SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1851.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 18. "Opposition without faction, and Measures irrespective of Men." Number

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Devober & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d. in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year:

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ BY THE YEAR.—The rate of advertizing by the year is six pounds per column, and *half, quarter, or eighth* part of a column in the same ratio.

No Paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid up, except the descretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

July.		H.	Sun s.	Moon s.	H.	w.
5 Saturday,	- -	4	23 7	45 morn	4	5
6 Sunday,	- -	4	24 7	44 0	7	5 18
7 Monday,	- -	4	25 7	44 0	36	6 38
8 Tuesday,	- -	4	25 7	43 1	7	7 50
9 Wednesday,	- -	4	26 7	43 1	40	8 51
10 Thursday,	- -	4	27 7	43 2	16	9 42
11 Friday,	- -	4	28 7	42 2	59	10 25

Full Moon, 13th day, 3h. 35m. morn.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £5000,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B
(Office Nelson street.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner . Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOAN.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies

Full information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

CALIFORNIA.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Burlington—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Cormack, junior, Esq.
Dorchester—Albert J. Smith, Esquire.
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton—J. Henry Chaw, Esq.
Hampton—Samuel Hallett, Esq.
Hopewell—Thomas B. Moore Esq.
Moncton (the Bend) Elias Botsford, Esq.
Newcastle—Edward Williston, Esq.
Richibucto—William Brewster, Esq.
St. Andrews—George D. Street, Esq.
St. Stephens—W. F. Ross, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne—Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock—James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR.
Manager. St. John, N. B.

February, 1850.

BOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel—*Post Office Building,*

State Street, BOSTON.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has fitted up this commodious establishment in the above place, the nearest house from this City, 4 mile North of Kennebecasis Bridge, where he is prepared to accommodate Travellers at all hours and seasons

Carriages, Gig, &c. &c. kept on shortest notice.

Connected with the house, a choice supply of WINES, Ale, &c.

Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, carefull hostlers always in attendance.

WASHINGTON ALDEN.

February 2, 1849

CHARLES W. STOCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. O. SMITH

HAS received ex "*Lisbon*," from London, a supply of DRUGS and MEDICINES, Patent MEDICINES, Patent, TRUSSES, &c.;

2 cases, containing Rowland's MACASSAR Oil, for the hair: Odonto, for the teeth; and Kalydor, for the complexion: Rigg's Vegetable Essence, and Military Shaving Cake Old Brown Windsor Pomatums, &c. &c.
2 cases Lazenby's PICLES and SAUCES;
10 Kegs fine and superfine Durham MUSTARD;
4 Cases Macaroni and Vermicelli;
1 Case ISINGLASS;
1 Case Bells Vesta and Congreve MATCHES;
660 Kegs Brandram's No. 1 White LEAD;
80 " Bright Yellow PAINT;
40 " Venetian Red "
50 " Best Black do.
90 " Bright Green do.
½ Ton Dry White LEAD;
½ " do. Read LEAD, in powder;
11 Casks containg Rose Pink, Crome Yellow, Yellow and Red Ochre, Spanish Brown, Lamp Black, Umber, Tex de Sienna, Vandyke Brown, India Red, &c.;
2 Cases containing
30 Packs GOLD LEAF,
2 Dozen Patent Glaziers' DIAMONDS,
28 Chinese VERMILLION;
1 Case London Copel VARNISH;
1 " Wearing Body do.
1 Ton Paris White;
5 " WHITING;
2 " PUTTY, in Bladders;
30 Casks Double Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
1 Case London GLUE.

May 9.

VULCAN FOUNDRY
MAIN STREET, LOWER COVE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE above Establishment has been greatly enlarged; it is in full and active operation, and the facilities for Work in every department of the Iron Foundry and Blacksmith Business have been greatly increased.

The attention of the public is particularly requested to the new and improved Patterns and Quality of the Castings, and other manufactured articles, consisting in part of

COOKING STOVES AND FRANKLINS, Register Grates, Ships' Cambooses, Cooking Ranges, Mill and Ships' Castings, &c. &c.

Also—An assortment of the most approved *PLOUGHS*, which will be furnished at the lowest Market rates.

Orders can be lodged at the Foundry, or at the Warehouse of John V. Thurgar, Esq., North Market Wharf, where specimens can be seen.

☞ All Stoves are warranted to perform, equal to their recommendation—If they do not, they may be returned

October 25, GEORGE CRAIG.

Phœnix Foundry,
POND STREET.

THE Proprietors of the above Establishment having erected a new *Moulding Shop* on the Premises occupied by the late firm of THOMAS BARLOW & Co. are now prepared to Manufacture STEAM and FIRE ENGINES, Steam Boilers, Force Pumps, MILL MACHINERY, Turning Lathes, Screw Presses, Bark Mills, Patent Purchases and other Ship Castings, Hoisting Wheel Gear, &c., &c.

On Hand—CAMBOOSES; Cooking, Close and Franklin STOVES; Oven and Furnace Mouths; Side-Hill, Double Mould Board, Sod D, Improved D. E. and other pattern PLOUGHS; Fanning Mill Wheels; Truck and Barrow Wheels; Waggon and Cart Boxes, &c. &c.

FLEMING & HUMBERT.

☞ *Brass and Iron Castings made to order. Brass and Iron Turning. All kinds of Machinery repaired.*

St John, October 16th, 1849.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,

West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

CONTINUES to manufacture Wax-wick MOULD CANDLES, which for brilliancy of light, and length of time in burning, cannot be excelled—made expressly for the parlour trade.

Constantly on hand, DIPT CANDLES, of all sizes, made out of the pure hard Tallow, and undertakes to sell cheaper than can be imported from any part of the world. April 27.

NEW BOOKS.

Received per "Creole,"

HARPER'S Magazine for January;
Peterson's National do. do;
Godey's Ladies' Book, do. do.;
Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine and Engineers Journal for Jan., a New Periodical, 25c. per no.
Singleton Fontenoy, R. N., by James Hanny;
Cruise of the Crescent, by Sir A. Fisher;
Alfred Locke, Tailor & Poet, &c., &c.

January 17. B. O'BRIEN.

Spring and Summer Clothing.

GENTLEMEN who like a neat Garment, will find the best Cutter, Finest Textures, and as *low prices* as any house in the trade, at HALL'S CLOTHING STORE, *Prince William Street*, near opposite Sands' Arcade.

May 9. JAMES T. HALL, *Proprietor.*

Agricultural Garden and Flower **SEEDS.**

THE subscriber has received a fresh assortment of Agricultural, Garden and Flower SEEDS of superior quality. For sale at low prices.

April 25. JOHN G. SHARP.

Removal.

THE subscriber would acquaint his friends and the Public generally that he has REMOVED his PAPER HANGINGS and SHOE STORE to the Premises in Prince William Street, recently in the occupation of Mr. I. Summers. [May 9.] JOHN LEACH.

Cour. N. Br. Freeman, Telegraph.

BRANDRAMS No. 1, WHITE LEAD—Just received, per "*Caria*," from London, 107 cwt. Brandrams No. 1. WHITE LEAD, in 14, 28, 56, and 1 cwt. Kegs: 25 cwt, assorted colours.

May 16, 1851. SAM. TILLEY.

Miscellany.

Recollections of a Police Officer.

MARY KINGSFORD.

TOWARDS the close of 1836, I was hurriedly despatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold, and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly congealing snow, greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were travelling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We travelled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motely passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs, and faculties, I had leasure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had travelled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparant condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class "swells," they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the crowd of a "parliamentary," but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mossic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collard and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and rencated velvet waiscoats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere pieces *d'occasion*—assumed and doversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkable graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place, at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At the moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proferring at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she said impulsively. "Oh I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember——Stand back, fellow!" I angerly continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drank, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face, towards her, and rendering the brandy and water. "Stand back!" He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-grey, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challanged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all rushed forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the nearest carriage, which we had to ourselves so far as the next station.

"Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?" said the young woman, coloring and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

"Quite—entirely so," I almost stammered "You know me, then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my answer. "But you, it seems," she presently added with a trembling smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation in four years have effected!"

"Do you think so? Not pretty Mary Kingsford now, then?" she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain creature!" I rejoined; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my oldest girl. We are old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much-respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out her wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognised the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in color, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmentry and grace. The brilliancy of color vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningly at her mourning dress.

"Yes," she murmured in a sad quivering voice—"yes, farther is gone! It will be six months next Thursday, that he died! Mother is well," she continued more cheerfully, after a pause: "in health, but poorly off; and I—and I," she added with a faint effort at a smile, "am going to London to seek my fortune!"

"To seek your fortune!"

"Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clark? In one of her letters she said she often saw you."

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwomen of a highly respectable confectioner in the strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

"I am to be Sophy's assistant," continued Mary Kingsford; "not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I *must* go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy, to interest herself for me!"

Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged! Excuse me, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one."

"Richard's father," she replied with some spirit, "has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now," she added; "and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so."

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and pre-occupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no further opportunity for private conversation.

"Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?" I inquired.

"Thirty or forty miles from Birmingham, where they entered the car in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them."

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clark received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate, on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice, a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognized, called out; "Quick, coachee, or you'll lose sight of them!" As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half ways out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver "to mind and make no mistake."

The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be apprehended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. "Her cousin," she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, "was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world." The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartly and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of demeanour, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained for her the good will of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect.—Nevertheless, the care of a London life with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing cordials and other confectionary with much gusto; and from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprising good case. They were smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, rewaid their insolent impertinence by her most elaborate graces. I passed on, and presently meeting with a brother detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with them and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

"Hartley and Simpson you say?" he remarked after we had walked away to some distance; "those are only two of their numerous phases. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them."

"They appear of high feather just now," I said.

"Yes; they are connected, I suspect with the gang who cleaned out young Garsindp, last week in Jermyn street. I'd lay a trifle," he added as I turned to leave him, "that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are passed. Good by."

About a fortnight after this conversation with my wife, I paid a visit to Astley's for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestarian marvels at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February, and when we came out, we found the weather changed, dark and sleety, with a sharp nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me, and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin palace close by, I went on my way over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time, so that excepting myself, no foot passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half crossed it, when a female figure closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure, it was a youthful symetrical one; and after a few moments hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her to step suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning as she ran. The momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran butt against a stout elderly gentleman who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. With the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled, and by the time we regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hours eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognizing me, and uttered an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly called for her to stop. She did not seem to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her in consequence of the dark morning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected further into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty, and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavoured with outstretched straining arms to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress which there was no time to put off, and moreover like most inland men I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle, but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the terror of her fate; she fought wildly with the engulfing tide and shrieked for help. Before one could count ten, I grasped her by the arm and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucked in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavor to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round in inexpressible dismay for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was driving us, a large barge lay moored by a chain cable. I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came; a passer had witnessed the flight of the girl, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored, guided by my voice they soon reached us, but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, addressing one of the police officers.

"Merely," said he "that the young woman clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery."

"No—no—no!" broke in the terrified girl.

"Oh! oh of course you'll say so," continued the officer. "All I know is that the diamond branch was found snugly tucked away in her own box. Put come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once."

"Save me! save me!" she sobbed, tightening her grasp upon my arm and looking with beseeching agony in my face.

"Be comforted," I whispered; "and you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford," I added in a louder tone; "I no more believe you have stolen a diamond branch than that I have."

(*To be Concluded in our next.*)

CAUTION.—Immediately after a person is supposed to be dead, coins are generally placed on the eyelids, the mouth is closed, and the lower jaw is tied up. It is almost criminal to proceed to anything of the kind too soon, for if practised when the person is in lethargy, for instance, it would ensure ultimate death—the tying of the jaw especially. A case, of this nature is reported of the last "London Lancet." Had it not been for the interference of a physician, a child, two years old, would have died in consequence of such indecent haste.—*Cottage Gazette.*

THE FARMER.

PLASTER PARIS.

The exceeding various effects of plaster have perplexed farmers, and they have been at a loss to know when to apply it. The following article may aid them:

This substance, sometimes called gypsum, sometimes plaster of Paris, is, as all probably known, made up of sulphuric acid and lime, and of course its proper name is sulphate of lime. It is obtained in large quantities from quarries in Nova Scotia. There is also great abundance of it in some parts of New Brunswick. On the Tobique river, a branch of the St. John there is a large amount of it. Large quantities of it are taken from the quarries and brought into this State, where it is pulverised, and packed into casks ready for the use of the farm. The plaster mills, on the eastern line of the State, as Red Beach for instance, furnish a large amount of this material prepared in the best manner and of excellent quality.

The mode of its action, when applied to grass around, grain crops, &c. &c., is not yet fully understood. It is a fact however, that it is found to be an ingredient in most, if not all of the crops, the growth of which it promotes. Clover, for instance, contains quite an amount of it. And as an application of it to a grass field, or to a clover sod, almost invariably increases its growth, it is very natural to infer that it is taken up by the roots, and assimilated to the substance of the plant itself, and that you could not make or obtain a single sprig of clover without a small portion of plaster.

Whenever a soil contains a sufficient quantity naturally, it will not have any visible effect if you apply more; but where a soil is deficient in the quantity, a supply added by hand gives an additional power to it, and its effects are readily seen in the increase of the crops.

As an absorbant of gases, however, it is valuable to sprinkle about cess-pools, in the vaults of privies, in stables in summer, when it will take up the ammoniacal gases which arise so abundantly from the rapid decomposition of the manure and moisture.

Every farmer should have a cask of it, on *tap*, by him, in order to scatter about his premises every day or two and cover his manure heap. It will neutralize the odor, keep all the gases in the mass, and prevent their flying off and being lost.

A good time to apply it on grass lands is in the spring. Some apply it in the summer or fall, after a crop of hay has been taken off. Some prefer to wait in the spring until the grass has started a little, and they saw it on when there is a dew, or the grass is moistened by a slight rain, supposing that it has some beneficial effect by lodging on the leaf. A bushel to an acre is the usual amount applied.

It has an excellent effect on many pastures. It is self evident that a pasture, being continually cropped, must part with a large portion of the ingredients which it takes to form the grass, as by the grass the growth or substance of the animals that are nourished by the grass is formed. Chemical analysis demonstrates that an ordinary crop of clover takes from an acre of land—of sulphuric acid 18 pounds, and of lime 20 pounds.—These are the two ingredients which make up sulphate of lime or plaster, and it stands to reason that unless it be supplied occasionally, the soil must be exhausted. It would therefore be good policy to give your pastures a sprinkling of plaster once a year, provided they be pretty closely cropped by cattle. At one of the agricultural meetings at the State House in Massachusetts, this winter, Mr. Parker of Framingham, said that he purchased a pasture ten years ago.—By the application of plaster he keeps as much stock on it now as he did when first laid down.

We have said that plaster will not manifest any beneficial action if applied to soils that already contained enough of it. We may also add that there may be, and undoubtedly are instances when it will not exhibit any action, because the soil does not contain enough of some other materials essential to the crop which ought to have been added, and must be added before a good crop can be obtained; for plaster, forming but one element of a soil, cannot furnish a crop that requires a half dozen elements beside.

On the other hand, we sometimes hear complaints, that by the repeated application of plaster the soil has become exhausted, and from yielding heavy crops now yield none. What is the cause of this? The question is well answered by the following, which we copy from the Canadian Agriculturist, the same question having been put to its editor:—

"No manure containing only one or two ingredients can invariably meet all the wants of vegetation. Your soil was evidently deficient in sulphuric acid and lime—the constituents of plaster—that is, sulphate of lime which enters largely into the composition of clover, and such like plants. Hence your extraordinary but short lived success with such crops. But you have been removing from the soil in wheat, rye, barly, oats, &c., some half dozen important substances, and have returned in the plaster only two, and those not at the first moment to grain crops. No wonder then that the soil is exhausted, and that plaster does no good. A fertile soil must contain a sufficient amount of eight or ten different substances, each of which is more or less carried off in every crop, the absolute amount of which involves, of course, exhaustion of the land. For grain crops, your soil requires *phosphates*; for roots *alkalies*. Good farmyard dung is unquestionably the best fertilizer for general purposes, as it contains more or less, of all the constituents of plants. But as its supply is too commonly insufficient, recourse must be had to bones, guano, wood ashes, shoot, &c.; when practicable, we advise the ploughing in of clover or buckwheat, with as liberal, previous dressing of such kinds of manure as can be obtained as possible; seed down with a grass crop, and pasture for a few years. The land will then be again "in heart," and may be kept up by judicious cropping and manuring."—*Maine Farmer.*

PUMPKIN PUDDING.—Take a pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft, and pressed through a cullender. Melt in half a pint of warm milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together. If you can conveniently procure a pint of rich cream, it will be better than the milk and butter. Beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients, alternately with the pumpkin. Then stir in a wine glass of rose water and a glass of wine mixed together; a large teaspoon full of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a grated nutmeg. Having stirred the whole very hard, put it into a buttered dish and bake it three quarters of an hour. Eat it cold.