



Volume 11.

Saint John
Published every Friday after
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Visiting and Business
general, Handbills, Bills
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TERMS OF THE CH

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(The time of high water)

Sept.

6 Saturday.

7 Sunday.

8 Monday.

9 Tuesday.

10 Wednesday.

11 Thursday.

12 Friday.

Last Quoted Oct. S

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LIFE ASSURANCE

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in the world, and all who

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for the cure of Rheumatism,

Bruises, stiffness, &c.

and a large proportion

soundness of its principles, an

ence exercised by the Direc-

Company on a sure basis; ar-

having a considerable

Tables are prepared, enabling

either participating in profits,

by cost. By the former profit

and loss, and a large propor-

tion of the capital, and a great

portion of the profits, are

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sum of £30,000,000,000,000,

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The Directors in the settlemen-

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within the stipulated period.

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any charge made

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for a limited number of

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Tables and every item

on application to the Office

HANNEY, STURDE & CO., Ag

St. John, N. B. 1848.

A FEW AND ONE SKETCH.

"And so we went toward Rome." — *A. Z. XVII. 14.*

WHAT land is this, on way to Rome, we see
At Apoll Forum and the Taverns Three?
Not Pompeii, as now the Homeward bound,
Nor plumb, elms over from Irish ground.
Here Roman soldiers proudly march along,
Escorting prisoners tied, in gloomy throng,
Sent from the Empire's distant parts afar,
To wear their doom before Caesar's bar.
But who of them, when these tight chains
Has manacled his free-born feet in vain?
Whose duty it is, and keeps his eagle eye
This man like that of one "who dares to die?"
His soul's exultation, his spirit still is free,
And triumphs in its matchless liberty.

"For Paul—The fearless, eloquent, and bold;
Once Jew, now Christian, whom we here behold.
He comes in strength of native civil right,
Defying partial judges in their might.—

He comes, escaped from Jewish master's snare
And shipwreck's awful terror, and he bears,
Though prisoner now, commission from on high
To strike at 't root of Rome's idolatry.

The "Brothers" meet him, and his God he praised,
His heart more stout, and his spirits raised.

How blind are men!—how little do they know!
How prone to watch too often outward show!

Who could have seen in Paul, now pris'ner bound

The mighty power, to dash down to the ground

The grandeur and the pride of heathen domes—

The temple and the gods of ancient Rome?

Yet he it was, whose labour's all of

Contributed to their complete downfall;

He preached the gospel, free and unrestrained;

And who fell?—the cross of Christ remained.

Alas! how changed are masters in Rome now!

When freedom to French masters must have;

When in the place that Paul once raised his voice,

And uncontrolled, his converts bid it at their will;

These strict cardinals yield it at their will.

And in their dragon lie the good ACHILLES.

Befit JOURNAL.

CONTENTS OF COPIES.—Thomas and James

Shelburne were bound in a

case, bound in the Police Court.

James was in

attendance, but Thomas was not—wherever, the

Mayor ordered an attachment, to serve against the

amount by which the police required.

The officer who was sent to the attachment,

found Thomas in bed, and was admitted to the

apartment where the delinquent witness lay when the following conversation took place:

Tommy—What is this?

Officer—What is this in the thunder and botheration

you make, Tom Murphy?

Officer—It is sick or disease you pretend to be,

Tom Murphy, with that beautiful Rose on your

cheek!

Murphy—Not a bit of it, Master Constable.

Officer—Then as a picket, without a breath or crack from thy bottom?

Murphy—I am not my brother Jimmy, I'm sure.

Officer—Yer were both sons for, my boy—so

etow etow etid you will, and to showing your eye face to me!

Murphy—It is my face, be jubes! I be jubes,

to bring you up, dead or alive, for trai-

ting me to Excalibur!

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