SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1850.

Weekly Chronicle.

"THE KING, THE PEOPLE, AND THE LAW."

Volume 14. "The King, the People, and the Law." Number 49.

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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Weekly Almanack.

(The time of high water here given is for P. M.)

August	d.	Sun. s	Sun. d	Moon r	Moon s	w.
3 Saturday,	4	51	7 19	0	37	7 24
4 Sunday	4	52	7 17	1	9	8 29
5 Monday,	4	54	7 16	2	3	9 26
6 Tuesday,	4	55	7 15	3	7	10 16
7 Wednesday,	4	56	7 14	Sets.	11	5
8 Thursday,	4	57	7 13	7	59	11 52
9 Friday,	4	58	7 12	8	36	0 12

New Moon, 7th, 5h. 9 min. morn.

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Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

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February, 1850.

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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.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

MADAM,

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

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

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

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

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This Inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. 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 up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the Blessings of Health.*

None should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

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

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

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

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

Miscellany.

A YARN IN THE HALF-DECK.

'Did you say that you served your apprenticeship in the Arethusa?'

'Yes; I served my time in the Arethusa.'

'What age were you when you went to sea?'

'I was sixteen.'

'Put down sixteen, Bill.'

The scene of the present dialogue was the forecastle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames; the speakers an old seaman, and three others scarcely arrived at the middle age, one of whom behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk on the lid of his own chest.

'Put down sixteen, Bill," whispered one, and the number was put down.

'Then how long were you in the Arethusa?'

'I served five years,' said the old man; 'then I stopped by her other three. I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner.'

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

'But you were a young fellow then: I should think you would not be long out of a ship?'

'I got a ship directly, and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened we were waterlogged as we were on our passage home: all hands took to the rigging, where we were three days without a bite of anything, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day I got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I did not get you told all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America. The Americans used me very well; so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose you were in America altogether?'

'I was away ten years from leaving home.'

'Didn't you get into the Greenland trade after that?'

'No; it was not till some time after. I was on board of a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other the pressgang got scent of me: a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me; but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his Majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the captain and I had a few words, and I said to myself, the sooner we part company the better, old fellow. So I ran away; it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me, so I got myself stowed into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way.'

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, 'On board of a man-of-war seven years.'

'Then did you get home all right?'

'Yes: and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade. I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had: the ice was short and hummocky, and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows who'd been faddled maybe the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute.'

'How long were you in the Greenland trade?'

'I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman, and traded to the East Indies for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose?'

'About thirteen years. At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and most of the crew had to walk the plank: only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching, I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me.'

'Did you get home all right and tight?'

'All right and tight, boy.'

'Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?'

'I didn't lie up at all. When I got home I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go and seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America five years in seeking him. I turned tired of wandering, and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the mainland; and I traded in her for ten long years—ten long years I can assure you.'

'Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?'

'I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China.'

'How did you like the China trade?'

'I liked it very well. I was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it; but I got tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put on shore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years. When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started negro-driver in a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me, and I went off to sea again.'

'Was that before you were captain of the old Clinker.'

'Were'n't you a long time captain of the Clinker?'

'I was captain of the Clinker for nineteen years' I was captain of her till she was lost on the Gunfleet Sand; it was as much as we could do to save our lives that time.'

'What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?'

'That was the Peggy. I was a long time in her mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master.'

'How long is it since the Peggy was lost?'

'Let me see: it will be fourteen years this next month; just fourteen exactly.'

'Then you must be a good old fellow now?'

Ay: I'm a good age now, you may depend on't.'

'See what age he is there, Bill, will you?'

Bill, who had been listening in the back-ground, and taking notes on the lid of his chest, proceeded to read off the following items:—

Went to sea in the Arethusa,	16 years old.
In the Arethusa,	8 years.
In America,	10 "
On board man-of-war,	7 "
In Greenland trade,	19 "
In East India trade,	13 "
Among the pirates,	3 "
Among the savages,	16 "
Travelled in America,	5 "
Traded to Prince Edward's Island,	10 "
In the coal trade,	30 "
In the China trade,	5 "
In the Baltic trade,	7 "
In the hospital,	3 "
Negro driver,	9 "
Captain of the Clinker,	19 "
In the Peggy,	12 "
Since the Peggy was lost	14 "
Total,	206 years.

'Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!' said Bill with a chuckle.

'Bravo!' said Tom, 'there's not a man like him in the fleet.'

ENGLISH EXTRACTS.

WOODEN AND IRON STEAMERS.—A lecture on the comparative merits of wood and iron as materials for the building of ships and steam-vessels was, on Monday, delivered by Mr. John Bowene, at the United Service Institution, before a large audience of officers and gentlemen. The advantages claimed for iron ships were, he said, greater strength and stiffness, no liability to rot, or to be damaged by rats, white ants, or other vermin increased stowage, less weight, greater tightness of the bottom and less bilge water, no caulking or coppering, and fewer repairs (against which, however, has to be set the more frequent necessity of docking and painting,) more ready applicability of water-tight bulkheads, less detriment from grounding or striking upon bars or rocks, and, for an equal number of vessels, less first cost. Iron vessels, he remarked, have heretofore been always made with wooden decks, but it would be much more desirable to make the main decks of iron. There appeared, he thought, no doubt that, by a proper distribution of the material, iron vessels might be made a good deal stronger than wooden ones; and, therefore, from all these considerations, he concluded that, for the construction of river steamers, coasting steamers, screw vessels and smacks, which are perpetually entering tidal harbours, and often getting aground, and, indeed, for "domestic" navigation of every description the superiority of iron over wood was indisputable. Wooden ships, properly coppered, he considered by far the most appropriate for vessels sailing to tropical climates, and for men-of-war. The best method of obviating the dangers incidental to the splintering of iron vessels that he had yet heard of was the application of a layer of kamptulicon to the inside of the vessel. This was so elastic that, when a ball passed through it, it at once collapsed, and so effectually closed the hole just made. It also retained the splinters of the iron imbedded in it, so that the two most prominent evils of a ragged hole, impossible to be plugged, and a large scattering of splinters appear to be, in a great measure remediable by the employment of this substance.

A BRITISH VETERAN.—It used to be said that a Russian soldier was maintained at a less cost than any other specimen of European humanity, but we beg to match the phenomenon with a British veteran and his wife who have been introduced to the public by the benevolent instrumentality of Sir William Napier. Richard Ogden served in the 43rd Regiment of foot for fourteen years and ten months, and as his services have been acknowledged by a war medal and nine clasps, we need hardly specify from what particular period of the present century the fourteen years were taken. It is evident that he, in his humble campaigns, fought through the hardest battles of the most famous wars in which England was ever engaged. Of his behaviour, he modestly says himself, in his appeal to his old commander—"You have seen me, sir, a different man when I was under your command." Sir William Napier briefly substantiates the claim thus conveyed by describing him as "an old and excellent soldier." This "old and excellent soldier," then approved through a period of service which comprised more than the trials of an ordinary life is now remunerated by his country at the rate of 5d per diem, being 2s 11d per week, for the clothing and sustenance, lodging and taxes, of himself and his wife. As he is sixty-seven years of age, and probably not over-hearty in constitution after his Peninsular experience, he can get no employment, and his parish holds itself exempted from any contribution to his support by the circumstance of the pension above named. In these straits, with a dead son, a sick wife, and scanty rations, poor Richard Ogden appealed to his old commander in a letter, which Sir William forwarded to the *Times*, and which was yesterday submitted to public consideration. It is no slight credit to both soldier and colonel that the ties of service should be thus felt and acknowledged at the distance of forty years. If a trifle less than the keep of a Newfoundland dog is presumed to be sufficient for the maintenance of a decorated veteran and his wife, it is certainly time that "public salaries" were measured by a new standard. During the time that Richard Ogden, with such personal merits as he is acknowledged to possess, might have been readily securing a provision for his old age, he was fighting the battle of his country between Cadiz and Bayonne, and it is on this ground that he claims the fair consideration of those whom he served. That after this statement of his position there will be no lack of private charity to relieve his wants is probable enough, but is not to such voluntary offerings that claims like his should be left for their recompense. He fulfilled every duty of a soldier in a soldier's hardest days, and the duty of his employers should now be discharged in turn.

EXTRAORDINARY REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—A most extraordinary reverse of fortune has happened to a private of No. 3 company of the 39th Regiment, now stationed in this garrison. By the death of an uncle, in Cuba, he has been put in possession of a fortune of £50,000, and two estates on the island. His name is Marryat; he is only twenty years of age, and of very agreeable manners. He enlisted when only thirteen, as a drummer. He has proceeded to England, previous to his departure for Cuba.—[Belfast paper.

THE GREAT INDIAN DIAMOND.—Her Majesty's steam-sloop Medea has has just arrived at Portsmouth, with a freight more precious in nominal value than was ever carried from Peru to Cadiz. Major Mackeson, one of her passengers, a meritorious and distinguished officer, brings with him that famous diamond of the East called, in the fondness of Asiatic hyperbole, the Koh-i-noor, or, "Mountain of Light," which after symbolising the revolutions of ten generations by its passage from one conqueror to another, comes, now, in the third centenary of its discovery, as the fairest of Oriental faithlessness and the prize of Saxon valour, to the distant shores of England. It was in the year 1550, before the Mogul dynasty had been established by the powers of the great Akbar, that this marvellous stone was first brought to light in the mines of Golconda. The "Mountain of Light" passed, in the train of conquest and as the emblem of dominion, from Golconda to Delhi, from Delhi to Mushed, from Mushed to Cabul, and from Cabul to Lahore. Excepting the somewhat doubtful claims of the Brazilian stone among the crown jewels of Portugal, the Koh-i-noor is the largest known diamond in the world. When first given to Shah Jehanna it was still uncut, weighing, it is said, in that rough state, nearly 800 carats, which were reduced by the unskilfulness of the artist to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgis, a Venetian, who, instead of receiving a remuneration for his labour, was fined 10,000 rupees by the enraged Mogul. In form it is "rose-cut"—that is to say, it is cut to a point in a series of small faces or "facets," without any tabular surface. A good general idea may be formed of its shape and size by conceiving it as the pointed half of a small hen's egg, though it is said not to have risen more than half an inch from the gold setting in which it was worn by Ranjeet.—Its value is scarcely computable, though two millions sterling has been mentioned as a justifiable price, if calculated by the scale employed in the trade. The Pitt diamond brought over from Madras by the grandfather of Lord Chatham, and sold to the Regent Orleans, in 1717 for £125,000, weighs scarcely 130 carats; nor does the great diamond which supports the eagle on the summit of the Russian sceptre weigh as much as 200. Such is the extraordinary jewel which in virtue of conquest and sovereignty has passed into the possession of England. It was prudently secured among the few remaining valuables of the Lahore treasury at the commencement of the last insurrection, and although even its nominal value would be an inadequate compensation for the cost of the Sikh wars, we may look upon this acquisition as a fitting symbol of that supremacy which we have so fairly won.

SIDNEY SMITH.—It is impossible to imagine a more thorough contrast to those of Lord Jeffrey than the writings of Sidney Smith exhibit. Though a reverend and pious divine, the prebendary of St. Paul's had very little of the sacerdotal character in his writings. His conversional talents were great, his success in the highest London society unbounded: but this intoxicating course neither relaxed the vigour of his application, nor deadened the warmth of his feelings. His powers, and they were of no ordinary kind, were always directed, though some times with mistaken zeal, to the interests of humanity. His sayings, like those of Talleyrand, were repeated from one end of the empire to the other. These brilliant and sparkling qualities are conspicuous in his writings, and have mainly contributed to their remarkable success both in this country and in America. There is scarcely any scholarship, and little information, to be met with in his works. Few take them up to be instructed; many to be amused. He has little of the equanimity of the judge about him, but a great deal of the wit and jocularity of the pleader. He would have made a first rate jury counsel, for he would alternately have driven them by the force of his arguments, and amused them by the brilliancy of his expressions. There is no more vigorous and forcible diatribe in our language than his celebrated letter on North American repudiation, which roused the attention, and excited the admiration, of the repudiators themselves. He has expressed in a single line a great truth, applicable, it is to be feared, to other nations besides the Americans.—"They preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." But Sidney Smith's blows were expended, and wit lavished, in general, on subjects of passing or ephemeral interest; they were not, like the strokes of Johnson, levelled at the universal frailties and characteristics of human nature. On this account though their success hitherto has been greater, it is doubtful whether his essays will take so high a lasting place in English literature as those of Lord Jeffrey, which in general treat of works of permanent interest.—[Mr. Alison's Essays.

THE USE OF MILK IN PAINTING.—The use of milk as a binding vehicle for colours is a traditionary practice derived from the ancients. Pliny states that Panæus, the brother of Phidias, covered the walls of the temple of Minerva, at Elis, with the time and marble, mixed with milk and saffron. The Spanish writers, Guevara and Ponz state that the mixture of milk with the lime gives it a greater consistency, and produces a more mellow white colour. Pacheco and Palomino recommend that blue should be mixed with milk, and we find similar directions given in the Marciada M.S. on the authority of Andres di Salerno:—"When you paint with blue in fresco,—that is, on the walls,—and are desirous that it should retain its colour and not turn black, as generally happens to the bluest, distemper the colour with the milk of goats, or of any other animal. *Hock habui a Magister Andrea di Salerno.*" Andres di Salerno whose family name was Sabatini, was a good fresco painter of the school of Raffaele, and may be considered an authority in such matters. It is so seldom that we can obtain any accounts of the technical practices of the old Italians, that such brief notices as that which we have just quoted are interesting and valuable. As an additional recommendation it may be mentioned, that as a vehicle for ultra-marine, milk has been tried by Mr. Dyce with satisfactory results.—[Art Journal.]

AN EDITOR IN BAD COMPANY.—The editor of *Bell's Life in London* was referee in a recent pugilistic contest for what is called "The Championship." Bendigo and Paddock were the combatants, and the former receiving a foul blow was declared the winner. Immediately a party of fellows, with bludgeons, attacked the unfortunate editor, who had some difficulty in making his escape. He has declared in his paper, that, as every vestige of respectibility has departed from "the ring," he will no longer support it or record its proceedings. The people of Nottingham, who imported Paddock, burned publicly every copy of *Bell's Life* they could purchase. The editor, it appears, by his own account, has frequently been insulted, assaulted and robbed. Now that he has resolved to keep out of bad company he will probably escape further injury.

THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR AT COURT.—These orientals were magnificently dressed—they each wore the flat turban with a projecting diamond aigrette and feather. The Minister wore a dark blue cloth coat, embroidered in silver to the waist, and below the waist embroidered in gold; on each arm was an insertion of scarlet cloth, commencing a little below the shoulder, and terminating a little below the elbow, and a bright red band round the middle of the arm, which had a very odd effect. The two Colonels had cloth of gold trousers; they were all adorned with a profusion of diamonds, and some very fine emeralds and pearls. The presents of which his Excellency was the bearer did not make the goodly show that he himself did, and about which there has been some strange misunderstanding. They consisted principally of arms, such as bows and arrows, daggers, a dress, and a great quantity of silks, two pairs of elephant's tusks, two State umbrellas, a model of his temple, some necklaces, (of no great value,) a lump of virgin silver, and some ancient coins, very interesting in many points of view, but not of that immense intrinsic value which was generally supposed.—*Cheltenham Looker-on.*

GIBBON.—The ardent genius and pictorial eye of Gibbon rendered him an incomparable delineator of events; and his powerful mind made him seize the *general* and characteristic features of society and manners, as they appear in different parts of the world, as well as the strata of individual greatness. His description of the Roman empire in the zenith of its power, as it existed in the time of Augustus; of its decline and long protracted old age, under Constantine and his successors on the Byzantine throne; of the manners of the pastoral nations, who, under different names and for a succession of ages, pressed upon and at last overturned the empire; of the Saracens, who, issuing from the lands of Arabia, with the Koran in one hand and the scimitar in the other, urged on their resistless course, till they were arrested by the Atlantic on one side and the Indian Ocean on the other; of the stern Crusaders, who, nursed amidst the cloistered shades and castellated realms of Europe, struggled with the devastating horde, "when 'twas strongest, and ruled it when 'twas wildest;" of the long agony, silent decay, and ultimate resurrection of the Eternal City: are so many immortal pictures, which to the end of time will fascinate every ardent and imaginative mind. —*Mr. Alison's Essays.*

A VILLAGE OF MADHOUSES.—In the midst of the Campine, a desolate tract of moor and heath, occupying a large part of the province of Antwerp, to the east of that city stands a large village called Gheel, the inhabitants of which, chiefly peasants, have devoted themselves for centuries to a singular branch of industry. They employ themselves in taking charge of insane persons, who, to the number of 700 or 800, are sent hither from all parts of Belgium, and they execute the trust with honesty, and feeling forbearance. The mild system of treating lunacy has long prevailed here. Gheel is said to have become famous for the treatment of mental disease, from the martyrdom of an Irish saint, named Dympna, on this spot, and from the cures wrought upon pilgrims who have resorted hither for centuries to worship at her shrine, and adorn her relics. She has, in consequence, become the patron saint of Gheel, and her altar is a very curious, elaborate combination of wood-carving, with gothic tracery and painting.—[Hughe's Sketches in Belgium.]

FASHIONABLE MANNERS.—There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture; and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is very fine; but what I want is the heat and gayety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads animation around it—the eye that speaks affably to all, that chases timidly from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, "Be courteous," and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

EX KING HUDSON AT SUNDERLAND.—His late Majesty took the chair at Sunderland on the opening of the Docks. His health was drunk, and —with much emotion—he returned thanks. As the late potentate slowly rose, it is said he looked very like Kean in *Sir Giles Overreach*, when he said—

"Some undone widow sits upon mine arm!
My sword to th' scabbard's glued by orphans tears!"

Mr. Hudson, however, returned grateful acknowledgements. He said with overflowing heart, 'when he forgot Sunderland, might his right hand forget its cunning!' If Mr. Hudson's right hand be the hand with which he signed railway cheques "making things comfortable," the amount of cunning to be forgotten by that member must be prodigious.—[Punch.]

SINGULAR WILL.—The late Miss Margaret Creak, of St. Andrew's, London, has left a very singular will, and property to the value of £20,000. She had left 1s each to such of her relations as choose to prove themselves so; a legacy of £20 to one neighbour, £10 to another, and a few trifling legacies of £2 each. She had left £50 each to every houseless person in the country above 68 years of age; and all her real estate to found an hospital for aged persons, the hospital to be built, and the inmates to be habited as directed.—She then gives all her personal property to a neighbour, who is appointed executor. It is evident the terms of the will cannot be carried out, the property being insufficient.

HARD WORK.—Lord Cambell took his seat in the Queen's Bench on Tuesday week, at a few minutes after the usual time, and addressing the jury said, "Gentlemen, I am some minutes after my time; but as I was sitting as Speaker of the House of Lords until near four o'clock this morning, I trust you will excuse it." The gentlemen of the jury thereupon bowed to his lordship, and proceeded to business.

The *Literary Gazette* says, "Mr. Gibson, of Rome, now in England, has received an order for a colossal group, in marble, of figures of her Majesty, supported on either side by Justice and Clemency. The figure of the Queen will be, we believe, ten feet in height, the side figures eight feet. This group will occupy a place in the new houses of parliament."

It is noted, as the origin of the term haberdasher that a "berdash" was a name originally given in England to a sort of neck-dress; and the person who made or sold such neck-dresses was called a "berdasher."