

QUAKERS' CONGRATULATION TO THE QUEEN.

Among numberless addresses to the Queen, on her marriage, was the following:—

(From the Court Circular of Feb. 26.)

The Queen held a Court yesterday afternoon at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of addresses to the Throne.

The members of the Religious Society of Friends having, according to ancient custom, been uncovered by the Yeomen of the Guard, were then introduced to the presence of her Majesty on the Throne, and presented to her Majesty the following address:—

"To Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

"The respectful address of the undersigned members of a meeting appointed to represent the Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

May it please the Queen,

"As a Christian and loyal body, permit us, on the important and deeply interesting occasion of thy marriage, to convey to thee the renewed assurance of our cordial attachment to thy person and Government.

"The institution of marriage we have ever regarded as a Divine ordinance, and it is our prayer to God that his blessing may richly crown thy union, and render it conducive alike to thy own happiness, and the welfare of thy people.

"It is with heartfelt satisfaction that we anticipate thy future happiness in this union, and earnest are our desires for thee and thy consort, that walking in the fear of the Lord, your example may be so ordered in all things by the wisdom which is from above, as powerfully to promote the course of true religion and virtue throughout the land.

"The real prosperity of our beloved country is an object dear to our hearts, and under this feeling we would express our belief that in proportion as pure and practical Christianity is permitted to sway thy counsels and is promoted among thy subjects, will thy prosperity be most effectually advanced, social order maintained, and thy throne established in the affections of thy people.

"May He, by whom Kings reign and Princes decree justice, bless thee, O Queen, and increasingly make thee a blessing to thy own and to surrounding nations, and mayest thou, at the end of thy days, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Saviour, be received into everlasting glory."

Her Majesty returned the following most gracious answer.

"I earnestly join in your prayers for the welfare of my people, and acknowledge with thanks your interest for my own happiness, which is inseparably connected with the subject of your congratulations.

"I feel with you that the prosperity of nations is most effectually secured by observing the precepts and cherishing the benevolent spirit of the Christian religion."

THE QUEEN AND THE CATHOLICS.—In the printed instructions and regulations for the fast of Lent in the year 1840, addressed to all the faithful in the London District, by Thomas Bishop of Olena, vicar apostolic in that district, there is the following passage:—"We cannot omit, on this our first address to you, dearly beloved, after the solemn nuptials of our beloved Sovereign, to admonish you of the additional duty which this joyful event imposes on you; though we are confident your loyalty to her Majesty and your devotion to your country have anticipated our admonition. With heartfelt acknowledgment you have thanked the giver of every good gift for the auspicious marriage of her Majesty with his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and have fervently prayed that their union may be long and happy; that they may see their progeny to the third and fourth generations; and after our gracious Queen shall have administered temporal prosperity to her subjects, they may be brought to eternal happiness in heaven. Continue thus to comply, in dutiful affection, with the obligations which almighty God, by the mouth of St. Paul imposes—(1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.) That these supplications may be unceasing, we have directed our beloved clergy to insert the name of his Royal Highness Prince Albert in the prayer which they daily recite for her Majesty and the royal family, at the end of the adorable sacrifice." The words inserted in the prayer are "Albertum, consortem ejus Regium."

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY BRIGADE.—Immediately after the battle of Waterloo, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent, declared himself (in compliment to the 1st and 2d regiments of Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards, (blue,) which had severally distinguished themselves during the engagement) Colonel-in-Chief of the Household Cavalry Brigade. Upon the accession of the Regent to the throne, on the death of George III., his Majesty still continued to hold that appointment, and the compliment was continued to be conferred upon those distinguished regiments by the Sovereign up to the period of the decease of William IV. It is now rumoured that it is her Majesty's intention (to show the high estimation in which her Majesty holds those regiments) to confer the honorary appointment of Colonel-in-Chief of the Household Cavalry Brigade upon Prince Albert.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND SIR JAMES MACDONELL.—Some years ago, the Duke of Wellington was waited on at Apsley House by two gentlemen, who announced to him that, as executors of the will of a deceased friend of eccentric habits, who had left £500 to the bravest man in the British army, they had called for the purpose of handing to his Grace a cheque for that amount; being fully satisfied, that in so doing they should religiously fulfil the duty imposed on them by the testator. The Duke thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, but resolutely declined to receive the money; alleging, that the British army contained many as brave men as himself. After several pressing remonstrances, his Grace's visitors earnestly requested, that he would consent to become arbitrator in the matter, and indicate the individual on whom the bequest should be conferred. To this appeal he acceded; promising, in the course of two or three days, to give the matter his consideration, and report to them the result. At the appointed time, they again made their appearance at Apsley House. The Duke received them with great courtesy; but assured them that he had found the task a great deal more difficult than he had anticipated. After enumerating to them the various battles in which he had been engaged, and some of the most striking feats of heroism he had witnessed, he suggested, that if they had no objection, he would make the selection from the battle of Waterloo; that being the last, the greatest, and most important action of the war. This point being adjusted, his Grace proceeded to state, that Huguemont having been the key to his entire position, and the post having been

defended not only with the most complete success, but with the most chivalrous bravery, by Major-General Sir James Macdonell, who commanded there, he could point out no one so fully entitled to the legacy as that officer. The executors repaired accordingly to Sir James Macdonell, and having acquainted him with the decision of the Duke of Wellington, tendered him the money. Sir James expressed himself highly flattered by so distinguished a mark of his Grace's approval, and observed, that although he should not attempt to dispute altogether the propriety of his decision, yet, as he knew a man who had conducted himself with at least equal gallantry in the same battle, he must insist on sharing the prize with him. He then went on to say, that at one period of the day, the French troops rushed upon Huguemont with such irresistible force, that the gates of the farm were burst open, and, for a moment, the fate of the position appeared doubtful, when a powerful serjeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, of the name of Fraser, assisted him in closing the gates, which they did by dint of sheer physical strength, upon the enemy. Shortly afterwards the French were driven back with great slaughter, and the fate of Huguemont was decided. Sir James added, that the Duke of Wellington had evidently selected him because he was able to make good a post which was a key to his position; and he could not, on the same principle, withhold from the gallant soldier who assisted him at so critical a moment in forcing out the enemy, his proper share of the reward. He would, therefore, accept the £500, and divide it with Serjeant-Major Fraser, to whom he accordingly paid £250 of the money.—*United Service Gazette.*

THE LATE SIR F. L. MAITLAND.—The decease of Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland, K. C. B. Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, took place on board his flag-ship, the *Wellesley*, 72, at sea, in the vicinity of Bombay, on the 30th December last. Sir Frederick, who expired in the 63d year of his age, was descended from the noble house of Lauderdale; he has at all times borne with honour and credit his character as an officer and a gentleman, and to that we will add a thorough seaman, warmly and sincerely attached to his profession; he entered at an early age, and became Lieutenant of the *Andromeda* in 1795. Sir Frederick was ever an active man, and in 1800 brought home overland the despatches of Sir Sydney Smith, detailing his successful efforts in effecting the treaty of El Arish. This treaty not being acceded to by Lord Keith led to the Egyptian expedition; on that memorable occasion, Captain Maitland covered the landing of Abercromby's troops with the armed launches of the fleet, and subsequently protected one of the wings of our army, with the boats, in the lake of Aboukir. In the *Dragon* and *Loire*, Captain Maitland was eminently serviceable to his country, and by his discernment and energy in the latter ship, led to the action of Sir Robert Calder's squadron with the combined Spanish and French fleet. Captain Maitland subsequently commanded the *Emerald*, and in the American war obtained the *Goliath*, razed 74, and the *Boyne*, 98, as Flag Captain to Sir Alexander Cochrane, on the coast of America; but on the breaking out of the war and the return of Bonaparte from Elba, he was appointed to the *Bellerophon*, 74, and joined the blockading squadron under Sir Henry Hotham, off Rochefort. The battle of Waterloo a second time driving that chieftain from the throne of France, he took refuge on board Capt. Maitland's ship, whose previous determination to make no terms with the ex-Emperor, and whose honourable treatment to him when a guest, are well known to the world; but it is not so well known, however, that on Bonaparte leaving the ship, he offered, for Captain Maitland's acceptance, a diamond snuff-box, valued at 3000 guineas, the acceptance of which was conscientiously declined. Captain Maitland subsequently commanded the *Vengeur*, 74, and in her conveyed the King of the two Sicilies to Leghorn; and then the *Genoa*, 74, as a guard-ship in Portsmouth harbour. On attaining his flag as Rear-Admiral, Sir Frederick was appointed Superintendent of Portsmouth Dock-yard, which he resigned on being appointed to the important command he held at the period of his death. Lady Maitland was on board the *Wellesley* at the time of her gallant husband's death, and intends to return to England in the *Herefordshire*, East Indiaman.

The *Caledonian Mercury* relates the following anecdote of the lately deceased Admiral Sir F. Maitland:—"When he was a captain in command of the *Loire*, he made an agreement with Captain Dixon, of the *Apollo*, that they would share between them whatever prize money should fall to their lot. Capt. Dixon's life was a short one, and he left a wife far from affluent. Mrs. Dixon was one morning waited on by a gentleman, who tendered for acceptance, a bank check for £25,000. Surprised and hesitating, Mrs. Dixon objected to receiving so munificent a sum. Captain Maitland's answer was characteristic, and it does him infinite honour. 'My agreement with my friend Dixon was not an agreement for life, it was to continue during the war; this money, Madam, therefore is fairly yours.'"

COLLECTOR FINDLATER.—We lost Burns and Byron, at the early age of thirty-seven; and, as forty-three years have elapsed since the grave closed over the former, it may not be deemed wonderful that the appearance in last week's obituary of one of the bard's most worthy friends and ablest indicators, should not have called forth a single remark. To those who are familiar with the biography of Burns, especially as it is given by Mr. Peterkin, it is enough to say that we allude to Alexander Findlater, Esq., late Collector of Excise, Glasgow. Mr. Findlater ranked high as a classical scholar, as a man of refined taste, of manly and generous sentiments, of glowing and enlightened patriotism, and as a public officer, of excellent business habits and integrity. Since, then, it was the lot of the high-souled Burns to become an exciseman, there is something not a little soothing and grateful in the reflection, that he happened to have such a man for his immediate official superior. It is also grateful to know that this good, highly accomplished man, was not, like the bard, unappreciated in his life-time. He rose to the highest rank in the out-door department of the excise, and, after fifty-two years of meritorious service, retired upon the highest superannuation allowance ever granted to a collector.—*Dundee Courier.*

VACCINATION.—REPORT.—Presented to both Houses of Parliament by the National Vaccine Establishment.—To the Right Hon. the Marquis of Normanby, principal secretary of State for the home department.—January 28, 1840.—My lord—The experience of another year has confirmed our conviction of the efficiency of vaccination as the best security and protection against small-pox, and has afforded us, moreover, proofs of the propriety, in the present state of our knowledge, of preferring vaccine matter, the produce of the original virus, furnished by Doctor Jenner, which has now passed happily through successive generations of

subjects in the course of forty-three years, and which forms the principal source of our supply, to any which may have been taken recently from the cow. We admit that it is sometimes stated to us by our correspondents that the supply which we had sent them has failed, but the same post has generally brought us intelligence that the material supplied from the very same source had succeeded elsewhere, and that it was found efficacious in Somersetshire when it was said to be inefficient in Wiltshire. We have concluded, therefore, either that it had been injured somehow in its transmission, or that the patients submitted to it were not in a fit condition to receive its influence, in consequence of some eruptive disease having preoccupied their constitution, or of some prevailing epidemic disorder having rendered them insusceptible of another and a new excitement for a time. The number of patients dead of small-pox, within the bills of mortality, if we can trust them, has been less this year than any one since vaccination has been practised, and we are justified, by a careful retrospect of several years, in stating that 4,000 lives, on an average, are saved every year, within the district of the bills only, by vaccination having superseded so largely the practice of inoculation. We have vaccinated, at our several stations, 13,154 persons, and have sent out 165,395 charges of vaccine lymph since our last report to Parliament in 1839. HENRY HALFORD, President of the Royal College of Physicians, President of the Board. ROBERT KEATE, President of the Royal College of Surgeons. THOMAS MAYO, Senior Censor of the Royal College of Physicians. CLEMENT HUE, M.D., Registrar.

The Marquis of Normanby has issued circulars to the Lords Lieutenant of Counties throughout England, calling on them to use every means in their power to discountenance the spread of 'blasphemous and immoral doctrines by printed publications, and by other illegal means.' They are also commanded to instruct the magistrates in their respective counties to transmit to government copies of such publications, or extracts from the speeches of such parties as they may wish to submit to the government, to consider the propriety of prosecuting. This circular is directed against the so-called Socialists.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.—Amongst the novel remittances that passed through the Post-office during the last week, was a half-pound of Dorset butter, in a letter, a case of pens, a pair of ladies' boots, some leaden shot, different samples of wheat, a silver watch to a manufacturer in Clerkenwell; a child's toy, called a boomerang; and a knife, the last of which was discovered by the fracture of the paper whilst stamping it.

LETTER-WRITING.—Verily the penny postage system is drawing forth the *letter-ary* talent of the country. As an instance, the following is a literal copy of the address of a letter which passed a neighbouring post-office the other day:—"to the Care of Sandy fordice of Creef for petter or Francis Mectavish or otherwise to aberfeldy to sandy scot Carrier for peter or Francis Mectavish."—*Perth Paper.*

We are informed by a gentleman who was recently travelling in Norfolk, that being detained in a small market-town in that country, he employed himself in asking for opium at the different shops, by way of ascertaining how far reports of the prevalent use of that drug were true as regarded the town in question. He found it not only at the druggists' shops, but at the grocers'; where it was offered for sale, in pills of various sizes, as freely and openly as tea or sugar.—*Colonial Gazette.*

PUSEYISM.—In the 65th number of the "Tracts for the Times," there are Collects for Protestant use, running, "Grant, O Lord, that by the deserts of Peter and Paul, we may obtain everlasting life!" Can any corruption in doctrine exceed this?—*Record.*

A CORPSE GOING TO A BALL.—Those who read the thrilling "Passages from the Diary of a London Physician" that were published a few years since, will remember one tale under the title of "Death at the Toilet." Although it was asserted by the writer that those narratives were the records of facts, few, I presume, were willing to believe that real life could furnish matter of such romantic interest. Especially did the one alluded to strike my own mind as quite unnatural, and I read it, as others, admiring the genius more than the veracity of the writer.

Perhaps some who have seen the words at the head of this article, may imagine that they are about to be treated to a passage from the dreams of fancy; but they are mistaken. I have a sad and solemn tale of truth to relate, and when it has been read, there is no hesitation in believing that "truth is stronger than fiction." No colouring shall be laid on the story; no art of embellishment shall heighten its interest; it shall be told to others as it was told to me, and you shall be convinced, that there is nothing more than truth in the story of the corpse that went to a ball.

You recollect the first day of January, 1840. It was a bitter cold day. It was cold as far south as the city of New York, and up here in the country, where I am writing, it was terribly severe. You could not ride far against the wind without being exposed to freezing. I have heard of two cases of death by cold on that day in this region, and of another in which the sufferer was saved by great exertion, when at the point of perishing.

The night of that day was to be observed, as is usual here, by a New Year's Ball. Invitations had been extended for many miles around, and a great gathering of the young, and gay, and thoughtless, was expected. Extensive preparations had been made for an evening of merriment and glee, and merry hearts beat quickly in anticipation of the pleasure of the scene. None was happier in the thought of coming joy than Miss —, who took her seat in the sleigh, by the side of her partner for the evening, and set out for a ride of some twenty miles to join the dance. She was young and gay, and her charms of youth and beauty never were lovelier than when dressed for that New Year's ball.

Of course, too thinly clad for the season, and especially for that dreadful day, she had not gone far before she complained of being very cold; but her anxiety to reach the end of their ride, in time to be present at the opening of the dance, induced them to hurry onwards without stopping by the way. Not long after this complaining, she said that she felt perfectly comfortable, was now quite warm, and that there was no necessity of delay on her account. They reached at length the house where the company were gathering; the young man leaped from the sleigh, and extended his hand to assist her out, but she did not offer hers; he spoke to her, but she answered him not—she was dead—stone dead—frozen stiff—a corpse on the way to a ball.—*New York Observer.*

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