MISCELLANEOUS.

TIRED OF FARMING.—A few months ago a man who had been a farmer from his early life, came to the city to buy stoves to sell again. Said he to the stove dealer. "The weevils begin to infest the wheat, and all things considered "I am tired of farming, and so have sold my farm." The stove dealer remarked that he thought within himself that just as like as not the discontented farmer would find a weevil in the heart of the new business—and so it proved, for when the day arrived on which the note matured, given for stoves, the old farmer, now turned tradesman—confessed that he had not been able to sell his stoves—that he had most of them on hand.

"Tired of farming," the most independent business a man can engage in, because, forsooth, there are disappointments and perplexities, and trials and vexations attending it. Remember, you who are tillers of the soil, that your care and troubles and anxieties are few and far between, compared with those suffered by commercial men. If your chances to become rich are not so inviting as these of the tradesmen, bear in mind that the dangers of being very poor and destitute are far less. Famine and abject poverty seldom overtake the farmer, or haunt him in their ghostly visits. He lives in the high table land of promise, rising far above the murky region of want and destitution. His children can say there is bread enough in our father's house, and a piece to spare to the hungry ones of other less fortunate callings.

"Tired of farming!" Suppose you are. What is to be done in such a case? Do you expect to fine an employment without trials and perplexities? If so, you are doomed to disappointment. There is no vocation in this world that will exempt those who engage therein fron cares, and fears, and vexation. So if you are tired of farming, the best way is to get rested as soon as you can, and prosecute anew the business for which you were early trained, and which, if diligently followed, will yield a good supply of all the necessaries and comforts of life, together with opportunities for mental and moral culture.—*Hallowell Cultivator.*

A PRETTY STORY BY LAMARTINE.—In the tribe of Neggileh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger, for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

A THRILLING SCENE.—A young man in a state of intoxication stepped into a confectionary establishment on Water-street, a few evenings since, and called for a "glass of beer." Noticing his condition the proprietor refused to sell him any, remarking that he "had already more than proper for him." "Oh," answered the young man, "I've been trying to keep sober all day and I can't." "Well, I can't sell you any beer, and you need not ask for it again." "Only one glass, come, here's your money." "Not one." "I am so thirsty—so dry." "Well, there's a glass of cold water, drink." Stumbling up to the counter the poor inebriate drank a couple of glasses of water, and then turning around said, "you are the first man that has refused me liquor to-day—I wish to Heaven they all had." He put his hand into his vest pocket, and pulled tremblingly out a small miniature, opened it, and gazed upon it for some moments—it was a daguerreotype of an elderly lady, upon whose face were strongly marked lines of care and sorrow—pale, almost marble, the countenance, and the eye seemed to search his soul, and speak with sad and gentle reproof to her son. "Oh, my mother," he said, "how much sorrow, trouble, and unhappiness I have caused thee." His emotion was very great—at last tears came to his relief—he wept like a child, while upon the countenances of those around were depicted sympathy and commiseration. At length he said, "I'm childish, foolish, weak." He compressed his quivering lips, closed the miniature, put it in his pocket, and turned, tottered out and said, "you won't give me a glass of beer, a glass to drown all." He paused. "No," was the answer. He was gone. "Had I many such customers," observed the proprietor, to those around him, "I would take my beer pump and pitch it into the middle of the street. I wish the Maine Liquor Law would be submitted to us—I, yes I, who derive a large profit from the sale of my beer, would vote for it, and that too, freely, willingly, happily." "I came," remarked a by-stander, "to get a glass of beer, but this fellow has so sickened my taste that more bitter than gall would be the stimulant should I drink it. Henceforth, since habit grows upon us unawares, and since habit is second nature, I will desist from taking my devotional glass." Reader, to this little incident, transpiring in our own city, may be added hundreds of thousands daily occurring in our broad spread country. Mothers heart-broken—sisters bowed down to the dust with shame—wives subjected to all manner of misery and wretchedness—the father in the county jail—the son born only to lead a brief life of misery, and sink into a premature grave. The evil is known—the remedy is found—root it out, eradicate it, or look to behold your own kin, your own child, perhaps lost by the infatuating maddening gulf of certain and sure destruction. There is no other alternative—man cannot control his own tastes and passions. We have seen it in the past—the brightest, noblest, most intellectual of our land have been victims. We see it daily, sensible to our sight as the vault of Heaven. Let us not see it in the future! We have the sword of the Redeemer, let it fall! Let us redeem those already nigh gone, and avert the evil that else will surely fall on those to come.

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.—"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and kiss me, and bid me goodnight?" said little Roger L——, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers." Mrs. L. was very ill; indeed her attendants believed her dying. She sat propped up with her pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, while she repeated passages from God's holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. "hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to night!" As she said this, she came forward and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him away from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break. "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot." The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to everything transpiring around her the sobs of her darling aroused her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and her child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of the dying mother. "Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me and never forget it; 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost frigid features before him, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought as usual his mother, but found her stiff and cold. This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it; he probably never will. He has grown to be a man, a good man, and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look on him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother.

A GOOD STORY.—Inimitably well done is an article in *Putnam*, entitled "General Ogle, a Character." It refreshes the soul like a mountain breeze. The General was one of those strong, clear headed, *self* instructed, dexterous, efficient, invincible men, who, taking up the task of civilizing the country where the backwoodsmen left it, carried the work forward to the era of the railroads and telegraphs, then consigned it to men of the Morse, Collins, Law, Fremont, and Grinnell stamp. He lived and died among the Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania. He used to proclaim, and with perfect truth, "Im the father of the country. For forty years I've done all its thinking, and managed all its business. I projected your public roads, and every great improvement in the policy of the coummunity. I have made you happy at home, and respected abroad. I know every man of you, from the acorns up to the scrubs that you are. I know more law than your lawyers, and more divinity than your preachers. I can teach your merchants in their own business, and there isn't one in a dozen of you that doesn't owe your good luck to my advice, and your misfortunes to neglecting it. I am the oldest Major-General in the United States, except General Jackson. I want nothing from you; I belong to myself; but I want you to know what is for your own good, percisely."

The General was by no means a book-learned man. On the contrary, quite the reverse. And upon this circumstance is founded the capital story we are about to copy. Here it is:—

"Probably," says the writer, "not one man in a hundred can learn to write his own name, spell February, or to hit the cases of the personal pronouns, after forty years of age. The General suffered something by his lack of formal training in his youth, which ear-marked his style of speech and composition while he lived. An amusing instance will illustrate a slight defect of this sort, and his masterly skill in extricating himself, which never deserted him in any such exigency. Immediately after Madison's second election, the General called upon Governor Findlay, then holding the office of State Treasurer, with the manuscript of a long letter which he had written to the President, covering the whole ground of our foreign and domestic policy, and principally the principles and measures of the democratic party. Mr. Findlay heard, with not a little admiration, of its merits, both as to matter and manner; but glancing at the paper, he observed that the General had, in some several instances, written the pronoun *I* in little, with a pop over it; and sincerely for the writer's sake, and for the effect that it ought to have, but impressed also with his sensitiveness to criticism which, in any way, impeached his capabilities, he coaxingly suggested the much requred correction after this fashion: "An excellent letter, General. A sound letter, sir; full of most capital advice, which Mr. Madison will be glad and proud to receive, and thoroughly democratic in every sentiment. A letter, General, that any man might be proud to write. Views, sir, that will make the administration equal to Jefferson's, if they are fully adopted. But, General, they have a court custom at Washington, a small matter, such as you and I are not apt to treat with much consideration—an indifferent little piece etiquette—a—" Here Mr Findlay began to stammer. The General's keen eye was on him, and he felt it.

"Percisely! What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," looking over the paper as if it were hard to find. "Nothing at all and yet it would be easily altered. A stroke of the pen here and there, merely."

"Pine-blank," said the General; "what is it, Mr. Findlay?"

"Why, General, it has become the custom lately at Washington to write the pronoun I with a capital letter."

The General was caught, and he knew how he was caught, too; and he must recover himself.

"Percisely, Mr. Findlay; all right. Most assuredly—I know—pine blank—you're right. No question of it." By this time he was ready. "Look here, my dear sir," laying his hand on Mr. Findlay's shoulder, as if to re-assure him, for the embarrassment was all on the one side now; "you see, my dear fellow, I had a design in it. When I write to a small pattern of a small pattern of a man, I make my capital I's two inches long; when I write to my equal fellow-citizens, such as yourself, for instance, I make them the usual length; but, sir, when I address myself to as great a man as Mr. Jefferson, I always make them as small as possible, with a pop over them, percisely."

"I need hardly say that the General walked straight to his room, and raised every letter of them to the dignity required by the rules of grammer and the etiquette of Washington city, before he despatched the epistle.

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

THE CURRENCY.—In England, of late years, light sovereigns have occasioned considerable inconvenience; while in Austria, France, Russia, and Prussia, bad sovereigns have been an intolerable nuisance.

A LETTER from the Rev. Mr. Spear, in San Francisco, speaks very encouragingly of the progress of the Gospel amongst the Chinese. Some of them have become devotedly pious, and every Sabbath evening his chapel is well filled with an audience entirely Chinese. They attend Sabbath School, are anxious for instruction, and talk of building a chapel of their own. They are far more accessible to the Missionary in California than in their own native country. This movement may lead to greater results for the evangelization of China than all that has hitherto been done for this purpose.

THE WORLD OPENING TO THE GOSPEL.—Less than fifty years ago, the whole of the East was closed against efforts to disseminate the gospel. A tract in Persian, contrasting Mohammedanism with Christianity, filled the Government with alarm, and they sent immediate orders to Serampore, whence it had issued, for all the remaining copies of it to be delivered up, and no more of a like kind to be sent forth. If such things were permitted it was feared that India would be set in a blaze, and the British swept into the sea. But within thirty years, millions of tracts have been put into circulation in India itself, and no one interposes any hinderance.

HARGRAVES THE GOLD DISCOVERER.—At the last accounts from Australia the citizens were fleteing Mr. Hargraves, the individual who first called attention to the auriferous wealth of the colonies. A public dinner had been given to him by the citizens of Sydney. The citizens of Melbourne and the government of Victoria, have not been backward in doing honor to the man through whose acuteness the colony has been enriched. He has also received the compliment of a territorial magistracy for Victoria and has been elected an honorary member of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Mechanics' Institution and of the Geological Society. A subscription was also in progress for the purpose of presenting him with a piece of plate; a second with the object of obtainig his portrait; and it was probable that a handsome gratuity would be voted to him out of the public funds which he has done so much to swell.

Charles Dickens has announced that he is writing, and intends publishing, his own autobiography.

The King of Prussia has sent a gold medal to M. Merle'Aubigne, author of the "History of the Protestant Reformation," in testimony of his high satisfaction with the curious researches which that work contains. The fifth volume, which has just appeared, relates to the Reformation in England.

British bark Condour, from Australia for London, with a cargo of wool and 25,000 ounces of gold dust, was burnt at sea lat. 4 S. The passengers and crew were saved by bark Charles & Pauline. The gold was also saved.

The visitors at the Dublin Exhibition number 10,000 daily.

The Potatoe crop is flourishing throughout Ireland.

The Calcutta Mail of the 3rd June arrived. Negotiations with Ava have been terminated by the Burmese envoys refusing to sign the treaty proposed to them by the British, and declaring that they would not sign away any part whatever of the Burmese dominions.

They were ordered to reconsider their answer, or to leave our new territory within 24 hours. They left it in 10 hours.

It is said that Lord Dalhousie does not intend taking any other steps beyond extending the frontiers and appropriating the country seized.

Should an attack be made on the outer territory an immediate advance will be made on Ava and the King dethroned.

Trade throughout India is dull.

At the Dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society at Gloucester on the 14th, at which were nearly 1000 guests, Lord Ashburton being in the chair, Mr. Ingersoll, the American Minister, and Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, were present and made speeches, which were favorably received by the company.

The Austrian Internuncio demanded the extradition of all the Austrian refugees in Turkey.

Prince Albert is making collections of all the productions of the United Kingdom, in order to present a complete assortment to each foreign state of the civilized world.

UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Orrin S. Bonstell has obtained a verdict of $10,000 against Cornelius Vanderbilt and others, for detention and improper treatment at the Isthmus. Bonstell had taken passage for California on one of Vanderbilt's steamers.

A SINGULAR MAN.—The man who stood on the railroad track at New Rochelle, and was crushed to atoms by the 8 o'clock train from New York on Friday morning, was Franklin C. Gray, aged about 45 years, a wealthy merchant of San Francisco, California, where he was alderman for two years, and highly respected. He had an income of $36,000 a year, which he received regularly in monthly remittances of $3000. He came from San Francisco, about fifteen months ago, and has since been residing, a portion of the time, in Washington city, where he recently married a young and accomplished lady. He had recently purchased a house in New York in the 5th avenue, which he fitted up in magnificent style. Last week, while laboring under an aberration of mind, he disposed of his house and furniture at a sacrifice of $7000 to $8000. He appeared to idolize his wife; and only a few days ago he made out a will, leaving her all his property unconditionally.—*New Bryunswicker.*

A WIRE STEWARD—The late Amos Lawrence of Boston, it is said, gave away during his life *more than five hundred thousand dollars.* On his pocket book was inscribed, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

MORTALITY ON BOARD SHIP.—The Ser. Empire, Capt. Barker, of Wells, Me., arrived at this port on Saturday forenoon from Darien, Ga., with no one on board except the captain. During the voyage all the crew, consisting of two sailors, the cook and a boy, together with the mate, died of southern fever. The last man died three days befor the vessel's arrival, and the captain was left alone, in ill health, to navigate the vessel to her destination, which he finally succeeded in doing after grat personal hardships.—(*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

CATASTROPHE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

The appalling catastrophe at Niagara Falls, by which two men were swept over the Falls, and a third died a thousand deaths during the thirty or forty hours that he clung to a log of wood, on the brink of the precipice, has, as well it might, produced a deep effect in the community. What the thoughts or feelings of the doomed man were as he faced an inexorable death cannot be known. The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* gives the following particulars of the last sad scene:—

"Up to six o'clock last evening, the public were kept in a state of excitement by despatches received at intervals from the Falls, bringing information of the situation of poor Avery, each report fluctuating between hope and fear—now expressing confidence in his eventful safety, and now almost despairing of his rescue. A large number of persons left this city for the scene of excitement by the trains, and swelled the thousands already gathered around the spot. We have been furnished with an account of the proceedings since one o'clock yesterday, by an eye witness.

Our informant tells us that the man was in a part of the rapids where the rocks rise nearly to the surface of the water. A log of wood, apparently wedged tightly between the rocks, and crossed by another still higher out of the water, was his resting place. Here he remained, half clinging to and half perching upon the log, from which he would occasionally slip down and walk a little on the rocks, which were only a short distance under water. A few feet in advance was a small fall of about four or five feet, and here and on each side of him, the waters rushed wildly on at a speed of about forty miles an hour. Since our report yesterday was made up, about 2½ o'clock in the afternoon, a raft was constructed formed of crossed timbers, strongly fastened in a square form, a hogshead being placed in the centre.

The raft was strongly secured with ropes on each side, and was floated down to the rocks upon which Avery was stationed. As it approached the spot where he stood, the rope got fast in the rocks, and the raft became immoveable. Avery then appeared to muster strength and courage, and descending from the log walked over the rocks to the place where the rope had caught, and labored long and hard to disengage it from the rocks. After some time he succeeded, and then with renewed energy, inspired by the hope of rescue, he pulled manfully at the rope until he succeeded in bringing the raft from the current towards his fearful resting place.

Avery now got on the raft, making himself fast thereto by means of ropes which had been placed there for that purpose, and those on the land commenced drawing it towards the shore. It had approached within *thirty-five* feet of one of the small islands, towards which its course was directed, when suddenly it became stationary in the midst of the rapids, the ropes having again caught in the rocks. All endeavors to remove it, were found to be in vain, and much fear was entertained that the strain upon the ropes might break them and occasion the poor fellow's loss. Various suggestions were now volunteered, and several attempts were made to reach him. One man went out in a boat as far as he dared to venture, and asked him if he would fasten a rope round his body and trust to being drawn in by that. The poor fellow, however shook his head despondingly, as though he had not strength enough remaining to make himself secure to a rope.

At length a boat was got ready—a life boat which had arrived from Buffalo—and was launched. Seeing the preparations, Avery unloosed his fastenings, with the intention of being ready to spring into the boat. Borne on by the rushing of the waters, and amid the breathless suspense of the spectators, the boat approached the raft. A thrill ran through the crowd—the boat lived in the angry waves—it struck the raft—a shout of joy rang forth from the shores, for it was believed that he was saved—when suddenly the hope that had been raised was again destroyed—a moment's confusion followed the collision, and in the next the victim was seen in the midst of the waters, separated from his frail support and struggling for life. For a minute or two the poor fellow, striking out boldly, swam strongly towards the island, and the cry echoed from shore to shore that he would yet be saved. But soon the fact became certain that he receded from the shore—his strength was evidently failing.

Gradually he was borne back into the fiercest part of the current—slowly at first, and then more rapidly.—Swiftly and more swiftly he approached the brink of the fatal precipice—the waters had him at last, their undisputed victim, and madly they whirled him on to death, as though enraged at his persevering efforts to escape their fury. A sickning feeling came over the spectators when, just on the brink of the precipice, the doomed man sprung up from the waters—clear from their surface—raising himself upright as a statue, with his arms flung widely aloft, and with a piercing shriek that rang loudly above the mocking roar of the cataract, fell back again into the foaming waves, and was hurled over the brow of the fatal precipice.

CANADA.

The Montreal Transcript gives currency to a rumor that government intend to appoint a special commission to inquire into the circumstances of the Montreal tragedy; but expresses a doubt of there being any authority for such a procedure.

The Daily Leader remarks from a reading of the names, the jury divided according to their religious creeds. This is avowed by the Montreal papers. When feelings of this nature gain supremacy in the minds of jurors, there is little chance of an impartial administration of justice.

In Canada, West, harvesting was progressing most satisfactorily

The *Galt Reporter* of the 15th instant says:—

"Samples of new wheat are already plentiful.—Mr. Israel Hopkins, of Flamboro', took a sample to the offic of the Hamilton *Canadian* on Saturday, in excellent condition, the produce being 30 bushels to the acre."

Nearly one thousand Indians of the Cheyenne and Snake tribes, in the neighborhood of Utah, have recently died of the small pox. In one place three hundred of the dead bodies were piled together in one hut, which was fired and burnt to the ground.

The duties collected at the Port of Toronto for the quarter ending 5th July, amounted to over £47,000, being £27,000 more than for the same quarter of last year. The increase in the receipts during the first half-year of 1853 is more than £32,000.

NOVA SCOTIA.

(From the Halifax Acadian Recorder.)

JUDICIARY.—The Supreme Court, which usually sits a fortnight after the Term at this season to hear and try jury causes, after sitting a single day, rose on Thursday. But one cause was entered on the trial list and that was heard by consent of parties and ocupied part of Wednesday. On Thursday the Judges met and gave judgment in the causes from Cumberland, where the fatal defect which has vitiated the Jury Lists for Halifax also, was first discovered. We understand that the decision arrived at, unanimously, by the Court was, that where causes had been tried and verdicts found, the findings of the Juries ought not to be disturbed. Where the objection, however, was discovered before verdict it was held fatal, and the Special Juries drawn and struck were set aside. Indictments found, but not tried, were quashed for the same reason. We have it on what we believe to be reliable authority, that in but a single instance, so far as heard from, by the Government, which immediately opened up a correspondence with the several counties, has the Jury Law been complied with. Under such circumstances according to the decisions just pronounced there can be few or no jury trials on the fall circuit. This becomes a matter of most serious concern to suitors. Prisoners also commited for trial may experience great hardship in consequence.

The rule *nisi* for a Criminal Information, moved on behalf of R. B. Dickey, Esq., against Joshua Huestis, Esq., one of the Cumberland Revising Magistrates, was refused by the whole Court. The reasons given were, that it was moved too late; and sufficient notice had not been given of the intention to move. Besides the Court, especially Judge Dodd, did not seem disposed to favour the proceeding. It was pronounced an unusual and extraordinary process, rarely resorted to, and Magistrates were said to be protected by law.

On Monday, 1st August, the new Practice Act comes into operation we understand, and the proceedings of the Court will thenceforth assume an entirely new, and greatly modified aspect. Much of the special pleading and technicality which characterised the Courts of Law, will it is said be abolished. And much need. Our Law reformers, however, require to go yet we think another step, and introduce the English principle of allowing, and compelling parties to testify for and against themselves. The principle was adopted last Session in the Legislative Council, if we remember right, but rejected by the Assembly. It has been in operation in all the Courts of England for two years past, and is said to be working well. It will very probably be adopted here next Session. Its operation, we learn, is greatly to narrow all disputes.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

We have Newfoundland dates to the 27th.

In the north districts the news is very gloomy; in most the catch is below an average, and in some we have intelligence of total failure, so complete that the fisherman have abandoned their avocations as hopeless, and have gone into the country to seek employment from Mr. Gisborne on the Cape Ray Telegraph Line. The news from the southern portion of the Island is more cheering, where a good average voyage is expected, but on the whole we fear the fishery will be short and inadequate for the population.

The *Ellen Gisborne* had returned to St. John's, and reports the "great work" as "advancing faster than ever." The new steamer from Philadelphia was expected daily at St. John's

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—*Mortality among the Fish.*—It is a singular fact, that within these few days past, multitudes of dead capelin have been thrown ashore in the land washes, or seen floating in the water, in various parts of this Bay. What is still more extraordinary, and which renders it probable that the creatures have been attacked with some internal disease, is the fact, that thousands of them have been seen dying on the surface of the sea, their gill-covers distended and their under parts between the pectoral and anal fins, much disclosured with eruptive spots. In this state hundreds of barrels have been cast ashore in different parts of the coast. It had previously been remarked that the capelin this year were unusually lean and inspired. For the information of the more distant scientific reader who may not know the fish by its local name we would just add that it is the *salmo arcticus* of Linnæus, we here alluded to.—*Harbor Grace Herald, July*

HASZARD'S GAZETTE

Saturday, August 6, 1853.

Our great object is, to give to our readers, both in Town and Country, a true account of the state of political affairs. We will never willingly assert, that which is, in the slightest degree, to our belief, untrue. In giving our opinion, we give it freely, and we endeavour, as well as we are able, to lay before the public the premises upon which our conclusions are founded. With respect to the late appointment, we object to any person sitting in the Executive Council or holding a responsible office who is not qualified so to do. Mr. Rice, is, we do not hesitate to say, a very estimable man in private life; so is the elder Mr. Hensley; but the latter was obliged to give place to Mr. Pope—and according to the new system rightly so—because Mr. Pope was a member of the Lower House, and as such *responsible* to the people, while Mr. Hensley was a member of the Upper House, holding his situation, neither at the will of the people nor that of the Crown, and of course responsible to neither. Mr. Rice is precisely in the same predicament, with this difference, that Mr. Rice formerly resigned his seat in the Council, because he could not, on an important question, conscientiously vote with the present administration. With his change of views we have nothing to do; what we object to is, that he, according to the principles upon which the present party came into power, has no *right* to either hold the office or sit in the Council, that is as Treasurer,—that it is a fraud upon the public that a man who is not accountable to the public, should hold an office of such importance. Under the old regime, the Treasurer, the Secretary, the Attorney General, and the Collector of Imposts and Excise were all in the Legislature. In the Legislative Council it is true, and this was a matter, and we think justly, of complaint, that these officials should compose so great a