SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1850.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 13. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 13.

Weekly Almanack.

[The time of high water here given is for P. M.]

November	Sun R.	Sun S.	Moon R.	H. W.
7 Saturday,	7 31	4 12	7 53	1 3
8 Sunday	7 32	4 12	8 57	1 38
9 Monday,	7 33	4 12	9 54	2 17
10 Tuesday,	7 34	4 12	10 52	3 1
11 Wednesday,	7 35	4 12	11 54	3 54
12 Thursday,	7 36	4 12	— —	5 7
13 Friday,	7 37	4 12	0 57	6 19

First Quarter, 11th, 4h. 12m. morn.

MINERVA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

84, King William street, Mansion house, London

TRUSTEES.

Thomas Halifax, junior, Esquire,
Francis Mills, Esquire,
Thomas Heath, Esquire,
Claude E. Scott, Esquire,

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Thos. Heath, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

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Wm. Chippindale, Esq. | Thomas Morgan, Esq.
Edward S. Codd, Esq. | John Stewart, Esq.
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AUDITORS.

Robert Wells Byles, Esquire,
Charles R. Hartford, Esquire,
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PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Twedie, F. R. S., 30, Montague Place, Bedford-square, London.
Dr. John Paddock, saint John, N. B.

SOLICITOR.

John Saunders Bowden, Esq., 66, Aldermanbury

BANKERS.

Messrs. Glynn, Halifax, Mills & Co.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart & Co.

WM. THOS. ROBINSON, Actuary and Secretary.

The principles on which this Company is founded were adopted after mature consideration, and to the Assured it offers the combined advantages of the most successful establishments of its kind that have been formed of late years—moderate rates of premium and a large proportion of profits. The soundness of its principles, and the extensive influence exercised by the Directors have placed the Company on a sure basis; and the accumulations have been so considerable as materially to benefit the Policy holders.

Tables are prepared enabling persons to Insure, either participating in profits, or at the least possible cost. By the former method they realise all the objects of Life Assurance, and benefit by their own longevity, without the speculative risk of Mutual Assurance Societies.

Four fifths of the profits given every *five* years to the Assured by the participation scale.

AT the FIRST division of Profits for the five years ending 31st December, 1841, the Reversionary Bonus averaged 31 Per Cent. *on the Premium paid during the preceding five years.* The equivalent reduction of Premium averaged nearly 17 Per Cent. *on the Annual Premiums payable during the succeeding Five Years.*

The SECOND division of Profits, was made on 23d June, 1847, for the five years ending 31st December, 1846. The clear divisible surplus was then £30,269 7s 9d, four-fifths of which, have been distributed according to the provisions of the Deed of settlement, among the Policy holders an Average REDUCTION on the Premiums payable until the next division in 1852, of 31½ per cent.; or gave an equivalent REVERSIONARY BONUS, averaging £8 13s. 5d. per cent. on the sums assurred, or 53½ per cent. on the *Premiums received thereon, during the last five years.*

The THIRD Division of Profits will take place in June 1852 and all Policies effected by the Participation scale during 1849 will Receive Two Year's Bonus at such Division if then in force.

Persons assured with this Company are allowed to reside in the colonies of *British North America, New South Wales,* and *Cape of Good Hope,* without extra charge upon payment of sea risk only for the two latter.

No appearance before the Court of Directors required.

Loans are granted on deposit of Policies for five years standing, to the extent of their value.

In addition to the utmost liberality exercised by the Directors in the settlement of claims, the Company will be liable, should a person assured die within one month after a renewable Premium becomes due, provided the Premium be paid within the stipulated period.

No entrance-money or fees of any kind are exacted, nor any charge made for Policies beyond the cost of the stamps.

Premiums may be paid, either by even annual or half yearly payments, by a single payment, by payments for a limited number of years, and also by an ascending scale.

Tables and every information can be obtained on application to the Office of

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO., St. John,
St. John, N. B. 1849. Agents for New Brunswick.

HUGH RENNICK, BOOT and SHOE MAKER,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he has removed his Boot and Shoe Shop to No. 24, North side of King Street, five doors above Germain Street, where he keeps constantly on hand BOOTS and SHOES of his own Manufacture made of the best Leather that this market can produce, which he will sell very cheap for cash.

For No. 24, you will please to inquire,
By calling elsewhere you may have to pay higher.

☞ All orders in the above line will be promptly executed. St. John, May 10, 1850.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. Secretary.

A Page in Life's History

MAY be agreeably filled up by calling on the Subscriber at his new and comfortable Establishment, in Prince William Street, near the Commercial Bank.

PAGE'S system of Hair Cutting and Shaving meets with universal commendation; and his stock of Soap, Scents, and Cosmetics, equal to any in the City. A. PAGE.
Oct. 25. Hair Dresser, and Perfumer.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)

Robert F. Hazen, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner - Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.

Advantages offered by this Society.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital totally independent of the Premium Fund.

Loans.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the assured.

Low rates of Premium.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

Divisions of Profits.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

California.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire,
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.
Fredericton: J. Henry Phair, Esq.
Hampton: Samuel Hallett, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.
Moukton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.,
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.,
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: W. T. Rose, Esq.
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock: James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. Manager, st. John, N. B.

IRISH LINEN.

Just received per Ship "Themis," Leighton, Master, on Consignment—

5 CASES Irish LINEN—a very superior article.—For sale low by WILLIAM CARVILL,
July 2. Nelson Street.

Brandy and Geneva.

Now landing, ex "Empress," from London, on consignment—

5 HHDS. Henessy's Old Cognac Brandy, 5 hhds. finest, Pale Hollands Geneva—For Sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
August 9. Prince Wm. Street.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and *a perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, John Pirie, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chego-foot, Yaws and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

Miscellany.

TOM TOPERLY; OR, HOW HE CURED HIM.

Tom Toperly was the veriest sot in all the town. He had been a great many things besides a toper, but he had always been a toper,—that is, as long as he had been at all, or at least since he was ten years of age which period, at the date of our biography, was distant about fifteen of the earth's revolutions around its orbit.

Tom had derived his patronymic from an ancestry which, probably, at some ancient era, had won the significant appellation for exploits in the line that had made them famous.

Tom had been leniently "passed through" all the Temperance Orders and Societies that had sprung up in his neighbourhood, and he had come out as much of a sot as he had went in,—and more so, if allowance was not made for the lapse of time.

Tom had always been a bachelor, perhaps because he had never been sober long enough to seek out a wife, and perchance because he was so much of a locomotive demijohn that no woman could have been foolish enough to "link her fate to his."

Tom had arrived at an era in his "eventful life" when he was too shiftless to work even for gin, his *favorite* beverage, and there began to be talk that the poor-house would have to shelter him, when, one night, he miraculously disappeared.—He was so well known about town, that every body missed him, and there was general inquiry as to his mysterious fate, but no tidings came.

It was the fifth day after his disappearance that Tom "turned up" on the steps of a tavern about ten miles from the town of his nativity. He was penniless, and the landlord had turned him out of doors. He was as sober as ever he had been in his life.—A man in a rough farmer's coat saw him, and tapping him on the shoulder said—

"What are you doing here, my man?"

"Waitin' for some fellow to ask me to drink. May be you're the chap," was Tom's answer.

The rough-looking man smiled, and replied—You look as if you had taken drink enough in your life."

"I'm orful dry. Haven't had a drop to-day 'pon honor," resumed Tom, with a woeful face, and he smacked his lips and drew his dirty coat-cuff across his mouth.

"If I will find you as much as you can drink will you go with me?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes, and stay with you," answered Tom, "till the stock is out,"—springing with some show of agility to his feet.

"Get into my wagon, then," said the gentleman.

"With pleasure, sir," said Tom, as he clambered into the farmer's wagon before the tavern.

Tom was driven five miles into the country and was set down in a farm yard abounding with fowls and cattle.

"This is our home," said the new friend.

Tom thought it a queer place for him to get "as much as he could drink," but did not venture a remark. The gentleman led the way to a handsome stone house, gave Tom a seat in the porch, and ordered a boy to bring a pail of water. It was cool and limpid.

"Help yourself," said the gentleman; 'It is good, and you will stay with me a long while before you drink the spring dry."

Tom thought his friend very facetious. He chuckled a little and ventured to say, "but the licker?"

"What liquor?" returned the gentleman, as if he was astonished. "There is none about my premises."

"But you told me if I went with you I should have all I could drink."

"So you shall—the spring never gets dry, and the dairy is large."

"I'm not used to it."

"I know that *well*," replied the farmer, "but I mean you shall be. Come, we'll not dispute now; supper is ready."

Tom was not unwilling to eat a good supper, and as night was coming on, and he wanted a place to lay his head, he did'nt care to scold about the trick that had been played upon him.

When he was ready to go to bed, the gentleman conducted him to a neat room, and bidding him good night, locked the door. In the morning Tom found himself a prisoner.

"This *is* a man-trap, sure," he cried furiously, and kicked against the door.

"What is all this noise?" said a voice on the outside.

"I want to come out," cried Tom.

"You are my prisoner," said the farmer, for it was he who answered Tom's summons. "I can keep you here as long as I please, but if you will promise not to go off the farm for three months you shall be well fed and cared for. I only want your word for security."

"I'll do it," cried Tom, eagerly, urging to himself that if only his word was taken the bonds that held him would not be very powerful, at the same time he felt a degree of pride to think the farmer manifested so much confidence in his integrity.—He naturally thought the whole affair a queer one.

In a day or two Tom saw the farmer's only object was to do him a good service, by taking from him his love for gin. The good nature to which appears had been made by the farmer would not allow him to be ungrateful, and for six months Tom worked on the farm a sober man. Then the farmer trusted him to go to the nearest town. He came back at the appointed time sober. He had learned to work and was useful.

At the end of twelve months from the night of his imprisonment, the farmer said to him,—

"I am going to take a ride to day, Thomas.—You will go with me."

At the town where the farmer met Tom, he conducted him to a shop and had him 'rigged out' in a handsome suit of clothes, and then paid him, in addition, fair wages for all the work he had performed. Tom's amazement at this proceeding we would not attempt to describe, but it did not abate in the least when the farmer said,—

"Now you will go with me to the town where you were known as a sot. I shall call you Mr. Brown."

"Why, sir?" ventured Tom, his eyes full of tears.

"You will see, when we get there, but you must be a stranger to everybody," returned the farmer.

"Anything you say, sir," replied Tom, more deeply amazed then he had yet been.

Arrived at the village Mr. Brown was introduced to the principal citizens. The farmer was generally known and much more respected. Mr. Brown was well dressed and made a fine appearance.—He was invited with the farmer to dine with the magistrate, a man before whom he had often been arraigned a drunken vagrant. Had Tom been suddenly transported to the Moon, to Venus, or to Mars, he had not been more decidedly astonished. He knew nearly every body—why did nobody know him? Because Mr. Brown was no more like Tom Toperly, than a well-dressed, temperate man is like a ragged, bloated street-drunkard.

At dinner, looking at the magistrate, said the farmer.

"I believe it is about a year since a poor drunken wretch, well named Tom Toperly, disappeared from the village. Has there ever been any tidings of him?"

"Not a word," said the magistrate. "It is strange; Tom was a good fellow, but he would do nothing but drink gin; when he could be begged it, and he would never work only to get money to buy it."

During this speech, Mr. Brown's face passed through a multitude of singular expressions. The farmer, watching him, replied to the magistrate,—

"He was at my house after he left here, as fond of drink as ever."

"I'll warrant it," returned the magistrate.—'I've no doubt he died like a beast in some ditch.'

Mr. Brown could endure it no longer. Jumping up, and, to the consternation of the magistrate, nearly throwing the table over, he cried,—

"No, he didn't! Here he is! I'm Tom Toperly! Don't "Mr. Brown" me any more. You kicked and cuffed me about in this town and was goin' to send me to the work house, and called me nothing but "Drunken Tom," but this farmer made me think I was something of a man; and now I ain't ragged and dirty and bloated, but I've got good clothes to wear and money in my pocket, and know how to earn more, and you have taken me for a gentleman."

"Glad of it, Tom—glad of it, Tom! We're having temperance meetings, and you shall give us a speech—tell 'em your story Tom—You *are* a gentleman and you shall stay in my house as long as you're in town," exclaimed the magistrate, shaking him by the hand till his shoulded ached.

"Make a man think he is somebody, if you have to lock him up to do it; that's the way to reform him, say I," cried Tom. "The farmer's confidence in my simple word, that nobody would trust, made a man of me."

Tom told his story to all his old "chums," got a number of them to follow his example, went back home with the farmer, in due course of time became his son-in-law, and died leaving a number of children, who, though they inherited the unpromising name of Toperly, have ever lived soberly.

Of Butter.—We are now to consider the various methods of making butter, and some of the questions connected with its preservation. The object in churning, is to break up the coverings of the little globules of butter, this is done by continued dashing and agitation; when it has been continued for a certain time, the butter appears first in small grains, and finally works together into lumps.

Where cream is churned, the best practice seems to be to allow of its becoming slightly sour, this sourness takes place in cheesy matter, or casein, that is mixed in the cream, and has no effect upon the butter beyond causing its more speedy and perfect separation.

In many dairies the practice is to churn the whole milk. This requires larger churns, and is best done by the aid of water or animal power; it is considered to produce more butter, and this is said by some to be of finer and better quality. I do not think that there have been any very decisive experiments upon the point.

The excellence of butter is greatly influenced by the temperature of the milk or cream, at the time of churning: if this be either too hot or too cold, it is difficult to get butter at all, and when got, it is usually of poor quality. A large number of experiments have been made with regard to this point, and the result arrived at is, that cream should be churned at a temperature, when the churning commences, of from 50 to 55 deg. of Fahrenheit's thermometer. If whole milk is used, the temperature should be about 65 deg. F. at commencing. In summer, then, cream would need cooling, and sometimes in winter a little warmth. It is surprising how the quality of the butter is improved by attention to these points. I have seen churns made double, so that warm water, or some cooling mixture, according to the season was winter or summer, might be put into the outer part.—It will be seen that in whatever way the temperature is regulated, a thermometer is a most important accompaniment to the dairy.

The time occupied in churning, is also a matter of much consequence. Several churns have been exhibited lately, which will make butter in from three to ten minutes, and these are spoken of as important improvements. The most carefully conducted trials on this point, have shown that as the time of churning was shortened, the butter grew poorer in quality; and this is consistent with reason. Such violent agitation as is effected in these churns seperates butter, it is true, but the globules are not thoroughly deprived of the caseing which covers them in the milk: there is consequently much cheesy matter mingled with the butter, which is ordinarily soft and pale, and does not keep well. Until the advocates of very short time in churning can show that the butter made by their churns is equal in quality to that produced in the ordinary time, farmers had better beware how they change their method, lest the quality of their butter, and consequently the reputation of their dairy be injured.

Butter contains two kinds of fat. If melted in water at about 180 F., a nearly colorless oil is obtained, which becomes solid on cooling. If the solid mass be subjected to pressure in a strong press, at about 60 F., a pure liquid oil runs out, and there remains a solid white fat. The liquid fat is called *elaine*, and the solid fat *margarine*.—These two bodies are present in many other animal and vegetable oils and fats. They are both nearly tasteless, and when quite pure, will keep without change for a long time. In presence of certain impurities, however, they do change.

If great care is not taken in washing and working, when making butter, some buttermilk is left enclosed in it; the buttermilk, of course, contains casein, the nitrogenous body which we have already described; there is also some of the milk sugar before mentioned. The casein, like all other bodies containing much nitrogen, is very liable to decomposition. This soon ensues, therefore, whenever it is contained in butter; and certain chemical transformations are by this means soon commenced, whereby the margine and elaine are in part changed to other and very disagreeable substances; those which give the rancid taste and smell to bad butter. The milk sugar is instrumental in bringing about these changes. It is decomposed into an acid by the action of the casein, and has a decided effect upon the fatty substances of butter, causing them to become rancid. This action and consequent changes come on more or less rapidly, as the temperature is warmer or colder.

No matter how well the butter is made in other respects, if buttermilk be left in it, there is always, from the causes above-mentioned, a liability to become rancid and offensive. When packed in firkins, it will be rancid next to their sides and tops; will be injured to a greater or less depth, as the air may have access. Salting will partially overcome the tendency to spoil, but not entirely, unless the butter is made so salt as to be hardly eatable. Another reason for much of the poor butter, which is unfortunately too common, is to be found in the impure quality of salt used. This should not contain any magnesia or lime, as both injure the butter; they give it a bitter taste, and prevent its keeping for any length of time. Prof. Johnston mentions a simple method of freeing common salt from these impurities. It is to add to 30 lbs. of salt about 2 quarts of boiling water, stirring the whole thoroughly now and then, and allowing it to stand for two hours or more. It may be afterwards hung up in a bag, and allowed to drain. The liquid that runs off is a saturated solution of salt, with all the magnesia and lime which were present. These are much more soluble than salt, and are consequently dissolved first.

Want of caution in the quality of salt used, and of care in separating the buttermilk, cause the spoiling of very great stocks of butter every year; a large portion of that sent to Europe is sold for soap grease, and for other common purposes, simply because these points have been neglected.—*Prof. Norton's Prize Essay.*

Her Majesty's Reverence for the Lords Day.—The following interesting incident, which occurred at the beginning of her reign, was a striking evidence of her Majesty's reverence for the duties of the Sabbath. One of her Majesty's Ministers arrived at Windsor late on Saturday night, and informed his youthful Sovereign that he had brought some papers of importance for her inspection: "but as they must be gone into at length," he added, 'I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night, but request your attention to them to-morrow morning.' 'To-morrow morning!' repeated the Queen, 'to-morrow morning is Sunday, my Lord.' 'But business of State, please your Majesty!' 'Must be attended to I know,' replied the Queen, 'and as of course you could not come down earlier to night, I will, if these papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning.' To church went the royal party, and also the noble statesman, and, much to his edification, we hope, the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath. 'How did your lordship like the sermon?' asked the young Queen, 'Very much your Majesty,' replied he, with the best grace he could assume. 'I will not conceal from you,' said the Queen, 'that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it.' The day passed without a single word on the subject of the papers, and at night, when the Queen was about to withdraw, she said. '*To-morrow morning my Lord at any hour you please*—as early as seven, if you like—we will go into these papers.' His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on her Majesty; 'Nine would be quite time enough,' he said. 'As they are of importance, my Lord,' observed the Queen, 'I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it.'

ALWAYS PUT THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE.

Considerable trouble is the consequence of saddlin' the wrong horse; after we've done so and got into the stirrups, and he runs away with us, or slings off and pitches us head fust into a frog pond, and we gather ourselves up again all over mud, maybe we don't cuss the horse. But it warn't his fault, if we hadn't got on his back, we never could have been throw'd under his belly, that's sartin'. You'll every day see able-bodied chaps goin' round chawin' the bacca of idleness, and wearing the regalia of the sons of laziness, and with their hands in their pockets they ll go from groceree to groceri, and if you ask 'em how they're makin' out, they'll draw their faces as long as your arm and begin cussin' 'their tarnal bad luck;' nothin' seems to go well with them; they don't see how it is, some chaps seem to hev no trouble in getin' along, but they can't make out no how. Then they'll ask you if you are goin' to spend a shillin', or they don't care if they odd or even with you for a couple of cocktails. Or to pass the time they don't mind if they play the first forty-five for a quarter. Now ain't it funny to hear such chaps as them talkin' of their 'tarnal bad times?' If they'd complain a leetle of their bad habits they'd be doin' themselves justice; can't every body see that it's their idleness, their laziness, their liquor-it-tiveness, loo-itiveness, old-sledge-itiveness, ane penny-anti-up-itiveness, that calls down sech buckets full of square-toes, vinegar luck on their squashes. No use in a man cussin' his bad luck when he does his best to hev it come. *They saddle the wrong horse.*

If a chap earns six dollars a week by workin' at his trade, and if he spends half of it for liquor and cigars, and night tramps, and if he ain't able to pay his board bill, his washin' bill, his shoemaker bill, or his tailor bill, he puts the saddle on the wrong horse when he complains of hard times and low wages. If a chap spends his evenings and loose change in a bar-room or ball-alley, and leaves his wife and children to comfort themselves as best they can at home, and if that chap's wife don't look cheerful and happy, and if his don't look cheerful and happy, and if his chilren don't love him, he saddles the wrong horse if he blames any one but himself. If a feller whose dad happened to die rich, holds his head so high that common folks can't see the color of his eye brows, and if sech a chap hes pride stickin' out of him like perkypine quills, and if he thinks it's 'demmed odd that he is not popular with the people aw,' he saddles the wrong jackass. If the head of a family drinks cognac by the quart and whisky by the gallon, and gets corned occasionally, and if his son becomes a drunkard and goes out of time in a fit of delirium tremens, he saddles the wrong horse if he wonders how it was that his son learned to drink! As the old rooster crows the young rooster learns. If farmer A. does not work his land as he should, and hires men to do it for him, if he is afraid of spending elbow grease, and only has half a crop, he saddles the wrong horse, if he talks of the advantages that would result from Annexation. If farmer B. neglects to take the papers and provide good books for his children, and if they grow up as ignorant as oxen, he saddles the wrong horse if he expects 'em ever to get thro' life as comfortable and respectable as farmer C.'s children, who are well supplied with books and papers.

Then there are the Lawyers. Some sez 'cuss the lawyers!' some sez, 'Oh the bloodsuckers!' another cries out, 'they are like the bottomless pit, never satisfied!' Now, I hev been studyin' out lawyers a good deal lately; I hev been listnin' to 'em in the Niagara Court House for the last two weeks, and in fact as the juryman said, 'I've hearn so much law lately that it's as much as I can do to keep from cheating somebody.' But I can't see as it's goin' to make lawyers any fewer or any thinner to be eternally cussin' them, and at the same time hireing them, feeing them, and fattening them? If I go shin-over-gizzard in debt, and live at the top of the cupalo, if I neglect my business, and spend my money before I hev it arn't, if I give Champaigne sprees and keep open house, if I do a fullsale business in the way of servants, horses and carriages, and then if I get into a lawyers tusher, don't I saddle the wreng horse if I call him a blood-sucker because he tries to save some remnants for the people that I owe. The fact is, it is not so much other people's *misfortunes* that lawyers get rich on, but it is other people's pride, extravagance, living beyond their incomes and tryin' to keep stroke with the big bugs, &c., that lawyers get rich on. If I go crazy as a bed bug, and go to law with my neighbor because his fence encroaches *one sixteenth* of an inch on my land; and if my neighbor goes crazy too, and backs up another lawyer to defend him, and if we go from court to court till beth of our estates are swallowed up with costs, don't we saddle the wrong horse if we call the lawyers robbers. A man might as well take and set fire to his wheat stack and then cuss the fire for burnin' it. If we take down our fences and let all the swine into our cabbages, and if we stand still and let 'em tear away unmolested, don't we do wrong to blame the pigs? and any farmer that goes to law lets something worse than pigs into his field, a tarnal sight. The fact is, we must keep out of debt, and then we can't be sued; we must try to live within our means, and then we won't get in debt; we must look before we leap, and not go into a lawsuit because the lawyer tells us we have a good case and are bound to win; I've known lawyers to do that when they knew they'd be beat. If neighbours disagree about a piece of land, on account of anything, why can't they settle it among themselves? It is their neighbours who decide after all that has been said and sworn to in the court house, and wouldn't it be cheaper to settle it at home, than to come wandering down to Niagara, with witnesses at as much loss of time as the whole case is worth.—For the sake of common sense let us quit callin' lawyers rogues, while we are actually encouraging and inviting them to fleece us.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The following letter to ARCHIBALD ALLISON, Esquire, F. R. S., author of the History of Europe, &c., is published in a late number of the Kingston, Upper Canada, *Argus*, and is worthy of an attentive perusal by the Political Economist.

Sir,—The deep interest taken, and the distinguished efforts made by you, to uphold the great patriotic policy of protection to British Industry, and the consistency and rectitude of judgment, with which, in advocating that policy, you have acknowledged *national protection to national industry* to be a thing needful for good government *in all countries*, lead to hope that you cannot take offence at a Canadian colonist, if he attest his sympathy with you in these efforts, by being so bold as to request your attention to some evidences of his own small endeavors in the same great cause.

For many years previous to 1846, England, while she practised Protection at home, preached Free Trade abroad. It is very possible that this mission of false prophecy commenced with diplomatic hypocrisy; but it is shameful apparent that before its ending it has brought her to believe in her own lie. I rejoice to think that one result of England's endeavor to establish and extend her power upon a falsehood, must be, that she cannot with safety and honor relinquish her present position and revert to Protection, without acknowledging as *you* have done that Free Trade is "*on principle erroneous.*"

The policy of Protection which I have advocated has the appearance of novelty, though it be in reality as old as the foundations of civil government; and it appears to me that whatever novelty there may be in it, it is like the novelty of to-day after yesterday, or of to-morrow after to-day—and, that like the novelties, it cannot be delayed but for a day: and (with all due reverence be it expressed) as "day unto day uttereth speech," so the deeps of overruling benevolence call unto their kindred deeps, silencing the murmurs from the shadows of the most powerful, the most philanthropic, and the wisest misrule of man.

In one of your political essays, while examining reciprocal Free Trade by a humorous but apt analogy, you represent Poland as 'the young beauty of the ball room in agriculture,' and England as 'the old lawyer on the circuit in manufactures.' You wind up the analogy in these words —'Possibly the young belle may exchange her beauty for the old lawyer's guineas, but it will prove a bad reciprocity for both.'

You will at once recognize the similarity of condition, as respects need of home manufactures between Canada and Poland, and I am sure you will not be disposed to dispute the correctness of either of these propositions, viz., that the establishment of manufactures would advance the prosperity of Canada, and that by no other means than imposing a protective tariff can she establish them. Neither will any truly patriotic Englishman deny that the prosperity of this noble Province must be for the gain as well as the renown of England.—And since Canada has, by her geographical position, and perhaps also by her comparatively advanced social progress, a power possessed by no other colony, and as I am persuaded that the policy which must elevate her will be for the benefit of other colonies, I would fain have her influence in her present circumstances, used to promote the amelioration of every despondency of the Empire; being at the same time convinced that such amelioration must tend to promote the prosperity of every honest interest in England.

And now I wish to make a remark, which has been suggested by the consideration of a proposal made with a view to provide against the dismemberment of the Empire. The proposal is, that the Colonies should send representatives to the Imperial Parliament, and it is advocated in quarters of high intelligence and undoubted patriotism in England. The remark which I have to make upon it nevertheless is, that looking calmly at our public men in Canada, at any body of men likely to be chosen to represent us in the Imperial Parliament —and, indeed, looking at frail human nature in general, and at colonial need in particular—I very much doubt if our colonial representatives would be likely to withstand those temptations which have already betrayed and subdued so many of the leading men of England. £50,000 per annum might not be grudged to borrow them, and £5000 might suffice to buy them, and in the event of such a bargain, the £5000, or £50,000 with their "considerations" being both certainly to be paid in some way by the betrayed Colonies—greater dissatisfaction, leading more directly to dismemberment—not greater satisfaction leading from it,