OL. XXIII. For the Kingston Herald. FEMALE FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF

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OTICE.

T. O.

rhy weepest thou ? weep not for the dead; as our feeting years, soon soon we must go at that the millions through ages have lead ; ment to mortal's not given to know. artiful boy, in the brightest of bloom,

the simple spring flower, looked roun sarth, mise of sunshine, that beamed on its birth le lone star in the morning that shines

seep in the dew drops in leaving coat sames seep in the dew drops in leaving so beight, sew little minutes it joyfully joins syrisds of heaven, in purest of light.

Angels, though pitying, wished for their brother took him to share in their glory above, he'll welcome to peace his sorrowing m g with bright seraphs—adores with the throng ars not a sigh, and he sees not a tear;

tured with praise, sings the heavenly song; a why should we wish he had longer been here? not for him, since soon you shall share thappiness he has so early begun; ill then bid adieu to this dark world of care, nite in the bliss of the saints and your son. S

For the Kingston Herald. LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE INFANT HTER OF MR. AND MRS, C-. A FEW MENTS AFTER HER DEPARTURE, BY FIR FRIFND, Adieu! thou smiling happy creature;

No more thou'lt please us with thy play; How placid is thy every feature, Though thy spirit 's left its clay. harp, but short, thy mortal struggle,

Now at last thy suffering's o'er; Ne'er shalt thou feel earthly trouble, Now thy spirit has gained the shore

Where pain and sorrow never come But where, in everlasting bounty, Youth and beauty ever bloom.

shall join thy infant brother gone; bere with him shalt joys inherit, Round you high and dazzling Throne

From the portals of the sky; Now each sister spirit greets thee, Now together upwards fly.

To admit the heiress in; By simighty that spoken, "She shall ever rest com sin."

Though we see our sad bereaven brothers, sisters, all; Though we feel such strong endea Back we'd not thy spirit call.

to us may grace be given, Unward for to follow thee: May we at last attain to Heaven And there forever join with thee

EARLY WOO'D AND WON! B. MRS. ABDY.

rly woo'd, -d early won, ver -pented under the sun.

a not for the fair young bride her kindred, lov'd and tried.

o glad another home ; eady are the gay brief days f girlish triumph done, quil happiness repays

shall invade her peace no more r forrow wound the breast; ssing rivalries are o'er, assing doubts at rest; ring haunts of worldly state re whispers her to shun, enes of purer bliss await

sa young and guileless heart fond, and warm, allied by the world's vain mart hed by passion's storm; bone's deferred" she hath not pined, hope's sweet course was run! aim of sad remembrance bind early woo'd and won.

les and songs have ceased to greet e halls of festal mirth, man's salest dwelling place yatre oce's hearth; our of duty, joy and love, htness have begun ; be her portion from above, arly woo'd and won.

THEMECHANIC; ALE OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

FROM THE FRENCH BY MISS ELIZA SHERIDAN.

From the Boston Notion. CHAPTER III. (Concluded.)

this had elapsed since the events recorthe lat chapter, and the Mechanic and the lat chapter, and the Mechanic and the lat chapter, and the Mechanic and the chapter, and Mary? how felt Mary of Engage the line Mary? how felt Mary of Engage the line Mary? time approached for the execution of aronic?—What had she done in the spassion? Condemned an innoceful (as man to death !- For Mary knew not was stained with the dreadful crime Remorse weighed heavy on her heart the delayed from day to day, the naexact time of execution, hoping it be staid. Simon Renard saw the waace in claiming the victim for the block! ic was a cypher to him. It matteris hour came. But Fabiano! he once ous foe was removed, whose influ-Queen forboded danger to the court. onsult how best the execution might s controverted, but she knew not the he wily agent she employed!

of the Tower cartiously entered one of halls or passages, in which the building followed, by a young female dressed in

rich but mourning habiliments. It was the Lady Jane Talbot. The jailor paused.

'Here you are, my lady, where you desired me to conduct you. There are the two doors of the

dungeons you mentioned. Now, my lady, the re-

'Here friend, take this,' said she, unclasping pracelet of some value from her arm and handi it to the man, whose eyes glistened as he received

it, saying,

Thank your Ladyship. You'll not betray me?

For were it known I brought you here, it would go hard with me.' Jane promised, and the jailor hastened away; she anxiously gazed upon the doors of the cells one of which she knew Gilbert to be confined in, and throwing herself upon her knees exclaimed.

Gracious Providence Legist we have to a feet the same of the cells one of the cells one of the cells one of which she knew Gilbert to be confined in, and throwing herself upon her knees exclaimed.

Gracious Providence! assist me how to act. For me he was condemned. By me he must be saved. But how? One weak woman against a host of enemies. Have pity on me just heaven; nerve me with Herculean strength, show me but the way to save him, and I will how with resigna-tion to my future fate. To die upon the scaffold! Oh, horror! Away with tears! to action! to ac-

And that instant the Queen's voice was heard giving orders without. Jane started from her kneed and hastily concealed herself behind one of the massive pillars, lost in the gloom, as the Queen advanced with an agitated step, followed by Simon

Advanced with an agitated step, followed by Simon Renard, who appeared to be expostulating with her. Mary spoke hurriedly.

'You are astonished at our change of purpose? be it so. It is our pleasure that he should live. We have considered well, he must not die?'

'Your majesty should have signified your pleasure ere this—'tis now three weeks since sentence

pronounced. The Queen frowned at this. 'Well, sir, and what then: Fabiano must not die! The bell that knells his death seals thy fate forever! But leave us, leave us, lest we say further !?

Simon, nothing daunted, continued, 'Fabiano is hated and despised by every heart about the Court; the citizens have taken up the Mechanic's cause, and participate in the Court's hatred of Fabiano; and should he not suffer according to the sentence there will no doubt be an uproar of the populace.'

'Well,' said Mary, 'our soldiers shall quell such disturbance.'

'Your majesty has avowed to show him no fa-

The Queen replied, 'He has sent us our blank signature by whi h we had avowed by our imperial crown to grant what he should demand.'

'Think of the gross deception to your majesty.'
'There are those about the Court as deceptive s bimself! and her majesty's look rested on her auditor, who proceeded—' Mine is but the voice of the people.' Mary's eyes glistened. 'By my crown! what are the voices of the multitude to us? Are we mistress here, ir, or are we not?' Simon bowed, but remained silent. Many commanded bim from her presence, as he retired he muttered to himself, 'Now to try the people's voice!' Mary gazed after him. 'I like not that man's face a transfer of the sedition among my people. How shall I act? 'Tis nerilous, hut shall I shrink? I were not my father's daughter then! What hel who waits there?' and Lephen.

then! What, ho! who waits there? and Joshua and the jailor instantly obeyed her summons. She addressed the latter—' Master Eneas, thou and this man must aid me in the escape of Lord Fabia-

Eneas stammered forth- Your majesty-I-I

The Queen perceiving his embarrassment, said, I had forgot, thou art one of his enemies. By my crown, this Simon Renard is more King here than we are Queen. He has raised a host of ene-mies where we had looked for friends. Is there no one to aid us in the escape of an imprisoned

man!'
A voice replied—'Yes, your majesty, I will!'
and a figure emerged from the gloom and stood by
the side of Mary.
'Jane Talbot!' exclaimed the Queen, and Josh-

ua, the old turnkey, started in amazement at her

sudden appearance.

'How com'st thou here?' demanded Mary - And for what purpose? but thou need'st not answer; you love, and would aid in his escape. You pardon all your wrongs as we do ours. But what's to be done?

Jane replied—'The river washes the Tower on this side, from which there is an outlet; a boat might ensure his safety.'
Eneas stepped forward—'I beg pardon my lady.

but a boat cannot approach till the tide serves, and that will not be for an hour yet, 'twere better wait

'True, true,' said the Queen, turning to Jane, tis better to wait the gloom of twilight. We must begone, our presence is demanded elsewhere:
—remember, Jane Talbot, shrink not from the undertaking, the escape of an imprisoned man!' then addressing herself to the two men, she proceeded. We charge you both to obey this lady as 'twere ourself, or thy heads shall answer for it!' and Mary with a hasty step passed through the archway and was out of sight. Joshua drew his arm across his eyes, to wipe away a tear as he muttered to him-self, 'poor Gilbert! they think not of thee.'

Jane addressed herself to Eneas, 'you hear her majesty's command? In an hour see that a boat be at the foot of the tower; have the keys too, of the several outlets and a mask and mantle,—away.' Eneas promised her commands should be strictly obeyed and departed. Jane with an expression of joy, and an account husting order to the second of the second o joy, and an accent hurried and agitated turned to old Joshua, 'Speak Joshua, which is his dungeon?' The old man scarcely deigned a look as he replied, pointing, 'This is the door of Lord Fabiano's dun-

geen, lady.'
'No, no, no, good Joshua; I want not his, but
Gilbert's, Gilbert's! O! open his dungeon to me, I

Joshus gazed at her with joy as he prepared to obey her command, saying, God bless thee, lady, thou didst not forget him!

The huge key turned in the lock, the bar was withdrawn, and Gilbert came forth in answer to the turnkey's call.

'Is my hour come? be it so, I am prepared!' his

'Is my hour come? be it so, I am prepared!' his eye fell on Jane, he started back—'Ah! what do I see?—Jane, Lady Talbot, I mean!'
Jane rushed up to him, she flung herself upon her knees at his feet. 'Gilbert, dear Gilbert! turn not from me, I have come to save thee. I know that I am all you would say—ungrateful, false—but, oh forgive me! I cannot bear reproach from your lips,—no, no, any lips but yours may brand me all I am. Gilbert, in an hour all will be prepared for your escape. Oh! in pity allow me the happy reflection of having saved my benefactor's life,—deny me your pardon, but let me save thy life.'
Gilbert almost sternly realied.—'Of what value

Gilbert almost sternly replied,- Of what value is my life since I am no longer beloved by thee?

Jane uttered a shriek of joy, and clinging to h.s knees, exclaimed,—Oh, Gilbert, dear Gilbert, your words have removed a weight from off my heart that longer sufferance would have broken. You do that longer sufferance would have broken. You do not curse me, and I dare once more take this hand in mine unchided; I am innocent in all but a momentary dereliction of faith to thee—'tis past long since, and my heart's pulse has beat but for thee. Oh, Gilbert! dare I confess how dear thou art to

The Mechanic raised her to his heart. 'She loves me, hear it, Almighty Father !-- she loves me,

hear, record it; her lips have pronounced the charmed words which restore to me the love of life. Thou hast prepared for my escape, quick, quick,—life now is dear, ah, how dear to me! I want the free, cool air of heaven to assuage this horning how.

Mary thought for an instant, then in desperation, exclaimed,—By Heaven, if thou can'st find no way to save him, thou shalt be gagged like him, and take thy place beneath the cloth which covers hereing how.

Jane explained to him her position, how the Queen, supposing her interested for Fabiano; had given orders to those about the prison to obey her. How the boat and a disguise would be in readiness within an hour—' and oh, Gilbert,' she continued when thou art free we shall again be happy. For a time, the demon fashioned like an angel, ensla-ved my senses, his winning outside gained my childish fancy, not my heart. Gilbert, that was

ever thine.' I do believe thee, and that voice shall soften "I do believe thee, and that voice shall solten at my griefs; we will quit London this night. In Venice I can toil for our support. You will be mine. No, no, I had forgotten. The Lady Talbot is no longer the Mechanic's ward, and Gilbot ty's brow was clouded as he dropped the hand he held in his. Jane comprehended him and taking his hand, said—"there is a title dearer to my heart then sell the rank of causts?"

"Hark!' said Mary, 'they thirst for blood, for his heart's blood. Eneas, act well thy part, or look to thy head. They shall have blood! They shall have blood! "They shall have blood!" The unhappy Queen hastened from the scene of so much riot and agitation to triumph at her scheme of ensuring safety for the unworthy Italian.

"Where are we now, Joshua?" inquired Jane, as the authorise followed the edd trusters them. than all the rank of courts.

Gilbert gazed into her face, she approached her head near to his shoulder, and whispered—thy

"My wife, my wife,' exclaimed the Mechanic, and pressed her to his bosom, in an ecstacy of joy. Old Joshua, who stood some paces in the rear, felt the tears of joy fast mounting to his eyes, and thinking it beneath a turnkey's dignity to shed them, he thrust one hard in his doublet, rattled the large with the other, and winking and blinking his keys with the other, and winking, and blinking his eyes to prevent the watery intruders, he began to whistle—at that instant a low murmuring sound was heard without; Joshua hastened to one of the grated windows.

There is a crowd some short distance hence. I see the torches glare upon armed men, and citizens, armed with pikes and mattocks. Hark, they

advance this way, they shout.'
Eneas rushed in with a mantle and mask in his hand, and hastening towards Gilbert threw the forhadd, and hastening towards Gilbert threw the for-mer over him, exclaiming, 'quick, quick, my Lord, lose not a moment, 'tis rumored the Queen wishes to save your life. The citizens are enla-ged, and call aloud for 'death to Fabiano.' 'Haste, Eneas,' said Jane-' haste and gain fur

ther tidings.'

Joshua hastily took Gilbert's arm, as the cries and shouts drew nearer, and urged him forward.

Jane was about to follow, Joshua prevented her. No, lady, he must go alone; you would be observed in the boat—come with me by another passage till the peril of escape has passed—when you shall join him—ah! we are too late, the crowd surround the tower. I hear footsteps approaching this way In, Gilbert, in.

In, Gilbert, in.?

And the old man had scarcely time to thrust the Mechanic back into his dungeon, and retreat, almost dragging the wretched Jane after him, when the Queen, followed by Eneas, entered by the arch beneath a gallery which ran across the upper story of the Tower; she seized the jailor's arm—' Speak grighly, here he escand?' quickly, has he escaped?

'Not yet, your majesty, the crowd prevented—'
He was interrupted by the turnult without, which became louder and louder, shouting 'Death to Fabiano!' and 'down with the Italian!'

Immediately on the gallery above appeared Simon Renard, followed by a Herald bearing the Royal Banner—also Lord Clinton. Gentlemen and Pages thronged the gallery and hall. Simon

Renard addressed her majesty—

'The people become impatient for the execution of this man. The Tower is surrounded—the partizans of Elizabeth throng the street from Guildhall to the Tower. What are your majesty's com-

The cries without became louder. 'Hear their cries,' exclaimed Mary. 'They thirst for blood. Shall we hurl a man from the battlements to appease their shouts? By my soul, my Lords, you stand trembling all about me. To horse! to horse! Does this vile mob intimidate you? To horse! I say, or exchange the swords you wear for cudgels!'

for cudgels!'
'Down with the traitor!—Death to Fabiano! was loudly shouted, and missiles were thrown with

violence against the windows.

4 Already they pass the barrier, and Simon; in a few moments he is lost.

'Lords, Gentlemen,' shouted the Queen—none of you stir—will you not defend your Queen?' Defend your majesty! yes—but Fabiano never,' was the general cry.

The mob without becoming more and more incensed at finding no notice taken of their move-

ments, cried out with vehemence, 'Fabiano! to death?' Elizabeth, forever!'
Simon Renard hastily descended from the gallery, and approaching the Queen addressed her thus—
Hear you those cries, madam? The head of Fabiano to the people, or your groups to Elizabeth!

Fabiano to the people, or your crown to Elizabeth! Your orders, madam ; your orders! before it be too

A large stone was hurled through a window and fell at the feet of Mary. She glared with the eye of a basilisk upon Simon, and hoarsely said—
Thou creature of the Cardinal! do what tho wilt to appease this tumult. Give thou the rabble assurance of the execution, when and where thou wilt—I cannot speak it! And Mary overcome by her emotion, leaned for support against one of the pillars which supported the gallery, as Simon Renard mounted to the window and addressed the

populace—
In the name of the Queen.

The Herald repeated the words, and Simon continued,—'Citizens, the Queen of England commands it to be known to you that this night, an hour after Curfew, Fabiano, Count Clanbrassal, will be executed.' He was interrupted with shouts and clapping of hands, then proceeded-"He shouts and clapping of nands, then proceeded—fre will walk in procession to the place of execution covered with a black veil from head to foot, bear-ing in his hand a lighted torch; he will be con-ducted from the Tower through Charing-cross to the old Market place, there to expiate his crime of

high treason.?

Loud clapping of hands without, testified the joy created by this proclamation, and voices cried, 'Long live Queen Mary.' When silence was procured, Simon continued.

'And that it shall be known to the city of Longuest decrees that during the moving

on, her majesty decrees that during the moving of the procession, the great bell of the Tower shall toll, and on arriving at the place of execution, three cannons shall be fired: the first when the criminal shall mount the scaffold, the second when he shall place his head upon the block, and the third when the blow is struck. God save the Queen. 'God save the Queen' was uttered by the mob. Simon closed the window, descended the gallery

Simon closed the window, descended the gallery and bowed to her majesty. Mary cast on him a withering look of contempt, then waving her hand, she dismissed all about her,—My Lords and Gentlemen, leave us, leave us? One by one disappeared. The Queen watched anxiously; Eneas was about to follow the last one, she seized him by the arm and dragging him forward exclaimed,—'Traitor, I swear by my crown, if Fabiano dies such shall be thy fate. Speak not, but devise some means to save him, and thou sav'st thyself;—Mark me, he must be saved!'

Eneas trembled at her majesty's vehemence.

Eneas trembled at her majesty's vehemence, tut replied. 'The people are so incensed they will not disperse till they have witnessed an execution, and there is no way to get out from the Tower unseen.'

thin to the place of execution?

Ah, your majesty, said the jailor, I have thought of a way to save him the Mechanic is nearly his size, the men at arms will keep the crowd from about the scaffold, can we not substitute him for the Italian?

Mary uttered an hysterical shrick, - Saved, saved! But thou shalt answer for his safety with

saved! But thou shalt answer for his safety with thy head. See that this exchange be made, and thou shalt have wealth, wealth?

Murmuring shouts were heard without, blended with the name of 'Fabiano.'

'Hark!' said Mary, 'they thirst for blood, for his heart's blood. Eneas, act well thy part, or look to thy head. They shall have blood; ha, ha, ha! they shall have blood!'

The unbapp Queen hastened from the scene of so much riot and actiation to trumph at have blood.

Where are we now, Joshua? inquired Jane, as she cautiously followed the old turnkey through a secret door, covered by black hangings. A large iron lamp was suspended to the wall, which threw its rays upon the black drapery about an altar upon which burned two wax torches. Joshua

On the second landing of the great stair-case, used for the procession of the cor

Dreadful!' said Jane. 'And is this the only way to escape with secrecy from the tower!'

'It is. Every other egress is surrounded by the rabole, waiting to witness the procession issue from the tower to the place of execution.'

'Oh, Joshua, that fearful proclamation still ounds in my ears. 'Ah, lady, habit has made such sounds long familiar to these old ears.' 'Think you, Joshua, we can effect Gilbert's es-

'I hope so, lady,' said the old man. 'After the execution, while the crowd is dispersing, will be the time to make the attempt.
'To-morrow is appointed for his death!'—and Jane siddered. 'Oh, Joshua, my heart beats and my brain burns to think of it.'
'Hark!' said Joshua.
A murmuring sound was heard descending the staircase, as if many feet were approaching. Jane

staircase, as if many feet were approaching. Jane

clung to the old man.

Listen, Joshua; they come this way. We must conceal ourselves, lady,' said the old man—and leading Jane behind the altar, bade her crouch down till the procession had passed, and he sought another place of concealment farther a-A voice was heard above in deep tones as fol-

The man why follows in this train, covered with a black roll, is Signor Fabiano, Count Clanbrassal, on his way to the market-place for execu-

tion, and neaven have mercy on his soul.' A second roice responded 'Amen.'
The procession slowly appeared descending in the following order:
Two men in black, bearing white banners, with

white crape.

Eneas with black cloak and white wand. Four yeomen of the guards, bearing halberds. The executioner, bearing a bright axe upon his

shoulder.

The criminal, covered entirely with black—feet naked—a hole made in the black covering through which was thrust his right arm, bearing a lighted torch. A priest in full robes, followed by two boys in white surplices.

Two men bearing white banners, white crape.
Four yeomen, holding lighted torches.
A herald bearing the banner of England.
When the procession reached the landing, the reclamation was delivered in the same deep toned voice; the tower bell tolled at intervals, and the

whole procession passed on.
Joshua appeared from his hiding place, and Jane rose up to meet him.
Oh, Joshua, I shrink with terror. That dreadful train .-- "

ful train.—?

'Hush, lady; we must not be heard together.
Wait here while I see an outlet from which we
may pass in safety.

Jane implored him not to leave her in that horrid place: but Joshua assured her if they sought
the liberation of Gilbert, no time was to be lost.
And Jane consented to remain, urging his quick
return. When alone she gazed wildly round her.

--- That dreadful procession! Oh, this place is
like some yast maysleum: the air is cold and like some vast mausoleum; the air is cold and cheerless: at this altar, I will offer prayers for

Gilbert's safety.'
And Jane Talbot bent her knees before the altar and rested her forhead upon her clasped hands

Part of the black drapery with which the walls were hung, was slowly raised, and a female advanced. She moved silently—her cheek was pale—her hands pressed together. She paused, appeared abstracted, then sighed deeply. Jane stated, and turning from whose these these started, and turning from whence the sound pro-ceeded, beheld the Queen.-Mary heard the movements and it recalled her to herself .- She deman led quickly, 'Who goes there?'

"Tis I, my Queen,' fearfully replied the trem-

bling Jane. Is it thou, unfortunate girl? The Queen glad to meet thee, for thou art wedded to her in misfortune.—Fabiano has no friends but thou and I. All, all abhor him. They crowd the streets, and with one continued cry they shout for death. Death to Fabiano! and even as he passes through the street to meet his fate, they yell him savege joy at sight of him. To behold an execution, they luminate the city even to the scaffold's feet. And Mary rushed to a window, which she threw back and pointed wildly.

'Ye vile populace, delight ye so in blood that ye must let loose the reins of pleasure and madly delight in a fellow creature's death? Oh, that the spirit of my father now inhabited my woman's heart! I would pour such a torrent of vengeance on this accursed city that London ashes should be

blown by hurricanes to the eastern desert.' Just then the great bell tolled; Jane shuddered at the sound. The Queen laughed.

Jane spoke in a tone of reproach. 'Oh, my
Queen, at such a time.'

Mary drew the window close.' Out of my right, thou hateful city. Yes, Jane Talbot, thy Queen is full of mirth, ha, ha, ha? and she laugh-

ed hysterically.

'I see, thou think'st me mad; 'tis joy, joy, joy!'

—He's safe! Fabiano's safe! The head which soon will roll at the feet of the executioner, is not What means my Queen ?

'She means that by her art, another has been substituted, and led out to execution.'

Jane inquired quickly—'And that other?'
'Is Gilbert the Mechanic!' Jane uttered a piercing shrick, and madly ex-

laimed.—
'No, no! in God's name, say it is not so!—how? then? where? "I do repeat it, girl,' said Mary; 'Gilbert has gone in Fabiano's place; it being night, and he covered, the cheat will not be detected, and I am here to hasten the escape of Fabiano.' Again the bell tolled. Jane appeared like one

'Thou deep-tongued monster, peace !' then faling on her knees to Mary she proceeded. Mercy, nercy! my Queen; 'tis not too late to save him—him, Gilbert whom I love!' and she clung to the Queen's garments. 'There is yet time, delay the execution. Give but your royal order and with the foot of the swift deer will I fly.'

Many appeared unmoved; her suppliant held her rosary towards her. 'Mary, my Queen, look on this! it speaks of mercy. Obey the mandate, and Jane Talbot will worship thee!' Mary endeavored to disengage herself from her grasn; but the distracted girl followed upon her

"Unhappy girl you plead in vain. An attempt at rescue would detect the fraud, and both would The huge bell again sounded. Jane stood erect - sound on, sound on, 'tis music to my ear, for now I bethink me it was not Gilbert in that dark

procession I saw pass this way. The figure was enshrouded in that horrid veil, but 'twas not Gilbert's tread. Your Majesty has been deceived and Fabiano is the victim. Now was it Mary's turn to shudder with af-

Gods! could I think so. Eneas play me false, what ho, quick. Who waits there? Two under jailors obeyed her hasty summons.— Mary drew from her finger a ring and speaking

Mary drew from her finger a ring and speaking with the utmost rapidity.

'Take this, our royal signet, post haste to the market place, bid them delay the execution,—quick—pause not for breath—though thou fall a corpse at the scaffold's foot; away.' Then turning to the man in waiting she continued—'and haste thee fellow to the dungeons of the two condemned, in one of them thou'lt find a prisoner, bring him hither; pause not for reply, but fly.'

Again the bell sounded. Mary pressed her hand to her brow. 'Oh, that bell,' Tell me some whispering angel, tolls it for Gibert, or Fab. some whispering angel, tolls it for Gilbert, or Fab-

There was a momentary silence between these two excited females, twas broken by Jane.
The bell has ceased to sound. The procession has reached the place of execution. My messenger will be too late.' The loud report of a can

on is heard.

The Queen appears transfixed. 'He mounts A short pause, and a second report is heard. He lays his head upon the block. A second more—and a third report came reverberating through the six

through the air .-Both shrieked at the sound. 'My Queen,' said Jane. 'Tis done.' Mary's eyes seemed burst-ing from their sockets as she exclaimed:—'Which is it, O God, which is it.'

Simon Renard pushed aside the black hanging and advanced from a door leading from without, Mary rushed to him, and madly seizing him by

Mary rushed to him, and madly seizing him by his arm, exclaimed:—
'Speak, and tell me quickly, whose form was that beneath the fatal pall led out to death. But do not say 'twas Fabiano's, for by my crown, my kingdom, and my thr. ne, if he has been the victim of thy vile deceit, I'll have thy traitor's head struck off, and some base hind shall hurl thy quivering carcass from yonder battlements for carrion to the vultures. Do not regard me with that fix. to the vultures. Do not regard me with that fixed, stern gaze; but speak, speak. It is thy Queen's command.

Before Simon could reply, the man who had been dispatched to the cells, returned, leading in the Mechanic, Gilbert.

Jane uttered a cry of joy. The Queen franti-

cally cried.
And Fabiano-Is executed!' said Simon Renard. Mary heard no more; with a wild cry, and o-vercome by her strong emotion, she fainted. Si-mon summoned her attendants, who bore her to couch and used every art for her recovery. a couch and used every art for her recovery. During the confusion occasioned by the Queen's insensibility, Joshua was seen by two anxious persons, motioning them to join him.

Under cover of the darkness, a small boat was loosened, from its mooring, and two males and a female, floated away from the wall of the Tower.

Mary's insensibility lasted for so long a period, that fears were entertained for her recovery. At length she recovered, and the day following gave orders for the instant execution of Gilbert the Me-

chanic, and Eneas.

Search was made in every direction, but the Mechanic, Eneas, and Jane Talbot, were never heard of more in the vicinity of Queen Mary's

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS OF THE U. S-The Philadelphia North American contains a valuable table with the above title, compiled from the returns of the sixth census, and containing a state ment of the agricultural products of all the states but three; viz. North Carolina, Michigan, and but three; viz. North Carolina, Michigan, and Kentucky. From which we learn that the largest wheat grown stae in the Union is Ohio; the amount 16,000,000, bushels; the next largest, Pennsylvania with 13,000,000, the next New-York 11,000,000, and the fourth, Virginia, 10,000,000. The largest amount of Indian coin raised in one state, is in Tennessee—42,000,000, bushels; Virginia,—34,000,000; Ohio—33,000,000; Indiana,—28,000,000; Illinois,—22,000,000; Missouri,—15,000,000.

New-York is the greatest potatoe growing States amount 30,000,000, bushels, Maine comes next with 10,000,000, and next Pennsylvania, with 8,-

000,000.

The greatest cotton growing State are Mississippi, 286,000,000 lbs.; Alabama 240,000,000; Georgia, 148,000,000; Carolina, 134,000,000; Tennessee, 128,000,000; Lousiana, 87,000,000; Arkansas, 23,000,000; Virginia, 10,000,000.

Louisiana is of course the largest producer of sugar, amount, 24,000,000 lbs., New-York comes next with 10,000,000 lbs.; the produce of our forests.

Tennessee, as she is first in corn, is also first in wine, number 2,692,000. Ohio stands next with New-York stands first for wool; next Ohio,

Vermont, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.

Tennessee again, stands first for tobacco. Amount 29,000,000 lts! Maryland, 18,000,000—
Virginia, 14,000,000. We regret that we have not the returns from Kentucky. In corn and tobacco, we think she will rank with the best of her sixters.

New-York stands first for lumber. Value \$3'-788,000. Next Maine, \$1,808,000. For products of the orchard New-York stands also first. Value, \$1,732,000.—For products of the dairy, New-York is again at the head. Value \$10,000,000. -Vermont next; \$4,892,000. A GHOST .- Some few years ago, in a parish no many miles from Glenorchy, two young men were watching the flock at night, as the usual custom is to this day in many parts of Argyleshire. Full of adventure and mischief, and to kill time, a mutual agreement was entered into, and lots; the one was saily saily and bries with the sails.

Donald having accomplished his task of exhumation before Dugald made his appearance with the wedder, fell a cracking the nuts sitting on the tomb-stone in the centre of the church-yard, when one of the elders of the parish happened to be wending his way home that way. The elder, who had failed for m my years to convince his parson of the tricks of ghosts and spectres, and premature resurrections, thought this a most favourable opportunity to bring round to a right and rational way of thinking. Off to the manse he ran, had an audience with the parson in his bed room, told him that Dugald M. Taggart's ghost was at that moment cracking the nuts upon his grave, together with other awful things! In vain did the good parson attempt to disabuse the mind of his friend; length, full of faith, he agreed that being unable to walk from rhetmatic affection, if the elder would carry him on his back to the church-yard, he would convince him of his delusion. This was no sooner said than done. By this time they no sooner said than done. By this time they reached the gate, listened with throbbing hearts, and heard actually the cracking of the nats; when by this time, the guardian of the sepulchie, imag-ning that the person he had observed coming with a burden had been Dugald with thewedder quesied aloud? "Is it a fat one?" The superstitious elder could stand it no longer. "By all that's sacred," exclaimed he, "be he fat or lean, there he is to exclaimed he; "be he fat or lean, there he is to you," throwing down the rheumatic parson with a thump upon the hard road! The consequence was that, as seeing is believing, the minister saw that it was either life or death, up he got, attempted to run and found his limbs to answer his purpose so well, that he was enabled to keep pretty close on the heels of his panting elder, who supposed him to be the spectre. Many a living witness can be found to testify to the truth of this incident, and also to the fact, that the pastor never knew rheumatic affections after that memorable night. matic affections after that memorable night,-[Scottish Guardian.]

Donald having accomplished his task of exhuma-

Nor Bad.—A lady's dress accidentally caught fire in one of the Philadelphia railway cars the other day, and on being told of it by one of the conductors, she very coolly replied, that "she was quite delighted at the idea of catching a spark."

The Earl of Chatham, who bore no good will about the inefficacy of his prescriptions; to which the doctor replied, "I defy any of my patients to find fault with me." "I believe you," replied the witty earl, "for they are all dead?"

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a nan's name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*; "I see," said the Judge, "the old proverb is manifested in this man, who being allowed an INCH, has taken an L."

Woman.—As the dew lies longest and produc-ces most fertility in the shade, so woman in the shade of domestic retirement sheds around her path richer and more permanent blessings than man, who is more exposed to the glare and obser-vation of public life. A BRIGHT Schotar .- One of the earlier French

A BRIGHT SCHOLAR.—One of the earlier French princes being too inducent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his stomach; as he knew not their names, he was obliged to calt them by their letter when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literatute for the exercise of the royal functions.

THE SIXTH ORDER .- If architects attempt anything original, they are ridiculed for their pains, and desired to stick to the five orders. This is he sixth order of the public.

An Excuse.—A writer in a postcript hoped his correspondent would excuse faults of spelling, if any, as he had no knife to mend his pens. A HIT AT THE LADIES .- Knocking off a lady's

CHRISTIAN URBANITY .- Shaking bands with our antagonist before blowing his brains out. LIGHT READING .- A treatise on feathers .-

The original copy of the following letter has been handed to us; and we can assure our readers it is a curiosity not often met with. Who, after reading it, can doubt that the schoolmaster is a-

Most onorible brother and Sister I take my per in hand to in form you of my helth my helth is pretty Bad at present but my famley is in a good stat of Helth at present but the Ways of heavien is marvils in the sight of man I must tel you the sitwaton of my children Juliaie husband is marchant and he treads in bur-Julinia husband is marchant and he treads in bur-rill 20 miles from Rome and he ones a good house in rome Villige Harrison and James and William all ron line boats in the new york and ohio line thay all goe capts and thay clare a bout 15 hundred dollars a yeare and ef you was to see them you wood think that thay was young bonoe parts ef you was to see the canals and Railrods the railso delited to see the canals and Railrods the railrod go. close to my house the railrod will be dun
this fall and When the railrod is done we can goe
to Albany to buffalow in one day 365 milds and
the blackriver canal come Into rome and thay
comenc diging last Spring and thee Sitty of Rome
will Be a great Sitty in five years this is a groin
country and a good plas for laber I want you to
tell Richard Jacobs of He did by mee out of the
colds farme I can live thank and i can live witholde farme I can live thank god i can live without that the schoundle geave mee a note of therty dollers and I wated 5 years and hee pad 15 collers and that is all and I Sent the note to him and he and that is all and I Sent the note to him and he Will not pay the rest But hee sold his beth rite as Judes did I have not hairn ennay thing from you sens I com from your Hous ef you should git this letter plees to Right as soon as you git this letter and plees to rit ware richard carpender is and Pashants is and ware dyer Branch is I Waish that you wood come and see mee I think that your daughter wood due well to com to rome and taish school ef enny of you shood com to rome ef enny school ef enny of you shood com to rome ef enny of you should com bay whithall or by Albany Jest in quer for capt H Jacobs or capt James R Jacobs or capt W Jacobs or capt J parmer and enny one will tel you ware you Will find them and ary one will fitch you to rome as som one will Be in albany all the time a most ef I had my lif to live over a gin I cod take cuffatd I can ride from albany to huffalow and it want caust mee one cast. falow and it wont caust mee one cent miss Jacobs can go to rhodisland When she pleeses the tanners live right on the canal tha go when thay plees 5 of my children go on the canal and plees to rit so no more at bresent but plees to it skus my ritin Right or rong let go i am a govel old feller yet Rome March 11 1839 JAMES JACOBS

WANTED A SITUATION. S CLERK, or WAREHOUSEMAN, by a Young

A S CLERK, or WAREHOUSEMAN, by a Young Man who can be well recommended, has been some years in the Province, and who would make himself generally useful. Letters addressed (post paid) to A. B. care of Dr. Barker, Kingston, would be punctually attended to.

Kingston, March 12, 1841. to seize and bring with him a wedder from a neigh-bouring flock, the other to exhume a bag of nuts, which at the request of a whimsical parson had been interred with his corpse a few days previous.

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