THE BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

PARR'S *Life Pills* are now established as the only *certain cure* of disease in the human frame. Sufficient has already been advertised in the public prints to convince any reasonable person that the efficacy of this medicine is unbounded, and that every disease will soon vanish from the effects of this popular remedy. Already the proprietors have received and published twenty-six different sheets of Testimonials; and, having received some thousand letters confirming all the statements published, and proving the immense benefit derived by all classes by taking *Parr's Life Pills*. Testimonials are received daily, and it would be impossible in a newspaper to publish one-half received and the following are selected as people well known in their respective neighbourhoods, and whose testimony is unquestionable. Further sheets of testimonials may be had gratis, of all Agents.

The fame and efficacy of Parr's Life Pills in America.

From the New York Sunday Mercury, Jan. 10, 1844.

We call the attention of the invalid to the Testimonials of cures performed by Parr's Life Pills.—The testimony of such respectable names is a certain guarantee for the truth of the efficacy of this truly excellent medicine.

The number of testimonials of cures by Parr's Life Pills, are crowding upon the proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the theatrical profession, Mr. T. D RICE, the original Jim Crow—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This (worth thousands of similar grateful acknowledgments) can be seen at the principal depot, 294 Broadway.

From Mr. T. D. Rice, (the original Jim Crow.)

To Messrs. T. Roberts & co. 304 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with great prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England, I had recourse to your popular Medicine, Parr's Life Pills, from which I received great benefit. Finding a branch of your house in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and now sincerely testify to their value & great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country. Your obedient servant,

T. D. RICE, 20 Vestry street.

The following Testimonials in favour of Parr's Life Pills, from highly respectable parties, are confidently submitted to the public. This singularly efficacious medicine is now being introduced into every family, and rests its claims for patronage on the most credible authority.

Cure of an old confirmed stomach and liver complaint.—Mr. John Howarth affirms that he has been for many years suffering from a deranged stomach and liver complaint, and although he has had recourse to various remedies, and has been under one of the most popular surgeons in Manchester, nothing afforded him the desired relief until he met with Parr's Life Pills, which have already afforded him more benefit than all the other advice and medicine he has been taking for years, and therefore can with the greatest confidence urge any one suffering from the same complaint to give them a trial.

Witness to the truth of the above, Mr. George Dunn, Market street, Manchester. Feb. 7, 1843.

80, Medlock street, Hulme, Manchester, January, 1843.

To the proprietors of Parr's Life Pills.

Gentlemen—For the benefit of the afflicted public I hand you the particulars of a case of cure from the use of your benign medicine. I had for many years been out of health, and suffered much from internal pains in various parts of my body. I tried nearly all kinds of medicines without relief, and consulted the most eminent medical practitioners in Manchester, but my complaint defied their best skill; at last, at the advice of a friend, I was recovering, my attention was directed by my nephew Mr. Higginson, of Salford, to make trial of Parr's Life Pills, which I consented to do, and found considerable relief when I had taken only one box, and I took six boxes altogether, and have the happiness to say that I am now restored to perfect health. I have, therefore, the best of reasons for placing implicit faith in the invigorating efficacy of your Parr's Pills, which have of a truth been Life Pills to me. This testimony is at your service, hoping it will tend to cause their use to become even yet more universal, as such a medicine ought to be kept in every family.

I am your grateful servant,

[Witnessed by G. Vaughan.] W. Higginson.

Chronic Rheumatism of three years' standing.—Christopher Sanders, 43 Bengal street, Oldham road, hereby testifies that he has for three years been grievously afflicted with Rheumatism, and for the last fourteen weeks was unable to follow his employment; hearing from Mr. Wainwright, butcher, that Parr's Pills had cured him of the same complaint, I began to take them, and having done so for three weeks, I am so much better as to be able to resume my work again next Monday, and will persevere in their use a short time longer, to complete my restoration to health. Any one doubting the truth of this case, is invited to call upon me or write (post paid) and I will immediately bear testimony.

Bengal street, Oldham road, Manchester, Feb. 3.

James Hill, of No. 8, Ford-lane, Charlestown, Pendleton, near Manchester, who is upwards of 60 years of age, says he was attacked with Inflammation of the chest, which confined him to his bed for a long time in a very debilitated state, with a most distressing cough and spitting; after taking various kinds of medicine without the least relief, he at last commenced taking Parr's Life Pills, and having taken three boxes was completely restored to health, and is now much stronger than he has been for some years, and has recommended them to many persons who have taken them and received the greatest benefit from their use, and is ready at any time to attest the above. Witness, John Hatton.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

☞ Beware of Spurious Imitations of the above Medicine. None are genuine unless the words "Parr's Life Pills" are in *White Letters on a Red Ground*, engraved in the Government stamp, passed round each box; also the facsimile of the signature of the Proprietors, "T. ROBERTS and Co., Crane Court, Fleet-street, London," *who have appointed Mr. JOHN G. SHARP, Chemist, Saint John, Wholesale and Retail Agent for New Brunswick.* Sept. 27.

Sugars, PORK, and GUANO.

Ex 'Paragon' from Halifax:

16 HHDS. Bright Porto Rico Sugars; 50 Barrels Nova Scotia Prime Pork; 70 Bags African Guano—For sale low by

Sept. 20. J. DeWOLFE SPURR.

COPPER DROSS.

150 TONS COPPER DROSS, for sale low if applied for immediately, and taken from alongside the ship 'Grampian'—apply to JOHN ROBERTSON.

Oct. 4.

Horsfall & Sheraton

Have just received per schr. 'Aleda' from Boston:

60 BALES COTTON BATTING; a large assortment of *India Rubber Shoes*—in all sizes.

November 8.

Pickles, Sauces, Ketchup, Mustard, Seidlitz Powders & Perfumery.

50 CASES assorted PICKLES, Mushroom KETCHUP, Durham Mustard, Patent Seidlitz Powders, PERFUMERY, &c. For sale by.

Sept. 20. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1845.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 20.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durrant & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

Terms—10s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Jan.	R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.
18 Saturday,	7 21	4 39	3 28
19 Sunday,	7 20	4 40	4 20
20 Monday,	7 20	4 40	5 7
21 Tuesday,	7 18	4 42	5 50
22 Wednesday,	7 17	4 43	6 39
23 Thursday,	7 16	4 44	7 31
24 Friday,	7 15	4 45	Rises eve.

Full Moon, 23d day, 9h. 36m morn.

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

James G. Bolles, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed an Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to

JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment of payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

☞ **Notice.**

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of E. L. Jarvis & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. Jarvis, Esq. their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

K. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of Thomas Sandall & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make payment to Thomas Sandall.

THOMAS SANDALL,
CATHARINE SANDALL.

St. John, August 3, 1844.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the business heretofore carried on by Samuel Gardner, will in future be conducted by the Subscribers under the Firm of SAMUEL GARDNER & CO.

SAMUEL GARDNER,
JOHN GARDNER.

St. John, October 29, 1844.

"Ne Plus Ultra"

ORNAMENTAL HAIR CUTTING and Curling Saloon.

W. F. BROOKS respectfully informs the Public, that his establishment has lately undergone a thorough alteration and repair, and is fitted up in the best possible manner for the accommodation and comfort of his customers.—Intending not to be surpassed by any of his profession, and a strict attention to business, hopes to merit a share of patronage.

WIGS on hand and made to order in a fashionable and superior manner.

Ladies's Curls and Frizettes always on hand.

November 8.

Health for All!!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland to Mrs. Ann Melish, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

Madam,

If Mr. Holloway will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £3 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most Honorable the Marquis of Westminster, K. G.

Lord Westminster has just received Mr. Holloway's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE, being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benefit to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering in its use*) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the Mighty Powers of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor Holloway near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 18d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

CHEAP NAILS,

Cut Nails, Brads and Tacks, &c.,

OF PROVINCIAL MANUFACTURE.

ONE HUNDRED TONS CUT NAILS, ass'd. from 3dy. to 30dy.

Now on hand and are offered at the very low price of 2½d. per lb. by the Keg:

Cut, Finishing, and Floor BRADS of all sizes
Cut TACKS and BRADS—in 1M. papers;

—ALSO—

Cut *Iron* and *Zinc* Sheathing NAILS, of any size, furnished at short notice.

WM. H. SCOVIL.
South Market Wharf.

March 1.

Gentlemen's CLOTH BOOTS,

JUST RECEIVED AT

S. K. FOSTER'S SHOE STORES.

GENTLEMEN'S superfine black cloth chamois lined Boots, to lace and button, of a superior quality;

Do. black and drab Kerseymere Boots, of a very stout description—made for service;

Do. beaver cloth chamois lined Snow Boots, made for comfort;

Do. superior calf skin Clarence Boots, to button—a new style;

Fleecy Cork Soles for the insides of boots & shoes.

Dec. 13. S. K. FOSTER.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

Are now receiving per "Eglington," from Greenock:

TWENTY FIVE Bbls. BARLEY; 10 Bags Pearl do; 10 bbls. SPLIT PEAS;
20 Brls. OATMEAL;
1 cask TWINE and Shoe Thread;
1 cask SODA; 4 bales Wrapping Paper;
45 boxes PIPES; 1 cask ALUM;

Per "James Fraser," from Halifax:

25 boxes Layer RAISINS;
100 boxes, 50 halves, 50 quar's. } Bunch Muscatel RAISINS;
1 cask black FISH OIL;

Also,—20 dozen West India Pickles.

Dec. 20. JARDINE & CO.

Crushed Sugar—8 *Hhds.* Refined Crushed SUGAR—just received and for sale by

Oct. 25. John Robertson.

Miscellany.

THE WILL.

(From La Belle Assemblée.)

The scene of my story, which by the way is a true one, is Monsieur Dubois; a man of the old school, not so rich as the majority of his dashing brethren of the present day, but universally respected for his good sense, probity, and benevolence.—There were present, besides the notary himself, a lady of middle age, richly dressed; she could never have been handsome, but perhaps, had her countenance been less proud and disdainful, she would not have appeared as she did—positively ugly; an insignificant looking little man, in black; and a woman very shabbily dressed, who sat at some distance from the others, holding the hand of a beautiful little boy.

'Her death was rather sudden,' said the lady to the little man in black.

'Yes,' replied he, coolly; 'but no doubt she was well prepared.'

'Have you any idea of the contents of the will?'

'Not the slightest; but we shall soon know. Dubois will open it directly.'

'Pray who is the shabby looking woman? What business has she here?'

'Oh, don't you know her? It is the runaway niece, Marie, who made such a disgraceful match some years ago, with a lieutenant in the army—a man of low birth.'

'I wonder she has the assurance to come into our presence.'

'So do I; the more so because our deceased relative, good pious woman as she was, must have looked upon her disobedience and ingratitude with horror.'

At that moment Maria approached the speakers; she was yet scarcely in middle age, but sorrow had been beforehand with time in robbing her cheek of its bloom, and her eyes of their lustre.

'Pray what brings you here?' said Madame Moranville, haughtily.

'Madame,' replied the poor widow, 'I am not come to interfere with your rights: I know I have deserved nothing from my aunt but her pardon, and that I hope to hear that she has left me.'

'What!' cried Madame Moranville, 'pardon to you, the disgrace of our family; who fled from the protection of your aunt—the best of aunts—with a low fellow?'

'Madame, I acknowledge my fault, I have been ungrateful and disobedient; I know it, but my sufferings have been so great that I hope God has pardoned me, for I have accepted the loss of my husband, and the poverty and sorrow attendant upon it, as a punishment from his hand.'

'And you deserved——'

'Cease these reproaches, Madame,' said the notary in a stern tone; 'your cousin's fault is not so very grievous as to call for them.'

'But why should she insult us with her presence?'

'She has a right to be here,' replied the notary. 'She comes at my desire.'

He then proceeded to read the will, in which, after the usual prelude, the defunct divided her property into three parts; the first was composed of two hundred thousand francs, in the hands of the notary; the second of a furnished chateau of the same value, and some family jewels; the third of a book *the livre d'heures de la Vierge*. The will then proceeded as follows:—

'I desire that my property may be divided into three lots; the first, to be the two hundred thousand francs; the second the chateau, furniture and jewels; the third, my *livre d'heures*, which is still in the same state as when I took it with me in the emigration. I pardon my niece, Marie, for the sorrow she has caused me; and as a proof of my sincerity, I have mentioned her in my will. My beloved cousin, Madame Moranville, will have the first choice; Monsieur D'Arlemont, the second; and Marie the last.'

'Ah, my sister-in law was a sensible woman,' cried Monsieur D'Arlemont.

'Yes,' said Madame Moranville, tittering; 'she has given a proof of it; Maria will only have the prayer-book.'

The notary, who seemed scarcely able to contain his indignation, interrupted the titterer. 'What lot do you choose, Madame?' said he.

'The two hundred thousand francs.'

'You are determined on that?'

'Most undoubtedly.'

'Madame Moranville, you are rich, and your cousin is very—very poor; cannot you leave this lot, and take the prayer-book; that this—this—' he seemed for a moment at loss for an expression—'strange will has put in the balance with the other lots.'

'Are you joking, Monsieur Dubois?' cried Madame Moranville; 'or don't you see that my honoured cousin has made her will in the express intention that the prayer book should fall to Maria, who was to have the last choice?'

'And what do you conclude from that?'

'I conclude that she desired her niece should understand that prayer and repentance were the only succours she ought to expect in this life. Ah, she was a saint, that dear woman.'

'Saint, quoths,' cried the notary, indignantly; 'may heaven defend me from such saint! An unforgiving! unnatural!——I am wrong, I do her injustice. Her intention, I am sure, was to give you and Monsieur D'Arlemont an opportunity of doing a good, a noble action, by dividing the property equally with her poor niece.'

'Monsieur D'Arlemont will do as he pleases; I repeat that my choice is made.'

'And so is mine,' said D'Arlemont; 'I shall take the chateau and all it contains.'

'Pause one moment, Monsieur D'Arlemont,' cried the notary; 'even if it was the intention of the defunct to punish her niece, ought you, a millionaire to take advantage of her unchristian conduct to leave one of your own family languishing in poverty? Will not you at least give up a part of your lot, even a small part, to this poor widow?'

'Many thanks for your good advice, my dear Dubois,' said D'Arlemont, sneeringly; 'the chateau is close to one of my estates, and will suit me admirably; particularly as it is furnished. As for the family jewels, it is impossible for me to think of parting with them.'

'In that case,' said the notary, addressing Marie, 'I can only give you, my poor Madame Le Fevre, the *livre d'heures*.'

She took the book, and pressing it to her lips, she held it to her son; who cried out, with childish delight at the sight of its richly gilt cover, 'Oh, mamma, let me have it!'

'Yes, my boy, you shall have it; it will be the only legacy I can leave you. But never—never will I part with it. I thank God she has pardoned me!' She has said it, and I know she was truth itself!'

The notary turned away his head. 'Don't go, Madame La Fevre,' said he; 'I must speak to you, by-and bye.'

At that moment the boy, in playing with the book, unclasped it, and cried out 'Oh, mamma, look at the pretty pictures! But why are they all covered over with this nice thin paper?'

'It is to keep them from being soiled.'

'But why put six papers to every picture?'

His mother looked—she uttered a piercing cry—and fell, fainting, into the arms of Monsieur Dubois, who said to those present; 'Let her alone, it is nothing; she will not die this time. Give me that book, child; you may do mischief to it.'

The legatees went away, commenting not very charitably on Marie's swoon, and the evident interest the notary took in her. About a month afterwards they met Madame Le Fevre and her son, both well but plainly dressed; riding in a very pretty caleche with two horses. This unexpected sight led them to make inquiries after her, and they found that she had purchased a very handsome house, and was living in a quiet but very good style. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, they went together to question the notary. They found him at his desk.

'Do we interrupt you?' said the lady.

'I am not particularly busy; only just making out an account of stock I have just bought for Madame Le Fevre.'

'And for Heaven's sake, where does it come from?'

'Why don't you know?'

'No; how should I?'

'Did not you see what was in the book when she fainted?'

'No.'

'Well, then, I must tell you that the *livre d'heures* contained sixty engravings, and each was covered by six bank notes of a thousand francs each!'

'Good Heavens!' cried the gentleman.

'Oh! if I had but known,' said the lady.

'You had each a choice,' said the notary; and I tried all I could to prevail upon you both to take the prayer-book, but in vain.'

'But who could expect to find a fortune in a prayer book?'

'It is easily explained: its owner had suffered great distress in the emigration; she always lived in fear of being obliged to fly a second time, and as her prayer-book was the only thing she had not been robbed of in her first flight, she concealed a handsome fortune in it, to prevent herself being a second time reduced to poverty.'

The legatees slunk away in silent rage. The good notary chuckled, and rubbed his hands.

'She was a saint,' cried he. 'Ah! you will neither of you say that, now; though you might say it with truth. Heaven rest her soul! I shall honour her memory to my dying day.'

A French Gentleman of the Old School.—The Marquis de Cussy, although prefect to the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, was in every sense a gentleman of the old school, and a mild and amible man. Who is there that was a diner-out of any magnitude in Paris from June 1827 to 1830 who does not remember his portly, well-set-up figure? He was a clean-looking, comely, well-dressed old man, and so far as mere appearances went, always put us in mind of the late James Smith, of facetious memory, one of the most gentlemanly-looking, and one of the best dressed and best preserved men of the day. We think we have old Cussy before us now, with his high open forehead, benevolent countenance, silvery hair, smart blue frock with the inevitable riband in the button, clean white waistcoat, and black stock.—Though associating for years with the roughest and most under-bred marshals and generals, and the most priggish and pretentious of civil functionaries, he maintain'd to the last the imperturbable dignity and politeness of the old court. At the moment of the abdication, he flew to Marie Louise, and he abandoned the Austrian's daughter, when he found she was about to ally herself to a one-eyed chamberlain.—In society, in which he mixed much, the old marquis was an agreeable, lively man, full of anecdote, and ready-witted. His countenance beamed with kindliness and benevolence, and, if he had a fault, it was certainly in loving to excess the pleasures of the table. But, if he loved good cheer and *friandise*, he loved it like a gentleman, and a generous social member of a civilised community. If you gave him a dinner, he was always sure to give you one in return. He did not, like a certain friend of ours, eat at every man's table, and never see mortal within his own door. He did not go down to the early market to look for woodcocks for his own private, particular eating, and, thrusting them into his ample double, carry them snugly homeward, there to gloat on them in solitary sensuality. He loved the pleasures of the table it is true, but he loved them reflected; and he gave his mutton and his wine with as much good will, and as hearty zest, as the author of the most recent and most amusing tour in Ireland. There were many who feared, or pretended to fear, to ask Cussy to dinner, as there are some who pretend to fear to ask our humble selves, but either these people were humbugs, wishing to be relieved of the expense (the likeliest supposition), or they did not know the simple tastes of the man. With an old friend or a good fellow, who gave the best fare his means would allow, and gave it willingly, he could dine off a whiting or an *omelette*, but he was severe towards those vulgar *parvenus* who, presuming on their wealth, heap their tables with a culinary chaos worthy of barbarous and benighted times.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The Anti-Corn-Law Riots in 1815.—When my house in Bedford square was attacked by a mob, supposing that I had supported in parliament the corn bill, upon which I had never uttered a word, or indeed had ever been called upon to form, and therefore never had expressed, an opinion upon it, the fury of the mob was very great. The front windows and doors of the house were demolished, some furniture destroyed and many papers, including some judgments, thrown out of doors. The alarm in the house was excessive, I was obliged to remove my wife and children into the British Museum, and with some difficulty got a corporal and four soldiers through the Museum gardens into the house while the mob were in it. I proposed to the corporal that we should proceed out of my study to the great room which adjoins it, and from that into the dining room, and the mob being in the hall and a little adjoining room, we should be able to surprise and secure them. He was a Scotchman, and said, "We are not strong enough to keep them in, but with good management we may drive them out. I won't let my men put powder and ball in their muskets, but they shall fix their bayonets, and if you will go with me, and, when we get out of your study into the hall, will give me your orders to charge them with the bayonets, I will, and my men shall obey those orders; but we must make the best appearance we can, and as there are only four soldiers, they must follow one by one, and we must so manage the matter, that the mob may suppose that there will be no end of them who are coming." Accordingly we so advanced, the corporal calling out to his soldiers to come, in language tending to make it believed that they were numerous, the mob fled with great precipitation. The front doors being demolished, two soldiers guarded the entrance, crossing their muskets. The mob held a deputation at the top of Keppel street, whether they should attack the house again; but, conceiving the military corps inside to be strong, they grave it up. I brought into the house by their collars two of the mob, and told them that they would be hanged. One of them bid me look to myself, and told me that the people were much more likely to hang me than I was to procure any of them to be hanged. They were sent before a justice of the peace, but the soldiers said they would do their duty as soldiers, but they would not be witnesses.—The government sent me some soldiers, and increased their number till they were about fifty, and a very considerable part of that number remained about three weeks in the house, persons in the front of the house from time to time seeing menacing language and threats, whenever from the street they saw any person in the house. During all that time I could only leave the house by going through museum gardens, and into the streets from the museum, attended to Westminster on foot by Townsend of the police, through all the obscure streets and alleys in which we could find a passage. I thank God we got my wife and children safe from their retreat in the museum.—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

Sudden Death.—Of all deaths, a sudden one is the most dreadful one—the most agonizing to the survivors. It is said death, whenever it comes, is sudden: a shock always stunning—always overwhelming. Perhaps it is so; but when only one week intervenes between life and death, one little week severs ties of years, hides under the cold damp earth features which beamed upon us in health and joy from every accustomed haunt—when the beloved is removed directly from his domestic circle to the narrow grave, missed from his usual seat, not to be found in some other, which, though painful (if a couch of suffering), yet becomes dear, but missed, to be remembered only as gone for ever—when no intervening period of dependence on the part of the sufferer, of unremitting attention and increased affection from the beloved ones, has taken place, and (as it were) particularly prepared us for the last dread change, the final separation—when none of these things take place, oh, who may speak the agonies of death!

THE BAZAAR.

The Parish of Tadbrook, St. Antholin, was in a perplexity a few weeks before the period at which the following extract opens; their Church, a noble specimen of ancient architecture, had begun to exhibit the effects of time, upon its walls; and in spite of the authoritative directions of their Archdeacon, as well as the most significant warnings conveyed to them by sundry leanings and totterings of the tower and spire, the Parishioners partly from inertness, and more perhaps from dislike to a rate to be levied to meet the expense, had suffered the necessary repairs to remain undone;—consequently, during a violent hurricane, the tower fell, carrying with it the whole venerable fabric to destruction. The parishioners met in Vestry—Letters had just been read from several neighboring noblemen, who seemed not at all disposed to assist them, and they had nearly reached the point of despair, when our extract begins.

William Andrewes shook his head. 'Never knew the Earl refuse to undraw his purse-strings in my life before. Half his income, I should think, must go in doing good. If he won't help us, we shan't get much aid elsewhere, I fear.'

'No,' replied Mr. Sanderson, 'these letters are all very much in the same strain. Here is one from Sir Alured Sulney, another from Colonel Ashlaster, both strongly worded, and both negatives: Mrs Skeffington has sent half a sovereign, and Mrs Walter Wagtail will 'consider of it.''

'What are we to do, sir?' inquired Tyler in despair. 'There seems to be quite a run against us. It's really very hard; don't you think so, Will iam?'

His brother churchwarden could not conscientiously say that he saw anything but perfect justice in the feeling which the neighbourhood evinced on the subject. And he was quite aware that although rebuilding their church would be a most severe and heavy burden, still Tadbrook was a richer parish than many others of the same size. However, though William Andrewes felt that they were only reaping as they had sown, he thought it unnecessary on the present occasion to say so, and he therefore turned the subject by observing, 'I really don't know what we are to do, unless we can get Mrs Clutterbuck to interest herself in our behalf. If she once undertakes a thing, we all know that she will labour like a galley-slave to accomplish it.'

'Mrs Clutterbuck! I protest I never thought of that; but as sure as my name is Wat Tyler, she's the woman to carry us through. If Mr. Sanderson now, would not object to going and speaking to Mrs. Clutterbuck, I should look upon the business as in a manner settled.'

'Well, I am quite ready to be spokesman to Mrs. Clutterbuck,' said the Rector; but I must first know what petition to make to her.'

'Perhaps she could get Major Clutterbuck,' to give us a handsome donation? It would be something to start upon.'

'Wouldn't it be better to try and induce him to lend some money on the credit of the church rates,—say a thousand pounds, at five per cent. interest,—and a tenth part of the principal to be paid off yearly?'

'Good again, William Andrewes, very good; you're the man to help us at pinch. I see: and as most of the rate-payers are the Major's tenants, he will feel pretty sure of getting his money. But why not ask him, while we are about it, for the whole sum?'

'Because perhaps we shall be able to raise the remainder, or at least a portion of it, other ways,' replied William Andrewes, who knew that Mr Sanderson only delayed offering the once rejected hundred pounds till he could see some prospect of its being rightly applied.

In an hour's time, Mr Sanderson was seated in the drawing-room at Tadbrook House. He had already in a private interview, secured Mrs. Clutterbuck's influence with her husband on behalf of the proposed loan; and as that influence was generally supposed to be all-powerful,—this part of the affair might be considered as settled, except so far as that Mrs. Clutterbuck felt sure that the Major would insist on the whole sum being paid off in five years instead of ten; a stipulation which would of course just double the rates for that period.

Mrs. Clutterbuck had now returned to the drawing-room, in the full flurry of excitement which attended the commencement of any of the good lady's schemes of benevolence; and was imparting to her daughters, and to old Miss Mildways (the late Rector's sister), who had called in the meanwhile, the general purport of Mr. Sanderson's visit.

The leading features of Mrs. Clutterbuck's character have, on the whole, been so fairly presented to the reader, in the conversation between Robert Spellman and his sister, that a further description of it seems unnecessary. She was a most humane, charitable, well-intentioned woman; but having no settled opinions,—no fixed principles of action, she was continually led astray by the impulse of the moment, and was, therefore, not rarely entangled in schemes and projects of very questionable utility, and found co-operating with persons, with whom, as a consistent Churchwoman, she would hardly have allowed herself to become connected. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that notions of the responsibilities of wealth and influence—of the dangers of luxury and self indulgence—of the inconsistency of modern charity with Christian self denial,—of modern charity with Christian almsgiving, were as low as that of the world around her. She was seated, expensively though plainly dressed, on a well stuffed couch in a drawing room, furnished as drawing rooms now a days are;—walls papered with gold and crimson, and covered with costly pictures; huge pier glasses; curtains of Lyons' silk; Axminster carpet; easy chairs of every conceivable and inconceivable shape; tables of costly wood, covered with costlier playthings,—illuminated albums, musical boxes, miniatures, and so forth; buhl cabinets, and marble vases on pedestals of the same rich material,—and the moveable articles of furniture so heaped and crowded together, that it was almost a work of difficulty for a person to thread their way between them.

'Ah!' thought Mr. Sanderson, as he casts his eyes over all these 'necessary comforts,' (as we, in these times, call our needless superfluities,) 'the amount of this trifling would pay for the rebuilding of Tadbrook Church.'

And yet the drawing room at Tadbrook House was not finer than such apartments in country houses of the same size very commonly are; and neither Major nor Mrs Clutterbuck were (in the opinion of the world) at all extravagant people.

'It seems to me, Mr Sanderson,' that the best thing we could do, would be to have a Bazaar.'

'Do you really think so, mama?' said Caroline Clutterbuck; people are grown so tired of bazaars.'

'Very true, love; but these things require a little management. If I have a bazaar at Sonbbington,' (the next post town,) the chances are that I do not sell a dozen shpenny pincushions. Nobody will come near us but the natives, who will just stick into the room, say a few words to one another, and stalk out again. But if we could contrive to have it here, in the national school-room, in the Snobbington race-week,—if we can get the Duchess of Thetford to drive over,—we, meanwhile, charging half-a-crown or five shillings for admission into the room, in order that there may be no crowd, and her grace may not be incommoded,—we shall have such a crowd directly, that it will be well if her Grace is not squeezed to death. These things must be very exclusive,—you must make a favour of a difficulty about them, or they will be sure to be a failure.'

'But who shall we get to have stalls?' asked Selina Clutterbuck.

'Why let me see: Emma Johnson and her sister are fine looking girls, and don't mind being stared at,—they are used to this sort thing, so they would do;—and Lady Underwood (to be sure she's quite a sick—but then Sir Ralph is county member, and it would sound well);—yes, Lady Underwood would do for another; and Mrs Bressington (there must be somebody to talk and laugh with the men) and . . . and . . . but in short I don't see any difficulty on that score. And we can all work bags and footstools,—(Miss Mildways you really must contribute a footstool!)—and we must get Charlotte Suce to compose a song for us, and Ross Smudge to do us some drawings.'

Hitherto the conversation had proceeded with such rapidity on the part of Mrs. Clutterbuck and her daughters, that Mr. Sanderson had not had the opportunity to put in a word. He now, however, said with perfect kindness and gentleness of manner that while he fully appreciated Mrs. Clutterbuck's motives, *he could not but feel the strongest repugnance to attempting to raise money for so Sacred a purpose in such a manner.*

Old Miss Mildways who had hitherto been sewing, with something like severity, every turn of countenance, now brightened up, and gave a praying nod, but said nothing.

'Why dear me!' exclaimed Mrs. Clutterbuck, 'you really do surprise me. What possible objection can there be to a bazaar?—they are recommended by the highest authorities in these matters,—I believe I might say hundreds. Modern churches have been built chiefly by bazaars. There was a bazaar for the A———, and another for the chapel at ——, &c. &c. &c. And good Mrs. Clutterbuck, through half the letters in the alphabet.'

'Oh no doubt,' answered Mr. Sanderson, 'bazaars are abundantly numerous,—so much so, that the prevalence is one of the very worst features of those (so called) charitable proceedings of those in authority, have, in the churches, and the supposed hopelessness of raising funds by other means, (for this must have been taken for granted,) tolerated this system of bazaars: but an attentive mind reflects on the subject, without doubt, that such things are objectionable.'

'Objectionable, Mr. Sanderson?'

'I will tell you why I think there is to my mind something irreverent in Christians not giving their money even in God's house, but taking all the pleasure which they can. Next, the parade of a bazaar, the eagerness of the buyers or sellers, seems to me inconsistent with our duty as Christians not to let our right hand know what our right hand is bestowing. Thirdly, the means used to get money, so commonly employed on these occasions, namely, by securing the attendance of some great person, and thus, treating the crowd, is an honouring of creatures rather than the Creator, which must needs be offensive in his sight. Further, the plan of charging for the go