

The Head Quarters, $\frac{1}{2}$

[Series.]

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

WILLIAM GRIGOR, Editor.

"CHERISH RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT, AND BRITISH CONNEXION."—LORD METCALFE.

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FREDERICTON, N. B., OCTOBER 22, 1845.

[WHOLE NO. 113]

NOVA SCOTIA

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Bank of British North America.

FREDERICTON BRANCH.
GEORGE TAYLOR, Esq.,—MANAGER.DISCOUNT DAYS, Wednesday and Saturday.
Bills intended for Discount must be left at the Office on Tuesday and Friday.

N. B.—The Notes of this Bank are redeemed at par, at all the Branches and Agencies of the Bank of British North America in CANADA.

Central Bank of New Brunswick.

W. J. BEDELL, — President.
SAM. W. BABBITT, — Cashier.DISCOUNT DAYS, Tuesday and Friday.
Bills or Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank on Monday and Thursday.

The Notes of this Bank are redeemed at the CITY BANK, Quebec, at par.

Central Fire Insurance Company of N. Brunswick.

MONTHLY COMMITTEES.

DIRECTORS FOR OCTOBER, 1845.—John S. Coy and Thomas Stewart.

Protection Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

F. W. HATHEWAY, AGENT, Fredericton.

Provisions, &c.

PORK, RICE, SALERATUS.

Ex Dolphin, from Boston, on Consignment
100 B AGS Yellow Corn; 50 Bals. Clear
Pork; 9 Tierces Rice;
10 Kegs Saleratus;
10 Bales Feathers;
60 Barrels Pitch;
10 half Bbls. Family Mess Beef;
10 Barrels Pure Cider Vinegar;
10 Reams Wrapping Paper;
1 Bbl. Copal Varnish;
10 Boxes fine Southing Tea;
For sale low from the Wharf by
THOMAS HANFORD & Co.
St. John, October 1, 1845.

PORK BEANS, &c.

Ex Abigail from Boston, on Consignment.

75 B RLS. heavy mess Pork; 30 do White Beans;
33 bags GEESE FEATHERS; 55 brls Superfine FLOUR.—Will be sold low from the wharf before storing by
THOMAS HANFORD & Co.
St. John, Oct. 14.

Flour, Cheese, &c.

On Consignment—ex Brothers from Boston.

95 B RLS. Philadelphia Superfine FLOUR;
60 do Ohio do do; 11 do do Fine do; 40 do do Fine middlings; 1 do Copal Varnish; 10 Reams cheap Postage Letter Paper.—Will be sold low from the wharf by
THOMAS HANFORD & Co.
St. John, Sept. 11th, 1845.

WHEAT FLOUR.

116 B RLS. Fine FLOUR, ex the Ida from New York, now landing and for sale by
ADAMS & KETCHUM.
St. John, Sept. 5th, 1845.

RYE FLOUR.

50B RLS. Superfine RYE FLOUR, ex Argmon from Philadelphia, for sale low before storing from the wharf by
THOMAS HANFORD & Co.
St. John, August 19, 1845.

RYE FLOUR.

200 B RLS. Superfine RYE FLOUR, ex the Na-poleon from New York, now landing and for sale by
ADAMS & KETCHUM.
St. John, Sept. 30.

FLOUR, MEAL &c.

THE Subscriber would remind the public of Fredericton and its vicinity, that he still continues to sell:

FLOUR, CORN and OAT MEAL.

Of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

Of Dry Goods and Groceries he has rather a greater variety than usual.

For HATS of modern shape and of all sizes can be procured cheap, and of good quality at his store; also, a few dozen Looking Glasses.

THOS. PICKARD.

SUPERFINE FLOUR.

NOW Landing from schr. Frances, from Boston, 50 Barrels Superfine FLOUR, for sale, low, by
T. HANFORD & CO.
St. John, Sept. 23.

Groceries.

TEA FOR SALE.

13C HESTS Fine CONGO, good article at a low price, by
ADAMS & KETCHUM.
St. John, August 7, 1845.

SUGAR.

10 H HDS. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR, for sale by
T. HANFORD & CO.
St. John, Sept. 13, 1845.

GROCERIES.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the public that he keeps on hand a constant supply of

GROCERIES, FRUITS, LIQUORS, AND

CONFECTIONARY.

which he will sell cheap for cash, at his STORE in Queen Street.

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Fredericton, October 1, 1845.

BRIGHT SUGAR.

20 H HDS. of Bright SUGAR, to arrive from Halifax, which will be sold low while landing by
JOHN T. SMITH.
Saint John, Oct. 5th, No. 5, North Wharf.

COFFEE AND TOBACCO.

Received this day per schr. Eliza Jane, from Boston.

10 B AGS old JAVA COFFEE;
10 Kegs Cavendish TOBACCO, 16s. For Sale by
J. R. CRANE.
Saint John, Sept. 30.

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.

THE subscriber respectfully solicits the attention of purchasers to his stock of PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c., imported direct from the best markets, which will be found of good quality and low prices. Orders from Retailers, or for Family supplies, will be promptly attended to, and goods forwarded with care.

JOHN T. SMITH, No. 5, North Wharf.

Saint John, September 23, 1845.

LITERATURE.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

The following lines were written in 1833 by the late Judge Story:

When'er you speak, remember every cause
Stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws—
Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
Let every sentence stand with bold relief;
On trifling points no time, nor talents waste,
A sad offence to learning and to taste;
Nor deal with pompous phrase; nor e'er suppose,
Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.
Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
And seem more striking, as it grows more loud;
But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
As naught but empty noise, and weak, as vain.
The froth of words, the schoolboy's vain parade
Of books and cases—all his stock in trade—
The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play
Of low Attorneys, strung in long array,
The unmanly jest, the petulant reply,
That chatters on, and cares not how, or why,
Studious avoid—unworthy themes to scan,
They sink the Speaker, and disgrace the Man.
Like the false lights, by flying shadows cast,
Scarcely seen, when present, and forgot, when past.
Begin with dignity; expound with grace
Each ground of reasoning in its time and place;
Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,
Nor urge its power too little, or too much.
Give each strong thought its most attractive view,
In fiction clear, and yet severely true.
And as the argument in splendor grows,
Let each reflect its light on all below.
When to the close arrived, make no delays
By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,
But sum the whole in one deep solemn strain,
Like a strong current hastening to the Main.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with gleam and pride—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mound, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea both one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain,
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-flecked field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same Italian bow,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond the earth!

OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GALLIE CLARE.

Sole, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! Thou darkest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bower.

The meaning of thy wail I hear,
As the red sunset dies away,
And bars of purple clouds appear;
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month!—I hear thy voice—
It tells my soul of other days—
When but to live was to rejoice—
When earth was lovely to my gaze;

Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where were their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to nature, and behold,
My life's dim emblem ringed around,
In hues of crime and of gold—
The year's dead honours on the ground;

And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweetening tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the west,
They bore the wooer's melting tones,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;

Through summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now they beat,
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new,
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!

They stir the leaves in that bright month,
Which hope about her forehead weaves,
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe—
Then Pleasure's lip its smiles resigns.

Alas for Time and Death and Care—
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.

The dreams that each successive year
Came huddled in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

LADY BARBARA'S WHITE ROSE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Again proud Whitehall was blazing with light and beauty—again the fairest and noblest assembled; and, resplendent in jewels and in beauty, Lady Barbara took her place among them. But although the favour-bringing talisman hung round her neck, hertassel returned not at her call; Buckingham, changeable and wayward, had grown weary of a devotion which had lasted the whole winter, and was not unwilling to seek a newer lady love. Again he danced with the fair Venetia, and again—the prey of the fiercest jealousy—Lady Barbara returned home.

Had the dealer in charms deceived her?—No. For the jewel was shown to Bottina Crox, and he acknowledged it was his workmanship. Wherefore this change then? The stars were not sinister.—And Lady Barbara pored over her horoscope and sought again to ascertain the dealer in charms, to endeavour to account for the caprice of the wayward favorite.

Spring passed, summer came on, the court were about to remove to Theobalds, when, one afternoon, out by the fields, then lone and unfrequented, although long since thickly covered with houses, a masked and muffled figure, attended by a servant, almost as closely muffled as her mistress, stood beneath some trees at some distance from the path—scarcely accounting for so few passed that way—apparently waiting. Ere long a third female figure, equally shrouded with view joined them; and the servant, retiring some distance, left the two and the coloupy. "I'll reader need scarcely be told that these were the elder in charms and Lady Barbara, who, now that the lengthened days no longer suffered her to visit the woman at her own house, had chosen this unfrequented spot to meet her.

"And does she really return forthwith to Leicester?" was the hurried inquiry. "No, Sir Wilfred hath taken lodgings at Enfield, both for the air, and that he may be near the court. We are baffled."

"Baffled indeed! There's some hidden charm still—some secret—some Enfield! at Enfield! Would she were in her grave!"

"And little would send her thither. Poor girl, she's far from health; and so her nurse will come to-morrow for a cordial drink, forsooth. Shall I make her one?" asked the woman fixed her eyes impatiently on Lady Barbara.

"Ay, well can you make it? She looks pale too, she cannot live through the summer," said the nurse, who was ready to do my lady's bidding;—replied the woman; "but mine is a dangerous calling. The risk is great; and surely Lady Barbara will bear me harmless?"

"Rely on it. Have I not promised?"

"But should I fall into trouble, some token, however small, by which I might let my lady know without risking a message?"

Lady Barbara paused. At length she took an artificial white rose, which was fastened to her bodice by silver wire.

"I once valued that rose greatly," said she, giving it; "and well shall I know it again. Be secret—be certain. Farewell!"

The woman returned to her home, Lady Barbara to her noble mansion; and with smiles on her brow she glided through the dance that night.

Three days passed away, and Lady Barbara, in her velvet carriage, was returning to London, from a visit to her godfather; anxiously, yet almost fearful; to learn that intelligence which she dared not openly seek after, when a violent storm came on; and while the dappled horses and the velvet carriage were placed for shelter beneath a out-house, the fair court lady and her waiting women were compelled to accept the accommodation which the best room of a way-side inn could afford them.

Through the thin partition and threadbare hangings, the loud and earnest conversation of the men in the kitchen might be plainly heard; and soon did Lady Barbara discover that the subject of their conversation, which was the news just brought from London, was that in which she, beyond all others, was most interested.

"Ay," said a rough voice, "more poisonings—and another Mistress Turner's business; but I'll warrant me some of your fine court ladies are in it."

"No doubt, no doubt. But as the poor young creature really died?"

"Why 'twas the strangest chance. An old nurse goes to a vile witch in Golden Lane, thinking her a wise woman, and aseth for a cordial drink for the young lady. So the covetous of the devil gives her a bottle. The old woman takes it home, and pours it into a tall Venice glass, when, ere the poor young lady could drink it, her little dog leaps on the table overthrusts it, and begins to lap it, when behold you, in three minutes he lies dead! There was bustle enough I promise you, but the best part of the news is, that the witch is now safe in Newgate, for I saw her carried there."

"Nay, good maid, better news am I yet seen here at Tyburn," replied another; "for depend on the court lady, at whose bidding she did it, will get her off after all."

"Nay, I heard night of court ladies, though I'll warrant me there is one as I said."

"And I'll warrant then, that the witch holdeth some token whereby she will be saved from the gallows. Would that I knew who that court lady was. But, depend on't, she'll be found out after all."

Lady Barbara heard no more, she had fainted.

"No wonder," said her chief waiting woman, "no wonder poor lady, frightened with the storm, and then put into this close, low, shabby room, and a set of noisy chaps swilling their beer just beside us; I should not be surprised if I fainted myself."

"Only hear ye, dear madam, when her silk gown, forsooth," muttered the angry hostess. "Faintest I marry come up; we heard that these fine waiting women sate their ladies in every thing, so I trow they take up with cast off fainting fits, as well as with cast off gowns."

Lady Barbara turned sick in body, but for more sick at heart; her deadly pain had failed; and, oh, on the brink of what awful danger she stood! Mere country clogs had talked of some court lady having instigated the wretched woman to her death; and now, without warning, she was in the hands of the law. Many, many were the anxious hours she passed in forming the wildest schemes. At length, when the dreaded message came that a person wished to see her,—her old nurse—she took her stern determination.

"Bid her to meet me when I ride out into the Park to-morrow," said she to her favourite waiting-woman; "I can then speak to her without suspicion."

Morning came, and in richest attire, beaming

with beauty, radiant with smiles, Lady Barbara, on her milk-white jennet, followed by her serving men rode to the Park, while one highly-honoured cavalier kept close beside her bridle-rein. Ere long a woman, carefully muffled, was seen approaching them; but even when she came near, Lady Barbara's smile forsook not her brow. Waving her hand to her companion, she urged her palfrey a short distance onward, and commenced, as it seemed, an earnest conversation with this woman, who carried something in her hand. There was nothing to awaken suspicion in this, for women with trinkets of perfumes for sale were often to be found in the Park at this period; nor did her companion apprehend danger, until a loud shriek startled him, and he hastened to the lady just in time to save her from falling.

"Cause her to be seized," said Lady Barbara, in a faint whisper; "she hath sought to poison me with a white rose."

Two occupied with his fainting charge was the cavalier to give the order, nor, when Lady Barbara heard that the woman had escaped—for she felt that her fatal secret was safe—was she displeased. The belief—perhaps a correct one—that artificial flowers could be poisoned so as to produce instant death to the person smelling them, was general at this period, and this had suggested to Lady Barbara the scheme of pretending that the woman who was charged with the token flower had been sent to poison her life. That the first of the court ladies should be in danger of such murderous attacks, seemed likely enough; and so the high and mighty James edited a select circle that very evening with a dissertation on the fearful abounding of poisons, as well as of witches, and on the singular chance that the lives of two court ladies should have been attempted, but, happily, attempted in vain; adding, that the vile witch who was then in Newgate should be put on her trial on the morrow, and hanged forthwith.

And so it was. The confession that she made was disbelieved; for, had not all London heard of the story of Lady Barbara and the poisoned white rose? And while the preparer of the deadly draught swung at Tyburn, she who had directed its making, surrounded by sympathizing friends, received their congratulations on her wondrous escape, and heard with scarcely suppressed joy the intelligence that Sir Wilfred Beaumond and his darling daughter had quitted London, fearful of a longer stay, and had returned, determined never again to seek court favour, to Leicestershire. There she espoused a gallant knight, who had loved her, and whom she had not slighted in return; and happiness shone upon this union.

Many years passed away. The wayward favorite Buckingham was married; and Lady Barbara, who had also married, now resided at Northamptonshire. A splendid entertainment was about to be given by Lord Sondes, and invitations were sent to all the neighbouring nobility and gentry, and among them to the Lady Barbara and her husband.

The bright summer's day passed pleasantly; and as the evening drew on, the company in separate groups paced along the terraced walks of the park, or wandered in the Park, where a succession of masques and pageants had already amused the guests, and were the performers in their quaint apparel still lingered. It was now clear twilight. The Lady Barbara was sitting at a short distance from her companions; and it was observed that a masked figure drew near to her she started, the figure approached quite close,—it was thought she whispered some words,—when a faint cry was heard, and a convulsive shudder was observed to pass over her; but ere a moment passed, she vanished, and Lady Barbara lay lifeless on the green swards, a white rose fastened to a silver lace close beside her.

Perseus was made after the mask, but he was not to be discovered, either who she was, or from whence; but when the white rose was seen by the Lady Barbara's favorite attendant, too well did she recognize it; and then she confessed how her lady had given that very rose to the witch of Golden Lane, and how she had refused to acknowledge that pledge when it was brought to her by the woman's sister, and who now had doubtless poisoned her.

The Lady Barbara was buried privately, for the story had flown far and wide; but for many generations the neighbouring peasantry firmly believed that the summer twilight, just under the clump of elms beneath which her last breath was drawn, Lady Barbara, fair and stately, but with horror-struck features, might be dimly seen gazing intently on the fatal white rose which she held in her hand.

"My son, hold up your head and tell who was the strongest man?" "Jonah, yes, who could not hold him after he got him down." "That's a man; you need not study the catechism any more at present."

"Swish! another Lot of Good Uss." "Well Mr. Snow, I want to ax you one question."

"Propel it, den?"

"Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Doo you gib it up? Kase you can't pass it."

"Yah! yah! nigger, you talk so much 'bout your counterfeit dollars, just sussed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"Oh! I drops de subject and doesn't know nothin' 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't current."

"Oh! dear me what a nigger! Why am your head like a bag ob dollars?"

"Go 'way from me, why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well, you always was de brackest nigger I neber seed—you always will hab de last word."

PRECEDENCE.—A dispute about precedence once arose between a bishop and a judge, and after some altercation, the latter thought he should confound his opponent by quoting the following

passage—"For on these two hang all the law and prophets." "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of scripture, we are mentioned first?—I grant you, said the bishop, 'you hang first'."

AGRICULTURAL.

GRAFTING LARGE TREES.—Much discussion has taken place in the newspapers, within a few years past, respecting the grafting of large trees, in which a great contrariety of opinion has been expressed, both as to the expediency of the thing, and the best mode of doing it. Instances of failure and success have both been detailed, and, where failures have taken place, it has been attributed by some, to the taking off too much of the top of the tree, and by others, to take off too little, and by others, still, to various other causes. Having had considerable knowledge of experiments of this kind, most of which were quite successful, and having paid some attention to the facts connected therewith, we believe that the causes of success or failure in the operation, are easy to be accounted for.

The first and all-important cause is to be found in the condition of the tree itself. If it is in a healthy, vigorous, and thrifty state, it may be engrafted with an entire certainty of success. But if it is unhealthy and stunted, and not in a growing state, a certain failure may be confidently predicted. If a tree have not sufficient vitality and vigor to put forth thrifty shoots, in its natural state, how can we expect to increase its vigor by lopping off its top and engrafting it? Some trees do not grow much in consequence of free bearing. But the bearing is as much an evidence of vigor, as growing, and such trees, if not too old, may, if properly treated, be engrafted with success.

We should never cut off from a large tree for the purpose of engrafting, more than from one-half to two-thirds of the top, in a single year. We should select such branches, and cut them at such a distance from the trunk, as would give the grafts a chance to grow freely without being overshadowed and choked down by the branches which are suffered to remain. If too much of the top is cut off at once, what remains is not sufficient to produce the foliage which is necessary for the elaboration of the sap that is required to sustain the trunk and roots of the tree, and the stocks in which the scions are engrafted, in a healthy state, till the grafts shall be sufficiently grown. When the grafts take, and grow well the first year, a considerable portion, or the whole of the remainder of the old top may be removed and engrafted the next year. Particular care should be taken, during the summer, to keep the stock free from the shoots that will put forth, in order to throw the whole growth into the grafts; and suckers and shoots from the roots should all be carefully kept down.

We are aware that where the whole top of large trees is cut off and grafted, grafts will often time put forth, and grow with remarkable vigor—greater even, than when a part only on the top is removed. But, as a general rule, we believe it will be found that such do not long retain their vigor, but soon become stationary or show symptoms of premature decay. The reason is obvious. The vitality of the body is exerted in pushing forward the vegetation, and no sufficient return of wholesome nutriment is made to it, for the want of foliage to prepare it. Exhaustion and consequent decay must necessarily follow.

We assisted, when a boy, some thirty years ago, in engrafting a portion of the trees in an orchard, then fifty years old.—Several of those trees are now in a fine, healthy, bearing state, equal to the best of those that were not grafted. We believe that similar success would generally be attained, if the operation were skillfully performed, and the suggestions embodied in the article, suitably attended to.—Massachusetts Spy.

SUCCESSFUL CULTURE OF TURNIPS.—It is a fact, not familiar to most farmers, that when the soil is heavy, newly cleared land is finely adapted to the raising of the common flat turnip; but that after a few years this quality seems to disappear, to the ravages of the turnip fly.

A farmer in the western part of this State entirely overrules this difficulty by a very simple expedient. His farm is a heavy fertile soil, and though well adapted to most farm crops, it appeared to be entirely unfitted to the turnip, like all others of a similar character. The successful mode he adopted is as follows:

After having plowed and harrowed his ground and reduced it to a fine tilth, he spreads over the surface several inches of old straw, which is suffered to lie a few weeks. Just before sowing time it is burned, the surface is harrowed, the seed sown and brushed in. In this way he uniformly obtains the finest crops. He ascribes his success to the destruction of the insect by fire, but whatever may be the cause, the practice is well worthy of trial by all possessing land of a similar character.—All-bany Cultivator.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—The following practical hints to farmers are extracted from an address delivered before the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, by Josiah Quincy.

Great improvements in agriculture can result only from great improvements of the soil.

Great improvements of the soil can result only from unremitting industry. The chief study of every farmer should be what is useful, and what is useless expense, in relation to his art. The discrimination between these is the master key of the farmer's prosperity. The first should be incurred with a freedom little short of profusion. The last should be shunned, as the sailor shuns the rocks, where are seen the wreck of the hopes of preceding mariners.

In this art, and almost in this art alone, "it is the liberal hand that maketh rich."

BROOM CORN.—THE SEED IS EXCELLENT TO PATTEN SHEEP.—Albert Hibbard, Esq., of North Hadley, tells us he makes use of all the seed of his broom corn to fatten sheep—that they are very fond of it, and will fatten better on this than on Indian corn. Broom corn is raised in great quantities in the river towns, where the brooms are made up and distributed to all quarters of the country.

We have often raised the corn for the sake of the broom, but we have never made much account of the seed, though hens are always fond of it. Hogs too will eat it, though we think it has seldom been converted to meal for hogs. Mr. Hibbard thinks the broom corn seed more valuable for sheep than oats or any grain, pound for pound.