The Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum:] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Vol. VII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1843. No. 20.

THE CHRONICLE,

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

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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Weekly Almanack.

Jan.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	H. W.
14 Saturday,	7 35	4 41	6 8	10 22
15 Sunday,	7 35	4 45	6 56	11 7
16 Monday,	7 34	4 46	Rises	11 45
17 Tuesday,	7 34	4 47	6 47	Morn
18 Wednesday,	7 33	4 49	8 5	0 25
19 Thursday,	7 32	4 50	9 23	1 3
20 Friday,	7 32	4 51	10 40	1 41

Full Moon 16th day, 3h. 48m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Geo. Swinney.

Commercial Bank.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Lewis Burns.

Bank of British North America.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Wm. H. Street, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Saving's Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Marine Assurance Company.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

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Next of Kin, and all other description of Advertisements, received for insertion in all the European Publications.

N. B.—All orders should be addressed "Chas. Willmer" in full, and none will be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance, or reference for payment on some Liverpool or London House.

Houses to Let.

THE subscriber will Rent undermentioned Properties very low until the First of May next:

A House on the south side of Dorchester street, containing 4 Rooms and Kitchen, with a number of Bed Rooms, Pantry and Celler.

The upper Flat of a House on the corner of Dorchester and Carlton streets.

Also,—A Shop in King street, late in the occupation of Mr. James Burns.

July 1. JOS. FAIRWEATHER.

Vessel and Houses for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale, a square rigged Vessel, 231 Tons old measurement, (209 new) essentially copper-fastened, Juniper stem and stern post, Pitch Pine top timbers, and the remainder of her timbers principally Juniper, and in every respect a superior built vessel: can be launched in 20 days from sale.

Also, a two story DWELLING HOUSE, 28x36, containing four commodious rooms, six bed rooms, and a frost proof cellar, with a Lot of Land 51 feet by 100. This property is situated in a most central situation at the Bend, and a most eligible stand for any public business.

Also, a House, Barn and Lot, containing one and a quarter acres, at St. Martin's, County of St. John, situated near Vaughan's Creek. Should this property not be disposed of at private sale, it will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the 13th Aug next.—For terms of sale of the Quaco property, apply to Mr. George Cochran, Quaco: and for the terms and particulars of other property, apply to

WILLIAM HAINES.

Bend Peticodiac.

County Westmorland, 14th July, 1842.

RYE FLOUR.—100 Brls. RYE FLOUR, just received and for sale by the subscriber, cheap for Cash. JOHN BOWES.

Molasses, Tobacco, &c.

Landing, ex schooner *Freetown*, from Yarmouth—

23 PUNCHEONS Martinique Molasses;

Ex Fidelia, from New-York:

20 Barrels Newton Pippins; 10 Kegs Fig Tobacco.

For sale by JARDINE & CO.

Hay for sale.

35 TONS of first quality HAY, now lying on the Marsh near Creighton's, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by

7th August. SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

"HATH NOT THY ROSE A CANKER?"

BY MRS. LOIS B. ADAMS.

Pressed with the weight of morning dews,
Its slender stalk the rose was bending,
And red and white in changing hues
Upon its cheek were sweetly blending;
But underneath the leaflets bright,
By blushing beauty hid from sight,
Enamoured with its fragrance rare,
The canker worm was feasting there.

O! thou who in thy youthful days
Ambition's wreaths are proudly twining,
And fondly hoping worldly praise
Will cheer thine after years declining,
Beware, lest every tempting rose
That in ambition's pathway grows,
Conceal beneath its semblance fair
The lurking canker of despair.

And thou who in thine early morn
For sin the paths of truth art leaving,
Remember, though no pointed thorn
May pierce the garland thou art weaving,
Yet every bud whence flow'rets bloom
Shall its own living sweets entomb;
For deep the canker worm of care
Is feasting on its vitals there.

Thou too, the beautiful and bright,
At Pleasure's shrine devoutly kneeling,
Dost thou not see the fatal blight
Across thy roseate chaplet stealing?
Time hath not touched with fingers cold
Those glossy leaves of beauty's mould,
And yet each bud and blossom gay
Is marked for slow but sure decay.

O! ye who sigh for flowers that bloom
In one eternal spring of gladness,
Where beauty finds no darkened tomb,
And joy hath never dreamed of sadness:
Elysian fields are yours to roam
Where groves of fadeless pleasures bloom;
O! linger not where sorrow's tears
May blight the cherished hopes of years.

Miscellany.

ENGLISH MARRIAGES.

BY A PARISH CLERK.

It would not, perhaps, be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends, to our church. She was richly and elegantly attired, in white lace and white satin; but no one who looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again; her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of such deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress; therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid, as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath, so sacred as that which I have sworn, ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards those dark and distant corners, lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the addresses of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows, will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead." Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes, and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry-room; and shortly afterwards the bridegroom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's-man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the Continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The clergyman opened his book—the ceremony commenced—and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and uttered a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground! We carried her immediately into the vestry, and, after many applications of harts-horn and water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bridegroom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony; and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired, looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards, the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise was great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bridegroom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who came before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love—but, no such thing; and I was told afterwards, that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty, going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar aspect as the bride possessed, was surely never before exhibited at a wedding. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too; the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfiture of the lady, who was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and tossed, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually startling in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated belle's yellow parchment visage, and her snowy drapery, was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tricked out in white satin; and there were some sly looks amid the company, when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such icea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money, for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing would else have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and, I may say, pestilent creature.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One, I remember, was evidently brought to church through fear of the brothers of his bride: they came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragoon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustachios on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men, with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking especial care to show that the slight civility which he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband: if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and, altogether, I never saw more evil augury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

The lady, according to custom, came first. She had many of her friends about her; and the whole company showed more joy than is generally exhibited by the polite world, even on these happy events. There appeared to be a sort of congratulation amongst them, as though they had brought some fortunate circumstance to pass of which they had despaired; and amid them also was a tall bluff-looking brother, who seemed very well pleased with the success of his exertions. The bride, too, was in high spirits, and talked and smiled with her bride's-maid, arranged her dress at the glass, and carried her head with an air. So much were the party occupied with their own satisfied feelings, that they did not appear to observe the wild and haggard look of the bridegroom. I was shocked and alarmed at the pale and ghastly countenance which he presented: he was dressed in black, and though somebody took notice of this circumstance, it was only to joke about it. To me he seemed under the influence of brandy or of laudanum, for he talked strangely, and laughed in such a manner that I shuddered at the sound. Nobody, however, appeared to regard it; and the wedding party entered the church as gaily as possible. During the ceremony the bridegroom's mood changed; as if struck by its solemnity, he became grave; a shade of inexpressible sadness passed over his wan, cold brow; and large drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. The nuptial rite ended, he stooped forward to kiss the bride, and just as the clergyman turned to leave the altar, drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot himself through the heart before an arm could be raised to prevent him! Down dropped the new married couple together, for this unhappy gentleman entangled himself in his wife's drapery, and dragged her with him as he fell. It was a horrid sight to see the dead and the living stretched in this fearful embrace upon the ground. Paralyzed by the report of the pistol, we stood aghast, and a minute elapsed before even I could stretch out my hand to extricate the bride from her shocking situation. She had not fainted, and she could not weep; but her eyes were glazed, her features rigid, and her skin changed to a deep leaden hue. Her satin robe was in several places stained with blood; and surely never was any spectacle half so ghastly! Her friends repressed their tears and sobs, and, gathering round her, attempted to convey her away. She submitted as if unwittingly; but when her foot was on the threshold of the portal she burst into long and continued shrieks. The whole church rang with the appalling cry; and it was not until she had completely exhausted herself by her screams, and had sunk into a sort of torpor, interrupted only by low moans, that she could be taken from the fatal spot. A coroner's inquest sat in the vestry, and a sad tale of female levity, and of the weakness and libertinism of man, came out. But the subject is too painful to dwell upon, and I gladly turn to pleasanter recollections.

We had a very fine party shortly afterwards, who arrived in two or three carriages. The bride was young and fair, but she held her head down, and seemed greatly agitated. It was very easy to perceive that her heart had not been consulted in the choice of a husband. The father, a tall heavy-browed man, cast severe and threatening glances upon his trembling daughter; but the mother, though she seemed equally bent upon the match, interceded for a little cessation of hostilities, and when the shrinking girl asked to be allowed to walk for a moment with one friend in the church, in order to collect her scattered thoughts, leave was granted. As she passed out of the door she dropped her white satin reticule, and it clanked heavily against the steps—a sound not at all like that of a smelling-bottle, and I must confess that my curiosity was strongly excited. I endeavoured to pick it up—but before I could bend my arm, which is a little stiff with the rheumatism, she had whipped it off the ground, and down the side aisle she went, leaning upon her companion's arm. This aisle is long, and rather dark, terminating in a heavy oaken screen, which conceals the green baize door leading to the front portal. She passed behind this screen and was seen no more! I thought it very odd, but it was not my place to speak, so I returned into the vestry room, that I might not be questioned. Presently the bridegroom arrived, and an ill-favoured gentleman he was, with a fretful discontented countenance; and he began complaining of having been detained at home by some fool's message. After he had grumbled for a few minutes the bride was called for—she was not to be found. The father stormed. "Is this a time," he exclaimed, "to play such childish tricks! she has hidden herself in some corner:" and away we all hastened in search of her. The church doors were shut and locked, but as I passed up the gallery stairs I observed that the bolts were withdrawn from that which led from the side aisle. I did not, however, feel myself compelled to publish this discovery, though I shrewdly suspected that the reticule which had rung so loudly as it fell contained a key; and so it proved. Some time was wasted in examining the organ-loft, and indeed every place in which a mouse might have been concealed. At last somebody hit upon the truth, and a little inquiry placed the elopement beyond a doubt. We learned that a carriage had been in waiting at a corner of the street opposite to the church; and that a gentleman had been seen loitering under the portico, who, the instant that two ladies popped out, conducted them to his equipage, which moved leisurely away, while we were engaged in our unsuccessful search. Upon strict examination it came out that a pew-opener had furnished the means of obtaining a false key. It would be impossible to describe the rage and dismay of the disappointed parties: the mother went off in hysterics, the bridegroom looked sourer than ever, the father raved and swore bitterly; and the clergyman, after vainly attempting to pacify him, read him a lecture upon intemperate conduct. All those who were not related to the parties slunk away, perhaps to have their laugh out; and I take shame to myself to say that I could not help enjoying the scene, so thoroughly unamiable did those persons appear with whom the fair bride was unfortunately connected. I was anxious about the young couple, and heard with great pleasure that they got safe to Scotland.

[To be concluded next week.]

DUBLIN POLICE DOINGS.

COLLEGE STREET-OFFICE.

Eighty-two prisoners were brought up from the "de Brook." Amongst the prisoners who were introduced to Mr. Hitchcock were four players, who gave their four names as Jem Garrick, Tom Kean, Bill Kemble, and Jack Matthews, and who were bedecked in all the pride and pomp of circumstance, so far as glittering tinsel, yellow ribbons, flesh coloured calico, and red tape could make them. In fact their dresses consisted of every colour in that celebrated semicircular curve yclept, the rainbow, and many other hues of which the said rainbow never could boast were added thinly "to make up a show." The prisoners were handed into the dock with a degree of politeness never surpassed by any "usher of the black rod," or white rod, or any other rod, by an officer who seemed to have studied Chesterfield to great advantage. The prisoners stood with folded arms and downcast eyes, and although whilom used to battles, ambuscades, Spanish blades, and the like, they now seemed to recoil

"Even at the sound themselves had made."

when placed before the legal tribunal, and the inquiring glance of 184 B, who ever and anon, turned his organs of language (the eyes, according to Gall) on the poor players, previous to his commencing the following narrative:—Your worship (said 184 B.) that gentleman there to the left—he with the yellow waistcoat, black hat, and white goose feathers—laughter—came up to the tent door where I was on duty, and spoke to me in an unknown tongue.—(Loud Laughter.)

Magistrate.—Then you did not understand what he said?

184 B.—Not exactly, your worship; but he made a low bow and said, "Most potent, grave, and reverend seignor." (Loud Laughter.)

Magistrate.—Well, sir, go on.

Constable 184 B.—Well, your worship, he said the words, at the same time taking off his *ould caubeen*—that's the hat with the *gander* feathers in it—(roars of laughter)—and says he, "My very honoured and approved good master, that I have taken away an old man's daughter."—(Renewed laughter) "Oh, ho," says I, "have you my gay fellow? then, I'll charge you with assassination and bigamy"—(roars of laughter)—"for I suppose you have *kilt* the *ould* man, then *seducted* his little girl, you thief. (Increased laughter in which the bench joined heartily.) Your worship I never could like a *big-a-mite* and says I, "Young man, you'll have to pay for peeping, you'r the Queen's prisener!" "You're a fool," says he to me, "I'm only a player, and I'm in a devil of a perspiration, after smothering *Desdemonda* with the dirty end of a blanket—I'm Othello, the Moor of Venice, let me in until I get a *rosiner* after the job!" Oh, you big blackguard, says I, did you combine murder with your larceny of bigamy!" —(Shouts of Laughter.) "Stand back," says he, "for I have seen the day when this small arm and this good sword would have made my way through twenty times your——stop, but——!" "None of your butts, old hand," says I. "I'll try my crooked crab-tree—that's my truncheon, your worship—*agin* all your *ould* scythe-blades—for the sword was only a piece of a cast reaping-hook, or a hay-knife—(laughter)—just at that moment the other fellow with the spangled tights and bare neck came up, and shouted out—*Romeo! Romeo!* wherefore are thou *Romeo?*—by the living jingo they're waiting for you inside." "I can't get out of this ere chap's paws," said the first, when on the same the second fellow bawls out—"Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, our brother here is trapped by a beak,"—when all at once the whole fair of players came down on me like the waterfall of Niagara—(laughter)—but after a hard struggle I surrounded them and marched them off to the station house not before they left my coat skirtless and my collar in want of a letter."

Magistrate.—Well, gentlemen, what have you to say in answer to this charge?

Mr. Garrick.—Your worship, though little used to the set phrase of peace, I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. Your lordship may observe that I am life——

Magistrate—I see you are alive certainly.

Mr. Garrick—Your worship mistakes my meaning—I am life, because life's a poor player (that's what I am) that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more.—Here he turned round in the dock, and walked up and down for a second or two most majestically.)

Magistrate—Come to the point at once.

Mr. Garrick.—Well, then, "I'll screw my courage to the sticking place," and close with 184 B at once—that's closer in the consequence. Well, sir, after putting a *finisher* on "Desdemona"—she is a mighty strong woman, and takes a power of exertion to kill her.—(Laughter.) I wanted a "drop of drink," as Hamlet's mother has it, and on stepping into the tent where 184 was on guard——

184 B.—No, not guard—duty, sir, *we* call it.

Mr. Garrick.—Well, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" but I do not think it writ down in my duty to inform his worship that when you stopped me I was nearly tempted to make worms' meat of you, for I could have jerked you two or three times under the ribs, but thought it "stuff o' the conscience to do no contriven murder; and for this mercy vouchsafed to you mercilessly—not by yourself though—dragged me to a prison house. So ends my brief eventful history. I have done! My noble brothers (turning to his comrades) speak—what say you all?"

Magistrate.—I fear you have interfered with the constable in discharge of his duty, and that your three friends have acted very injudiciously also. I fine you 5s.; and the other three persons 2s. 6d each.

Mr. Kemble.—"A plague on both your houses!" I say, Jem, will you fork out the stumpy.

Mr. Garrick.—Yes; for he that steals my purse steals nothing else but—trash! But 184 B, who thought to filch away my good name by telling the magistrates I was a coward (looking fiercely at the constable) I tell thee, loun, that we again shall meet and measure blades. So saying, he handed the needful to the office sergeant, and, with his comrades left the board-room exclaiming, "Now is the winter of our discontent."

[From the Halifax Colonial Farmer.]

Butter.—Butter it is probable will soon be an article for exportation, and the skill of making and putting it up so that it will keep good for a sufficient time should be possessed by all who have dairies. The breed of Cows affects the Butter. Some give milk whose cream may be taken off with a fork, when loosened from the sides of the pan, and nine or ten quarts of this will make a pound of butter, which is always high coloured and of the best quality, if well made. These cows are always strong and hardy, their calves grow fast, and fatten well, but this breed rarely give a large quantity of milk, and generally go dry a long time before calving. There are cows also who give milk so thin that it will require fourteen quarts to make a pound of butter, their cream is so thin that it cannot easily be seperated from the milk, and when churned there is a portion of curd mixed with the butter, which is always pale and rather insipid. Uncommon care is required to make this butter keep well; and it would be the best, in general to keep this milk, and the butter which is made from it, separate from that of a better quality, and to use it in the family. These cows often give a great quantity of milk when high fed, but will be very poor if they have nothing but good hay, they are not easily fattened, and when fat, they have a large quantity of tallow while the beef is lean. It is rarely profitable to keep cows of this kind either for the dairy or to breed beef cattle. It should be observed that the milk of all cows is better between the ages of five and ten years, than when they are younger or older, and that the quality of the milk, is much affected by the feed. Brewers grains increase the quantity, and lower the quality of milk, and sour krout, which also usually contains a portion of alcohol, will make cows give an extraordinary quantity of milk, but it does not contain the usual proportion of cream and curd. Potatoes and grain produce rich milk. Mangel Wurtzel and Swedish Turnip also give good milk, but the Swedish turnip rather increases the fat than the milk of the animal. Common turnips and cabbage give a flow of milk, which sometimes has a slight taste of the feed. Very early in the spring, before the grass has sprung up, the milk of the cows that run in the woods get an unpleasant taste from the buds of the Elder and Willow, which they eat at that season, and for a short time in a wet fall, it gets a worse taste from the great quantity of white mushrooms which they find in the beach woods. Although the taste of these substances is but slightly perceptible in the butter, yet it would be prudent not to mix it with that which is intended for a new market.

Every body knows that the first grass makes the best butter. The produce of the Swiss dairy has for time immemorial had the highest character; the reason is, that their cattle feed upon the spring grass for a great part of the year. Beginning in March to feed at the foot of the Alps, they are as the season advances moved up the mountain till they reach a region where the warm season commences in July and ends by the last of August.

Where cattle have not a good pasture, it is often profitable to cut your grass and give them a feed every night; it should not be taken from land manured the same season. The Low Dutch butter is superior to the English and Irish, and their cows are fed mostly with clover and grass which is daily cut for them; the good quality of their butter is, however, to be ascribed in a great degree to their superior attention to cleanliness. Salt which grows damp in dull weather if kept in a room where there is no fire, should never be used for butter or pork; nor should that which when dissolved lets fall some white earth like lime.

If Butter is designed for exportation the firkins should not be made of soft wood. When water is kept in a soft wood bucket (not painted) the bucket soon acquires a disagreeable smell in the warm season, but this is never perceived in oak buckets. The Irish firkins are made of oak, and frequently considerably scorched. We have formerly seen many of them opened which had been kept some time in a store in a warmer climate than ours. All which had the inside of the staves burnt to coal, held high coloured sweet butter. All which were very slightly or not at all scorched, contained a paler butter, glittering in the sun and more or less rancid. The effect of the charcoal was so perceptible, that children would sometimes say, when the head was taken out, "This will be good butter, see what thick coal there is on the staves."

An Apt Reply.—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear." Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but the unfortunate subject.

What Christianity is.—Christianity is not a compulsory obligation. It invites all, but it compels none. It exhibits a palm of peace, not the sword of the centurion. It encourages, it points the way to happiness; it offers rest and repose to the weary and conditional pardon to the guilty; but in the mercy of our Heavenly Father, it does not smite the the sinner to the dust, it does not coerce him into an unwilling obeservance of its duties, or a hypocritical belief in its doctrines. Its principle is mildness, meekness, tenderness and love.—*Liverpool Mail.*

Art of Happiness.—"Either enthusiasm, or utter mechanical coldness is necessary to reconcile men to the cares and mortification of life. You must feel nothing, or must feel for others. Unite yourself to a great object; see its good distinctly; cling to its course courageously; hope for its triumph sanguinely, and on its majestic progress you will sail, as in a ship, agitated indeed by the storms, but unheeding the breeze and the surge that would appal individual effort. The largest publice objects make us glide smoothly over our minor private griefs. Learn benevolence, it is the only cure to a morbid nature."