SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1845.

Weekly Chronicle

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 52.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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

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

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

Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST		R. SUN.	S. MOON'S	H. W.
30	Saturday,	5 27	6 33	3 11
31	Sunday,	5 29	6 31	4 10
1	Monday,	5 30	6 30	Sets. 11
2	Tuesday,	5 31	6 29	6 35
3	Wednesday,	5 33	6 27	7 4
4	Thursday,	5 34	6 26	7 35
5	Friday,	5 36	6 24	8 10

New Moon, 1st day, 4h. 50m. evening.

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

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

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

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

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

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

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

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

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

Life Assurance.

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

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

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

Carding Machines.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland, N. B.) three sets of Woollen *CARDING MACHINES*, complete, which will be sold low.—The Cards are of English manufacture, from Leeds, and machinery warranted to make good work and to give general satisfaction.—Address to

J. MORICE & SON.

Sackville, Westmorland, N. B.

N. B.—Reference may be made to Messrs. Harris & Allen, or John Bryden, St. John. Dec. 13.

Globe Assurance Company.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the first Instalment of Ten per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Company has been paid in, and that the Directors of the Company are now prepared to make Insurance on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights.

May 9. JOHN DUNCAN. *President.*

☞NOTICE.☜

THE subscribers have entered into Co-partnership, and their business will henceforth be conducted under the Firm of **Samuel Reynolds & Son.**

SAMUEL REYNOLDS.
WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS.

Indian Town, N. B. Feb. 22, 1845.

☞All arrangements entered into, and all balances due by me and to me, either in Notes of Hand or Accounts, will be received and paid by the above Firm. SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

Indian Town, N. B. Feb. 22, 1845.

Zinc, Tin Plate, Oil, &c

By the St. Andrews and Severn from Liverpool:—

100 BOXES best I C Tin Plates.
488 bags *SHOT*, assorted sizes,
1 ton ZINC, 7 hhds. Boiled Linseed Oil.

For sale at low prices, by

JOHN KINNEAR.

July 4. *Prince William Street.*

Spring Importations.

Per *Corsair* from Liverpool, *Mayflower* and *Lady Caroline* from London—

10 HHDS. Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL.
1 ton PUTTY,
2 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD,
25,000 best GOLD LEAF; 3 casks London Glue,
2 cases—indigo; 1 ton Copperas; 1 do. Alum,
1 ton Washing Soda; 1 do. Soda Ash,
4 casks Blue Vitriol; 2 do. Roll Brimstone,
2 casks sulphur; 6 kegs Saltpetre,
2 bbls Cream of Tartar, 1 do. Carbonate of soda;
10 do. Epsom salts; 2 do. Senna,
1 chest Gum Arabic; 1 do. Gum shellac,
10 barrels Root Ginger; 2 do. Ground ditto,
10 bags Black Pepper; 1 do. Pimento,
1 bag White Pepper,
17 cases assorted Pickles and sauces;
4 cases Sardines,
4 cases Scotch Orange Marmalade;
6 cases Finest Florence salad Oil,
1 cask superior French Vinegar,
3 cases Perfumery, Combs, &c.
1 case hair, nail, tooth and flesh Brushes,
1 case shoe, scrubbing and black lead Brushes,
5 cases Patent Medicines, surgical Instruments, Patent or common Trusses, Bandages, Jeffrey's Respirators or safeguard for the lungs. Patent Electrical Flesh Rubbers and Gloves,

JOHN G. SHARP,

May 23. *Corner North Market Wharf*

To Carriage Builders—*in particular*—

A Good assortment of SCREW BOLTS, with round, cheese and countersunk heads 2 to 7 inches, 5/16 and 3/8 iron, suitable for Coach building heavy Gate Hinges, &c. are just opened at the store of MARSH, late DRURY.

July 25. Prince Wm. street.

PAILS and BUCKETS,

Sole Agency, No. 20, South Wharf.

BY Wholesale Only, at prices less than can be imported, and equal in quality to the best American Pails. COLIN E CROSS.

June 20 6mo.

More Paper Hangings.

Just received per steamer Herald from Boston:—

3000 PIECES of cheap **Room Papers**, for sale at very low prices, JOHN LEITCH.

May 2. *Prince Wm. street.*

Health for All!!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELISH, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

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

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

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

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

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st. St. John N. B.: James F. Gale, Fredericton: W. J. Baird, Woodstock: Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O R. Sayre, Dorchester: John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d. 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

Miscellany.

(From the "Attache."

THE ELDER AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

(Concluded.)

Goodish seemed willing to come to terms too, but like a prudent man, resolved to take a look at the old mare's mouth, and make some kind of a guess at her age: but the critter knowed how too keep her own secrets, and it was ever so long afore he forced her jaws open, and when he did, he come plaguy near losin' of a finger for his curiosity; and as he hopped and danced about with pain, he let fly such a string of oaths, and sacry cussed the Elder, and his mare in such an all fired passion, that Steve put both his hands up to his ears an said, 'Oh, my dear friend don't swear, don't swear; its very wicked. I'll take your poney, I'll ask no boot, if you will only promise not to swear. You shall have the mare as she stands. I'll give up and swap even; and there shall be no after claps, nor rum bargains nor recantin', nor nothen, only don't swear.'

Well the trade was made, the saddles and bridles was shifted, and both parties mounted their new hosses. The Elder, who was afraid he would lose the poney if he stood any longer,—'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'the least said is the soonest mended, let's be a movin', this scene of noise and riot is shockin', to a religious man, ain't it?' and he let a groan as long as an embargo a'most.

'Well we had no sooner turned to go than the French people set up a cheer that made all ring agin; and they sang out, 'La Fossy Your, La Fossy Your,' and shouted it agin and agin ever so loud.

'What's that?' sais Steve.

'Well, I don't know, for I never heard the word afore; but it don't do to say you don't know, it lowers you in the eyes of other folks.—If you don't know what another man knows, he is shocked at your ignorance. But if he don't know what you do, he can find an excuse in a minute. Never say you don't know.

'So,' said I 'they jabber so everlastin' fast, it ain't no easy matter to say what they mean; but it sounds like good-by, you'd better turn round and make 'em bow, for they are very polite people, is the French.'

So Steve turns and takes off his hat, and makes them a low bow, and they larfs was than ever, and calls out again 'La Fossy Your.' He was a kinder riled, was the Elder. His honey had begun to ferment, and smell vinegary. 'Maybe, next Christmas,' sais he, 'you wont larf so loud, when you find the mare is dead. Goodish and the old mare are just alike, they are all tongue them critters I rather think it's me,' sais he, 'has the right to larf, for I've got the best of this bargain, and no mistake. This is as smart a little hoss as ever I see. I know where I can put him off to a great advantage. I shall make a good day's work of this. It is about as good a hoss trade as ever I made. The French don't know nothin' about hosses: they are simple people, their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose, and they don't know nothin.'

He cracked and bragged considerable, and as we progressed we came to Montagne Bridge. The moment poney set foot on it, he stopped short, pricked up the latter ends of his ears, snorted, squealed, and refused to budge an inch. The elder got mad. He first coaxed and patted, and soft sawdered him, and then whipped, and spurred, and thrashed him like anything. Poney got mad too, for hosses has tempers as well as elders; so he turned to, and kicked right straight up on end, like Old Scratch, and kept on without steppin' till he sent the elder right slap over his head slantendicularly, on the broad of his back into the river, and he floated down thro' the bridge and out t'other side.

Creation! how he looked. He was so mad he was ready to bile over, as it was he smoked in the sun like a tea-kettle. His clothes stuck close down to him, as a cat's fur does to her skin when she's out in the rain and every step he took his boots went squish, squish, like an old woman churnin' butter; and his wet trousers chafed with a noise like a wet flappin' sail. He was show; and when he got up to his hoss, and held on his mane, and first lifted up one leg, and then the other, to let the water run out of his boots, I couldn't hold in no longer, but laid back and larfed till I thought, on my soul, I'd fall off into the river too.

'Elder,' sais I, 'I thought, when a man joined your sect, he, could never "fall off again?" but I see you ain't no safer than other folks, arter all.'

'Come,' sais he, 'let me be: that's a good soul; it's bad enough without being larfed at, that's a fact. I can't account for this caper no how.'

'It's very strange, too ain't it? What on airth's got into the hoss to make him act so ugly; can you tell Mr. Slick?'

'Why,' sais I, 'he don't know French yet, that's all. He waited for them beautiful French oaths that Goodish used. Step the fust Frenchman you meet, give him a shillin' to teach you to swear and he'll go like a lamb.'

I see'd what was the matter of the hoss by his action, as soon as we started; but I warn't agoin for to let on to him about it. I wanted to see the sport. Well he took the hoss by the bridle, and led him over the bridge, and he followed kindly; then he mounted, and no hoss could go better. Arter a little we came to another bridge agin and the same play was acted anow, same coaxin', same threatenin,' and same thrashin': at last poney put down his head and began to shake his tail, a sign he was ready for another bout of kickin'; when Steve got off and led him, and did the same to every bridge we come to.

'It's no use,' sais I: 'you must turn them oaths, he's used to 'em, and misses 'em shockin'. A sailor, a hoss, and a nigger aint no good without you swear at 'em; it comes kinder natural to them, and they look for it: fact I assure you. Whips wear out, and so do spurs, but a good sneezer of a cuss hante no wear out to it; it's always the same.'

'I'll learn him sumthin',' says he, 'when I get to home and out of sight, that will do him good, and that he won't forget for one while, I know.'

Soon arter this we came to Everett's public house on the bay; and I galloped up to the door and went as close as I cleverly could on purpose, and then reined up short and sudden, when pop goes the poney right agin the side of the house, and nearly killed himself. He never stirred for the matter of two or three minutes; I actually did think he had gone for it; and Steve went right through the winder, on to the floor, with a holler noise, like a fog of wood thrown on the deck of a vessel. 'Eugh!' sais he, and he cut himself with the broken glass quite ridiculous.

'Why sais Everett, 'as I'm a livin' sinner, this is the Grave-digger—he'll kill you, man, as sure as you are born—he is the wickedest hoss that ever was seen in these cleanins here; and he's as blind as a bat too. No man in Nova Scotia can manage that hoss but Goodish Grevoy, and he'd manage the devil that feller; for he is hoss, shark, and serpent, all in one, that Frenchman. What possessed you to buy such a varmit as that?'

'Grave digger,' said doleful Steve, 'what is that?'

'Why,' sais he, 'they went one day to bury a man down to Clare did the French; and when they got to the grave, who should be in it but the poney. He couldn't see, and as he was feelin' about, he tumbled in head over heels, and they called him always afterwards 'The Grave-digger.'

'Very simple people the French,' sais I; 'Elder, they don't know nothin' about hosses, do they.—Their priests keep them in ignorance on purpose.'

Steve winced and squinced his face properly; and said the glass in his hands hurt him. Well, arter we got all to rights, we began to jog on towards Digby. The Elder did'nt say much; he was chopfallen as a wounded moose; at last, sais he, 'I'll ship him to St. John and sell him. I'll put him on board of Captain Ned Leonard's vessel as soon as I get to Digby.' Well, as I turned my head to answer him and sot eyes on him agin, it most set me a haw, hawing', a second time—he did look so like Old Scratch. Oh, Hedges! how haggardized he was! His new hat was smashed down like a cap, on the crown of his head; his white cravat was bloody; his face was scratched, as if he had been clapper-clawed by a woman, and his hands was bound up with rags, where the glass cut 'em. The white sand of the floor of Everett's parlour had stuck to his clothes, and he looked like an old half corned miller returnin' to his wife arter a spree. A leetle crest-fallen for what he had got, a leetle mean for the way he looked, and a leetle skeered for what he'd catch when he got home. The way he sloped warn't no matter. He was a picture and a picture, I must say. I liked to look at.

And now, Squire, do you take him off, too; ingrave him and bind him up in your book, and let others look at it, and put under it, 'The Elder and the Grave digger.'

'Well when we got to town, the tide was high and the vessel just ready to cast off; and Steve, knowin' how skeered poney was of the water, got off to lead him, but the critter guessed it warn't a bridge, for he smelt salt water on both sides of him, and shead too, and budge he would'nt. Well they beat him most to death, but he beat back agin with his heels and it was a draw'd fight. Then they goes to the fence and gets a great strong pole, and puts it across his hams, two men at each end of the pole, and shoved away, and shoved away, till they progressed a yard or so, when poney squatted right down on the pole, throwed over the men, and most broke their legs with his weight.

At last the captain fetched a rope, and fixed it round his neck, with a slip knot, fastens it to the windlass and dragged him in as they do an anchor, and tied him by his bridle to the boom and then got under weigh.

Steve and I sot down on the wharf, for it was a beautiful day, and looked at them drifting out in the stream, and listin' sail, while the folks was gettin' somethin' ready for us to the inn.

When they had got into the middle of the channel, took the breeze, and was all underweigh, and and we was about turnin' to go back, I saw the poney loose. He had slipped his bridle, and not liktin' the motion of the vessel, he just walked overboard head fust, with a most beautiful plunge.

'A most refreshin' time,' sais I, 'Elder, that critter has of it, I hope that *sinner will be saved.*'

He sprung right up on end, as if he had been stung by a g. lynipper, did Steve; 'let me alone,' says he, 'what have I done to be jibed this way? didn't I keep within the strict line o' truth? did I tell that Frenchman one morsel o' a lie? Answer that will you? I've been cheated awful; but I scorn to take the advantage of any man. You had better look to your own dealin's, and let me alone, you pedlin', cheatin', Yankee clock-maker, you.'

'Elder,' sais I, 'if you warn't too mean to rile a man, I'd give you a kick on your pillion that would send you a-divin' arter your hoss; but you aint worth it. Don't call names though, or I'll settle your coffee for you without a fishekin, afore you are ready to swallow it. I can *tell you.* You think you are angry with him, but you ain't; you are angry with yourself. You know you have shown' yourself a proper fool, for to come for to go for to talk to a man that has see'd so much of the world as I have, 'bout *'refreshin' time,' and 'outpourin' of spirit,' and makin' profession,'* and what not; and you know you show'd yourself an everlastin' rogue, a mulitatin of cheatin' that Frenchman all summer. It's sitter bit, and I don't pity you one mossel; it serves you right. But look at the Grave digger he looks to me as if he was diggin' his own grave in real right down airnest.'

The captain havin' his boat hoisted, and thinkin' the hoss would swim ashore of himself, kept right stiest on, and the hoss swam this way and that way, and every way but the right road, jist as the eddies took him. At last he got into the ripps off of Johnston's pint, and they wheeled him right round and round like a whip top. Poor poney he got his match at last. He struggled and jumpt, and plunged, and fur like a man for deep life. Fust were up his knowin' little head that had no ears; and he tried to jump up and rare out it, as he used to did out of a mire hole or honey-pot ashes; but there was no bottom there; nothin' for him hind foot to spring from; so down he went agin, ever so deep; and then he tried t'other end, and up went his broad rump, that had no tail; but there was nothin' for the fore foot to rest on nother; so he made a sommerset, and as he went over he gave out a great long, eendwist kick, to the full stretch of his hind legs.

Poor feller! it was the last kick he ever gave in this world; he sent his heels right strait up on end, like a pair of kitchen tongs, and the last I see of him, was a bright dazzle, as the sun shined on his iron shoes afore the water closed over him for ever.

I really felt sorry for the old 'grave-digger.' I did upon my soul, for hosses and ladies are two things that a body can't help likin'. Indeed, a feller that hadn no taste that way aint a man at all, in my opinion. Yes, I felt regly for poor 'Grave digger,' though I didn't feel one single bit so for that cantin', cheatin', old Elder. So when I turns to go, sais I 'Elder,' sais I, and I just repeated his own words—'I guess it's your turn to laugh now, for you have got the best of the bargain, and no mistake. Goodish and the old mare are just alike, all tongue, ain't she? But these French is a simple people, so they be; they don't know nothin', that's a fact—Their priests keep 'em in ignorance on purpose.'

The next time you tell your experience to the great Christian meetin' to Goose Creek, just up and tell 'em from beginnin' to end, the story of the—"*Elder and the Grave digger.*"

MY TEMPTATIONS.

BY A POOR MAN.

There are those who (themselves altogether above want) wonder at the "shocking depravity" of the poor, feel a thrill of pious horror at the idea of a man who pleads poverty as an excuse for dishonesty, and who would not hesitate to affirm, that they would die of starvation before they could commit so great a sin as to appropriate to themselves anything which they might not call their own. Ah! how little can they imagine the feeling of one who has *nothing* which he can call his own, save the loved ones who are perishing with him!

Let such stern moralists (looking back in their arm-chairs over their wine after dinner) read my simple story:—

I am a labouring man—my hand is hard and rough; but if suffering could render me callous, my heart would be harder still.

In the beginning of winter, a year or two back, I had saved about five pound towards our support during the most severe weather—my work being of a description that could not be proceeded with in frost. I had then three children, and Mary (my wife) was shortly about to give birth to another.

The season advanced—work began to slacken, but there were still many days on which I could work, and we managed to live without touching my little hoard—little indeed—but I had been a long time in saving it!

At last my wife was confined, and five days afterwards a sharp long frost set in. Poor Mary was very ill—dangerously ill; and before the doctors left her, I had to pay them two guineas, and they told me Mary must have warm good clothing and good food.

She had both while my money lasted; when it failed the frost had not broken up.

I contrived to get a few occasional jobs, but I knew only one *business*, and that I could not follow.

I applied to my master to advance me a little money; but he had five hundred workmen in his employ, and lost out of every five had made the same application.

We went to the pawnbroker next; but we had very little to pledge except her clothes, and they went fast, for my chance work was a mere trifle.

I could not have held out so long, but for Mary; she was always so cheerful, that I was ashamed to show myself less patient than she was; and when she gave me potatoes for dinner and no supper she looked so mild and gentle, that I could not complain.

But my baby was weak and ill, poor creature!—The fountains whence it should have drawn its food were almost dried up, by pain and hunger, and secret sorrow.

Mary had been out one day, and had asked me to stay and take care of the children. We had been eighteen hours without food. When she returned, she had a little money in her hand; she came up to me I

"James," said she, in her gentle voice, "don't be angry. I've sold something belonging to you—something which I think you were fond of."

"Something of mine?"

"Yes—promise me not to be angry."

I could never have been angry with her, and I was too glad to see the money not to give such a promise readily.

She took off her bonnet (it was a very old one)—she had cut off all her beautiful hair!

Angry! with *her!*

* * * * * *

We were sitting at the window—the children were in bed; the frost had now continued nearly two months, and we were starving; we had not spoken for a long time.

"Mary," said I, "I have always borne a good character, and I am loath to loose it, but my mind is made up—I must either starve or steal."

She tried to reason with me at first—but I was maddened at the sight of her pale, suffering face, and as I was dreadfully hungry, I would not listen to her.

"James," said she at length, "I declare to you most solemnly that hungry and ill as I am, and much as I grieve to see the children's thin faces, neither they nor I shall touch a morsel of bread that is not honestly come by—and God give me strength to keep my work!"

I sat down again in my chair—*we had no food that night.*

The next day the frost broke up.

* * * * * *

What does the moralist in his easy chair, say to this?

Do I not rightly call this simple statement "My Temptations?"

—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.* J. L. M.

(From the Coleraine Chronicle.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

FOR THE 155TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

While joy and gladness make our province ring,
And smiling faces hailed the honour'd day,
Be mine to grasp the minstrel's sacred string,
And strike vibrations to my solemn lay.
Thousands shall hear; nor hear the sound in vain,
But, in its theme with graceful accents join,
To celebrate the fall of James's reign,
King William's glorious conquest of the Boyne.

Shall we forget that memorable fight,
With all the Revolution's scenes of blood?
Shall we return to darkness and the light
Put out, for which our martyr'd fathers stood?
No; in our ears their dying groans still ring, [o'er,
Our mother's woes—their children's shrieks, and
Their burning homes present to Israel's king,
Their last confession, dying in their gore.

Lo! at the Boyne meet the contending foes,
Great William leads the van, devoid of fear;
Soon with the stream the crimson current flows,
And horse and foot in conflict fierce appear,
Dauntless and firm the Orange host advance—
Ascend the bank, and one vast charge ensue;
King James in panic flies,—the sons of France
Retreat, pursued, and Nassau rules the plane.

Next, on the field of AGHRIM, do they meet,
In awful order; 'mid the cannons roar:
The unequal fight begins; soon all complete;
Those run: those win the day, and all is o'er.
Thus did the *God of Battles* shield the few,
Who chose the better part, and lov'd his word;
And kept them unpolluted, brave and true,
And peace and freedom to the land restored.

Ye Orangemen, who love full well the throne,
And loyal are, whilst others tread it down,
Go to your God, in prayer, and there disown
All that would tarnish virtue and renown.
Commemorate, with heart and will, the day
Which bro't your freedom & your charter'd laws;
Nor ever let their memory decay
Who risk'd their lives to save your lily cause.

Think then; oh think, how myrmidons of Rome,
Seek for ascendency o'er this fair isle:
But shall the sons of freedom slaves become,
And yield to bigots, and repealers vile?
No; for the truth's unbending still as steel,
Together band, and let your zeal be known,
And soon you'll triumph over *Dan* and *Peel*,
And from the wiles of traitors shield the throne.

WILLIAM SHANNON.

Bushmills, July 10, 1845.

NECKCLOTHS.—Our climate, no doubt, requires some protection for the neck, and while beards are not worn, cravat of some kind or other may be said to be necessary; but if comfort and use can be combined with elegance and good taste, and yet the old starched thing got rid of so much the better. Let us remark, therefore, that we have done wrong in quitting the fashion of the seventeenth century as to cravats; we have adapted a stiff and common material, and we have lost all opportunity of enjoyment, as well as of ornament. If you ever indulge in a white choker, good reader only reflect for a minute on what you have round your neck—a yard and a half of stuff, the intrinsic value of which may be a couple of shillings, *plus* a penny worth of starch, *plus* a neck as thick as an elephant's leg, and as stiff as door post, *minus* all grace, *minus* all comfort. But go and look at the Second Charles at Hampton Court—see how the merry monarch managed his neck on gala days. You will observe that he had a half a yard of the finest cambric, as soft as a zephyr, and as warm as swan's down, tied once around; and ending before in long deep borders of the most precious Mechlin lace, worth a guinea or two a yard, falling gracefully on his breast, or placed for convenience into a fold of his coat. How much more sensible, how much more ornamental, how much more noble, such a scarf or cravat as this, which no shopman's boy could emulate, than the cheap and ugly thing in which many a man seems to delight! How admirably did these bands of rich lace contrast with the silken coats or the polished cuirasses of their wearers! How truly aristocratic was their appearance! how entirely without effort, without pretention, and yet how very distinctive of the type of their wearer! But you will say, if we fail in the matter of white cravats, surely we excel in that of black silk ones and brocaded stock. *We might* excel, we allow; but we do not know how to wear these things. We ought either to limit ourselves to the smallest possible bow in front, or else we ought to let the square ends of the scarf be pendant and unconfined. Instead of this, we either put on a stock with a sham tie, (now all *sham* things, of what kind soever, militate against good taste,) or else to make the most of our scarf we fill up the aperture of the waistcoat with an ambitious quantity of drapery, and we stick therein an enormous and obtrusively ostentatious pin. This is both vulgar and foolish. If we want a stock, it should be *perfectly plain—a la militaire;* for it is, in truth, an article of military attire, worn for the express purpose of giving stiffness and smartness to the figure. If we want a scarf *do not let us mis-conceive* the nature of its form, the law of its curves, and huddle it up into an untidy, unmeaning mass, fit for nothing but to serve as a field of display for what is commonly cheap and bad jewellery. We may be wrong, but we strongly suspect that the tie-stock and the large silk scarf were brought into use by some dirty fellow, whose linens would not stand the test of public examination; and, indeed, when we see a man more than usually adorned in this way about the neck, we conjecture that all is not right beneath. A small black, or judiciously colored cravat, with a very small bow, and just sufficient stiffness to give dignity to the head—this should be the morning wear of a gentleman; in the evening, let him put on the finest fabric of the flax room, and the most expensive lace he can afford to purchase—they will be very becoming, and will be duly appreciated by the ladies, who know the cost of such things; all silks and stocks let him leave to men-milliners.—"*Æsthetics of Dress,*" *in Blackwood's Magazine.*

TROUBLES OF WARM WEATHER.—Among the complaints about the weather, was one yesterday morning, from the superintendant of the press room of our office, a very worthy man, who, for about a quarter of a century has been the incumbent of that important place, and has seen and shared in all the mutations of presses, from the wooden-cheeked flamsgo to the double cylinder Napier, improved by Hoe, with attachments for 'flying.' It would be worth a column or two to tell what the man has seen and heard—his doubts about new inventions, his love of his business, his watchful care of the machines; his sound sleep, while the wheels and springs were in full roll and rattle; and his starting into wakefullness, at the cessation of their lullaby—but these things belong not to this paragraph. One of the mutations, however, which that head of the press-gang has seen, is the abolition of the handsome old balls for inking the form, and the substitution of long rollers, composition of glue and molasses, and other ingredients, of various proportions, to suit the state of the atmosphere. That which answers for winter, would be almost liquid for summer; while the real summer roller would be as hard as hickory for winter. Care and skill are required to have these articles (and there are many of them on a double cylinder press,) just suited to the temperature of the day and night. Well, on Tuesday night, or Wednesday morning, the Pasha of the press room got his form on the press, his wheels oiled, his hands set for motion, all hands stripped for action—in warm weather the press-room, that is in the third story, suggests a diminution of her outer tegaments—and forthwith, the great chest in which are suspended the rollers was opened to supply the last and nearly most important part of the press machinery when the poor man met a sight that appalled him.

'What's the matter?' exclaimed the assistant.

'They've run off,' said he in despair.

'What's that? the dog run off?'

'Dog! no, the rollers.'

'How could they run off, when they are locked up?'

'Come and see.'

And lo the luscious composition, the gentle mingling of lamp black, glue and molasses, had confessed the soft impeachment of the weather, and had dropped from the cylinder, or hung in jagged masses, as if a quantity of printer's ink had been suspended, in transitu, from the tub to the floor.

The man of true genius is never without expedients, and the commander of affairs aloft showed himself equal to his lofty calling.—*Philadelphia U.S. Gazette.*

An editor, at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, 'Owing to a press of other matter I am unable to make room for it.'