SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1845.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 14.

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.

Dec.	R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.	
6 Saturday,	7 29	4 31	Morn	4 11
7 Sunday,	7 30	4 30	0 58	5 16
8 Monday,	7 30	4 29	2 5	6 32
9 Tuesday,	7 31	4 29	3 10	7 48
10 Wednesday,	7 31	4 29	4 12	8 50
11 Thursday,	7 32	4 28	5 13	9 40
12 Friday,	7 32	4 28	6 9	10 24

First Quarter 5th Dec. 10h. 8m. evening.
Full Moon 13th, 1h. 58m. evening.

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

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
James G. Bolles, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.

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

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, 1845.

"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.

Carding Machines.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland N. B.) three sets 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.

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 business 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.

Health for All !!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland *to* Mrs. Ann Melish, *(one of his Tenants.) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

Madam,

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

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most Honorable the Marquis of Westminster, K. G.

Lord Westminster has just received Mr. Holloway's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself 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.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

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

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor Holloway near Temple Bar, London. And are sold 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. Whiter 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.

May 3, 1844.

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 29. 6mo.

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 & Spunk.

BUTTER.

14 FIRKINS BUTTER, best quality just received and for sale by

JOHN KINNEAR.
Oct. 2. *Prince Wm. street.*

NOTICE.—The subscriber would beg to inform his Friends and the Public, that he is about adding to his present Wholesale Business a RETAIL department *in the Woollen and Haberdashery Line*, and that no pains shall be spared in procuring in the best British Markets such Goods as will be required in the business.

17th Oct. WM. HOWARD.

Miscellany.

THE PHILOSOPHER MARRIED.

(From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.)

When a philosopher marries, all the people of his acquaintance combine to laugh at him. Why? Is there anything incompatible in philosophy with philogyny; in the love of wisdom with the love of woman? "The wisest man the world e'er saw" appears to have thought otherwise; and Socrates, as well as Solomon, was a husband. Whether, indeed, either the Hebrew or the Grecian sage, evinced his usual discretion in his particular choice, may be questioned; and a doubt may be raised whether they married in their wisdom, or in spite of it. Still, there is the fact, that the two longest headed invidiuals of the human race have recommended matrimony by their example. To those we may add Cato, Julius Cæsar, Dr. Johnson, and other men of understanding so that we have good authority, at least, for supposing that there is nothing essentially unwise in taking a wife. When, therefore, Adam Crotch, finding, like his first father and namesake, that it was not good to be alone, contracted matrimony with Amelia Smith, was that any reason why all other Smiths—Amelia's kinsfolk excepted—and Joneses, and Browns, and Tomkinses, comprising the world he moved in, should simply because Adam was reputed a philosopher making merry at the expense of his fathers's son? It is true that the marriage of Adam was a step inconsistent with that philosophy which places the *summum bonum* in the main chance. He married purely for those reasons that, according to Uncle Toby, are "written in the Common-Prayer Book," which, include, we believe, no reference to the Three Per Cents.

As we have styled Crotch a philosopher, it becomes us to explain what where his pretensions to that character. They consisted theoretically in a considerable amount of literary, scientific, and metaphysical knowledge, and practically in a systematic course of life, based mainly on the principle of enjoying himself to the extent of his means, and repressing all desires that would exceed their limits. Thus Adam, who like many other philosophers was rather fond of smoking, though in the abstract he preferred Havannah cigars to the common weed, was wont, adapting his taste to his finances, to content himself with a clay pipe; and though he had as keen a relish of claret as any nobleman, could be very happy over a pot of porter. It was further a constant maxim with Adam Crotch, in economising, to satisfy the lesser enjoyment to the greater and always deny himself what he could best spare. Accordingly, if he had to choose between a new book and a new coat, his rule was to get the book and go without the coat; the train indeed, compels us to add, that when the question lay between the inner and the outer man, he generally decided in favour of the former. It was abstractedly much more desirable, he maintained, to live well than to look well, since a regard for appearances, as such, depends upon what we choose to think; whereas we cannot help feeding the pleasures of the palate. Hence he was somewhat inclined to reverse the maxim of "Pinch the stomach, pamper the back," and he would often argue that of the two weaknesses epicurism was by far more respectable than vanity, because, at all events, there was no fallacy in the delight attending it. With so much of the *bon vivant*, then, in his composition, is it not strange, that in his marriage, he disregarded pecuniary consideration? Not so. His means, though moderate, were sufficient, he calculated, to maintain his wife, and himself comfortably, according to his notions of comfort, through a systematic frugality, consisting in the renunciation of all wants of which the mind can divest itself by reasoning.

Now there are two words to every bargain; and Adam Crotch did not plunge into matrimony without first having inquired what Amelia would say to the plan of life which he had chalked out. Her answers were most satisfactory. When Adam explained to her the difference between a real and a factitious gratification, and asked her whether, content with true happiness, she could despise its illusory phantom, she would reply, "Oh yes!" with an enthusiasm which none but young ladies who are in love can pronounce those words with. It is true that, the next moment, she would express an admiration of a shawl or bonnet, dubiously consistent with the sentiment to which she had just asserted; but true love has a large charity, and Adam gave her the benefit of the doubt. "She is young," he said to himself. "A few spots from that quagmire of vanity, in which all women are educated, still cleave to her: but Time, aided by those principles for whose perception she has such an aptitude, will soon wipe them off. She is not perfect; what mortal is? but she is perfectible, as far as humanity can be. She has the true metal in her—twill be easy to deoxidise it." A friend might have whispered, "Not so fast, Crotch. It is a difficult chemistry; such affinities are hard to overcome." Adam, however, had made up his mind; and on his maturest deliberation proposed that they shoud be quietly married.

Their marriage took place, but not altogether quietly. There were two matters connected with the event, on which they had a slight difference of opinion at the outset. All other preliminaries having been settled, "Adam, dear," said the betrothed, "where shall we order our wedding-cake, and whom shall we send our cards to."

'A wedding cake!' exclaimed Crotch, astonished. 'Cards! my dear girl—what do we want with either?'

'Oh! we must have them, of course, love,' she replied.

'Why of course?' asked the philosopher. 'You are not fond of sweets, neither am I, and the very few friends we mean to visit we can write to.'

'But they will expect,' urged the young lady, 'our cards and a piece of cake. We should consider others, you know, Adam.'

'Yes, my dear, said Crotch, 'of course we should but what benefit will anybody derive from our sending them a mouthful of plum-cake? What is it to eat? There would be something in a large lump: but that is out of the question. As to cards they are wholly unnecessary. I object to them on principle as conventional humbug, dictated by the mere caprice of society.'

'Still,' pleaded Amelia, 'we had better do what is usual.'

'Granted,' he returned; 'when there is no particular reason to the contrary. I admit your abstract proposition. But, in this instance, we shall lose money. It will cost us two or three guineas at least; and for what? No pleasure to ourselves or anybody else.'

'But surely we can afford it, dear.'

'Nobody can, that is, ought, to afford a mere waste. Not a farthing ought to be so squandered. It had better be given away in charity.'

'But people will be offended, dearest, if we don't send them what they will expect.'

'Then let them be offended, my girl!' exclaimed Adam Crotch, 'why should we regard unreasonable people?'

'Oh, you know Adam,' she answered, 'it isn't everbody that's like you: and it is best not to make enemies, isn't it?'

'Humph!' ejaculated the philosopher, musing, as if this last consideration had some weight with him. 'there's something in that. Well—come—we'll e'en follow the ways of this absurd world for once. But Amelia, mind one thing; we'll have none of that silly silver twist about our cards. That is a piece of fiddle-faddle, not only imbecile, but to me disgustingly vulgar.'

'Do you think so?' was Amelia's answer, in a tone which rather inclined her lover to doubt whether her advocacy of cards and bride-cake arose from motives strict policy. Bride-cake and cards, however,—though by no means with the good-will of Crotch—were ordered. 'It will cost us,' he thought, "just three guineas more to be married than I had calculated. In what can we retrench to meet the loss?'

Nothing remarkable occurred at their marriage, except the circumstance of the bridegroom begging a relation of the young lady's, who was present, to divest himself of a large white satin bow which he wore in his coat. Adam termed it a superfluity neither useful nor ornamental, and of the nature of an excrescence. This remark gave great offence to the wearer; and Mr. Crotch still further scandalised his wife's relations by going to church in his every-day clothes. The wedding over, Adam, now a married man, conducted his wife to the church-door; where he, to the increased indignation of the said relations, handed his wife into a hack cab, and bade the driver go to the Elephant and Castle: on their arrival whereat he took an omnibus and therein proceeded with his partner to Norwood, there to pass the day.

'I think,' he said, 'Amelia, we may as well have a honey-day; for the mind is so constituted that—though it is rather absurd—we shall not be able to settle down till to-morrow. The notion of a honey *moon* is, to me, altogether a mistake. To begin married life in a style that one cannot keep up is most irrational. The better plan is to commence living on a moderate scale, and to increase our expenditure with our means.'

'It would be *very* pleasant to be at the sea-side, though, for a few weeks,' observed the young bride.

'Undoubtedly,' answered her philosophic husband, 'if we could afford it.'

'Oh! but we *could* afford it, Adam dear. I should not mind pinching in a little when we came back.'

'But look here, Amelia,' replied Mr. Crotch.—'Suppose our enjoyment at the sea side to be equal say, to six, and that of our ordinary life at home to three: then to make up for the expense of six, during for instance, the next month, we must give up, for the month after that, three; which will leave us none at all: and then looking forward to this privation will interfere a great deal with the enjoyment that we put down at six.'

'Oh dear!' cried the lady how this omnibus makes my head ache!'

Arrived at Norwood, they strolled about, then dined, and in the evening returned to town. Thus passed the first day of the philosopher's married life.

The paradise to which Adam Crotch led his wife was the second heaven of a decent lodging-house, otherwise called a two-pair-back. This, however, was to be merely a temporary abode, to serve until they could find a small house, commensurate with their circumstances, in some of the suburbs of the town. With such a dwelling they soon were provided; and now arose the question of furnishing it, whereon the philosopher discoursed as follows:—

'The essential points, my dear, to look to in choosing furniture are comfort and utility. We cannot sit comfortably in inconvenient chairs; but so long as the chair is convenient its materials matters little. We may apply the same principles to beds, tables, and fire-irons.'

'Certainly,' answered Mrs. Crotch.

'Not but what,' continued Adam, 'there is a certain pleasure derived by the sense of vision from handsome furniture, and if this can be obtained without financial embarrassment, well and good; but the annoyance at being hampered in circumstances is much more than equivalent to such gratification.'

"There is no doubt about that, dear,' said she.

'Well now you see love,' he pursued, 'we can get a set of deal chairs and tables for a comparative trifle; we can cover the chairs with what d'ye-call it, and make cushions for them ourselves. We can put oil-cloths on the tables and paint their legs which will make them look quite well enough; and a floor cloth of green baize will be just as good as the best Turkey carpet.

'My dear, what are you talking about?' demanded his wife in amazement.

'Why that instead of mahogany and rosewood, and fine carpets, in which there is no essential advantage, we will have deal tables and chairs, and green baize.'

'I never heard of such a thing,' exclaimed the lady.

'Don't you see that by so doing we shall have the more to eat and drink, love, and be enabled to save something in case of a rainy day?'

'Oh! you are joking Adam,' she answered.

'Joking,' he repeated. 'Not at all.'

'Deal chairs and tables, and a green baize carpet!' she exclaimed. 'Horrible!'

'What is the matter! You admitted my proposition with regard to furniture in the abstract,' said the philosopher.

'Oh, nonsense!' she retorted. 'Bother the abstract.'

'Amelia! My dear!' exclaimed the astonished husband.

'I have no patience with you!' she cried.

Adam first started, then whistled, and then sat himself down biting his nails, whilst his irritated spouse overwhelmed him, with upbraidings for neglect and want of feeling, beginning with the cards and cake, introducing, in succession, the cab, the omnibus, and the moon *minus* honey, and concluding with the proposal respecting the furniture. She was a poor, miserable woman; no wife in the world had ever been treated as she was!

The philosopher was fain to make his peace by conceding the point as to the upholstery, and the house, amid his suppressed groans was furnished in fashionable style.

Among other domestic exigencies that soon arose was that of a set of dinner plates. Adam, this time without consulting Amelia, went and ordered a service of pewter. The plates were sent home. No sooner did Mrs. Crotch behold them seizing one she dashed it indignantly on the ground. It was unbroken.

See observed the philosopher with mild equanimity the advantage of pewter over China!

'Oh, nonsense!' exclaimed Amelia.

'It is not nonsense,' returned Adam. 'What is there in a plate? Nothing—but the food upon it—that is of any consequence. What objection is there to dining off pewter?'

'I can't bear it,' she replied.

'But why?'

'Because I can't.'

'Now don't you see,' reasoned Adam, 'how absurdly you talk. You can't bear it because you can't. Does it hurt your eyes, or make your head ache? Does it pain you in any way?'

'I don't like it, and that's enough.'

'No, my good girl,' urged Crotch, 'it is not enough. When we say that we can't bear a thing, we mean that it produces an intolerable sensation. What intolerable sensation does a pewter plate produce in you?'

'Every sensation.'

'Oh now!' expostulated Adam, 'this is very unreasonable. Suppose you asked me why I can't bear bacon, for instance. I can tell you. That which makes me feel nausea, I can't bear. Bacon makes me feel nausea. Therefore I can't bear bacon.'

'No more can I,' answered Mrs. Crotch.

'What do you mean?'

'Why that horrid Bacon that you are always quoting.'

'Oh—pooh!' exclaimed the philosopher, 'what is that to the purpose. I wish I could make you understand the nature of a syllogism.'

'You won't make me understand dining off pewter said the lady.

'I know why you don't like it,' asserted Crotch.

'Then if you do, why do you ask?' she replied.

'Because I wish you to see why. I should have proved to you, if you had let me go on, that your dislike to it arose from a wrong feeling.'

'What wrong feeling?'

'Vanity and undue fastidiousness.'

'I am not vain. I am not fastidious sobbed his wife, and then proceeded to cry piteously.

Such were the scenes that were enacted almost daily between Adam Crotch and his helpmate—They wanted forks. Adam argued that steel would answer every purpose. Mrs. Crotch insisted on silver. He objected to the superfluity of a crest upon them as taxable: she contended for it as aristocratic. He wanted her to wear stuff dresses; she would have silk. One of their most serious disputes arose on the subject of cotton pocket handkerchiefs.

'What earthly reason,' he demanded 'could there exist for wanting any other?' She answered 'Every reason'—but gave none.

Reasons, however, she did give occasionaly for her wishes. She wanted a white bonnet. Why? Because Mrs. Wilson had one. She desired to have Venetian blinds for the parlour windows. Wherefore? Such an embellishment had been added to Mrs. Blake's. She wished to keep a page. On what account? Mrs. Baker was going to keep one. But these arguments were the minors of syllogisms whose majors were non-apparent to Adam Crotch. It was in vain that he tried to explain to her the nature of the *petitio principii*.

In the course of time Adam had sons and daughters. His philosophy now encountered fresh trials. Disquiet and doctors' bills he was prepared for; but he was not prepared for the requisition of monthly nurses. He had not counted on supernumerary napkins, bibs, caps, pinafores, ribbons, feathers, frocks and trousers. Occasional disturbance whilst at his studies he had expected, but he never thought he should be called from his books to rock a cradle. An expedient which he adopted to lighten this especial burden should be recorded. It consisted in the adaptation of a smoke-jack to produce the required motion but this arrangement was continually interfered with by the cook.

Greviously, too, was his rationalism outraged during the period antecedent to the nativity of each little Crotch. What but whim and caprice could beget a craving for gingerbread, shrimps, pickled cabbage, sylladub, and anchovies? Once he was indefatigable,—he could not afford compliance—and to his eternal disgrace among the neighbouring gossips and the never-ending reproaches of Mrs. Crotch, the brats of Burgundy in purple indelible was imprinted on his offspring's brow!

His calculations thus confounded, his systems thus upset, his scheme of domestic happiness thus baffled, what was the philosopher to do? He had no alternative but to cut down his own expenses to the lowest possible mark. He renounced wine, he forswore grog, he relinquished even the solace of his pipe—he drank his tea without milk or sugar—he lived on the smallest amount of food that would support nature. He bought no new books; his studies were arrested that he might avoid arrest. A small patrimony was all that he had to subsist on. This he had thought to do by close shaving on philosophical principles, but found himself obliged to effect it by an economy opposed to his philosophy.

Our latest account of Adam Crotch represents him as meditating some scheme for the enlargement of his means. He intends to devote those faculties, heretofore employed on speculation to business.—Would that he could discover that stone whose acquisition has so long been the philosophers' object. In the meantime, let philosophers in general, and those of the Crotch school in particular, about to marry, study attentively that chapter in the book of human nature whose special object is woman.

Literature and Science—Saving Wisdom.—Thousands of years ago, in one of the most ancient of books, the question was asked "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?"—and in the many works that have been written since, men have tried in one way or another to answer it. The thoughtful patriarch who propo sed it, sought in vain from all the wisdom and knowledge of his time for a reply that would give peace to his restless spirit. And if we turn to the more mature science of our own day, and repeat the question, "Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?"—what is the answer? Even as it was ages ago. The geologist drills and bores through stratum after stratum, and digs and delves for "deeper than plummet even sounded," only to return and tell, that "the depth saith it is not in me." The voyager covers the sea with ships. With sail, and paddle-wheel, and archimedes screw, they speed north and south, and east and west, and round about the pendant globe.—Many run to and fro, and knowledge increases.—What the foam crested waves will not tell, the abyss may reveal; and with net and dredge, and diving bell, the "dark unfathomed caves of ocean," are searched through, and gazed into, and "gems of purest ray," and monsters who never saw the sun, are brought to the "light of common day." But, above all the stir and strife of man's endeavour, the murmuring billows lift their voices, and "the sea saith it is not with me." The chemist gathers together every object which has shape, or weight, or volume, living or dead, and with fire, and furnace, and potent agent, and electric battery, tests and assays it. But when "victorious analyses" has done its best, he replies, "it cannot be valued with gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and crystal cannot equal it. The price of wisdom is above rubies." The naturalist wanders through the pathless forests of far distant lands, and with pain and toil grows familiar with the habits of everything that lives; but after he has gone the round of all creation, in the search of wisdom, he answers with mournful aspect, "it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept secret from the fowls of the air." The Anatomist makes the writhing animal agonise under his torturing hand, and says it, that perchance in the page of death, the mystery of life and of wisdom may be found written, but he will venture in reply to say no more than that "destruction and death say we have heard the sound thereof with our ears." But while all the oracles of science are silent on this great question—lo! through the thick darkness a ray of light descends, and a voice solemn but benignant proclaims to us, as it did, to the first anxious seeker after truth "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."—*British Quarterly.*

The Cato-Street Conspiracy.—In the course of the evening, conversation turned on the Cato-street conspiracy, the trial of the offenders being in progress at the Old Bailey, and two of them, Thistlewood and Ings, having been convicted of high treason. What follows was mentioned in connection with this plot—viz., that, as soon as the precise disclosures made to Lord Harrowby in the park the members met to determine upon their course. Some were for going to dinner at Lord Harrowby's in the face of it all. They reasoned thus:—that it seemed so desperate, that it would not be believed unless the conspirators actually came to Lord Harrowby's house; that they therefore ought to be allowed to do so, if such were really their intention; otherwise, the public might have room to say that the ministers had been over-credulous and disposed to make the plot appear so very horrible, only to excite indignation, and gain strength by suppressing it; and as to their personal safety, that might be secured by arming themselves, in addition to stationing proper guards in and near the house—and that the latter also would be the most certain way of capturing the whole of the conspirators so that none might escape. Those who took a different view of the subject said, that his Majesty's ministers, being in possession of evidence to satisfy reasonable men that a guilty purpose existed, they ought not to wait for the consummation of the crime, but arrest it in its progress; that public justice and even humanity dictated this course, as life might be endangered, no matter what precautions were taken beforehand, if the conspirators were allowed to go on to the last step; that ministers, conscious of the rectitude of their intentions and not acting hastily, but on full deliberation and advice, must not regard public clamour, but consign the whole transaction to the judicial tribunals of the country without any delay that could be avoided, and abide the issue. This is the course which it was known was adopted. It was further mentioned that Lord Castlereagh was for going to dinner in the face of it all at the hour invited, as if nothing had happened, and letting each gentleman arrange himself as he thought proper; whilst the Duke of Wellington counselled to the course that was taken. The civilian and warrior would here seem to have changed places!—*Richard Rush's Residence at the Court of London.*

A Well Applied Censure.—The *Musical World*, in commenting on the recent inauguration ceremonies at Bonn, in honour of Beethoven, observes—"Loud were the huzzas and cheers of the multitude—of that multitude who cared not a straw for him while living whom now they apotheosised when dead; frantic and prolonged was the clapping of hands and the beating of sticks; handkerchiefs waved like streamers in the wind; hats were flung into the air, some caught and others not caught again; in short, every gesticulation, every cry every possible manifestation of unbounded delight, confounded the sight and rent the air. And there he stood—the great artist—there he stood, the simple the unhaunted Beethoven. Alone he stood, unshaken in body; alone the blood flowed to and fro his large and noble heart and the pulse beat impetuously to the measure of his never-ending melody—unmoved by the hollow vociferations of the mob! Oh, vain mob! ye did approve the pageant, not a man. With the show and the tinsel ye were well acquainted, but with the spirit of the mighty dead ye held no commune Silly mob—quackish mob—empty mob—impudent mob! Is Beethoven more now than he was when he lived and walked among ye? But then ye did leave him to the charity of foreigners now ye exult and brag because he was born among ye."

The Pride of Suicides.—At the inquest held last Friday, by Mr. Mills, upon the foreign gentleman who committed suicide the previous Thursday in Hampstead, by shooting himself, and who was fashionably dressed, a juror remarked how singular it was that he should have been so particular in his dress, which was quite new at a moment that he was so careless about his existence. The coroner said that, strange as it might appear, he invariably observed that suicides were predominantly anxious "like the Roman in the capitol to adjust their mantles ere they fell," and that they previous to the frightful act of self destruction, put on their best clothes, and were very careful about their personal adornment. The French colonel (continued the worthy coroner), who shot himself in the Regent's-park, dressed himself in a new suit of clothes. Another gentleman put on a clean underclothing and neckerchief at bed time: he then took from his bed the pillow and placed it on the floor, so that he might fall upon it when he destroyed life, by blowing out his brains with a horse pistol. Upon another occasion a young lady robed herself in the apparel of a bride, and having drank a fatal poison, calmly reclined upon her couch, where she was shortly afterwards found a lifeless corpse. These instances of suicides' anxiety to "fall gracefully" could be multiplied a hundred fold.—*London Post.*

The Oak Planted by Squirrels.—The general truth that nothing is created without some wise purpose is beautifully illustrated in the case of the squirrel. It is a singular but well-authenticated circumstance that most of these oaks which are called spontaneous are planted by this animal, in which way he has performed the most essential service to mankind and particulary to the inhabitants of England. It is related in some English work that a gentleman walking one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy-house, in the county of Monmouth, his attention was diverted by a squirrel which sat very composedly on the ground. He stopped to observe his motions; in a few moments the squirrel darted to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down with an acorn in his mouth, and after digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down again with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do, as long as the observer thought proper to watch him. This industry of the little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in the winter, and it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spot in which he deposited every acorn. The industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year; these few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus in Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of the squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.—*Sturtevant's Lectures.*

If you cannot be happy in one way be happy in another; and this faculty of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity like an absent man seeking for his hat—while it is on his head or in his hand.

In early days divines and literary men bequeathed their manuscripts as their most valuable property.