SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1850.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 14. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 51.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Dovober & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

[The time of high water here given is for P. M.]

August		d.	Sun. r.	Sun. s.	Moon h.	w.
17	Saturday,	5	8 6 59	6 24	7 39	
18	Sunday	5	9 6 58	1 7	8 33	
19	Monday,	5	10 6 56	1 55	9 22	
20	Tuesday,	5	11 6 55	2 48	10 1	
21	Wednesday,	5	12 6 53	3 43	10 36	
22	Thursday,	5	14 6 51	Rises	11 8	
23	Friday,	5	15 6 50	7 29	11 36	

Full Moon, 22d. 4h. 47 min. morn.

MINERVA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

64, King William street, Mansion house, London.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
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THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

CALCINED PLAISTER.—50 Barrels of the above, received this day, and for sale by
April 26. THOS. HANFORD.

COFFEE.—To the Lovers of an excellent article equal if not superior to any yet introduced into this market, for Sale Wholesale and Retail, at the Store, 4 South side King Street, below St. John Hotel. J. CROUCH.
Heads of Families will do well by making a visit. May 30.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE

ARANGORED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

WM. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, South wark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left leg, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Sinuses and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chigo-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B

YES AND NO.

NEAR the town of Hennebon, in the department of Morbihan, stands an old-fashioned house, in a saloon of which, one morning a few years back, two old gentlemen had been for some time in earnest conversation. At length they both rose.

'Then we may consider the matter settled, Colonel,' said one of them.

'Of course, Monsieur Javigny—of course. It is settled.'

'I am very sensible of the honour you have done me, Colonel Kermeray.'

'And I too,' said the Colonel, whose words flowed so fast that they were often far from expressing his meaning; 'I shall go and tell my son. Really I am a happy man!'

'And I shall immediately consult my daughter.'

'Consult her! that's a curious word—consult! But never mind! Adieu.

'Farewell. My compliments to Monsieur Victor.'

'Five minutes after the Colonel had left, Mademoiselle Javigny entered the room. She was a handsome girl, with sparkling eyes and little pouting mouth, charming to behold. Moreover, she had as much good sense, as little caprice, as the only child of a widower, who had done all he could to spoil her, could possibly possess. But, as might be expected, she was accustomed to have her own way, and it was therefore with no little embarrassment that her father, who was a timid man, and feared anything like an argument, approached a business so materially affecting her as that he had in hand.

'Colonel Kermeray has been here, my Louise,' said he.

'Yes, Papa. I saw the mark of his wooden leg in the gravel.

'Guess what he has proposed, my child.'

'Oh! I have no idea,' said Louise, carelessly.

'Hum! I must prepare it for her a little,' said Monsieur Javigny to himself. 'My love I am getting old,' he continued aloud.

'So are we all,' said his daughter.

'Louise, my love, I cannot expect to be left much longer with you'——

'Oh do not talk of such things, my dearest papa, cried the affectionate girl, throwing her arms around her father's neck.

'And it would be a great comfort to me to see you happily settled,' continued he, after gently kissing her forehead.

'Oh!' said Louise, looking very grave.

'Life is so uncertain'——

'Tell me then at once—Colonel Kemeray has proposed to you his son for a son-in-law?'

'Precisely so,' said Monsieur Javigny.

'And what did you reply?'

'I said I would consult you. And I hope?——

'Young Monsieur Kermeray is that monster that I have seen going about with a great gun.

'Yes, but he is a monster.'

'That bear, who thinks of nothing but shooting and hunting, horses and dogs?

'Yes, but is far from being a bear.'

'That clumsy fellow with thick soled shoes full of huge nails?'

'Yes, but he is by no means a clumsy fellow.'

'Well, papa, I will think about it.'

Monsieur Javigny expatiated at some length on the advantages of the match, but he could obtain no more favourable answer, so at length he set out for a walk, by no means sure that the affair was so completely settled as he and his friends had thought.

Meanwhile the colonel had reached his own house, a picturesque chateau with a high roof, tall chimney, and numerous turrets. He found his son before the door cleaning a gun.

'Victor, my boy, here I am,' said he.

'Good morning, my dear father.'

'That's it. Do you know what's going to happen?'

'Not I,' said Victor, 'how should I?'

'Why, you are going to get married, my lad!'

'To be married, father. Not I.'

'I say you are, and that very soon, too.

'There must be some mistake; I have no such intention.'

'But I have, and there's no mistake whatever.'

'Are you serious, Sir?'

'Yes.'

'Well then I say I won't be married, and that's all.'

'Won't be married,' cried the Colonel, thumping his wooden leg into the ground. 'What do I hear? I say you shall!'

'We shall see,' said Victor.

'Shall we, you rascal. No we shan't. You won't marry? You won't obey your father?—You have a will of your own? Well we shall see. I have settled it, do you hear? Mademoiselle Javigny will be my daughter-in-law, and you shall be Monsieur Javigny's son-in-law before a month is over. Rank Rebellion! get out of my sight! Forward! March!

'Mademoiselle Javigny,' uttered the young man, as he took his hat and left his angry parent's presence.

Victor was a handsome young man, glowing with health, not very brilliant, not very polished, but good-natured, and warm hearted. He was much attached to his father, and generally did all he could to humour the old soldier, who was not a little imperious and absolute. But Victor was a Breton, and as stubborn as any of his countrymen when not properly managed. Once fairly roused he seemed actually to part with his reason for a time, and to know no law for a time but his own willfulness.

'Mademoiselle Javigny,' he repeated, as he strode along at a great pace, 'well she is very pretty, and I dare say she will make an excellent wife for some one, but she shan't be mine. I am resolved. Yet my father seems so too; let us go and consult old Briquebec.'

Briquebec was a sailor, long retired from service. Of great natural shrewdness, and of much experience of the world, he was a valuable counsellor, and as, though he rarely offered advice, he was always ready to give it when asked, few days passed that Victor's words, 'let us go and consult old Briquebec,' were not repeated by some one or other. Add to this, that nobody feared to trust him with a secret, for his discretion was beyond all suspicion.

Victor found the ancient mariner seated in sunny corner mending a net, and without preface told him his case.

'Well,' said Briquebec, 'I hear.'

'Of course I am not going to be married in that way.'

'Why not?'

'Because I do not choose.'

'Ah! very good. Why should you?'

'I was sure you would say so, my dear Brequebec.'

'Oh, there can be but one opinion on the subject. To be sure Mademoiselle Javigny is rich; but you don't care for that.'

'Not I.'

'Of course not. Certainly she is the most lovely girl in the country, all so taut and trim—lips like cherries, eyes like an angel's, a foot like a fairy, and such a little white hand: but what of it? You won't have her.'

'No, nor any one else. I won't marry at all.'

'Quite right, have a will of your own. She will make somebody else happy. He will be a lucky fellow.'

'Perhaps he will; I don't know.'

'Why should you marry her to please your father? Better marry some ugly, ill-tempered old dowager, to please yourself.'

'I *will* please myself, said Victor.

The conversation continued for some time in the same strain; at last the young man took leave of Briquebec, confirmed by him, as he thought, in his resolution. He had not long been gone, when Mademoiselle Javigny passed at a little distance from the old sailor's cottage. 'Halloo, Mademoiselle!' cried he, as if he were hailing a vessel, 'won't you heave to and exchange words with a friend?'

'To be sure I will, Monsieur Briquebec. I wonder how I could think of going by without doing so; but I was meditating on something.'

'So I saw, and I believe I know what it is, mademoiselle.'

'Oh, no! you do not indeed!'

'Were you not thinking of your future husband? Come, say.'

'Oh, that is easily guessed We women are always thinking of our husbands, at least till we are married; that is, if what all the world asserts be true.'

'That is what I meant. Monsieur Victor Kermeray has just been here.'

'Indeed! said Louise, slightly confused.

'Yes, and he told me that your father and his, intended you for each other.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the young lady, 'he said that, did he?'

'Yes, and what do you say to it? Any objections?'

'A great many, Monsieur Briquebec. Monsieur Victor is, I dare say, a very good young man, but'——

'But! Capital! Then it will end in nothing.'

'Do you think so?'

'Oh yes.' He is as little pleased at the idea as you seem to be.

'Indeed!' returned Louise quickly, and looking rather mortified.

'I can't understand it, but such is the case.'

'Perhaps,' said Mademoiselle Javigny, after a short pause, 'perhaps there is some one else'——

'Oh, I don't know. But we could not like him for a husband, it is all as it should be. You are quite agreed.'

Louise seemed to reflect and remained a short time silent; then, as if she had come to some resolution, she bade Briquebec farewell and left him.

Half an hour after, Monsieur Javigny had the satisfaction of receiving his daughter's consent to the proposed match. 'It is settled after all,' said he to himself. As for Briquebec, as soon as Louise had left him. 'Two young fools,' muttered he, and set to work on his net again.

Time went quickly by. Every morning Victor went out to shoot, and every afternoon he returned with an empty bag. The reason was, that he spent most of his time with Briquebec. Every evening his father took him, at first much against his will, to Monsieur Javigny's, where he remained an hour or two in the company of his intended bridge, and every night he went to bed with a more fixed resolution not to marry her. Yet she had made a deep impression on him; every day he felt more and more that she was a most charming person. In fact, if he had been left to himself he would certainly have been most desperately in love.

But the injudicious colonel, without being aware of it, did all in his power to defeat his own object. 'In a month you will be a married man my boy. In three weeks your bachelor life is over, Victor. In a fortnight you will have a wife, you rogue.—Only a week more my lad and then you know.'

All this naturally made the young man more obstinate. He persuaded himself that it would be foolish and contemptible to yield; he hated himself for his weakness in growing fond of Mademoiselle Javigny's society; nay, so strange a creature is man, he even felt enraged at her for her being so attractive. And then he would go to Briquebec and talk about her by the hour.

But notwithstanding his determination, inexperience in the world, not used to act for himself, and bending under the superior energy of his father, to whom he soon ceased to remonstrate, he took no steps to avert his fate. The day was rapidly approaching, all the necessary formalities had been gone through; every preparation including the marriage dresses, had been made, without any opposition on his part. In fact he had formed no plan, and had no idea how the thing was to be prevented; only, that it should not take place, he had made up his mind. 'After all, they cannot marry me against my will,' he would say to himself. 'One man can take a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink.

As for Louise, poor thing, she had quickly discovered that he was far more insensible to her charms, and satisfied on that point, she scrutinised him no further; as that she little knew how inflexible his really was. Nor was this wonderful, for even the experienced Briquebec deceived him on the subject.

The day came. The ceremony before the mayor (in France it is your mayor who is the high priest of Hymen) was to take place at noon. At nine o'clock the colonel and Victor breakfasted, the former playing off many jokes suited to the occasion. At ten, he said to his son, 'go and dress. At eleven, he re-appeared as a bridegroom in all his glory. After viewing him with a proud eye, 'Come,' said the colonel, 'forward, march, and he moved off.

'Wait a moment,' said the young man, he had taken his resolution. 'Sir,' he continued, as his father, pivoting on his wooden leg, turned and faced him, 'this affair is none of my making, so what whatever happens it cannot be to blame.—However, I think it right to tell you beforehand, that if you force me to go before the mayor, you and all concerned will soon be sorry for it.'

Eh, what? 'cried the colonel. 'Why, you are not going to blow your brains out?'

'I am not such a fool,' said Victor.

'I don't know that; but never mind; if that's all you have got to say, march!' said his father, whose imagination suggested no other possible cause that could raise regrets.

They set, the colonel dancing along gaily, with two steps of the living leg for one of the other.—The pathways leading to Hennebon were crowded with people in their holiday dresses, for the Kermereys and the Juvignys were of too much note in the country for a marriage to take place between the two families without the fact creating some excitement. The men with their loose breeches tied at the knee, their long wide doublets, and their enormous brimmed hats, under which their long hair floated on their shoulders; the women, in their laced bodies and curious caps, respectfully saluted the father and the son as they passed, and they continued their way to the beautiful church—the pride of Hennebon—there to await the bridal party on its return from the townhouse.

Monsieur Javigny, with his daughter and a numerous escort, arrived a moment after the Kermeray. The mutual greetings were soon over—The colonel with some difficulty got the witnesses and friends of the young couple in their proper places. Then the mayor put on his spectacles, and the formalities began.

All went on as usual, till, addressing the bridegroom, the civil functionary put the important question—'Monsieur Victor Kermeray, do you take Mademoiselle Louis Javingny to be your wife?' But then the decisive moment had come.

'No!' cried Victor in a loud clear voice; and, after casting an involuntary glace at Louise, he moved rapidly to the door.

All the others remained motionless with astonishment, but the ready Colonel seized his cane, and aimed a heavy blow with it at his son's head as he passed him. The execution, however, was not equal to the design; the furious man missed his mark, lost his balance, and, falling between two benches, broke his leg. Happily it was his wooden one.

The conclusion of the scene we leave to be imagined. Victor, unconscious either of his father's attempt or of his accident, left the townhouse with a hurried step, and proceeded straight to Briquebec's cottage. That worthy was absent, having gone like everybody else to see the wedding. The young man had therefore time to reflect on what he had just done, and he began to doubt if he had done wisely—soon he came to fear he had not done well.

At length Briquebec returned. There was a flush on his brow, and his eye shot a fiery glance on the young man as he entered, but he nevertheless saluted him courteously, and sat down opposite him.

'You of course know what has happened Briquebec,' said Victor, with a forced smile.

'Yes, of course. Everybody does.'

'Well, you know how it was. What else could I do?'

'Oh, yes! what else could you do! You have broken your father's heart, and bowed down his old head with shame—but what else could you do?'

'Briquebec!'——

'You have affronted worthy Monsieur Juvingny, as no man ever affronted another before—but what else could you do? You have outraged the feelings of a young lady—(here the old sailor started to his feet)—a model of goodness and beauty, in a more cruel and cool-blooded way than even a *poulpipuet*, or a kerrigan could have invented—but what could you do? And then not a bit ashamed of yourself, you have the assurance to come to an anchor in an honest man's house, and to think he will disgrace it by giving you shelter—but what could you do?—what could ya do?' cried the old man, with increasing passion; better that *you had seen the hind of St. Nennoch* † this day, than do what you have done?'

'Briquebec?' cried Victor quickly, 'enough! enough! I was blind; I was mad! But now my eyes are opened; my reason has returned; I would give the world to recall the last hour! My poor Father! And Mademoiselle Javingny! Miserable creature that I am! But there is no help; nothing remains for me but to expiate my fault—Tell them now I repent; tell *her* that now I fell I love her, but that I did not know till too late.'

As he uttered these broken sentences, the unhappy youth sprung towards the chimney, beside which a rifle stood; but the old sailor was before him. Seizing the peace with one hand, with the other he led Victor back to his chair.

'Sit down,' said he authoritatively. 'What good would it do suppose you killed yourself? Young man I would say this much for you, that I believe you are more a fool than anything else—I can't think your heart so bad as it seems. Let me see what must be done. Hum! Well, stay here till I return, and promise me that you will not attempt your life.'

The young man promised, and then turned his face to the wall, in an agony of remorse and grief. As for Briquebec, he left him, and went straight to Colonel Kermeray's house. There he remained an hour. Next he betook himself to Monsieur Javigny's. There he remained two hours. Then he returned home.

'Monsieur Victor,' said he, rousing the young man, who seemed in a state of lethargy, 'you spoke of expiation, well, expiation must be made.'

'I am ready,' said Victor.

'It is only proper, however, that those you have injured should say how.'

'Let it be so.'

'I have seen your father, and Monsieur Juvigny, and Mademoiselle.'

'Indeed! And they desire that I should'——

'That you should do this. In a short time the same scene will be repeated. Only you will say yes, and then Mademoiselle will say no. Do you understand? You will thus be humbled. She will be revenged. What do you say?'

'It is but fair,' said Victor, and yet it is very hard now that I find I love her.'

'It has been your own fault. A treasure was offered you but you would not have it. But all that is past. Accept these conditions, and your father, though he will never see you again, will refraying from cursing you—the Juvigny's will be satisfied—and I (as of course, you must leave the country, you had better go to sea), why, I will see if I cannot get you a berth in some vessel.'

'I accept the conditions', said Victor, sighing.'

'That's right,' returned Briquebec, seriously; but instantly turning away his face to conceal a smile which, for reasons best known to himself, rose to his lip.

During the next fortnight, Victor wandered disconsolately through the glens and woods near Hennebon, seeking solicitude. At nightfall, however, he always approached Monsieur Javigny's house and remained watching the lights till the last disappeared. Then he returned mournfully to the cottage of Briquebec.

The day of expiation came. The roads were more crowded than before, and great was the excitement: for it had been whispered about how the *garrochez* was to treat the *pator*, and many an ill-concealed laugh reached Victor, as accompanied by Briquebec, he passed on his way to the townhouse. They entered. Colonel Kermerny was already there, but he pretended not to see his son. Presently Monsieur Javigny and his daughter arrived; neither took any notice of the young man.

Once more the colonel arranged the witnesses and friends, once more the mayor put on his spectacles, once more the ceremony began, and once more the question was put, 'Monsieur Victor Kermeray, do you take Mademoiselle Louise Javigny to be your wife?'

'Yes,' said Victor, a sharp pang shooting thro' his heart as he spoke.

'Mademoiselle Louise Juvigny, to you take Monsieur Victor Kermeray to be your husband?' continued the civic functionary.

All held their breath. Louise slightly turned her head and glanced at Victor, who, very pale, with an expression of deep sorrow, mingled with resignation, awaited his fate.

'Mademoiselle,' repeated the mayor, looking over his spectacles, 'do you take Monsieur Victor Kermeray to be your husband?'

'Yes, Monsieur,' said the silvery voice of the maiden.

Victor started as if incredulous, but a look at his bride re-assured him. Instantly forgetting everything in his unexpected happiness, he threw his arms round her, seized her little hand, and covered it with kisses. Tears came into both their eyes.

At this moment the colonel gave a tremendous thump on the floor with his new wooden leg, and exclaimed in a voice of triumph, 'It's all right!'

'They laughed at us we were coming, but let those laugh that laugh the last,' whispered Briquebec to Monsieur Javigny.

'We owe this to you, my friend,' returned Monsieur Javigny, taking the old sailor's horny hand.

'Attention!' cried the colonel. 'Silence in the ranks! Our worthy mayor is waiting.'

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Before the door of an old chateau with a high roof, tall chimnies, and numerous turrets, sat a beautiful creature in whom the vivacity of the girl seemed happily blended with the dignity of the matron. Two lovely children, a boy and a girl, were playing about on the grass beside her. A young man in a shooting dress was approaching.

'Here I am, dear Louise,' said the sportsman, as he came up and threw down his bag of game.—'There!—a good day's work indeed! Victor you little rogue give me a kiss'

'No,' said the child, playfully; 'I won't papa.'

'Oh, fie! Little boys should never say no,' said the sportsman.

'Nor great ones either,' interposed the young lady, with an arch look.

The young man smiled, drew his wife towards him, and pressed a kiss on her cheek.

'A plague take you!' exclaimed a gentleman with a wooden leg, who issued at the moment from the house, followed by another gentleman in a sailor's dress. 'One would say that instead of five years, you had been married five days. I'm tired of you!'

'Monsieur Victor was right after all, that morning when he said the colonel would repent of bringing him before the mayor,' said the weatherbeaten-looking man, laughing 'What do you say, Monsieur Javigny?'

'Prosperity attend them!' said the old gentleman tenderly.

'Won't be married! Amen!' cried the colonel.

COALS, CINDERS, AND CULM.—A return has been published stating the comparative exportations of coals, cinders, and culm from the United Kingdom during the years 1848 and 1849. The total exports of these articles to foreign countries and the British settlements amounted, in 1848, to 2,785,300 tons, the declared value of which was £1,088,221; and in 1849 to 2,828,039 tons, the declared value of which was £1,087,122. The amount of duty received in the last mentioned year on these exports was £3,233 13s. 2d., a charge being made only in the case of foreign ships not entitled to the privileges conferred by treaties of reciprocity, when the duty levied is 4s. per ton. The total quantities of coals, cinders, and culm shipped at the several ports of the United Kingdom coastways to other ports of the kingdom amounted, in 1848, to 9,074,079 tons; and in 1849 to 8,552,706. The quantities of coals brought coastways and by island navigation into the port of London during the year 1848 amounted to 3,479,189 tons, and in 1849 to 3,380,788.

STATISTICS OF RUSSIA.—The cultivation of the vine in the southern provinces of Russia has been much encouraged by the Government, but the quantity of wine produced is still very insignificant compared with what is imported from foreign countries, and especially from France. In St. Petersburgh alone the consumption of champagne amounts to 690,000 bottles annually, although it is an expensive article. There is a kind of sparkling wine imported from Austria, partly over Radziwilow, partly through Odessa, to the extent of 17,000 bottles yearly. The consumption of beer is small; there is but one brewery in St. Petersburgh which produces English ale and Bavarian beer, the last of inferior quality, as there is a want of the principal thing necessary to its preservation—good cellars. The importation of foreign beer is prohibited, with the exception of porter, on which a high duty is levied; it is paid on about 90,000 bottles annually. The quantity of spirits consumed is enormous. Although much of the brandy drunk in Russia is distilled from the potato, still the quantity of corn required for the distilleries during the past year was 18,000,000 bushels; yet the withdrawal of this quantity from the food market has had no sensible effect on the price of grain. The export of horses from Russia has greatly decreased in the last two years. The number of horses in all Russia is estimated at 15,000,000.

NAMING OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.—Has it never struck any of our ingenious cotemporaries, that the name "Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert" was suggested by the exclamation of the royal Irishwoman, on the occasion of the royal visit to Dublin,—"Och, Queen dear, make one of them 'Prince Patrick,' and all Ireland will die for you.'. It is at least delightful to think that this simple incident lived in the memory of our gracious Sovereign, and that the honest Irishwoman's burst of royal enthusiasm has met with so grateful a response.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

SIMPLE PADDY.—An Irishman, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it!"