Kingston Herald.

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FAMILIES & INVALIDS.

The following indispensable family remedies may be found at the village drug stores, and soon at every country store in the state. Remember and never get them unless they have the fac-simile signature of

Comstock & Co. on the wrappers, as all others of the same names are base impositions and counterfeits. If the merchant nearest you has them not, request him to procure them of the person he visits New York, or to write to them. Families should be a week without these remedies

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BALM OF COLUMBIA, FOR THE HAIR, will restore, stop it if falling out, or restore it on bald heads, and on children make it grow rapidly, or on persons who have lost the hair from any cause.

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The name of *Comstock & Co.* on the bottle is a warning to not buy it. *Remember this always.*

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of every kind cured, and all shrivelled muscles and limbs restored, in the old or young, by the INDIAN VEGETABLE ELIXIR AND NERVE AND BONE LINIMENT—which is never without the name of Comstock & Co. on it.

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HORSES that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Galls, &c., are cured by Roofs' SPECIFIC; and *hundered* horses entirely cured by Roofs' Ointment. Mark this, all horsemen.

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A more and more nice and useful article never was made. All should wear them regularly.

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the principle of substituting the *tonic* in place of the intoxicant principle, which has reformed so many drunkards. To be used with

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is a certain prevention of FEVERS or any bilious sickness; keeping the stomach in most perfect order, the bowels regular, and a determination to

COLDS COUGHS

from the bones, hoarseness, and DROPSY quickly cured by it. Know this by trying.

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any shade you wish, but will not color the skin.

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CHINA. A positive cure for the piles, and all external sufferings—all internal irritations brought to the surface by friction with this Balm;—so in coughs, colds, or sore throat, tightness of the chest, this Balm applied on a flannel will relieve and cure at once.—Bad wounds or old sores are rapidly cured by it.

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at any time, and is a delightful remedy. Remember the name, and get *Comstock's.*

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Comstock & Co. Wholesale Druggists, 43 Courtland Street, *Near Broadway*, NEW YORK. The above Medicines are for Sale by N. [illegible], Market Square, Kingston.

To the Editor of the Kingston Herald.

SIR,—As a great deal of excitement has for some time past prevailed, and is still prevailing, in the religious world, in consequence of the promulgation of the absurd and ridiculous doctrines of Mormonism and Millerism, that the final consummation of all things is drawing near. And as an indisputable proof of this solemn and awful event, the believers in these dogmas assert that the appearance of the splendid comet which is now ranging through illimitable space, is infallible precursor.—Permit me, Sir, to solicit the favor of your publishing in your Journal an account of the ludicrous effects produced by the appearance of a comet whose return was calculated by William Whiston, a celebrated divine and mathematician, and the learned translator of Josephus's works, to be on the 14th October, 1712. In the course of my reading, I met with it, some time since, in the 430 number of the Mechanics Magazine, and it clearly shows the wonderful effects which such phenomena produce on weak, silly, ignorant, and superstitious minds.

OMEGA.

Fredericksburgh, May 12, 1843.

Ludicrous effects of the appearance of a comet on October 14, 1712.

[From the "Ohio."]

This year, Mr. Whiston having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its appearance to-day, Wednesday, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition, that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. W. had long maintained both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events now took place. A number of persons in and about London, seized all the barges and boats they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place, there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years, informed his wife, that it was his determination to resume that laudable practice the same evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till they saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South-sea stock immediately fell to 5 per cent, and the India to 11, and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ships might not be endangered. The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to the prediction, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time 123 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the church service on that occasion. Three maids of honor burnt their collections of novels and plays, and sent to a bookseller to buy each of them a Bible, and Bishop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. The run upon the Bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting notes and handing out the specie. On Thursday, considerably more than 7000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And to crown the whole farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head Director of the Bank, issued orders to all the fire-offices in London, requiring them to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England.

To the Editor of the Kingston Herald.

SIR,—To adopt the peculiar words and expressions of our *friends* at the other side of the Lake, has ever appeared to me grievously humiliating. It strengthens much the American belief that we, poor benighted English, have not been acquainted with our tongue until tutored by them.—O tempora! I beg to submit an illustration from your last paper. A notice appears therein from Mr. Mayor Counter, in which he says: "*on* the market square." I recollect Mr. Secretary Murdoch informing the good people of Quebec, that Sir Charles Bagot would arrive *on* the steam-ship—this "*on*" I am pretty sure his Secretary-ship would not have used at the Colonial office in London.

The Americans possess one rare virtue over us—they do not ape our peculiarities or provincialism of expression. A preference for that admirable lexicographer, Mr. Noah Webster, may be very right and proper at the south side of the line; but such prejudice against Samuel Johnson, should I humbly think, be more charity expressed by those calling themselves British at this.

You may perhaps view the difference of expression as a mere "tweedledum and tweedledee"; but not so, my good Sir, when we are saluted at every town in Upper, I beg your pardon, Western Canada, with the universal Store for shop—Merchant for shop-keeper—Tavern for inn—Bakery for bakehouse—and so on to infinity.

Those of British origin using such words may very reasonably impress a suspicion that a preference is entertained for a people notorious for repudiating just debts, and "taking the law in their own hands," under their renowned and very infamous "Codex Lynchibus."

From both of which unenviable distinctions, may the children of the British Isles long be spared.

I am, Sir,
Your obed't Serv't.
RUSTICUS.

Seymour, 9th May, 1843.

Variety.

[From Frazer's Magazine.]

JACQUES COCAST,

THE HUNCHBACK PHILOSOPHER.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, then eleven years old, escaped from the pitying hands of Martin Fleau, the miller, who, casting a compassionate glance at Cocast's unseemly load, exclaimed;

"Well, the saints have barthened thee enough—go, I would'nt beat a hunchback."

"Thank God for my hunch!" were the grateful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their deformed comate to the vengence of the despoiled. The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unbruised.

Jacques Cocast grew up the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their drudge, their jest, their scapegoat. His good humor turned bitterness itself to merriment, and at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down, and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

"Out, ye imp of deformity!" cried Cocast's stepmother, at least once a day; whereupon Jacques, to the increasing ire of his father's wife, would meekly cry,

"Thank God for my hunch."

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions, Jacques Cocast made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such friendship. He could read, write, and cypher, to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocast's father took sudden pride in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stormed at her stepson with increasing vigor.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet communings with his book.

Some four years passed on—when oh, shame to the notary's wife—shame to the fair-haired youth—the faithless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her her husband's clerk. Great was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep the revilings of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocast joined in no abuse, but with a fine charity for the inexperience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the tempter, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Jacques Cocast was now a painstaking, philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his shopboard, could look down on many of the vanities of human life. He was now twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart, and make him feel a lessening load upon his shoulders. Jacques would make one at all village holidays, led thereto by his own light-heartedness, and of late, furthermore urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicite, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehood of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip; Felicite laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent—exalted, sublimated by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun—vaults like a grasshopper about the earth, and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocast knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest weed, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Nor was it otherwise. The eyes of Felicite had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques Cocast should henceforth be the best and the most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Felicite had looked with favor on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and habit it worthy of her who elected it as her own. As for his hump, that was gone, yea vanished, melted in the sunlight of Felicite's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocast would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar: his vestments now barred, & spotted, and burnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Felicite, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidentially clap their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocast the blissful Adam of this fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocast were opened and he saw his forlornness. It was the day of a *ducasse*. In the pride of his heart, and in all the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Felicite, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving, so complying, so tender. The next dance may be at their wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the coming holiday. He, the hunchback, buoyed by his own loving heart, would foot it so lightly, that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dew-drop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers are assembled. The fiddlers sound. Jacques Cocast, in all the glories of a new suit, burning like a peacock in the conflict of colors, and in the triumph of a gladdened soul advances to lead out Felicite, the baker's daughter. Already he has his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger, with vicelike power, gripes the nose of Jacques Cocast and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the fiddles burst upon the merrymakers. Jacques Cocast, with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetete, a rival of six feet, French measure, with fierce eyes, & parrot nose, glaring and protruding from between raven whiskers with arms a-kimbo, stands before the tailor. Nevertheless, the soul of Jacques Cocast is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—oh, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rosy wickedness, ye baneyed poisons! Felicite, the Baker's daughter, advanced to Hercule, and curtseying, and putting her hand in his—yet warm from the outraged nose of the doating lover, signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favor on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocast. He quitted the scene of his past agony of despair and wandered a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback! Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by over-laden shoulders! What is a beautiful sentiment with a straight-backed, comely man, is a thing for a jest, an excellent joke with a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocast, go home. Sleep not in the fields at night. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away until, as you complain your head has grown too little for your hat—but up, man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shop-board, thread your needle, heat your goose, and defy love. A friendly Genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocast, for, ere a month had passed, the tailor had once more taken to his sober attire, was seated smiling at his work, and if a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of drawing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious—plighted maidens would frequently sigh and look with tender gaze upon their future husbands—the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont, to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription, with the banishment, the danger, the wounds and death combined in the word, to Jacques Cocast? He was a hunchback.—His shoulders were exempt by nature from a knapsack. He was not a comely morsel for glory: he was not worthy the powder and shot bestowed upon prettiest men. No, he was secure in his deformity: his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast, without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance might linger about the town hall of the arrondissement, and learn the fortune of his fellow villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms, as his sister clung about his neck—as his plighted wife, and *now* their wedding day is certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang among the crowd; and there were cries of despair, and sobbings as among breaking hearts, as the new conscripts told the fate that tore them from their homes.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times, as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossetete. He looked savage as a snubbed ogre: and the baker's beautiful daughter hung on his arm, and was crying her heart out and vowing between her sobs, that for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid; and Hercule, with his fancy listening to the whistling bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Felicite, and bade Heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this! By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetete—no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter: but with a gush of gratitude he exclaimed,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Hercule Grossetete went to the wars. Fortune who had heaped such obloquy upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fitted Grossetete for the dignity of a grenadier. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching and perhaps, daydreaming of his pilgrimage and epaulettes. We know not what struggles Felicite endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her grenadier that she wedded the son of the village grocer, the grocer's father opportunely dying and leaving his stock and business to his only son. All the world, that is all the village, believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife. Pierre Chandelles was so meek so gentle a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again, Felicite was always the sweetest-tempered girl; there had been curious tales of her sullen passion, but such tales had been trumped-up by the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Felicite were one: and Jaques Cocast—for, in the magnanimity of his soul, he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre on account of his wife; besides Pierre's was the only shop in the village—modestly tapped a sou on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin for bees-wax. Suddenly there was a noise within; Jacques recognized the voice of Felicite, albeit he had never heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute and Pierre rushes into the shop, followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a customer, heedless of the cries of her husband demolished an earthen pipkin, unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandelles, the grocer.

"What did you want?" asked Pierre, with still a vigilant eye to business.

"I'll call again when your wounds are dressed," said Jacques Cocast; in the meantime, "thank God for my hunch!"

Years went on, and Jacques Cocast gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirit of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, wandering a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocast was suddenly startled in his reflections by a loud voice. "For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff."

The prayer proceeded from a poor blind soldier, seated on a tree, felled near the roadside.

"With all my heart," cried Cocast. "Here, empty my box."

"Alas, good sir," said the soldier, "look at me again."

Cocast looked and saw that he had lost both his arms.

"You must, indeed, *give* me the snuff," said the soldier.

"With all my heart, I say again," cried Cocast, and with the most delicate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran. "Good Heaven!" suddenly exclaimed Cocast, "why, you are Hercule Grossetete."

"I am," answered the soldier. "And what have you to say to that?"

"What!" Jacques Cocast looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say, "*Thank God for my hunch!*"

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocast, thank God for it.

A WARNING!—A Mr. Blindman, pilot on a flat boat on the Ohio, recently saw a most wonderful sight in the heavens. He was watching eagerly the comet's tail, when all at once, he saw the tail curl up, and form in big letters, the word

PAY

He didn't pay much attention to it; but in a few minutes he looked round again, and saw distinctly in the same place, the word

THE

Astonished at this, he ran below to inform the captain, and when he got back, and looked up at the tail, he found that it had changed again, and had formed the word

PRINTER.

Whereupon he and the captain marvelled greatly, and did resolve instantly to heed the admonition, and as soon as they got home to pay the printer. We wish a good many could see that sight, and profit by it.

"NO MORE BRAINS NOR A PUMPKIN."—A celebrated quack was once visited by an old acquaintance, from the country. (They had been parish boys together, had tossed dumps into a hole together, and had cheated each other at marbles.)

"I'm glad to see thee'st got on so vinely, Zam," said the rustic; "but how is't, man? Thee know'st, the never had no more brains nor a pumpkin."

He was proceeding in this agreeable manner when the quack took him to the window, and bade him count the passers by. After the lapse of a minute or two, he inquired how many had passed: the tiller of the land answered, "Ninety—or mayhap, a hundred."

"And how many wise men do you suppose were amongst this hundred?" said the other.

"Mayhap, *one*," was the reply.

"Well," returned the quack, "*all the rest are mine.*"

WELL CULTIVATED FARMS.—At the Earl of Gosford's recent agricultural dinner at Markethill, his Lordship gave the following explanation of what he considered "a well cultivated farm," and which, as the giver of a prize cup, he wished particularly to be inserted in the instructions to the judges next year:—First. A farm which is properly divided into regular divisions, according to the rotation intended, so that the crops shall succeed each other in regular order, and be effectually drained. 2nd. Which shall be cultivated according to such a rotation as shall for a permanency yield the best return, and keep the land in the highest condition. 3rd. A well cultivated farm should depend mainly upon its own resources for manure, which includes a suitable stock for house feeding, and a proper tank for liquor manure, all which are necessary. There may be cases in which extraneous manure may be allowed: but it must form the exception, not the rule; near the town for example; or to get into a rotation, whenever it will evidently not be necessary as a permanent practice—likewise lime when required by the soil. 5th. The establishment must be suitable to the farm, and the neatness of the entire premises, fences, stackyard, garden, &c. to be all taken in turn to the scale where those material points are on a par. His Lordship did not bind the competitors to any particular rotation, but two scourging crops should clearly never succeed each other without fresh manure having been applied, and they never should be allowed even in this case, except at the end of the rotation, when the heart of the land is about to be immediately restored. His Lordship also considered one tenth part of the arable land should be in turnips to feed the proper regular stock, and that one cow for every three acres of arable land is necessary; and when this is not permanent kept throughout the year, an extra number should be fed in winter.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—A clergyman residing not 30 miles distant from Ayr, was lately accompanied on his annual visitation through the parish by one of his elders, as *pawky* a carle as wons within the district. Whilst on their perambulations, Archibald told his reverence a certain old lady whom they would visit in the afternoon, and who enjoyed even *more* than a "competent portion of the good things of this life," would, after placing a morsel before them, importune them excessively to eat, although she grudged every bit they swallowed. They agreed to cultivate their appetites, and accordingly visited Janet "as hungry as hawks." She gave them a hearty welcome; and by and bye placed before them a variety of eatables, and a goodly *roll* of butter, and said, "Dear sake, sirs! noo, tak' something to do ye gude." They assured her they would. But on seeing them "cut and come again" at both ends of her precious roll, she exclaimed, "Gude sake, sirs! cut it fashion't wise, I pray ye!" The Elder assured her they would do so before leaving it, and they fulfilled the promise by completely devouring (to Janet's amazement) a basket full of bread, the unpretending skeleton of a ham, and her "bonny row o' butter, that wad hae lasted hersel' for a fortnight." The minister, before his departure, taxed Janet with her irregular attendance at church, and made her promise that she would be present next Sabbath. He lectured upon the miraculous feeding of five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes; and Janet, who had listened attentively during the discourse, no sooner heard mention of the twelve baskets full of fragments, than she started to her feet, and staring at the minister, bawled out, "A Weel-a-wat! if you and yer frien' Archy had been there, there wadna hae been so mony baskets fu' o' fragments I trow!"—[Ayr Advertiser.

GREAT BLAST.—FIFTEEN MINES SIMULTANEOUSLY EXPLODED.

DOVER, April 18.—This afternoon, at 20 minutes past 4 o'clock, another of those extensive "blowing up" of Dover Cliffs, which (under the management of Mr. Cubitt, the engineer-in-chief of the South-Eastern Railway Company, Lieutenant Hutchison, of the Royal Engineer department, and Messrs. Wright and Hodges, and their assistants) have excited so much interest in the scientific world, came off at Lydden Spout Coast-guard Station. This blast proved proportionably successful in effects to the unparalelled one, when, with the enormous quantity of 18,500 lbs. of gunpowder, the destruction of Round-down Cliff was effected on the 26th of January last.

The mass of chalk operated on to-day formed the base of the same cliff, the crown of which, to the depth of 900 feet, was blown off by a blast consisting of 7,000 lbs. of gunpowder, on the 2d ult. The present blast consisted of upward of 10,000 lbs. of gunpowder, which was placed in 15 cells or chambers, at proper distances along the base of the chalky cliff about to be removed, placed and, the conducting wires being properly all were fired off at once, as on the former occasion of the last blast by an apparatus invented by the junior Engineer, Mr. Hodges; which simultaneously communicates ignition by means of the voltaic battery to any number of wires attached to it, with a single motion of the hand.

This blast, like the others, was characterised by the absence of noise or smoke, the only difference being that on the present occasion a large quantity of chalk block and rubbish was projected in the air to a considerable distance seaward.

The quantity of chalk removed it is impossible to say at present; for so dense a fog overspread the abyss below, that the eye could not penetrate from the top of the cliff to the bottom. It was clear, however that the mines had done their duty, from the tremendous mass that has been thrown down. The shock was felt for hundreds of yards around, and the fissures created in the top of the cliff presented a most terrific appearance; and when we left, at a quarter to five, pieces of the cliff kept falling, and it was expected that other portions would come down in the course of the evening.

This explosion seems to have created quite as great a sensation as the great blast of Round-down. Last night and this morning the conveyances to Dover were crowded; we should say there were quite as many spectators present as on the occasion referred to. In the offing there were several steamers, in one of which the chairman and directors of the company had embarked, while on the top of the cliff and on the beach at its base there were numerous straggling groups. We have not heard of the slightest accident, although the cliffs, to the very verge, were studded with people. The weather was fine and mild, and but for the fog the sight would have been superb.

LADIES TRY IT.—The Editor of the Rochester Post gives the following mode of making yeast—Heat your stove or oven—mix two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar with one quart of flour—then dissolve one tea-spoonful of saleratus in warm water, and mix it with the flour, adding water enough to make soft dough. As soon as thoroughly kneaded, place it in the oven until sufficiently baked, and the bread will be tender and of the nicest kind. Biscuit may be made in the same way, by adding a little shortening.

A Gascon preacher stopped short in the pulpit; it was in vain that he scratched his head—nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit-stairs, "I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

A village sculptor having occasion to ornament a tombstone with the effigy of an angel, put a wig on the heavenly representative. His employer, on seeing his handiwork, exclaimed, "Tut! man, did you ever see an angel with a wig on?" To which the other replied, "Did *ye ever* see an angel without one?"

A lady was rating her maid upon the giddiness of her conduct with young men, when the girl meekly observed, "Well, Mem, I'll take your advice, & I *will* wash my hands of 'em all; and then *I'll goose grease 'em!*" "How *grease* them?" inquired the mistress in astonishment. "Not them fellars, but my hands," replied the servant, "'cause my last missus said goose grease was safe to *keep away the chaps.*"

YANKEE TAILOR.—Dan Marble tells a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he "was sorry indeed that he could not pay it." "Well," said the tailor, I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit.

Colonial.

From the Christian Guardian.

ADDRESS OF THE BOARD AND FACULTY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES BAGOT, AND HIS REPLY.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

MY DEAR SIR,—At the request of the Rev. Mr. Green, President of the Conference, I transmit the following Address to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot and his Reply. The Sentiments contained in the latter part of Sir Charles Bagot's Reply, as well as the feeling expressed in the Reply of His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe, published in last week's *Guardian*, present a striking contrast to the conduct of the London Wesleyan Missionary Secretaries towards the "Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada"—the proper designation employed by Sir Charles Bagot, but which has been withheld from our body by Dr. Alder in his late communications with the Imperial Government, as it has heretofore been by the Editor of *The Church* newspaper. Our Church, however, has triumphed over calumny by living it down, and has, by the Divine blessing, become the more successful in seasons of the bitterest opposition.

The sentiments contained in the Address to Sir Charles Bagot will be responded to far and wide by the members of our Church, while the feelings expressed in his more than courteous and touching Reply, will inscribe his name still more indelibly in their grateful remembrance, as their impartial protecter and faithful friend during a period of unparalleled detraction and hostility.

Yours very truly,
E. RYERSON.

Victoria College, May 5, 1843.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable SIR CHARLES BAGOT, *Knight Grand Cross of the most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, Governor-General of British North America, &c. &c.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Board and Faculty of Victoria College, avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by our present meeting to express to your Excellency our heartfelt gratitude for the benefits which, by your impartiality and wisdom, you have conferred upon Canada, and our deep sympathy for the protracted and severe affliction with which Divine Providence—which is too wise to err and too good to be unkind—has been pleased to visit your Excellency. The countenance which your Excellency has bestowed upon the Institution over which we are placed, demands our grateful acknowledgments.

In these expressions of respect, sympathy, and gratitude, we are persuaded we give utterance to the universal sentiments and feelings of the Ministers and Members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church in Canada; and with them we unite in fervent prayer that your Excellency and family may be divinely sustained and comforted in your afflictions,—that you may be restored to return to the land of our fathers, that your life may be long spared to your family and country, and that the final issue of your earthly sufferings may be happy and glorious.

Signed in behalf and by order of the Board and Faculty of Victoria College, this twenty-fourth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

ANSON GREEN,
Chairman.
EGERTON RYERSON,
Principal.

SIR CHARLES BAGOT'S REPLY.

Kingston, May 2d, 1843.

SIR,—I have the honor, by command of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, to acknowledge the receipt of an Address from the Board and Faculty of Victoria College, and to say that he has felt the highest satisfaction at the manner in which they have expressed themselves as to the benefits which they consider he has been the means of conferring on the Province, and is much pleased that they should think that he has in any way contributed to the very deserving Institution which they represent.

Sir Charles Bagot has been truly gratified by the kind feelings which have been entertained towards him personally by the Members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church in Canada, for whom he has always entertained the sincerest respect; and for these, and their kind wishes for his recovery and future happiness, he desires me to convey to you his unfeigned thanks.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your humble and obedient servant,
H. BAGOT.
Private Secretary.

The REV. ANSON GREEN, &c. &c. &c.

The Governor-General and Victoria College.—We are gratified to learn His Excellency the Governor-General has bestowed upon the Students of Victoria College an ANNUAL PRIZE,—requesting the Principal to procure, on His Excellency's account, any Book which he may consider best suited to meet the object His Excellency has in view

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Our good town is, this week, crowded with Jurymen—parties litigant and District Councillors,—on Tuesday last, we could not but hail with delight, the first appearance of boats passing through the Saint Lawrence Canal—two boats owned by that enterprising firm, Messrs. McPherson and Crane, were the first to enter and in passing the town they seemed, from the height of water—and viewed from a distance—to glide along on terra firma, no steamboats have as yet gone through since the trial trip of the Highlander last fall—a stranger, to pop in upon us now would imagine, from the crowded streets—the hum of voices—and commercial appearance of our wharves—that the good town of Cornwall was perhaps inferior in prosperity to few towns in the province.—[Cornwall Observer.

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