SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK,

Weekly THE Chronicle.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1848.

"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."

Volume 12. Number 25.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DESBRISAY & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince William street.

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

Any person forwarding the name 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.

Feb			R. Sun.	s. Moon	h.	w.
19	Saturday,	- -	6 54	5 35	Rises	11 52
20	Sunday,	- -	6 53	5 36	7 21	ev 29
21	Monday,	- -	6 51	5 37	8 22	1 3
22	Tuesday,	- -	6 50	5 39	9 19	1 34
23	Wednesday,	- -	6 48	5 40	10 16	2 6
24	Thursday,	- -	6 47	5 41	11 12	2 35
25	Friday,	- -	6 45	5 42	Morn	3 9

Full Moon, 18th, 11h. 13m. evening.

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.*

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 Elisha Tetry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr., Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. E. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber 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.

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.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. P. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

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

LOANS.—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 assured.

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

DIVISIONS 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.

Every 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.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
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Woodstock; James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR.
FREDERICK R. STARR.
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.

King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured 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.

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

Now landing ex brig *Sarah* from New York:

113 BLS superfine FLOUR;
Ex Brooklyn from Philadelphia:
200 Brls superfine FLOUR;
125 Brls Rye do.

For sale low from the Wharf by

November 12. J. R. SWEET.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro' the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,

Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market.

September 3. GEORGE CRAIG.

WATERPROOF BLACKING.

WHICH renders Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does not prevent the Leather from receiving a Good Polish, by any Blacking in ordinary use.

The subscriber has just received another supply of the above named article, the virtues of which have been tended by hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from dampness during the approaching season.

☞ The price is only one shilling per Pot. Orders from all parts of the Province attended to,

S. K. FOSTER,
Nov. 5. Corner of King and Germain-sts

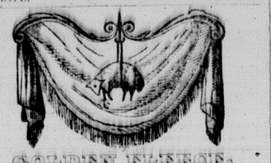
A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1846.

On Consignment,

PER *Julia Ann*, from New York, and for sale by the subscribers:—
50 Barrels Mess and Prime BEEF,
20 do. Prime PORK,
25 do. DRIED APPLES,
20 do. White Beans 20 boxes Tobacco, 8's
40 Boxes Havana CIGARS "Neptune."

Nov. 5. J. & H. HAMM.



GOLDEN FLEECE.

FALL IMPORTATIONS,

1847.

The Subscribers have received by the Mountaineer, Commodore Thomis, Howard, and William Carson, part of their FALL SUPPLY, comprising—

94 PIECES GRO DE NAPS, TURC SATINS, and Oriental's & Ottomans
40 pieces *Silk Velvets—Ribbons, Flowers, &c.*
450 pieces CLOAKINGS, in all the newest styles;
905 do. newest styles *Dress Stuffs*—Cobourgs;
Orleans, English and *French Merinos*;
375 pieces *CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Beaver and Pilots*;
300 pieces Irish Linens, Lawns, Linen Cambrics and Handkerchiefs;
23 cases **FURS**, containing Muffs and Boas in Squirrel, French and Finland Sable, Stone Martin, Fitch, Ermine, Chinchilla, and Jennet; CARDINALS, MANTLES, Victorines, & Cuffs, in *French and Finland Sable*, Ermine Jennet, Stone Martin, Fitch and Squirrel—Swan, and Fur Trimmings;
3 cases Gent's *FUR CAPS* and *Gloves*;
700 pieces *White Muslins* in Book, Mull, Jaconet, Checked, Victoria, and Bishop Lawn, Tarlatan, &c.; *Laces, Edgings*, Nets, Veils, Muslin, Edgings & Insertions;
1150 pieces CALICOES, 250 pieces Furnimre PRINTS
73 pieces CARPETINGS, Hearth Rugs,
60 pieces Damask and Watered MOREENS,
Rich Fringes to match, Tassels,
Curtain Holders, Furniture Gimps,
Orris and Float LACES, &c.,
85 pieces Bed TICKS, Linen and Cotton SHIRTINGS, Table Covers, Damasks, Diapers, Toilet Cloths, Furniture Dimities, Window Muslins,
800 pairs BLANKETS; 135 pieces Plain and Twilled Regattas,
1470 pieces Grey and White COTTONS,
1370 pieces Flannels, in Saxony, Lancashire and Welsh—Red, Yellow and Blue,
640 pieces SILESIAS, Rolled and Embossed Linings,
450 gross Cotton Reels.—*Clark's best*;
A very extensive assortment of *HOSIERY, SHAWLS*,
3 cases UMBRELLAS,
107 pieces Silk POCKET and NECK HKFS.
Stocks, Thibet and Cashmere Mufflers,
700 dozen Winter Hosiery and GLOVES,
Lambs' wool Shirts, Drawers and Vests,
Rich Velvet, satin, and Fancy Vestings,
Tailors' Trimmings and sewing Silks,
An extensive assortment of MADE CLOTHING in every variety suitable for the season.

☞ *Further supplies daily expected.*

DOHERTY & McTAVISH.

Prince Wm-street, st. John,
Queen street, Fredericton,
Happy corner, st. Andrews,
New the Bridge, st. Stephen. (Oct. 29)

Miscellany.

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

The cottage of the widow Horton was one of the prettiest little domiciles imaginable; and was situated near the banks of a winding river, that seemed to murmur a melody to it through the live long day. There were sweet flowers of all kinds in the garden attached to the house, and the willows leaped gently, like a maiden avowing love to the wind. Close to the cottage was a little churchyard, very simple, yet very beautiful, and a small church that seemed built for the fairies. In that quiet cemetery lay the remains of the widow Horton's husband and two children.

There is something, to my mind very affecting in the proximity of the living and the dead. Here are the life, the stir, the feeling, all of which are hastening to corruption; and within a few yards of the senseless dust, that once contained the heart so loved, the mind so worshipped, and that can know no more earruption—sorrow and sickness are left forever.

The widow Horton had one treasure left. She had been stricken heavily; but possessed a son such as mother seldom has. Francis Horton was her first born, and was now twenty, and a sensible, clever, gentle lad he was. But he had been born blind of one eye; and gradually as childhood waned, the sight of the other became affected. He could see nothing now; but he bore his affliction with a sweetness even more perfect than the kind nearly exhibit. Almost all the blind persons I have met with show resignation and contentment and it seems as if Heaven, when it takes away from us most precious sense, imparts a serenity of mind which, without such a bereavement, few indeed attain to. How soon may one of us be afflicted thus! When we regard the nice structure of the eye, it is wonderful that it lasts so long. The most trivial accident might impair its delicate functions; and then all of the glorious universe, with its sun and moon, its stars and skies, the splendor of morning and its beauty of evening, only memory is left! Exquisite scene! If a man could never see, life were a dream.

Francis Horton was seated one fine summer afternoon on the seat in the church yard, beneath which slept his kindred. It was a favourite spot with him; for he loved much to meditate on the deep things of nature—on life, on death, and what is beyond. The blind are mostly thoughtful; and as there is nothing to distract the mind, the imagination must concentrate itself into an idea, so that poetry seems like instinct with them. The blind looked sad, and his sightless orbs were bent downward. It was a touching spectacle! The orphan sitting on the grave of his father, and musing on the time when he might see once more—hopeless that it would be here! He was a boy of many thoughts; and his face denoted the bent of his intellect. It was an ideal face, and though not handsome, it irresistibly attracted one. The golden hair, the white smooth brow, the pale cheek, the parted lips—Raffaelle would have loved to paint: and there was something intense in the expression of the whole, akin to inspiration. And the shadows lengthened; yet still he sat there, dreaming and heedless of the flight of time. At length his thoughts found vent in these words:—

"How mysterious life is with its passions, its love and its melodies of hope! The first, to sink in death, the next, to become purified in a nobler being—the last, to live in immortal light, ever springing upto joy, or being cast down again. But it is not on earth that we can be happy! It was not intended for a holiday existence! By trouble we soar above the thoughts of mortality, and prepare ourselves for the high and divine delights of wisdom and truth above!"

The blind youth's lips became mute; but his mind was evidently still busy from the strong working of his features. Tears trickled down his cheek, and he suffered them to roll unheeded on the grass. The tears of a heart over a parent who weeps not. Yet, of little thought, to whom death is a far off thing, there is matter in that image—solemn but sweet. Dread not death, for we must all have sorrow; and this crowned King of Shadows is no more than time. To "sleep well," and to wake where there are no visions but beauty and virtue. If this be a dream, it is wise to dream it.

"Francis!" said a soft voice, "dear Francis."

The youth started up, and his cheek blushed.—"Caroline! is it you?" he said, and he took the hand of a lovely girl apparently above seventeen. She was the Curate's child, and they had known each other from infancy. Her beauty was not striking; but it was winning beyond words. Her smile was bright and kind, and unique in it.

Francis eyes soon she smiled on him, and he exclaimed, "I never saw that smile since you were a little one, Carry; but it still lingers on my heart like moonlight. Beautiful smile! And you yourself, my sister, what are you? A smile of heaven! Oh that I could see you!"

"You would find nothing worth seeing, Frank, indeed," she replied, with a blush, "but you must know what I am, you so often put your hand on my face. I wish I could give you my sight, for I am sure you would make a better use of it than I."

"God bless you for the thought! though I would not take the gift for the world of glory. Know thy face! Ah, yes! By instinct and memory I know exactly what it must be; but those dear eyes"—he paused.

"What of them, Frank? I know there is something passing in your mind, which you want to tell me and will not; it is unkind."

The blind youth smiled sadly, and pressed the girl's hand to his lips, saying, "I was thinking, then, that it was better for me to be blind, as I cannot tell when the light of those eyes is for another than me. I am a foolish fellow; you must forgive me."

"But I don't love any one, except my father, as I do you, Frank," said the girl.

"Not one!" cried the other, joyously. "Rethink you, Caroline, is there not one, now—who—I cannot see your face, but it must tell."

"Frank," she interrupted, "I understand you. Do you think I could so soon forget an old friend—a brother—for a mere acquaintance? My father's pupil, Sir Henry Merriam, is a clever man, but he is not Francis Horton. I hear his voice, but it cannot thrill my heart as yours does with thoughts of the past, ere it pleased God to take your sight away, and we wandered in our childhood over the hills plucking wild flowers. You are my dear brother Frank."

Caroline spoke in a tone of mingled kindness and reproach; and her voice was tremulous. The heart of Frank Horton leapt within him: but again a deep shade of melancholy came over his face, as he uttered to himself "No."

"Why do you say no, Frank? Do you not believe me? You don't love me as you did—for you don't kiss me now—so you fancy I am still a child, not a woman."

Caroline," cried the youth passionately, "you make me sick with those words; but I must not speak thoughts, and I must not kiss you—sweetest, for brother and sister we must remain, while I live now. But if I ever regain my sight—then—Carry."

The maiden trembled and blushed deeply.—Through her being rushed a feeling she knew not the existence of before; the electric sympathy of love; the power of human passion, those so eloquent and thrilling, bereaved her of speech. Love and the Grave! It was there, in the soft twilight, as the moon came forth, attended by the pale evening star, and shone faintly on the tomb stones that a pure and sacred passion, cherished for years was sealed in heaven. And the young girl knew what was passing in her lover's mind—the sorrow—the affection—the joy and hopelessness—and she threw her arms around his neck as she had done in infancy with all the confidence of a fond woman's soul and sobbed on his bosom. They were no happy tears as ever mortal shed; and it may be there is far more bliss in them than in the sunniest smiles. A pure woman's tears, it might almost be said, would form such gems as angels might not despise to gather up and contemplate as we do diamonds. It was then that their lips silently met, and they felt their destiny was one forever. Who can describe the rapture in the bosom of Frank Horton, when he felt that, despite his infirmity, the heart that he cherished as he life was his only! But even in that hour of exquisite happiness he could not forget the blindness, and he murmured something about it not very connected here.

"Our love," said Caroline, "is enough. You will not miss your sight, Frank, when I am with you: and what, even then, shall part us?"

[*To be concluded next week.*]

Mortality in the Army and Navy.—The number of those who perish in battle, or afterwards from wounds, is small compared with those who die from other causes. During the last three years of the Peninsular war, the total number of deaths in the English army amounted annually to about 16 per cent., of the whole force.—Of these only 4 per cent. died in battle, or of wounds which proved fatal soon after. The number of men sick in hospital usually averaged about one fourth of the whole. In less than two years and a half, out of a force the average strength of which was 61,500 men, nearly 34,000 died, and of these only one fourth fell by the sword; and this enormous mortality occurred among a body of men, all of whom a short time previously, must have been in the healthiest vigor of youth or prime of manhood; so that it requires the annual sacrifice of 6,400 able-bodied men to keep in the field a working force of less than 50,000 men; if such was the amount of suffering and the waste of life, when every expedient was adopted that forethought could suggest to provide proper food and raiment, and every other attainable comfort both in sickness and in health, what must it be when these precautions are neglected! Of such neglect and its terrible and execrable consequences, Napoleon's compaigns of 1812 and 1813 afford memorable examples.—From want of proper supplies alone, the French troops, perished literally by hundreds of thousands! There is a remarkable difference between our land and sea services. The Channel fleet which consisted of twenty-four sail of the line, with frigates, &c., on its return to Torbay, in 1800, after a cruise of four months, sent only sixteen men to hospital. The average mortality in the years 1810, 11, and 12, was only 2½ per cent.; since 1830, it has not been more than ¼ per cent.; which is less than the general average among men of the same age on shore.—*Quarterly Review.*

FRANKLIN'S RULES OF LIFE.—The resolution he took up on his twenty first year, was one which might more frequently be adopted than we see it to be. He was then on his voyage from England, and employed himself in marking down incidents in a journal. It struck him while thus amusing himself, that it was unbecoming the character of a man to whom Heaven had imparted intelligence and reason, to influencate without a design through life; and he then resolved to form some plan for his future conduct by which he might promote his fortune, and secure respect and reputation in society.

This plan is prefaced by the following reflection: "Those who write of the art of poetry teach us, that if we would write what would be worth reading we ought always before we begin, to form a regular design of our piece; otherwise we shall be in danger of incongruity. I am apt to think it is the same as to life. I have never fixed a regular design in life, by which means it has been a confused variety of different scenes. I am now entering upon a new one; let me, therefore make some rough sketches and from some schemes of action, that henceforth I may live in all respects like a rational creature.

To these remarks he attached a set of rules and moral principles which while they show his noble ardor of virtue, may afford those animated with the same spirit no improbable example. They are partly as follows:

I resolve to be extremely frugal for some time, until I pay what I owe.

To speak the truth in every instance, and give no man expectations that are not likely to be answered; but aim in every word and action, the most amiable excellence in a rational being.

To apply myself industriously in whatever business I take in hand, and not divert my mind by any foolish project of growing suddenly rich, for industry and patience are the surest means of plenty.

I resolve to speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but rather by some means excuse the faults I hear charged upon proper occasions, to speak all the good I know of every body &c.

To these resolutions though formed in the ardor of youthful imagination, he adhered with a scrupulous fidelity.

THE MOST KIND OF A WIFE.—A story, under the above head, is going the rounds, shorn of its most important features, the sequel to which is appended.

Mr.——, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in an extravagant style, was in the habit of giving his wife every Monday morning, a certain sume of money for the table and other household expenses of the week. He never mentioned his business to his wife, and she, deeming him capable of attending to his own affairs never enquired into them.

About five years after their marriage, through some mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr.——— suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned "sympathisingly" on change and like all such matters, more or less sympathy existed. The merchant kept the affair secret, and the first intimation he had had of it, was a news paragraph in the Ledger. Shortly after the dinner was over on the discovery of the startling facts Mrs. ——— requested her husband to remain in the par for a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly after returned with a splendid bound bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said: "George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its passages have been precious to me, and as your brow looks sad to day, I return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in this hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face—it was a $10 bill. He opened at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the book of Revelations. He was saved, could commence business, and had a capital of $9,000 to begin with.

Having a bell—a servant appeared.

"Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room with some thing between a tear and a smile.

"Kate! Kate! where did you procure all this money?"

"This is the weekly savings of our household expenses for the last twelve years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten of the twenty dollars which you gave me into Bible bank, that when the day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf."

"You are an angle, Kate," cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart.

And she is. Does any one doubt it.

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.—How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn between two persons only, is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gonfalonieri's account of his imprisonment:—"Fifteen years I existed in the dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could forget distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related out past lives, our joys forever gone, and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas upon all subjects. The third year, we had no idea to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other, if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away. I never knew whether to execution or to liberty; but I was glad when he was gone: even solitude was better than the dim vision of that pale vacant face. One day, (it must have been a year of two after my companion had left) may the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—whence proceeding I know not—uttered these words: "By order of His Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you, that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had flung the first agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."

WASTE—WASTE—WASTE.

What is there man cannot waste? and that too without a single instance of lavish profligacy. But solely by those minute, scarcely prece-pible squanderings, which, like the constant dropping of water upon the rock, wear away that which seems most likely to endure. He may waste his health by little indulgences of pernicious habit—by eating at irregularities slight in themselves and their effects in single instances scarcely perceptible; but which, as violations of the laws of his being, will work gradual, but certain inroads upon the strongest constitution until the energies decay, the fountains of life are dried up, and premature old age sinks like a cream of thorns upon the the head of early manhood. He may waste fortunes in petty squanderings—time and talent on trifles, or in idleness and listlessness. How may a giant mind has been fettered as say in pursuit of the unbecoming object of low ambition! How often do we see powers perishing for lack of thought—shrivelling into insignation for want of intelligence to feed upon which use might have polished to the highest brilliancy, and exercise would have made equal to achieving the noblest purposes! How many scarce, in listlessness, or indifference to their value, the little minute particles of time, till golden hours and days and years are wasted, the treasure of life all scattered, and death finds nothing but a poor naked and useless thing at last.

SAVE—SAVE—SAVE.

What! is there a man cannot save and improve? By curbing appetite and restraining passion; by observing prudence and maintaining regularity; he may save his health, husband his strength and thus preserve the springs of life, as constant fountains of energy and happiness to sustain and cheer him under every labour and every hardship. He may save a fortune by industry, and denying himself needless indulgence, and he may find a sure employment in devoting in to noble uses.—Time—the indolent might made wealth of it—the most industrious improve upon their use of it. It comes to us in bras' minutes to show us that present application is the sole duty required of us yet these we wave in and make up our days and years, that misimprovement of the present is always at the expense of the future. One of the hours of each day wasted on trifles or indolence rated and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make the life fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds.

In looking around among our file of exchanges we have picked up the following little paragraphs which are replete with wisdom and good sense.—They ought to go the rounds of the press. Hear what Dr Franklin says:

A man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in informing his mind as he does for the dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats up a pound of sugar and it is gone—the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination call for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the present age, and past ages, too.

FIRE.—The only fatal working servant who is cheerfully admitted as a friend in the dining-room.

MARRIAGE.—Love brought to bed—going home by daylight after courtship's masquer.

Provincial Legislature.

House of Assembly.

Read a third time as engrossed, a Bill to explain an Act, intituled "An Act to enable the Justices of the Peace of the several Counties in this Province, for the time being, to receive for public uses Grants of Land lying in their respective Counties, and to regulate the Commons belonging to the several Townships or Parishes within the same." That the Bill do pass.

Read a third time as engrossed, A Bill to increase the Duty imposed on Shipping entering the Bay or Harbour of Miramichi, for the support of Buoys, and Beacons.

Mr. Partelow, by leave, presented a Petition from James Paterson, late Assistant Teacher in the Grammar School at Saint Andrews, praying that a Grant may pass for his services in that capacity; which he read. Referred to the Committee on School Petitions to report thereon.

On motion of Mr. Endy Resolved, that an humble Address be presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor praying that His Excellency may be pleased to direct the Postmaster at St. John, to transit the Northern and Nova Scotia Mails by Express to Fredericton in all cases when such Mails do not the pen to arrive at Saint John before arrival departure of the regular Courier, and to this House will provide for the expenses of the same.

To which Mr. Partelow moved as an amendment—To expunge the whole of the said Resolution, after the word "Resolved," and substitute as follows:—"That this House will make provision for a Daily Mail, Sundays excepted, between Saint John and Fredericton, during the existence of the present Session, provided that the expense does not exceed twenty five pounds, and that the Clerk do communicate the same to the Deputy Postmaster General at Saint John." And upon the question for adopting the said amendment, it was carried in the affirmative.

Mr. Taylor moved for leave to bring in a Bill to authorize the Justices of the several Counties in this Province to make Regulations for the Markets. The said Bill being brought in was read a first time.

Mr. Partelow, by leave, presented a Petition from Michael Fitzgerald, of the City of Saint John, Stone Cutter, praying that a Grant may pass, in addition to the appropriation already made, to remunerate him for completing a Tablet, now placed in Christ Church, Fredericton, to the memory of the late Captain John H. Pipon, late of the Corps of the Royal Engineers; which he read. Petition received and lie on the Table.

Mr. Partelow, by leave, presented a Petition from Benjamin Smith, of the City of Saint John, praying that a Grant may pass to reimburse him advances made to Patrick O'Neill for his services in teaching a School in the Parish of Upham, in King's County, under a Certificate from the Trustees of Schools for that Parish; which he read. And upon the question, that the said Petition be received and referred to the Committee on School Petitions, it was decided in the negative.

Mr. Partelow, by leave, presented a Petition from the Reverend James Quin, Roman Catholic Missionary at St. John, setting forth certain expenses to which he has become subject by reason of his daily visits to the Emigrants on Partridge Island, during the past year, and praying reimbursement; which he read. Petition be received and referred to the Committee for taking into consideration claims for the support of Emigrants to report thereon.

Mr. End, from the Committee appointed to wait upon His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, with the Address of the House of the third day of February instant, relative to the papers connected with the Emigrant Ship "Eliza Liddell," which arrived with Emigrants at Shippegan, in August last, reported—That they had attended thereto, and that His Excellency was pleased to say, the papers required should be furnished.

The Lieutenant Governor lays before the House, the copy of a Despatch, with other papers which he has received from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, relative to the views of the North American Colonial Association of Ireland for the systematic Colonization of New-Brunswick.

COLONIZATION OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Downing Street, 7th June, 1847.

SIR—I transmit to you herewith the accompanying copy of a Letter, which has been addressed to me at the instance of the Secretary of the North American Colonial Association of Ireland, in which they offer their services to Her Majesty's Government for the purpose of promoting the more rapid and systematic Colonization of the Province of New Brunswick, on the condition of receiving that degree of countenance and assistance from the Government which may be necessary to enable them to carry their plans into effect.

Having carefully perused the application made