SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1844.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 8. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 45.

THE CHRONICLE

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

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

JULY.	R. SUN.	S. MOON.	R. W.
13 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	2 39 9 57
14 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	3 35 10 34
15 Monday,	4 41	7 19	sets. 11 14
16 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	8 2 11 46
17 Wednesday,	4 42	7 18	8 31 0 20
18 Thursday,	4 43	7 17	8 56 0 54
19 Friday,	4 43	7 17	9 23 1 30

New Moon 15th, 9h. 44m. evening.

☞ **Notice.**

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of E. L. JARVIS & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. JARVIS, Esq. their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

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

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

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

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

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

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

Life Assurance.

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

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Melick's Brick Building, Market square.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

ALL Persons having any demands against the Estate of Miss MARY REBECCA CLARKE, late of Gage Town, in the County of Queen's deceased, are hereby requested to present the same, duly attested, within *Six Calender Months* from the date hereof, and all those who may be indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

NATHANIAL HUBBARD,
Burton, 18th March, 1844. Sole Executor.

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 Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

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

ORNAMENTAL HAIR CUTTING,
and curling Saloon.

Corner of King and Germain streets, St. John, N. B.

W. F. Brooks

WOULD respectfully inform the Public, that he still continues at his old stand, Foster's corner, where he offers his professional services to them as usual, and every attention will be observed in cutting Hair in the most fashionable style.

His shop has lately been fitted up in a good style for the better accommodation of customers, and as he intends not to be surpassed by any of his profession, and a strict attention to business, he will merit the patronage of the public.

Attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair

WIGS made in a fashionable and superior manner.

Ladie's CURLS and FRIZETTES on hand.

N. B. Razors put in complete order.

Always on hand an assortment of PERFUMERY and Fancy Goods in his line.

June 21.

CHEAP NAILS.

CUT NAILS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK MANUFACTURE.

10 TONS CUT NAILS, assorted, from 3dy. to 30dy, now on hand, and are offered at the very low price of 2¼ per lb. by the keg, at

Gordon's Hardware Store,

Health for All !!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELISH, *(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 *searches out and removes 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 ad 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.*

THIS 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,
Costipation 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 at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 2, King street, St. John N.B.

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

May 3, 1844.

NEW AND CHEAP
Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

THE SUBSCRIBER informs the Inhabitants of this Province generally, that in connexion with his Retail Shoe Store, he has commenced an establishment for the manufacture of every description of BOOTS and SHOES that may be required for City and Country wear, and has now on hand ready for sale—A large variety of Gentlemen's Dress *BOOTS*, Waking & stout *BOOTS*, &c.

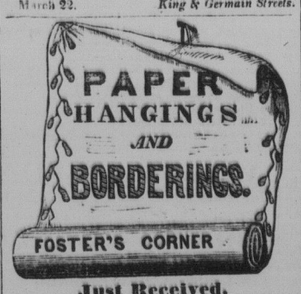
Light Pump Soled BOOTS, Heavy Boots for Lumbermen; Pumps, Walking Shoes, Boy's shoes and Boots, Women's Shoes of various qualities, &c. *with a general variety of New Work stored daily*

All of which, together with any sort which may be manufactured hereafter, the subscriber offers for sale at the *Same Prices* for which the *same quality of Goods* can be purchased, either at *Boston or New York.*

N. B.—Country dealers supplied on Favourable Terms.

S. K. FOSTER.

March 22. *King & Germain Streets.*



Just Received,

A NEW supply of superior GLAZED ROOM PAPERS; for sale at the very low prices of 2s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per piece.

May 17. S. K. FOSTER.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

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

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

The Homeward and the Outward Bound.

(From the Bristol Mercury)

THE flush of the day had passed away, the sun had
sunk to sleep,
And the quiet of the twilight hour lay brooding on
the deep;
And the silver glory of the moon as yet was faint
and far,
And through the fading crimson shone one solitary
star.

The silver glory brighter grew, the crimson passed
away,
And, one by one, each sister star came with her
golden ray.
Till the full-orb'd beauty of the moon in perfect
lustre shone,
And all the shining "hosts of heaven" were gather'd
round her throne.

Upon that purple, twilight sea, two stately vessels
met;
The breeze was light, the sky was calm and every
sail was set;
With snow white heads that touch'd the sky—with
streamers long and gay.
Two lonely things, they met, and pass each on her
lonely way.

They come, with bright and outspread wings—with
gliding steps and slow,
And the parted ocean wakes and sings before each
sable prow;
And the tiny billows rise and chafe against each
swelling side,
Then fall and break on the shining wake that tracks
the backward tide.

The Homeward and the Outward bound—from distant points they come;
One seeks some radiant foreign shore, and one is
steering home;
And from each there soundeth a voice of joy—a
voice of joy and pride,
As they met, and greet, and pass away on that blue
and glassy tide.

"We sail for merry England, for our happy English
land;
Another week of sea and sky, and we shall touch the
strand;
Through storms and clouds—through wind and
calm, a thousand miles we come.—
We sail for happy England, for our beloved home!"

"We go to a land of sun and song, a land of scent
and bloom,
Where the fountains leap like lights along through
the groves of faint perfume;
Where the nightingale her mournful lay is murmuring sad and low,
And golden blossoms stoop to kiss the golden waves
below.

"There, 'mid dark rocks, the pearl drop lies—the
coral blushes red;
With shells that mock the rainbow's hues the yellow
beach is spread,
And birds most beautiful and strange flit thro' the
balmy air,
And silver lakes reflect a sky for ever calm and
fair."

"But we sail for merry England, for our happy
English shore,—
Her white cliffs soon will greet our eyes—her welcome breakers roar,
Land of the mighty and the good! land of the brave
and free!
We sail for happy England, and oh! who would
choose with ye!"

Bristol, 3d Feb. 1844. A. C.

Miscellany.

(From Chambers' Journal)

STEAM NAVIGATION.

When steam navigation was struggling into existence about the year 1814, 15, and 16, it was the subject of loudly-expressed contempt amongst nearly all men who enjoyed, or had ever enjoyed, any command at sea. It struck the minds of our bold captains in much the same light as Baillie Jarvie's craft that of Rob Roy—as a poor mean mechanical thing, unworthy of the least consideration; and the ability of a 'steamboat' (such was the name then employed) to outride an angry sea, or perform any exploit above the paltriest coasting and ferrying, and that in fair weather only, was so utterly scouted, that even the friends of the invention did not venture to pretend to it. Now, it is unnecessary to remind the reader there is steam navigation to America, the West Indies, and even Hindostan, conducted on a scale approaching the magnificent; and many men who have been employed in the proud sailing navy of England, are content to steer these mechanical barks through the broad waters. What a triumph is there here over professional prejudice and the *It will never do* spirits! More than all this, however, let the original scoffers at steam navigation read the following description of a gallant action recently performed by it, and blush.

On Friday, the 22d February (1844), the Newcastle, a fine new vessel bound from Newcastle for Aberdeen with coal, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and driven during the night in a disabled state to about a mile and a-half off the Girdleness, where she obtained anchorage. Here, on Sunday, the people at Aberdeen harbour saw her to be in a condition in the highest degree critical, and an effort was made to take off her crew by means of the life-boat, when in vain. It was found utterly impossible to navigate the boat through the breakers in the teeth of so violent a storm. The subsequent transactions are thus graphically described by the *Aberdeen Journal*:—'The storm continuing with undiminished violence, and night drawing on, it was determined to make another effort in behalf of the storm-tossed mariners. The tug-steamer, Samson, was thought of, and as the atmosphere appeared likely to continue comparatively clear and calm, it was resolved that she should be employed on the hazardous enterprise. The use of this vessel was promptly and generously granted by Captain Robinson, her owner: and accordingly, about 4 P. M., when the tide was nearly at full, the Samson was seen tearing her way through the swelling surf, under the direction of her master, Captain Robinson; Captain Guthrie, of the Duke of Wellington, steering the vessel, which was manned by as gallant a crew as old ocean ever bore on her boson, comprising the following experienced shipmasters; namely, Captain Guthrie, of the Duke of Wellington steamer; Captain Lawson, of the Edinburgh packet; Captain Cadenhead, of the Falcon; Captain Low, of the Preceptor; Captain Petty, of the Commerce; Captain Daniel, of the Brigand; Captain Sangster, of the Dwina; and Captain Cook, of the Joseph, who nobly volunteered their services on the occasion. The news had widely spread of the daring enterprise which was contemplated, and the piers were crowded with thousands of our citizens, eagerly yet fearfully awaiting the issue. As the Samson struggled along between the piers, she was saluted with three hearty cheers, expressive of the deep-felt wishes of the assembled multitude that she might return in safety and with success from her short but perilous voyage. She experienced little difficulty until she reached the bar, over which the infuriated billows were careering in ceaseless succession, threatening destruction to all that dared to come within the range of their maddened fury—Here the struggle commenced—man's strength and skill seeming all too feeble to meet the elemental war; wave after wave came rushing on, breaking over the frail bark, while her quivering hull was for a moment lost to the eye. But the tight little steamer held her course, showing a gallant front to the breakers; sometimes tossed like a nut-shell on their terrible crests, and again grappling successfully with the full stretch of their might, scornfully showing her keel as she dashed triumphantly forward; buried occasionally in the foam of the wrathful ocean; but again and again emerging buoyant from the struggle. Once beyond the breakers, she lay kindly enough to the swell of the sea, and, to the inexpressible delight of all on shore, she was seen to reach the Newcastle. After some time, she succeeded in getting under the lee of that vessel; a boat was lowered, and at two trips the whole of the passengers and crew, including a female, were transferred to the steamer; which then made for the harbour with her interesting freight, bearing them gallantly through the infuriated surge, and landing the whole in safety at Waterloo Quay, to the delight of the assembled thousands.'

There cannot, of course, be the slightest doubt that, but for steam navigation, the lives of all on board the Newcastle must have been exposed ere long to the mercy of a tempestuous wintry sea, a mile and a-half from land—that is to say, must have perished.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

There appears in one of those small country papers to which we recently adverted, the following admirable letter by Mr. Carlyle, author of 'Past and Present,' 'Heroes and and Hero-Worship,' and other well known publications. 'It was addressed,' says our authority, 'to a young man who had written to Mr. Carlyle desiring his advice as a proper choice of reading, and, it would appear also, as to his conduct in general. It is now, we believe, printed for the first time; and we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers, as containing advice of the most valuable and practical description, and pregnant with truths with which they cannot be too well acquainted. The young are too much inclined to be dissatisfied with their actual condition, and to neglect their immediate duties in vain aspirations after others beyond their lot; and they need the monitions of such a kind, but vigorous and emphatic adviser as Mr. Carlyle, and to have it impressed on their minds, that

To do
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.'

Dear Sir—Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason namely, that it is seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great may things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentments of our capabilities:' that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what is for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for: but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectioneries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say.—All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what action past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the classes of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong—Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement!—it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

NAVAL CAVALRY.—This term may sound strangely to the ear of a seaman, who might insist that no such force as naval cavalry ever existed; nor, perhaps, ever did there to a formidable extent. Nevertheless, the term is not altogether unauthorized. A writer in the *United Service Magazine*, speaking of the characteristic humour of the sailor, which, "though checked by discipline, could be wholly subdued, and was a constant source of mirth to the more precise and well-drilled soldier," gives the following as an instance:—"At Alexandria, on the 13th of March, 1801, I remember," he says, "seeing a dare-devil of a boatswain's mate (one of the naval battalion, under Sir S. Smith) mounted on a donkey, and charging with the dragoons against a body of infantry; he was repeatedly capsized, but escaped unhurt, got a taunto again, and, with nothing but a ship's cutlass did considerable execution. The French were rather annoyed at this burlesque exhibition, and many a musket was levelled to bring Jack down; but not a ball touched him; and, except a few bruises and scratches, from his many falls he was otherwise unscathed. The English soldiers cheered him on; and frequently, amidst the resting of the artillery and the rattling peals of musketry, loud shouts of laughter arose as Jack manfully attacked a French dragoon, or was rolling, donkey and all, upon the ground." How striking here is the careless enjoyment of a touch of the ludicrous in the midst of blood and death!

Cure for the Hooping Cough.—Take carbonate of potass, one drahm; cochineal, one scruple; boiling water, eight ounces. The dose is a tea-spoonful three times a day.—*Dr. Ainatt.*

A young lady offers the following serviceable and original rules for the advice of spinsters:—"Before marriage it is necessary that a young woman should see her intended husband in four situations, viz.—1st, tipsy; 2ndly, playing at cards and losing; 3rdly, waiting for his dinner; and lastly in a ball-room."

Life is held very cheap at Lahore; and a murderer may always escape justice by paying 1,000 rupees, unless he happen to kill a person of high rank, in which case the sum is proportionally increased.—*Barr's Cabul and Punjaub.*

From the London Athenæum.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition. Comprising a Description of a Tour through Texas. By G. W. Kendall. [Second Notice.]

WHAT a moral this book reads on human life.—How anxious were these Texans to surmount the delays and evils of their prairie-wanderings little suspecting that at the end of them cruelty, treachery, and death awaited their arrival. How great, too, is the power of human patience. The victim of all these sufferings retains, after he has got thro' them, a merry heart, and indites their record with the charitable design of "amusing" others, and carries it so far out as to introduce, wherever he can, such instances of the ludicrous and such portraitures of eccentric character, as fall within the scope of his experience. [illegible] of the book, and we regret that our limits do not permit us to bring it out in the manner it deserves. But the main interest of the narrative is so grave as to absorb that of the accessories.

At the commencement of the second volume, we find our Texan captives at Fray Cristobal, with a journey of ninety miles before them, through which their brutal conductor, Salezar, said aloud they were to be driven without sleep or food, and as there was no water on the route, he advised them such as had gourds or canteens to fill them before setting out. They journeyed till dark, and through a night so cold that the most violent exercise could not keep them warm. A water-gourd, holding some two quarts, which Mr. Kendall had filled at starting, after taking a hearty draught at the river, slipped from his benumbed fingers, and was dashed to pieces on the frozen ground:—

"About nine o'clock at night (continues our author) we met a regiment of dragoons, under Col. Munoz, on their way from Durango to Santa Fe: troops that had been despatched by the Central Government to take part in any hostilities that might occur with the Texans. Being from a more southern and temperate climate, they suffered excessively from the cold, so much so that many of them were leading their horses and setting fire to every little tuft of palm or dry grass on either side of the road. Around these blazing tufts, and scattered along the road for miles, were to be seen knots of half-frozen dragoons, mingled with a large number of women, who always follow the Mexican soldiery on a march. How the latter, who were but half clad even in the warmest climate, could withstand the bitter cold of that dreary night, is to me incomprehensible. Wild and picturesque was the scene presented by the train of roadside fires, each with a little bevy huddling and shivering around the red-glaring and fitful lights, the lengthened and flitting shadows coming and going, and losing themselves in the sombre obscuration of night. There would be seen the officer cloaked and blanketed, standing side by side with one of his men; the head of the latter covered with a clumsy, bearskin, dragoon cap, while he would share his sky-blue military cloak with some woman who had followed him, mayhap, from the *tierra caliente* or sunny south, and was now, for the first time visiting the region of snow. As tuft after tuft would fall away at the touch of fire, the wild group would hurry away to others, soon kindle them, and as they in turn would suddenly flash up, blaze for a few moments, and then as suddenly expire, away they would hie to the next. Eldrich and spectre faces came and vanished on that barren moor, that did strongly remind me of the witch scenes in Macbeth. While standing around these fires some of the dragoons informed our men that they had met Col. Cooke's party near Chihuahua, and that they were well treated on the road. There was consolation in this, for we had heard many rumours of the bad treatment we might expect on other side of the Paso del Norte. The sufferings, the horrors of that dreadful night upon the Dead Man's Journey cannot soon be effaced from the memory of those who endured them. Although my sore and blistered feet, and still lame ankle, pained me excessively, it was nothing to the biting cold and the helpless drowsiness which cold begets. No halt was called—had any of us fallen asleep by the roadside after midnight it would have been the sleep of death. Towards daylight many of the prisoners were fairly walking in their sleep and staggering about, from one side of the road to the other, like so many drunken men.—Completely chilled through, even their senses were benumbed, and they would sink by the roadside and beg to be left behind to sleep and to perish. A stupor, a perfect indifference for life, came over many of us, and the stronger found employment in rousing and assisting the weaker. Anxiously did we wait the coming of the sun, for that would at least bring warmth and animation to our paralysed limbs and faculties. Daylight came at last, and with it came a halt of an hour, to bring up the stragglers and count the prisoners. By the time the last of us were up the trumpet again sounded the advance, and once more we were on the road.—Towards noon, we passed the Dead Man's Lake, or Lake of Death, its bed perfectly dry. The coolness of the weather, however, and the fact that we had nothing to eat, prevented that thirst which in a warmer temperature would have caused sufferings of a nature that cannot be described. As the sun was about setting, those of us who were in front were startled by the report of two guns, following each other in quick succession. We turned to ascertain the cause, and soon found that a poor unfortunate man named Golpin, a merchant, who had joined the expedition with a small amount of goods, had been shot by the rear-guard for no other reason than that *he was too sick and weak to keep up!* He had made a bargain with one of the guard to ride his mule a short distance for which he was to give him his only shirt! While in the act of taking it off, Salezar ordered a soldier to shoot him. The first ball only wounded the wretched man, but the second killed him instantly, and he fell, with his shirt still about his face. Golpin was a citizen of the United States and reached Texas a short time before the departure of the expedition. He appeared to be a harmless, inoffensive man, of delicate constitution, and during a greater part of the time we were upon the road, before the capture of the expedition, was obliged to ride in one of the waggons. The brutal Salezar, rather than be troubled with him any longer, took this method of ridding himself of an encumbrance! It may be difficult, for many of my readers, to believe that such an act of wanton barbarity could be perpetrated by a people pretending to be civilized—to be Christians! I should certainly be loth to hazard my reputation by telling the story were there not nearly two hundred witnesses of the scene."

We have thought it fitting to continue this extract at greater length than we should otherwise have done, in order to show more fully the character of the sufferings endured in conjunction with that of the wretch by whom they were inflicted. So numerous are these horrid facts that we cannot enter into minute details of circumstances, but must rest content with occasional specimens. After having to endure another cold-blooded murder or two, such as above related, the party arrived at "the beautiful and romantic town or city of El Paso."—Here the authority of their tyrant ceased, and they met better treatment from the commandant of the military department, General Elias. The contrast was as striking as it was sudden; and to relieve the horrors of the narrative, we will give a description of the habits of Mexican gentleman:—

"Here was another comfort which for months we had not enjoyed—had almost forgotten—and for a long time we could not close our eyes in sleep, so novel was the luxury. We were under a roof.—Our beds were of the very best—sheets as white as the driven snow, and pillow-cases neatly fringed and of the finest linen. We kicked, tossed, and rolled about for hours; and our various antics some of them ludicrous enough, might be likened to the feats of tumblers in a ring. Sleep finally overtook us, nor was it broken until a little before sunrise when a neat and pretty girl brought us in cakes and chocolate. Without his chocolate in the morning the Mexican gentleman would be miserable all day. After partaking of our chocolate, we arose refreshed and invigorated, and with feelings very different from those of the previous morning. [illegible] we had breakfast consisting of some five or six courses, with wine, but no coffee. At two dinner was served, late in the afternoon we again had chocolate and cakes, and at eight o'clock supper. I have been thus particular in giving the number and order of our meals to show the difference between the customs there and in this country. Although meats may be seen in profusion, at both breakfast and supper, on the table of the Mexican gentleman in the northern and middle departments of the Republic, the principal and most substantial meal, as with us, is the dinner. The meal generally commences with mutton soup or broth—then comes a dish of boiled mutton, frequently followed by a stew of the same meat. A favourite dish with the Mexicans in the State of Chihuahua is made of the blood of sheep, fried and seasoned, which is very palatable. Chickens and eggs, cooked in different ways, but the former never roasted as with us, make their appearance during the meal. A standing article is the *chile guisado*, mention of which I have already made in a former chapter. *Frijoles*, a species of dark beans of large size, stewed or fried in muttan fat and not too highly seasoned, wind up the substantial part of a dinner, breakfast, or supper, and seldom is this favourite and national dish omitted. In fact *frijoles*, especially to the lower order of Mexicans, are what *potatoes* are to the Irish—they can live very well so long as they have them in abundance, and are lost without them. A failure of the bean crop in Mexico would be looked upon as a national calamity. Among the higher order of Mexicans the dinner finishes with fruits, *dulces*, or sweetments, and the never failing paper or shuck cigar. In the southern department these cigars are manufactured of tobacco, neatly rolled in paper, put up in bunches, and then sold at a low price; but in the states of Chihuahua, Sonora, and New Mexico, and more particularly the latter, every man is provided with a small pouch of *punche*, a species of plant somewhat resembling tobacco, for the cultivation of the latter is specially prohibited, except in some of the southern departments. In another pouch or case he carries a parcel of corn husks, and a flint and steel. With these materials he makes his *cigarrito*, strikes a fire, and smokes almost incessantly. Women and men are alike addicted to the practice, and the prettiest *senora* in the land can be seen at almost any time with a *cigarrito* in her mouth, the smoke puffing from her nose in two straight volumes, somewhat resembling the escape pipes of a double-engine steamer on a small scale. It may be thought singular, however, that the children of either sex are not addicted to smoking. It appears to be a habit taken up after the person has attained full growth, and when once contracted is never abandoned."

General Elias treated Salezar as a suspected murderer and robber, placing him in a position in which he was subject to all the indignities that his former victims could inflict upon his hardened sensibility. To the young and generous *cura* of El Paso, Ramon Ocuz, our author was indebted for much kindness, and in particular for a complete view of the town:—

"The situation of El Paso is delightful. Seated in a beautiful and fertile valley, a circle of mountains on its northern and western sides break off and neutralize the cold winds which sweep from the snowy summits in the region of Santa Fe. The thoroughfares of the town are for the most part wide and airy, and on either side runs a cool and rippling stream of transparant water, brought from the Rio Grande by means of irrigating canals, so that it can at any time be turned upon the vineyards or grain fields when the land requires it. These delicious streams are shaded by rows of large overarching trees, planted with great regularity, while the plain but neat dwellings of the inhabitants are, many of them, built among clusters of apple and other fruit trees. The cultivation of the vine, with the manufacture of wine and raisins, appears to be a source of no inconsiderable profit to the inhabitants, who take them as a body, are more honest, industrious, cleanly, and better disposed towards foreigners than those of any town of equal size I passed through in my long journey."

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