# THE Weekly Chronicle.

*Terms—15 shillings per annum :)* *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* *[12s. 6d. if paid in advance.*

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## THE CHRONICLE

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Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid ; except at the option of the publisher.


### Weekly Almanack.

| Dec. | | R. Sun. | S. Moon | R. W. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 | Saturday, | 7 31 | 4 29 | 2 1 6 17 |
| 17 | Sunday, | 7 32 | 4 29 | 3 17 7 39 |
| 18 | Monday, | 7 33 | 4 21 | 4 36 8 51 |
| 19 | Tuesday, | 7 33 | 4 21 | 5 48 9 49 |
| 20 | Wednesday, | 7 34 | 4 21 | 6 55 10 42 |
| 21 | Thursday, | 7 35 | 4 22 | sets. 11 24 |
| 22 | Friday, | 7 35 | 4 22 | 6 18 0 7 |

New Moon 21st. 0h. 30m. morn.

### Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the discount days. Director next week: C. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: W. O. Smith, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. (St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esq., President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock. (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

### Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Business at present conducted under the Firm of ROBERTSON & MARSHALL, as Blacksmiths, dissolves by mutual consent on the First day of May next. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm, will be closed by JOHN R. MARSHALL, who is duly authorised to perform the same.

DAVID M. ROBERTSON,
JOHN R. MARSHALL.

*St. John, April 27, 1843*

THE Business formerly conducted under the Firm of Robertson & Marshall, as Blacksmiths, &c., will be continued by the subscriber on his own account, at the old stand South side North Slip.

JOHN R. MARSHALL.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE—

60 ASSORTED ANCHORS; Edge Tools of all descriptions constantly on hand.

*Also, to Let for One or Three Years*—The TANNERY establishment in Union street, formerly occupied by George Whittekin, junr., apply as above.

April 28.

### Dissolution!

THE Business heretofore carried on by the Subscribers under the Firm of SANCTON & CROOKSHANK, is this day Dissolved;—all unsettled accounts they request may be arranged as speedily as possible with GEORGE P. SANCTON, at the *old stand*—York Point, at which place only all applications on business must be made to him.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

*May 17, 1843.*

☞ NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of WILLIAM & JOSEPH SCAMMELL having expired on the 20th instant, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All unsettled accounts connected with the Firm will be closed by JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

W. SCAMMELL,
JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

*Saint John Hotel, 20th May, 1843.*

THE SUBSCRIBER returns his thanks for the liberal patronage given by the Public to the *St. John Hotel*, under the firm of WM. & J. SCAMMELL, and begs to inform the Public that he continues the House on his own account, and every thing will be done to continue to give the fullest satisfaction.

JOSEPH SCAMMELL.

*May 20, 1843.*

### PERFUMERY, TOYS, &c.

*Per Lady Caroline, from London :*

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of TOYS, consisting of Drums, Guns, Pistols, swords, Tops, Marbles, Whistles, Trumpets; leather, wax jointed, and Alabaster DOLLS, in great variety; Horsemen; Ladies's Rosewood Work Boxes and Reel stands; transparent slates; Battledore and Shuttlecocks; Gentlemen's Oak, Cherry, Holly, Crab and Black Thorn WALKING STICKS; 1 case white and brown Windsor SOAPS; shaving and fancy Soaps; Hair, tooth, nail, cloth, and shaving Brushes; Dressing and fine tooth Combs; Pocket Combs; Perfumes; Rose Oils; Ambrosial shaving Cream; 1 case containing 56 dozen Highlander, Mogul, and Harry the Eighth PLAYING CARDS.

Toys at Wholesale or Retail.

WM. MAJOR.

*October 20.*

*COAL! COAL!!*

THE subscriber will sell Pemberton, Sydney, and Grand lake COAL at unprecedented low prices for Cash.

Oct. 20. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

SUGAR CANDY.

To arrive per *Mayflower*, from London—

36 BOXES, (each 40lbs.) Finest White and Brown SUGAR CANDY—for sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS IN THE WORLD FOR

**The Hair! the Skin!! and the Teeth!!**

**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL**

Is universally acknowledged to be the ONLY ARTICLE that will effectually *produce* and *restore* Hair, (including WHISKERS, MUSTACHIOS, and EYEBROWS,) prevent it from falling off or turning grey, free it from scurf and dandriff, and render it delightfully soft, silky, curly and glossy.

**Caution!**—Numerous *pernicious* compounds are universally sold as "MACASSAR OIL." To ensure the real article, see that the bottle is enclosed in a wrapper, (a steel engraving of exquisite workmanship,) on which are engraved "*ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL*," in two lines.

*** To further insure the genuine article, see that the words "*Rowland's Macassar Oil*" are engraved on the back of the envelope nearly 1,500 times, containing 29,023 letters,—WITHOUT THIS NONE ARE GENUINE.

Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small) 10s. 6d., and double that size 21s. per bottle.

**ROWLANDS' ODONTO**

This elegant and fragrant preparation thoroughly eradicates all *Pimples, Spots, Blotches, Redness, Tan, Freckles*, and other defects of the skin; heals *Sunburns, Stings of Insects*, and reduces inflammation. It imparts a youthful roseate hue to the most bilious complexion, and renders the *Arms, Hands*, and *Neck*, transparently fair and delightfully soft and smooth.

It is invaluable as a renovating and refreshing Wash, during travelling, or exposure to the sun, dust, or dry piercing winds, and after the heated atmosphere of crowded assemblies. Gentlemen will find it peculiarly grateful after shaving in allaying the irritation of the skin.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

**ROWLANDS' KALYDOR**

OR, PEARL DENTIFRICE,

*A FRAGRANT WHITE POWDER of Oriental Herbs.* It eradicates Tartar and decayed spots from the Teeth, preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a Pearl-like whiteness, and fixes the teeth firmly in the gums. Being an Anti-scorbutic, it eradicates the scurvy from the Gums; strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy red. It removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remain after fevers, taking medicine, &c. and imparts *sweetness and perfume* to the breath.

Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

*Rowland's*

ESSENCE OF TYRE,

Or, IMPERIAL DYE.

Changes Red or Grey Hair, Whiskers, Eyebrows, &c. to a beautiful Brown or Black.

Price 4s.; 7s. 6d.; 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.

**Rowland's Alsana Extract,**

Immediately relieves the most violent *Tooth ache, Gum-bites*, and *Swelled Face*.

Price 2s. 9d.; 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

**Observe!** To protect the public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners of her Majesty's stamps have authorised the Proprietor's signature to be engraved on the Government stamp, thus—

*A. Rowland & Son*, 20, *Hatton Garden*,

Which is affixed to the Kalydor, Odonto, and Alsana. None of these are genuine without the stamp.

**Beware of Imitations!** composed of the most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and which are frequently pressed upon the unwary as "GENUINE," and under the lure of *being cheap*. Be sure to ask for "Rowland's Articles."

☞ Sold by Dr. W. LIVINGSTONE, *St. John, N. B.*, and by every Perfumer and Chemist throughout the civilized world. *June 9, 1843.*

**Received per Prince Albert,**

*Corner of Dock street and Market-square:*

FRY Pans; sieves; Iron WIRE; Flint and Percussion GUNS; Percussion Pistols; Gun Nipples; Nipple Wrenches; sets of Gun Furniture; Bullet Moulds; Sword Canes:

Smith Hammers; sash Weights; and IRONS; Iron Weights; Traces; Shovels; 1 Bundle shoe Thread; Waggon Boxes; Nails; Tea Kettles; SHOT; Codlines and Twines; Shoebills; ships scrubbing Brushes; Spiders; Griddles; with 4 large casks of assorted useful Articles.

**Also per Wolfville—**

MILL, Whip, Cut, Billet, Turning, and Lock SAWS, Coopers' Knives, Plane Irons, spokeshaves, (plated and plain) spare Braces, ship Scrapers, Garden Hoes, Hand and Whip Saws, Waster, Warding, Watch, and Kit Files, Table, Dessert, Carving, Butcher, Mincing, and Cheese Knives; Fish Forks, Fleams, Scissors, Pocket Knives, with an assortment of Britannia Metal Tea and Coffee Pots, etc.

October 27. G. T. WILEY.

**CUT NAILS**

Of Home Manufacture, at "GORDON'S" Hardware Store—Dock street, Wholesale and Retail—

CUT NAILS, from 3'dy to 24'dy; Flooring BRADS, 3 1/2 and 4 inches, and 6'dy and 8'dy Finishing NAILS—all manufactured at the Factory of Messrs. HARRIS & ALLAN, by experienced Workmen, from the best English double refined Iron, and will be found well worthy the attention of Mechanics, &c.

3d November, 1843. T. R. GORDON.


### Miscellany.

## THE FORTUNES OF A GERMAN BOY.

Fritz Korner was the son of a tailor at Brunswick, and his father who was tolerably well to do in the world, proposed bringing Fritz up to his own business. But when the boy was about eight years old, Korner, whose first wife was dead, took it into his head to marry another; and from the time the second Mrs Korner, was placed at the head of the establishment, poor Fritz's comfort was at an end. She hated him; and, as she soon produced a little Korner of her own, she was jealous of him. Opportunities were not wanting to show her spite, and though the father wished to protect him, he could not, so when he saw that the child's life would be rendered miserable, and his disposition be spoilt by injustice and severity, and by the contests and dissentions of which he was the subject and the witness, he resolved to send him from home and let him learn his trade elsewhere. He happened to have a distant relation in the same line of business at Bremen; and to this person he committed the child, with an injunction to treat him well, and make a good tailor of him; but Fritz had no aptitude for tailorship; nor indeed, to speak the truth, did he appear to have an aptitude for anything—at least for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Not that he was altogether stupid, but that either from indolence or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened; and he made no progress in his business and very little in his learning. The man with whom he was placed was a violent and unreflecting person, who without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge; and when he found flogging did nothing toward the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving; and that not answering any better he pronounced him a hopeless and incorrigible little blackguard, and reduced him to the capacity of errand boy—an office much more to Fritz's fancy, and one, indeed, with which he would have been well contented could it have lasted; but he knew too well that this declension was only preliminary to his final dismissal, and that, in short, the only thing his master waited for was to find some one travelling to Brunswick, on whom he could rely to conduct him safely to his father. All he wanted, he said, was to get rid of him, and wash his hands of the responsibility.

Affairs were in this position, when, one day, Fritz was sent to the other end of the city to fetch some cloth which being immediately wanted, he was urged to bring it with all the speed he could. He performed half his errand without delay; but on his way back he happened to fall in with a troop of cuirassiers, whose brilliant attire, fine horses, and martial air, not to mention the attraction of the music by which they were accompanied, were all too much for Fritz's discretion; and, forgetful of the charge he had received, and the expectant tailors at home, he fell into the rear of the soldiers, and followed them in a direction just opposite to the one he should have taken. But alas! at the corner of a street, when he least thought of it, who should he run against but his master! Fritz, whose eyes and ears were wholly engrossed by the brilliant cortege before him, was not at first aware that he had run foul of his enemy, till a sharp tug at one of his ears awakened his mind to the fact; but, no sooner had he raised his eyes to the face of his dreaded master, than seized with terror he broke away, almost leaving his ear behind him, and taking to his heels, ran blindly forward without considering whither he was going till he reached the quay. But here his career was impeded. Some vessels were just putting to sea, and there was such a concourse of people, and such a barricade of carts and wagons, that the road was almost blocked up. Concluding that his master was upon his heels, and that if he slackened his pace he should inevitably be overtaken, Fritz looked about for an expedient; and saw none but to leap into the nearest vessel and to conceal himself, till he thought his pursuer had passed—what he was to do afterward remained for future consideration. In he leaped, therefore, among several other persons, whom had he paused to think, he might from the similarity of their movements, have supposed to be also eluding the pursuit of a ferocious tailor. But Fritz thought only of himself; and down he dived into the first hole he saw, and concealed himself behind a barrel. When he had lain there for about a half an hour, he heard a great hubbub over his head, which led him to believe that his master had discovered his retreat, and was insisting on his being hunted up; a suspicion in which he was confirmed by frequently distinguishing, amid the din, a voice that ever and anon cried 'Fritz!' He, therefore, only lay the closer; and whenever any one approached the place of his concealment, he scarcely ventured to breathe lest he should be discovered. Presently, however, there was a new feature in the dilemma—the vessel began to move, and Fritz to suspect that, if he stayed where he was he should be in for a voyage. This was more than he had reckoned upon, and he was just preparing to emerge, when his courage was quelled by the sound of 'Fritz! Fritz!' which appeared to issue from the mouths of half a-dozen people at once; so he slunk back to his hole, and suffered himself to be carried to sea. The motion of the vessel, together with the darkness which surrounded him, and his previous fatigue and agitation, presently sent him to sleep; and thus for some hours he lay, oblivious of all his troubles. But at length an inward monitor awoke him—not his conscience, but his appetite: he found himself, ravenous, but how to set about satisfying his hunger he could not tell. He listened; he heard the ropes and the spars straining, and the water splashing against the sides of the vessel, and a heavy foot pacing the deck over his head; but no voice calling 'Fritz.' He began to hope his master had given up the search and quitted the vessel, so, urged by the stomach, he resolved to creep out and see if he could lay his hands on something eatable. He found it more difficult to get out of his hole than he had done to get into it; however he contrived to reach the deck, where he discovered that it was night. There was a person pacing it from end to end, another at the helm, and two or three more in different directions; but their eyes being all directed seaward, Fritz had no difficulty in eluding their observation; he crawled on to where he saw a light glimmering from a cabin below, where he found the means of allaying his hunger, after which he threw himself into an empty berth and fell fast asleep.

'Fritz! Fritz!' 'Here I am, sir,' cried Fritz, starting from his pillow, and jumping clean out of the berth into the middle of the floor, and hearing himself called, before he had time to recollect where he was. 'Here I am, sir!' echoed a man who was passing the door at the moment, and popped in his head to see from whom the announcement proceeded—'and pray who are you, now you *are* here?' Fritz rubbed his eyes, and stared about him with such a bewildered air, that he looked very much as if he did not know who he was himself. 'Who are you?' said the man, seizing the boy by the arm, 'and what brought you here?' 'I came on board myself, sir,' replied Fritz. 'What?' said the man, 'I suppose, if the truth was known, you are some young thief, escaped from justice.

'I'm not a thief, sir,' answered Fritz;' 'I only ran away from my master, who was going to beat me;' and on being further interrogated he related his history: whereupon the man to whom he was speaking, who happened to be steward took him to the captain, and communicated the whole affair.—'We can't get rid of the rouge now,' said the captain; 'so we must fain take him with us to the West Indies: but we'll keep a close eye upon him, and when we return we'll bring him back to his master. In the mean time, make him work out his passage.' So Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to swab the decks, help his namesake, the steward, and put his hand to everything; in short he had no sinecure. Still, had so it was, he liked it better than squatting on a shopboard, and stitching all day; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realized. The period in question was a season of war; and when they had been about a week at sea, Fritz was called out of his berth one morning, to help clear the decks for a fight—they were chased by an Englishman. A short battle then ensued; and for two hours Fritz heard the balls whistling round his head, as he ran about the deck at the command of the gunner, at whose orders on that occasion he was placed; at the end of which period the Jungfrau struck her colors to the Chanticleer, and presently he found himself transferred to the deck of the English ship. Here he was only looked upon as one of the crew of the prize, and consequently attracted no notice whatever among his captors: while the captain and such of the crew of the Jungfrau as survived, were too much occupied with their own misfortune to trouble themselves about him. When the ship reached Hull, to which port she was destined, either from being overlooked or from being thought of too little importance to detain, Fritz was suffered to step ashore, and walk away withersoever he pleased. He strolled into the town, and for some time was amused enough in looking about him; but when he grew hungry and tired, and recollected that he had not a farthing in his pocket to purchase food or lodging, and that, moreover, he could not speak a syllable of English, the forlornness and desolation of his situation struck him with dismay, and sitting down on a step of a door he began sobbing and crying in a manner that attracted the eyes of the passengers, some of whom inquired what he was crying for. But Fritz aware that he could not make himself understood, only cried on with redoubled vigor, and made them no answer. As night approached, his case grew worse and he rose from his step to look about for some sort of shelter. As he wandered through the streets a party of officers, passed on horseback, one of whom happened to drop his whip. Fritz stepped forward picked it up and handed it to him. A good turn is never lost; the poor half starved boy was thanked and kindly spoken to by the officer, Colonel Webster, who finding from his language that he was a German and a seemingly forlorn stranger, ordered his servant to conduct him to the barracks; 'Rempster,' said he 'shall find out his history for us.'

Rempster, who was the master of the band, being a German, had little difficulty in extracting the whole of Fritz's adventures; and feeling a natural interest in his little compatriot, he offered to teach him music, and, with Colonel Webster's permission, attach him to the band. This was willingly granted; Fritz was committed to the care of Kempster, and soon appeared on parade in a little uniform, with a triangle in his hand. This was his first instrument, but he was soon qualified to handle more difficult ones; for though he could not learn tailoring, he learnt music fast enough—so fast, that a few years afterward, when his friend Kempster died, he was raised to the dignity of master of the band. It might have been supposed that Fritz had now reached his ultimatum; he thought so himself, and perfectly contented with his lot, never looked beyond it. But fortune, who seemed to have taken him into her own peculiar charge, had not done with him yet.

In the course of his services, the regiment to which Fritz was attached was sent to Gibraltar; and there it fell to his lot, one day to relieve two ladies from the attack of a ferocious dog, one was the wife, and the other the daughter, of a rich Spanish merchant; and Fritz who was now a handsome young fellow, could not help fancying that while the old lady expressed her gratitude for the service with great volubility, the eyes of the younger expressed hers in a much more eloquent and emphatic language; in short gratitude made her feel an affection for our hero, who, however, was too modest and too deeply aware of the inferiority of his condition to avow an attachment in return.

Matters had stood thus for some time, when the English forces having attacked and taken Minorca, one of the German regiments that had garrisoned that island, volunteered into the British service, and was removed into Gibraltar; but to the great inconvenience of all parties, there was scarcely a man in it that could speak a word of English. In this dilemma, the services of Fritz were put in requisition and he was found so useful as an interpreter, that it was thought advisable to give him a commission, and attach him to the German regiment. Here, then, was our hero a commissioned officer in his Majesty's service, and entitled to take his place in the society his mistress frequented on an equal footing. He had thus the advantage of speaking to her frequently, and it was not long before they avowed to each other their mutual passions; but, alas, she was rich, and Fritz had nothing but his pay, and the father would not hear of the alliance. In this dilemma, they might perhaps have proposed an elopement; but Fritz loved his regiment almost as much as his mistress, and could not think of deserting his duty; and before they could make up their minds as to what line of conduct they should pursue, a couple of transports sailed into the harbor, bringing out a regiment which was ordered to relieve them, while they were summoned immediately to England. There was no time for plots or arrangements, and the lovers were separated.

But his old friend, the lady Fortune, having bro't Fritz thus far, was determined to stick by him still. Doubtless for the purpose of smoothing the way to Fritz's marriage with the fair Spaniard, she contrived through the instrumentality of Napoleon, to render the Duke of Brunswick's situation so unpleasant, that he found it advisable to abandon his dominions and take refuge in England. Being a staunch ally, the Duke was immediately appointed to the command of a British regiment, and in looking about for an aid-de camp, who should he fix upon but Fritz! A field officer and the aid-de-camp of the Duke of Brunswick, was not a son in law to be despised; and upon a renewal of the young man's proposal, a favourable answer was returned, and soon after the lady, accompanied by her friends arrived in England, and gave her hand to the happy Fritz. It might have been reasonably supposed that Fortune by this time, tired of showing one side of her face, would have inclined to give Fritz a peep at the other; but no such thing. The course of events having decreed that the great question was to be decided on the plains of Belgium, Fritz accompanied the Duke of Brunswick thither; and when that gallant potentate fell on the field of Waterloo, Fritz found himself in command of his regiment; a situation in which he acquitted himself so honourably, that on the restoration of the legitimate rulers of Brunswick he was appointed the commander-in-chief of their forces—a post which he continued to occupy for many years, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to his sovereign.

This little tale with a few variations, is the history of a hero who is still alive, or who was so not long since.

## IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the school boy—"hurrah!" and his shout
Is rushing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow he's out
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—
Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasure of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as if clogged by a weight;
While from the pale aspect of nature is death;
He turns to the blaze of the grate;
And nearer and nearer his soft cushioned chair
Is wheeled to'ard the life-giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When we fear we shall die, only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveller—"Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by and his howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared;
Ay, though leagues intervene he can see,
There's the clear glowing hearth and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes on her knee;
Bless'd thought! how it lightens the grief laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from his power.

"It snows!" cries the belle—"Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to see the flakes fall:
Like the first rose of summer her dipple cheek burns
With musing on sleigh ride and ball;
There are visions of conquest of splendor and mirth
Floating over each drest winter's day;
But the tidings of hope on the snow beaten earth,
Will melt like the snow flakes away;
Turn, turn thee to knowledge, fair maiden, for bliss—
The treasures of earth are all fleeting but this.

"It snows!" cries the widow—"Oh, God!" and her sighs
Have stilled the voice of her prayer;
Its burdens ye'll read in her tear swollen eye,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care,
'Tis night—and her fatherless sek her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food."
And she trusts till her dark breath adds horror to dread
As she lays on her last clip of wood,
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

Extract from the address of Rev. O. A. Brownson, at the Vermont University. It is worth considering at this time, especially as there is no little glorification, by many, of the progress of the present age and its superiority over all the past:—

The tendency is to make the *many* everything, the *few nothing*. Even the ministers of the Gospel are held responsible to the congregations which they have been appointed to guide; so that instead of seeking to discharge their duty, they are forced to secure the approbation of their people. The ministry thus loses the independence of the profession. The pulpit echoes the popular convictions, the popular prejudices, passions and errors. The sermons which used to be listened to by our ancestors are thought dry and harsh, and kept on shelves and in chests to be gazed at, like old armor of the middle ages; which men keep and look at in perfect astonishment that there should have ever been men large and strong enough to wear it. One or two of these old sermons have sound divinity enough in them to supply a modern popular clergyman all his life time, Sundays and week days to boot. The religious press is affected in the same way. There is scarcely a question in religion or morals of any magnitude, discussed solidly or learnedly among us.

The Legislatures of the State, in their anxiety to shut out everything sectarian, have shut out everything religious; our statesmen applaud themselves for being above all these sectarian discussions:—they boast of being altogether too high to descend to these puny affairs, and profess to look down upon these contests and great theological questions as they would on a disturbance among a nest of ants when a hillock had been casually overturned.—*Thus are we struck with the dreadful curse of spiritual indifference.* The real cause is that our statesmen want the votes of all the different sects; and our writers want readers for them all.

### NECESSITY OF WARMTH AND SHELTER IN WINTER FOR STOCK.

It is frequently asked by young farmers, to what kind of domestic animals and stock is it advantageous to afford warm and comfortable winter quarters? The answer is—*to all*; from hens and chickens, to the horse and ox. There is a great economy of food in affording shelter to all that breathe in a cold climate, and to all animals that we wish to fatten, perfect quietude, or freedom from muscular exertion, is not less important.

All the food given to animals, goes to supply the waste in the system produced by the vital functions and muscular exertion, keeping the system in *statu quo*, or increasing its bulk and weight by addition, in full-grown animals, in fat, or in keeping up a supply of heat to the body. In cold weather a very large portion of food is expended in generating heat, and just so much is lost to the production of fat, milk, eggs, &c. The necessity of generating animal heat, from the carbon and hydrogen of the food, increases with the severity of the weather, for the faster the heat is abstracted from the body by the atmosphere the faster it must be supplied. We know of no other source of animal heat than the oxydation of the elements of food by breathing, and their passing out of the form of vapor, of water, and carbonic gas. All the food, then, that is thus burnt to keep up the heat of the body, is lost in nutrition.—Artificial warmth, then, either from shelter of clothing, supplies the place of food—of that food thus expended to produce necessary heat, which would go, if it were supplied from other sources, to the formation of fat, or the supply of waste.—All muscular exertion, everthing that increases the frequency of breathing, causes waste, which must be supplied before any increase in fat, or milk, or muscle, can take place. Hard work, active exertion, and quick breathings, cause rapid waste of the parts of the system. This must be supplied by food before there can be any addition. Without this waste the same food would go to increase the weight and bulk of the body. When animals are kept warm, close, and quiet, about one half the nutritious matter (if it be diffused through a bulk sufficient for proper distention of the organs of nutrition) that it is necessary to a wretched shivering existence, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, will keep them in a fine condition.—And good shelters and warm clothing even, cost much less in the course of a few years, than large daily supplies of food, necessary to vital warmth and expended and lost, in producing it.

Independently of the question of economy of food, there is great comfort to a humane man in seeing all living things around him comfortable; and especially those to whom he is largely indebted for those comforts which he enjoys. Even when there are ample supplies of food to waste in keeping animals warm, still they suffer in very cold weather, if unprotected from, cold winds, sleet and snow.—And it is painful to see them drawn up and shivering, turn their mute supplicating countenances to their masters, for protection from the pitiless inclemency of the weather.

The subject of these brief hints is so ably treated, and fully demonstrated in Liebig's Animal Chemistry, that it is greatly to be desired that his work should be in the hands of not the few scientific men but of the people; And I should be greatly pleased to see an edition of it, in which the language in which so much important truth is embodied, should be adapted to popular comprehension. Many persons will not read it, and others will not understand it, in its present translation. His facts and the unavoidable inductions from them, brings in a new era in physiology. Starting points that have not been approached before, seem to have been reached, and a new direction will be given to our researches, and a more profitable one, for we shall seek attainable objects. We are yet barely in the dawn of the application of the inductive philosophy and centuries will pass over before mankind will be fully aware of the obligations they owe to Lord Bacon.—*American Agriculturist.*

*Savings Institutions in France.*—A late annual report of Benjamin Delessert, the Director of savings institutions in France, shows that this beneficent provision for the independence of the poor in that country, has been attended with remarkable success. The amount of deposites at the present time in the Savings Bank of Paris is over 100,000,000 francs, and the amount in all the institutions of the same character in France, amounts to the immense sum of 320,000,000 francs. The amount of deposites, in the course of the year 1842, was in Paris twelve millions, and in all France, 54 millions. The number of depositors in Paris alone is 149,000, of one sixth part of the whole population of the city, of whom 35,000 are new depositors added to the list within the last year. The average amount to the credit of each depositor in Paris is 649 francs, the amount allowed to each being limited to 2000. Of the 35,000 new depositors, 20,000 were mechanics and day laborers of both sexes, and 7,300 were domestics. The average amount in the credit of the new depositors is 181 francs.—For the accommodation of depositors who change their residence, a system of transfer has been arranged by which the account of any depositor may be transferred on his removal, from either of the institutions of any other in the kingdom. In this manner the office in Paris has received by transfer from other offices 1,260,257 francs, for account of 1323 persons, and has transferred to others 1,067,719 francs for 1,210 persons.

The report shows that the depositors are large in all the principal towns of the kingdom. In Bordeaux, 10,718,000 francs; in Marseilles, 9,848,000; Lyons, 6,184,000, &c. In Bordeaux the amount of these deposites at the commencement of the present year was equal to an average of 114 francs, to every inhabitant of the city—in Paris, equal to 106 francs; in Versailles, equal to 188 francs, and at Corbeil the amount was equal to 304 francs to every inhabitant. This large proportion, however, is probably owing to the fact that the amount embraces the deposites of many inhabitants of the neighboring villages. The great extent of these institutions and the number and amount of the deposites afford a strong attention to the improving condition of the common people, and to their confidence in the government.

A COLONY OF 700 LUNATICS.—At the late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a paper on insanity was read by its author, M. Moreau, one of the physicians present. The chief object of this pamphlet is to recommend the adoption in France, as regards pauper lunatics, of the plan resorted to in Belgium.

M. Moreau states that in the village of Gheel in that country, there is a colony of not less than seven hundred lunatics, who are treated upon so admirable a system that they are perfectly harmless, and live and labour with the same inhabitants, whose habits they acquire and to which they become so attached that when cured they are frequently unwilling to quit the place. These lunatics are made useful in agriculture and manufactures, and consequently their cost is small compared with that of ordinary lunatic asylums. The origin of this colony is dated as far back as the sixth century, and is another verification of the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. The mode of treating the lunatics at Hanwell near London, was considered, when first put in practice, as a novelty, and yet it was nothing but the Gheel practice imperfectly carried out. It is only surprising that this improved mode of treatment should have been deferred so long in England; and it is now evident that it is capable of great extension in its application. Within the last few years only in that country, medical men have ascertained the possibility of so classing and occupying the lunatics as to render even the most violent of them comparatively tranquil, and thus facilitating the curative process. For chains, whips, and other means of coercion, kindness and intelligence on the part of the keepers have been substituted, not only at Hanwell, but also at the Bethlehem Asylum.

*Cure for Hydrophobia.*—At Udine, in Friule, a poor man suffering under the agonising tortures of hydrophobia, was cured with draughts of vinegar given him in mistake for another potion. A physician at Padua got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the Hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset; and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

It is said that a small quantity of white hellebore powder, dusted over the leaves of gooseberry trees, in the proportion of about an ounce to 30 or 40 trees, will prevent the ravages of caterpillers.

A correspondent of the *Cork Reporter* states that a solution of alkaline salt (soda) is an immediate and effectual remedy for the severest burns by vitriol.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes on mountains that rise before us, not on those behind.


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