

heart like a stab—crumpled it as if it was any other. I dare say if it had been Miss Prettyman's night-cap—oh, I don't care about your groaning—if it had been her night-cap, her hair-brush, her curlpapers, you'd have said something then. Oh, anybody with the spirit of a man would have spoken out if the fellow had had a thousand swords at his side. Well, all I know is this; if I'd have married somebody I could name, he wouldn't have suffered me to be treated in that way, not he!

Now, don't hope to go to sleep Mr. Caudle, and think to silence me in that manner. I know your art, but it won't do. It wasn't enough that my basket was turned topsy-turvy, but before I knew it they spun me into another room, and—How could you help that? You never tried to help it. No; although it was foreign land, and I don't speak French—not but what I know a good deal more of it than some people who give themselves airs about it—though I don't speak their nasty gibberish, still you let them take me away, and never cared how I was ever to find you again. In a strange country, too! But I've no doubt that that's what you wished; yes, you'd have been glad enough to have got rid of me in that cowardly manner. If I could only know your secret thoughts, Caudle, that's what you brought me here for; to lose me! And after the wife I've been to you!

What are you crying out for? For mercy sake! Yes; a great deal you know about mercy! Else you'd never have suffered me to be twisted into that room. To be searched, indeed! As if I'd any thing smuggled about me. Well, I will say it; after the way in which I've been used, if you'd the proper feelings of a man, you wouldn't sleep again for six months. Well, I know there was nobody but women there; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm sure, if I'd been taken up for picking pockets, they couldn't have used me worse. To be treated so—and especially by one's own sex!—it's that that aggravates me.

And that's all you can say! What could you do? Why, break open the door; I'm sure you must have heard my voice: you shall never make me believe you couldn't hear that. Whenever I shall see the strings on again, I can't tell. If they didn't turn me out like a ship in a storm, I'm a sinner! And you laughed! you didn't laugh! Don't tell me; you laugh when you don't know anything about it; but I do.

And a pretty place you've brought me to. A respectable place, I must say! Where the women walk about without any bonnets to their heads, and the fish-girls with their bare legs—well, you don't catch me eating any fish while I'm here. Why not? Why not,—do you think I'd encourage people of that sort?

What do you say? Good night! It's no use your saying that—I can't go to sleep so soon as you can. Especially with a door that has such a lock as that to it. How do we know who may come in? What? All the locks are bad in France! The more shame for you to bring me to such a place, then. It only shows how you value me.

Well, I dare say you're tired I am! But then, see what I've gone through. Well, we won't quarrel in a barbarous country. We won't do that. Caudle, dear—what's the French for lace? I know it, only I forgot it. The French for lace, love? What? Dentelle? Now! Now, you're not deceiving me! You never deceived me yet! Oh! don't say that. There isn't a married man in this blessed world can put his hand upon his heart in bed, and say that. French for lace, dear? Say it again. Dentelle? Humph! Dentelle! Good night, dear. Dentelle! Den—telle.

I afterwards, writes Caudle, found out to my cost wherefore she enquired about lace. For she went out in the morning with the landlady to buy a veil, giving only four pounds for what she could have bought in England for forty shillings!

Communications.

Mr. Editor,

By your paper of the 23rd instant, I perceive that some individual under the signature of "Fair Play" is trying to make out something with regard to "unlettered matrons," as he terms it, teaching schools. It appears to me, Sir, that Fair Play scarcely knows what he is writing about, as it is almost impossible to tell who he is endeavoring to accuse; but it seems as if he wished to make an attack upon the Trustees of Schools, who, in my opinion, deserve great praise for the manner in which they have fulfilled the duties of their office. Perhaps your correspondent knows of one person who might deserve the name he pleases to confer on all the female Teachers in this community. I would advise him to be more guarded in future in what he says about either the School Trustees or Teachers. I have no desire to enter into any dispute with Fair Play, but merely for the present to put to him the following questions:—1st, Who are "the unlettered matrons who have been and are still employed as teachers of the young in this country?" 2nd, "Who are those persons under the superintendence of the Trustees of certain Schools, whose labours have gained for them the approbation of their employers, who have been obliged to quit their Schools, in consequence of the severe and unwarrantable treatment they meet with every examination, just

because they will not condescend to transfer the provincial allowance to their avaricious masters, the Trustees." This is all I will notice for the present, as the remainder seems too low and scurrilous to be taken notice of at all. I hope I shall hear from Fair Play next week.

I am, Your obedient servant,
JUSTICIA.

Chatham, August 25, 1845.

Mr. Editor,

Sir,—In your last number, you spoke incidentally of the "capabilities of New Brunswick." In your account of the hail storm, which followed directly after, I was sorry you did not go into particulars, as they would be highly interesting to the Agriculturist and the Naturalist; to the former, especially, as demonstrating the "capability" of this Province to grow the largest hail stones in the world—hail stones which would have done honor to the age of the Pharaohs. If you will allow me, Sir, I will supply the deficiency in your account, by giving very briefly, a bill of particulars.

Mr. Henry Copp, of Northesk, informs me, that the "vein" was about 4 miles long, and 1 mile broad. This gentleman, who has a vein for humour, says he was in about the centre, and in this vein the hail stones did circulate most briskly for a short time, although no fever heat was present; on the contrary, Mr. Copp thinks the disorder of the elements more akin to the cold plague—a designation which he thinks very appropriate after witnessing as its consequence, the almost complete prostration of his crops, and the death of his hopes. The general average of the hail was five inches in circumference; but Mr. John Shattuck, who was shingling a new barn at the time, says he picked up some which were nine inches round. This gentleman further states, that it descended with such force as to penetrate through shingles, boards and all; also, that some dry spruce logs were lying near his house, with the bark off, which were found after the storm to be completely indented, appearing for all the world as if they had had the small pox. Topsail duck, used as a roofing for some hay camps, was pierced through as if it had been a cobweb.

If such were the effects of the storm, Mr. Editor, if even hard spruce logs were pitted thereby, how much more were those of iron, who were exposed in whole or in part to the brunt of it. Numerous instances might be given, but I will relate only one.

Mrs. Patrick Hurly was engaged at the time in hay-making, who, from the pattering hail, instinctively sought refuge under a hay stack. Under this she commenced burrowing; in which operation, however, she succeeded only in part, for the base of the stack being of a compact texture, and of the primary formation, she was enabled with much difficulty, to effect a nidus for the superior and more important parts of humanity only, leaving the lower extremities in a state of nudity, to take care of themselves. These appendages, so common to our race, and so generally useful, Mrs. Hurly, in the hurry-burly of the moment, found a source of discomfort to her; for she was unable to dispose of them to her liking, or to coil them up by hook or crook. And what do you think, Mr. Editor, was the consequence of this exposure? I anticipate your reply: just so, Sir, they were nearly pounded to a jelly.

Yours truly,

PHARAOH.

NOTE.—It is to be regretted that hail stones are of so evanescent a character. Those of which we have been speaking, have long since dissolved away, and returned to their native elements, and cannot be produced. But the shingles, and the boards, and the spruce logs, and though last, not least, the legs, can be produced, and thereby the most sceptical may be satisfied of the truth of the foregoing statement.

Newcastle, August 20, 1845.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE MAILS.

The mail for Fredericton, direct, closes on Monday morning at 7.30 o'clock; and arrives on the morning of Friday, at 2 o'clock. A.M. The Southern mails are closed at 5.30 o'clock, on the mornings of Tuesdays and Saturdays, and arrive at 7 o'clock on the mornings of Mondays and Thursdays.

The mails for the Northward are despatched soon after the arrival of the mails from the southward on Mondays and Thursdays; and arrive here on the mornings of Friday, at 6 o'clock.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.—We direct the attention of our scientific readers to the minute description of the Atmospheric Railway, given in another part of our paper. Truly this may be called the age of improvement—carrying into successful operation what were formerly considered chimeras. It may not deserve greater credit for originality than former ages, for the most of its great achievements were suggested by those who preceded us, but had not sufficient boldness to put them into proper organization. We therefore lay hold of the knowledge they acquired through many laborious years, and put it into practice, (perhaps with a little improvement) and thus gain a great share of the credit that belonged to them.

Should any of our readers, who understands machinery, wish to see figures of the different apparatus connected with the recent wonderful achievement, they may be gratified by looking into our office and having a peep at the Pictorial Times.

BISHOP OF FREDERICTON.—We have great pleasure in copying the following extract from the Eastport Sentinel, and fervently hope that the truly christian spirit manifested by His Lordship in this and many other instances, may spread and extend to every district of this province:—

"BISHOP OF FREDERICTON.—This high dignitary, who has recently been created, and who has just arrived in New Brunswick from England, made a passing visit to this town last week, and on Friday afternoon preached at the North Baptist Meeting House. He was attended by his Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. King, by the Rev. Dr. Alley of Saint Andrews, and by the Reverend Mr. Bartholomew, who is at present officiating at Campbellville. The services were in the Episcopal form, and the Lord Bishop was in the full dress of his order. The sermon breathed a most liberal and charitable spirit, and was attentively listened to, as were also some very excellent extemporaneous remarks at its close, on the importance of cultivating liberality of sentiment among persons of different religious sects."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We understand that on Friday the 22nd inst. a melancholy accident occurred at the Mill of Messrs. Holderness & Chilton, Richibucto, whereby a man of the name of HATCH, was so severely hurt as to have died from the effects shortly thereafter. We have not learned the particulars; perhaps our correspondent in that district will supply the omission next week. The deceased was a native of Pictou.

THE WEATHER.—Since our last the weather has taken a very sudden change, the mornings and evenings being exceedingly cold. Jack Frost has been paying a visit to some districts, which will perhaps do a little injury to the potatoe crop. Harvest operations are beginning to be general, and before we issue our next, we expect that a considerable quantity of grain will be housed. So far as we can learn, there will be an average crop in this district, a circumstance which calls for gratitude to the "Giver of all good."

THE REV. PATRICK L. MILLER.—According to our promise last week, we give below the Address presented to the Rev. Patrick L. Miller, and his reply thereto. He has gone passenger in the last steamer from Halifax:

To the Reverend Patrick L. Miller, of Dundee.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—

Understanding that you are about leaving New-Brunswick for Scotland, with great respect we the undersigned Committee from the subscribers to the Call for a Minister connected with the Free Church of Scotland, beg to present the following token of esteem, which though in itself small, you will be pleased to accept in token of our respect for your great efforts in the cause of the Free Church in this City, we trust at no distant time will be successful. Trusting to your safe arrival among your friends and sphere of usefulness in Scotland,

We remain, with much esteem,
HUGH CHISHOLM,
NEIL M'LEARY, Jr. } Committee.
JOHN M. ANDERSON.

St. John, N. B. August 14th, 1845.
MY DEAR FRIENDS,—In acknowledging the token of your respect and esteem which you have presented to me, I would express my earnest hope that the cause I have endeavored to advocate among you may yet prosper abundantly in this city. I believe that the cause is that of truth and holiness, and although there are at present but few of my countrymen who have joined you in the effort to carry out and maintain the principles of the Free Church, still I trust and shall strive earnestly to pray that many others may be led to unite with you in building up this cause, and in seeking the ministrations of a faithful and devoted Minister from the Free Church of Scotland.

We left the Established Church at home, because we could not remain within her bounds unless we consented to terms and conditions which were contrary to the word of God, dishonouring to Him who is head over all things to the Church, and most injurious to the spiritual interests of the people of Scotland—I am most thankful to God that He enabled so many of his ministers to resign many temporal advantages rather than abandon those principles of Bible truth which they had declared publicly and repeatedly to be precious in their eyes.—You know well that these ministers did not stand alone in the hour of trial. The godly Elders and members of their own Congregations, along with many from the Congregations of Ministers who remained in, these gathered around them, and assisted them in building up a Church in Scotland, which I earnestly trust will prove a rich blessing, not only to that land, but to many others. At the time of the disruption, 475 Ministers left the Establishment, and now we number in the Free Church 625 Ministers and upwards of 700 Congregations.—You are aware that all the Missionaries cast in their lot with us, and the people of the Free Church are offering freely and largely for their support.

When Dr. Duff and his fellow labourers at Calcutta, Mr. Anderson, and his brethren at Madras, Dr. Wilson, and his at Bombay, when all the Missionaries who were labouring among the Jews, when these cast in their lot with us, we thanked God and took courage. And we have been encouraged by the unanimous and heartfelt sympathy of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, the Presbyterian Church in England, a large minority of our Presbyterian ministers in Canada, a large majority of those in Nova Scotia, and the decided adherence of three of the Synods of this Province, who have left that body in consequence of their resolution to remain in connexion with the Established Church of Scotland. And we have been strengthened and encouraged at home by the testimony which has been thus returned to us by the Churches. Their testimony for the same truth has not surprised us, for in Scotland we do not understand that common wearisome saying, "O, we have nothing to do with the Free Church in the Colonies; we are quite free here."

That testimony for the Truth which is honouring to Christ in Scotland, is honoring to Him on this side of the Atlantic, and if the Established Church of Scotland has practically denied the truth that the Word of Christ ought to be preferred to the word of man in the ruling of his Church and Kingdom, then ought all those who love the Lord Jesus to unite their testimony with ours in defending and maintaining that truth which is thus assailed, because practically denied. I do not say that the Established Church denies in so many words that Christ ought to be obeyed rather than man, but I maintain that the Church has denied this truth by her deeds, and against this ought every Christian to testify.

And now, my dear friends, in bidding you farewell, I would commend you to God and to the word of his grace. If you would advance the cause of Christ in this City, then seek above all things to live a life of holiness—Walk with God, if you would live to God and labour for God. This is the secret spring of a life of holy usefulness—and by leading such a life you will recommend the cause of Jesus to the ungodly and worldly-minded among whom you dwell, more effectually than by mere words. That your words may be powerful, your lives must be holy and blameless, so that men may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus.—I earnestly trust that you will pray for me that my labours may be blessed in an abundant measure. That Minister who is rich in the prayers of others is rich indeed.

May the Lord Jesus largely bless you and advance his own cause, and work in your own hearts, in the midst of your families, and in the City and land where your lot is cast.

I beg to remain your sincere friend,
PATRICK L. MILLER,
Minister of the Free Church of Scotland.

MEDICAL AFFAIRS AMONG THE COSSACKS.—Medical affairs were at a very low ebb among the Don Cossacks until within a very recent period. It so happened that Prince Tcherassoff was seized with what was deemed an incurable attack of paralysis. The native physicians had recourse to magical charms, talismans, adder's broth (!) stewed wolf (!) skin, deans of essentia, &c. &c., but all to no purpose. At last, however, an English traveller named Hill, having in his portmanteau a few pots of "Holloway's Ointment," and a box or two of "Holloway's Pills," (the latter a tonic and alterative auxiliary to the former), he advised their use, and the Prince soon became "himself again!" These specifics are therefore in great note for all external disorders, and what the Cossacks would do without them it is difficult to imagine, since Gout, Rheumatism, Cancer, Scrofula, Swelling of the Glands, Wounds, &c. &c., so speedily yield to their extraordinary and unrivalled influence.