THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

December.	r. Sun. s.	moon	h. w.
2 Saturday,	7 17 4 23	9 12	2 31
3 Sunday,	7 18 4 23	10 30	3 22
4 Monday,	7 19 4 23	11 46	4 19
5 Tuesday,	7 20 4 22	Morn	5 23
6 Wednesday,	7 21 4 22	1 2	6 33
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First Quarter, 4th, 5h. 8m.-aft.

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 Kirk, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Robert Rankin, 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: N. S. Demill, 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.

[for the chronicle.]

The following lines were written in consequence of a large hole having been sunk opposite to Trinity Church, and left uncovered and no light placed over it, and on account of such neglect two or more of Her Majesty's leige subjects were precipitated therein, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last.

To those who have the chief direction,
And he who has the sole inspection
Of this our thriving city,
Why do you look with solemn face,
And see us brought to such disgrace
I wish to move your pity.

Last Wednesday night, was wet you know,
We looked for no foreign foe
But thought ourselves secure,
But lo! a city trap was laid,
For Widow, Wife, perhaps a *Maid*
And many children sure.

Queen's Ward's the subject of my theme,
I blush when once I use the name
To think she's so ill used,
God bless our Queen her heart would break,
To know her subjects, *Clown* or *Rake*
Should e'er be thus abus'd.

This *hole* was for a lamp-post dug,
And in it pop'd my friend so snug,
Up to his neck in water,
This, was the first thing struck my thought,
The Madawaska war was naught
To this new fashion'd slaughter.

My friend cried stop and pull me out,
I'm now as wet as any trout
I shall report the matter,
He often curs'd our worthy Mayor,
And wish'd that he might have a share
And in the water *spatter*.

Then I cried out, O God forbid,
The man who did it now is hid
Perhaps in blankets warm,
How could you wish that he should share
With you such miserable fare,
Or bide this pit'less storm.

I know your cause is bad 'tis true,
But still you have not lost your shoe
You're safe, enough I think,
You'r not so bad, therefore don't rue
As our good neighbour ——

Therefore when e'er your digging holes,
Pray cover them with slabs, or poles
Or o'er them place some lamps,
That the Queen's subjects may be safe,
Or faith wee'l soon turn a new leaf,
Least we should meet such damps.

St. John, Nov. 23. R. B.

Miscellany.

From the United Service Journal.

THE CONSCRIPT.

My dear Mr. Editor.—At a time when the severity of our military code affords so popular a theme of declamation, perhaps the following tale, founded on circumstances which came under my observation a few years ago, may serve as an illustration of the rigid measures by which the discipline of the French army requires occasionally to be enforced, and convince our philanthropists that humanity would gain little by change were our military punishments assimilated to those of that nation.

Early in the spring of the eventful year 1830, I found myself a wanderer on the banks of the Loire, just at the period when the harsh laws of the conscription were put in operation for the purpose of augmenting the ranks of the French army, previous to the expedition against Algiers. Its stern decrees carried anguish and dismay into the bosom of many a happy family, and every village mourned for the prime of its youth dragged from their homes and their families to take part in a quarrel wherein they felt not the slightest interest. The rigid enforcement of this obnoxious law added fuel to the smouldering flame of popular discontent. The conscripts deserted by hundreds, or were in many instances rescued from the parties who had charge of them, and severe measures were consequently resorted to by Government to check this growing spirit of opposition to its authority.

I had left Blois in the morning, and enjoyed, so far as the confinement of the diligence would admit, that succession of interesting scenery which greets the eye of the traveller down the Loire. But as I approached the entrance of that lovely valley which forms the eastern approach to Tours, I found that even the sluggish pace of the diligence conveyed me far too rapidly past scenes on which the eye could gaze with delight for ever: therefore, as I was in no hurry to reach Tours before evening I determined to prosecute the rest of the journey on foot, leaving my baggage to precede me to the place of my destination. I escaped from the confinement of the diligence just as the brilliant rays of a setting sun were shedding their unveiled splendour over the smiling face of nature, gilding the placid waters of the Loire with their gorgeous hue, and adding to the beauty of this romantic spot that brightness of colouring with which the departing sun in southern climes often enriches the landscape before it becomes shaded in evening darkness. The sky was clear and serene, save where some solitary cloud glided across the heavens, like a winged messenger pursuing the god of day to his western couch, while the evening breeze, which had now commenced, cooled the air, and afforded an agreeable relief after the heat of a sultry day. All nature seemed invigorated at the approach of evening: the lezy goatherd, who before lay basking in the sun's rays, now roused from his slumbers, began to collect and drive home his scattered flock. The active fisherman now turned his little skiff, and impelled it swiftly over the rippling stream, as he bent his course homewards with his finny spoil. The husbandman, released from his toilsome occupation in the field, might now be seen busily engaged in the lighter task of dressing the vines and fruit-trees which clustered around his cottage. The villagers whom business or pleasure had led into the neighbouring town were now returning in merry groups, counting their gains and displaying to each other the goods they had purchased by the sale of their farm produce. Their gaudy dress and animated figures, as they emerged from the shade of the trees which skirted the road, gave life and energy to the landscape, while the noisy laugh, the harmless raillery, with which their conversation abounded, bespoke that happiness and contentment which were quite in unison with the mild and tranquil scenes around them.

In the midst of this interesting picture might be seen small parties of peasant girls, decked out in all their country finery, hastening along the road, to join in the diversions of the evening at the neighbouring villages, or to pay visits to their town acquaintance. As I had now become tired of my solitary ramble, I thought I could not do better than enliven the rest of my journey by entering into conversation with a party of these damsels, to whom, by way of introduction, I offered my escort to Tours. An English girl would have blushed, held down her head in silence, and taken to her heels on the first opportunity, had she received such an offer from a stranger: but, fortunately, French girls are not so timid: high or low, they all think themselves entitled to attention, and whether his services are accepted or not, one can never go wrong in making a tender of them. The party accordingly accepted my offer, with the remark that they felt much indebted to me for my complaisance. Imagine me then escorting along the high road to Tours four laughing damsels, whose sparkling dark eyes and handsome figures made amends for the swarthy hue which a constant exposure to the sun had bestowed upon their complexions. A dress of white cotton, with scarlet sleeves and silk sash, set off their light slender forms to the best advantage, above which towered a lofty head-dress of still muslin, covered with a profusion of glossy ribbons, while a pair of long gilt ear-rings reaching to the shoulder, and a silver crucifix or trinket suspended by a row of glass beads from the neck, served to complete their simple decorations.

We soon become the best friends in the world, and with great gaiety pursued our way for upwards of a mile along the margin of the river, whose thickly-wooded banks, clothed in the gay verdure of spring, and chequered with the gaudy tints of blossoming fruit-trees, displayed to the view every variety of brilliant colouring which the imagination can fancy. Numerous cottages and villas, surrounded by gardens and orchards in the highest state of cultivation, covered the slope of the bank, whose craggy summit was almost hid under the thick masses of green ivy and party-coloured moss with which the vegetation of centuries had clothed its rugged front; while the curling smoke, which might be seen issuing from crevices of the rock, showed where the daring vine-dresser had hewn for himself a residence even in front of the precipice which frowned and tottered over the road below. Nature and art seemed here to have combined their utmost efforts to increase the beauty of the scene. Each succeeding turn of the road varied without diminishing the richness of the prospect, till at length the view was terminated by the magnificent cathedral and bridge of Tours, which could now be seen dimly in the horizon. The sight was so interesting, that it had quite distracted my attention from my fair companions, till I renewed our conversation by inquiring the object of their journey.

"Why," said one of them, "we are going to pay a visit to a young girl, whose intended husband has just been taken away as a conscript. She is one of the prettiest girls in the whole district, and perhaps you shall see her too as a reward for your gallantry in escorting us."

Of course I bowed my thanks, and at the same time expressed a wish to learn some further particulars regarding the youth who had thus been so unfortunately baulked when on the high road to happiness.

"His name was Jean Baptiste," continued my informer. "He was quite the delight of our neighbourhood, he was so kind, so good-humoured. None could waltz or sing better than poor Baptiste. Every body was fond of him. He and the pretty Annette had long been warmly attached to each other, but fortune was unpropitious to their union. Baptiste was poor, and had an aged grandmother to support out of his earnings. Annette's relations on that account opposed their marriage for several years, till her lover had, by his frugality and industry, saved a little money, with which he purchased that cottage you see peeping out from among the trees. All objections being then removed, he was on the point of being married to Annette, when he was drawn as a conscript, and was forced to join the army, leaving his intended wife, and poor old grandmother in the greatest affliction. I can assure you it would have made your heart bleed to have witnessed their separation."

"But why did not Annette accompany her intended husband?" I inquired.

"She would gladly have done so, but then there would have been no one to take care of his grandmother, who is quite blind, so Annette had to give up all thoughts of accompanying Baptiste, and has gone to reside with her during his absence. As she must lead a very solitary life there, we are on our way to pay her a visit, and give her all the news of our village."

The friendly intention of their journey raised these kind-hearted damsels very high in my estimation, and made me determined to accompany them on their visit. A few minutes' walk brought us in front of the cottage, the approach to which was shaded by a row of fruit-trees, around which the jessamine and honey-suckle were entwined in gay festoons, while the tendrils of the spreading vine covered the walls with their brilliant verdure, and almost hid the small latticed window, which could just be seen peeping through its green curtain.

The door was opened by Annette herself, who was certainly worthy of the high encomiums I had heard bestowed on her. Her figure, though small, was of the most exquisite symmetry. Her long dark hair was not confined by the same formal starched head-dress as that worn by her companions, but flowed in graceful ringlets down her shoulders, and shaded with luxuriant curls a face of the most expressive sweetness. The grief which had chased the rose from her cheek, and dimmed the lustre of her rich black eye, gave an expression of extreme softness and delicacy to a countenance which, if lighted up by the fire of animation, and the glow of health, would have been deemed attractive even in a country more distinguished for female beauty than Touraine. Her cheeks were not darkened with that sunburnt hue which generally spoils the complexion of the peasant girls in the south of France, but pale and delicate, seemed to denote that her constitution had been too feeble and her frame too weak to permit her join in the laborious exercises of her more healthy companions.

Seated beside the window, and engaged in the monotonous task of turning her noisy wheel, was her lover's grandmother, over whom the young girl seemed to watch with even more than filial tenderness. She was an interesting old woman, of about seventy years of age, whose silver locks still clustered in profusion over a forehead furrowed by the hand of time and misfortune. As the company entered she raised her sightless eyeballs towards the door, till recognizing the well-known voices of her female visitors, she called them to her, and assuming all the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, began to join in the conversation which ensued regarding their mutual acquaintance. In the mean time I was not neglected. I was introduced in due form to Annette; a chair was given me to rest my wearied limbs; some dried fruit and a bottle of *vin du pays* were set before me, while Annette bustled about to get ready a cup of coffee to complete my repast.

As I had now got far into the good graces of the company, they began to indulge their curiosity by numerous inquiries regarding the fashions, gaieties, and amusements of my native land, on all which points I gave them the best information in my power. My answers seemed to afford great entertainment to all the party; and I was happy to see that the shade of melancholy which had clouded the face of Annette gradually wore off, and the old grandmother began in her turn to give me an account of the scenes of horror and bloodshed which she had witnessed during the Revolution, in which she had been a great sufferer. She was one who had evidently seen better days, her manners and language bespoke an education superior to her present humble sphere, and give additonal interest to her tale of past misfortunes.

Meanwhile time flew rapidly away. The stars began to twinkle in the blue vault of heaven, reminding me to make use of their lustre to guide me to Tours. I seized my hat and cane, gave a salute to each of the damsels, two to Annette, who already began to be a great favourite with me, and after promising to repeat my visit in the course of a few days, I slipped a small present into the hands of the old lady, and trudged forward on my way to Tours. The shades of night had now veiled the beauties of the surrounding landscape. The former busy scene was exchanged for the most tranquil silence. Nothing could be seen but the reflection of the stars bespangling the smooth waters of the Loire, and the dark mass of the cathedral raising its huge turrets above the surrounding gloom. Nothing could be heard but the gentle murmuring of the stream, and the solemn tones of the cathedral bell calling the pious to their evening prayers. I pushed forward as quickly as possible, crossed the bridge, reached my hotel, and on the down bed of mine host of the *Boule d'Or*, soon forgot the fatigues of the day, and fell asleep to meet again in my dreams the dark eyes and interesting features of the lovely Annette.

When an Englishman first arrives in Tours, he has considerable difficulty in convincing himself that he has not by some circuitous route, again found his way to his native land—everything there being quite *a l'Anglaise*. The town was at this period crowded with British emigrants, and it certainly displayed no small degree of good taste on their part, that they had fixed upon a residence as much distinguished for its architectural splendour as for the advantages of its situation. The broad waters of the Loire, interspersed with numerous little islands, form its northern boundary, and afford an easy mode of conveyance to the delightful scenery in the neighbourhood, while gardens, orchards, and vineyards, filled with the choicest productions of a generous soil, cover the gently swelling hills which bound the view in every direction, and compose the verdant ampitheatre in whose peaceful bosom the town appears to repose.

With the assistance of a few letters of introduction I was soon quite at home in Tours, and my time passed very agreeably in the enjoyment of the various amusements which the town afforded. In the morning I played cricket with the English, golfed with the Scotch, or rode steeple-chases with the Irish, and I was a constant visiter at the "Cafe Anglais," where a selection of English publications and a mixture of society from all parts of the United Kingdom, served to divert me during the evening.

The promise of revisiting Annette was almost forgotten, till the tempting appearance of a fine afternoon reminded me of it. I was soon on my way to the cottage, where, on my arrival, I found her and the old woman enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze on a seat before the door. It was not long ere I was seated on the grass by their side. A hearty welcome spoke their pleasure at my visit, and I fancied that the bright eyes of Annette sparkled with additional lustre, as she held out her delicate little hand to salute me on my arrival saying—

"I am glad to see Monsieur has not forgotten us, for we have much need of some one to cheer our solitude."

"Your lover will soon return to enliven you again, I hope."

"Ah, poor Baptiste, I fear I shall never see him again. Many have left this place to go to the wars, but few, alas! have ever returned."

"Never fear, the troops will soon come back from this expedition, and you will forget all your sorrows in a merry wedding."

"I fear that will never be, Monsieur; but tell me, I pray you, is there any news from the army,—when does it embark?"

I could give her no satisfactory information on this head, but cheered her with the rumours which were then current, that the expedition would yet be abandoned. The approach of evening made us enter the cottage, where a cup of coffee with cakes and honey were set before me by Annette. The coffee was excellent, and the cakes did infinite credit to Annette's cookery. I soon got so busily engaged in conversation that hour after hour slipped away without my feeling any inclination to take my departure, and the evening was pretty far advanced, when, to our surprise, footsteps were heard approaching the cottage.

"Annette," said the old woman, "were it not that Baptiste is far away, I would have fancied that was his footstep."

A glow of crimson overspread the pale cheek of Annette as she rose and approached the door. But before she could reach it the latch was raised, and a young man in a military undress entered the cottage.

"My dear Baptiste! are you then returned to us?" screamed Annette, and with a convulsive sob, fell senseless in his arms. His aged parent arose and, with tottering steps, advanced to meet him.

"My prayers," said she, "have then been heard, and I shall embrace my dear boy once more before I die!"

The youth tenderly saluted her, while tears rolled down his sunburned cheeks. Then, throwing open the window, he carried towards it the lifeless body of Annette. It was long before animation returned, and then she held him with a convulsive grasp, as if afraid that he was again to be torn from her.

"And are you then returned, my dear Baptiste!" she exclaimed, "never to leave me again! And are you to stay with your grandmother and me in our little cottage! Oh, how happy all the neighbours will be when they hear of your arrival! But why are you silent! Why do you turn away from me? Why are these tears rolling down your cheeks?"

A few sobs were the only answer he could make.

"For God's sake, my dear son," said his alarmed grandmother, "tell us what has happened. Why are you thus affected?"

"My dear mother, I have much to tell you, but I will do it at another time," he replied, glancing an expressive look towards me. I began to see that I occasioned an embarrassment to the party, and prepared to take my leave.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," said Annette, introducing me to him, "who has shown much kindness to your grandmother and me."

"Do not leave us then," said he, grasping my hand; "from you I can have nothing to fear, and I may stand in need of your advice."

"Good heaven, Baptiste!" said Annette,—"what have you done! Something preys upon your spirits. Ah, how pale is your cheek—how sunk your eye! You must be ill, very ill indeed."

"I am only fatigued. I have travelled far, and scarcely tasted food," he replied.

Annette immediately ran to her little cupboard, and turning out her store of dainties pressed him to partake of them. But it was in vain. His heart was full. He could not eat, and falling backwards on his chair he burst into tears, while Annette and his grandmother endeavoured in vain to soothe him. His heart at last was relieved. He recruited his fainting spirits with a little food, and then began to detail the circumstances which had led to his unexpected return.

"After I left you," said he, "I was marched off with the rest of the conscripts from this quarter to Lyons, where I was separated from them and drafted into a regiment stationed at the camp of Marseilles, mostly composed of young conscripts, torn as I had been from the bosom of their families, and forced into a service quite at variance with all their former habits. Unaccustomed to the use of arms, we made slow progress in learning our military duties, and therefore were treated with unusual severity by those officers who had the task of drilling us. Reproofs, confinement, nay even blows, were resorted to in order to quicken our progress. Such treatment was not likely to remove our aversion to a military life. The conscripts murmured and seized every opportunity of deserting from the service. Several of my comrades urged me to do the same, but in vain. I determined to return home with credit, or never. A circumstance soon, however, occurred which left me no other alternative. I had unluckily fallen under the displeasure of our Adjutant, for some harmless raillery which I had exercised on him, and he took every means in his power to be revenged on me. Unluckily his situation gave him frequent opportunities of gratifying his resentment. For a time I endured his insults, though my blood was boiling with rage: till one day, when I and several of my comrades being under his charge, at a distance from the camp, and beyond the reach of a superior officer, he took that opportunity of indulging his spleen against me. Everything I did was found fault with. He abused me: I bore the insult quietly. He threatened me; still I remained passive. At last he struck me across the face with his cane: rage then made me frantic: I seized my firelock, and with the butt-end felled him senseless to the ground. My comrades looked on in silence, but the deed was no sooner done, than the consequence which might result from it flashed across my mind.

"If you return to the camp you are lost," said my comrades; "your death will be inevitable. Join us then and fly from a service you detest."

"There was no time to deliberate. I followed their advice and, leaving my foe prostrate on the ground, plunged into the neighbouring forest, walked all night, and next morning found myself thirty miles from the camp. Here I separated from my companions, who took the road to Lyons, while I with a sad heart hurried here, to see my dear Annette and grandmother once more, before I quit my native land for ever!"

"Oh, no!" cried Annette, entwining him in her arms: "you must not leave us; you shall never part from us again."

"Peace, child," said the old woman, who, though almost overcome by her own emotions, endeavoured to calm the agitation of Annette. "Baptiste must depart; for to remain here after what has happened would only ensure his destruction. But you need not be separated from him: he will have much occasion for some one to comfort him, in his exile, and, go where he may, I trust his industry and good conduct will always enable him to provide for you."

"I can never," said Baptiste, "think of removing Annette from her family, her friends, and her native land, to accompany a banished outlaw whose union with her can only bring with it dishonour and disgrace."

"Oh, talk not so," said Annette, "I will not leave you. Your misfortunes would then prey upon your mind, and if left to yourself in a foreign land, would soon bring you to the grave. See how poorly you look already!"

"But what is to become of our grandmother if we go away?" inquired Baptiste.

"Hear me, my children," said she; "let not the wish to add to the comfort of my declining years ruin for ever your own happiness. Remember that you, Baptiste, must quit your native country—not for a short time, in which case Annette could await your return: but perhaps for ever, and ever, and if you value her happiness or your own, you must marry her and take her with you. This little garden and cottage will supply all my wants, and Annette's relations will look after me when you are gone. I shall no doubt feel your loss deeply, but it must be borne with resignation. Have you yet settled where you are to fly to?"

Baptiste informed her he had not yet arranged his plans, but he thought there would be least danger in going down to the sea-coast and taking shipping for England. Here I was called upon to join in the consultation. I frankly told him that though England might be the easiest of access, and the most secure place of refuge, still I did not think it likely to answer his purpose. His ignorance of the language, the great difference of manners and customs he would experience, as well as the numerous obstacles which a foreigner has to encounter in earning a livelihood under such disadvantages, were, I considered, insuperable objections to his plan. These difficulties had never occurred to the ardent mind of Baptiste, who now saw them in all their force. He then anxiously inquired of me where I would recommend him to fly to? After some hesitation I advised the Netherlands, where, though under a different government, he would still be in a manner in his own country. The language, habits, and customs were similar, and he would be equally safe as in Britain. The plan was obviously the best which could be adopted, but many difficulties attended its execution. In order to reach the Netherlands, it was necessary to pass through the greater part of France. This could not be done without a passport, nor could the passport be obtained without almost a certainty of discovery.

"I return home through the Netherlands," said I; "and if you have no objections to pass for my servants, I will procure passports as such for you both without incurring suspicion."

"God bless you for your kindness!" said they all, as they saw their difficulties vanish before this suggestion.

It was accordingly settled that Baptiste should remain in concealment till the following evening, when he was to be privately united to Annette, and the day after they were to bid adieu to their friends, and proceed with me on their journey. Having made this arrangement, I quitted the cottage and proceeded to Tours; quite well pleased at the idea of cheating Charles X. out of a conscript, and happy that I had it in my power to contribute my aid to the union of a pair whom nature seemed to have destined for each other.

(To be concluded next week.)

Mr. Wolff.—On Tuesday evening the Tabernacle was crowded to overflowing, to listen to Mr. Wolff the oriental traveller, in continuation of the lectures commenced during the last week. He introduced his lecture by a brief reference to a statement made in the New York Evening Star, that his labors as a missionary among the jews had been unsuccessful. He stated that Mr. Noah whom he mentioned in terms of high respect, and who was now present, had been led into this error, because of his silence touching the success of his efforts for the conversing of the Jews.

He chose to speak but seldom in relation to his success, because, first, conversation were sometimes reported by missionaries, which, in their results, disappointed the hopes of those who reported them; and secondly, because it seemed to savor of boasting—He felt himself called upon, however, now to state, that the Lord had honored him with success in preaching the gospel to the Jews, many of whom he had himself baptized, and some of whom were now in England studying for the ministry. He here related examples of the conversion of Jews in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Jerusalem, and a variety of other places, where the proofs were furnished, that he had not labored in vain. It was a mistake, therefore, to say that he had been singularly unsuccessful among his own nation, although it was true that he converted nobody, but God had converted many by his instrumentality.

Mr. W. then continued the narrative of his travels through a variety of countries furnishing most interesting particulars touching the various sects of the Jews whom he met and to whom he preached the gospel in their own synagogues, houses and tents. He also gave many facts in relation to the Syrian and Armenian Christians, together with other religionists, who seemed to have a mixture of Judaism and Christianity in their worship. He related a number of the traditions and allegories of these several sects, which were new and deeply affecting accompanying them throughout with illustrations of Scripture prophecy, most striking and conclusive. His narrative of the conversion of Senacherib, a tradition of the third century, and his account of an interview with the Rechabites, whose descendants to the number of 60,000 faithfully adhere to the commandments of Johonnadab their father and present a living fulfillment of the Scripture prophecy touching their fidelity and perpetuity, held the audience in deep and gratified attention.

There is something in the benignant countenance the meek and modest demeanor, the humble and gentle spirit, and the pure and fervent zeal of this extraordinary man, which may justly be termed apostolical. In his lectures there is nothing of ostentation—no studied elegance of diction—no attempt at self-adulation—no rant, whining or cant—but with the simplicity of a child, he relates the scenes through which he has passed, while he is nevertheless so true to nature that the audience are made to see and feel the events he describes as though they were passing before their eyes. And at times he is truly eloquent, pouring forth from his full heart the emotions which his reminiscences inspire, in a strain of pathos which finds a response in every heart.—*New York Paper.*

How to Have Roses at Christmas.—Select from your rose tree such buds as are ready to blow: tie a piece of thread round the stalk of each. You must take care not to touch the bud with your hand, or even the stalk any more than you can avoid. Cut it carefully from the tree, with the stalk two or three inches in length. Melt some sealing-wax, and quickly apply it to the end of the stalk. The wax should only be so warm as to be ductile. Form a piece of paper into a cone-like shape, wherein place the roses; screw it up carefully, so as to exclude the air from it; do so by each; then put them all into a box, and the box into a drawer, all of which it is intended to keep from the air. On Christmas day, or any other day in winter, take them out and cut off the ends of the stalks, place them in a flower-pot with lukewarm water. In two or three hours they blow as in summer, retaining all their grateful fragrance.

The following story is from the Charleston Courier. It belongs to a class which we should distinguish by the appellation of *Tough Yarns*. Truth, however, is said to be stranger than fiction, and this may be one of the facts intended to prove the assertion.

Most Wonderful Escape.—Some extraordinary escapes which have recently taken place, have brought my memory to a recollection of an incident told me some time ago by a gentleman who was an eye witness to the circumstance. He relates it thus—That while on his passage from London to Rotterdam, he among some other of the passengers, discovered an object at a considerable distance, which had his smakeship ever been seen in that quarter, might have been taken for the great Nahant Sea Serpent; but on nearing it, it was discovered to be a cask, and much to their astonishment every now and then they would see the head, or top, fly off and on. This astonished the Captain so much, that he up helm and ran close aboard, when lo and behold, he was hailed from a man in a ship's harness cask; but every moment or two, he would draw his safeguard (the lid) over him, so as to prevent the sea from entering his frail tub. He was ultimately picked up, and stated he was the only survivor from a ship bound from Jamaica to London, and while she was sinking he resorted to the harness cask, in which he placed himself, and soon found he was buffeting with the waves and on an even keel, having 50 pounds of salt beef on board, as ballast. Had it not been for this and his cover he must have perished, as repeated seas passed over him, which he took every precaution to guard against by drawing his little top over his head. He was in this situation for 15 hours, when by the will of Providence, he was thus discovered, and relieved from his perilous situation.—*An old Salt.*

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes make you petulent, and disappointment ruffle the smoothest temper. Guard I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions and conciliating conduct. Cultivate with care, the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not but eradicate the thorn that grows in your partner's path. Above all, let no feelings of revenge find harbor in your breast, let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be in a trifling concern, has a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

A magnificent Organ has recently been erected at Birmingham, England. The case is forty feet wide, and forty-five feet high. The largest metal diapason pipe five feet three inches in circumference, and 35 feet in height. The largest wood diapason pipe measures in the interior upwards of 200 cubic feet. In the full organ are 10 open diapasons, and all the other parts calculated in proportion to this. There are 60 drawstops and five sets of keys. To supply so stupendous an instrument with wind, requires many sets of bellows, the whole superficial measure of which exceeds 380 feet. And to give, if it can be fairly estimated, some further idea of the magnitude of this organ, it may be stated that its weight amounts to upwards of 40 tons.

A Sailor's Description of Hunting.—"Going to see my father t'other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him; so, when the savabber had rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of—one that they told me was in such right trim, she would go as fast on any tack as a filkstone cutter: so I got aloft, and clapped myself athwart ship and made as much way as any on 'em: and to the windward of a gravel pit was spied a hare at anchor: so weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse came plump ashore upon a rock—the backstay broke—she pitched me over the fore-castle, came keel upwards, and unshipped my shoulder: and hang me if I ever sail on land privateering again."—*Sunday Morning News.*

Profession of the Law.—Dr. Priestly says "The profession of law, I cannot help considering as much inferior to those of theology and medicine, only with respect to the principles often with which this profession has no particular connexion, any branch of philosophical science, and when even in its utmost extent, requires hardly any other knowledge besides the history of one particular country: and the habit of pleading, indifferently, for or against *right*, must be necessarily hurtful to the mind, and tend to make it indifferent to truth and right in general: just as the practice of acting and assuming any character. And when this indifference to truth and right is produced, the accomplished lawyer becomes a most dangerous member of society—his talents are at the pleasure of all who will pay the hire of them, and especially of kings and courts, whose views are unfavourable to the people at large; who have seldom been able to succeed in their iniquitous designs without some assistance of this kind, as well as that of a military force."

Coffee.—I am quite a bigot in matters of coffee; it clears the intellect by compelling the digestive process. Coffee is the mother of wit, of sound logic and brilliant rhetoric; but let it never be forgotten that wine is the father: and what sound sense hath joined together, let not folly put asunder. Your strong coffee, with a proper foundation of wine (say two bottles) fits you for society. The wine and coffee unite by a kind of elective affinity, and dove-tail with the happiest effect. The one gives confidence, the other discretion—the one elevates the fancy, the other rectifies the judgment. Invention results from the first, taste from the second—assurance to attempt a hit, tact and skill to direct it.

A Resurrection.—About forty years ago, a Mr. Dean, then some twenty years of age, left this city and a large circle of relatives, to make a voyage to China, expecting to return in the same ship; but being cast away, he was doomed to the fate of a luckless wanderer in strange lands, without an opportunity of returning home till within a few days past. Nearly half the time of his absence was spent in confinement among the Turks, Spaniards, and savages of Madagascar; the last of whom cut off his nose. Strange to say, on his arrival in this city a few days since, he found his mother alive and well, together with his sisters and brothers, with all of whom his name had long been mentioned only as a tradition of the ancient time.—*New York Sun.*

Suffocation by Charcoal.—The Coroner of Philadelphia, was called on Wednesday, to hold an inquest upon the bodies of a white man and a black man in Spruce street. On arriving at a barber's shop the Coroner found the body of John Fortunate, the colored man, who occupied the premises, in a sitting position in a chair with his arms folded, and the body of the white man lying beside him. It appeared that a small open furnace had been filled with charcoal the night previous, and the room not being ventilated, the two individuals who had probably gone to sleep in the position in which they were found, were suffocated.—*Boston Transcript.*

Persian Marriages.—Among the wandering tribes of Persia when the bridegroom is informed that his bride, escorted by her friends and relations, is approaching his house or tent, he gets on horseback and rides forth to meet her. On approaching her he throws and orange at her, and then turns round and gallops home as fast as he can. If one of the equestrians of the bride's party succeed in overtaking the fugitive, the latter is obliged to present him with his horse and saddle.

A gentleman having received some abuse, in passing through one of the Inns of Chancery from some of the impudent clerks, was advised to complain to the principal, which he accordingly did, and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner:—"I have been abused here by some of the rascals of this house, and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it."

"Josey, what did Squire Brummel mean when he told them 'ere chaps that were fightin' at 'lection that he would summon the old possum come get at us?" "Oh, mother, you mean the posse comitatus." "Well, Josey, may be that were it, but I know it was somethin' about a possum."

It is said young liars will be old ones. What a bouncing liar young —— will be when he is full grown!