SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1849.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Regem, Nec Populum, sed Utraque." Number 12.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,
Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Celestial Almanack.

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

Nov.	h.	Sun. s	Moon s	h	w
24 Saturday,	7	16 4	17 0	22 5	53
25 Sunday	7	17 4	17 1	27 7	1
26 Monday,	7	18 4	24 2	35 8	18
27 Tuesday,	7	19 4	23 3	46 9	34
28 Wednesday,	7	21 4	22 4	53 10	3
29 Thursday,	7	22 4	21 6	14 10	49
30 Friday,	7	23 4	20 7	27 11	37

Full Moon 29th, 10h. 53m aft.

MINERVA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
84, King William street, Mansion House, London

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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 assured, on 5¾ per cent. on the *Premiums received thereon, during the last five years.*

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Tables and every information can be obtained on application to the Office of
BARNEY, STURDEE & CO., St. John,
St. John, N. B. 1849. *Agents for New Brunswick*

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 £37,000 sterling.

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(Office Nelson street.)
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February, 1848.

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.*

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
King Street.

THE Subscriber having leased the Premises known as the *Commercial Hotel*, situate in King street, a few doors below the St. John Hotel, is prepared to receive permanent or transient Boarders. The House has undergone a thorough repair, and every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of parties patronising this establishment. OLIVER BYRAM.
St John Sept. 7, 1849.

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, South wark, 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, Chigo-foot, Yawns 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

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Autumn tinges the forest, and the deepening green fades into brown. The slanting sun sinks sooner to his bed; the rains are steadier and less hopefull of a break; and the day, like that of aging man, is graver. The wind is harsher—it beats and tears the trees in their waning life, and already begins to strip them of their summer glories, strewing the ground with the cast off rags of verdure.—The dahlia holds out the parting splendours of the summer, with an intense fire of its own, as though sunlight had been sown, and blossommed in colour. The corn has been robbed of its golden crown—The gay season has passed, and autumn is leading us to winter, as life wanes and the sombred countenance of man foreshadows death.

Death the handmaid of life. The leaf falls to compose the life-giving earth for future forests—the trees perish to heap nature round the root of the sapling; the glowing petal rots and its food for the seed of the bud; the corn is gathered to feed the race that survives many generations of corn and sees beyond its own mortality. Man witnesses these transitions with saddened senses but an informed faith, spans the dark chasm between summer and summer, and borrows for the drear season the light of future years. Other creatures die; he is gifted with the sad knowledge that he dies; but he is able to recognize death as the frontier between life and life. Where the lichen crept over the barren rock, the shrub has grown to forests, the corn waves, and the voice of man breaks the silence of the desert, to sing the story of the world—the long story which began before mankind awoke in its cradle—the tale in which ages are as seasons, and change is ever-increasing glory.

To the informed soul of man the fall of the leaf speaks not only of a resurrection, but teaches him how decay is but a process of regeneration; destruction is the first half of improvement. When living nature has attained perfection in one type, it will not tolerate less, but each stage is made complete, and then the creature perfected after its kind gives place to new perfection. As forests fall that more stately forests may rise, so human states fall that greater states may rise. Persia and Egypt sank into the tomb on which Greece built her temple, Rome propagated the civilization planted by Greece, and modern Europe rises on the ruins of Rome. Revolutions are but the fall of the leaf. Poland has rotted in the soil of Europe; but the Emperor sitting at Warsaw can no more forbid the unborn nation, than the vulture perched upon the fallen oak can forbid the oak which is growing beneath his feet.

Evil thinking alone is ignorant in its cunning and periskable in its power. Changeful and wandering, the nations repeal the mistakes of their predecessors, but keep the tried wisdom. The thoughts of love and beauty and greatness, that have come down to us from the earliest time, still strengthen our faith and our resolve. The despot himself, becomes the instrument of unerring destiny: a Charlemagne consolidates the power of Europe! a Robespierre breaks the noxious rule of the Bourbons; a Napoleon chains the monster anarchy.—Conquest ploughs up dominions for the culture of civilization; revolutions are but the scattering of the forest.

The sap rises in the tree according to its law; the beast is directed to his appointed destiny by instinct; but among the formative forces of man is his intelligence by which he knows the past, and can so prepare for an expanding future. To him the recurring season speaks not only of repetition, but of an expanding destiny. Oak succeeds oak, palm follows palm, unaltered if less in size followed by greater, it is an alien kind rooted upon a persisted race, as far succeeds moss and palm-tree fit; but inspired with intelligence, man pursues a widening path of resistance, so that Greek succeeds Egyptian, and to the multiplied nations of Europe, a Humbeldt dimly prophesies a more exalted future.

To man, therefore, the seasons coming round should speak encouragingly of work unperformed for the service of the future. They cannot tell to the oak of seed unsown, but to man they do. The beast cannot retrace the history of his kind, and describe the pitfalls in which his kin have perished; but even our advance has not been all level and consistent. We struggle against our faults with too faint a heart or too biassed a will. The fall of leaf might remind us how many a fruit still hangs to perish upon "Tyburn tree;" every English village has its Lucrezia Borgia, "only not handsome." Justice hunts a miserable murderer across the sea, and we discover in him a man stupid wi h ignorance; his accomplice, a vulgar Lady Macbeth, absorbed in one ambition or dressing finely. Prison discipline is still discussed by the learned on its first principles. Education itself has made such little way, that it is still barbarously bookish, and those who cannot lavishly spend their youthful years in a wasteful schooling are kept from knowledge; the explanation of our "free" museums is still locked up in "catalogues;" the weekly opportunity of the "sermon" is still for the most part barren of teaching, and in thousands of ways the channels of instruction are unused.—Political economy vaunts its wisdom, but has not yet taught us how to disarm plenty of its terrors for the farmer. Medical police is but beginning to guard the health of our immense towns. Our colonies are pressing from us before we have learned how to use them. In many things the recurring season finds us too little altered.

But not wholly so. As this year wanes, we see a bitter spirit awakening in Ireland, and in it the dawn of the first true hope for that disturbed land since the mythic times of its saintly prosperity. A medical police has begun to combat pestilence, even that which is now with us. The same pestilence has drawn forth proof that philanthropism, with the vanities of the past has not destroyed the piety. The revolution which has shaken Europe, and is still unaccomplished, has been as full of hope as fear—fuller; if Republicanism has not yet learned its own art, of constructing a self-maintaining power endowed with the strength to combine effective rule and universal sanction, despotism has confessedly gone back to school; and although political science has not learned to unfold the future, it has gained the knowledge that the influences which are disengaged are working for good. The hard sceptical doctrine of mere utilitarianism and self-interest, which carried out should have taught us to discard the folly of labouring for unknown future generations, has given place to a happier piety. The leaves are falling, but the fine ear of informed faith can hear the grass growing, can hear the melody of the winds blowing over the blossoms of future summers, and in the dim distance, too far distant for interpretation, can yet discern the voices of much happier generations.—*Spectator.*

PHONETIC.—A western editor heads his list of marriages—"*Moore of the week.*"

(*From the Woolwich Gazette.*)

THE "ZUNTNADEL GEWER," OR NEW PRUSSIAN MUSKET.

Considerable interest exists at present in Military circles owing to a report that a new Prussian musket of extraordinary range had been submitted to the Ordnance Board, which far eclipsed any arm of similar dimensions ever used in the British Army or any other service. A high Military authority having asked the opinion of Mr. Greener, the well-known writer on gunnery, as to the merits of the invention received the following reply, which we have leave to make public:—

SIR,—You have asked my opinion on this arm, and I have deferred writing to you until I found myself in a position to give a decided opinion.—Having a few days ago received a model from Prussia, I hasten to describe its principles, but before doing so I may remark that it is much more indebted to exaggerated statement than any real merit contained in its construction. You are aware that it has been a sort of "perpetual motion," varied from the earliest stages of the invention of gunnery, to obtain some readier means of loading than is presented to us by the use of the ramrod, and many hundreds of plans of various merit have been propounded to accomplish the end of loading the gun at the breech, but instead of that principle being new, it was the earliest method of loading cannon, as all the older specimens remaining to us demonstrate. They all fail when subjected to repeated trials and use. The most perfect ever produced is Monsieur Devigne's Carbine, next to this an American invention by "Jenks." The same objection applies to these as to all, namely, no moveable joint can be constructed to resist the penetrating properties of exploded gunpowder. Explosion expands the barrel, and this explosion opens momentarily the finest joint. A repetition allows eventually such an escape as to render the gun dangerous and ineffective; and from this cause alone all have been rejected as weapons of war. The new Prussian arm leads at the breach after the plan of Devinge's. Passing a lever from left to right, the breach falls back, the cartridge is introduced, reverse the motion of the lever, and it moves forward to its place. So far it is nothing more than the plan of Devigne; but the mode of exposition differs considerably from any plan yet adopted although it is not new. In the back part of the breach is inserted a cylindrical pin, kept in position by a spiral spring. A blow on the end of this pin forces the point into the body of the cartridge, which being composed of a fulminate and gunpower, the former is exploded by the pin abrasing on its concretion; the pin returns to its place by the force of the spring and the breach is removed, reloaded, and so on as before. The Zuntnadel Gewer is generally represented as a self primer, but that is not the case, as it requires no priming, the cartridge is both. The only secret attempted to be kept (or which in truth is all that is new about it) is the construction of the cartridge, but the fact must unconsciously strike you that a cartridge so constructed must be a very dangerous material to carry if so easily exploded, as it is by the mere insertion of the "needle," and woe to the poor fellow who falls upon his cartridge box. This alone I hold to be an objection that will most effectually prevent its general adoption. In regard to some of the statements which have appeared in the Military papers you will now see they are all moonshine. One writer states that it is capable of being fired eight or nine times without being taken from the shoulder, and more such twaddle. It is just possible to fire between three and four shots per minute, or seven in two minutes, not at all anything unusual. You must have met with many Light Infantry Soldiers who would do quite as much with the ordinary musket returning the ramrod every time. There is nothing, so far, which at all supersedes any of our present well-constructed fire-arms, but it is an advance in confirming the principles so long advocated, that a musket to be effectual must range horizontally.—To do this the excess of projectile force over the weight of projectile must be at the maximum, and to accomplish this, a reduction both of the bore and weight of ball is required. The introduction of the oblong conical pointed ball, and its perfect success calls for an entire change in the construction of muskets. The conical shape admits of a contraction of the bore to the extent of one-third, and even then retains the same weight of projectile, and the advantage gained in the change from a spherical to a pointed oblong, is the decreased surface presented to atmospheric resistances and hence a greater range with the same amount of projectile force. Great have been the changes of the present age, and gunnery is about to become an object of quite as astonishing a nature as any that have proceeded. The fabled "long range" of Captain Warner is no longer hypothetical; the French Government are now engaged in perfecting a discovery as great and wonderful as any promise ever made by the much quizzed Captain, and of the perfect practicability of which I entertain not the slightest doubt, as I have effectually tried it, and, to my perfect satisfaction. The principle of the discovery has emanated from repeated attempts to introduce the principles of the Congreve rocket into a small projectile, so that after the ball has left the gun the explosion acting upon the tail of the bullet should accelerate or maintain the initial velocity to a greater distance and thus increase the range. From the limited quantity of matter that could be introduced into the bullet it was found that no advantage of importance was obtained, attention then became awakened to discover some greater power than ordinary gunpowder, and which could be contained in less space. The fulminates presented themselves as possessing power to any extent and in the smallest bounds. A certain preparation of this nature is condensed in a wet state into a cavity in the bullet, when dried and fired from a rifle the explosion of the gunpower igniting the condensed fulminate; the initial velocity, if not increased, is maintained to a distance so great as to clearly establish the possibility of obtaining greater range than even Warner has so repeatedly told us, and I fear for his interest that this will be his much cherished secret too long kept. Thus circumstances will compel our government to see to their house being set in order, as unquestionably they seem to be sleeping on the mine, and doing nothing, nor taking any steps to improve our "Blunderbusses," eclept Muskets and Rifles, and which are deservedly the derision of every projectilist in Europe.

I am &c.,
WILLIAM GREENER.

Aston New Town, Birmingham, Oct. 16, 1849.

An important discovery in navigation, testing the leeway of a vessel, has been effected in the United States. It consists of vane under the keel, connected by a rod with a dial-plate on deck,—The motion of the needle, of course, accords with the motion of the vane.

MISTAKES OF THE RICH.—The Egyptian king who swollen with grandeur ordered a colossal staircase to be built to his new palace, discovered, to his chagrin, that it required a ladder to get from one step to the other. He had forgotten that the King's legs after all are as short as a beggar's. Aggrandize as you may, the limits of your sense check us miserably every moment. You call yourself proprietor! Houses and pictures outlive you and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door, feet foremost, never again to enter it,—"proprietors" you were, perhaps, of farms and castles, estates and mountains, but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground six feet by two! The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough to dine twenty four times a day, but you must eat sparingly even once. Your cellar is full of exquisite wine, but you can only drink one bottle yourself; and to help you to use your store you are obliged to call around you your friends, relatives, parasites—a little world who lives upon your substance, and who instead of being grateful are likely to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable, you can mount but one, or ride after two or four. Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, nor add one ray to the magnificence of the night. The same air swells all lungs—the same kind of blood fills all veins. Each one possesses really only his own thoughts, and his own senses. Soul and body—these are the only property which man completely owns.—*All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing.* Genius, beauty and love are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm on which you wear it—a pearl necklace but not a pearl throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer his fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked, and goes out naked. The difference in the fineness of a bit of linen is not much. Man is a handful of clay which turns rapidly back again to dust, and which is compelled nightly to replace into the nothingness of sleep, to get strength to commence life again on the morrow. In this life so partaken by annihilation, what is there real? Is it our sleeping or waking—our dreaming or our thought? Do we arise (to the more valuable life) when we go to bed or when we arise! Man is no proprietor! Or he owns but the breath as it traverses his lips, and the idea, as it flits across his mind. And even the idea belongs to another.

THE MISSISSIPPI KITE.—Early one morning, whilst I was admiring the beauties of nature, as the vegetable world lay embalmed in dew, I heard the cry of a bird that I mistook for a Pewee fly-catcher. It was prolonged, I thought as if uttered in distress. After looking for the bird a long time in vain, an object which I had at first supposed to be something that had accidentally lodged in a branch, attracted my attention, as I thought I perceived it moving. It did move distinctly, and the cry that had ceased from the time when I reached the spot where I stood, was repeated, evidently coming from the object in view. I now took it for a young one of the cluck-will's widow, as it sat lengthwise on the branch. I shot at it, but perhaps did not hit, as it only opened and closed its wings, as if surprised. At the report of the gun the old bird came, holding food in her claws.—She perceived me, but alighted and fed her young with great kindness. I shot at both and again missed, or at least did not succeed, which might have happened from my having only small shot in my gun. The mother flew in silence, sailed over head just long enough to afford me time to reload, returned, and to my great surprise gently lifted her young, and sailing with it to another tree about thirty yards distant, deposited it there. My feelings at that moment I cannot express. I wished I had not discovered the poor bird: for who could have witnessed, without emotion, so striking an example of that affection which none but a mother can feel; so daring an act, performed in the midst of smoke, and in the presence of a dreaded and dangerous enemy.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.—In the Sabbath cause, when any thing new occurs, people oppress themselves by writing numberless letters to impart the intelligence. They do well, for in this way they reach a little circle. But were they, for their many letters, to substitute one well considered "paragraph," they would do better, for they would at once inform a thousand correspondents; and not only so, but secure the publication of their tale in newspapers by dozens, each of which might have its thousands of readers. A letter slays its thousands, but a paragraph slays its tens of thousands. "Paragraph! paragraph! paragraph!" then, say we, to all the friends. In an arduous Edinburgh struggle, some years ago, the author knows that three gentlemen, in a manner, beat the town, by meeting every day, with every newspaper laid before them, and following up every statement with an instant answer and exposure—a sort of incessant battery, against which nothing can stand. The power of the newspaper press is infinite. It is like the caloric of nature; it ever spreads the whole face of society; it insinuates itself into the darkest and coldest, and penetrates the most obtuse regions. The ever-recurring "article" is like the water-drop, which, small and light in look, will, oft repeated pierce the hardest rock. To the religious Press, the obligations of the friends of the cause are unspeakable; and the irreligious helps it too, if not by its violence, at least by its con-trained spreading of intelligence; for, with exceptions, the newspaper press at large is fair.—*J. Bridges, Esq.*

CURIOUS NOTIONS AS TO DIVINE JUDGMENT.—The Rev. Mr. Gutch, of Leicester, inclines to ascribe the cholera to the election of Dissenters in that borough, and of a Jew in London; and yet Leicester has hitherto escaped the cholera, and the Jews have hardly been touched, while, as at Wickenton, the Christians have been more than decimated. Then again, another preacher in Leinster (as we learn from the *Chronicle* of that town) suspects are the Romish apostacy in the English Church to be the source of God's displeasure; while Mr. Tove, discoursing in Exeter, detects the fountain of the choleraic poison in the agitation to legalise the marriage of a widower with his wife's sister!—*Gateshead Observer.*

PRETTY FAIRLY STATED.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest old Dutch farmer of the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were in the right way to heaven. "Well, den," said he, "you see we ride our wheat to Albany some say dis is de best road, and some say dat is de best: but it don't make much difference which road we take; for when we get dare, dey never ask us which way we come—and it is none of deir business—if our wheat is good.

NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.—On the 15th of September, Napoleon entered Moscow. All was silent: the great bulk of the inhabitants had fled. No deputation came to greet him, or to ask for his mercy. Moscow was almost a desert; but it abounded in wealth, for the palaces of the nobles, and houses of the rich, were full of provisions. Pillage could not be entirely prevented; but order might have been established, if a dreadful catastrophe had not happened. In the evening of the 14th there were some partial fires, which the French extinguished; but on the night of the 15th they became so numerous that the flames got the mastery. Nine-tenths of the city were consumed, and the conflagration was followed by pillage, in which the Russians got a share. Some thousands who had dragged themselves from the field of Borodino to Moscow, perished in the flames.—Report at first accused the French of firing Moscow, which is absurd. It was, however, the effect of design; and Rostopchin, the governor, is said to have planned the destruction of the city, though he afterwards denied it.—*France and its Revolutions.*

DISCOVERIES IN ART.—A French paper states that Mons. Jauron, has just discovered the famous Naiad, all trace of which has been lost for so many years. It was discovered pure and unimpaired in the subterranean vaults of the Louvre where it has lain ever since 1824. What is perhaps equally curious although perhaps less valuable is the discovery, in the same hiding place of the famous apparatus for lighting the statue gallery at night which was executed by order of Napoleon, and of which all trace has been lost ever since the Restoration. This discovery was hailed with delight by all lovers of art and the apparatus is to be applied immediately to its original purpose. A grand *soiree* will be given in the course of the month to artists of all denominations who may be at the time in Paris, all nations are to be invited and the experiment tried for lighting the gallery. The apparatus is said to have cost the Empire more than 100,000 francs, and to be result of the united efforts of all the great *physicians* of the day.—*Sci. Am.*

CURIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT—CONVENTION OF HEIRS.—A convention is to be held at Nashville, for the purpose of examining into the claims of the descendants of William Augustine Jennings, late of Viginia, as heirs to the estate of William Jennings, who died intestate in Suffolk, England, in 1779, leaving an immense property, now estimated at 40,000,000 dollars, consisting of divers bank and other stocks, mortgages, and landed property, &c., still unsettled, and lying in the hands of the British Government, subject to the claim and control of the heirs. Most of the claimants reside in Tennessee, Mississippi, Viginia, and Indiana.

CURIOUS CHRISTENING.—A short time ago, Mr. Hodgkinson, who is employed at the works in connexion with the Britannia bridge, had the ceremony of christening performed on one of his children in the following singular manner. The child, a female, was taken to the Britannia-rock, in the middle of the stiles, where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Jackson. She was named Britannia Ann Stephenson Hodgkinson, in compliment to the great work and the great engineer. At the conclusion of a powerful prayer, delivered on his occasion in behalf of the little one, by the rev. gentleman, he exclaimed—"May this rock stand as firm as the Word of God."

READERS.—Readers have been divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state—only a little dirtier. A third class may be likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class are like the slave in the diamond mines at Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem.

THE POWERS THAT BE.
A Power of Evil.—That's Russia.
A Power of Misery.—That's Ireland.
A Power of Luck.—That's Louis Napoleon.
A Power of Ignorance,—That's Austria.
A Power of Nonsense.—That's John O'Connell.
A Power of Mischief.—That's Lola Montes.
A Power of Fun.—That's Lord Brougham.
A Power of Folly.—That's our Colonial Government.
A Power of Slavery—That's the U. States.
A Power of Good.—That must be *Punch.*

SPIRIT-DRINKING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—From the excise returns, just issued, the following summary of the consumption of spirits in the three kingdoms, for the half year ending 5th July is taken:—England, 4,107,000 gallons; Scotland, 3,239,000 gallons; Ireland, 3,091,000 gallons: total, 10,437,000 gallons; giving an annual consumption to each individual of the population, according to the census of 1841, of, in England, 4 pints; Ireland, 6 pints; Scotland, 20 pints.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—In removing one of the old almshouses of the Livery Dole, at Heavitree, near Exeter, a curious discovery has been made, illustrative of the practice of fire and fagot in the early days of Henry VIII. It is the remnant of the stake to which Bennett, the schoolmaster, was tied in 1531, and of which burning for heresy an account is given by Hoker, first chamber-lain of Exeter; his only crime was for denying the divinity of the Virgin Mary, and denouncing transubstantiation.

If a cow always receives the same kind of food, the quantity of milk gradually decreases; but if its diet be changed it rapidly increases. A frequent change of diet is therefore advantageous. It has also been established that the quantity of milk obtained from a cow is greater in the morning than in the evening.

A workman, in Paris, being asked what Communism was, took off his blouse and tore it into fragments. Giving a portion to each of the persons present, he said, "Communism, my friends, has for its object to make of what may be very useful to one person a collection of morsels which are useful to nobody."

The revenue of the railways of the United Kingdom amounts to no less than £12,000,000 annually.