St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally neatly executed.

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

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☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, *is the only authorized Agent* for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadephia and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets."

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
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J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.
ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:
LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
CHARLES MCLACCHLAN, }
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
THOMAS BIRD, R. N. }
I. WOODWARD, *Agent.*
Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE,
may 1 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.
We have obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCHIBNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.
HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octave to A grave.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRIT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.
HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.,—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.
☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

Landing ex the Middleton.
CRUSHED and Bastard White SUGAR;
Boiled and raw Linseed OIL;
Cases of Salad OIL; bags Black PEPPER;
Cream of Tar, and Blue and White STARCH;
Dried CURRANTS and COOKING RAISINS;
Bath BRICK and BLACK LEAD;
ARROW ROOT and Carraway SEED;
Candle WICK and BORAX.
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR,
April 10. Prince Wm. street.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!
1854.
Per steamer "Arabia" the Subscriber has received from London a supply of the following SEEDS warranted fresh and true to their kinds:
BEET—Long Blood and early Turnip;
CARROT—Long Orange, Early Horn, White and Yellow Belgian, Long Surrey Altringham;
CABBAGE—Early York, Drumhead, Large Battersea, Green Globe Savoy, Morning Star, King of Cabbages;
CELERY—White Solid;
CUCUMBER—Early Frame, Long Prickley;
CRESS—Double Curled;
LETTUCE—Drumhead, Victoria Cabbage, White Cabbage, Cos;
NASTURTIUM—Red, Crimson and Yellow;
RADISH—Long Salmon, Short Top, Turnip;
TURNIP—Swedish, Laing's Swede, White Flat Yellow Aberdeen, Early Stubble, White Globe;
THYME, Marjoram, Sage, Summer Savory; together with an assortment of FLOWER SEEDS.
May 12, 1854. W. O. SMITH.

MOLASSES! MOLASSES.—Just Received per "Rio Grande from Cienfuegos
70 Hhds } Muscovado Molasses very superior
20 Tierces }
10 Barrels }
March 4, 1853. ROBT. ARMSTRONG

PURE COD-LIVER OIL & LIME.—A further supply of this Valuable Medicine received by Steamer from Boston. W. O. SMITH.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Instituted in 1836.
Incorporated by Special Acts of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.
Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	346,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

THE 18th annual General Meeting of this company was held at Liverpool on the 16th Feb'ry last, when the following Report of the business of the Company during the past year was submitted:—

"The increase in the Fire Insurance Business must be satisfactory to the Proprietors, as shewing the rapid and safe progress which the Company is making. The receipts for the first year have increased considerably over those of 1852, while the losses have materialy diminished.

	1852.	1853.
Receipts,	£98,654	£113,612
Losses,	59,091	42,846
Profits,	£39,563	£70,766

These results show, notwithstanding the very numerous and destructive fires that have occurred both in this country and especially in America, that great caution has been exercised in taking risks, on the part of those on whose judgement the Directors must necessarily in a great measure rely. The reserved fund now amounts to £143,712.

The Officers for the current year at Liverpool are:

TRUSTEES:
SIR THOMAS BERNARD BIRCH, Bart., M. P.
ADAM HODSON, Esq., S. R. THOMPSON, Esqr.
DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:
T. Brocklebank, Esquire, *Chairman.*
Francis Haywood, Esq. } *Deputy Chairmen.*
Joseph C. Ewart, Esq. }

Thomas Booth, Esq.	Harold Littledale, Esq
Francis C. Brancker, Esq.,	William Lowe, "
William Earle, Esq.,	Alex. McGregor, "
George Grant, Esq.,	John Martineau, "
Francis A. Hamilton, Esq.	Thomas Sellar, "
Thomas Haigh, Esq.,	Charles Saunders, "
Robert Higgin, Esq.,	John Swainson, "
Jas. Aspinal Tobin, Esq.,	George Holt, "
Geo. H. Lawrence, Esq.,	Hugh Hornby, "

SWINTON BOULT, Esq., *Secretary.*

The Agents at St. John, N. B., begs the attention of parties desirous of effecting Insurance against Fire on their property, to the position of the Company, as shewn from the foregoing extract from the annual report, and to the important fact that every Shareholder of the Company is liable to the extent of his means for claims on the Company.

EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS.
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.
August 18, 1854.

S. K. Foster's
HOME MANUFACTORIES,
For Spring and Summer Trade.
GENTLEMEN'S best Walking BOOTS—English Leather;
Boys' Calf and Kip BOOTS;
Youths' Calf, Kip, and Grain BOOTS;
Gentlemen's Patent Wellington Dress BOOTS
Gentlemen's Elastic Side Walking Boots;
Gentlemen's Patent Calf Elastic Side Dress BOOTS;
Boys' and Youths' Patent Elastic Side Boots;
Boys and Youths' Calf, Kip, Patent and Grain BOOTTEES;
Gentlemen's Calf, Patent, Kip and Grain *Bottees!*
Misses' and Children's Patent and Fancy Boots and Shoes;
Women's and Girls' Strong BUSKINS;
Women's Cheap House SLIPPERS.
Wholesale and Retail.
April 7. S. K. FOSTER

Dedicated by Special Authority to the Queen of England.
In Parts at 1s. 3d., and Divisions, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, gilt, 9 4-2
The British Colonies,
THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES;
Illustrated with Maps of each possession, and Portraits of the most celebrated Promoters and Defenders of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

Adapted for the use of Statesmen, Merchants, Manufacturers, and intending Emigrants, containing the best authenticated statements relating to the geography, geology, climate, animal and vegetable kingdoms, character, customs and social state; religion, education and crime; agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries; the most recent official details concerning the population, government, taxation, and expenditure, imports and exports customs' duties shipping, defences, staple products, live stock, cultivated and waste lands, banks, coins, paper money, weights and measures, wages, &c., with a copious Colonial Gazetteer, and every description of useful and interesting information.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ., Editor of "The Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World."

It has been deemed that full and correct information concerning the Extent, Condition, and Resources of the British Colonies would be acceptable to all classes of the community, and strengthen the natural ties arrising from Kindred Common Origin, and Language.

Published by JOHN TALLIS 100 London. Office in St. John over Kemp & Adams's Market Square.
ROGER HUNTER, AGENT.
Saint John, April 21, 1854.

At Wholesale Only.
300 DOZEN low price Shawl Pins, various patterns; 80 dozen Coat Links; 60 gross Agate Buttons; 180 dozen Catholic Pictures, in neat glass frames; 8 dozen Ladies' Leather Satchels; 40 dozen Berlin Bracelets; 10 gross Silk Purses; 120 bundles Fiddle Strings; 1,200 bundles Steel Beads and a variety Steel Purse Fittings, just landed ex John Barbour, for sale at the Fancy Arcade, Corner King and Cross Sts.
April 28. J. CROUCH.

Tea, Indigo, and Scythes.
50 CHESTS fine Congo TEA, "Reindeer;"
25 Chests do do; "Sea Witch;"
50 Do. extra Souchong do; "Hogua;"
50 Do. superior Breakfast do; "Living Age;"
5 Cases Madras INDIGO;
75 Dozen Griffin's SCYTHES;
50 Do. American ditto. Now landing and for Sale by
July 7. L. H DEVEBER & SON.

FRESH SEEDS.—Just received per Packet Ship *Liberia*, a large assortment, warranted fresh and true to name.
Also, Mushroom SPAWN. For sale by
April 14. FELLOWS & CO.

Magnificent Ladies' Stockings.
35 DOZEN Pairs Ladies' magnificent Black Cotton HOSE—For sale by
A. A. COUGHLAN,
No. 5, Prince Wm. street, south of Queen st
May 12, 1854.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of
MONUMENTS,
varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.
M. FITZGERALD.
St. John, April 29, 1853.

N. B.—All kinds of *STONE CUTTING* for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

May, 1854.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.
SEARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STRT.
R. HUNTER,
HAVING Removed his place of Business from the South side of King-street, to his present Stand, and having received per late arrivals from Great Britain and the United States his Spring and Summer Goods, now offers for sale to *Wholesale* and *Retail Purchasers*, the largest, cheapest, and most varied assortment of Goods ever previously exposed for sale by any Clothing Establishment in this market.

The stock in part consist of—
BROADCLOTHS, Cassimettes, Doeskins, Russel Cords, Alapacas, Moleskins, Homespuns, Tweeds, Cassimets, &c. &c.

VESTINGS—A rich and splendid assortment, in various materials.

The clothing Department comprises
COATS, VESTS, PANTS, in every description of material in use, and of all qualities and prises, Cut in the most fashionable styles, and made up on the premises by the best Workmen the city can supply.

OVERALLS, Oil Clothing.

☞ To the FURNISHING Department particular attention is invited, as it comprises a very general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Neck Ties, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Gents' and Ladies' Carpet Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, &c

☞ Gents who would prefer selecting the Cloth and leaving their orders, can have their garments made in the most fashionable style, by the best of workmen, and the shortest notice.

No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.

☞ Please observe that it is the *Brick Building* you go into.
May 12, 1854. R. HUNTER.

NEW GOODS.
Just received per Ship "Aquatic," and now in course of opening—
LADIES superior Black Cloth BOOTS;
Ladies Spring Instep Merino Walking Boots
Ladies White and Black Satin Slippers;
Ladies Bronze Kid Slippers;
Ladies Black and Bronze "Schottishe" SHOES;
Ladies Enamelled Exhibitbition Slippers;
Misses Bronze and Black Kid Slippers;
Misses Enamelled Exhibition Slippers;
Misses white and black Satin Slippers;
Misses Cashmere and Prunella Boots;
Ladies Bronze Kid Polka Boots;
Children's Bronze Kid Shoes;
Children's Boots and Shoes, in great variety;
Gentlemen's Patent Dancing Boots;
Youths' Patent Dancing Pumps;
Boys' Patent Dancing Pumps;
Boys and Youth's Patent Elastic Side Boots.

DOMESTIC WORKS.
The Subscriber would call especial attention to his Gentlemen's Dress BOOTS, City make; also to his Men's Boys' and Youths' BOOTTEES, of every sort required for Town or Country wear Women's and Gird's House SLIPPERS; Children's Boots and Shoes, of various styles.
For sale wholesale and retail.
February, 1854. S. K. FOSTER.

JOHN BARRY.
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*
MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.
JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.
—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.
Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

ELLISON & CO'S.
Daguerreotype Rooms,
BARLOW'S CORNER, KING STREET.
$10,000 *Worth of Daguerreotype Stock!*
THE Proprietors of the above magnificent Establishment would respectfully invite the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John, and strangers visiting the City, to inspect their Establishment, where they have opened DAUGERREOTYPE STOCK *to the amount of* $10,000, in the shape of CASES of the most costly description; Frames of various patterns richly carved and gilt; Gold LOCKETS, RINGS, &c. &c.

The Proprietors have spared no expense in fitting up their Rooms. The Receiving Rooms have been furnished with Furniture, &c., at a cost of not less than £500, and has been stated by strangers who have visited their Rooms that they are equal, if not superior to any in the United States.

The latest inventions in the Art of Daugerreotyping, has been secured by Mr. Ellison, one of the proprietors who has lately returned from the United States, and they confidently assure all who favor their Establishment with their patronage a true life-like LIKENESS, and satisfaction.

☞ Daugerreotype Apparatus and Stock, furnished to parties in the Trade, at prices lower, than can be imported.
July 7. ELLISON & CO.

Indigo, Cotton Warps, Grey Cottons, &c.
Ex Eudocia and Middleton—
5 CASES Madras INDIGO; 30 bales Cotton WARPS; 10 do Grey Cottons;
100 pieces Bagging CANVAS.
In Store.—
150 Chests Congou and Souchong TEAS.
Aug 18—3i L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

Flour and Fine Salt.
Just Received per Brig "Sutcliff," from N. York:
100 BRLS. Superfine FLOUR, in Store;
Also—20,000 French TREENAILS.
July 7, 1854. G. M. BURNS.

POETRY.

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY.

To tread along a dreary way,
With none to call a friend,
Or c'en a heart to sympathize,
When grief your feelings rend;
To strive to wear a joyous smile,
In spite of all your care;
To stifle oft the heartfelt sigh,
And stop the unbidden tear;
To walk with step firm and erect,
Through all this mortal strife,
To banish sorrow from your thoughts—
And this, all this is life.

And when life's fitful fever's o'er,
Its troubled stream o'erflowed.
When all its dark and dreary round,
And night-cloud's ills forbode;
When bitter thoughts of life ill spent,
Come creeping on the mind;
To part from all on earth that's dear,
From dear friends left behind;
The icy hand, the clammy brow,
The struggling grasp for breath,
The severing of life's silken chord—
And this, all this is Death.

And then, we passed the dreaded bourne,
The spirit high in air,
Is borne aloft on angels' wings,
For ever freed from care;
To meet in that celestial sphere
Some love'd one gone before,
And join the voice in angels' song,
Praise God forever more:
Oh, who can paint in colours bright,
The spirits there you'll see,
But yet an angel's whisper soft,
"'Tis Immortality."

Miscellaneous.

MISS SLICER'S SOLILOQUY.

Well, I declare, I never get so tired any other day in the week as I do on Sunday; but now I have eat my supper and washed and put away the tea things, and so I'll sit down and rest a few minutes.

I should'nt think the people of Centreville would tolerate such a minister as Mr. Culver may longer. He does preach such dull prosy sermons, with no striking thoughts clothed in beautiful language, no flight of fancy, no highly-wrought sentences. He only exhorts his hearers to be good and useful, warns them of the punishment that is sure to follow sin, and explains a few passages of Scripture. So old-fashioned! One can't be religious if they would.

I think we need some one here that is talented, some young clergyman that is unmarried.

A man without any family would have so much more time to prepare his sermons, and visit the members of his church. Poor Mr. Culver! I never can see such an inattentive audience as his was to-day. But then it was ridiculous for Deacon Jones to go to sleep in meeting time, sitting bolt upright in his long pew, with his mouth wide open, and snoring loud enough to disturb the whole congregation.

I did feel sorry for old Mrs. Jones when she jogged his elbow, and he gave such a start, knocking her parasol and hymn-book down to the floor. And then to think Ellen Mason should giggle so. I know I blushed every time I looked at her, sitting there looking as innocent as a kitten, with the lining to her dress cut out so low in the neck. Thinks her shoulders are white, I suppose. The shameless creature! If I could get hold of her, I would give her one good shaking, I know. I dont like Mrs. Green's new spring bonnet at all; it is so dashing for a woman of her age. Her children hav'nt got any manners—no kind of bringing up. Everybody could see that when that ugly little brat, Sammy, screamed out in the porch, "there goes old Sally Slicer." His mother boxed his ears soundly, but not half so much as he deserved, and one of those proud Misses Hall smiled, pretending however that she tried to suppress it. I do think it's real wicked for those girls to stand and talk and laugh with the gentlemen in the porch, and then get into church and look straight at the minister and their hymn-books all the time so seriously. I believe they are arrant hypocrites. But it's getting dusk, and I'll go into the parlour and watch by the west window to see who goes by.

That snow-ball bush is right in the way now it's "leaved out," but I'll have it cut down next week. There come the Miss Meddlers; going to Methodist meeting:—think somebody will offer to go home with them, I suppose. All they go to meeting for is to get beaux. Methodist indeed! Time was when all Methodist women were dressed as plainly as the Quakers; but now nobody wears so many feathers, and chains, and flounces, and furbelows, as the Miss Meddlers. There they go swinging and twisting along down the street. I wonder who that is; it must be Dr. Hall going to see Mary Sprague. He goes every Sunday night, and once or twice in the middle of the week besides, but I don't think it's any credit to either of them.

That must be Enoch Treadwell, going to see Polly Hill. The old fool! They say he has killed two wives, and I know Polly won't have anything to say to him. What a life that old maid must lead; she is always scrubbing; everything in her house must be clean and white as snow-drift. Folks say she is half crazy, and I believe it, for whenever there is a hard thunder shower Polly can be heard singing away as happy as a bird.

Mrs. Green and Enoch went there last Sunday night, and Polly locked the doors so that he could'nt get in, and stayed in the chambers. I guess she has done so again to-night. There, sure enough, goes Enoch in at the gate. He is knocking at the south door. No one comes to open it. How he comes back again, and looking in at the window. Polly is raising the chamber window, but I wonder what for:—She is heading a tin pail in her hands. Down goes a whole bucket of water right on to Enoch's head. Ha! ha! ha! the old fellow must be thoroughly drenched. There he goes off sputtering to himself, and I think he will never trouble Polly again. Here comes a waggon. It's George Harris and Susan White; he is leaning over towards her dreadful lovingly, with his arm laid across the back of the waggon-seat. I suppose he thinks Kate Parsons will see them go by. He intends that she shall hear him at any rate. Mercy! you might hear him about two miles, and hear the crack of his whip, anywhere in Centreville. There, Betsy Paine has put a light in the parlour again. She sets a light there every night to make people think somebody is there. But I have watched ten Sunday nights in succession and haven't seen even the shadow of a gentleman knock at the hall door. The deceitful creature! Well, I am tired. I should like to see how long Betsy Paine will keep the candle burning in the parlour, and who goes home with the Miss Meddlers, and how long the Dr stays at Mr. Spragues, but I guess I will not wait to see, for I'm tired and my eyes ache.

And Miss Sally groped her way from the parlor to the kitchen, lit the candle that had been placed in readiness, and stalked to her chamber. After carefully closing the door, she loosened her teeth, rattled them round in her mouth, took them out and placed them on the table, washed the colour from her face, and extinguished the candle.

PEPPERING 'EM.—"Did I ever tell you how near I came to losing my election as Senator?" said the Squire.

"No, I b'lieve not.

"Well, it was altogether owing to Waterem's not having a sufficient supply of liquor on hand. You see the main strength of our party lies in the upper end of the country—' specially among the inhabitants of the swamp as it is called. So you see, about two days before the election, I sends Sam up to the Swampers with five gallons of the real head ache—tremendous stuff—knock a horse down—the last Waterem had on hand. About too hours after back came Sam, horse in perspiration, himself in fright, and everything indicating an untoward state of affairs.

"What's the matter Sam?" said I.

"Matter?" said he, "matter enough—you have outraged the feelings of the virtuous Swampers; they swear that any man who expects to go to Senate for three years, and can't afford ten gallons of whiskey, is too mean for the post—they won't vote for him."

"Matters looked squally enough. Only one storekeeper within a day's ride and he a Whig. Of course he wouldn't sell any liquor to me so near election."

"What did you do?"

"Called a council of war immediately—Lawyer Ross and several more. Ross proposed a letter of apology to the disaffected. Rejected—wouldn't do without the whiskey. Cale Alright was the fellow to help us out, always full of expedients. He proposed to water the liquor up to the quantity. We did so, but on trying it, found it much too weak for our friends. Such stuff wouldn't go down with them. Cale asked if we had any other spirits; handed him about a gallon of gin; in it went, tasted it; not strong enough. Found about a quart of rum—poured it in. Sam tried it; "too weak," said he. We were at our wit's end. "Red pepper said Cale. It was brought; in went a pound; he stirred it up. "Capital," said he. We tried it and nearly blistered our throats; it would have killed rats. Sam took it up the next day, explaining that it was all owing to the scarcity of liquor in the neighbourhood, that a fresh supply of the best "Old Monongahale" had been obtained, and invited a trial of its merits. They were mollified—pronounced it the "rale stuff," and I became Senator by a majority of 200 votes.

A GALLANT COMMANDER.—The Constantinople correspondent of the *London Times* gives the following account of the last struggle of Lieutenant Burke, who fell at Giurgevo:—

Mr. Burke's body was found after the action in which he lost his life with no less than 33 wounds upon it. The Russians had taken his sword belt, but his sword was found hidden in some long grass close to the corpse. The ring finger of both hands was cut off. He was seen by the sapper who went with him, fighting desperately to the last, though surrounded by a horde of Russians. When he first leapt on shore from the boat six soldiers charged him. Two he shot with his revolver, one he cut down with his sword, the rest turned and fled. While he was encouraging the Turks, who were in the stream, to row quickly to the land, and forming them in line as they landed, conspicuous as he was in full uniform and by his white cap cover, a number of riflemen advanced from behind a ditch, and took deliberate aim at him. Poor Burke charged them with headlong gallantry. As he got near he was struck by a ball, which broke his jaw-bone, but he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through helmet and all into the brain. He was then surrounded, and while engaged in cutting his way, with heroic courage through the ranks of the enemy a sabre cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went by, neatly severed his head from his body, and he fell dead, covered with bayonet wounds, sabre gashes, and marked with lance thrusts and bullet holes. The sapper who was with him stood by Mr. Burke till the last, but could not save him. He is now only recovering from his wound and the effect of his exertion.

OBJECTS OF PITY.—Our pity is often moved on behalf of rich men, and particularly those who belong to the upper ten. Instead of comforts they have only the luxuries of life—instead of personal independence, a slavish dependence on the tyrannous fashions of the day. Summer comes, and most men of moderate means can stay in the city, and enjoy the privileges which Summer much more abundantly than Winter affords. The rich must lock up their mansions and be off. The "season" opens in June or July—they must not be seen here a week to enjoy it. Fond as they are of music, crazy as they are for the opera, they must pack up and trudge at the very time that the concert and opera season opens. While they stay they cannot furnish their house as they like. Fashion fits up their parlors to suit the taste of Mrs. Grundy, and upholsters their tea-rooms just as Mrs. Upton orders. They cannot walk in the most pleasant avenues, nor take their children to the Elysian Fields, because it is common. They cannot go to see the elephant, or take coffee where it is made better than anywhere else in the city, because admission to the elephant is only a shilling, and the coffee is sold so cheap that vulgar folks can afford to buy it. They cannot dress with freedom, nor carry a bundle in the street, though it would be a great convenience. Their children cannot go to the best schools, because they are free. They cannot hear the best preaching, because the preacher has not the D.D., and his salary is only $1,000 a year. When the poor are all freed, philanthropists must take their case in hand, and see what can be done for the miserably rich.

Yesterday, says the Louisville *Courier*, August 29, "may be truly called a day of mourning in Louisville. It was appointed for the burial of the unfortunate persons who were killed by the falling in of the church. In accordance with the request of the Mayor, all the principal business houses were closed and the bells were tolled. As early as 10 o'clock, many had congregated in the First Presbyterian Church to witness the funeral ceremonies. The hour of three was appointed for the commencement of the service. Such was the throng in and about the building, that it was thought best to conduct the services in the yard. It as well as the streets around it, were filled with human beings, and every one present seemed to be deeply impressed with the occasion. Only 7 of the bodies were brought. After the chaunting of a hymn, the Rev. Mr. Morrison, who was officiating in the church when it fell, gave a short account of the accident. He said that the door was blown open and the house was filled with dust, rendering the room dark. A crash was then heard and in the twinkling of an eye the work of destruction was complete. A few individuals sitting near the doors and windows sprang out. Immediately after the crash he saw several bodies covered with the ruins.

THE OLDEST BIBLE IN AMERICA.—Dr. John R. Witherspoon, of Greensboro', Ala., has a manuscript Bible, which he believes, on evidence of tradition and by a title page, to have been written about 840 or 850, A. D., making it a thousand years old. It is about eight inches broad, and five inches thick. The substance is written on parchment, as soft and nearly as thin as satin. The covers are of old English oak and pegs of oak are used to wedge in the thong of deer skin that fastens in the leaves. The page is splendidly illuminated with black, red and blue letters—very large at the beginning.

THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—An American dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and chemisettes under the delicate application of "male and female envelopes."

VERSATILITY IN LADIES TALKERS.—A lady-writer complimentarily says "From the way in which ladies talk, you would imagine they were paid for their words so much a folio." (Shameful!)

SEMON RINGING WITH A YOUNG WIDOW.—Snow had fallen; the young of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance; and the interesting Widow Lambkin set in the same slay, under the same buffalo as myself. "Oh! Joe! don't!" she exclaimed as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.—"Don't what?" I asked; "I'm not doing anything."—"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lambkin. "Toll!" I rejoined; "what's that?" "How!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells. "Dr. Meadows pretends he don't know what toll is!" "Indeed, I don't, then," I said, laughing in turn. "Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go on a sleighing party, claim a kiss as toll, when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!" When next we came to a bridge, and I claimed toll, the struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it; and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was directly turned towards my own, and in the glittering of the moonlight, the horse trotted on himself, toll was taken for the first time in his life by Doctor Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge but the widow said it was no use to resist, and she paid up as we reached it, without a struggle. "But you won't take toll for every arch, will you' Dr?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical affirmative to the question. Did you ever, reader, sleigh-ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?

SINGULAR TREE.—In the interesting account which M. Huc, the French missionary, has given of his wanderings with M. Gabet, through China, Tartary and Thibet, he states that a wonderful tree exists on the north-western frontiers of China, which the Buddhists assert to have grown from hair of a reformer of their faith who live in the 15th century. It is called the "Tree of the Ten Thousand Images," and, according to the inhabitants, was not only miraculous in its origin, but is still miraculous in its nature, bearing upon every leaf, and all over its trunk, characters in the sacred language of Thibet—characters naturally formed. MM. Huc and Gabet saw this tree:—"We examined everything," says the former, "with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could discern nothing of the sort. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves." In the excellent chapter on Buddhism in Mr. Knighton's *Forest Life in Ceylon*, the author quotes M. Huc's account of the wonderful tree, and professes himself equally at a loss to suggest any explanation, concluding, however, with a hint that it would be a very proper subject of inquiry on the part of some of our learned societies.

THE COST OF STRIKING.—When workmen obtain an advance of wages by simply abstaining from work for a few days, it would be too much to expect that they should not employ such gentle compulsion to enforce their demands. But when any class of operatives require to go about idle for nine or ten weeks without bringing the employers to their terms—as the dyers, dressers, and finishers of Manchester have already done—it is plain that they have committed a grievous blunder. It may be laid down as a general rule, that unless a demand for higher wages is complied with almost immediately, the trade cannot afford the advance; in which case it is worse than folly to persist.—Even if they should succeed, as they have sometimes done, in exerting a higher rate of wages than the state of the trade affords, they cannot expect to retain it long. The dyers of Manchester ask an advance of 10 per cent; but they have either not chosen the right time, or have not gone the proper way to work, or they would have gained their point before now. Supposing their late wages to average 20s. a week, each one of them has already lost £10; which is equal to ten per cent. of his earning for the next two years. Should they gain the victory at the end of the week (which is doubtful) and resume work on Monday morning at advanced rate of wages, it will take two years of the additional ten per cent. to make up for the substantial loss they have sustained by the strike. In all such cases they should court the cost before they begin.

On Saturday afternoon last, says the *Catskill Wasp*, was witnessed an instance of youthful heroism and affection worthy of record. A father and two sons, the latter mere boys, ten or a dozen years old, were coming up the Catskill creek, on a canal boat, when by some accident the father fell overboard, and being unable to swim sank twice, and the boys plunged into the water to save him. Right valiantly did the little fellows struggle, and well did they succeed in keeping their father above water until a boat came to their assistance and they were all taken on board.

BREVITIES.—He who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; bold, without insolence; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical;—is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, and virtue.—Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the best by nature. Ladies are violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them. Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits.

GARIBALDI.—The name of this famous Italian appears in a new connection in the foreign journals, by the Europe, and one that exhibits him in the light of a man of prudence and common sense as well as a true patriot. An improper use having been made of his name at Parma, to excite barren, hopeless and unproductive results, he has deemed it right to issue the following address, dated August 4:—

"Since my arrival in Italy I have twice seen my name mixed up with insurrectionary movements of which I do not approve. I conceive it my duty to declare this publicly, and to warn our young men, always ready to encounter danger for the redemption of their country, not to allow themselves to be so easily led away by the fallacious insinuations of deceiving or deceived men, who, pushing themselves on to untimely attempts, ruin, or at least discredit our cause.

G. GARIBALDI."

HUSBAND FOR SALE.—A strong-minded matron, tired of matrimony, publishes the following advertisement:—

"For Sale. A good husband, warranted sound and kind in any kind of business, especially in the matrimonial. He is of handsome figure and action, and can trot his two babies in an hour easily; he stands to the cradle without tiring, never squints at the tablecloth, is not afraid of locomotives, not even those of the crazy Old Colony road. He is a smart traveller, and is in every respect a good family beast. The present owner being about to emigrate to California, the above property must be sold without delay."

MARTYRS.—The martyrs to vice far outnumber the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and number. Religion does not forbid the rational enjoyments of life as sternly as avarice forbids them. She does not require such sacrifices of love as ambition, such renunciation of quiet as pride—murder, such sleep-dissipation, as health, like intemperance, or greater wealth like extravagance or gambling. She does not embitter life like discord, or shorten it like drinking, or harrow it like revenge. She does not impose more vigilance upon, or more anxiety than selfishness, or half as much humiliation as vanity.

MORAL PARADOX.—"I think for gold is the idolized as unreasonable by those who never possess it. Deny, that it is a thirst for something solid.