SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 34.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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.

April.		h.	Sun. s.	Moon h.	w.
24	Saturday,	5	12 6 48	2 11	7 11
25	Sunday,	5	11 6 49	2 46	8 24
26	Monday,	5	10 6 50	3 9	9 37
27	Tuesday,	5	8 6 52	3 38	10 10
28	Wednesday,	5	7 6 53	6 10	49
29	Thursday,	5	6 6 54	4 37	11 23
30	Friday,	5	5 6 55	5 9	11 56

Full Moon, 30th day. 8h. 47m. morning.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

(Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

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Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

The "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society,*" offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR. } AGENTS.
St. John, Dec. 24, 1846. Nelson street.

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 Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward. ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscribers having been duly appointed as 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.

Minerva Life Assurance Company. King William street, London.

ALL Persons insured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public generally that he has a few good HORSES and CARRIAGES, which he will let on very reasonable terms, at his stable in *Charlotte Street*, opposite V. C. Tapper's Store. All letting for business or pleasure dispensed with on the Sabbath, (except in cases of emergency.) No charge for Sunday to those wishing to spend that day with their friends out of the City, leaving on Saturday, and returning on Monday. The patronage of all who approve of the above, will be gratefully received.
GEORGE N. ROBINSON.
St. John, N. B., July 17, 1846.

***Wholesale Confectioner* and Lozenge Manufacturer.**

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, east side. May 29.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Extraordinary Cure of a Case ABANDONED BY *Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals.*

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (the deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure, the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more, which deponent left, being a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's where, sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM.* The deponent then applied upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half-a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, John Pirie Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, sore Nipples, Stiney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles; the Pills, in all the above cases ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of most chettoes, Sand flies, Chiego foot, Yawns, and Coco-bay.

Burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

The Pills are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.—*Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King street, St. John, N. B.*

New **Boot and Shoe Store,** KING STREET.

The subscriber has just received per *Queen Pomare* ELEVEN cases containing Ladies' Cloth and Prunella Boots in great variety;
Ladies' Black Kid slippers; Girls' Bronze kid do.
Girls' Lasting Boots, a large assortment;
Women's cordovan shoes & slippers of every kind;
Women's common shoes and slippers, a large assortment;
Girls' Ankle straps, a large quantity;
Men's double and single im shoes of every kind;
Girls', Youths and children's boots and shoes of every description;
Gentlemen's Boots of every kind; Also, Men's strong Boots of various kinds. For sale cheap.
☞ *Further supply daily expected.*
November 20. JOHN LEITCH.

English Window Glass.

Ex *Themis*, from Liverpool:
25 BOXES 7x9; 40 duto 8x10;
30 duto 9x11; 10 duto 9x12;
25 do. 10x12; 25 do. 10x14; 10 do. 12x14;
20 do. 12x16; 40 do. 12x18; 15 do. 12x17;
10 do. 14x20; 5 do. 14x18; 20 do. 16x20;
10 do. 16x22; 10 do. 16x24; 10 do. 18x24.
For sale low by W. D. SMITH,
October 30. Market Square

Cook Stoves & Leather.

Just received by the *Kate* from Boston, and for sale
106 SIDES SOLE LEATHER;
30 assorted Cook Stoves;
2 Cooking Ranges; 10 bbls sea Elephant OIL;
200 Pieces Paper Hanging.
JOHN KINNEAR.
January 15. *Prince Wm. street.*

PRACTICE OF THE LAW, *Conveyancing & Notarial Business.* &c. &c. &c.

Office directly opposite the Bank of New Brunswick.

JAMES WM. ROND, Barrister, Attorney, Conveyancer &c. General Agent.

Mr. A. Mackenna, *Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.*

OFFICE, up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.
June 12, 1846.

MR. G. BLATCH, *Attorney at Law, Notary Public, and Conveyancer.*

OFFICE in Mr. L. H. DeVeber's new building, on the Western side of Prince William street.
December 11.

Stoves, Hollow Ware & Pig Iron. Landing ex *Nautilus*, from Glasgow—

84 CANADA STOVES, from 20 to 36 inches.
12 tons HOLLOW WARE, well assorted;
100 tons Pig IRON, No 1. For sale by
Nov. 6. WM CARVILL.

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.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Miscellany.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

THE MID-NIGHT WATCH.

A TALE OF THE PROTECTORATE.

(*Continued.*)

'As you will, sir. Perhaps my light heart as you are pleased to term it, would do well to seek some less morose and testchy guardian,' said the young lady tossing up her head, and preparing to close the window.

But as her eye fell upon the despairing look and gestures of her lover, the arched eyebrow was unknit, and raised with an expression of comic vexation; a smile lurked for a moment in dimples and corners of the pouting mouth, and then at last broke out into a fit of laughter.

After indulging a moment in her mirth, Mildred looked at the young man fondly and said, 'Go to, Gerald! you show not the patient spirit of a Christian man; and even now your face wears such a frown as methinks must have wrinkled the brow of the jet dons blackamoor in those wicked stage-plays, of which my poor mother told me, before my father chid her for it, and bid her cease to speak of such vanities—fie now! out upon you! shall I throw you down my little mirror that you may see that face? Well; I am a roughly forward child. See there! I am sitting on the stool of penance, and ask thy pardon.

'Forgive me, also,' said Gerald springing forward, his heart melting before the arch look of fondness that beamed down upon him. 'Forgive me my petish impatience, with you, Mildred.'

'Forgiveness of injuries is ordained unto us as our first of duties,' rejoined Mildred, with an another demure look—which was all the wickedness for its demureness.

'But why came you not before, my Mildred?' said the lover, with a slight lingering tone of expostulation; 'you know not the bitterness of those countless minutes of anxiety, and doubts, and eager waiting.'

'I could not leave my father,' replied Mildred, more seriously; although he knows and approves our attachment, he would have chid me had he been aware that I come to have speech of you from my window: and as it is, I have done wrong to come. Besides, he was weary, and bade me read to him the Bible until, in the midst of an exhortation to watch and pray, I heard a sound that he himself might have called an uplifting of the horn of Simon, and behold he was snoring in his chair; and then in the naughtiness of my heart, I stole from his presence to come to my room—and—and—tend my flowers, she added, with an arch smile.

'You thought of me then, and came, though late, to see me?' said Gerald, eagerly.

'You! did I not say my flowers, Master Gerald?' asked Mildred, still laughing.

'O, mock me no longer, cruel girl. You know not all I have suffered during this tedious watch—all the doubts and fears with which my poor mind has been tormented. Did you know, you would console, not mock me, and one word would console all. Tell me you love me still.'

One word you say—what shall it be?' said Mildred, raising her eyebrows as if to seek the word, and then looking down upon him kindly, she added 'Ever.'

'And now you love none but me? You have no thought for any other?' continued the lover, with an evident spice of jealousy still lurking in his mind.

'What two words now,' said the laughing girl. 'Are all lovers such arrant beggars? give them a penny and they ask a groat. Well, well: but one other, and that shall be the last. None—and as Mildred spoke, she bent herself over the balcony to smile on Gerald, and rested her tiny hand of course unconsciously, on the outer frame work.

'Thanks, thanks, my pretty, my darling Mildred!' exclaimed the young man, and, as he spoke, he sprang, musket on arm, upon a stone bench, which stood out from the wall immediately under Mistress Mildred's window, and endeavored to snatch the white hand that just peeped so invingly over the low wooden balcony.

'Out upon you Master Sentinel,' said the young lady, pulling back her hand. 'Is it thus you keep your watch? Another such step, and I shall sound the alarm, and denounce you as a deserter from your post. Look ye! your prisoner will escape.'

Gerald instinctively turned his head to the old tower behind him, and as he stepped down again from the stone bench, with somewhat of the tail between the legs-book, which a spaniel wears when repulsed from his mistress' lap. But there was no one stirring. He shook his head reproachfully at the laughing girl.

'Nay, I did but remind you of your duty,' said Mildred, and you know my father sets much store by the capture of this prisoner, whom he supposes to be one of rank and note; a fugitive from the dispersed army of the malignants, perhaps a friend of the young King of Scots; and, as such, aware of his retreat.

'I saw him as they brought him hither, after capturing him in an attempt to gain the coast,' replied the young soldier. 'He is an old cavalier, of a stately and goodly presence, although pass down by his ill fortune. But enough of this. Tell me, Mildred,—but here the ears of the young couple caught the sound of a distant bell as it came booming over the waters of the broad.

'Hush! it is the curfew from the town,' said Mildred. The watch will now be changed. Back! back! they will be here directly. I must be away.

'Already, cried Gerald, with vexation. 'But another word Mildred—but one—some token of your love until we meet again.'

'Impossible!' replied the fair girl. 'How can you ask me for a token? It were very wrong in me to give you such. You ask too much.' Then as she was about to close the window, she exclaimed again. 'This poor rose wants trimming sadly.—Alack! these early frost destroy all my poor plants,' and taking up the scissors which hung from her girdle, she snapped at a whithered leaf. Perhaps Mildred's pretty little hand trembled, for of course it was an accident—the unfortunate scissors, instead of cutting the withered leaf, closed upon the very prettiest rose upon the little tree—that rose happened to hang over the edge of the balcony, and so it came to pass that it fell at Gerald's feet.

Gerald seized it, and pressed it, like all true lovers, from time immemorial, to his lips.

'Thanks darling girl!' he cried.

'Thanks! for what?' rejoined Mistress Mildred, putting on a very lamentable air. 'Now don't suppose I have done this purposely. My poor rose—how you crush it and tremble it in your hand—How could I be so awkward?' and with these words, the window wholly closed.

Gerald still stood with his eyes fixed upon the window, when a noise as of a sharp rustling among the leaves, startled him. Immediately upon the alert he looked cautiously around, but there was no one in the court. He walked heavily to the parapet wall, and bent over it—all was still, except the boat of the fishermen, which he had before observed.—It had apparently been rowed to another part of the river about the mansion, as a better place for fishing without having been observed by the inattentive sentinel, for it was now floating down the stream towards the opening into the broad. The fisherman again lay motionless at the bottom of the boat. Suddenly a thought seemed to cross the young soldiers brain, for he sprang to the bushes still growing near the parapet wall, and searched hastily among the leaves. From the ground beneath their thick shelter, he raised a small package. His musket was already jerked into his right arm to fire on shore in order, lest the fisherman might be pursued as suspected of attempting to establish a communication with the prisoner, when his eyes fell upon the superscription of the packet. He started for one moment with surprise; and then his color changed, and he grew deadly pale. His eye hurried rapidly to the tower—an exclamation of bitter grief burst from his lips, and he stood aghast. At this moment the steps of the soldiers coming to relieve the guard resounded along the vaulted passage communicating between the court and other parts of the mansion. At the sound the blood rushed back into Gerald's face, until it covered forehead and temples. He hastily replaced the packet in the hiding place where he had discovered it, and stood with musket in arm and in a state of ill suppressed agitation, awaiting the corporal and guard.

The young soldier who was now brought to relieve him from his post was the same Mark Maywood of whom he had expressed his jealous doubts.

The usual ceremony of relieving guard was gone through; but although the words of order were few these few words were communicated by Gerald in a brief angry tone, and received by the other young with a cold frowning air. Between the two young men there seemed to exist feelings of an instinctive repulsion.

As he turned to leave the court, Gerald gave another anxious, eager look at the old tower, and glanced askance at the leafy hiding place of the packet. Another troubled sigh burst from his heart—whatever thoughts occupied him before pressing within the vaulted passage, he raised his eyes to the well known chamber casement, which was close by. He could evidently perceive Mildred's graceful form partially ensconded behind a hanging to her window. Was she watching his departure?—No. It seemed to him as if her eyes were turned in the direction of the handsome young recruit—the detested Maywood. And he, Gerald looked round once more and felt convinced the young sentinel's eyes were fixed upon pretty young Mistress Mildred's window. It was in a high state of agitation—a new fit of raging jealousy mingled with other painful and harrassing emotions, that Gerald followed the corporal and soldiers from the court.

Gerald sat with a troubled and moody air upon one of the stone benches of the low hall which was formerly intended, perhaps, for a sort of a waiting room for the domestics of the establishment, but was now used as a guard room. Although his thoughts were not upon the objects around him, he seemed to be assiduously employed in cleansing his accoutrements—for in spite of his birth and the fortune left him by his uncle, he was still left to fulfil the very humblest and most irksome duties of a military life.

The eagerest suspicions of his mistress' fickleness were sufficient to excite the jealous temperament of a youth, like Gerald, whose naturally ardent and passionate disposition, those hot Clynton blood had been only subdued not quenched, by the strict education of his severe cold Uncle Lyle. But there were thoughts and feelings of a far more momentous and harrassing nature that now assailed him.—The packet he had discovered among the bushes growing close upon the parapet wall, which evidently had been conveyed, by stealth, within the precincts of the Fortress had borne the following superscription:—'For the Lord Clynton—these.'

It was Lord Clynton, then—it was his own father, who was prisoner within these walls.

Under sad auspices were his filial affections now first awakened. He was aware of the danger that must attend his unhappy parent should he be discovered to be, as was probably the case, one of those obstinate malignants, as they termed, who after having made reluctant submission when a fate of arms proved fatal to Charles I., had again joined the royalist troops when the standard was raised for the young prince, and fought in his cause, until the final overthrow at Worcester forced them into a flight from the country. It was in an attempt of this kind that the prisoner had been taken. Gerald knew how almost certain what would be the old cavalier's condemnation under such circumstances. But there were evidently hopes of saving him.—Communications it was clear, had been established with the prisoner by persons outside the walls of the fortress. It was known, probably, that by the commission of the commander, the prisoner was allowed to take the air for a certain time daily, in the small court beneath the walls of the tower in which he was confined; and this opportunity was watched, it would seem for the conveyance of the communication into the hand of the prisoner.

The conflicting struggle which had arisen in Gerald's mind, now gave place to one overpowering feeling. He was determined at all risks, and at whatever sacrifice to himself to save his father. The breach of trust—the dereliction from his honor—the probability of being obliged to renounce the hand of the girl he loved, if detected in assisting in a plot to favour the liberation of the old cavalier—all faded away from his sight, and appeared as naught when compared with the hope of rescuing his father from his cruel situation. What the nature of the scheme was, which Lord Clinton's friends seemed to be devising in order to effect his escape, or how far he could assist in such a project, he was unable to devise. But the one thought was there, and mastered all—the thought that on opening the way for the escape of his father, he should be able to say, Father, bless thy long estranged son—it is he who saves thee.' The rest was doubt, confusion and darkness.

It seemed to him if the packet was discovered, it would have been he who delivered up his father, who had betrayed the secret on which depended his father's safety. The thought, however, that the evening was closing in, somewhat consoled him.—Eternally long seemed the time spent in the mute agony of doubt. At length the hour sounded for the relief of the guard, and Gerald's heart beat painfully. Now he might learn whether Maywood had made the dreadful discovery. He placed himself as if by chance in the passage through which the guard had to pass with the report of the Governor, and gazed with a scrutinizing look into the face of the young soldier as he went by, as if he could read an answer to those dreadful doubts in those dark eyes. Mark Maywood's face, to which, in spite of his beauty, the closely chipped dark hair in round-head fashion, contrasted with the thick moustache, gave a harsh and hard look, was stern, frowning, and expressive of that unless severity which was usually put on by the enthusiasts of the day. In such a case Gerald could read nothing to dissipate his doubts, but everything to strengthen them.—Anxiously did he await the return of the relieved sentinel to the guard room. But when Mark Maywood came at last, he interchanged but a few sentences with the older and sterner of his comrades, and not a word to Gerald, and taking a well worn Bible in his hand, flung himself on a bench, and soon seemed lost in serious devotion. Once, in truth, Gerald fancied that he raised his eye to scan him, as if in scorn, and then indeed he first remarked that Maywood twisted between his fingers a rose. For a moment his aversion to the young soldier as an enemy to be dreaded for his father's sake, was absorbed in his hatred to him as a suspected rival. That rose—how had he obtained it? Could Mildred be so base as to encourage the handsome young enthusiast, who, in spite of his gloomy character, had evidently, to Gerald's jealous eye, shown himself feelingly alive to the surcasms of pretty Mistress Mildred's charms? For a moment the feelings of jealousy so completely overpowered all others, that he started forward to challenge the young man to account for the possession of the rose. But again the thoughts of his father came across him. Such a challenge must necessarily involve him in a quarrel—a quarrel which would be followed by an arrest for breach of discipline—a confinement of some hours, during which he, who might have aided his father's escape, might perhaps leave him to perish; and swallowing with effort, all the bitter feelings that almost choked him—he turned away and sought his hard couch.

At length the hour arrived. Accompanied by the corporal and other soldiers of the guard, he was taken to relieve his predecessors on the post. And after an interchange of the usual formalities was left alone. His first impulse was to examine the bush, into which on the evening previously, had been flung the packet. After looking carefully around him, and in spite of the absorbing thought which now occupied his attention, casting one glance accompanied by a troubled sigh, upon Mildred's window, he approached the wall. Before, however, he could put aside the leaves, several heavy steps resounded through the vaulted passage, and Gerald drew back from the wall with all the seeming unconcern he could assume.

The persons who entered the court were the commander, Lazarus Seaman himself, and three soldiers. With a grave salute and few words to Gerald, the colonel gave directions that the heavy gate of the prisoner's tower should be opened, and motioning to one of the soldiers who accompanied him to remain behind, he entered the lower tower with the other two, and was immediately heard mounting the winding stair leading to the room above, in which the prisoner was confined.

At length the steps of the Governor and his party were heard descending the stairs of the tower. As they emerged into the court, Gerald started with a fresh burst of uncontrollable agitation. The old cavalier followed the Round headed colonel. With few more words to signify to his prisoner that the soldier allotted him to take the air in the court was but short, Lazarus Seamun again retired.

The soldier, already mentioned, remained behind as an extra-sentinel, or watch to prevent all possibility of escape, during the time the prisoner was permitted to promenade in the open air.

Gerald was in the presence of his father.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ENGLISHMAN AND HIS DINNER.

It has been truly said, that a good DINNER is the readiest way to an Englishman's heart, and despite the disease in the potatoes DINNER undoubt maintains its legitimate influence. Do you want to raise money for any charitable purpose? what so conducive to success as a public DINNER? Do you wish to encourage art or science? advocate their claims after a DINNER. Are you anxious to pay a tribute of admiration, esteem, or gratitude to any individual for public services, or private excellencies?—give him a DINNER. Are you doubtful of the success of any institution, from a Brougham Institute, to a chess club, or a subscription hunt? try an anniversary DINNER. In fact, the DINNER is the thing" under all circumstances and occasions. In the political world the CARTWRIGHT principle is fully acknowledged; the minister gains supporters, confirms waverers, conciliates enemies, and stimulate friends by a parliamentary DINNER;—his opponents plan their attacks and manœuvres at his festive board of their leader. Even the Speaker maintains his personal influence among the belligerents by his "full dress" DINNERS, in which it is curious enough to observe the admirable selection of guests—one time Russelites, another Peelites and a third Bentinckites. Mark, too, the House itself: how tamely the debate drags its slow length along during the first part of the evening: "manly men" speaking to empty benches, and the few listeners who remain almost too languid to cry "hear hear;" the Speaker dozing in his chair of office; and the clerks crawling about as if they were made of sand and were afraid of falling to pieces—the "great guns" are all at DINNER. View the House again towards nine or ten o'clock. The benches are filled; the "hear, hears" and the cheers are frequent and noisy; the Speaker is wide awake, and cries "order, order" in his most authoritative tones; the clerks on the alert; they pour forth their choicest oratory, or, as some men are apt to grow quarrelsome after the fourth glass of port or claret, give evidence of their having gone through the important business of DINNER, by being personal in their remarks.

These reflections have been suggested by the striking difference in the tone of the two last debates, one having taken place *before* DINNER, and the other *after*.—*Liverpool Mail.*

THE BRITISH IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.—With the exception of the first American war, and the earliest campaigns of that with revolutionary France, the British army has for ages held a distinguished place in the military annals of Europe; and amongst the qualities to which may fairly be attributed much of its success, it is dread silence of the troops when in presence of the enemy, and indeed on all occasions under arms. Our more lively neighbours have well described it as '*cette affreuse silence.*' A chance stranger thrown into the scene might almost imagine that they were rooted to the ground by the enchanter's spell, so stern and statue-like is their immoveability.—The heavy floating colours; so unfit, when displayed, to be carried by the hand are in their cases. Mere show in any way is unthought of, and every incumbrance is removed. Not a sound is then to be heard, save and except it may be a solitary note of a bugle, intelligible only to the light troops. The drum is hushed; and any other kinds of music at such a time would be rejected as most unsuited to the deadly work, they are about to be engaged in. The French leader speaks to and regulates his troops by the drum. Its bearer, with a rifle slung at his back, is at his right hand, and the charge is made to its ruffle. Our musicians, and all the non-combatants of every description are, or ought to be, in the rear under the orders of the surgeon, for the removal, the conveyance, and succour of the wounded. Even these last, however hideously mangled, are generally uncomplaining. They silently abide their fate, or yield up their breath, or submit to the operations of cure with the same equanimity. According to my observations, the most querulous under wounds and sickness have been the Scotch Highlanders. The Irish may be more noisy, but then it is with less plaint. —*Dr. Fergusson's Professional Notes.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

The commencement of this system was the work of Dr. Birkbeck, to whom the people of this island owe a debt of gratitude, the extent of which it would not be easy, perhaps in the present age and possible, to be described. The most learned and excellent person formed the design (as enlightened as it was benevolent) of admitting the working classes of his fellow-countrymen to the knowledge of science, till then almost deemed the exclusive property of the higher ranks in society, and only acquired accidentally and irregularly in a few rare instances of extraordinary talents, by any of the working classes. Dr. Birkbeck resided for some time in Glasgow, as Professor in the Anderson College; and about the year 1800 he announced a course of lectures on natural philosophy, and its application to the arts, for the instruction of mechanics. But a few at first availed themselves of this advantage; by degrees, however, a general taste for the study was diffused, and when he left Glasgow two or three years afterwards, about 700 eagerly and constantly attended the class. For some time after Dr. Birkbeck's departure, the lectures of his able and worthy successor, Dr. Ure, were well frequented, and the Professor happily thought of adding a *library* for the use of the mechanics, and entrusting the direction of it entirely to a committee chosen by themselves. A difference, however, at first to be regretted, led to consequences highly beneficial; for a great number seceded from the lectures, and formed an institution entirely under the management of the mechanics' themselves, which has been successful beyond all expectation.—*Lord Brougham.*

PERUVIAN MODE OF APPLYING GUANO.—Opposite to the Ports of Pisco and Chieca, lie a number of small islands, noted for their large deposits of guano, or *huano*, as Dr. Tschudi corrects the orthography of the word. The doctor gives some very interesting particulars concerning this efficacious manure, which although but recently adopted in Europe, appears to have been used in Peru as far back as the time of the first Incas. The Peruvians use it chiefly for the maize and potatoe fields: their manner of employing it is peculiar, and but little known in Europe. A few weeks after the seeds have begun to germinate, a small hole is made beside each plant, filled with huano, and covered up with earth. The effect of the process is incredibly rapid. In a very few days the plants attain double their previous height. When the operation is repeated, but with a smaller quantity of huano, the farmer may reckon upon a crop at least threefold—that which he would obtain from an unmanured soil. Of the white huano, which is much stronger than the dark coloured, less must be used, and the field must be watered sooner, or for a longer time, or the roots will be destroyed. When the land is tolerably good, seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred pounds of huano are reckoned sufficient for a surface of fourteen thousand square feet; with poor soil, a thousand or twelve hundred pounds are required.

GOD'S PRESENCE.—Where the king is, there is the court; and where the presence of God is, there is heaven. Art thou in prison with Paul and Silas, if God be with thee, thou wilt sing hallelujahs. Art thou at the stake with blessed martyrs, as the sunbeams put out the flames, and turn their trouble into comforts, so, that it is but winking, and thou art in heaven.—Therefore that soul which enjoys the Lord, though it may want the sun or moon to shine in creature comforts, worldly delights—to solace it, yet it needs them not, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; God himself irradiates it with the brightness of his beauty, and Christ himself fills it with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Thus God brings his heaven with him, and that man that enjoys God carries heaven about him; so that there is his happiness, cast him in a dungeon, in a furnace, where you please, yet he is still in heaven.

The deacons "down east" have a bad practice of snoring loud while asleep in church, which appears to disturb some folks there. The *Boston Bee* has the following polite notice for one of them:—"Deacon ——— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighbourhood of his pew would like to hear the text."