SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utrique." Number 21.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

is published every Friday afternoon, by DORAN & CO., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

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

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

	Jan.		H.	Sun.	s.	Moon	H.	w
23	Saturday,	7	16	4	44	Morn	4	5
24	Sunday,	7	15	4	45	1	3	5 0
25	Monday,	7	14	4	46	2	7	6 7
26	Tuesday,	7	13	4	47	3	5	7 24
27	Wednesday,	7	12	4	48	4	[illegible]	43
28	Thursday,	7	11	4	49	5	49	9 37
29	Friday,	7	10	4	50	5	34	10 29

First Quarter, 23d day, 11h. 38m. morn.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Co Partnership hitherto existing between the Subscribers, under the style and firm of SUMMERS & HICKS, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to them are requested to make immediate payment to JOSEPH SUMMERS, who is duly authorised to receive the same; and also to settle all accounts against the said Firm. JOSEPH SUMMERS. NATHANIEL HICKS.

Saint John, N. B. 19th Nov. 1846.

THE subscriber takes this opportunity of informing his Friends and the Public generally, that he intends continuing the business at the same stand. JOSEPH SUMMERS.

☞ DISSOLUTION.

THE Term of Copartnership existing between the subscribers, under the Firm of T. L. NICHOLSON & CO., terminating on the 31st day of December, 1846, will on that day expire.

All Persons having demands against the said Firm, are requested to hand them in at their office, Nelson street, for settlement; and all Persons indebted to them, are called upon to make early payments. T. L. NICHOLSON. J. T. HAMM.

St. John, 11th December, 1846

Pine and Spruce Scantling WANTED.

THE Subscriber wishes to contract for Two thousand tons of Pine and Two thousand tons of Spruce.

SCANTLING,

from fourteen to fifteen inches square, in lengths of twenty feet and upwards. To be delivered this autumn or next spring. Parties wishing to contract for the whole or part of the above can obtain further particulars on application to

Aug. 7. THOMAS CORAM, or J. C. LITTLEHALE, Carleton.

Wholesale Confectioner and Lozenge Manufacturer.

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

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 Elphalet 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.

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.*

Commercial HOTEL, Head of King street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his numerous Friends and the Public generally, that he has re-Leased the above Establishment for a term of years. This Hotel has recently undergone a thorough repair, and neither pains nor expence have been spared to render it equal to any in the Province. The walls of the old part have been torn down and new ones substituted; beside which very extensive additions have lately been made to the Establishment; fourteen entirely new rooms have just been thrown open, finished and furnished in a superior style.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore received the subscriber pledges himself that no effort on his part shall be spared to render the stay of those visiting the "Commercial" pleasant and agreeable.—The travelling Public and others are respectfully invited to call and make trial for themselves.

Families visiting the city can always be accommodated with Private Rooms, &c. &c.

Commodious stabling for Horses, and a superior hostler always in attendance.

ROBERT WETMORE. *Proprietor.*

10th July.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND to Mrs. ANN MELLISH, (one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE, being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it scarcely ever fails to cure Complaints of every character, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by persevering in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, *viz.*, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every disorder are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

LIVERY STABLE.

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

GEORGE N. ROBINSON.

St. John, N. B., July 17 1845.

Cabinet and Upholstery WAREHOUSE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his Friends and the Public, that he has taken the premises formerly occupied by the late Joshua Hughson, in Princess street, where he has fitted up a shop, together with a FURNITURE WAREROOM, and will be most happy to receive orders in his line, which will be executed at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

☞ FUNERALS carefully attended to, and charges moderate.

ROBERT KIMPSON.

WANTED—One good Cabinet Maker, to whom constant employment will be given. R. K.

11th August, 1846.

Coffin Warerooms.

Second door North Trinity Church, Germain street, St. John, N. B.

THE subscriber would beg leave to acquaint the public, that he keeps constantly on hand MADE COFFINS, of every size and quality, which will be sold at very reduced prices, from what has been formerly charged in this City, and as the subscriber has spared no pains in getting up a well finished article, he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ A Hearse may be obtained on application as above.

August 11. M. N. POWERS.

Anchors, Chains and Spikes,

Just received, ex *John Wilson*, from *Liverpool*—

6 BEST short link CHAINS, from ⅝ to 1¼ inch; 6 do. studded do. ⅝ to 1⅛ inch:
1 best Wood stock ANCHOR, 28 cwt. 3 1⅝;
1 do. do. do. 32 cwt. 0 10;
12 best Iron stock Anchors, from 4 to 7 cwt.;
6 tons Spikes, assorted, 5, 6, and 7 inch:
151 Plough Share Moulds;
49 ANCHOR PALMS.—For sale low by

Dec. 18. WILLIAM CARVILL.

HAVANNA CIGARS.

35,000 PRIME *Brands, ex Kate and Peruvian, from Boston*—For sale by W. O. SMITH.

Nov. 13. Market Square.

THE OCEAN.

I see the Deep's untrampelled floor
With green and purple seaweed strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from the measured motion.—Shelley.

THE glorious, the magnificent, the unfathomable deep! Among the manifold works of God there is none under heaven so glorious. "It is His and he made it." It is immutable. The gnarled oak shall fall to decay—the mountain shall crumble—the dark rocks return into the dust—but the sea knoweth no change, and no variableness; it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The soft-haired child may throw pebbles into its depths; and he may come again tottering upon the crutch of age, and behold no shadow of difference. There seems a determined purpose in its restless motion. It is for ever suing, as for a boon, at the feet of the rocky heights—it clapping its hands at the silvery clouds, as it leaps onwards in its ceaseless progress. It hath rolled on unceasingly since its fountains were first unsealed, and it will roll on till the sun is darkened and the stars grow dim.

There is a spell of mystery brooding upon its waters. Who hath returned from its silent chambers to reveal its awful secrets? Millions have gone down and remained for ever. There is an impenetrable veil hung over its deep pavilions, which baffles the eye of science, and causes philosophy to press a finger upon the lip. How oft has the larum shout disturbed the solitude, and the minute-gun rolled forth its dread forebodings.—How oft has it heard the wild shriek of fear, and the calm prayer of devotion—while the disjointed wreck went down, and the waters closed above its relics.—How many sleepers find a couch upon its bosom! They outnumber the sands of its borders, and the days of a life could not count them. There is the form of beauty—the mother with her clasped child—the miser with his gold and gaunt skeleton clasping the crucifix in its bony fingers. There is the father, the son, the master and the slave, resting together.—The billows are chanting their dirge, and the stars are the lamps of their sepulchre.

We have said it knoweth no change—yet it is no paradox to say there is nothing so changeable. It hath a frown and a smile—it knoweth sunshine and storm; yet in all it alike retains the same awful grandeur and unparalled magnificence—whether it is lulled into silence or maddened into rage—whether it mirrors the heavens, or rolls its mountain billows upon the shelving rock—whether a fetter of ice is laid upon it, or the breeze of the south fans it with languid wings.

Well was the spirit of beauty fabled to have arisen from its waters; for even now it maketh the sea its abiding place. The clouds stand still and gaze upon it, and the silver-winged sea-birds float slowly on, and give vent in wild screams to their unutterable joy. Day and night worship at its altar—the sun robes it with a garment of light, and the stars watch over it in their midnight vigils.

The coast is its girdle, and it is gemmed with loveliness. There is the smooth and pebbly beach, where the waters roll with a gentle swell; and there is the dark rock and the high precipue, where the surf breaks and sparkles in the sunblaze. There are the icy hills of the north, rearing their crystal citadels, and the spicy groves of the south leaning upon its borders, and offering the incence of its perfume.

The spirit of harmony slumbers in its deep caves. It hath music of ravishing sweetness, whether its cords are touched by the zepher, or swept by the whirlwind. It answers with a faint babble to the one, and a voice of thunder to the other. Its perpetual orions go up unto Heaven, and the echoes of earth repeat them. It speaks of Him who holds it in the hollow of his hand. Its voice is a voice of worship—deep calleth unto deep—visible bows to invisible—the made to its omnipotent Maker.

Poetry hath sounded it depths and imagination gone down like an invisible spirit amid its silent palaces. It hath gazed on its wedges of gold, its pavement of orient pearl, and the inestimable jewels that begem its chambers. Desolation hath made there a silent home, and gathered around her on the slimy rocks, the corroding wealth of nations, bearing from none the revealment of her treasury.

There is no solitude like the solitude of the deep. Man is there alone in the presence of his maker; and his heart is hushed into awe. The deck is the only barrier between time and eternity—that is the only link that binds him to existence. He floats upon the watery element, between earth and heaven, insolated from the companionship of man. There is no sound, save the ceaseless murmur of the waves—no visible object, save the blue surface above, below and around him.

There is nothing under Heaven so sublime. It goeth even unto the ends of the earth, and down to its very centre—and there is no segment of the globe where its voice is not heard. Its dark billows roll from the equator to the ice-ribbed shores of Labrador. It is belted by the stooping horizon—and the eye may pierce no farther. The sun may not behold its limits upon its noonday throne—and the iron wing of the eagle may not measure its circumference.

It is mighty in power, and of terrible strength; yet it is the obedient vassal of man. He hath mastered it—making the winds his steeds, and the ocean his chariot. The luxuries of the east are rocked upon its bosom, and the armada rides upon its billows.

It communeth with the heart. Retire inward, and lay up its teachings. It is one of our greatest prerogatives, that it is given us to worship in the great temple of the universe. The elements are the ministers of Jehovah. They speak with articulate voices of him, and stands visibly before us as smybols of his greatness.—At his bidding, the portals of chaos were opened, and order came forth, robed in the garments of glory. The mountains stood up, and the ocean obeyed his will. "He made them, and they are his." They are the ambassadors of God, and the teachers of wisdom to the children of men. They are great and glorious; yet, mighty as they are, they shrink to a point, when compared with the majesty of the invisible and godlike mind. "They shall perish, but it shall endure." The ocean shall go back to its original nothingness, when the mind that is kindled in devotion will stand at the throne of God, immortal as its omnipotent Maker.

THE CUNNING OLD GENTLEMAN.—This reminds me of an old country gentleman who came to London. He had heard a great deal of the handy practices of pick-pockets, and thought if he could but detect one what a story it would be to take to Green Goose Hall. His good lady, Mrs. Oakapple, would hail him a second Munchausen; the windmill exploits of La Mancha's knight, that had whilom expanded the eyes of the expanding Oakapples junior, would sink into insignificance before the hardihood of their stalwart pa, who had taken a *live* pickpocket. But no such glorious triumphs awaited the laudable efforts of the venerable Oakapple. Out he sallied, and having heard that a well-known print and caricature shop (or rather the pathway in front of it) was the arena where many blue bird's-eye fogles had been abstracted, away he went to the scene of action. His nerves strung to deeds of daring, if daring might be necessary; and feeling certain that whatever any pickpocket might be *up* to, he should be *down* on the pickpocket, he left a good corner of his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, and with, as he thought, an apparent careless look, sauntered before the shop, ready for a trap, if the trap took. Now, mice, we know, have a predilection for toasted cheese, so have pickpockets for handkerchiefs, but they won't always nibble, and it required a neater hand than friend Oakapple's to bait for the marauders. Judge his astonishment and mortification, when a knowing-looking gentleman walked up to him, looked him full in the face, and pointing to the decoy wipe, clapped him on the shoulder, saying, with a derisive smile, "It won't do, my old cock!" Old cock! what a term to be applied to the head of the Oakapples, justice of the peace, a lord of the Green Goose Manor. Defeated, outwitted, and beat at his own weapons, he could only look all he would have done; then buttoned up his decoy tight in his coat pocket, determined that as it was not taken when he wanted, it should not be taken at all, and off in high dudgeon he moved homewards; but pickpockets, like Nickers, had various little ways of doing business. Our worthy friend had not proceeded many paces homewards, growling that his handkerchief had remained in such security, when to alleviate his chagrin on this subject, whop came a hand on the crown of his hat, down goes the hat over his eyes, and while the decoy flew out of his pocket away went his watch out of his fob; horror of all horrors, what did he hear? "It *will* do *now*, old cock!"—*Stable Talk and Table Talk.*

SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.—CANDOUR.—At a late ball in the city, says the *Baltimore Sun*, a gentleman had danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked, preparing her to a seat, if he might have the pleasure of seeing her on the following day. "Why no, Sir," replied the fair one, "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening, but I'll tell you when you can see me." "I shall be most happy," replied the stricken swain. "Well, on Saturday night," resumed the lady, "you can see me at the foot of Marsh Market, selling cabbages." If the young man is wise he will be there to night for certain—for that young lady will make him a good wife.

One scraper is enough at the door, as the footman said to the blind fiddler.

A MORAL PHENOMENON.—We had been riding for several hours, when, as we were approaching the Rice Lake, we stopped about noon at the end of a long straggling village of Indians [British Canada], on whose civilization much care and benevolent attention had been bestowed.

On this occasion I adopted the course I had pursued on reaching several other Indian settlements, namely, I requested our party to halt, and then, dismounting, I walked quietly by myself into every single habitation of the disjointed street, which extended upwards of half a mile.

By this means I managed to pay my respects to children a visit without being known to them, and consequently without in any way ruffling or ruffling the simple, placid habits of their life. I found few at home, except women and children; some of the former were dressing their children; a few were playing with them, and some were feeding the ravenous little things with spoons as large as a common saucer.

Many of the dwellings were clean and tidy; and as I was kindly received in all, I was well enough disposed to take a favourable view of the condition of their inmates. There was however, something in the complexion of most of the children who were playing round the doors that completely divested the picture of the sentiment with which I was desirous to adorn it.

Whether eating rice had made all their faces white,—what could have so many of their eyes blue, or caused their hair to curl, I felt it might be unneighbourly to enquire; and yet these little alterations, insignificant as they many deem them to be, created in my mind considerable disappointment; indeed, I felt it useless to bother myself by considering whether or not civilization is a blessing to a red Indian if the process presumed ends—as I regret to say it invariably does—by turning him white.—*The Emigrant by Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart.*

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.—The day of marriage has always been, and it is to be hoped, in spite of disconsolate old maids and love crossed bachelors, will ever continue to be, a time of festivity. Among the rustics in Cumberland it glides away amidst music, dancing, and revelry. Early in the morning, the bridegroom, attended by his friends on horseback, proceeds in a gallop to the house of the bride's father. Having alighted, he salutes her, and then the company breakfast together. The repast concluded, the whole nuptial party depart in cavalcade order towards the church, accompanied by a fiddler, who plays a succession of tunes appropriate to the occasion. Immediately after the performance of the ceremony, the company retire to some neighbouring *ale-house*, and many a flowing bumper of home-brewed is quaffed to the health of the happy pair. Animated with this earthly nectar, they set off full speed towards the future residence of the bride, where a handkerchief is presented to the first who arrives. In some of the country villages in the County of Durham, after the connubial knot is tied, a ribbon is proposed as the subject of contention, either for a foot race or a horse race,—supposed to be a delicate substitution for the bride's garter, which used to be taken off while she knelt at the altar; and the practice being anticipated, the garter was generally found to do credit to her taste and skill in needle work. In Craven, where this singular sport also prevails, whoever first reaches the bride's habitation, is ushered into the bridal chamber, and after having performed the ceremony of turning down the bed-clothes, returns, carrying in his hand a tankard of *warm ale*, previously prepared to meet the bride, to whom he triumphantly offers his humble beverage, and by whom, in return, he is presented with the ribbon, as the honourable reward of his victory. Another ancient marriage ceremony of the same sort, still observed in the remote parts of Northumberland, is that of *riding for the kail*, where the party after kissing the bride, set off at full speed on horseback to the bridegroom's house, the winner of the race receiving the kail, or dish of spice broth, as the chief prize.—*Brockett's North Country Dialect, and Customs.*

DOES BUCKWHEAT IMPROVE THE SOIL?—Some years since, while I was a subscriber to the Yankee Farmer, I was seriously struck with the remark, that Buckwheat would improve the soil; in other words, that light arenaceous lands, in which the defect of a due cohesion among the constituent particles was obvious, while at the same time (as is usually the case with soils of this description) there is a superabundance of acid manifestly present in its texture, would be regenerated simply by sowing this grain, the only manure or stimulus required to secure this result being lime. Now I have tried the plan till I am confidently persuaded it is all whim and theory,—that Buckwheat is an exhausting crop; and furthermore that it takes far more from the soil than it returns to it, unless you plough in the whole crop. In this way, with the lime, the action of which is durable and lasting, you may possibly in time effect some degree of improvement—but by sowing Buckwheat, simply, if the crop be harvested, you are certain to effect the deterioration of the soil more rapidly than in any other way with which I am acquainted—the cultivation of flax not excepted.—*Correspondent of the Maine Cultivator.*

Remarks.—The amelioration of poor soil through the agency above alluded to, depends upon many concurring circumstances which, or most of which, our correspondent seems not to have taken into estimate. It should ever be regarded as a fundamental and incontrovertible axiom in agriculture, that a crop growing and maturing its seeds in the soil, necessarily diminishes its fertility. Even those plants denominated *aerial*, and which do not derive a large proportion of their nourishment from the atmosphere, draw largely upon the mineral resources of the soil. This fact is clearly demonstrated by the following experiment:—

If we take a pint of Buckwheat in flour of course the entire structure, roots, husks, leaves and seed, and dry it in an oven heated to the temperature of eighty-six degrees, Fahrenheit, we shall find that it will yield about four per cent of ashes. These ashes submitted to the operation of the analytical chemist will be found to be composed of twenty-nine parts of potass salts, forty-five parts of lime and magnesia salts, and twenty-six parts of silica, or sand. Now it is an established principle in vegetable physiology that a soil to be fertile in the production of any given product, must contain the mineral matters found in the ashes of that product, whether it be root or grain. By the above experiment the reader will perceive that Buckwheat though ordinarily classed by practical farmers as a non extractor, deprives the soil chiefly of its lime and magnesia salts.

These are valuable constituents, and are operative in some degree, either directly or collaterally, in the sustenance of a variety of crops; for in wheat we find that in one hundred parts there is not less than twelve per cent of lime, and fifty-one per cent of silica or sand; so that in the grain of wheat, to say nothing of other constituents, we have two of the constituent elements of buckwheat both of which are derived exclusively from the soil. Our correspondent is right in corollary respecting the "turning in" of his crop. On most soils no method of speedy improvement has been found more successful than this. We do not know as we have ever been brought acquainted with an experiment in which the result has not amply realized the expectations of the experimenter. On old fields, the productive energies of which have been reduced by injudicious cropping, its operation have been wonderful.—*Eds. Cult.*

A SCENE IN SPAIN.—The following day as we were proceeding along the main street, we observed a very large crowd and on inquiring what was the reason of the people collecting together, we were informed that an execution was about to take place. The sufferers were a man and a woman; the former a Jew, the latter a Moorish lass. They had committed adultery; and as the crime, in the opinion of the Persians, was aggravated by the religion of the male culprit, the husband had abstained from taking summary vengeance, and had appealed to public justice. The consequence was that the guilty parties were condemned to be hanged in broad day of the main street. My being a Frank caused the mob to make way for me, and I managed to get close to the place of execution. A rude temporary gallows had been raised, and at the foot were the two condemned parties, in the custody of the executioners, six ruffianly looking men. The woman was veiled; but it was easy to perceive that her whole form was trembling with fear and agitation. Close at hand was the husband, an ill-looking old man of sixty. The Jew was a very handsome youth, and evinced great firmness at that awful moment. To the yells and screams of "accursed Jew!" "unclean dog!" how dare such a filthy animal attempt to defile our hearths, &c., which issued from the mouths of the populace, the wretched man returned a sneer of contempt. He was, as it were, alone in the midst of that great crowd; no one of his religion was present; indeed to have been so would certainly have been fatal to any Jew, considering the excited state of the spectators. A few minutes after our arrival, the executioners proceeded to tie a rope round the neck of the Jew, and then began to perform the same ceremony with regard to the woman, who, on being touched screamed fearfully. In her struggles her veil and chauder fell off, and her form and face had come revealed. I seldom, if ever, indeed, beheld such a beautiful creature; notwithstanding the pallor of her countenance, caused by fright, her loveliness was so perfect, that it caused a general burst of surprise. She could not have been sixteen. I turned to Padre Johannes and asked him whether there were no means of saving her life; the worthy man, who was weeping bitterly, shook his head and whispered, "there is no hope for her." The fatal cord was now fastened around her neck, and together with the Jew, she was hoisted on the shoulders of some of the executioners, while the others proceeded to fasten the ropes round the beam. The scene was at this moment heart-rending; the screams of the women were dreadful to hear, and so great was the poor creatures horror that a few moments before she was launched into eternity streams of blood began to flow from her nostrils. All was now ready; the veil and chauder were thrown over the female sufferer, and the two wretched beings being thrown off the shoulders of the executioners, were instantly hanging by their necks, when the face of the Jew being uncovered, became so horridly convulsed, that I could no longer bear the sight, and hurried away.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

SELLING A WIFE.—A few days ago, a shoemaker, named Cross, residing at Woodside, left his home with his wife and child for the purpose of visiting some relations at Warrington. On reaching the station at Lime-street, they were too late for the train, and Mr. Cross being a thirsty soul immediately went to a public house in the neighbourhood to compensate himself for his disappointment.—While they were there a gentleman named Tyrer, who had also been indulging rather freely in Sir J. Barleycorn, took great notice of Cross's wife and child, whose ruddy cheeks were the very personification of health and contentment, and at length offered to purchase them for no less sum than £500. Cross immediately agreed, and £5 was paid as a deposit, with which the happy husband liberally treated everybody in the house with drink. Mr. Tyrer raised a car to convey his purchase to his own wifeless and childless home, not to be so much longer as he thought, but to his great surprise the lady refused to acknowledge the right of her husband—lord and master though he might be—to transfer her allegiance as he liked; and, after a long altercation, Cross walked off with his wife and child, together with what was left of Mr. Tyrer's £5—Cross, who tells the story as a good joke, says he knew very well his wife would never agree to the bargain, but that there is no dealing with *the pride and conceit* of his wife, since the gentleman valued her at so large a sum as £500.—*Liverpool Mail.*

BEAR STORY.—A genuine Greenland bear was taken last season on the coast of Labrador by some Westport fishermen. He was killed on an island, after a hard fought battle, during which he received half a dozen rifle balls. Capt. Brown of this town, says the Hallowell Gazette, obtained the skin of the fisherman this fall, and it is now stuffed, so as to give some idea of the size of the monster. It bears all the bears we have ever seen or heard of, and is a curiosity worth viewing by any lover of natural history. The bear weighed when killed 2000 pounds. His dimensions, stuffed, are as follows:—From the tip of the nose to the roots of the tail, 9 feet and 2 inches. Girth, near the fore shoulders, 7 feet and 2 inches. Height, standing, 8½ feet. Circumference, round the upper and lower lips, near the eyes, 20½ inches. Smallest place round the binding 14 feet. Diameter [illegible] of the fore leg, 2 feet. Circumference [illegible] 9 inches.

[illegible] dandy was [illegible] to follow a course of sea food at the boiling town, he ordered [illegible] servant, and went boldly into the [illegible] instant after he came up, pulling [illegible] "Francis," said he, "the sea smells [illegible] dreadfully; it will poison me. Throw a little *eau de Cologne* into the water, or I shall be suffocated."