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APRIL—1886.	SUN	MOON	FULL
13 WEDNESDAY	5 21	6 30	4 42
14 THURSDAY	5 20	6 40	5 10
15 FRIDAY	5 18	6 42	5 38
16 SATURDAY	5 16	6 40	6 06
17 SUNDAY	5 14	6 40	6 34
18 MONDAY	5 12	6 47	7 02
19 TUESDAY	5 11	6 49	7 30

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for April.
WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KINNIAN, N. MERRITT.
All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.
The Garland.
HOME HAPPINESS.
FROM "CLARE'S MORAL MISER."

"Lark a thing of the desert, alone in its glen,
I make a small home to an empire to men,
Like a bird in the forest, whose world is its nest,
My home is my all, and the centre of rest,
Let Ambition stretch over the world as it stride,
Let the restless go rolling away with the tide,
I look on life's pleasures as follies at best,
And like sunset, feel calm when I'm going to rest.
"I sit by the fire, in the dark winter's night,
While the cat cleans her face with her foot in delight,
And the wind all a cold, with loud clatter and din,
Shake the windows, like robbers who want to come in,
Or else, from the cold to be hid and away,
By the bright burning fire see my children at play,
Making houses of cards, or a coach of a chair,
While I sit enjoying their happiness there.
"I walk round the orchard on sweet summer eves,
And rub the perfume from the black-currant leaves,
Which, like the geranium, when touched, leave a smell
That had I love and sweet, but can hardly smell,
I watch the plants grow all begemmed with the dew,
That glitter like pearls in a sun-shiny hour;
And hear the pert robin just whistle a tune,
To cheer the lone lark when labour is done.
"Joy comes like the grass in the fields springing there,
Without the mere toil of culture to care,
They come of themselves, like a star in the sky,
And the brighter they shine when the cloud passes by,
I wish but for little, and find it all there,
Where peace gives its faith to the home of the here,
Who would else, overcome by her loss, run away
From the shade of the flower, and the breeze of the day.
"O of the out-door blessings of leisure for me,
Health, riches, and joy—I include them all three,
There peace comes to me—I have faith in her smile—
She's my playmate in leisure, my comfort in toil;
The short pasture grass hides the lark on its nest,
Though scarcely so high as the grasshopper's breast;
And there its moss-hill hides the wild honey-bee,
And there they in plenty grows rich for me.
"Far away from the world, its delusions, and snares,
Whose words are but breath, and its breathing but cares,
Where trouble's own thick as the dew of the morn,
One can scarce see a foot without meeting a thorn—
There are some folk on cities as a lightly thrown ball,
There are some look on cities like stones in the wall—
Nothing more. There are others, Ambition's proud
Lair,
Of whom I have neither the courage nor cares.
"So I sit on my bench, or enjoy in the shade
My toil as a pasture, while using the spade;
My fancy is free in her pleasure to stray,
Making voyages round the whole world in a day,
I gather home comforts where cares never grow,
Like manna, the heavens rain down with the dew,
Till I see the tired head bend wearily,
Then like a tired bird to my corner I fly."

TRAGIC STORY.—(Translated from the French.)
The Frenchman's story is one of thrilling interest, and admirably told. It is the Revolution of horror. One passage will give the gist of it. The scene is the Place de Greve, where the guillotine was erected for performance, with a wagon load of human beings about to be massacred.
Amongst these the most remarkable was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high wrinkled forehead, and withered complexion, bespoke the extremity of age, yet his manner was firm, and he never forgot for a moment the calm propriety of his demeanour. By his side stood a woman, now no longer young, but retaining much of her beauty, and the dignified elegance of earlier days. She stood erect, and supported without effort the arm of the old man, who leaned heavily on her's. The other hand rested on the neck of a fair girl, a mere child, not apparently more than ten years old, whose tear-swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face with the sad and touching melancholy of childhood grief. They spoke not much together; once, as the wagon stopped near where I stood, I heard the old man murmur some words of patience and encouragement to his companion; as he spoke she turned her eyes towards the child, she gazed on that young face, and a mother's love beamed in her eye. The trial was almost too great for her; her lip quivered; her face grew more deadly pale; but in a moment, by a strong effort, she banished from her look every appearance of weakness.—She raised her eyes to Heaven; her lips moved; and then as if a prayer for fortitude had been instantly answered, she turned a bright and smiling look on the little innocent, smoothed back the curling hair that clustered round her lovely forehead, and the mother imparted one long kiss on the brow of her child. The wagon passed on, and I required the names of the victims whose appearance had so strongly interested me. It was Mlle. de la Roche; the honest and able Minister; the unshattered advocate; the kind and true friend of Louis Capet, accompanied by his daughter, the Marquis's of Fecamp, and her child; he was about to die on the scaffold. But the child? And why not? The old man's crime was his innocence and purity of character; how then could the child escape? The wagon was drawn up beside the guillotine, and all was ready for the last execution. Mlle. de la Roche stood near the steps, and he was about to descend, when a

strange voice cried out—"The child first!" The old man would have remonstrated but his daughter checked him. "But a moment, my father," said she, and herself handed it to the executioner. The little creature, frightened by the savage looks of the man, screamed out, "don't leave me, mother; come with me; don't leave me! I will not leave you my child; I will not leave you in a moment!" The child was pacified, and the mother turned towards her and said, "forward till his white hair flowed over her shoulder. Thus they saw nothing, yet they were so near they must have heard the jink of the string that loosened the ponderous axes; its clatter as it fell; a shudder shook the frame of the mother; but when the executioner called out "Now for the woman," she raised her placid face from her father's neck; looked fondly in his face; kissed his cheek. "Farewell," a brief moment farewell, my father! She stepped on a high firm tread upon the wagon; mounted the scaffold; in a moment she was with her child!"

FRANCE.
TRIAL OF FIESCHI.
Paris, Jan. 30.—This important affair came on today before the Court of Peers, being a month earlier than had been contemplated, but the previous proceedings being complete, it was deemed expedient to bring the accused principal in the horrible attempt on the King's life, and in so many assassinations resulting from it, with little delay as was possible. Shortly after twelve o'clock, a little bustle observed in the court announced the arrival of a distinguished personage, it was Prince Talleyrand, in his costume as a peer of France (wearing a marquis's coat of a well-dressed footman) with a feathered cocked hat. A few minutes later, an officer and a few soldiers of the garde municipale entered, followed by the prisoner Fieschi—a man of middle age, dressed as a soldier—then another soldier—Morey—a soldier—Bescher—a soldier, finally Morey.

REPLY OF LIGHT ON VITALITY.—Frogs, in passing from the egg to maturity, go through an intermediate state, in which they are called tadpoles, but, like the fish, are water and breathe by means of gills instead of lungs. Dr. Edwards took a number of frogs in this state, and dividing them in two portions, placed them under water in perfectly similar circumstances, except that the one portion was exposed to light and the other was excluded from it. This difference had the very remarkable effect of retarding the transformation of the latter to the state of perfect frogs. Whilst the tadpoles in the light had retained their gills for ten days, those in the dark retained their gills for twenty days.

LONGEVITY OF THE QUAKERS.—The following is copied from the obituary of the Society of Friends for the year 1885:—"It is a remarkable feature in the present obituary, that out of a larger number than two hundred adults recorded in it, the ages of full one-third, or more than eighty persons, are from seventy to ninety years of age, presenting an average of eighty-five years, and including one hundred being from eighty-one to ninety years old."

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COMFORT FOR THE MARRIED.—Dr. Cooper, of Berlin, from a number of statistical returns and tables, has come to the conclusion, that the average lives of married people is 1 year longer than that of the single.

THE AMERICANS.—We had heard so much of the odious manners of the Yankees in this country that I was rather negatively surprised by the few specimens of native Americans that I have seen. They were, for the most part, polite, well-behaved people. The only peculiarities I observed in them were a certain nasal twang in speaking, and some few odd phrases; but these were only used by the lower class, who "guss" and "calculate" a little more than we do. One of the most remarkable terms in use was "fix the room," which requires to be done at least eight ways. "Fix the room," says the mistress to her servants, and the things are fixed accordingly. I was amused one day by hearing a woman tell her husband the chimney wanted fixing. "I thought it seemed secure enough, and was not fixed," said she, when the man got a rope and a few cedar boughs, with which he dislodged an accumulation of soot that caused the fire to smoke. The chimney being fixed, at least for the moment, she said, "I'll fix it for you." "Fix the table," "fix the fire," says the mistress to her servants, and the things are fixed accordingly. I was amused one day by hearing a woman tell her husband the chimney wanted fixing. "I thought it seemed secure enough, and was not fixed," said she, when the man got a rope and a few cedar boughs, with which he dislodged an accumulation of soot that caused the fire to smoke. The chimney being fixed, at least for the moment, she said, "I'll fix it for you." "Fix the table," "fix the fire," says the mistress to her servants, and the things are fixed accordingly.

THE PRISONER.—The following passages will suffice to show the manner in which criminal justice is administered in France.
President.—Was it not you, who between 10 and one o'clock on the 28th July, 1835, from the window of the house, No. 50, on the Boulevard du Temple, fired a machine by which 40 persons were killed or wounded, and the lives of the King and his two sons endangered?
Fieschi.—(With solemnity.)—Yes, Sir.
President.—Was not that machine composed of musket barrels ranged on a frame of oak?
Fieschi.—Yes, Sir.
President.—You avow yourself to be the contriver and maker of that machine?
Fieschi.—Yes, Sir.
President.—How many gun barrels were there on it?
Fieschi.—Twenty-four.
President.—How were they charged?
Fieschi.—With four buck shot, a musket ball entire, and another cut in quarters.
President.—Nothing else?
Fieschi.—Yes; in one of them was a screw.
The President then interrogated the prisoner on the manner in which the machine had been fired, which he stated was by a train of gunpowder, ignited by a piece of slow match.
President.—Was it at one end, or in the middle that you fired it?
Fieschi.—In the centre!
President.—One of the barrels burst?
Fieschi.—Yes—(striking his forehead). Behold the proofs! look at my head.
The prisoner then, in reply to the questions of the President, proceeded. I endeavored, after the explosion, and notwithstanding my wounds, to escape by a rope from a window in the rear of the house. I was arrested I had on me a knife and a pistol, a cut-throat razor with leaden knobs to them. I threw away the pistol near the chateau d'Eu (the fine fountain in front of the Diorama).
President.—Why?
Fieschi.—That dagger is mine. I threw it away for this reason—a national guard gave me a thrust. I am not accustomed to be so treated. I recollect that I had a dagger, and a bad thought struck me. I took hold of it, and I said "No," and I threw away the dagger.
President.—Then proceeded—charged then the day before with that hammer, with the aid of my accomplice, Morey.
Fieschi.—Do you recognise that print of the Duke of Bordeaux found in the room?
Fieschi.—In.
President.—With what intention did you purchase it?
Fieschi.—It was a wild thought. It was in order that, if I failed, it should be known whether the attempt was made by Carlist or republican.
President.—I am told by several copies of opposition journals, but I forget it.
On being asked whether he was aware of the rank, age, and sex of his victims, and did he not intend to kill the King and his sons, he replied that he had told the truth, and would persist in his declaration, that the plot against the King's life had been conceived between him and his accomplices. He then stated that, when he perceived Mr. Lovett, he hesitated, but finally said to himself, "I gave my word of honor, and I will not prove a perjurer." He was acquainted with, and some of the persons killed were acquaintances of his.
Fieschi then entered into the history of his life. I do not speak French as fluently as I do Italian; nevertheless, said he, I shall do my best to convey my story to the court. I am an old soldier. I was sentenced to death with Morey in 1812. After the revolution of July I offered my services to the French government, and I applied to the ministry for relief as a political sufferer. I am neither a Carlist nor a republican. I had been imprisoned in the veterans, I was happy when I chanced to form the unfortunate connection which reduced me to my last shiver. I served Messrs. Cane and Lovett. I also volunteered my services to M. Baulx, who accepted them. I shot, and killed, and I am extremely grateful to those gentlemen. On the 24th April, 1834, a warrant was issued against me for having forged papers to establish my claim as a political sufferer. I fell in to the utmost misery. I knew not where to get myself discharged; I had not even money to get myself shaved. It was then the man you know admitted me to his house, and it was there the plan of that unfortunate machine was got up. I had accomplices quite beneath me, but I they were not worthy of my character. I had only one vice throughout life; but it will bring me to the scaffold. I regret the victims I made more than life itself; but it is now all over, I am sorry for it.
After some other questions the president said—
"Fieschi, there is one question remaining for me to put to you; it is an important one, and I recommend you not to answer me without having consulted your accomplice. Do you persist in your avowals, and declarations, so far as concerns yourself and your fellow-prisoners?"
Fieschi.—(With solemnity.)—I do persist, and swear to it on the tomb of my father.
The president then proceeded to examine Morey, who denied some of the admissions of Fieschi, which the latter, however, persisted in declaring to be true, and on several occasions entered into further explanatory statements to prove the correctness of what he had said.
MONDAY, Feb. 1.—This day's proceedings commenced with the examination of Pepin.
He said that in 1833 he had entered the Society of the Rights of Man; he also belonged to the Association for the Instruction of the People; but never entertained any exalted political principles; knew duty principles; had known Fieschi under the name of Bescher, under which name he had been presented to him by Morey as a persecuted patriot. Fieschi told him he had been three condemned to death under the restoration, and had passed ten years in prison of Enghien.
Pepin on being asked did Morey show him a copy of the machine drawn by Fieschi, denied the circumstance altogether. All Fieschi had said on the subject was mere invention.
A drawing purporting to be the figure of the infernal machine, said to have been executed by Pepin, was here presented to the latter, who said he might have made such a drawing when a child.
Pepin denied ever having spoken to Fieschi of the attempt to kill the king; had sometimes visited the political prisoners confined at St. Pelagie, and had never done so without taking them some provisions; never told Fieschi that he had had a long conversation with a general who was hostile to the government, for a very simple reason—he knew no other of that rank; he never told Fieschi that he would willingly give 200 francs to any one who would shoot the king; he admitted murder, and such a sentiment was contrary to the principles of his whole life. Fieschi persisted in his former statements. The court was left sitting when the report of this day's proceedings was despatched to England.

to proceed immediately that one of the steamers returned from the coast of Africa, and had just completed. Lieutenant Lynch had just returned on a mission which he had to convey to the Arabs. He was despatched expressly to counteract the intrigues set on foot to embarrass the expedition, and had, it appears been extremely successful in doing so. We are most happy to announce the successful return of Colonel Chesney at the same period to the coast of Africa. The loss of such an able and enterprising officer as he would go far to damp the spirit of the expedition, though not, perhaps, the individual exertions of the other members.

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