

ep eated, and it was thought that the clinching of the jaw was a little relaxed. This gave encouragement to try a third, and before it was finished she began to bite the grass near her, although she was unable to chew and swallow it. A fourth bathing enabled her to eat, and the next day she appeared to be well, but rather thin and hollow. It is now more than three years since this happened, and the mare has been as healthy and active as she was before. During the intervals of the bath, and for two or three days after, she was covered with a blanket but was not put in a stable.—Lorain.

The Politician.

From the Illustrated London News.

RAMBLES IN THE REALMS OF CHAT. Is there much to talk about? No. There is the usual sprinkle of small topics, but the great ones do not vary. In the battle of politics Ireland still carries the day, and whatever else finds its way into the conversation of the big world is merely degeneration. Well, we will digress from Ireland then, and see what we can do in a small way with social and political entremets—the variations from the standing dish. When the Eton boys once got surfeited with mutton, they arranged to sing in chorus on the removal of the covers after grace, the following emphatic ditty:—

Mutton hot and mutton cold, Mutton young and mutton old, Mutton fat and mutton lean, Mutton dirty, mutton clean, Mutton tender, mutton tough, Curse the mutton—we've had enough!

Part of which the Times, in application to rabbits, misquoted a day or two ago. It was no doubt wicked and inconsistent of the Eton boys to curse the mutton so immediately after grace; but it is equally certain they had had enough of the dish. So of Ireland. She has been cooked in fifty different ways, and fickle and impatient people really long to change the flavour of their condiments.

Night after night the house is scared With wild repeal alarms, And members up on Irish legs To talk of Irish arms.

Arma virumque cano—there is an echo of Virgil in the House of Commons—but an Irish echo, and nothing more. Well, let us fly to mental more attractive;—

Instead of Agitator Dan, Suppose we take another man,—

Richard Cobden!—How he does revel in the corn-bin and the wheat field—how he labours night and day, and almost without eating, drinking, or sleeping, in his vocation.

He lays the farmers by the ears With every fresh appeal, And keeps on grinding corn so hard, He hardly makes a meal!

Poor boys, they cannot even sleep, He makes their bed so prickly; He swears no harvest they shall reap, Yet keeps their trade quite sickle-y!

He deals them as he travels on An everlasting smashing, And practically prates upon The noble art of thrashing.

The landlords groan and defily own, He goes too far by half; Yet say they would not care a straw If it were all in chaff!

Apropos of corn. There has been another agricultural subject before the house—one affecting the commons (sometimes to short commons) of the peasantry. Lord Worsley has announced his intention to abandon his "General Enclosure Bill"—and, like young tapering ladies who grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," the open lands are to be, as usual, to waist. The "Thunderer" sounds the high trump, and wakes the clarion of joy upon this result. There are two ways of looking at the question, by-the-bye, and there are good points on both sides of it—good ones for the nice little gardens, and good ones for the "poor man's goose." The Times, however, sticks to the goose, and abandons the gardens, but hardly with so much force as an Old English ballad-maker who flourished about the period in which Lord Kenyon made the same experiment as Lord Worsley has made since, and failed, as he appears to have failed now. The ballad-maker in question was none of your wretches of the contemptible Shakspeare order; you had far better have been such a ballad-monger as he than have either been a dog or bayed her majesty the moon, or pursued any other luna tic occupation. He knew his business, as his lines will show, only that to make them applicable to the present time we shall print the name of Worsley for Kenyon, as being most convenient:—

BALLAD STORIE.

There were too things in Olde Englande, There were too things I trowe— In soothe to tell their merrie tale I hardie doe knowe howe.

The one thing was a goode fatte goose, With twice five hundrede quills; The other it was my lorde Worslie; And bothe and gotte their bills.

My lorde to the Commons of this faire towne Went in with his bill so true, While on to the commons of Wimbleton Went goosey with her bill too.

But jalousie waxed between these twaine, Which mortal men did quiz, For goosey passed her bill every where, But my lorde could not pass his!

For all this we think much good might spring from the cultivation of the waste lands, and the establishment of a pretty cheerful allotment system, if the lords of manors, who can afford it, would give up their rights without making the poor, who can't afford it, give up theirs also.

Cow, cow, go chew, go chew! Ass, ass, go grease! You never need starve at the poor man's door While there food by the public ways.

After which we may mount another hobby-horse, and rock in a different direction. What are they doing in Spain! Alas! Woe is me, Alhambra! they are doing mischief, and nothing else.

Men look askance at the King of France, For they think that he has been a Pink of best friends to favour the ends Of the delicate Queen Christiana.

The rebel throng are remarkably strong, But, to strike them with heart-fear O, Like a second Cid, has left Madrid The valiant Espartero.

Some towns his regency frown against, Some for his regency are O, But Madrid's declared in a pretty state— That is, in a state of war O!

The Queen is left in a stick called cleft, Where she very much afraid is, While the Regent goes away from his foes, And in search of his friends in Cadiz.

When once in there, if the wind blows fair, He can sail, if his heart's not "mannish," For some English place, where he'll meet with a race That have had enough of "Spanish."

We do not mean, however, to depreciate Espartero, though it is hinted that he is bound hard for Cadiz as a good locale in which either to "bide the coming of better days," or to fly when it is all up. For ourselves, we rather wish him luck; he has had fierce enemies and not very firm friends, and we should like to see him weather the storm like an old soldier. Whether he will or not is another business. At present, the aspect of diplomacy and internal commotion says he will not; but Spain never yet was a good barometer, and it is very hard to tell. Ha! there is one change already—bravo, weathercock! The last telegraph saps Espartero is retreating upon Madrid!

How goes on "Beecy" in Wales since the publication of our turnpike ballad? So vigorously, it would seem, that they are sending down artillery. There no putting her down, so they are going to blow her up. They can't bring her to the Old Bailey, and yet every day she is going at a new gate. She not the goddess of flowers, but she is a regular Floorer in her way. She not only resists impediments, but refuses to put up with any bar. If she is not rich, she is determined that what she is worth shall be untold'd. Meanwhile the iron trade looks gloomy, and is far more serious than rioting "Beecy" herself; and the "turn-out of employ" is almost more alarming than the turn out of soldiers, or even Ministers for the matter of that, if they cannot find some expedient for relieving misery and quelling sedition. Apropos, it is amusing to find an Irish repeal poet—an itinerant one we suppose—remonstrating with Rebecca and her daughters upon the unfeminine nature of their crusade.

Pikes I dislikes As much as you; So—don't now—do! There lave off whopping And be stopping, Fighting's not your duty; For good a dress knows That blows Like those Must spoil the hands of Beauty!

And gallant consideration for the delicacy of the sex!

So her Majesty has been in state to the Italian Opera—to her own theatre, in other words—her Majesty's Theatre! Here was a consummation devoutly to be wished. A royal presence with a royal retinue, and a truly royal theatre. A gorgeous gathering of the aristocracy, a blaze of beauty and diamonds, coup d'œil of rank, fashion, taste, connoisseurship, dilettantism—the most magnificent in the world. Britannia, blest with a musical influence as powerful as her sea way—grasping the glories of the genius of other lands—listening to voices and harmonies ringing from other spheres, and, with the liberality of luxury, not refusing to pay for them after all.

Sweet strains from soft Italia's land Determined still to foster, Determined to have Costa's band Whatever sum it cost her.

Determined with an easy mind, And in a box as easy,

To sit, sans tache, and hear Lablache, To melt away with Grisi.

Then soon to rally for the ballet, Grow dizzy with Cerito, And bid the soul, past all control, Outbound her pretty feet O!

If such fond joy her soul employ, Britannia can't look glummy; And, if her way is still to pay, No more can Mr. Lumley!

It will be seen that we have been speaking of Britannia, whose masculine alias is John Bull, and not of her Majesty Victoria, whose state visit, however, led us into the digression; but now, badinage apart, we really rejoice to find that such a state visit has taken place, and that one of the most beautiful of our public temples of pleasure has received its share of royal patronage—a boon, let us add, well earned by the enterprise of its manager, and quite in accordance with the wishes and feelings of the most refined, educated, and elevated classes of society.

There is still more chit-chat afloat if we choose to "catch each idle rumour as it flies," but we can find no room for it in our "Chatter-box;" so, for the present, farewell, and good betide our readers till the end of time. Amen.

European News.

From British Papers to the 4th August, received by the Hibernia Steamer.

The number of known mines in Scotland is as follows—Gold 148, silver 188, quicksilver 18, copper 79, lead 55, tin 6, iron 23, copras, jet and alum, 17, sulphur 5, antimony 1, cobalt 1, coal 6.

The general population of Belgium was ascertained to amount, on the first of January, 1831 to 3,785,814 souls. From that period it has been regularly increasing. On the 1st of January, 1841, it was 4,072,162.

The American State Debts.—The gentlemen at the Hague who signed the petitions to the American Charge d'Affaires respecting the non-payment of the interest of the North American Loans, which petition was presented to the Charge d'Affaires on the 3rd of May by a deputation, consisting of Messrs. Alvander Hoop, J. Hedshon, and C. D. Crommellin have recently received an answer from the Charge d'Affaires in the name of his government. The answer informs them, that while the President truly feels the force of the obligation which the States have taken on themselves in contracting their debts, and is fully persuaded that their obligations will be fulfilled at no very distant time, nevertheless he (the Charge d'Affaires) is most strictly enjoined by the Secretary of State to declare in the most formal and positive terms, that it is the decided and irrevocable resolution of the general government not to agree to be held responsible in any manner whatever for the non performance of these obligations.

The gales on the Coast of Madras.—The damage sustained by the shipping during the prevalence of the late severe gales and violent winds on the coast of Madras is very great. In the Gantoor district, the destruction of life and property has been terrible, and the details, as furnished by the Spectator, are indeed lamentable.

The Rev. Theobald Mathew, on account of a dispensation from the Pope to move about according to inclination, unrestricted by episcopal interference or control, arrived at Manchester last week. He has been occupied upwards of nine hours a day in administering the pledge of total abstinence. Up to Saturday evening 18,000 persons took the pledge. On Sunday it was administered to 30,000, and on Monday and Tuesday to 32,000, making in all a total of 80,000 pledged teetotallers in Manchester. Of these there are 4,500 infants, 3,000 of whom belong to St. Patrick's district, a part of Manchester principally inhabited by the Irish. During his recent visit to Liverpool, the Rev. Theobald Mathew administered the pledge to upwards of 30,000 persons.—After his journey to Manchester, the reverend gentlemen returned to Liverpool, where he increased the number of teetotallers to nearly 60,000.

The North Eastern Boundary.—In a Parliamentary paper, issued last week, a special clause is inserted in reference to the late treaty which we give below, observing that it is the opinion amongst merchants, that the imports will not be confined to the State of Maine, but of the United States generally. The River St. John will be considered henceforth as a free river, and, consequently, there will be a mutual understanding to introduce the produce and manufactures of the United States and Britain upon a perfect system of free trade.—Willmer's News Letter.

And whereas a treaty has been concluded between Her Majesty and the United States of America, dated the 9th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty two, whereby it is stipulated, that all the produce of the forest, in logs, lumber, timber, timberboards, staves or shingles, or of agriculture, not being manufactured, grown on any of those parts of the State of Maine watered by the River Saint John, or by its tributaries, of which fact reasonable evidence shall, if required, be produced, shall have free access into and through the said river and its tributaries, having their source within the State of Maine, to and from the seaport at the mouth of the River Saint John, and to and round falls of the said

river, either by boats, rafts, or other conveyance, that when within the Province of New Brunswick, the said produce shall be dealt with as if it were the produce of the said Province. And whereas it is the intention of the high contracting parties to the said treaty, that the aforesaid produce shall be dealt with as if it were the produce of the Province of New Brunswick; be it therefore enacted, that the produce in the said recited treaty, and hereinbefore described, shall, so far as regards all laws relating to duties, navigation and customs in force in the United Kingdom, or in any of Her Majesty's dominions, be deemed and taken to be, and dealt with as the produce of the Province of New Brunswick; provided nevertheless, that in all cases in which declarations and certificates of production or origin, and certificates of clearance, would be required in respect of such produce, if it were the produce of New Brunswick, similar declarations and certificates shall be required in respect of such produce, and shall state the same to be the produce of those parts of the State of Maine which are watered by the River Saint John or its tributaries.

Rioting in Belfast.—For several days last week Belfast was the scene of a most alarming and dangerous riot, which it was found almost impossible to quell. The contending parties (says the Northern Whig) were Catholics and Protestants, of a low description, disgracing the names of both. On Saturday night, till four or five o'clock on Sunday Morning, strong mobs assembled, and violent attacks with stones took place. Many wounds, more or less severe, were inflicted; and a number of police and military, who were on duty, were injured. One of the constabulary received a severe wound on the head from a stone. It required the exertions of a company of infantry, a troop of dragoons, a body of constabulary, and a party of the night watch, to keep the belligerents in check. Several houses, principally small ones, suffered much; and in one of the houses (belonging to a Catholic) attacked, a poor man who was dying, and actually died a few hours afterwards, was with difficulty protected from the stones cast by the assailants. On Sunday, numbers of the inhabitants, in the district referred to, removed from their houses, apprehending an attack the next evening. We are glad that a number of the rioters, on both sides, have been sent for trial to the assizes. On Sunday night there was a partial renewal of the excitement of the previous evening; but the authorities were on the alert, and nothing serious occurred. Last night passed over quietly, and we trust that we have now done with this disgraceful affair.

Irish Presbyterian assembly.—Dr. Cooke has succeeded from this body on account of some differences respecting a plan for securing the return of Presbyterian representatives in the House of Commons.

Rise and Fall of the Mediterranean Sea.—A singular phenomenon appeared in the harbour of Valetta, in the Mediterranean, on the 2d ult. the water suddenly rising to the height of three feet, overflowing the works of the new dry dock; it almost immediately fell five feet and a half; during this period a very strong current was running out of the harbour, which the boatmen could scarcely stem. It is supposed this circumstance must have occurred through some earthquake at a remote distance. We hear that at Tripoli, in Barbary, several severe shocks have been felt.

The annual conference of the Wesleyan Methodist, which is held this year at Sheffield, commenced on Wednesday. Nearly 500 members are present. The various committees appointed to arrange the stations of the preachers for the ensuing year, and to prepare other business, for the general conference, have been sitting for nearly a week. The Rev. John Scott was the president of the Conference for the present year.

A Parliamentary return just published shows that the sums paid, or to be paid, on account of the war with China, amount to £2,879,873, of which sum £894,954 are required to be voted in 1843, as balance due to the East India Company.

A few days since, the under-ostler of the White Hart Hotel, at Windsor, found a bag containing nearly 1000 sovereigns. The man, through whose honesty the property was returned safe into the hands of the owner, was rewarded with 20s!

"Mary," said one girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Sauff?" "Why, my dear Julia, was the reply, "I don't know but I might take him at a pinch!"

Colonial News.

New-Brunswick.

St. John Courier, August 26. We regret to learn that the heavy rains in this Province during the last ten days have done much injury to the crops. The water in the river St. John is stated to have risen from eight to ten feet above its usual height, and to have overflowed the low lands in some places, carrying off the hay which had not been housed, and seriously injuring what still remained uncut. The bridges between Fredericton and Woodstock are also said to have received damage from the rise of the waters in the rivers.

St. John Newbrunswick, August 26. Quick Passage.—The ship Themis, Captain Brown of this port, which left here on the 3rd July, arrived in Liverpool in about 17 days. She was the first vessel to carry out the news of the loss of the steamship Columbia.

Thomas B...mitted to p...rial at the r...at St. Andre...Porter, Esq...tel. Suicide—...that on Sun...man about 5...Hay road, cu...such a man...coroner's sine...and a verdi...throat with...caused by...July. American...pleased to...American C...draws, as C...port. Forgeries...increase of...banks of N...paid, has ca...directors an...exercised to...frauds are a...robbed of t...velopments...closed sever...the most p...or three ro...appearance a...dense their...a deposit in...associates, w...then draws...tor for any...deposit, an...all appears...when the d...ances it is...ledge, and...while the t...tation of t...genuineness...the party...sent for, th...tion to th...check per...forthwith...more easy...check, and...fraud, ever...have, there...except fro...of business...for honest...On Sat...gale of w...most suffo...of Fall w...words, w...seemed, h...and hop p...Monday y...breeze fr...mouth est...from betw...Cap shon...Water...Halifax...of good...the rose...isting m...Coron...quest, w...which w...beach at...who late...of Mode...appears...some oc...manner...conduct...the noti...as long...turne...Melan...to learn...out shou...the Con...number...lodging...party u...bone so...did in...to lami...ment...New...James...solida...the dis...her). 15 of...son, th...the R...was ta...rectio...maie, Cap...Regis...the...month of...of £1...St...made...ed by...cent...wool...of du