THE

Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

June.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	H.	W.
3 Saturday,	4 17	7 38	Sets.	11	40
4 Sunday,	4 16	7 39	9	32	Morn
5 Monday,	4 16	7 40	10	18	0 39
6 Tuesday,	4 16	7 40	10	58	1 13
7 Wednesday,	4 16	7 41	11	29	1 59
8 Thursday,	4 16	7 42	11	54	2 39
9 Friday,	4 15	7 42	Morn		3 19

New Moon, 3d. 3h. 0m.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: James Keator, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Simonds, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Benjamin Smith, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before three o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: John V. Thurgar, Esq

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

Savings 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.)

Poetry.

MORNING PLEASURES.

I love to walk the level lawn
With the earliest beams of morn;
I love to mark each pearly tear
On twig, on blade, and leaf appear;
And hear the sweet lark's matin song,
Re-echo'd by the birds among
The spreading boughs of yonder grove
Attuning all their hearts to love.

I love to wander by the stream
Now glowing with the rising beam;
And mark the insect's giddy play,
Or speckled trout surprise its prey;
And see the swallow dip its wing,
Then twitt'ring through the archway spring:
I love the breath of new-mown hay
Or wild rose opening to the day.

I love to trace that Mighty Hand,
That pow'r divine, at whose command,
All nature smiling sprung to life;
And gladly shunning noise and strife,
My grateful voice in transport raise
To bless His name and sing His praise.

Miscellany.

JOHN HOGS:

AN AGREEABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

On the day prior to my departure, last summer, from the beautiful, ugly, clean, dirty, nice, nasty, elegant, filthy city of Paris, I received a visit from Madame Genevaux, the mistress of the hotel at which I usually dwelt on my occasional trips to that capital. The purpose of the lady's visit was to congratulate me upon the circumstance of my having at least, one countryman as a travelling companion; for that Mr. Hogge (under which name he me disguise the party in question) had secured a place in the same vehicle. Mr. Hogs, she added, spoke not one word of French, for which reason she trusted to my complaisance that I would take charge of him, and act as his guide and interpreter. Indeed, to confess the truth, she had prevailed upon him to quit Paris a day earlier then he had intended, in order that he might avail himself of the inestimable advantage of my assistance, and I in return enjoy the delight of his society.

Having more than once suffered great annoyance from this kind of bear-leading, I was doubting whether or not I should decline the responsibility proposed to me; but ere I could decide, Madame Genevaux had shuffled out of the room, and returned again, leading in her interesting *protege*, John Hogs; and having introduced us to each other in the most intelligible bad English she could command, she left us together.

Mr. Hogs was a Leeds banker, who had been about some business to America, and was returning, via France, to his native town. He was a short, stout, clumsily-made man, with a square, flat, sunburnt face, an eye bespeaking craft and distrust, and a harsh, vulgar-toned voice. He wore a black coat and waistcoat (evidently not from the hand of Stultz,) brown breeches and gaiters, a broad-brimmed hat, and a dark-coloured silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. He stood with his feet wide apart from each other—Colossus-wise—his hands thrust down to the bottom of the pockets of the brown garment which I have once already called by its proper name, and his elbows protruded forwards. I do not intend to present him as a pattern of elegance in any way: I describe him as I found him.

"So; Miss-what-d'-ye-call-her, there, with her long outlandish name, tells me that me and you has took places in the same Diligence," was the introductory speech of my intended companion.

"I understand, Sir," replied I, "that I am to have the pleasure of your company on the journey."

"Why, as to pleasure, that's as it may turn out. There's no *parlyvoo* palaver about me. I'm a John Bull, every inch of me; so as to the pleasure we are like to have in one another's company, why, I'm never in a hurry to say 'yes' to what may happen to come up 'no.' 'As we're behav'd, so we shall be shav'd,' is my maxim: and there's no French flummery about that, eh?"

"Not a tittle, Sir," replied I.

"No, no; you may make sure of John Hogs on that score. I've been here six days, and I've enough on't. Place and people all alike. The nasty stuff one gets to eat, and the wishy-washy drink they gives one! And then such a lingo as they talk! Except when I've met a countryman of my own, hang me if I've understood a word that has been said since here I've been."

"Why, Mr. Hogs, if you don't understand the language, that is no fault of the people."

"O, pooh! pooh! who's to understand such a jargon as that? But I see how it is. You have been here so long, I suppose, that you're half a Frenchified chap yourself, and defends 'em. You'd defend *this*, perhaps—don't answer, for you can't. When I goes to a play at Leeds, or even when I sees one in Lummun, I knows all they're talking about; but here——! I went last night and paid two francs and a half at one of their play-houses, but devil a word of it an't. One wouldn't mind if there was any call for it, but it's all stuff and affectation. Why can't they speak plain English as we do?"

"How, Sir!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"How, Sir!" echoed Hogs. "Which is furthest off from England—France or Amerika? Tell me that, if you please."

"Why, Sir," replied I; "so far as my geographical recollections serve me, I should say America is the most distant by some thousands of miles."

"Well, then, I'm just come from there. Now, as that's so much further off, who has the best right to speak a foreign lingo—the French or the Americans, eh? But, no, no; them's a sensible rational people, as has got no nonsense about 'em; and I did'nt meet nobody there as didn't speak as good English as me. Aye, aye; next to us English, them's the chaps, take my word for it. No *parlyvoo* nonsense about *them*: chaps after my own heart. Before I'd been there four-and-twenty hours I felt myself as much at home as if I was in Leeds, hang me if I didn't."

After a pause of a minute, John Hogs looked at his watch.

"One o'clock! Now, what shall I do till dinner time? Stop!—well thought on. I haven't been to *Louver* yet to see the pictur's and stattys, and as they makes no charge for it one may as well go. I say, Mister What's-your-name, suppose me and you goes together, eh? We shall be company for one another."

I declined the invitation.

"Well then," continued Mr. Hogs, "I'll go alone. But what a set of bragging chaps these French is! They'd make you believe that, counting pictur's and stattys, one with another, they've got nigh two thousand on 'em. But John Hogs isn't the man to be done in that style. As they don't shut up till four o'clock, I shall have plenty of time to count 'em; so here goes. To-morrow at nine we starts, you know; so if me and you don't meet before, good-bye till then, Mr What-d'-call-it."

The road from Paris to Calais is not one at any point of which a traveller could honestly sing, "O, the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France!" and, certainly, the companion with whom I was threatened, promised no compensation for the dulness of the journey. I foresaw that my ease and comfort, during three dozen long hours, were in the power of one who was not likely to temper that power with mercy; and, but that an appointment in London of some importance rendered my departure on the following morning imperative, I would willingly have forfeited the sum I had paid for my place in the Diligence, if by such sacrifice I could have escaped from him. But this was not to be.

Next morning, at a few minutes before nine, I took my allotted place (a corner one) in the Diligence. The opposite seat was occupied by two Frenchmen and a German, and the other corner place, on the same side with me, by another German: thus leaving the middle seat, between the latter and myself, for Mr. John Hogs of Leeds.—My fellow-travellers and I instantly entered into conversation; and in a tone which promised good fellowship amongst us for as long as we might remain together.

At the last beat of the hour of nine, the Diligence was, with its usual punctuality, about to start, when I reminded the Conductor that there was yet a passenger to come. He civilly replied that he was aware of it; but that regulations of the *messageries* prohibited any delay beyond the appointed time for departure. Fortunately, at this moment, Mr. Hogs came running into the yard

"Hollo! you Sir! Conductor! Stop! Going without me, was you? I should like to have caught you at that. I'd have trounced you for it, hang me if I wouldn't. But stop a bit." Saying which he ran into the *bureau*. After reiterated calls from the Conductor, Hogs re-appeared.

"Here's a pretty set of scoundrels!" exclaimed he. "Yesterday, that chap in the booking-office gave me a bad franc in change, and he won't give me another for it; and I can't get neither impunity nor redress. The rascals! And when I spoke out like a free-born Englishman, and said they was all a set of cheats and rogues, they threatened me with the police. Should like to see their police meddle with John Hogs. A pretty country for a man to come to!—England, or Amerika, for my money. But they shall find I'm a real John Bull, and won't put up with the piece of rogury tamely. They little dream as I've got a *nevcy*, a clerk in the Foreign Office, and that the affair will come to light."

"*Mais montez-donc, Monsieur, s'il vous plait*," said the Conductor, in a tone of civil impatience, as held open the door of the vehicle.

"*Mounty!*" cried Hogs, placing one foot on the step. "That means get in, I suppose? Then why can't you say so?—But, stop! *this* won't do. I can't ride with my back to the horses, and I can't ride *hodkin*; or, as you don't understand English, I mean I can't ride in the middle 'twixt two others."

"*Mais, Monsieur, s'il plait*," again said the Conductor.

"You'll find it no play with me, if I'm to be treated in this style, that I can tell you." Then, addressing the German, in the opposite corner, he said, "You must go to t'other side, for I can't ride backwards, for love or money."

"*Che ne fous gombrends has, Mo'sieu*," politely said the German: "*barley-fous Frangzay?*"

"Don't parley-voo me: that won't do with John Hogs. But I say, Mister," (continued he, addressing himself to me,) "I say; I wish you'd settle this point for me. You've undertook to do the needful for me, so I look to you."

I entered upon the duties of my agreeable office by inquiring of my fellow-travellers, severally, whether they were inclined to accommodate Mr. Hogs by an exchange of seats with him; which they being unwilling to do, I explained to him that the places in a French Diligence were numbered, and that he having been the last of six persons to secure a place, the one which was reserved for him (numbered 6) was that to which alone he had a claim.

"Pooh! pooh! stuff and nonsence! cried Hogs: "numbered places in a stage-coach! the thing dose'nt stand to reason. We do no such thing in England, and we knows as much about coaching as them. I like it. I consider myself ill trea——" But Mr. Hogs' speech was curtailed by two very polite persons in blue uniform, who, each taking him by an elbow, quietly lifted him into the Diligence; and the door being closed upon him, we commenced our journey.

Hogs grumbled audibly, ringing the changes on the terms, "French rascals," "foreign scoundrels," "unpolite savages," "rogues," "brutes," &c.: none of which being understood by our companions, they fell harmless. At length Hogs addressing himself to me, said—

"I say, Mister, I wish you'd explain for me!"

"Explain what, Sir?"

"Why, I wish you'd just tell them chaps that they are a set of rascally, unaccommodating scoundrels, and that it would serve them right to give them a licking all around, one down and t'other come on."

"This wish I did not think it prudent to gratify. I told Mr. Hogs that as, in fact, there was nothing of which he could justly complain, I certainly should not make myself a party to the affair.

"Some people's pretty chaps to stand by an illused countryman!" As Mr. Hogs muttered these words just loud enough, but only loud enough to be heard, I thought it as well not to hear them.

Scarcely had we cleared the *Barriere St. Denis*, when Mr. Hogs said—"I wish, Mister, you'd just put your head out o' the window and order the coachman, or whatever they may call him, to push on. We shall never get to Calais at this rate, for, hang me, if I think he's doing more than five mile an hour."

"Mr. Hogs," replied I, "we are proceeding at the regulated pace, and no request on our part that it might be accelerated would be attended to."

"Would'nt it?" said my agreeable companion. "They don't know much of John Hogs, then. What's French for 'stop' Mister?"

"*Arretez*," replied I.

In an instant Hogs's body was half through the window. "*Retty, retty, retty*, and be d——d to you," roared Hogs.

Instantly the Diligence stopped, and down came the Conducter to enquire what was the matter.

"This won't do you, Sir, replied Hogs; "you must get on faster."

"*Comment, Monsieur?*" said the Conductor, with an inquiring look.

Hogs finding he was not clearly understood, resorted to the expedient of uttering each word distinctly, deliberately, and in a loud tone of voice:—

"You—*mus*t—drive—a—great—deal—fas—ter;" —bawling the last syllable into the man's ear as if he had been addressing one stone-deaf.

The Conductor shook his head and turned to me for an explanation. I explained.

"*Ah! bah!*" said the Conductor, shrugging up his shoulders; "*Il est fou, donc, ce Monsieur-la.*" And without further parley he resumed his seat on the *imperiale*, and once more we proceeded.

Presently we were passed by a slight carriage drawn by three horses of the *Poste-Royale*.

"This won't do," cried Hogs, and again he roared from the window, "*Retty retty retty!*"

Again the Diligence stopped and down came the Conductor.

"I wish Mister," said Hogs to me, "you would tell the fellow what I want."

"And what is it you do want, Sir?"

"Why, what I want is, that them chaps as has just passed us may just as well swallow our dust as its swallow theirs. So tell him to push on and get the start on'em, and, when he's got it, to keep it."

I explained to the Conductor the absurd demand of Hogs; and added that he had better not again disturb himself at the call of that gentleman, unless it was confirmed by that of one of the other passengers.

"*Bien oblige Monsieur*," said the man. "*Decidement il est foc, ce Monsieur-la.*"

Without explaining to Hogs the French posting-regulations, I merely stated to him that his wish could not be attended to, for that, in France racing on the road was not allowed.

"A precious country to live in! But I'm a thorough John Bull, and have nothing to do with their regulations."

Again he was about to rise to call to the Conductor, when I prevented him by assuring him that his appeal would be disregarded.

"Consider, Sir," added I, "that we are here in a strange land, and we must submit to its laws and regulations, as we should expect a foreigner to do to ours in our own country. Here we are foreigners."

"Foreigners!" cried Hogs; "foreigners! I don't know what you may be, Mister; but I'm a true-born Englishman, I'm a thorough John Bull, and no foreigner. No, no; John Hogs may be where he will, but d—n me if he'll submit to be taken for a foreigner in any country in the world."

"I fear, Mr. Hogs," said I, "that you and I shall not get on very well together. Here we are at *St. Denis*, the first stage out of Paris, and it will be to our mutual comfort, for the remaining thirty-and-odd, that conversation between us should should cease!"

"Come, I say! And what am I to do if I want somebody to ask for something for me, as I can't ask for myself."

"The best you can Sir."

The two Germans beguiled the time by occasionally singing in concert an *overture*! of Mozart's, perfectly well, from beginning to end; the two Frenchmen (actors going to fulfil an engagement at Boulogne,) by rehearsing the parts which they were to play together; and I, either by listening to them, or talking with them. Thus we five passed the waking hours of the journey very agreeably together, leaving John Hogs in a sulky and uncomfortable minority of *one*.

On the Study of Natural History as a branch of Education.—It has often been a matter of surprise and regret that the study of natural history, or of those physical objects which are perpetually before our eyes and daily strew our path, should not have taken deeper root, and even formed an elementary part of education in the scholastic institutions of Great Britain. Considering the subject on the score of amusement merely, it is assuredly one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of human beings.

But it has higher claims to our notice; it leads us, as Mr. Jesse justly observes, "to investigate and survey the workings and ways of providence in this created world of wonders, filled with His never absent power: it occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply, while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the studious, gives to the reflections of the moralizing rambler admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion, that will communicate an interest to every rural walk." In fact, every object in the creation may truly be said to be worthy of regard in the philosophy of nature. They are all the formation of Supreme Intelligence; they are all created for some definite purpose; and we shall find, on a minute examination into the mechanism and structure even of the meanest reptile that crawls, the most obvious and nice adaptation of the means to the end; thus furnishing to our narrow understandings some faint conception of the powers of Infinite Wisdom.

But should these higher considerations fail to give an interest to the innumerable and infinitely varied objects that fill the universe, it might be supposed that the exquisite beauty of some, the intrinsic value of others, and the indispensible utility of many, would be sufficient inducement to lead to the investigation of their properties, habits, and economy; and to make the study of natural history a subject of systematic education. In all these respects the researches of each department will amply repay the labour of the student. The geologist, for instance, finds his reward in the knowledge he obtains of the formation on the crust of the globe we inhabit, and which, thin as it is, compared with the whole mass, supplies the precious metals that constitute the representatives of our wealth; the diamonds, the emeralds, the rubies, and all the varieties of precious stones, which add brilliancy to beauty; the marbles, and granites, and porpheries, which contribute to the strength and splendour of our public buildings and private dwellings. The botanist takes a deep interest in the contemplation of the vegetable world, from which we derive most of our comforts and our luxuries; our food, our clothing, and our fuel; "wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance." The zoologist is instructed to what species of the animal part of the creation we are most indebted for assistance and security—which of them, while living, aid us most in our enjoyments and necessities—and which, when dead, contribute their share to our food and raiment.

It is, however, to the vegetable part of the creation that the great masses of mankind, inhabiting the equinoctial regions, are principally indebted for their sustenance; in the temperate climates, where grasses abound, man mixes animal food with the produce of his agricultural labours; and the nearer he approaches the Artic circle and the Polar regions, the more he has to depend on animal food; till, having arrived at the extremes of the habitable world, he disputes the possession of seals and whales with the bears and foxes, gorging himself with their flesh, with the avidity of those beasts of prey that prowl about in those desolate and inhospitable regions.—*Quarterly Review.*

Pedestrianism—Extraordinary Feats.—The people of Pesth, in Hungary, have been much gratified by the arrival in that city of the celebrated runner Mensen Ernst, of Norway, whose reputation has been diffused throughout Europe. This man has performed the most extraordinary and most incredible journeys in short spaces of time. He walked from Paris to Moscow in fourteen days, and is now on his return from Greece, which he succeeded in reaching in only twenty four days from Munich. Very lately he travelled from Constantinople to Calcutta, in the East Indies, and back, (1,124 German miles, 6,200 English) in fifty nine days. This latter performance would be incredible, but that it is attested by unquestionable certificates. The pedestrian has had to struggle with many privations, very often hunger and thirst; now wading through immense districts of marsh, then struggling through vast plains of sands. In the latter he always found his Norwegian pattens, three feet long, of the greatest service to him. From Constantinople he went by Scutari and Asia Minor to Persia, Babylon, and the Persian Gulf, to Calcutta. After stopping there for two days and a half, in order to procure the necessary attestations, he returned by Tatary, Teheran, and Persia, crossed the Taurus, and arrived at Constantinople, where he delivered into the hands of the Count Atteata, Envoy of Sweden, a letter written only eight days before. At Pera he publickly exhibited as a runner, and his performance was witnessed by many of the diplomatists. Ernst is a seafaring man, and served on board the Bucharest in the British fleet at Navarino. Feeling some curiosity from that circumstance for seeing the field of the last warfare between Turkey and Russia, he crossed the Balkan, visited Shumla, Varna, and Silistria, performed quarantine at Orzova, whence he has at last come to Pesth, where he has met with a complimentary reception. Although only a common sailor, he speaks, besides the Scandinavian, English, French, German, and a little Greek and Turkish. He proposes this year to start from England to Morocco, and to traverse Africa.

Time.—Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightening, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more mysterious in its source than the Nile, and its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain and lends expectation a crutch, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet, overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—*Lacon.*

Religion of a Dog.—The Rev. Henry Duncan, in his Philosophy of the Seasons, relates the following original anecdote of Burns. I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which while yet a school boy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subjects was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardour and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well calculated to call forth his powers, and, when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have longe escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a new light upon my mind, I shall never forget. 'Man,' said he, 'is the God of dogs. He knows no other, he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! with what reverence he crouches to his feet, with what love he fawns upon him, with what obedience he looks upon him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are enobled by the intercourse. Divines tells us that it ought just to be so with the Christian: but the dog puts the Christian to shame.'

Extraordinary Surgical Case.—Considerable interest has lately been excited in Edinburg amongst the members of the medical professions by the admission of a patient into the Royal Infirmary, who reported that she had swallowed a brass padlock. The patient's history was as follows:—About five weeks ago, whilst amusing herself with a friend, she put the padlock into her mouth, and it instantly slipped down her throat an emetic was soon after administered, which she found great difficulty in swallowing; vomiting took place immediately afterwards, accompanied with great pain in the throat and a discharge of blood. During the succeeding 24 hours she felt as if the padlock was wedged in her throat, and experienced a painful sense of suffocation, after which she felt little pain or inconvenience, and concealed the accident from her friends until Sunday the 19th ult. She was soon afterwards admitted into the hospital as a patient of Professor Lizar's, who, from the moment of her admission, was of opinion the woman's report was accurate; but, doubt existing in the minds of some of his colleagues, he defered performing the operation for the extraction of the foreign body, which in his opinion, was necessary to place the woman in safety. Saturday night the poor woman was attacked with violent vomiting, accompanied with a feeling of suffocation and great pain in the throat, which continued all night. Dr. Johnston, Professor Lizar's hospital assistant, was called at half past two on Sunday morning, and finding the patient in eminent and immediate danger, he instantly, and unassisted, introduced an instrument, invented for the purpose, into the gullet, and succeeded in extracting the padlock, to the immediate and complete relief of the sufferer; the padlock weighed upwards of six drachms (nearly an ounce,) and measured an inch and an eighth in breadth, and one inch and two thirds in length. With the exception of the iron part being covered with rust, it was no ways changed in appearance.—*London paper.*

A busy pay day.—A profligate young fellow, the son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or general inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer and agreed to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note—instead of inspection, he inserted the word *resurrection*—making it payable on the resurrection day.—When the next inspection had come, and the farmer unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call upon him before the note was out. 'But it is out,' said the farmer—'you promised to pay next inspection day, the time has come round and I want the money.' 'If you will look at the note again,' said the young man, coolly, 'you will find that it has sometime to run yet.' The farmer was sure his note was due, or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found to his astonishment that it was not due until the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scape grace; but all to no purpose, and finally laid the case before his father the lawyer. The latter took his son aside and told him he had better settle the thing at once—'for though the pay day is far off, you bid fair to have business enough on your hands that day without having notes to settle.' The advice was taken.

An old widow lady lately died in Paris in a house belonging to herself in the Rue du Temple, where she occupied only a single room, living in the most penurious manner. She has left a will bequeathing to three very distant relatives property to the amount of 30,000 francs (£1,200) per annum. A few days before her death she made her will, and after having signed and dated it, was on the point of sealing it up, when she suddenly recollected herself, and added the following memorandum:—"I think I remember that in the year 1814 my husband and I concealed about 40,000 francs in the wainscot above the alcove." After her decease, when all the preliminaries of the will had been settled, the heirs set to work to discover the concealed treasure. The panels were broken open, and behind the wainscot was found a pile of bags filled with five franc pieces. They were immediately counted in the presence of the Judge de Paris, and notaries, and instead of 40,000, amounted to upwards of 80,000 francs (£3,200). The heirs to this property were scarcely known to the old lady, and one of them was in so destitute a situation as to have taken refuge in the Depot de Mendicite of the Bicetre.

Almost a Tragedy. A singular exhibition of franic passion took place recently in the Superior Court of Yancey county, North-Carolina, the particulars of which, and the history of its origin, are thus related in the Rutherford Gazette:—

About two years since, a man by the name of John Wilson married Elizabeth Rey, of that county. They lived together about seven weeks, when some disturbance took place, which caused their separation. Six months ago the husband filed a petition for divorce, setting forth various causes, declaring that he was young and inexperienced when he married her, and was not acquainted with her true character; that her conduct, during the time they lived together, was insupportable, and by him could not be indured. She answered that they were raised in the same neighborhood, and had known each other from their infancy up; that he new her character and circumstances in life perfectly well, when he married her, and had taken her with his eyes open to all her frailties; she positively denied ever having been guilty of any misconduct, during the time they lived together, but that she acted towards him the part of an affectionathe wife. She further asserted that when he was about to leave her, he made no charges against her, but gave as his reason for separation, that he did not, nor had he ever loved her; that his friends had induced him to marry her merely for her property, and that he had ascertained he could not enjoy life with a woman he did not love.

At the last court an issue was made up and submitted to a jury. The petition and answer having been read, evidence was then introduced, which proved decidedly in favor of the petitioner. On the part of the plantiff, the cause was submitted without any argument; but the consul for the defendant resisted the divorce, by a long and feeling speech, in which he alluded to the solemnity of the marriage vow, the mutual duties it imposed on the parties, and the want of sufficient cause, in that case, to dissolve the bonds of matrimony.

During this investigation the parties were both in court. The husband was apparently young and simple, and, in fact, a mere boy, and there was nothing in the least prepossessing in his appearance. The wife seemed somewhat older, and altogether the superior. She is a fine looking woman, with dark hair, black eyes, and very expressive face. She manifested great interest in the trial.

The jury, after retiring a few minutes, returned a verdict for the the plantiff. The parties were still in their seats behind the bar, some six or eight feet distant from each other; the wife asked a gentleman by whom she was sitting for his knife, as if to trim her finger-nails; she felt the edge, rose to her feet, paused a moment, turned pale, her eyes flashed fire, and then suddenly sprang forward with the drawn knife, and aimed at her husband a deadly blow. But fortunately, a lady, who was standing by, saw her get the knife, and perceived from her countenance that she was meditating something of a desperate character, watched her until she saw the blow aimed at the throat of her unsuspecting husband, and instantly seized the arm of the infuriated wife, and diverted the weapon from the object at which it was aimed; but determined on her hellish purpose, she threw the knife with great violence at her husband, and turning, made a furious attack on her whose hand had arrested the blow, and thwarted the wicked design. The court ordered her into custody; she was arrested and borne out of court, making the most wild and frantic exclamations—calling on her husband in the most tender and passionate language, and seemed to be entirely deranged.

Her conduct was strange and unaccountable, but all who witnessed the scene agree that she must have loved her husband. She had listened attentively to the investigation of the whole matter, heard the pathetic speech of her consul, and then the verdict of the jury, pronouncing their final separation; she felt that she loved him above all others, and the idea that he was then at liberty to marry again (for that was said to be his object) was more than she could endure. Her heart was devoted to him, and sooner than see his pledged to another, she would see him die, and that, too, by her own hand, in the presence of the court, and the multitude that surrounded her. Of the consequences to herself she never thought, nor for them cared; they could not have been greater than death, and no doubt she felt, at that moment, that she would gladly take refuge in the arms of death. She remained in jail until the next morning, when she was brought before the court, and after being severely reprimanded, was sentenced to five days' imprisonment, for contempt of the court, and required to give bond and security for her good behavior for the next twelve months.

Distress in France.—The embarrassments of some of the leading merchants and manufacturers here and in many of the large towns of France have now assumed a very serious character, and the number of bankruptcies increases daily. This day's post from Lyons, Rouen, Mulhausen, St. Quentin, and other manufacturing towns, brings unpleasant accounts; and from Marseilles, Havre and Bordeaux, the letters are also unsatisfactory. At Lyons there are actually more than 10,000 workmen wanting bread, and 10,000 more in a state bordering on starvation. At Rouen many of the manufacturers have discharged their hands; and the rapidity of the fall in prices occasions great uneasiness and frequent composition with creditors. The government are alarmed lest this state of things should continue and lead to riots, particularly as there are evil spirits abroad stirring the multitude to tumult. The cabinet have been discussing the propriety of making a large public grant to the persons most distressed, as was the case under the ministry of M. Lafitte; but little good is anticipated from such a step, unless means can be adopted to render the distribution more general than was the case with the last grant which was absorbed by a few persons who happened to possess ministerial patronage. The royal family have expressed their intention of contributing, and it is proposed to get up a series of fetes, which would have the effect of reviving some of the manufacturers; but as this would fall upon the civil list, and not come out of the pockets of the royal family, the idea is not very popular. The King would, it is supposed, subscribe liberally; but in a very recent affair he committed a great blunder as regards the manufacturers. There is now in Paris a M. Richard, who formerly occupied more than 10,000 workmen in cotton manufactories, and who, from possessing a fortune of more than ten millions of francs, fell into sudden poverty by a decree in 1825, which to a certain degree opened the cotton trade. This M. Richard was originally a ploughboy, and rose to eminence by his skill and enterprise. He was the founder of the cotton manufactories in France, and was the protege of Napoleon. He is now 72 years of age and almost wanting bread. Some of his frieds are getting up a subscription for him with a view of creating a small income for the remainder of his life. The King being applied to, on the ground of this man's eminent public services, to head the subscription, offered 600 francs, which the committee have indignantly refused, as there are several private individuals ready to subscribe 1,000f. each, and who could not do so if the King were to head the list with only 600f. This circumstances is likely to do much injury to the King among the National Guards of which Richard was one of the chiefs, and in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he at one time employed some thousand workmen, and is still much beloved. The cold here is excessive; the grippe has again appeared, and is making ravages. Several young persons have been carried off by it within the last few days.

Affecting Anecdote of an Algerine Captain.—An Algerine Captain had been taken during a piratical incursion by a French vessel, whose commander had treated him with marked humanity and kindness during his captivity, and had at last restored him to liberty. The Algerine recognized this officer in the person of one of the victims they were in the act of tying to the cannon's mouth. He instantly flew to the Dey, implored the Frenchman's pardon, and stated the motives which made him sue for his life. The ferocious Dey refused to listen to him, and ordered the cannon to be fired. The Algerine unhesitatingly threw himself upon the Frenchman, embraced him, and closely pressing him to his arms, turned to the gunner, and calmly said—"Fire! since I cannot save my benefactor, I shall die with him." All the spectators were affected at this sight; the gunner withdrew, and the people rescued the Frenchman in spite of the Dey, who, though unmoved at the scene, was unable to oppose any resistance.—*Campbell's letters from the South.*

Hitherto Great Britain has never raised an arm but to conquer. There was a prestige everywhere that a corps of Englishman was invincible; in Spain, more especially, it was almost a national instinct to doubt the impossibility of defeating British troops. But it is a monument to the praise of Vicomt Palmerston, that in two campaigns he has done his best to demolish the whole edifice of national glory raised by the Duke of Wellington in seven—and, as is truly, though invidiously, stated by a Royalist French journal, that the "British standard is put to fight by those whom Lord Palmerston calls a banditti." The whole world will ask, and has a wright to ask, how is England indemnified for such disgraces? has she made any progress in commercial prosperity through the favour of the Madrid government? has she by her notable adherence to the principle of "non-intervention" enabled Spain to advance one step towards internal peace, or towards fixed and stable institutions? has she gained one particle of good will, either from the French government or the French people in exchange for the universal hatred of the Spaniards? Has she the slightest hope of either terminating the civil war in Spain, with success, or of abandoning her share in it with honor, more than she possessed three years ago? Lord Palmerston will find that his personal share in these transactions is one of which the effects are likely to hang about him, and that the public feeling will not be set asleep so readily as a House of Commons audience when he addresses them.

Medical science has just lost one of its best ornaments by the death, at a very advanced age, of the celebrated physician Baron Dubois. The professional talents of the baron were great and general, but he had devoted particular attention to the obstetric branch, in which he was considered as having scarcely a rival in Europe. The deceased, it is generally known, was honored with the confidence of Napoleon in addition to that of the public. The baron was consulting surgeon to the king, clinical professor of the faculty of medicine of Paris, honorary member of the Royal Academy of Medicine, and professor to the Lying-in Hospital.