SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1846.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 49.

THE CHRONICLE

is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & 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.—When sent by mail 2s 6d. extra.

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

Aug.		R. Sun. s.	Moon R.	w.			
8	Saturday,	4 59	7 1	7 53	11	5	9
9	Sunday,	5 0	7 0	8 28	ev	46	
10	Monday,	5 1	6 59	9 3	1	30	
11	Tuesday,	5 3	6 57	9 38	2	16	
12	Wednesday,	5 4	6 56	10 15	2	59	
13	Thursday,	5 5	6 55	10 55	3	45	
14	Friday,	5 6	6 54	11 39	4	34	

Third Quarter, 13th day 6h. 7m.

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 Elizphalet Terry, James H. Wills, 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 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.

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

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

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

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

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

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

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

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

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

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

Life Assurance.

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

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

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

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.

☞ *NOTICE.*

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late CYNTHIA SMILER, (Widow,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL C. SMILER.

St. John, Oct. 7, 1845. *Administrator.*

The Steamer "New-Brunswick,"

WILL commence running on the opening of the River, on her usual days, leaving Indian Town on TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 10 o'clock, a. m., and on SATURDAY at 12, noon; and Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a. m. ROBERT WYLIE.

April 3, 1846.

☞ **NOTICE.**

THE subscriber having resumed Business in the old Stand, King street, offers to the Public a general assortment of GROCERIES, FLOUR and MEAL, of the best quality and at the lowest prices, and respectfully solicits a share of Public patronage.

Also, a variety of TRUNKS, for sale low.

☞ *Always on hand*—HORSES and CARRIAGES, of a superior kind, for Hire. Application at the store, King street.

12th June. JAS. L. M'DONALD.

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.

CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Edward L. Jarvis, Esquire, Chairman.

Edward Allison, Esq. Wm. Wright, Esq.
John V. Thurgar, Esq. Robt F. Hazen, Esq.

Solicitor—GEORGE WHETLER, Esquire.

Physician and Medical Examiner—WILLIAM BEARD, Esquire, M. D.

This society continues to effect Assurance, on Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorships in this Province—and the public are invited to examine the distinguishing principles, the table of Rates, the distribution of Profits, and facilities afforded by the Loan Department of this society, before insuring elsewhere.

Premiums payable annually, semi-annually, or Quarterly. Pamphlets and every information as to Rates of Premium, &c. may be had on application to

W. J. STARR,
Manager and Agent,
St. John, May 29, 1846. Nelson street.

Health for All !!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

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 (this 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 at the Hospital, he 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 therefore upon called 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 astonished 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 5th 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, Stoney 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, Chigo foot, Yawns, and Coco bay.

Barns, scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunnus 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.*

☞ **NOTICE.** ☜

MR F. A. KINNEAR has Removed to an Office on the North side of Seeds' Arcade, on Prince William street. June 5.

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 Mrs. Price's new Brick Building, adjoining that of W. H. Street, Esquire, on the Western side of Prince Wm. street.

June 12, 1846.

PRACTICE OF THE LAW,

Conveyancing & Notarial Business.

&c. &c. &c.

Office directly opposite the Bank of New Brunswick.

JAMES WILLIS BOND,

Barrister, Notary, Conveyancer, & General Agent.

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.

Hare's Patent Floor Cloth.

Just received by the *Augusta*, from Bristol, England

8 BOXES containing 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, & 8-4, wide FLOOR CLOTH;

—ALSO—

12 pieces best quality OIL CLOTH.

May 29. JOHN KINNEAR.

Miscellany.

THE COUSINS.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to vent, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood of goodly estate and manor of Sanfoin, famous for its preserves and fighting cocks, and came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost indemnifiable. In short, he was one of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an implied, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper tempered the use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by two-penny savings that men get an ill name,) served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one treasoning his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he did showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never said a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, trivial, inoffensive, civil, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high and animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and hoarding habits, had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conduced in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the softest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money has been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself waved into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced, to her retiring but not possessed elder sister, dressed with an almost untrimly simplicity, and evidently full, not of her own sins and graces, but of the modest and serious contrast which seemed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth, in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending merely on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep gray eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheek, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these two sisters, as of course, perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been dent to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for a few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in anything so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty, as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing off, of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and material difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement, and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakespeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered, but her sweet questions, 'Are you tired of me?—Do you wish me away?' had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favorite child.

Of Jessy with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness each in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business: a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan nephew, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the two young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him as providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer phrase he used to boast, an elder son of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as in all others, man is born to disappointment. *L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.* is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen and Charles at that of two-and-twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was much distressed and agitated; he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another. And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude—her white dress and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:—

'I have concerts' said the pretty little thing. 'To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is.'

'I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you,' said Agnes, a little archly; his presence would perhaps, have mitigated the evil.—But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat without accomplishing his object.'

'Yes I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music! pursued Jessy, the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woolford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.

'Do you call that music, said Agnes, laughing.—And yet continued she it is most truly, with his rich Pasta like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is, doubtless, a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or Sophocles in the original Greek Charles Woodford's reading is music.'

'It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again, interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.'

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father."

'You can't have discarded him, to be sure papa,' said Jessy, 'always good natured; 'poor Charles! what can he had have done?'

'Refused your hand, child, said the angry parent refused to be my partner and son in law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?

'Why, really papa,' replied Jessy, 'I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that, if this refusal be the worst that has happened there is no great harm done. And off the gipsy ran declaring that she must put on her hairt, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister and expected them every minute.'

The father and his favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

'That heart is untouched however,' said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

'Untouched by Charles Woolford, undoubtedly, replied Agnes;' "but has he really refused my sister.

'Absolutely.'

'Does he love another.'

'He says so; I believe him.'

'Is he loved again?'

'That he did not say.'

'Did he tell you the name of the lady?'

'Yes'

'Do you know her.'

'Yes.'

'Is she worthy of him?'

'Most worthy.'

'Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh, he must! he must! What woman could refuse him.'

'He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodfords conduct, that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by its object.'

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions for our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still, for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy deserves and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you and for you—always your own poor Agnes! And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected her fair image, as if she really had been the Grecian statue, to which while he listened her fond father's fancy had compared her: 'Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water—at this very moment; for he has had the infinitive presumption, the admirable good taste to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!

'Father.'

'And now mine own sweetest, do you still wish to live single with me?

'Oh father, father!

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father, dear father!'

'Choose, my Agnes. It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me but speak.'

'Oh, my dear father. Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together.'

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and happiness of his home.

The following incident, which we take from a private letter, relates to the late fight at New Zealand:—One of the *Castor's* sailors, named Sargeant, climbed to the top of the stockade, and commenced loading and firing away at every one of the enemy he could see, and when ordered by Colonel Wynyard to come down, he coolly replied, oh no your honour here's the place to see 'em; come up here." It was afterwards found that his cap had been shot off, his coat shot through in four places, and the palisade on which he sat was riddled through and through; but the man himself was never touched. In the mean time the fight from behind the trees was continued, until Lieut. Henry, of the Racehorse, charged into the bushes and drove the enemy from their cover; but here the fight became desperate for a quater of an hour, when the rebels began to retreat gradually, endeavouring to penetrate the valley on the left hand, in order to cut off our men from our camp; but this had been foreseen, and two or three well directed volleys drove them back, and they then attempted to cross the valley on the right hand; but but here again they were defeated, and at length found themselves compelled to retreat precipitately, closely followed by the rearmers and blue jackets, whom it was impossible to restrain; for, although the recall was sounded four times, they paid no attention to it, and thus caused a greater loss of life than would have otherwise occurred.

THE APPEARANCE OF BURKE.—Burke then rose. Strong interest was directed to him, not merely from his eminent name, but from the public curiosity to hear his explanation of that estrangement which had been for some time spreading, under his auspices, through the leading personages of the opposition. Like most men who have made themselves familiar with the works of a great writer, I had formed a portraiture of him by anticipation. I never was more disappointed. Instead of the expressive countenance and commanding figure which I had imagined to enshrine the soul of the most splendid of all orators, I saw a form of the middle size, and of a homely appearance, a heavy physognomy, and the whole finished by two appurtenances, which would have been fatal to the divinity of the Appollo Belvidere, spectacles, and wig. His voice and manner were scarcely less prepossessing; the one was as abrupt and clamorous as the other was rustic and ungraceful. He had the general look of a farmer of the better order, and seemed, at best, made to figure on a grand jury.—*Dr. Croley's Soldier and Statesman.*

CLOVER HAY.—There is no hay more valuable than clover, for the farmer who has a variety of stock. It is excellent for milch cows. Young cattle fed on good clover hay will grow well in winter, with good attention; and it is the best fodder for horses when they are not hard at work; it is also excellent for oxen, as a change, when they have an opportunity to rest.

A great objection to clover, is the difficulty in curing it. As a partial remedy sow Western seed, then it will grow thicker and finer than Northern clover, and be less difficult to cure. After clover is partially made, so that the leaves will begin to crumble and break more, and the dampness of the stems will be imparted to the leaves, and other dry parts, and produce, in a measure, an equalization of moisture, and then it may be exposed again to the air without loss of leaves.

If from rain or other causes, it cannot be sufficiently dried to keep well, then mix with it alternate layers of straw, old hay, pea or bean vines, or other coarse fodder, which will absorb the superabundant moisture, acquire sweetness from contact with clover.—*Boston Cultivator.*

CANADA THISTLES.—Canada thistles should be mown down when they are in bloom or a little past; once cutting will generally suffice. I have frequently destroyed large quantities of this weed by once mowing, and also found that it operated with equal success on white alders, cut in the same state. White daisies or johnsworth are hard to baffle. I have known white and red clover to take the place of johnswort, where a good supply of plaster or gypsum was scattered over the land. But, I can find nothing equal to sheep for destroying weeds. White daisies with us, may be ranked as the worst; by repeatedly pasturing with sheep from year to year, daisies will disappear, and also johnswort, and other less troublesome weeds.—*Ib.*

FILIAL PIETY.—Love, respect, and gratitude towards our parents and the guides of our youth, are such innate feelings that it is needless to insist on the care which children ought to exercise, so as never to retard the payment of this threefold debt, which they have contracted from the day of their birth. Where is the child that has not caused tears to its mother, and anxiety to its father? Where is the child who would avow its indifference for its parents? Where is the child who, in its disobedience, permits itself to speak thus daringly, 'I know better than they what is proper for me?' Filial love belongs to the recesses of the heart, where all sensitive and praiseworthy emotions are felt. Filial respect manifests itself by an incessant deference to the wishes and opinions of our parents, whatever their age or situation, and whatever be the comparative superiority we may acquire over them. Gratitude to parents should be unlimited. In every circumstance we ought to recollect the troubles and anxieties we have caused them, the sacrifices they have made for us, the affection they have cherished, and the devotedness which they have testified. When love, respect, and gratitude for our parents attain the highest degree they partake of a religious feeling. Hence the expressive title, 'Filial Piety.' It is enjoined on us to honour our father and mother under all circumstances; to speak before them with modesty; to listen to their advice with deference; to respect them in all instances; not to occupy their accustomed seats. A son who sees his parents without food, and is incapable himself of relieving them, will be respected in going to solicit for them public charity. Filial piety is the cardinal point of all the virtues. A good son is equally a good husband, friend, and citizen. He who knows how to subdue his passions in honour of his father, will undoubtedly make the same sacrifice for his king and his country. It is thus that the love of God, of our parents, and of our neighbour, are united in one indissoluble knot.

A LANCASHIRE FUNERAL in 1700.—Mr. Norris died at Harrogate in June 1700. The surgeon received £8 12s for "securing the body." A younger brother, John Norris, went over to make the necessary arrangements, and the body was brought by Leeds, Manchester, Rochdale and Warrington to Speke. At Manchester the process on only bated, but there is a charge of 10s for the 'two chaplains and clarkes.' The journey from Rochdale to Warrington was made in a day, and here the Speke tenantry must have met the corpse, for the expenses rise from £1 5s. for the night, to £6 2s.; besides, a messenger is charged for, sent from Rochdale to announce the approach of the funeral. We pass over the various mournings; the young widow in 'black mapped baize, with 'a fine long trailing veil,' costing £4 5s. and a 'fine crape girdle;' the old mother 'in black serge;' and the sisters 'fine black queen's cloth.' Silvester Moorcroft, who, against his will, served the office of mayor of Liverpool, A.D. 1706, was the draper employed, and William Hurst, mayor, 1704, assisted in the double capacity of man milliner and woman's tailor. The charge for cravats and ruffles alone was £3 2s 5d. Henry, John, and Richard followed their brother to the grave; William and Edward were in the East Indies. The concourse of people must have been great; eight hundred and twenty-nine quarts of ale at 4½d. were drunk; whilst £2 0s 6d is set down for wine consumed at Speke, and £11 4s 1d for wine, tobacco, and broken glasses, at Childwall. The fine was paid for burying in linen, and also the burial tax.—*Mr. Thomas Heywood's introduction to the Norris Papers.*

Mr. Stephenson, the celebrated English engineer being asked before a railway committee, whether a tunnel under the Alps could be made, replied,—"Yes under the whole world if you liked; it is only a question of pounds, shillings, and pence."