The Ingersoll Chronicle.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

VOL. II. INGERSOLL, CANADA WEST, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854. NO. 2.

The Ingersoll Chronicle

AND

General Intelligencer for the County of Oxford

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

SATURDAY MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK,

At the Office, Caledonia House, Thames Street, Ingersoll, by the proprietor,

J. S. GURNETT,

and despatched to the country by earliest mails.

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IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

To Mail Subscribers, or called for at the Printing Office, ... 7s. 6d.

If delivered at the houses of Subscribers in the Village, ... 8s. 9d.

IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF THE TIME OF SUBSCRIBING.

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Any individual in the country who will forward us the names of five subscribers, together with the money in advance, shall receive a sixth copy GRATIS.

☞ All letters addressed to this office must be post-paid.

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Six lines and under, first insertion.....	2	6
Each subsequent insertion.....	0	7½
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THE "CHRONICLE"

JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

CALEDONIA HOUSE, THAMES STREET, INGERSOLL.

EVERY description of Plain and Ornamental Printing executed with despatch and upon moderate terms. Having recently made additions to the former new and excellent assortment of Job Type, the proprietor is prepared to execute all orders for Pamphlets, Catalogues, Circulars, Posters, Hand Bills, Bill Heads, Cards, &c., &c., in a city style and at the lowest prices.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BURTON BENNETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer &c. &c., Ingersoll, County of Oxford, C. W.

August 12, 1853.

JAMES BERRIE,

ACCOUNTANT, Conveyancer, &c Office—In the Caledonia House, next door to the Chronicle Office, Thames Street, Ingersoll, C.W.

August 12, 1853. 1

CHAS. E. CHADWICK,

ARRANGE AGENT, Conveyancer, Commissioner for administering Affidavits in the Queen's Bench, and General Agent. Office at the Post Office.

Ingersoll, August 12, 1853. 1 m

W. G. WONHAM.

PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Draftsman, Conveyancer, and Civil Engineer, Commissioner for taking Affidavits in the Court of Queen's Bench, Ingersoll.

August 13, 1853.

WM. FETHERSTON,

CABINET MAKER, Upholsterer and Undertaker, Corner of Thames and Charles Street, Few doors south of Rumsey's Foundry. 1y

Dr. R. H. ISON,

APOTHECARY and DENTIST. Vienna, C. W. He will visit Dunn's Hotel, Ingersoll, periodically. 1-m

JOHN MACKLIN,

GENERAL Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c., Corner of King and Thames Sts., (opposite Daly's Hotel,) Ingersoll, C.W.

August, 1853. 1

JOHN DAVID MACKENZIE,

CABINET MAKER and Upholsterer, Thames Street, Ingersoll; has on hand Chairs, Tables, Sofas, Bureaus, and other kinds of Furniture, which he offers for sale at low prices.

GIVE HIM A CALL!

Ingersoll, August 12, 1853.

W. T. GOULD, M. D.,

OFFICE and residence in Browett's Brick Building, nearly opposite the Post Office, King-street, Ingersoll.

Royal Exchange Hotel,

Thames Street, Ingersoll, C.W.

BY JOHN PATTERSON.

EXCELLENT Stabling and Careful Hostlers. Horses and Carriages to let on the shortest notice. 1-y

JOHN McKAY,

TAILOR, Thames Street, Ingersoll. Orders executed with neatness and dispatch.

Ingersoll, March 1854. 35-1y

HUSBAND,

BUTCHER, King Street, Ingersoll, has always on hand a good supply of

Mutton, Beef, Veal, and Lamb

of the best quality, together with Corn Beef, Hams, &c., in season.

Ingersoll, August 12, 1853.

MEDICAL HALL,

Sign of the Red Mortar

Commercial Building, King Street, Ingersoll

O. B. CAMPBELL

TAKES this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the people of Ingersoll and surrounding country for the very liberal patronage he has received since commencing here, and hopes by strict attention to business, and always keeping on hand a pure article to merit a share of public patronage. He has a splendid assortment of

DRUGS,

Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Patent Medicines

PAINTS, OIL, PERFUMERY,

Hair and Tooth Brushes, Dressing and Side Combs, &c., on hand at present.

Dye-Stuffs warranted, if used in accordance with the printed directions. No colour, no pay!

Physicians and family prescriptions accurately prepared.

Physicians supplied with Medicine on reasonable terms.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Comprising Blank Books, Deeds, Mortgages, School Books, Writing and Wrapping Papers, Steel Pens, Ink, &c. Also, a number of useful and entertaining works by the best authors.

Bookbinding

In all its branches executed neatly and on reasonable terms.

Ingersoll, August 12, 1853. 1-ly

Dr. M. AULT,

PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.—Professional calls promptly attended to. Office and Residence—Baldwin's Hotel, Tilsonburg, C W.—Charges Moderate.

Ingersoll, August, 1853. 1-m

P. HALL,

WATCHMAKER, next door to Phelan & Adair's Store, King Street, Ingersoll.

August 12, 1853. 1

KING HIRAM LODGE

OF FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, No. 22. G. R. I., Ingersoll. Regular communications, the First Tuesday in each month, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Ingersoll, May, 1854. 37

Ingersoll Drug Store.

SIGN OF THE Golden Mortar!

J. M. CHAPMAN,

CHEMIST and Druggist, Thames Street, Ingersoll, has now on hand a large assortment of Drugs and Chemicals of the best quality, together with Perfumery, Patent Medicines, and Stationery of all descriptions. Physicians' and family prescriptions accurately prepared at all hours.

August, 1854. 1 m

GEORGE H. WEBSTER,

Cabinet maker, Undertaker, &c.

Opposite the Mansion House, King-St

10,000 FEET of CHERRY LUMBER wanted in exchange for Furniture.

Ingersoll, August 26th, 1853. 3 y

JOHN W. BARBER,

HOUSE and Carriage Painting, Glazing, Graining and Paper Hanging.

☞ Country work promptly attended to. Shop King-street, opposite Carroll's Hotel.

Ingersoll, March 1854. 37-1y.

Our two smart lads wanted to learn the Painting business. Apply to J. W. BARBER.

Ingersoll, March 29th, 1854.

DANIEL BELCHAMBER,

HOUSE, SIGN & CARRIAGE PAINTER,

Glazier, Grainer,

PAPER HANGER, AND IMITATOR OF ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND MARBLE.

Shop next door to Mr A. Oliver. Office nearly opposite Patterson's Hotel.

N.B.—Country work promptly attended to.

Ingersoll, July 8, 1854. 47tf

D. McVean,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No 3 DUNDAS STREET, London.

FRENCH

Millinery Establishment

JOHN K. BROWN has always on hand Bonnets, Cloaks, Caps and Head-dresses OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Paris Fashions Received Monthly—Orders Promptly Executed!

No 51, Dundas Street London.

August, 18 1st, 1854.

J. E. MURPHY,

IMPORTER

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Paints, Oils, &c., &c., No. 23, Chequered Store, Dundas Street, London, c. w.

☞ ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE. 37-1y.

MILINERY

ESTABLISHMENT!

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Bonnets, Cloaks, Caps, &c.

At the SHOW-ROOM of J. McDONALD & BRO'S.

Ingersoll, January, 1854. 1-y

CALIFORNIA BROTHERS.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying,
Sure you'll miss me in your barth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
E'er the veil my vision darkens,
And I go from earth away,
I am going, surely going.
But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
That I hope some day to meet him,
In a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother, God assist her,
Now that she is growing old,
That her child would have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I speak of now,
Tell, oh! tell her how I missed her
When the fever burnt my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
How my eyes in death did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when I last held them,
Folded closely to my breast.
Give them early to their maker,
Putting all their trust in God,
And he never will forsake them,
For he's said it in his word.

Oh, my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Won'd I might once more caress them,
E'er I sink beneath the sea.
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were, I'll not tell,
I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well."

Tell my sister, I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts their memory stirred.
Tell her I never reached the haven,
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them then to seek an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus, and repentance,
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear the Saviour speaking,
As his voice I know so well,
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping,
Brother, hear my last farewell.

Mr and Mrs Sparrowgrass Retire from the City to Enjoy Rural Life.

When Mrs Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter and cool crisp radishes for tea, with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in the family, it would then take a good laying to supply them with fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures from the plan laid down in the little parlor in avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark, with the sun while the dew is on the grass, "under the opening eyelids of the storm," and so forth. Early rising! What can be done at 5 or 6 o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country, with the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, watering pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, drain, and sprinkle! Mrs Sparrowgrass and I agreed to rise early in the country.

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south part of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes, and the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what with expense of horse hire, tavern bills, toll-gates and breaking a waggon, the hippopotam cost as much apiece as pine apples. They were fine potatoes though, with comely features and large languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden, (for which I hired a landscape gardener at two dollars per day to give me instructions,) I concluded that the object of my first experience in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamus. I accordingly rose the next morning at 5, and it rained! I rose the next day, and it rained! The next and it rained! It rained for 2 weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. "My dear," said I to Mrs Sparrowgrass, "where did you get those fine potatoes?" "Why," said she innocently, "out of the basket from Long Island!" The last of the hippopotamus we peeled and boiled, and mashed and baked with a nice thin brown crust on the top!

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some seed potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter; at the end of the season I did not get as many as I put in.

Mrs Sparrowgrass, who is a notable house wife, said to me one day, 'Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens.' There they are, each of them with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp no louder.—Of course we look forward with pleasant hopes to a period when the first cackle should announce the milk white egg warm deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that I thought our hens had rather large combs, to which Mrs Sparrowgrass replied, 'Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow.' 'Crow!'—said I faintly; 'our hens crowing!' 'Then by the cock that crow'd in the morn to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having eggs,' said I, 'for as you live Mrs Sparrowgrass, our hens are all roosters!'—And they were roosters! They grew up and fought with the neighbors chickens until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A dog is a good thing to live in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup.—He is a stout fellow, and heavy barker and a feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was a thorough-bred, but he began to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog, though, for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen, and gets behind the stove. At first we kept him in the house and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that had been sown for our spring radishes.

A good strong gate is necessary article for your garden. A good strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge so that it will neither open or shut. Such one I had last year. The grounds before my house are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs S. as we stood at the window in June last, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked as they strolled about cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was re-gathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove the whole of them out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and the owner sued me for damages and recovered. I believe I shall move into town.

A Fish Story.

The following thrilling account is said to have been taken from the log book of a vessel some time since:

In the course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, ship fever, broke out among the crew. One of the sailors among the first victims was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and never could be persuaded to leave his sick father a moment.

A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep. After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a sheet, and for the purpose of sinking him an old grindstone and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive services of the Episcopal church were then read, and forthwith the body was committed to the deep. The poor boy who had watched the proceedings closely plunged in after his father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the ship, (for there were others sick on board the ship,) one of the sailors proposed, as they had a sharp hook on board, to make an effort to take him. They fastened the hook to a large rope, and baited with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of a windlass, they hoisted him on board. After he was dead, they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors stooping down for that purpose suddenly paused, and after listening a few minutes as intently he heard a low guttering sound, which appeared to be heard from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves, when they were compelled to admit they heard a similar sound. They then proceeded to open the shark, when the mystery was explained.

It appears the sailor was not dead, but in a trance, and his son, on making the discovery, had by means of his knife ripped the sheet. Having thus liberated his father they went to work and righted up the old grindstone; the boy was turning, the father holding on to the old rusty carpenter's axe, for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah-like-prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailors. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stiring where they were at work, they were both *sweating tremendously.*

We were standing a day or two since at the Reigate Station, on the Brighton line, when a very rosy checked lady, fresh from the Emerald Isle, came up to the guard, and said: 'Mister, how long before the railroad will be here?' He quaintly replied, 'Madam, there is one end here now.'

The London Times.

A correspondent of the Provincial *Journal* thus narrates a visit to the office of the great English paper:

"Among other famous places in London, I have visited the office of the London *Times*. To view the establishment, application must be made by letter to the manager. This dispatched, a reply was promptly received by post, and on the card was named the hour when the presses could be seen in motion. Mr Applegarth, a brother of the inventor of the press there used, and for many years superintendent of the machinery, a very amiable gentleman, conducted me through the various departments, freely answering inquiries, and explaining everything as we went along.—Some idea of the resources and extent of the *Times* office, may be had from the single fact that upwards of $300,000 are paid to the Government annually for stamps, a penny, or two cents, being paid on each number of the paper issued. The daily circulation is fifty-two thousand copies, each number, including the supplement, containing sixteen pages.

Two hundred reams of paper are used every day, each weighing from 89 to 88 pounds, making in all from eight to nine tons. The quality of the paper every one knows who has read the *Times*. Each sheet costs the publisher a penny and a half, or three cents, before it is printed. One of the presses was put in motion at 1 o'clock p. m., to print an edition to be sent off by mail an hour later. Twenty men were employed on the press, part of them above in a gallery to supply paper, and a part below to receive the printed sheets as they came out. The noise of the machinery was so great that it was difficult in conversation to be heard. The number printed an hour is 12,000.

By holding a watch and counting, I discovered that each man received from twenty-two to twenty-four a minute. Now and then a sheet with an imperfect impression would be hastily thrown out by one of the sharp-eyed men below, and once or twice at the stroke of a bell, all the wheels stopped, and the great machine rested for a moment, then, at another signal, commenced the stunning clatter again. I was shown the vaults where the large stock of paper is used. So much is now used that the supply is sometimes short of the demand, and the price is much advanced. For some time an advertisement has been standing in the columns of the *Times*, offering a reward of $5,000 for the discovery of a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. This offer is made by the proprietor of the *Times*. I believe the man has never been met who has seen the editor of the *Times*, but I am convinced there is such a personage, for I have heard his name pronounced, and been shown his room and chair. The editing of the paper is carried on within the publication building to a greater extent than has been stated. There are convenient rooms fitted up for the purpose, and also for the use of reporters. During the sessions of Parliament, a large number of skilful reporters are employed. These are relieved every half hour, and are conveyed to and from the legislative place in cabs, no one remaining on duty longer than the prescribed time. In viewing an establishment like that of the *Times*, and reflecting upon the vast influence it exerts, one cannot but be filled with wonder and awe."

Ups and Downs.

The sojourners at our city hotels are familiar with the modest tone in which the words *New York Herald, Tribune, Times, Baltimore Sun, National Intelligencer, Union, &c.*, fall upon their ears from a respectable elderly gentleman in the newspaper line. At break of day you may find him at the railroad depot, with his bundle of these "maps of busy life," at breakfast time he is at the hotel ready to exchange his commodities for the ready cash, and again as midnight draws near you will still find him pursuing the even tenor of his way, pressing his sales. We have observed him for many years going regularly through this routine. Many wonder if he ever sleeps. If "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he is entitled to the largest that may be had. A curiosity is often manifested to know his history. Some say that he has by dint of such untiring industry and preseverence laid up something handsome for a "rainy day."

One morning last week, as the Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, was passing from the breakfast room at the "National" with his morning mail, this veteran news-vender met him at the foot of the flight of steps near the office. His eye caught the title "Cincinnati *Gazette*" to a paper in Mr C's hand, and, with a peculiar expression, he remarked—

"Ah, the old Cincinnati *Gazette*!"

Mr Campbell halted, observing, "You have it not in your package?"

"No, but I took it once."

Mr Campbell. "When?"

"In 1829, when Charles Hammond was editor, and I was in the firm of Carrington and Wells, wholesale merchants, Main-street, Cincinnati."

Mr Campbell. "I recollect the firm, for I was then a printer's devil in the *Gazette* office, and faithfully through wintry storms carried the paper to you. We are living monuments of the 'ups and downs' of life!"

Here a strange expression passed over the countenance of Wells, and Mr C., fearing that he might awaken unpleasant reminiscences in connexion with his change of fortune, left, with a "God give success, your energy deserves it."

How illustrative of the changes of fickle fortune. The carrier-boy of the news of that day to the wholesale merchant, is now a member of the American Congress, and the wholesale merchant now carries the newspapers to him.

The greatest misfortune of all, is not to be able to bear misfortune.—*Bias.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY CAT.—A gentleman living at Elk Run, in the lower end of this county, has the good fortune to possess the most remarkable grimalkin yet known of the cat kind. Its body is of unusual length, its legs like those of a bench-legged vice. The fur is of a reddish color, the whole beautified with black spots and streaks of different figures; they are long in the back and round on the belly and jaws. Black stripes run across the ears, which are very long and tipped at the ends with a beautiful tuft of hair. Its physiognomy is fierce, and its nature savage. His master's house being infested with snakes, which had been bred in a neighboring stone fence, he took it into his head to eschew such game as rats and mice, and make war upon the snakes, all of which he soon destroyed. Having acquired a taste for this kind of sport, he extended the field of his operations, frequently making excursions more than a mile distant from the house, and returning each and every day with a snake ranging from two to seven feet in length. He has continued this practice for eight weeks. On one occasion he returned much fatigued, and perfectly wet and covered with saliva. It was supposed he had encountered one of those large but rare serpents known as the Goobet. This turned out to be true, for the day thereafter Mr Harvey B. Ralls found the snake dead, and signs of a dreadful conflict on the sand. Most or nearly all the wounds had been inflicted on the back of the neck. The weight of the horrid serpent was 16 pounds 11 ounces! This class of serpents is a native of Eastern Virginia, with very large heads and great jaws—the mouth is armed with cutting crooked teeth, among which are two longer than the rest, placed in the fore part of the upper jaw. All around the mouth there is a broad scaly border, and the eyes so large, that they give it a terrible aspect. The forehead is covered with large scales. Each side of the belly is marbled with large spots of chestnut color, in the middle of which is a spot perfectly round, and like burnished gold. They have been known to swallow small pigs, muskrats, opossums, &c. They avoid the sight of man, and are consequently rarely seen. The cat still continues his war upon the snakes. These facts may not gain credence at a distance, but they are so well known and attested, that no one in the neighborhood doubts them for a moment.—*Warrenton (N. C.) Flag.*

WONDERFUL IF TRUE.—*Six at Once.*—A German woman, in a one-horse waggon, passed through this city, going from her residence a few miles west of town on a visit to her husband, who had been taken sick at the place where he was working, in the country east of town. She had with her in the waggon, snugly propped up in a wine-basket, *six children*, all the product of one birth. They were not much bigger than apple-dumplings, but seemed to be wide awake and kicking. They were six months old, all boys, and as near of a size as possible, except the runt of the party, which is described as being the smallest mortal of its age ever seen.

We state this case with serious misgivings of its truth, relating as it came to us, at second hand, from an eye-witness—a lady of character in this city, who saw and counted the children, and had the mother's word that they were all hers at a single birth.

Triplets happen in some countries as often as once in every 4,500 births; in this country not so often. There are many well attested cases of five children at a birth; but so far as our research extends, there is only one case recorded of six at a birth, and about that case there is much doubt. It happened in the day of Dr Pare, an eminent French surgeon and writer, who died in the year 1590. The mother who was the wife of Lord Maldemeure, died after delivery, and but one of the children lived, succeeding his father's titles and estates. The account given is very circumstantial, and it is not doubted that Pare believed it. Modern medical writers say, however, that though an honest man and good surgeon for his time, he was "a very credulous philosopher."

What happened in the sixteenth century, or is supposed to have happened, is certainly not impossible in the nineteenth, and we commend the reported achievement of this German mother to the investigation of the Montgomery Medical Society.—*Dayton Gazette.*

A CURIOUS STORY OF A MASONIC BIBLE.—A correspondent thus writes:—"It may not be known to you that the Freemasons of the 46th Rigiment now stationed in Windsor, have in their possession the original Bible belonging to Lodge 227 of the Irish Constitution, once in existence in that corps, upon which George Washington, afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the army in the United States, was initiated into the rites of freemasonry. This book was taken in battle; once in 1777, during the American war, and once by the French, at Dominica, in 1805, and each time honorably restored to the lodge of the 46th with a military escort as a guard of honor. Each case of restoration was a scene of moral beauty—a triumphant vindication of purity of masonic principle. The surprise and feeling of both officers and men may be imagined when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their gallant opponents but still noble brethern, who offered by the act, the acknowlgement and homage of an enlightened nation to the purity, value, and antility of Masonry. I am sure Brother Tyffe (Major) to whose charge this "jewel" is entrusted, will allow his fellow-craft to view this to them, most interesting of days gone by, especially as it is again about to brave the dangers of active service. May God speed these gallant fellows wherever they go!"—*Windsor and Eton Express.*

An Essayist, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

Loungers in the Park.

From the New York Sunday Times.

We have often been puzzled to account for the strange looking "humans" that we can see any day in the City Hall Park from our office window. No matter how hot the day may be, there are always a greater, or less number lolling under the shade of the trees, sitting on the benches that encompass the grass-plots, or, if old Sol does not shine too fiercely, they use the Hall steps for chair, bed and lounge. The men are a nondescript race of hipeds, with their heads apparently as full of philosophy as their clothes are of holes—for they sit, as it were, gravely discussing some knotty metaphysical point with all the seriousness of those learned in the logic of the schools. The women (for the females sometimes outnumber the male loungers) are still more incomprehensible. They are generally dressed in faded calico gowns, with short sleeves, which reveal brawny, though usually well-proportioned arms. One day, not long since, we cautiously approached a group of these male and female itinerants, and while one knot was discussing the Nebraska bill, the other, a female quartette, with a rosy dumpling of a babe in the arms of one of them, were on what we supposed that all-absorbing topic of love. A young woman seemed to be telling a story of heartfelt affection to her three more elderly sisters by her side. They listened with all the solicitude which any person can be supposed to feel in another's interest; and when the conference broke up we saw tears standing in the eyes of each. They had scarcely departed, and were tardily lost in the moving panorama of heads which passes up and down Broadway before we discovered a letter lying upon the ground near the place where they had been sitting. We approached and took the document in hand; but what was our astonishment when we found it a complaint of betrayed innocence instead of the warm out-gushing of love. As we violate no one's confidence, and suppress all the names attached to it, we publish it entire:

"DEAR B——: I thought you would have kept your promise before this. For three weeks in succession I have been at the Park fountain at 8 P. M., as you advertised in the Herald you would meet me there; but you have failed to keep your word. Little did I think when I left my father's house at ——, Duchess county, that you would soon forsake me and leave me in a large, unfriendly city, without any means of support. Could you look in the face of your child and see his bright eyes, so much like yours when you swore you loved me, I am sure your heart would melt. God only knows how I am to live. In going to the park every day I made the acquaintance of some females, who live, I will not say how, but they have hearts, even if the world denies the fact—for when they heard my story, tears filled their eyes and they took me to their humble lodgings and provided for my necessities. But I am so weak I fear I shall not hold out much longer. Already that fearful scourge, the cholera, has taken five out of the house in which I lodge; and as I watch the face of my darling babe I expect every day to see the destroyer fix his grasp upon his little features. Oh! why did I leave my parents to trust myself in the hands of a faithless man! Alas! that I ——ssibly should be so wicked! But here I am, and home would be worse than death. Death would be a disgrace, and a disgrace which my sex, frail as it is, will never forgive. Here I shall soon die; for rather than steal, or sell myself for bread, I will bury myself in the dark waves which roll around this mighty city. Dear little Willie cannot survive. I would not have him. Let him die before the stain of sin contaminates his fair brow, and before he learns the bitter truth that his father is a villain! Oh! will you not come back? Days seem like months, hours like weeks; and minutes! the agony of a day sometimes appears to be concentrated into one. I shall wait a few days longer, when, if I do not hear from you, you will never see me more. I trust to leave this letter in some place where you may get it after I am gone. Remember that upon your guilty head rests the death of two human beings, who, with your protection, might have been happy, but without it—my pen refuses to write the future. Farewell, for ever. RACHEAL ——."

Such a letter tells a tale of woe that no comment can render more forcible.

A DOSE AS IN A DOSE.—The following account of a very remarkable effect, produced by electricity, we copy from the *Courier de l'Europe*: "A gentleman employed in one of the telegraph offices in France, accidentally brought his arm in contact with one of the wires, while the electric fluid was passing through it. So violent was the shock, that he was raised from the chair and thrown with great force through an open window into the garden. When he recovered his senses, he had no recollection of what had happened, and could only be convinced of it by finding that his hair and beard, which were previously of a beautiful jet black, had become in various places *as white as snow!* It devolves on men of science to explain this phenomenon, which will form an epoch in the history of electricity.

If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young men will please put this down.

'Tis the fancy, not the reason of things, that make us uneasy.