SAINT JOHN, N. B. — THE — FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1845.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. — "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." — Number 28.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNLAP & 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.

MARCH.		H.	Sun. s.	Moon h.	w
15 Saturday,	- -	6	8 5 52	0 51	4 26
16 Sunday,	- -	6	6 5 54	1 37	5 37
17 Monday,	- -	6	4 5 56	2 20	6 50
18 Tuesday,	- -	6	3 5 57	2 56	8 29
19 Wednesday,	- -	6	1 5 59	3 30	8 52
20 Thursday,	- -	6	0 6 0	4 5	9 48
21 Friday,	- -	6	0 6 0	4 25	10 20

First Quarter, 15th day, 9h. 8m. even.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

"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.*

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. 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.

"Ne Plus Ultra"

ORNAMENTAL HAIR CUTTING and Curling Saloon.

W. F. BROOKS respectfully informs the Public, that his establishment has lately undergone a thorough alteration and repair, and is fitted up in the best possible manner for the accommodation and comfort of his customers.—Intending not to be surpassed by any of his profession, and a strict attention to business, hopes to merit a share of patronage.

WIGS on hand and made to order in a fashionable and superior manner.

Ladie's Curls and Frizettes always on hand.

November 8.

India Rubber Shoes.

Per schooner Charlotte, from Boston:—

500 PAIRS Men's, Women's, & children's INDIA RUBBERS.

HORSFALL & SHERATON.

December 20, 1844

Mens' Youths' and Boys' Strong

Boots, Boottees and SHOES.

THE Subscriber has lately received a very large assortment of *Mens' Youths' and Boys' Strong* BOOTS, BOOTTEES *and* SHOES Warranted of the very best qualities, which he is now selling off at a reduction of

TWENTY PER CENT,

from former prices, so that the whole LOT may be cleared off before the season is past which requires the use of strong BOOTS, &c.

FARMERS & Families residing in the country are particularly requested to call and examine the GOODS, before making their purchase, as they may be certain of getting a good ARTICLE, at a very cheap rate.

S. K. FOSTER.

JUST Received 6 Cwt. BLOCK TIN,

THOS R. GORDON.

Oct. 11.

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 MELLISH, (one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.

MADAM,

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

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

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

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

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious 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,	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, Queen; Jaffies 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, 1844.

CHEAP NAILS,

Cut Nails, Brads and Tacks, &c.,

OF PROVINCIAL MANUFACTURE.

ONE HUNDRED TONS CUT NAILS, ass'd. from 3dy. to 30dy.

Now on hand and are offered at the very low price of 24d. per lb. by the Keg:

Cut, Finishing, and Floor BRADS of all sizes

Cut TACKS and BRADS—in 1M. papers;

—ALSO—

Cut *Iron* and *Zinc* Sheathing NAILS, of any size, furnished at short notice.

WM. H. SCOVIL.

March 1. *South Market Wharf.*

Gentlemen's CLOTH BOOTS,

JUST RECEIVED AT

S. K. FOSTER'S SHOE STORES.

GENTLEMEN'S superfine black cloth chamois lined BOOTS, to lace and button, of a superior quality;

Do. black and drab Kerseymere Boots, of a very stout description—made for service;

Do. beaver cloth chamois lined Snow Boots, made for comfort;

Do. superior calf skin Clarence Boots, to button—a new style;

Fleecy CORK SOLES for the insides of boots & shoes.

Dec. 13. S. K. FOSTER.

Conveyancing, Notarial Business, &c.

(*Office facing the entrance to the News Room.*)

LEGAL Instruments of every description prepared by the Subscriber, as usual, and all other kinds of business writing executed, under his direction, with correctness, neatness, and despatch.

JAMES WILLIAM BOYD,

Dec. 20. *Barrister and Notary Public.*

Linseed Oil.

18 CASKS Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL, landing this day, ex brig Kathleen, from Liverpool, for sale by

Dec. 13. J. R. CRANE.

Sugar.

12 HDS. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR.—Received ex schr. Lavinia Clarke, from Halifax.—For sale by.

Oct. 18. J. R. CRANE.

Miscellany.

(*From the London Keepsake for 1845.*)

ONCE TOO OFTEN;

or the Realities of a Coquette.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLE.

Lady Clara's fears became strengthened; but she said as carelessly she could—

'And so Miss Dormer's liking for my nephew was nothing only transient; but had it been otherwise, Sir Charles, and there had been a mutual attachment, would the alliance have displeased you?'

'Certainly not Lady Clara; I should have been sorry, as I shall be in any case, if my word to my old friend remains unfulfilled; but I know no one of whom I think more highly than of Harry Mortimer.'

Lady Clara's next business was with Miss Dormer, who she invited to come and work with her in her private sitting room. As soon as both ladies were engaged, Lady Clara observed—

'I have been speaking to your father of you Miss Dormer.'

'Oh! you have not betrayed us!' exclaimed Eliza.

Lady Clara related all that had passed, reproaching her warmly yet not harshly, for the levity and coquetry her conduct had displayed.

Deeply affected, Eliza Dormer sunk on her knees and entreated Lady Clara to counsel, to protect and advise her.

'I am young, I am weak,' she said; 'no mother's counsel ever fell on my ear; till this hour I never thought my conduct could bear such an interpretation; for in the midst of all my follies my love for Harry was omnipotent, and henceforth I will strive to appear worthy of his.'

Lady Clara raised the the weeping supplicant as she said—

'May I find it so, and then it shall be my business to proceed for marriage; but as a protection against yourself, I enjoin you to relate to Harry the substance of our conversation—the conviction your past life forced on me, the determination you have made for acting more circumspectly for the future. Your father dines out, and this evening I will make you and Harry acquainted with a tale which will force you both to loathe, as I do, the name of a coquette.'

Faithful to her promise Lady Clara repaired with her young guest to her private sitting room, where she was sure of no interruption.

'You have often asked me, Harry,' she began 'why I supposed myself so well able to discover of what a coquette is capable. Alas! alas! she should know better than myself! for I was a finished, a heartless coquette. Happiness in its bright est form wooed me; I was beloved by one on whom I doated, but the deadly sin of coquettry was too strongly interwoven in my nature. You, Harry, must I almost fancy, remember some of the incidents I am about to relate, for your early years were passed with us, and though my poor sister was not your mother, never did any one perform a mother's duties more conscientiously than my dear Mary did to her husband's motherless boy; and when, at that husband's early death your uncles would have relieved her from the charge, she begged you might remain with her till you were ten years old. You must surely remember Chathworth Castle, its turreted walls its moats, its fastnesses!

'But to proceed with my tale. I was the youngest of three sisters; we were orphans at an early age. My eldest sister died very young, and when Mary married your father (then a widower). I was consigned by my guardian to her care. I loved her tenderly, and save on one point, her wish was my law; but vain were all her tender admonitions against my besetting sin. Not to be admired by all, not to be singled out from the crowd, was a position too painful to be endured, and no sooner did a new face appear than every art was used every effort was made by me to attract attention—but, once secured, the charm was gone—conquest was my aim, its preservation I cared not for. I was in the very zenith of this disgraceful ocupation, when your father's sudden death for a time arrested me. I really shared my poor sister's affliction; happy would it have been had the retirement into which it forced me been productive of more salutary effects. Mary ever thoughful for others, would not hear of this seclusion being prolonged beyond the period of my mourning. At first, I resisted her wish that I should again go out; but my entreaties to remain with her became fainter on hearing that a ball with the stewards appointed at the approaching races was a young, rich and handsome nobleman. It was not in nature—at least, not in my wicked nature, to leave the field open to my former rivals, and fully armed for the conquest, I departed with my chaperon, for the races. I had not been long in the grand stand when the stewards came up; one of them I recognized as an old admirer, the other was a perfect stranger. For the first time in my life, my manner was confused—I felt a timidity quite foreign to my character; and when the stranger addressed me, my voice trembled in giving the simple answer his question required.—The whole time I remained on the course, this feeling never left me, and during the drive home I scarcely spoke. On my return, my sister observed my agitated and reserved manner.

''My beloved Clara,' said she, 'how selfish has my sorrow made me; I have allowed you to share my seclusion so long, that the first scene of gaiety is too much for your nerves, but this must not continue,' and turning to my companion she added, 'dear Mrs. Chisholme, I depend on you to take Clara to the ball this evening.'

'I made a faint resistance to this proposal but my good sister would hear of no excuse, and by the time my chaperon returned to conduct me thither. I had conquered my usual nervousness and was again myself. My toilette that evening occupied more of my attention than it had ever before done; and when my sister pressed me fondly to her heart and called me her beautiful Clara, I again trembled from gratified feeling.

'On entering the ball room, the two stewards advanced to meet us, and the young and handsome stranger of the morning asked permission to lead me to the dance, which had been delayed till my arrival. That evening completed the infatuation of the morning and seating myself on Mary's bed, who was awake on my return, I told her that I trusted for my sake, that she would not deny admittance of Lord Earnest Malvers when he called next day.

''Assuredly not, my loved Clara,' replied that gentle sister, 'if you really are anxious to see him; but, dear one, you must not enlist me in your vie timizing plans: they are unworthy of you, and——'

'Oh! say no more, Mary, cried I; 'see Lord Earnest, and tell me if he is likely to be the victim of any woman.'

'And Mary did see Lord Earnest; day after day he came, and my very nature seemed changed. I lived but in his sight, and even the civilities of men were sickening to me.

The summer passed away like a dream; the autumn tints had already clothed the fine old trees in the park. Our walks, our rides were curtailed in length, but by a bright and cheerful wood fire, our evenings glided on in peace and happiness. One night, Earnest had been reading to us portions of Shakespeare's plays.

''What a conception of mental agony must that man have had,' said Earnest, 'ere he could have portrayed Othello's first doubt of his wife!'

''By-the-bye, Earnest,' said I, 'you have no jealousy in your disposition, I think.'

''Rather,' replied he, 'I have no suspicion, to me it would be impossible to suspect the woman I loved—for, suspecting, I should cease to love.'

''The—you will never be jealous of me?' I asked, as my head rested in his.'

''Of you, Clara! Jealous of my affianced wife! No, no, not even were an *Iago* to come between us. You have taught me to love you fondly, and therefore more I trust fully. None but yourself could break the bonds of love and trust you have forged.'

'Half laughing, I answered 'shall I try?' Mary frowned, and saying it was late, arose, and passing her arm through mine, bid Earnest good night.'

'As soon as we were alone, my sister lectured me for the silly speech I had just made. My besetting sin was once more roused, and carelessly I replied—

''Not so silly as you think, Mary. I have for some time perceived how very sure Earnest feels; I must give him some alarm, or we shall even before marriage, sink into absolute listlessness.'

'Greatly alarmed for my happiness, my sister warmly and tenderly expostulated against my folly, but in vain.

''Will it be believed, that from that hour my lover sole were again resorted to? Just at that time two visitors, Lord Beauvre and his brother, Mr. Lester, came to pass some time with us, and I devoted myself to the task of captivating both. Earnest was so provokingly calm under my first outbreak, that I was piqued into a continuance of my folly.

''Your sister's graces engross much of your attention, my dear Clara,' at length he observed; 'and I am jealous of the time that you feel it right to give them.'

'Fool that I was! this very speech, so kind so confiding, which should have made me blush at my treachery, seemed to inspirit me to do worse. Earnest had pronounced the word 'jealous,' he said he was jealous of the time I gave but he must also be jealous if one of my triumph would not be complete; and, in defiance of my sisters remonstrances, I rushed headlong into the vortex of folly I had planned. One night Earnest had besought me to sing, and I had made a thousand silly excuses, when Mr. Lester ignorant of the subject of our discourse, for we were standing apart, came up, and with one of his blandest smiles entreated me to try some manuscript music which had just been sent by a professional friend. I was about to refuse—my impulse was good; I had been listening to Earnest for ten minutes, and something of his noble nature had infused itself into my mind—but my evil genius prevailed, what a crowning triumph this would be!—now he must be jealous—now he must be miserable! behold him in imagination at my feet, beseeching me to restore him to my favour: such an opportunity might not again occur, and taking off my gloves, I walked deliberately to the piano forte, and was soon engaged in decyphering a sweet and plaintive melody. Once I looked up to see if Earnest was listening, but he was not within my sight, and though I began to tremble a little at what I had done, I proceeded to the end of the air. On quitting the instrument, I perceived Lord Beauvoir tending my sister was bending over her embroidery frame; I could not be mistaken—a tear fell on it—and Lord Earnest was no where in the room. Half frantic I rushed into the vestibule, and was told that Lord Earnest had gone out to walk. I ran as fast as my trembling limbs would permit to the terrance, where we had so often walked together, and in the temple where the first words of love passed our lips—where our troth had been plighted—I beheld Earnest. His hat was off, his face was buried in his hands, his arms resting on the table before which he was seated. I sprang forward, and ere he was aware of my approach was on my knees imploring him to forgive me. He raised his head and looked at me with a look of such intense pity, that I became speechless with shame and contrition

(*To be Concluded next week.*)

BURGHLEY HOUSE.

This splendid mansion, the residence of the Marquess of Exeter, from which Her Majesty has lately returned, is a magnificent Gothic pile, remarkable for grandeur, and for various interesting associations. The founder of the family was the famous Cecil, the cautious and wise minister of Elizabeth. Here are collected some of the richest paintings of the ancient masters, including the famous Salvator Mundi by Carlo Dolce, which Sir Walter Scott said was "worth a king's ransom," and for which six thousand guineas were offered. It is a small enamel-like picture of transparent purity and brilliancy of colouring. Works of Guido, Rembrandt, Claude, Raphael, and others grace the lofty walls, and the wainscots and ceilings of the rooms display inimitable wreaths of flowers and foliage carved in wood by Grinling Gibbons. The groves and parks of Burghley are worthy the splendid mansion, and were admired by Dryden who translated the seventh book of the Eneid in this partrician and hospitable residence. Hazlett has related a story of Burghley House more touching and romantic than any fiction. It has been often quoted; but our readers will thank us for renewing their recollection of an incident so full of beauty and interest—"The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than "lords who love their ladies like." He determined to seek out a second wife in an humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one, who having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone.—For this purpose he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns; there was something in the manner of their quiet, but eccentric guest that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, made honourable proposals to her and at the end of some months, they were married without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled homewards across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, till they came to the entrance of Burghley Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove up the long avenue of trees that leads up to the fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burghley House; it is the home I promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making had it been only for this. Ye thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments hide your diminished heads! I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story." The same story has been beautifully versified by the sweetest of our lyric poets:

"You remember, Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride
And love was the light of their lowly cot.

Together they toiled through winds and rains,
Till William at length, in sickness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains,"
Then sighing she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now at the close of one sleetry day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.

"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold, the hour is late;"
So he blew the horn with a Chieftan's air,
And the porter bow'd, as they passed the gate.

"Now welcome, lady!" exclaimed the youth—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all;"
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!

And dearly the lord of Rosna loves,
What William the stranger wooed and won;
And the light of love in these halls dwells,
Is as pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.—The power exerted by the action of the muscles in the human body is immense. Borellus first demonstrated that the force exerted within the body greatly exceeds the weight to be moved, and that nature, in fact, employs an astonishing, we might say almost superfluous power to move a small weight. It has been calculated that the deltoid muscle alone, which is situated near the top of the shoulder, when employed in supporting a weight of fifty pounds, exerts a force equal to two thousand four hundred and eighty six pounds. An idea of the force exerted by the human body in progressive motion may be formed from the violence of the shock received when the foot unexpectedly strikes against an object in running. The strong bones are sometimes fractured by the action of the muscles. The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot along at a rapid pace carrying a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo a celebrated athlete of Crotona in Italy, early accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees become a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, for above forty yards, and afterwards killed it with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games and six at the Olympian. He presented himself a seventh time, but no one had the courage or boldness to enter the lists against him. He was one of the disciples of Phythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the school suddenly gave way but Milo supported the whole weight of the building, and gave the philosopher and his auditors time to escape. In his old age Milo attempted to pull up a tree by the roots and break it. He partly effected it, but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree when cleft, reunited, and his hands remained pinched in the body of it. He was then alone and being unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Heller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, one hundred and fifty pounds till he was drawn up to the surface a height of six hundred feet. Augustus II., King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horseshoe asunder. A Frenchman, who was attached to Rockwell & Stone's Circus, last spring, was able to resist the united strength of four horses, as was witnessed by hundreds in this city, as well as in other places. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish; the whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water, that would carry him if continued at the same rate, round the world in a little less than a fortnight; and a sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon quite through the oak plank and timbers of a ship.—*Alexander's Messenger*

HORRIBLE AND SAVAGE MURDER OF TWO PROTESTANTS—BROTHERS.

The sanguinary and heart-chilling tale of these barbarous murders is as follows:—A family named Shepherd, respectable Protestant farmers, living at Derrycooley, in Rahan, King's County, took a farm of land of Mr. Fawcett, of Cloone, of the lands of Coolin, near Ballibay, in said county, containing about twenty-four acres, in August last, out of which a family of the name of Daly, Roman Catholics, were ejected for non-payment of rent. When it was understood who took the farm, a notice was served on them (the Shepherds) at Derrycooley, as they valued their lives, not to go there to which no attention was paid. When they proceeded to the lands a second notice was served upon them to the same effect; but being a numerous family and nothing daunted, they provided themselves with arms and ammunition, and took possession—their first precaution being to make the roof of the house fireproof outside with clay, and then boring gun holes through different parts of the walls; one brother standing sentinel with loaded arms while the others were employed. It appeared, however, their motions were well-watched, for on one of the brothers, named Ambrose, going off on Wednesday or Thursday last to Derrycooley, for a load of furniture and to bring his wife and family with him, he on his return coming up to the house seeing the horses harnessed straying about, and the door partially shut, at once suspected the dreadful warning was put into execution; and half frantic in vain called upon his brothers to appear, and dreading to enter the house left all behind him and ran on wild despair to the next police station, expressing his fears; some of them accompanied him back, and found his apprehension but, alas! too true. The body of his brother Thomas was found inside the house, his head smashed to atoms; a spade and all their arms gone. The other brother, William, owing to the then darkness of the evening could not be found but on resuming the search next morning (Saturday,) his body was found in a ditch, his head also literally smashed to atoms—so that the murders must have been committed in the open day on Friday. James Dillon, Esq. one of the King's county coroners having by the time arrived, had a respectable jury summoned, and from the evidence of Ambrose Shepherd and Dr Thorton, of Frankford, the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons at present unknown." The dead bodies were then put on a car by their brother and brought home to Derrycooley.

Such is the fearful tragedy of the Shepherds, and a warning to all Protestants of what they may expect from Catholics, who respect not the laws of God or man—they will neither pay rent, nor allow others; and by the system now running in under currents, concocted at card parties and dances throughout the country (upon which the authorities should keep a vigilant watch) the rural schools for agrarian outrages, murder and repeal legislation," so well attended, life and property in a short time will become so precarious, that like the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple, the Protestants will have to work with one hand and keep arms in the other, to protect their lives; and yet, though it was so in this instance, it is the fearful surmises of many, the inhabitants know the blood shed was about to be enacted, and it is supposed by numbers in the open day and in the sight of heaven; yet they winked at it; but justice will soon overtake them, as the police are on the search, and will ere long it is hoped bring to light the fearful perpetrators.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL NOTT.—Sir William was the second son of Mr. Nott, of Pontgarney, near Carmarthen, many years proprietor of the Ivy Bush Hotel, and an extensive mail contractor. The family have maternally descended from the Harveys of Norfolk, and the late distinguished officer was born in the year 1782, and married in 1805, the daughter of Henry Scombee, Esq., an attorney in the Supreme Court of Calcutta. He entered the Indian Army at the early age of 17, as a Cadet, and on the 28th of August, in the following year, he became an Ensign. He was then progressively promoted Lieutenant on the 21st of February, 1801; Captain on the 16th December, 1814; Major on the 25d of May, 1823; Lieut.-Colonel on the 2d of October, 1824; Colonel on the 1st of December, 1829; and Major-General on the 28th of June, 1838. He was created K.C.B. on the 2d of December, 1842, immediately after the glorious victories he achieved in Candahar, and which closed the Afghan war.—He received the thanks of both houses of legislature for his "intrepidity, skill, and perseverance in that contest." The court of Directors of the Hon. East India Company voted in September last, an annuity of 1,000 guineas per annum to the deceased Major-General, on his retirement into private life, after a brilliant career of 41 years in the Company's service. He has left a widow only 20 years old, and several children by his first wife.

DEATH OF THE HON. ROBERT OTWAY CAVE, M. P.—We have to announce the demise of the hon. Robert Otway Cave, M. P. for Tipperary, who expired after a short illness on Friday night last at Bath, where the hon gentleman had repaired with Mrs. Otway Cave for the benefit of his health. The deceased was eldest and only surviving son of the late Mr. Henry Otway, brother of Admiral Sir Robert Otway, Bart., K. C. B., and Sarah (now Baroness Brayе), only daughter of Sir Thomas Cave, Bart., whose grandmother was eventually heiress of the first Lord Braye. He was consequently heir apparent to the Barony of Braye. The hon deceased married the 19th of October, 1833, Miss Sophia Burdett, eldest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. He was returned for Leicester in 1826 by a considerable majority over Mr. William Evans and Mr. (now Lord) Denman, and in 1830 was elected for Hastings. In 1835 he was elected, in conjunction with the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, for the county of Tipperary, and has continued to represent that county up to the present time. In 1818 he took the name of "Cave" in addition to that of Otway by Royal sign manual. As we have above stated, he was heir apparent to the Barony of Braye, a title which had been in abeyance since 1557 until 1839, when the barony was called out in favour of the present Baroness Braye, mother of the deceased. By his death a vacancy of course occurs in the Parliamentary representation of the county of Tipperary.—*Irish Paper.*

HINT TO MATES AND MIDSHIPMEN.—The gunroom officers of the Albion recently applied to the commander of that ship (Chambers) to know where they were to stow their live and dead stock, fowls, ducks sheep, lambs, and milch cow, and not being satisfied with the answer that officer gave them they addressed themselves, by letter on the subject to Captain Lockyer. We apprehend that officer being of the old school was equally at a loss to know how the new school was to be accommodated in the matter, and to solve the problem he enclosed, what would formerly have been called a cock pit left to the Admiralty. Their Lordships answered quickly and determinedly, by dispersing the whole of the Albion's gun room mess into the brigs now about to proceed to various quarters of the world.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said, "What! drunk again, Sam? I scolled you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." "No, massa; same drunk, massa; same drunk," replied Sambo.