness removed to the street, and found some officers at the door, who declared that they were breaking into the house to execute a warrant they held against Lady Briscoe. They ultimately got in from the adjoining house through the attic, and her husband was taken away in custody. Previous to her removal she requested witness to take charge of her papers and furniture, and other property, and also desired her to raise money on the whole house, and to send it to her; witness did supply her with money for several weeks. There was but little property remaining, which witness could not raise, as her husband had been living on pledges for some time past, and even carrying on her law business by these means, pledging at one time to the amount of £20, £40, and even £50, with Dobson. Lady Briscoe remained in prison till October. There was, at the time, eighteen months board and lodging due from her ladyship to witness, and witness was indebted six months rent, and eighteen months taxes, and about £80 to the tradesmen for goods supplied for the use of her ladyship. She had, and still has, a gentleman of the name of Austin lodging with her at her house in Upper Norton-place. In the month of December, she received two letters from Mr. Austin, which had been forwarded to him by the twopenny-post. The first letter commenced—"I, Mr. Austin aware of the character of the person in whose house he is living, and that he has been twice a bankrupt, and has once taken the benefit of the act." It then intimated to her (prosecutrix) that she had appropriated Lady Briscoe's property to her own use. The second letter enclosed a handbill to the same effect, which was extensively circulated. The letter said, that the handbill was enclosed that Mr. Austin might be aware of his ladyship's character.

DR. PARR'S EPICURISM.—There are certainly one or two luxuries to which I am addicted; the first is a shoulder of mutton, not over-roasted nor under-roasted, and richly encrusted with flour and salt; the second is a plain stout pudding; the third is a plain family plum-pudding; the fourth is a kind of high festival diet, adapted to the stomach of a pampered priest, and consists of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce.—(Dr. P. in a letter to a friend.)

MR. PEASE, THE QUAKER MEMBER.—We believe that a vast number of the members expected to hear a great many "sermons" and "prayers" uttered with a nasal drawl, like a puritan in a conventicle; but Mr. Pease's style is pure, his diction very fluent, his manner graceful, and his voice one of the most distinct, and most harmonious. He spoke from the iron post against which Joe Hume always rests his sturdy shoulders; and this, we suppose, is equivalent to unfurling the banner of radicalism.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—A farce called The Kentuckian, or a Trip to New-York, was played at this theatre for the first time on Saturday evening. It would seem to have been written solely for the purpose of introducing the personation of a Kentucky Squire by Mr. Hackett, an actor of celebrity in America, and who has played during the present season at Drury-lane. The character which he took to represent is quite new to the English stage, and even almost unknown in England.—The Kentuckians are called the Gascone of the United States, and certainly the specimen given by Mr. Hackett, the accuracy of which there seems no reason to doubt, bears a strong resemblance, in spirit and expression, to the character of the same name in the French comedies and other similar portraits of those extraordinary French humours. The Kentuckians are described as an athletic race of men, beyond the ordinary stature, of strength proportioned to the quickness and great courage, with a droll full of peculiarities, abounding in exaggerations of the most whimsical kind, which, added to the unamiable roughness and oddity of their manners, distinguish them from every other race of people in the United States. These qualities are very strikingly combined in the person of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire, the hero of the farce, and were displayed with a great amount of energy by Mr. Hackett. The novelty of the representation would of itself be a strong recommendation; but it should be added, that as mere acting, this performance exhibited considerable merit, and justified the reputation which the performer has gained among his own countrymen. It is difficult for us, on this side of what Colonel Wildfire calls "the big pond," to enter fully into the whims of such a personage; but the oddity of his dialect, and the effect of his stories, are irresistible. He describes himself as "chock full of fun and fight," has the fastest horse, the prettiest sister, the quickest rifle, and the ugliest dog in the states; and "can jump higher, squat lower, dive deeper, and come out drier than any fellow in the world." His account of a fight with a boatman, whom he beat so much that his antagonist's delight that he promised to vote for him at the next election, is capital, and among his rhodomontades, he says he once hit a man so hard that he disappeared altogether, and nothing was ever heard of him. The only things we have like it in our stage are the Irishman as represented by Mr. Power. The Kentuckian is not a jot inferior to them in fun, and if we knew as much of him as we do of the children of the sister country would be quite as fully satisfied by the publication of the character, however, labour under great disadvantages in this farce, which is very clumsy and ineffective. It would have been practicable, without any great effort of ingenuity, to have made the Kentuckian sustain a part properly belonging to the drama; but here the drama is evidently written only for the purpose of bringing him on the stage, and so badly written that the actor has not the slightest support or relief from the other personages. The plot is the most meagre that can be imagined; the introduction of an English female tourist—a notion which might have been made the vehicle of much good humourous satire—is very feebly managed, and the other characters have no character at all. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and left as he was solely upon his own resources, Mr. Hackett acquitted himself with great credit. Whether the representation will take place with the English public must be decided by the result of the experiment, for which one night is not enough; but certainly the novelty and singularity of the affair entitle it to success, and if it should fail, the actor will deserve no share of the blame. He was received with general approbation throughout; at the conclusion of the farce there was some decided hissing, but it appeared to be directed against the play. Mr. Hackett was called for, and announced it for repetition on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.—A young preacher, in the time of James I., being appointed to hold forth before the Vice-Chancellor and heads of the colleges of Oxford, took for his text "What I cannot watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion as the Vice-Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy headed persons who cannot attend church, without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate Vice-Chancellor so often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last all present could very well see the joke. The Vice-Chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and at the talk it occasioned, that he complained, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the Archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense that his Grace procured him the honor of preaching before the King. Here also he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words—"James First and Sixth, Watcher not;" which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick sighted, exclaimed, "He's at me already; but he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag, as to make him one of his Chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text—"Sleep on now, and take your rest."

position many have assumed, that the Bishop's intellect was narrow, and his attainments limited. It was assailed by many scribblers of the day, and amongst others with singular violence by a Roman Catholic, named—This gentleman fell, toward the close of his life, into circumstances of extreme indigence. By some accident his situation became known to the bishop.—"He is a man of learning, and must be cared for," was his prompt reply. It was no passing emotion of the moment, as easily uttered and as easily forgotten. It was acted upon for by the bishop's bounty (the man whose motives and intellect he so grossly impugned) was Mr.—supported for many years, and during the same of his bounty, a factor was concealed from him to the very last; nor did the bishop himself ever intend the circumstance to be known. Yet he could make his sense of ingratitude, and more than once evinced the sentiments which he could detect instances where his bounty had been abused. A young artist had painted for him a picture, for which he was liberally paid. He had no patron but the bishop, who, seeing indications of talent about him, protected and fostered him, till he rose to considerable eminence in his profession. In the zenith of his fame the prelate reminded him of his early effort, and expressed a wish, that the artist should re-touch it, and make a trifling alteration in the foreground, which the bishop suggested. The artist assented, and the picture was sent to his house. When finished, it was returned to his lordship, with the inquiry, "if he was satisfied with the alteration?" "Perfectly, Mr.—What am I in your debt?" "Twenty guineas, my lord." (The original cost of the little landscape was five.) The bishop, without comment, wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it in silence to the painter. "I am much obliged to you, my lord." I agree with you, sir, in opinion," replied his Lordship, with a bow, which told the painter their intimacy and intercourse were ended.

A DILEMMA.—The following example of nicety of conscience is as good a jest as it is a model of truth. Dr. A. Clarke, on being admitted into full communion, was asked, as usual, certain questions: among other questions always asked before admission, is the following: "are you in debt?" Though rather a whimsical incident, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and nonplussed Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that morning with another preacher, a poor man asked a halpenny.—Mr. C. had none, but borrowed one from the preacher who was walking with him. That preacher happening to go out to town, he could not see him during the day to repay this small sum. When he stood up with the others he knew not what to say, when the question, "Are you in debt?" should be proposed: he thought "If I say I am in debt, they will ask me how much? when I say I owe one halpenny, they will naturally suppose me to be a fool. If I say I am not in debt, this will be a lie; for I owe one halpenny, and as a truly under the obligation to pay as if the sum were twenty pounds, and while I owe that I cannot, consistently with eternal truth, say I am not in debt." He was now most completely within the horns of a dilemma; and which to take he knew not, and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—"Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?" he dissolved the difficulty in a moment, by answering—"Not one PENNY."

RECIPE FOR FORGETFULNESS.—Captain R.—of, of this port, who had been from home about a year and a half, wrote to inform his wife that he had arrived in London, and intended to be walking with him, where he wished her to meet him on a certain day, which he named. The lady was punctual to the appointment, and so was the captain. They met at the water side hotel, but strange to say, he did not know each other! At length Mrs. R. became restless, frequently going to the window and "peeping out;" in the direction of London road, she saw a man who she recognized for some time in silence, but at last ventured to ask her if she was waiting for any person?—"I expect my husband, Captain R.—", will be here every instant," answered the lady. "Alas, my dear, I do not know, why then are you my wife, but may I be well-hailed if I knew your colour." The result of the discovery was a friendly kiss and mutual congratulation.—[Hull Paper.]

A THIEF SHOT BY A MISTAKE. On Tuesday night last a shocking occurrence took place at Litherland. Mr. Whalley, a farmer at Ford, near Litherland having got up in the middle of the night, on going to the shippon, perceived three men lurking about, and suspecting that they intended to steal some poultry, he returned into the house, and took down a bundle containing some ducks and fowls which he then called out two pointer dogs, and heard as he expected, a noise among the poultry. The dogs rushed to the spot, and the three men came running out with a bag containing some ducks and fowls which they had killed. Mr. Whalley pursued and caught one of them, whereupon his companions returned, and they all commenced a most brutal attack upon Mr. Whalley. He was knocked down and dreadfully beaten about the head and arms. One of the men, named Richard Spencer, seized the blunderbuss by the barrel, and struck Mr. Whalley with the butt end of it which so much hurt him, that the store was broken in two. This caused the blunderbuss to go off, when the robber discharged the whole of the contents in the lower part of the abdomen. By this time Mr. Whalley was nearly insensible, but on recovering a little, he found that the whole of the men had disappeared. It afterwards turned out that the wounded man with the assistance of his companions, got on board the flat of a person named James Gore, which was passing along the canal towards Liverpool. The flat arrived at the canal basin, between four and five o'clock on Wednesday morning, and Spencer was conveyed to a house in Kent-street North where he died the same day about noon. An inquest was held before Mr. Aspinwall, on Friday, on the body, which was frightfully mutilated, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. The accomplices of the deceased are still at large. It is believed that Mr. Whalley owes the preservation of his life to the accident which cut short that of his assailant.—[Liverpool Times.]

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.—A young preacher, in the time of James I., being appointed to hold forth before the Vice-Chancellor and heads of the colleges of Oxford, took for his text "What I cannot watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion as the Vice-Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy headed persons who cannot attend church, without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate Vice-Chancellor so often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last all present could very well see the joke. The Vice-Chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and at the talk it occasioned, that he complained, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the Archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense that his Grace procured him the honor of preaching before the King. Here also he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words—"James First and Sixth, Watcher not;" which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick sighted, exclaimed, "He's at me already; but he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag, as to make him one of his Chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text—"Sleep on now, and take your rest."

AN ECDOTE OF THE LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM. "In the year 1809 the bishop published a charge, entitled the 'Grounds of Separation between the Churches of England and Rome.' It is carefully and judiciously written, and negatives most completely the

Public Record Office Reference 4757. COPYRIGHT OF PHOTOGRAPH RESERVED TO PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE. FOR PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE, APPLY TO PUBLIC ARCHIVES, OTTAWA.