SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1846.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 18.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & 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.

Jan.		R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H. W.
3	Saturday,	7 31	4 29	11 53	3 2
4	Sunday,	7 30	4 30	morn	3 49
5	Monday,	7 30	4 30	0 58	4 36
6	Tuesday,	7 29	4 31	2 1	5 32
7	Wednesday,	7 29	4 31	3 2	6 40
8	Thursday,	7 28	4 32	4 0	7 51
9	Friday,	7 27	4 33	4 53	9 8

First Quarter 4th, 9h. 41m. morn.

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. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, 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.

"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.

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, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.
St. John, November 3, 1843.

Globe Assurance Company.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the first Instalment of Ten per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Company has been paid in, and that the Directors of the Company are now prepared to make Insurance on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights.

May 9. JOHN DUNCAN, President.

☞NOTICE.☜

THE subscribers have entered into Co-partnership, and their business will henceforth be conducted under the Firm of **Samuel Reynolds & Son.**

SAMUEL REYNOLDS.
WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS.
Indian Town, N. B. Feb 22, 1845.

☞All arrangements entered into, and all balances due by me and to me, either in Notes of Hand or Accounts, will be received and paid by the above Firm. SAMUEL REYNOLDS.
Indian Town, N. B. Feb. 22, 1845.

For Sale at the
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,
Received by late arrivals from Boston and Halifax.

BOXES ORANGES and LEMONS; 100 Qr. Boxes RAISINS;
1 Cask Washing SODA;
500 Gallons Sea Elephant OIL—a superior article for Lamps. SUMMERS & HICKS.

Carding Machines.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland, N. B.) three setts of Woollen CARDING MACHINES, complete, which will be sold low.—The Cards are of English manufacture, from Leeds, and machinery warranted to make good work and to give general satisfaction.—Address to

J. MORICE & SON.
Sackville, Westmorland, N. B.

N. B.—Reference may be made to Messrs. Harris & Allen, or John Bryden, St. John. Dec. 13.

Spelter, Floor Cloth, &c. &c.

Received by the ship Schoodiac, from Liverpool—
115 SLABS of SPELTER;
500 yards painted Floor Cloth;
5 casks 26 & 30 covering NAILS;
10 do. assorted Horse ditto
10 do. do. Boat ditto
5 do. do. Sheathing ditto
Also, by the Prancer, and Eleanor Jane—
25 assorted cook and Coal Stoves;
18 do. new Franklin do.
150 common and Rocking Chairs;
17 boot top TRUNKS.
And for sale by
Oct. 3. JOHN KINNEAR.

PAILS and BUCKETS,
Sole Agency, No. 20, South Wharf.

BY Wholesale Only, at prices less than can be imported, and equal in quality to the best American Pails. COLIN E. CROSS.
June 20. 6mo.

MORE STOVES, &c.

Just received by the "*Dolphin*," from Boston:—
25 UNION Pattern Cooking STOVES;
12 Air tight, part with Ovens;
25 assorted, consisting of Franklin, Cylinder and Pyramid Stoves;
150 cane and Wood seat Chairs;
25 ditto Rocking ditto;
50 ditto assorted children's ditto;
50 brls. Onions; 50 jars Snuff;
50 doz. Castor OIL; 40 sides sole Leather:—
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
Nov. 14. *Prince Wm street.*

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has just received per late arrivals:
140 BALES and Cases of British manufactured GOODS; also, TEAS, LOAF SUGAR, INDIGO, RAISINS, Currants, &c. &c. The remainder of his Fall Goods daily expected. WM. HOWARD.
October 10.

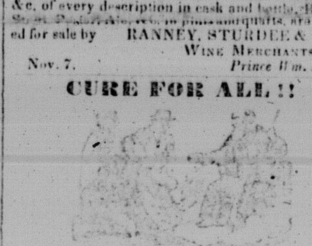
Porto Rico Sugar.

THE subscribers are landing ex *Prince Rupert* from Halifax: 76 casks of superior SUGAR, which they will sell either in bond or duty paid.
24th Oct. ALLISON & SPURR.

Brandy, Geneva, Sperm Candles, &c. &c. &c.

Ex Marshall Bennett, from London:
5 PUNCHEONS choice Old Cognac BRANDY, (*Martell's*)
10 Hhds Finest Pale Schiedam **Geneva**,
20 Boxes each 25 lbs. best London sperm Candles,
Which with a choice stock of **Old Wines**, &c. of every description in cask and bottle, Brown Stout, Porter, Ale, &c. in pints and quarts, are offered for sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
WINE MERCHANTS,
Nov. 7. *Prince Wm. street.*

CURE FOR ALL!!



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Extraordinary Cure of a Case
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, 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 Sharing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being 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, Stoney 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 moschettoes, Sand-flies, Chiego 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.*

Miscellany.

[*From the Liverpool Mail.*]

THE DIPLOMATISTS OF EUROPE.

In presenting the first series of notices of the Diplomatists of Europe, which we think will be perused with interest by all classes of intelligent readers, we think it right to state, at the outset, that pretensions are only made, on our part, to industry and a desire, as journalists, to exercise judgment in recasting the articles, and selecting the leading and substantially interesting points in a work just issued on the career of several remarkable men who have filled and most deservedly, a large space of the world's attention, as identified with the history of the cabinets of Europe.

A foreigner of a peculiar name which will puzzle many of the epicures in pronounciation—Monsieur Capefigue—has had his sketches translated from the French; and the collection is "edited" (according to the title-page!) by Major-General Monteith. At present we defer our opinion as to the very questionable manner in which the editor has discharged *his* portion of the work; and we believe every competent judge will agree with the strictures we shall submit at the close of the articles; as our views, however critical, shall be impartial, and based on higher and very other grounds than mere partisanship. It is, in fact, to free the notices from the distorting prejudices inseparable from the indulgence of party spirit that we have cheerfully undertaken to recast, and, as journalists, virtually to re-write them. Losing sight for the present of Major General Monteith as a represented "editor," but with no literary title whatever to the merit of such an epithet beyond its extraordinary assumption, let us remark as to the foreign author, and for the information of readers, that he is a man of undoubted literary ability in the congenial department of biography and speculative comment, which he has enriched by his clever party sketches. This author, with the peculiar name, is a self-confessed zealot; and we are disposed to like him all the better for the honesty of his admission. Not only is he a tory, as far as a foreigner and a Frenchman of letters can be expected to be: he is more, and very likely without knowing it. But after a careful perusal of all the sketches Monsieur Capefigue has elaborately thrown off, the impression will grow on every reader of the original until it settles, as with us, into a conviction that he is himself an "amateur statesman" of the first water. We have seldom risen from the study of a work of so special a character with more admiration, in spite of its subordinate drawbacks. It is eminently clever, very readable; and saturated—a term advisedly used—*saturated* with an exhilirating love of his subject. A work from the pen, written in a spirit more *con amore* than that of Monsieur Cappyfig you eh! alias, Capefig, does not exist in the productive library of any country. Its *con amore*, its essentially amateur spirit, is not the least of its many charms. It is, moreover, one of those little collections of which, if the class of reviewers will but honestly [illegible] they would [illegible] *treat*. Such an admission, we predict, would be general, even from the party journalists in the ranks of toryism. Altogether it is a peculiar collection of sketches—one which, we are satisfied, is beyond mere "extracts;" and perhaps not even a review, the heavy artillery of which its characteristic effervescence eludes and is unable to sustain, can do justice. We are satisfied of this; and on consideration hence our resolve to do, in our own independent way, what the reviews we think, will alter their own fashion, and with what "flourish their nature will" be reduced to, namely a modified *paraphrase* of this original authors' pen and ink sketches of the diplomatists of Europe. We make no pretensions to quarrel with the *order* in which M. Capefigue has "ministers." He ends with Castlereigh, and opens with Metternich. Both can wait; and we pass Counts Pozzo di Borgo and Nesselrode, if only to give the *pas*, on the [illegible] score of nationality to

WELLINGTON.

We notice the Duke cordially, and by precedence; and would cheerfully dwell, rather on his greatness, than bore glance unworthily at the political demerits of his otherwise brilliant and wondrous career. Let "party" claim him as the active spirit of the tories: we take the higher and national ground of sketching him as *England under arms*. In the author's mind the names of his statesmen severally recognise an *idea*—a system—a policy! No doubt of it; but as space in this age of mos and steam by advertisement, requires due respect, we shall for the once waive politics, and present our gleanings of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington as the agent and type of England under Arms.

The life of the remarkable subject of this sketch is a picture in little, of the most glorious career of England in battle and debate. Personally, no professional gambler, at a table of odds in Paris or London, possesses so cool a head as Wellington at the chess of politics. In the characteristics of mind, he is essentially un-Irish; moderate, but less moderate than wise on calculation, and *wary* to a degree of intuitiveness, akin to what is attributed to the most cautious circumspection of the Scotch. The publication of his "Despatches" took nine tenths of the mere admirers of his renown as a successful-list by surprise. Whig, radical and dissenters of every class were struck with the *forethought* and wary caution illustrated with unsleeping vigilance from "India to Waterloo." Though Napoleon has passed away, prejudice still warps men's judgments as to the true character of Wellington in the estimate of France. He is sacrificed to the national resentments inspired by the battle of Waterloo! There is a dwarfish littleness, but gigantic truth in this.

Before taking up a condensed and business like summary of Wellington's points, from the portfolio of this artist with an untoward name, the following rhetorical and exquisite paragraph of fancy deserves translation into every language that can boast of critics and appreciators of signified brilliancy. It may not be generally known, yet it is the case, that the walls of Apsley house, the town residence of the Duke, are, to the life of Wellington, what Kenny Meadows' and Knight's *pictorial* are, to the writings of Shakespere. And thus opens Monsieur Capefigue:—"When you study with attention the splendid engravings that represent the misfortunes and downfall of Tippoo Saib surrounded by his mourning family; when you gaze upon the magnificent Indian scenery steaming with heat and moisture; the feathery palm trees—the elephants with their gilded howdahs—the black Sepoys in European costume, intermingled with the English troops, whose cool determined spirit and military resignation are stamped upon their countenance:—while in the back-ground appear the high walls of Seringapatam, with their heavy cannon breathing forth slaughter and defiance, in these scenes, amid the wreaths of smoke and the gleaming of scimiters, the figure of a young officer may be discerned, with a calm countenance, quiet and reserved manners, and the *meditative look which presages a great destiny*: —that officer is Arthur Wellesley, since then so celebrated as the Duke of Wellington."

By birth he is an Irishman, and first saw the light at Dungan Castle, on the 1st of May, 1769. He was at Eton while a lad and thence went to France to the Military College at Angers. He got upon the army list, while very young. Leaving the 41st Foot in 1793, he became lieutenant colonel of the 33d—by purchase; and was entrusted at the age of twenty four, with the command of a brigade in the retreat from Holland. He was in sight of Jamaica but the fleet was driven back, and his destination was altered to the East, whither he proceeded with his brother the Marquis Wellesley, the then governor-general in the war with the great Tippoo young Wellesley distinguished himself; he was at the taking of Seringapatam, and in 1800 its governor.—The way he managed his 12,000 men during the Mahratta compaign, still more distinguished him: he lost scarcely a man. Napoleon at this time was doing as he liked in Egypt, and it was suggested that young Wellesley should cross the Isthmus and face Buonaparte in the Desert; but the pressure of Indian warfare compelled the Company to meet the combined forces of two of the greatest of the Indian warriors. They were attacked by the British, who won the great battle of Assaye. Scindiah's cavalry was nearly cut to pieces; and after defeating the infantry of the Rajah of Becar, Wellington (though not so named) seized the fortress of Gawilghur, and thus compelled the submission of the two chiefs. Calcutta gave him a sword worth a thousand pounds, his officers a service of gold, parliament a vote of thanks, and the King the Order of the Bath.

Whoever reads the first part of Wellington's Despatches will be able to form some idea of the perils of this campaign, the precautions necessary to be taken, and caution and judgment displayed in his orders. He came home in 1805, and was ready to command in Germany under Lord Cathcart; but Napoleon's staggering victory on the field of Austerlitz hurled everything into confusion—Pitt actually dying of chagrin. And it is from this troubled period that the "political" life of Wellington commenced. Newport returned him to parliament in 1806, when he forthwith married Miss Pakenham, and became secretary to Ireland under the Duke of Richmond. The expedition to Copenhagen took him there, and in one night he managed the discussion, settling and signing of the capitulation—the whole Danish fleet falling into our hands!

In 1808, Napoleon was alarming the whole continent, and had invaded Spain. Wellington effected a landing in Portugal in teeth of the enemy; and after Sir Hugh Dalrymple was deprived of the command in consequence of his imbecile Convention of Cintra, which Wellington did not sign, he took his place at Lisbon, in August, 1809. When Napoleon heard of Sir Arthur Wellesley being general-in-chief, he degraded himself so far as to try to bring Wellington into ridicule by panning silly squibs, and printing sneering taunts in the Paris newspapers! Bounaparte, however, had to act differently than he talked; he had to remove Junot, and sent the ablest "Old Soldier" he had to oppose the new commander of the British. In spite, however, of Marshal Soult, the battle of Talavera got our hero enthusiasm throughout England—a pension of two thousand a year, besides being raised to the peerage as "Viscount Wellington of Talavera."

Marshal Ney, in addition to Soult, now came [illegible] other two! Four of the most renowned of Napoleon's generals were in the field; first Soult and Massena; then Marmont, a splendid old arranger, and Ney, the boldest and most adventurous of them all. Having crossed the Tagus, Wellington took up his position in defiance of the continued advance of the enemy, and constructed the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, whose plan *he traced himself* and had executed with a rapidity more like fable than fact. They were intended to protect Lisbon. Secretiveness as well as circumspection is a leading characteristic in the generalship of Wellington, and it proved triumphantly serviceable on this occasion. His lines thrown up at a point where the river was six miles broad, defended them as completely as the sea itself. They were constructed with so much secrecy, and with such precautions taken to cut off all glimpses from spies, that when Marmont arrived and saw them he doubted his own eyes. Massena, too, on coming up was amazed, and could do nothing but chafe like a lion before this magnificent military work. The old general of the Italian campaign actually had to sit—but in no easy chair—for six months gazing at Lord Wellington's enchanting lines, while expecting fresh reinforcements from his master in France! He was left, however, to retreat to the frontiers of Spain. Meanwhile Wellington again received thanks from both houses of parliament, and more money was voted to him with the commemorative title of "Marquis of Torres Vedras." Never were honours more deservedly won or bestowed. The French themselves admit, in honour of the military strategy of those lines that the British under Lord Wellington's genius saved Portugal.

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT IGNATIUS.

Winter passed away; and spring came, calling on the young flowers, and clothing the trees with fresh leaves. Then followed the hot summer with its harvest; and then succeeded the pleasant autumn with its grape gathering and vintage. These two had passed by, and winter was come again, when Ignatius arrived at Rome.

A day was soon fixed for him to suffer.

Very early in the morning, the rolling of chariots was heard in all parts of the city; and the footsteps and voices of numberless people crowding along the streets sounded like the deep murmur of the sea.

A little later, there was a silence as of death, in all the alleys and suburbs; but the principal streets were filled with multitudes, all pressing the same way. Men, women, and children, were there, dressed in their holiday apparel, and with pleased and eager faces, as if they were anticipating some joyous and merry sight. But here and there, might be seen persons looking grave and sorrowful who appeared to mingle in the crowd almost against their will. Still, as if fascinated, on they went; till at length, by noon, the rolling of wheels, the tramping of horses, and the voices and footsteps of passengers had died away in the streets, and had left them silent and empty.

But here was no silence, where the crowd were now gathered together. This was in the amphitheatre: a building that enclosed a large space of ground all around which were circular rows of seats, rising one above the other to a great height.

The lowest of these was divided by a strong fence from the open space beneath; which could be entered in different places, by passages constructed under the rows of seats. And here were now met together thousands of people, the noble and the rich, the poor and the mean, women as well as men, a disgusting total of Roman brutality, to behold the cruel games and barbarous executions which were to be shown that day.

The spectators being assembled, the door of one of the passages was soon opened; and several men were brought in who, for the amusement of the degraded and inhuman crowd, were obliged to fight until several of them were killed. Nay, if one were only wounded, and had not by his prowess, given his savage monsters satisfaction, they would themselves deliberately give the well known signal that his adversary should put him to death.

After this, another door was opened and several wild beasts were let out to tear one another to pieces with their fangs and their claws.

When the mob of patricians and plebeins, male and female, had been satisfied with these barbarous sights, their love of blood required something still more highly seasoned; and the virtuous Trojan, celebrated by pagan writers for his clemency and good qualities had carefully provided that their appetite should not be disappointed.

A third door now opened; toward which the eager eyes of every spectator were instantly turned. Forthwith appeared a venerable old man. After a moment's pause, he walked, with slow but firm steps, to the middle of the ampitheatre. There he stood alone, with his eyes raised to heaven. A feeling of surprise, perhaps almost a feeling of reverence, came over the sanguinary multitude, as they gazed upon Ignatius: for he it was, who now stood before them. And truly, he stood, not like a criminal sentenced to a cruel and shameful death, but like a conqueror about to receive his crown. A few of his friends had come with him from Antioch:—and were now among the people. Doubtless, their minds went back to the time, when, a year ago, the Emperor had made his triumphal entry into their city; and they thought, how mean and how poor was that gaudy pageant in all its outward pomp and beauty, when compared to the triumph which they were now about to behold. *That* was the triumph, of earthly power, and riches, and pride; *this* was the triumph of faith in Jesus Christ.

For a short space Ignatius remained standing in silent prayer, awaiting calmly what manner of death he should suffer. In a few moments a fierce lion was let loose into the amphitheatre. Ignatius did not stir or shrink. His countenance did not change. He still showed the same holy trust and courage. The lion rushed, furiously upon him:—threw him to the ground, and devoured him before the eyes of the assembled multitude. His friends were afterwards allowed to come and take away his bones, which they carried back with them to Antioch, where they buried them outside the gate of the city leading towards the Daphne.—*Stories of the Primitive and Early Churches.*

Love versus Religion.—The following anecdote is related in a foreign journal. A medical student of Berlin lately fell deeply in love with the daughter of the lady at [illegible] house he lodged; his passion was warmly returned, and the lovers swore eternal fidelity, and entered into a promise to marry. But there was an insurmountable obstacle to their union, in the fact of the lady being a Protestant Christian, and the gentlemen a Jew; and both professed themselves no less attached to their respective faith than to each other. Business called the youth to Breslau; and when he had been there a few days, he received a letter from his mistress couched in the following terms:—"My Dear Friend,—The difficulties which have so long stood in the way of our marriage have at length been put an end to, and by the intervention of your good angel,—as you have so often called your faithful Dinna,—who yesterday became a Jewess." Scarcely had this letter been despatched, when its writer, received one from her lover, dated Breslau, and to the following effect:—"My Dear Dinna,—The obstacle which presented itself to our union, in the unfortunate difference in our religious faiths, no longer exists; and I shall hasten to complete our mutual felicity. I yesterday became a Christian." How the lovers contrived to get over this new dilemma is not recorded.

A Warrior's Logic.—In order to show that no hurry had ensued upon the occasion, (the bombardment of Copenhagen,) he sent for a candle to the cockpit, that he might affix a larger seal than usual. The letter being written and carefully folded, he sent for a stick of sealing wax: the person dispatched for the wax had his head taken off by a cannon-ball;—which fact being reported to the Admiral, he merely said, "Send another messenger for the wax." It was observed to him, that there were wafers on his table. "Send for the sealing-wax," he repeated. It was done, and the letter sealed with a large quantity of wax, and a perfect impression. "May I take the liberty of asking, why, under so hot a fire, and after so lamentable an accident, you have attached such importance to a circumstance so trifling?" "Had I made use of a wafer," he replied, "the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the Crown Prince; he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry; and that we had some very pressing reason for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales."—*Nichol's Life of Nelson.*

Slaves in Tunis.—The slaves are to appearance liberated in this regency, while in reality, they are more oppressed than ever. This inhuman traffic still exists in all the regency, and every European resident here is astonished how the British government, which uses its utmost energy to abolish it, could have ever thanked his government for the abolition of slavery in its dominions, while it exists to the greater prejudice of humanity. We are informed by our correspondent that the Bey of Tunis in 1840 addressed an ordinance, by which he enjoined all the governors not to sell slaves by public auction, but he gave them liberty to sell them *bil mirechina*—that is privately. This private sale did great injury to the unhappy slaves, because before this ordinance, if a slave was illtreated by his master he could compel him by law to take him to the market and sell him—thus, by an exchange of masters, the slave always had a hope of finding one more humane than the last. Now the unhappy slaves have not this benefit; therefore their owners to maintain slavery in its vigour, when a slave demands to be sold, reply, "It is possible, for I can only sell you *bil mirechina*;" the poor slave is thus silent for fear of being sold to some other master well known for the harsh treatment of his slaves. Another benefit was also taken away from these poor creatures. Before this apparent but false liberty all the slaves worked at night assiduously, on their own account, and when they had saved a certain sum, they went with it to their master, and asked for their freedom; this could not be denied them, as it is enjoined by the Koran. Now they cannot do this, and the poor slave may perish under an inhuman master. Every sensitive mind would be filled with horror to hear the account of the tyranny which some proprietors exercise over their slaves it is enough to state there are some masters so barbarous, that besides flogging the poor slaves, and depriving them of food and clothes, they will, for caprice or some slight fault, burn them brutally with hot irons, until they expire under so horrible a martyrdom, and they are asked what has become of their slaves, they reply, "I have sent them to Tripoli!" In conclusion whoever says that the Bey of Tunis has abolished slavery in the state, states an untruth. The British government has been deceived by those who wanted to be termed philanthrophists, and to get presents.—*Malta paper.*

Portuguese Courtship.—Among the peasantry love making is a more refined affair than in England. A Lusitanian clown when he meets his mistress respectfully takes off his hat, and stands leaning at some distance on his long stick, while she on the [illegible] gate, or with her basket leaning on [illegible] demurely on the ground, a smile playing on [illegible] every now and turning on her swain such sparkling glances from her bright eyes that it is no wonder his heart is inflamed—and I believe that very rarely is fickle or false. I have a high opinion of the Portuguese peasantry, but particularly of the females, who are possessed of all the amiable qualities which adorn the sex throughout the world, with as large a share of beauty as generally falls to the lot of any Lusitanian [illegible].

The following is an unique specimen of humor, peculiar to the lower order of society in Dublin:—"Mr. Dolan, I want a haporth o' sugar with a penn'orth o' tay, out o' number three; and if yez don't give me thim of the best quality by this and that *I'll change my grocer.*"

Such another Lot o' Good 'Uns.—'Well, Mr. Snow, I wants to ax you one question.'

'Propel it, den.'

'Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?'

'Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up.'

'Does you gib it up? Kase you can't pass it.'

'Yah! yah! nigger, you talk so much 'bout your counterfeit dollar, just succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple?'

'Oh! I propose dis subject and dosen't know nothin' 'bout it.'

'Kase it isn't current.'

'Oh! what a nigger! Why am your head like a [illegible] dollars?'

'[illegible] 'way from me—why am it?'

'Kase dere's no cents (sense) in it!'

'Well you always was the brackest nigger I neber seed—you always will hab de last word.'

SCRAPS;—INTERESTING AND AMUSING.

Wit is brushwood, judgement timber; the first makes the brightest flame, but the later gives the most lasting heat.

Why is sneezing like a waterfall?—Because it is a Catar ac (Catarrh act.)

Why is an epitaph like the human race?—Because it is *a verse* to death.

The seven dealings of John Bull are—the shop, the stocks, the newspaper, religion, roast beef, prejudice, and port wine.

"I'll give you a lift," as the bull said when he pitched the man over the hedge.

When is the fish woman where she ought not to be? When she is out of *plaice*.

In what do long winded speakers most resemble their fellow creatures?—In their great desire to dilate (die late.)

Why is an industrious labourer like a sluggard? Because it is difficult to get him to awake (a wake.)

Whenever you have committed a theft, *stay at home*, and you will never be *found out*.

It is one of the most common errors of mankind to think that the possession of something which they cannot attain, would greately increase their happiness.

It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue to delight in the company and conversation of good men, and where these cannot be had, it is better to keep no company at all.

A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. "Ah master," said the artisan, "it is a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

Why do American ladies never *ride* from a theatre?—Because they are generally *carried away by their feelings*.

Why are briefless barristers like rheumatic old ladies?—Because they often complain of their poor *fee taking* (*feetaking*.)

Merrily jumpeth the child about on its crutch—peevishly crawleth the old man on his. Children both—wherein differ they?—the one hopeth, the other remembereth.

Wherefore did god create passion within us and pleasures around us, but that these, rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue.

When a man chooses the reward of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasure of vice is part of his bargain.

An Irish gentleman the other day, in the excess of connubial affection exclaimed "Heaven forbid my dear, that I should ever live to see you a widow!"

One of the subjects for confirmation at a bishop's recent visitation, on being asked by the clergyman to whom she applied for her certificate qualifications' what her godfathers and godmothers promised for her, said with much naviette, "I've a heard that they promised to give me half a dozen silver spoons but I've niver had 'em, though."

Great workers are always tranquil and orderly, and being possessed of incessant activity, they never lose a moment. They apply their whole mind to what they are about; and, like the hand of a watch, they never stop, although their equal movements [illegible] in the [illegible] Observations.