SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1845.

THE Weekly Chronicle

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

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.

Nov.		H.	Sun. s.	Moon h.	w
8	Saturday,	7	4 5 56	0 55	5 50
9	Sunday,	7	5 5 55	2 1	7 7
10	Monday,	7	6 5 54	3 8	8 26
11	Tuesday,	7	7 5 53	4 14	9 17
12	Wednesday,	7	9 5 51	5 18	9 52
13	Thursday,	7	10 4 50	6 25	10 45
14	Friday,	7	11 4 49	Rises	11 21

Full Moon, 13th day, 8h 11m 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. Wilde, 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, 1845.

☞ 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 adjusting 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 by 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 assurances, 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.

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 Boyden, 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 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.

Sept. 5 [New-]

Canada Stoves, &c.

80 WOOD STOVES, assorted sizes; 10 Tons Iron Pots and Boilers;
200 Bags NAILS and SPIKES, assorted;
For sale by sept. 12 E. L. JARVIS

IRON.

Received per ship *Schooner*, from Liverpool:
65 TONS Bar and Bolt Iron, well assorted
[Oct 17] C. & W. H. ADAMS.

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,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	The Delourenx,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

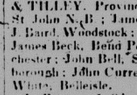
THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac;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

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

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

May 3, 1845

Royal Mail STAGE
BETWEEN
SAINT JOHN & ST. ANDREWS.



THE Subscriber desire to tender his unfeigned thanks for the very liberal share of public patronage which he has enjoyed during many years, and begs most respectfully to announce that having entered into a contract for the conveyance of her Majesty's Mails, he will, on the 15th inst., run a Two Horse Coach, three times a week, each way, between the above places, leaving Saint John by the first Boat after the arrival of the Boston Steamer, on the mornings of *Monday, Wednesday, and Friday*, and St. Andrews at 6 o'clock, A. M. on *Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays*. Books kept at the St John Hotel, St John, and at Ross' Hotel and McAlevy's store, St Andrews.

No exertion or expences that may contribute to the comfort or accommodation of Travellers, will be wanting on his part; he is therefore encouraged to solicit, most humbly, but confidently, a renewal of support which he was wont to enjoy.

August 15. WM. H. WILLIAMS.

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 JOHN KINNEAR.

Oct. 3.

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

For Sale.—30 shares of COMMERCIAL BANK STOCK. For further particulars apply to WM. B. KINNEAR.

Miscellany.

(From the New York Spirit of the Times.)

STARVING MAD.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE city of Boston is a staid and sober city.—True benevolence is a characteristic of its inhabitants.

There is much of misery existing in its precincts—nevertheless!

STATE STREET—with its magnificent Exchange its elegant banks, and its costly buildings—crosses one extremity of *Broad Street*. Out of Broad Street—towards the water—extend eastward, numerous dingy, dirty, by-ways, misnamed "streets" so close, narrow and filthy, that the pure air of heaven but seldom finds a passage through them!

The man of ease, or the wealthy banker, who daily toils his hour or less on 'change, knows little of the wretchedness existing scarce a stone's throw distant from the clean bright pavement which he treads so leisurely, in polished boots and costly broadcloth.

But there is *one* "Street" among those many dirty ones to which I shall allude. This particular *passage* is especially narrow; and its peculiarity in distinction from its neighbours, consists in its extreme filthiness. The time-worn buildings there are cram'med together as if the only building space under heaven was on that precise spot, and all creation individually and collectively had pitched upon it for the piling up of their surplus lumber, bricks and mortar. The cold wind whistles and croaks alternately amongst the numberless chimneys, which are thrust pell-mell from every angle of the house-tops, and which resemble so many large black cotfins—standing bolt upright—in the smoky atmosphere above! For half a century the sunlight has never penetrated below the blackened chimney pots, which surmount these tall soot pipes, and it is almost well that it is thus—Such wretchedness and squalor as exists beneath those roofs, like rankest weeds, will flourish best in darkness! The denizens of that good city will scarcely credit it, but credulous should make a visit to that *quarter*, they might find use for aloes there, too—if charitably disposed.

A cheerless, freezing night in February, 1841 had succeeded an unusually stormy day. Before midnight, a driving entirely storm had set in, which continued till morning without cessation. The 'Old South' bell had tolled the hour of one o'clock. The watchmen exchanged salutations at the corner of the miserable by way spoken of, and one of them turned into it from Broad Street, in the hope of finding a partial shelter from the pitiless and raging storm. A gust of wind surcharged with sleet, dashed over him as he entered the narrow street, and though he was enveloped in a comfortable rough weather suit, he gladly hurried along on his round of duty.

The night was dark as Egebus. The sickly flicker which gleamed from the city lamps at the two extremes of the street in calm weather, had many before previously been extinguished by the high wind; and save the dull, phosphoric glimmer which came and went with the sleeping clouds of snow and hail—no sign of light cheered the dreary loneliness of the scene.

As the night guardian passed the door of a cellar about half way down the narrow street, his ear was saluted with a sort of stifled groan. He listened, but concluding it was but the howling of the wind, he continued on.

While the millions whom Providence blesses with the means of subsistence—while the thousands who never know what labor was—while the "well-to-do," the wealthy, or the poor, were enjoying the sweets of refreshing slumber, on beds of down, or of straw—in that lone street with no hand to succor or soothe a human being, as worthy, peradventure, as the rest, lay crippled with misery—GRAPPLING WITH DEATH.

The wind continued to howl, the snow and sleet still dashed upon the pavement, the housed and sheltered slept soundly, the watchman muttered to himself, "all's well!" and the sufferer still struggled in her misery.

INSANITY.

Reader! in the course of life's experience, you have undoubtedly witnessed many *phases* of insanity.

You have seen the tender bud of promise ensnared in the fond meshes of the libertine—destroyed crushed, and left to waste away with a broken heart. You may have seen that bud decaying, day by day, imprisoned in a mad house, bereft of reason, lost forever to herself or family. You have glanced to hear the name of her destroyer mentioned in her presence, and have watched her crimson cheek, and seen the scalding tear—*while no word could pass her lips*. You have known a heart, "widowed to the core," and you have watched the life strings as they tightened and snapped leaving the victim *quamdiu tantum*. You perhaps have known the man of means—with whom Fortune dealt too harshly—embark his all upon a final hazard, and lose that all—his reason with it. And haply you have seen him gazing upon the stars, from out the casement of a narrow cell, *when he supposed them golden worlds!* He'd watch, and watch, and bless the night which brought them stars to look upon—because he thought them his—and he would stare and strain, and strive to clutch them in the madness! Or you have seen the gambler—who had played away a fortune with his last throw—*throw reason to the winds!* Have you not seen ambition's fool picture himself a prince, a king, an Emperor?

I've seen the mother weep hot, burning tears for the loss of her husband or her little ones, and while she wept *she had no spark of reason in her brain!*—I've looked upon the idiot in his cell—I've seen the lunatic, the phrenzied, calm, blood thirsty, mad—I've known of wrecks, where talent, wealth, ambition—everything most dear in life—have awaited at the beck, or order of the victims. I have seen destruction follow the brightest hopes—I have witnessed the downfall of the old and young, of beauty, innocence and worth—and I have watched the rake, the drunkard, the murderer, in their fall—but neither you nor I have ever gazed upon a sight so terrible—misery so indescribable as that which wait on MADNESS FROM STARVATION!

But the watchman continued on his rounds, and as he approached the door of that lonely cellar again his attention was arrested by a repitition of the groan. He called but no one answered; and descending some half a dozen rickety wooden steps which threatened to give way under him at every instant—his hand suddenly came in contact with the top of the door frame. He groped about in the darkness for the latch or handle but without success. He halloed, but still obtained no reply save the intolerable moaning below. He made a half desperate plunge against what he supposed to be the door.—This effort was unnecessary, however. The boards which served as a sort of shelter to the inmates, gave way, and they fell to *the ground*. In the midst of mud, snow and filth, the watchman groped his way to the farthest corner of the cellar, whither he was attracted by the continual moaning. Finding it impossible to gather anything from the sufferer, he left the scene, and repairing to the nearest spot for aid, he obtained a lantern and returned to the cellar, where a scene was presented such as but seldom witnessed in a land of charity and benevolent institutions!

RETROSPECTION.

The holy institution of Marriage was vouchsafed as a blessing to humanity. How often does it prove a *terrible curse!*

The following history is common place—the fate of the victim is briefly told.

A poor girl the child of indigent, but worthy parents—had chanced to meet a man upon whom her affections were lavished, and she afterwards became his wife. A few short years of happiness had passed when the husband became addicted to habits of intemperance.

From bad to worse he sped, and finally, confirmed in drunkenness and debauchery, he proved a noted sot. His labor was neglected, and the little he had hitherto earned, and which had served them for a scanty support, was entirely cut off. The faithful wife found it necessary to assume the position of protector and, to toil for *him*—to delve day and night for *his* comfort—to be his slave—(in the hope of saving him)—served to buoy her up in the midst of all the heart burnings and privations which wait upon a drunkard's wife. But sickness overtook her, *they* were turned out from their humble abode—step by step they descended, until at last, they were glad to hud shelter from the winter's cold, even in that miserable cellar!

The brute who called himself her husband continued to wallow in his filth, and on the very night in question he was accompanied to his dreary lodgings by a wanton—his poor wife now suffering in the last stages of a fatal malady. No thought had been taken to supply her with food or nourishment, and after lingering for some days in pain and want delirium had overtaken her.

The shades of evening came. It was a cold and cheerless season in mid winter. The storm which had raged throughout the day increased as night set in, and the rain dashed into the cellar, already sufficiently cold and damp. On one side of the apartment, in a large open fire place, might be seen a few embers, which had been extinguished by the rain that poured down the ample old fashioned chimney, and in another corner a few wet boards were thrown together, upon which lay extended all that remained of the form of Mary Edwards. The poor wretch was burning with fever and pain, her body was scarce half covered with the fragments of a miserable coverlet, for had she tasted food for two whole days. The clock struck ten, and the *husband* stumbled into the cellar accompanied by his paramour! Appropriating the bed quilt (which half sheltered his dying wife,) he lay down on the hearth with his companion and they were soon asleep!

'Mike,' said the poor woman faintly, and imagining she heard an answer she added—

'Ah me! It is *very* cold, and there be poor creatures who have not even a cellar to shelter them on this dreadful night! Now it burns! Oh! how hot—hot—I suffer!—but the exertion was too much and a terrible groan finished the sentence.

A watchman halted in front of the cellar at this moment. He listened, but supposing himself deceived by the night wind, he passed on ignorant of the misery which caused that moan!

'Mike,' she shouted suddenly, 'Mike! for the love of God some water! One drop, only one drop—I faint' and the poor woman fell back upon the boards again in agony.

'O, never mind,' she continued, 'its all well—yes, pretty, pretty! I see it. Oh no! *Pain!* no, no, not pain—ha! ha! Why I am just as you see me—hearty and bright! But I wish I were "little Mary," again—so pretty too! But I am, *now*, you see—rosy cheeks, all the same. Mike! save me! save! Oh! chill—chilly—and a terrible shudder shook that worn out frame. But again she rallied.

'*Hungry*, did you say! Why *no*. On *no*, not *hungry*. I had some soup—ah! it *was good*—now three days gone. No, not hungry. What's that? Give me, give! and she plunged her teeth into her fleshless arms, unmindful of the ragged wounds her fury caused!

'Well, well, they always said I would be thus!—I'm dead and buried *dead!* Yes dead and buried in this lonely cellar! Oh, how dark and cold. Ha!—ha! ha! Here, help! help! Ah, God of mercy!

'In!' enquired the watchman, meekly. 'I tho't I heard that groan before. What, ho, here what's the matter? Do you hear?'

The repeated groaning was the only reply he obtained. He descended into the cellar, and finding it impossible to learn anything in the darkness, he departed for a light and assistance, as has been stated.

THE SCENE.

Upon a temporary platform composed of a few wet rough boards, in the extreme corner of the cellar, the watchman found a human being half covered with a ragged and filthy apparel, moist with the foul damp ness which pervaded the apartment, and which was enhanced to an oppressive degree by the putrid effluvia which arose from *a drain*, running in a sort of gutter across the ground of the cellar, and which served the purpose of a common sewer to the neighbourhood. This being proved to be a *woman* almost forty five years of age. It was evident she was near death's door, and her fleshless cheeks and emaciated limbs told plainly that her sufferings had neither been light nor brief! On the right at another extremity of the cellar, lay a man and woman sleeping heavily, undisturbed by the awful scene which was enacting before them! The only articles found in the place, were a broken stool, an old candlestick, and a black junk bottle. Fuel was obtained, a fire was lighted, and a physician was immediately called. The *husband*, (for such he proved to be) was aroused, but he seemed totally indifferent to all that was passing, and shortly after the fire commenced burning, laid himself down on the hearth before it, and was asleep again! Restoratives were applied to the temples and nostrils of the sufferer, but she was too far gone for human aid to save her. Recovering a little, she suddenly raised herself on her long arm, and throwing back her matted hair, she madly shrieked for 'help, help! In God's name, help!'

'What will you, good woman?' asked the physician.

'Help; here! Give me *food*—give—*water*—cold drop. Ah! God help me, I die. Mike, some drink!'

A bowl was placed to her lips, but she dashed it violently to the ground.

'No, Mike! not *poison*, that's cruel! Drink Mike I say—there! hold him back—I see! That girl—ha! ha! There she is! Her face is bloody—help, water—no, no, no! I will. There, I am very feeble and I'll try—you see I am not strong—don't spoke me, Mike—I'm hungry, and—ah, I come! I come! Bear me gently, Mike—I'm better—better—better!'

A dry foam oozed from her mouth and nostrils—her breathing became less distinct, and in spite of every effort to save her, in the midst of the most heart-rending moans, she expired!

The neighbors came in the next morning and performed such offices as charity suggested—she was wrapped in her shroud, and city authorities eventually took charge of her remains.

*This occurrence took place about a year since. The newspapers of the day chronicled the facts, and the circumstance was forgotten.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.—We must not flatter ourselves that God will enable us to go through life, without being exposed to any sort of temptation.—For this world is a place of trial and discipline. Now without some kind of temptation we would have no trials, and no opportunity of exercising several of the Christian graces. It is only in war and in battle that the soldier—and the Christian, remember, is God's soldier—can learn his duty thoroughly. He may learn to handle his arms in peace; but the coolness, the quickness, the watchfulness, the caution, the steady, unbending courage, which distinguish the veteran from the recruit, are only to be gained on actual service. So it is only by actual service against God's enemies; it is only by passing thro' temptations and trials, that the Christian can be trained to his work. He needs to be taught the lessons of his own weakness. He needs to be taught to watch and guard against the surprises and stratagems of the foe. He needs to be perfected in faith and patience. How is all this to be done, if he is kept, like a plant, under a glass, from every breath and touch of temptation? No; we shall be assuredly led into temptation, whether we pray against it or not: because there is no earthly road to heaven but has its own pitfalls and its own snares. If this, however, be so; if all must needs be tempted, what is the good, you may ask, of praying not to be led into temptation? The good is great and plain. For though God will not keep us away from temptation, he will so order the matter, if we pray to him and trust in him, that the temptations shall lose half their danger. He will perserve us from being surprised by them; he will proportion them to our strength; he will enable us to withstand them. "In vain," says the wise man, "is the net spread in the sight of any bird." Then in vain will the snares of hell be set for us, if God opens our eyes to see them, and gives us wisdom to shun them. It is in this manner, if I mistake not, that God will answer our prayer to him, not to lead us into temptation. He will not take temptations out of our way; but he will show us how to escape them. He may perhaps, now and then, even lead us into temptations; but he will not leave us in the midst of them. He will be with us to guide us through the water, without suffering the fire to scorch us, or the water to come over our souls. —*Hare's Sermons.*

From the Newburyport Herald.

THE FALL OF GOUGH.—This sad event in peace able times, has excited much speculation, and various are the comments which the newspapers have made upon it. There is one, however, very obvious and very important which we don't recollect to have seen; and that is the minute hazard and infinite folly of setting up a man, just recovered from the gutter, and before we can have any good proof that the reformation is confirmed or even sincere for a public reformer. The expedient, though in these days very common, is extremely hazardous and presuming; and in this sense, shame falls on the heads of all those rabid moralists whose perverse taste and superior judgment have led them to be moved by such conpience. It is like the stoning of the Israelites, who could not be reduced to justice until they say the bleeding parts of the Levite's murdered concubine strewed through the land. See Judges xix. 29—30. In this day we have listened to the former abominations of reformed drunkards until we can relish no other eloquence. In the second place, this method sets a very ambiguous motive before the reformer himself. It is extremely grateful to a man to rise up from degradation, and instead of being the object of disgrace and infamy, to be dealing out censures on men, who a few month's before stood infinitely higher than himself in the confidence of the community.

Here we find that those who *trashed* sinners are the most unmercifully denunciators that ever tod pons in the cause of morality and truth. In the third place, we expose our cause to just such a reaction as the fall of Gough is likely to produce. The pleasing astonishment with which we hear the converted prosecute confess and condemn his former offences is greatly overbalanced by his subsequent fall. The tragedy is turned into a farce; and all his supporters seem to be playing up a scene in which Hypocrisy seems to be performing the work of Wisdom and Love. In the last place, there always will be in society some sober and substantial men, who never will join in such exhibitions, and thus we lose our best strength. After all the protestations which have been made that a good cause ought not to suffer from the frailty of its advocates, I am afraid that when such doubtful measures are countenanced, that neither the men employing such dangerous tools, nor the credulous public who listen to them, are wholly innocent.—Let us think of it.

A discouraged clergyman was complaining to us the other day, with tears in his eyes, that he must give up preaching. 'Why so?' 'I have never said he, 'been a drunkard, a gambler, nor a thief. The seventh commandment I have always kept—I feel,' said he, 'as if I had a most imperfect education. What shall I do?' We confessed our perplexity; but replied, by telling him that we would hardly advise him at this late period in life to plunge into these sins for the sake of becoming a penitent reformer. But in this age, nothing is more unpopular than past virtue.

CONFESSION OF AN OLD OFFENDER.—The Standard of Wednesday says, "The address of the great Lord Chatham to the Lord Granville of his time "to say *nothing when he had nothing to say*" is excellent for members of parliament, but it will not do for newspapers. We must say *something* every day whether we have or have not anything to say, and the consequence is that we must occasionally write a great deal of nonsense, a great deal of impertinence and some of us, at least, a great deal that is false and mischievous."

The following thrilling and soul-inspiring effusion of liberty and glory, is said to have been delivered by the commandant of a bare-foot company in the Hoosier State, shortly after receiving the false report that Mexico had declared war against the United States. The report may not be exactly verbatim, though it is evident the spirit is there:—

'Men of Blood and friends of Washington and the old hoss General Jackson! I want your attention. Liberty has bust upon us and Jupiter has poured the fire of his wrath down the greasy sharks of the Mexicans. Thunder has broke loose and slipped its shoe, and the mighty valley of the Mississip reverberates the thousand tongued hissing of Santa Anna and the smaller *ignorant fetus* that revolves around the long-nosed and wooden-legged pup gun of the Montezumas.

Citizens and sons on the bloody ground on which our fathers catawampously poured out their claret, freemen safe, to enrich the soil over which we hover, and watch with lions eyes; let the catamount of the inner varmint loose, and prepare the chesycat of vengeance, for the long looked for day has arrived! The crockodile of the Messip has gone into his holes, and the sun that lit King David and his host across the Atlantic Ocean looks down upon the scene and drops a tear to its memory.—Hosses I am with you! And while the stars of Uncle Sam and the stripes of his country triumphantly wave in the breeze—whar—whar is the craven, low-lived, chicken bred, toad hoppin', red-mouthed mothers son of ye who will not raise the beacon light of triumph—smouse the citadel of the aggressor, and press onward to liberty and glory. Whoop! Hurrah! Whar is the enemy.

THE TRUE SECRET OF THE ADOPTION OF THE SURPLICE.—On Sunday week, the Very Rev. the Dean of York made the following observations on Tractarianism in his sermon at the Cathedral:—"Man constantly seeks, particularly in early life, for notoriety—to be looked at—to be pointed out—to be talked of: these are the too frequent objects, and the paramount objects of young ambition. In pursuit of such notoriety, how many evils have been inflicted on public and private life! How has even the Church of Christ been torn and rended by such low vanity operating on her sacred ministers! To read thy prayers as others read them, and as they have been read for centuries, excites no observation. To preach as others preach, produces no comment. To be notorious and observed, there must be some change—some innovation. Hence are the vestments of the clergy dilerent in the same town. Hence the minister is induced to turn about in some unwonted manner. Hence bows and genuflexions before the communion table, inducing the congregation to suppose that when two or three are gathered together the Lord is not in the midst of them, but is confined within the rails that encircle the table. . . . The minister does not really in his heart believe that his doctrine will be more efficacious or more orthodox when he is clothed in white than when he is clothed in black, he does not really believe that the universal Spirit can be obtained within a few yards of space. He does not probably intend to draw his flock, as they suppose, into the trammels of a long rejected superstition. He has no such object in view. His desire is only to attract the eyes of his fellow men—he wishes only to be talked of,—a low and unworthy ambition, which would but excite a smile, if it did not demand a frown."

PEACHES.—The N. Y. Tribune's reporter of domestic markets gives us the following facts.

"Of the immense amount of the Peach business in New York we have already spoken. A single orchard (the Reynolds in Delaware) supplied us during the month of August alone with 63,341 baskets, and in September probably more than half as many—making about 100,000 baskets from them alone. They have under-yield 100 acres of ground, containing 117,720 trees. They send their fruit directly here by steamboat, and are making arrangements to supply Boston next year in the same way. Calculating from all the facts we have been able to gather, we estimate the quantity of Peaches sold in New York during the present season at say 12,000 baskets per day for forty days—making a total of 480,000 baskets.—This we are certain is a small estimate.—The price has ranged from 75 cts. to $2 per basket, and we believe will average from $1,25 to $1,50—making a sum not under three quarters of a million paid by the citizens of New York in a season for the single article of Peaches. But our innumerable and juicy favourites have almost disappeared; and we bid them a reluctant adieu, with a longing palate, while out—mouth is filled with tears."

ATTORNEYS IN CHINA.—No attorneys are allowed by law in China, but some assuming that character act in that capacity contrary to the imperial mandate. They are thus curiously described by a Chinese: "*Villainous and perverse vagabonds, who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent or crafty schemes, excite discord, or by disorderly and illegal proceedings, intimidate and impose upon the people.*"

One of the papers contains a statement of the public baths in Liverpool, in which the charges are 1d 2d, 3d 4d, 6d and 1s, according to the times and convenience. The receipts first year, in the bathing department were £118. 11s. 4d; second year, £222 10s. 4d; third year, £277 17s. 6d; and from three months this year, from May to August, £187 10s. 3d, being a very large increase.