THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. VII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1843. No. 42.

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.

JUNE.		R. Sun.	s.	SOON.	H.	W.
17	Saturday,	4 17	7 44	11 3	2	15
18	Sunday,	4 17	7 44	11 25	2	53
19	Monday,	4 17	7 45	11 46	3	38
20	Tuesday,	4 17	7 45	morn	4	29
21	Wednesday,	4 17	7 45	0 8	5	31
22	Thursday,	4 18	7 45	0 32	6	41
23	Friday,	4 18	7 46	1 0	7	47

Last Quarter 19th day 9h. 1m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: A. S. Perkins, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Wm. Walker, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorised to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

St. John, April 27, 1843.

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand. *Also, to Let for One or Three Years*—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whittekir, junr., apply as above. April 28.

Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved:—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 17, 1843.

☞ NOTICE.

THE differences between the undersigned John Kerr, Edmund Kaye, and James R. Crane, having been amicably arranged, and the dissolution of the Partnership between them, under the firm of JOHN KERR & CO., mutually resolved on.—Notice is hereby given, That all debts due to the said partnership are to be paid to, and those due from the same, discharged by the said John Kerr and Edmund Kaye.

JOHN KERR,
EDMUND KAYE,
JAMES R. CRANE.

26th April.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of WILLIAM & JOSEPH SCAMMELL having expired on the 20th instant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm will be closed by JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

W. SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

Saint John Hotel, 20th May, 1843.—[Cour.]

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his thanks for the liberal patronage given by the Public to the *St. John Hotel*, under the firm of WM. & J. SCAMMELL, and begs to inform the Public that he continues the House on his own account, and every thing will be done to continue to give the fullest satisfaction.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

May 20, 1843.—[Courier]

STEAM!

Bay Arrangement.

THE new and substantial Steamer HERALD will commence plying on SATURDAY NEXT, the 8th instant, leaving Saint John for Digby and Annapolis on Saturday evenings and Wednesday Mornings, and leaving Annapolis for Saint John on Monday Mornings and Wednesday Evenings,—for Windsor on Monday evenings, leaving Windsor on Tuesday at high water—leaving for Eastport and Saint Andrews on Friday mornings, and returning same evening.

☞ Time of leaving in the mornings, SIX o'clock.

April 7, 1843. JAMES WHITNEY.

The STEAMER METEOR

WILL resume her route on the River St. John immediately on the opening of the navigation. In consequence of the expense and difficulty experienced in collecting the debts due this Boat, the proprietor is determined to make all Freight *Cash*. All Way Freight to be paid on shipment, except when the owner accompanies the same, in which case it may be paid on the passage. All Freight to Fredericton to be paid on or before delivery at the wharf, otherwise it will be stored at the expense of the owners thereof. Freight to be accompanied by a Way Bill, or the owner will not be accountable.

☞ Rates of Freight and Fares the same as the other River Boats. The days of starting will be named in a future advertisement.

April 7. JAMES WHITNEY.

☞ NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having retired from the firm of JOHN KERR & Co., and having taken that commodious Fire-proof BRICK BUILDING on the North Market Wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. JAMES LOCKWOOD & Co., where he intends carrying on the business of *Commission Merchant and General Agent*, offers his services to his friends and the Public in that capacity, with the assurance that the facilities he proposes will enable him to give satisfaction to those who may entrust him with their business.

May 5 1843. JAMES R. CRANE.

NOTICE.

THE business of the Firm of John Kerr & Co. will in future be continued by the subscribers under the same Firm. JOHN KERR,
26th April. EDMUND KAYE.

TO LET.

THE second & third stories of that Brick Building corner of Dock st. & Market Square, at present occupied by the subscriber, being well situated for a Wholesale or Commission Business. Possession given immediately, if required.

April 28. G. T. WILEY.

TO LET,

THE second flat of a house, with Wood house, frost proof cellar, &c.; also, a Work shop if required, situate about four minutes walk from the Market square. Apply at the Chronicle Office. *Feb.* 10.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st.—Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb. 10. E. DURANT.

TO LET,

TWO Front Shops and several Apartments in the house next North of Trinity Church, in Germain street. Rent reduced 30 per cent from former prices. Please apply on the premises to

Feb. 17. STEPHEN HUMBERT.

TO LET.

THE two Upper **Flats** of the subscriber's house in Church street. Apply on the premises to JOHN HOOPER.

February 24.

TO LET,

AND possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and Dwelling House in Prince William street, late in the occupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE. For particulars apply to

1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

TO BE LET.

THREE convenient STORES with Lights and Landing Places in front and rear, situated on the North Market Wharf. The stores can be finished to suit the Tenants if applied for immediately.

April 7. JOHN ROBERTSON.

To be Leased,

And possession given immediately, if required:—

CERTAIN parts of the subscriber's fire proof WAREHOUSES, fronting on the North Market Wharf, with an entrance also from *Nelson street*. Apply to E. L. Jarvis & Co. 31st *March*. R. M. JARVIS.

TO LET,

A STORE in the Brick Building in *Nelson street*, owned by the subscriber.—Possession can be given immediately.

February 10. JOHN ROBERTSON.

TO LET,

One half of that HOUSE in Water street, South of Mr. James Finn, containing one SHOP with a CELLAR underneath, together with one flat over the whole, having two front Rooms and Bedrooms. ALSO TO LET—*and possession given on the first of May next*—One SHOP with CELLAR underneath, and one flat over the whole, containing four Rooms—now in the occupation of Mr. James Finn; either of the premises are well adapted for a Grocery or Spirit Store.

ALSO.—Several rooms with other conveniences in different parts of the city, and well adapted for small families. ☞ Rent moderate.

Jan 27. JAMES NETHERY.

INDIA HOUSE.

THOMAS S. MAGEE, begs to inform the Inhabitants of Saint John and the Province generally, that he has taken the premises in Dock street, formerly occupied by Mr. MCCONKEY, and known as the "India House," where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment of *GROCERIES, WINES, &c.*, the principal stock of which he is daily expecting to arrive; and as he purposes doing business, as far as practicable, on the *Cash system*, he will be enabled to obtain goods of the best description, and sell them at the lowest prices, and only such as he can with confidence recommend.

The COFFEES will be of the best quality, and being manufactured by the process of the

STEAM MACHINERY,

has no doubt that their heretofore reputation will be fully sustained in the article which will be found at this establishment.

Grocers are respectfully informed that he will Toast and Grind their Coffee, or Grind Pepper for them on very advantageous terms.

On hand—About 60 tons of pure **ICE**, from Lily Lake, for sale in any quantities at the

GOLDEN ELEPHANT,

April 28. Dock street.

Poetry.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

BY C. W. DENNISON.

"Then spake Jesus: I am the light of the world; he that followeth me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

There's a light on the shrine of the Genius of Fame,
That she waves where her fanes have their glory unfurl'd;
But it burns with a mocking and flickering flame,
And dies in the damps from the grave, of the world.

There's a light lifted high on the ramparts of Power
Where her blood-clotted battlements frown on the sky;
But that ray shall sink down with each tottering tower,
And dark mid the doom of the universe lie.

There's a light gleaming out from the coffers of Wealth,
And gilding with lustre her pompous array;
But its gleam shall all fade when her terrible stealth
Eternity hurries Time's treasures away.

These lights of the earth are but tapers of Death,
And burn from miasms that kill as they glow;
They live by a vapor, they die by a breath,
And lure all who trust them to darkness and woe.

But the light of the Cross is the lamp of our life,
And higher shall blaze as Death's tapers go down:
'Twill guide, when the elements die in their strife,
To heaven's sure riches, its temple and crown.

Miscellany.

THE COMET.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

A few years ago, at the little fishing town, or rather village, of G. on the coast of Cornwall, resided a gentleman, who, from his appearance, might be estimated to be nearly sixty years of age, but I have since learned that he was not more than forty. Whatever his age might be, he was more than suspected to be the old gentleman, that is to say, no other than the devil himself. Now I, who happened to be obliged, for the arrangement of some family affairs, to reside a month or two at G., had the misfortune to differ from my worthy neighbors as to the identity of the occupant of the old manor-house with the enemy of mankind. In the first place, his dress bore no sort of resemblance to that of Beelzebub. The last person who had the good fortune to get a glimpse of the real devil was the late Professer Porson, and he has taken the pains to describe his apparel very minutely, so that I am enabled to speak with some degree of confidence upon this part of the subject. The professor's description runs thus:

And pray how was the devil dressed?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His coat was black, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind that his tail went through.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
He daily rambled over the plain;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

The "*complement externe*" of the old gentleman at G., was quite the reverse of all these. In the first place, he had no Sunday's best; the Sabbath and the working day saw him in precisely the same habiliments—a circumstance which confirmed the towns-people in their opinion; whereas I have no less an authority than that of Porson for deducing an opposite conclusion from the same premises, because the devil is scrupulously particular about his Sunday's apparel. Then again he was never seen in a coat, but always wore a loose morning gown. This, however, was a circumstance which, in the opinion of all, told decidedly against him; for why should he always wear that gown, unless it was for the purpose of hiding his tail beneath its ample folds? The goodwives of the town were especially pertinacious upon this point, and used to eye the lower part of the old gentleman's garment very suspiciously as he took his morning's walk upon the beach. As to his rambling over hill and dale, in the manner mentioned by the learned professor, that was quite out of the question, for he was a great sufferer of the gout, and wore bandages as large as a blanket round his leg. Whenever this fact was mentioned, the gossips used to smile, shake their heads, and look particularly wise, observing that it was clearly a stratagem which he resorted to for concealing his cloven foot.

Another circumstance ought not to be omitted; he never went to the parish church—the only place of worship within twenty miles: and after he left G. an ivory crucifix was found in his house, over which there was no doubt (in the opinion of the neighbors) that he used to say the Lord's prayer backwards, and repeat a variety of diabolical incantations. I ventured humbly to suggest that his absence from church, and the discovery of the crucifix, were proofs not that he was a devil, but a Catholic; upon which I was interrupted with a sneer, and an exclamation of "Where is the mighty difference?"

He gave great offence at the house of a fisherman who lived near him, and strongly confirmed the prejudices against him by tearing down a horse shoe which was nailed at the door as a protection against witchcraft, and calling the inhabitants fools and idiots for their pains. Seeing, however, the consternation which he had created, he laughed heartily, and gave them a guinea to make amends. The good folks were determined not to derive any pecuniary advantages from the devil's gold, but they gave it to their last born, an infant in arms, as a plaything. The child was delighted with the glittering bauble, but one day having got it down its throat, there it stuck, and instant suffocation ensued. The weeping and wailing of the family on this occasion were mingled with execrations on the author of the calamity, for such they did not hesitate to term the old gentleman, who had evidently thrown to them this infernal coin for the purpose of depriving them of their chief earthly comfort. They were not long in proceeding to the nearest magistrate, and begging him to issue his warrant to apprehend the stranger for murder. To this, however, his worship demurred, and the good folks changed their battery, and begged to ask, as the guinea was of course a counterfeit, whether they could not hang the devil for coining. To this his worship replied, that though coining is an offence amounting to high treason, yet the devil, not being a natural-born subject of his majesty, owed him no allegiance, and therefore could not be guilty of the crime in question. The poor people departed, thinking it all very odd, and that the people and the squire must be in collusion, in which opinion they were confirmed by a tallow-chandler, who was the chief tradesman of the town, as well as a violent radical, and who advised to petition the House of Commons without delay.

I will explain to my readers the secret of the tallow chandler's enmity. The old gentleman had of a sudden ceased to buy candles, and illuminated his house, inside and out, in a strange and mysterious manner by some means, which, from the brimstone like smell occasionally perceived, were plainly of infernal origin. For several weeks previously, he had been employing labourers from a distant town (for he did not engage the honest man, whose pick-axe was the only one ever used by the good people of G.) in digging trenches and laying down pipes round his house. The towns-folk gazed on in wonder and terror, but at a careful distance; and although they had a longing desire to understand the meaning of all this, they cautiously avoided any intercourse with the only persons who could give them the least information, viz., the laborers who performed the work. At length, one night, without any obvious cause, the lamp before the old gentleman's door, that, in his hall, and another in his sitting room, were seen to spring into light as if by magic. They were also observed to go out in the same way, and thereupon a smell, which could not be of this world, proceeded from them. One day, too, a dreadful explosion took place at the house, and a part of the garden wall was thrown down; all which were plain proofs that it could be no one but the devil who inhabited there. The good folks of G. had never heard of gas or its properties, and I was thought to be no better than I should be for endeavoring to explain all these phenomena by natural causes.

My own opinions were so much opposed to those of my neighbors, that I felt rather a desire to be acquainted with the stranger, whose manners appeared to be open and good humored, although testy and eccentric. My naturally shy disposition prevented me, however, from accomplishing my wish; and, besides this, I found that my own affairs were enough to occupy me during the short time that I remained at G. I learned that the person who had created so much consternation had arrived at that town about four months before, and that the house had been previously engaged for him. Who, or what he was, or why he came thither, no one who tried, could ascertain. Whether I could have attained this wonderful height in knowledge, I do not know; but having something else to do, I never made the attempt.

Many years rolled over my head, and the memory of the mysterious inhabitant of G. had entirely vanished from it, when circumstances which it is unnecessary to detail, obliged me to pay a visit to the north of Germany. At the close of a fine autumnal day in 18—, I found myself entering the splendid city of Berlin. Both my good steed and I were so much fatigued that a speedy resting was very desirable for us; but it was long before I could choose a hotel out of the immense numbers that presented themselves to my view. Some were far too magnificent for my humble means, and the mere sight of their splendor seemed to melt away the guilders in my pocket. Some, on the other hand, were such as no "man of wit and fashion about town" would think of putting his head into. At length I thought that I had discovered one which looked like the happy medium, and the whimsicality of its sign determined me to put up there. The sign was DER TEUFEL; and since my departure from G. I had acquired a sufficient mastery of the German language to know what these two words signified in English. I entered, and after taking all due precautions for the accommodation and sustenance of the respectable quadruped who had borne me upon his back for nearly half a day, I began, to think of satisfying that appetite which disappointment, anxiety and fatigue, had not been able entirely to destroy. My worthy host, who did not seem to bear any resemblance to his sign, unless I could have the ingratitude to ascribe his magical celerity and marvellous good fare to the suspices of his patron saint, quickly covering my table with a profusion of tempting viands, while a flask of sparkling Hockheim towered proudly, like a presiding deity, above the whole. My good humour, however, was a little clouded when I saw plates, knives and forks laid for two instead of one. "What means this?" said I to the landlord. "Mein Herr," he answered submissively, "a gentleman who has just arrived, will have the honor of dining with you." "But I mean to dine alone," I replied angrily—not that I doubted the sufficiency of the meal, but I did not choose to be intruded upon by strangers. "Pardon me, mein Herr," said the landlord with unabashed impudence, "I have told Her von Schwartzman that dinner is ready. I am sure you will like his company. He is a gentleman of good fortune and family. He is moreover—"—"I care not who he is," I exclaimed, "but in order to cut thy prating short, and to get my dinner, if I must needs submit, let him come in at once, even if he be the devil himself!"

I had scarcely uttered these words, when I started as if I had really seen the person whom I mentioned, for the room door opened, and in walked the old gentleman who had caused so much wonder and terror at G. The superstitions of the people of that town—the sign of the inn where I now was—the old fellow's name, Schwartzman, (which being interpreted in English meaneth black man)—my own petulant exclamation—and the sudden apparition of this unaccountable person, were circumstances that crowded my brain at once, and for an instant I almost fancied myself in the presence of the foul fiend.

"You seem surprised," at length said Herr von Schwartzman, "at our unexpected meeting; and, indeed you cannot be more so than I am. I believe it was in England that we met before."

'Even so, mein Herr,' I answered, encouraged by the earthly tone of his voice, and fancying that the good-humored smile which mantled over his face must be of this world, and at any rate could be of no worse origin—'even so, mein Herr, and I have often regretted that, placed as we were among a horde of barbarous peasantry, an opportunity never occurred for our better acquaintance.'

'It is at length arrived,' he said, filling two glasses of Hockheim. 'Let us drink to our better and our long acquaintance.'

I pledged the old gentleman's toast with great alacrity, and it was not until the passage of the wine down my throat had sealed me to it irrevocably, that I reflected upon the sentiment to which I had drunk with so much cordiality, and I was again shaken with doubts as to the nature of the person with whom I had vowed my wish to be long and intimately acquainted.

I looked upon his feet—but that's a fable—and then I looked upon the viands on which he was feeding lustily, while I (although he had the courtesy to load my plate with the best of every thing) was wasting the golden moments in idle alarms and superstitious absurdity. The more reasonable man was roused within me, and I fell to the work of mastification with a zeal and fervour that would have done honor to Dr. Kitchener himself.

'Well, my friend,' said my companion, after we had pretty well satisfied the cravings of our stomachs, 'our landlord has this day treated us nobly, and methinks we have not been backward in doing honor to his excellent cheer. He is an honest fellow who well deserves to prosper, and we will therefore, if you please, drink *Success to Ter Teufel!*'

I had raised my glass to my lips when I found that the old gentleman meant to propose a toast but I set it down hastily as soon as I heard the very equivocal sentiment to which he wanted me to pledge myself. The fiend, I thought, is weaving his web around me, and wishes me to drink to my own perdition. A cold sweat came over me, a film covered my eyes, and I thought that I perceived the old man looking askew at me, while his lip was curled with a malignant smile.

'You are not well,' he said, taking my hand, I shrunk from his grasp at first, but to my surprise it was as cool and healthy as the touch of humanity can possibly be. 'Let us retire to our worthy host's garden—the heat of this room overpowers you—and we can finish our wine cooly and pleasantly in the arbour."

He did not wait for my consent, but led me out; and our bottle and glasses were very quickly arranged upon a table in a leafy arbor, where we were sheltered from the sun, and enjoyed the refreshing fragrance of the evening breeze, as it gently stirred the leaves about us.

'They were odd people,' said my friend, 'those inhabitants of G.; they stared at me, and shrunk from me, as if I had been the devil himself.'

'And in truth, mein Herr,' I replied, 'they took you to be no less a personage than he whom you have just named.'

The old gentleman laughed long and heartily at my information. 'I thought as much,' he said. 'It is an honor which has been ascribed to me from the hour of my birth, and in more countries than one.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'you speak as if there was something in your history to which a stranger might listen with interest. May I crave the favor of you to be a little more communicative?'

'With all my heart!' he replied; 'but in truth you will not find much to interest you in my story. A little mirth and a good deal of sorrow make up the history of most men's lives, and mine is not an exception to the general rule. I was born some threescore years ago, and was the son and heir of the baron Von Schwartzman, whose castle is a few miles to the southward of this city—and I am now, by your leave, mein Herr, the baron himself. (I made a lower bow than I had ever yet greeted him with.) My mother had brought into the world, about two years previously, a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, that it was confidently expected that the next child would be similarly endowed; but I was no sooner presented to my father than he was so startled at my surprising ugliness, that he retreated several paces, and involuntarily exclaimed, 'The devil!' This was a *Christian name* which stuck to me ever afterward, and which, as you can bear witness, followed me even into a foreign country.'

'My godfather and godmother, however, treated me much more courteously than my own natural parent, and bestowed upon me, at the baptismal font, the high-sounding appellation of Leopold. Nothing worth describing occurred during the years of my infancy. I cried, and laughed, and pouted, and sucked, and was kissed, and scolded, and treated, and whipped, as often, and with the same alterations, as children in general, only I grew larger, and justified the maternal benediction more and more every day. In due time I was sent to a grammar-school. As I had at home been accustomed to independence and the exercise of my self-will, I soon became the most troublesome fellow there: and yet (I may now say it without the imputation of vanity) I contrived, by some means or other, to gain the hearts of all, whether tutors or pupils. For solving a theme, or robbing an orchard; writing nonsensical verses, or frightening a whole neighborhood; translating Homer into German verse, or beating a watchman until his flesh was one general bruise, who could complete with Leopold von Schwartzman? One day I was publicly reprimanded and punished for some monstrous outrage, and the next rewarded with all the honors of the school for my proficiency in the classics. In short, it was generally agreed that there was not such another clever, pleasant, good tempered, good for nothing fellow in the school. 'Certainly,' the wise people would say, '*the devil is in him.*'

'And now,' added the old man, smiling, but smiling, I thought, somewhat solemnly and sadly, 'I must let you into the secret of one of my weaknesses. I have ever had the most implicit belief in the science of astrology. You stare at me incredulously, and I can excuse your incredulity. You, born in England perhaps some forty years ago, can have but few superstitions in common with one whose birth place is Germany, and whose natal star first shone upon him above threescore years before the time at which he is speaking. Observe that comet,' he said, pointing towards the west; 'it is a very brilliant one, and this is the last night that it will be visible.'

'It is the beautiful comet,' I said, 'which has shone upon us for the last six months, and which first appeared, I think, in the belt of Orion.'

'True, true,' replied the baron; 'it is the comet which, according to the calculations of astronomers, visits the eyes of the inhabitants of this world once in twenty years, and I can confirm the accuracy of their calculations as far as relates to three of its visits. You will smile, and think that the eccentricity of my conduct and character is sufficiently accounted for, when I tell you that the comet is my natal planet. On the very day and instant that it became visible, sixty years and six months ago, did I first open my eyes in my father's castle. There is, however, a tradition connected with this comet, which has sometimes made me uneasy. It runs thus:—

The comet that's born in the belt of Orion,
Whose cradle it gilds, gilds the place they shall die on.

However, this is its third return that I have seen, and being now as hale and hearty as ever I was, the tradition, if it means any thing to interest me, means that I shall live on to the good old age of fourscore. But to return to my history. I was a fervent believer in astrology, and I thought that if I could meet with a person, either male or female, who was born under the same star, to that person I might safely attach myself, and our destinies must be indissolubly bound together. I had, however, never met with such a person, and as yet I had never seen my natal star, for on the day on which I entered the university of Halle I wanted three days of my attaining my twentieth year. Those three days seemed the longest and most tedious that I had ever passed; but at length the fateful morning dawned, on the evening of which, a few minutes before the hour of eight (the hour of my birth), I hastened to a secluded place at a short distance from the town, and planting myself there, gazed earnestly and intently upon the belt of Orion. I had not gazed long before a peculiar light seemed to issue from it, and at length I saw a beautiful comet, with a long and glittering train, rising in all its celestial pomp and majesty. How shall I describe my feelings at that moment? I felt, as it were, newborn: new ideas, new hopes, new joys, seemed to rush upon me, and I gave vent to my emotions in an exclamation of delight.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE MATHEW TESTIMONIAL.

(From the Achill Herald.)

TO THE REV. DR. SADLEIR, P., T. C. D.

Achill Island, March 10, 1843.

REV. SIR,—I have received a circular letter with your signature attached,* inviting my co-operation in raising a testimonial to the Rev. Mr. Matthew. The requisition seems to me to be premature, and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to test the stability of the external reformation which has been brought about by Mr. Mathew's exertions. Things of speedy growth are generally liable to rapid decay, and many are disposed to think that the temperance reformation, like Jonah's gourd, will illustrate the universality of this principle. I have learned from unquestionable authority that in some parts of the country where a temporary reformation was produced, the tide of intemperance is again flowing with fearful power.

But, besides this, when I consider that this abandonment of the use of intoxicating liquors is connected with an extensive organization of the people, under an individual, who is, himself, the liege servant of a foreign potentate; the sworn and implacable enemy of the Protestant monarchy, and Protestant institutions of this country; and, when I consider that the leader of this temperance movement, whatever may be his individual feelings and convictions, is bound by ties which every consistent Roman Catholic must regard as of paramount obligation, to wield his influence over his organized disciples according to the good pleasure of the hostile potentate—his Lord and Master. When I consider this, I do think that the benefit of the temperance reformation is of a very questionable character.†

But were there no ground of apprehension as to the permanency of the temperance reformation, nor any foundation to fear that the organization of the people connected with it, might be made subservient to the purposes of the enemies of our Protestant institutions, I should still withhold my co-operation in raising a testimonial to Father Mathew, because I cannot approve of the means which he employed to withdraw the people from habits of intemperance. In his letter addressed to the Rev. J. D. Carr, he admits that he did practise on the credulity of the people, by encouraging the delusion that he was endued with the miraculous power of healing diseases. This may appear very allowable in the eyes of those who are taught "that the end sanctifies the means; but I confess it is so utterly repugnant to my convictions and feelings, as to the thorough candour, guilelessness, truth, and honesty, which should characterize all the proceedings of a Christian man, that I dare not, even in the remotest degree, appear to approve what seems to me so highly reprehensible.

Besides, I cannot forget that I am a minister of Christ and of the Church of England; as such I must denounce any reformation, but that which begins by a renewal of the heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, and through the knowledge of the truth, that a sinner is accounted just before God, for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith only," without man's merits or deservings. A mere external reformation from habits of intemperance, if not neutralized by such an immense evil as is connected with the present movement, would, I am free to admit, be a great temporal blessing to a country, but I cannot divest myself of the thought that man is destined for an eternal existence, nor can I recognise the philanthropy of Christianity in any exertions for the melioration of his condition, in which this great truth is overlooked. Viewing the temperance reformation in this light, and considering that its promoter belongs to a church which brands as a heresy, the truth to which I have alluded above and with which *salvation is exclusively connected in the Bible*, the words of the Prophet occur to my mind.—"Their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust, because they have despised the law of the Lord, and rejected word of the Holy One of Israel."

The principles propounded in this letter are, I am aware, regarded by many as harsh and uncharitable. Our Protestant Church, however, and our Protestant University, were founded for their defence and confirmation; permit me, respectfully, to add, that I deeply regret that you, rev. sir, as a minister of the one, and a dignified member of the other, should have connected your name with a cause which, if it does not actually deny these principles, does certainly slight and depreciate them. I have the honour to be your faithful servant in Christ. EDWARD NANGLE.

* The following is a copy of Dr. Sadleir's letter:

Matthew Testimonial Office, 4 College Green.

SIR,—In accordance with the tenor of the resolution referred to above, I have the honour to transmit to you a copy of the resolutions adopted at the great meeting of the 26th instant, and to request the favour of a reply, addressed "To the secretary of the Mathew Testimonial," at your earliest convenience, the committee being of course anxious to ascertain the probable amount of subscriptions with the least possible delay. Some great and noble institution that may be *permanently* useful to the country, and advantageous to the cause, is the object contemplated by the committee, who will be happy to receive *suggestions* from you on the subject.

I have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient humble servant.

FRANCIS SADLEIR, *Provost, T.C.D.*

February 1, 1843.

† In the course of the trial of a man named John Tierney, who was convicted of Ribbonism at the last King's county assizes, the following papers which were found upon his person, and were proved to be the oath and pass words of the Society, were produced in court. They shew how "Teetotalism" and "the medal" are associated in the minds of the people, with the treason and sanguinary intolerance which Popery inculcates, where it can be done with impunity.

I A. B. do solemnly declare and promise, in and through the assistance of the Blessed Trinity, to be true to the society to which I belong. That I will be true to my patron Saint Patrick, the saint of Ireland, and will duly and regularly conform to the regulations made by the society. That I will not offend, challenge, or provoke any brother, known to be such. That I will not stand by to see him ill-treated. That I will endeavour to propagate brotherly love. That I will in town and country give the preference in dealing, as may be necessary, to those of my own persuasion, and assist to exterminate B. heretics from this our saintly land. I, A. B., of my own free will, make all these declarations in the name of the F., Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Such is the oath. The pass words are as follow:—

The times are on a change: Spain will rebel.
Beware of all country places.
We cannot know who to trust.
May the foe of old Erin melt and decay.
Like the leaves in October, that is blown away.
Don't get in a passion, sir.
I humble you, sir.
We will have a change.
In what cause?
The union—it is the key of soberiety.
Have you got the medal?
I will shortly take one.
Have you a pass?
I have.
Show it.
O'Connell.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR CORNS.—One tea-spoonful of tar, one ditto of brown coarse sugar, and one ditto of salt-petre. The whole to be warmed together, and spread on kid leather the size of the corn, and in two days it will be drawn out.