

STABLE.

RANK ALGAR
a public that he is prepared to fur-
t notice good horses and comfortable
reasonable rates.
-William Henry street.
Ms. March 30th, 1864.

BE SOLD,
if applied for immediately
used by the 15th of April, the
will be let and possession giv-
en on 1st May next

HAT desirably situated House for
business next to the Record Of-
fice; has been newly shingled and is
in good repair; contains 9 rooms and
cellars.

A. I. S. O.—
r Town Lots in good situations for
business. Apply to subscriber.
payment liberal.

D. GREEN.

Amanacks 1865.

IAN'S New Brunswick Almanac and
star for 1865, can be obtained singly
or by the dozen for retail from
J. LOCHARY & SON,
of the old Farmers Almanac always
rems Nov 20, 1864.

Rubber.

Rubbers

AT THE

Albion House.

H. S. MAGEE,

has received an assortment of
Misses,
Ladies,
Gents,
Lubber Overshoes.

Ladies Rubber Balloons Boots, a nice
set of the present season, which with a lot
of old Farmers Almanac always
rems Nov 20, 1864.

SKELETON SKIRTS,
and the balance of stock of
NTER DRY GOODS.

sell CHEAP for Current Money
in Bills taken at the usual discount.

MORE NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED and now open for sale
the very lowest prices:

ats, Bonnets,
hens, and Ribbons.

AWLS, MANTILLAS,
FANCY DRESS GOODS

Grey and White Cottons,
ing, Stripes, and Regettas

its, and GORSET CLOTHS

Crashes; Towel-
ling & Table Li-
bons, Shirt-fronts,
ollars, and Fan-
cy Neck Ties.

lars, Rubbers,
Boots and Shoes

nce of Summer Stock daily expected
leamer "Europa" and when received
e sold at a very small advance on

D. BRADLEY.

adies Seminary,

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

ES, KENDALL will receive a limited
er of young Ladies as boarders, in addition
daily pupils.

course of instruction comprises the
nglish, French, and Italian

Languages;
ng and Arithmetic, Geography, including
se of the Globes; Astronomy, History,
and Singing, plain and Ornamental Needle

French, Italian, Music, and Singing class-
es open to ladies who desire to pursue any of
branches of study exclusively.

greatest attention is paid to the comfort
ly manners, religious instruction, and personal
ness of the pupils.

and and Italian, including all the branches
at Italian, £20 per annum.

English, £3 0 0 per ann.
Fruit, including French, 8 0 0
Music, 8 0 0
Fuel for season 0 3 0

REFERENCES.
Dr G. Percy, D.D., Quebec; J. Thompson Esq.,
Falkirk, Esq., high school, Wm Andrews, M.A.,
Leaseur McGill College, Montreal.
Dr S. Bacon, S. Benson, M.D., Henry Comand
Chatham.

Dr W. Q. Ketchum, J. W. Street and Geo. D.
et, Esq., St. Andrews.

FOR SALE.

Hosiery, Gloves,
and Worked Col-
ver Garments for Boys & Girls

Boys Jackets, Sacks, Pants,
Waists, &c. &c.

Each pattern can be used with ease.

JAS. McKINNEY.

June 23.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

8 VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

Vol 32

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1865.

No 48

Poetry.

For the Standard.

HAMLET IN A STATE OF BEER.

BY A LADY.

To drink or not to drink, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer
The desperate longings of outrageous thirst,
Or take up the bottle against a sea of trouble,
And by drinking end them? To drink—to
Stagger—no more; and by a fall, to say we get
Head-ache and the thousand natural shocks,
Which the drunkard is heir to. 'Tis a
Consummation devoutly to be dreading!
To fall—to sleep perchance—and waken
In the Station-house! Ay! there's the rub!
For in that drunken scene, what falls, what
Bruises, what stings from "Boomer" may come
When we have shuffled off the jailor—
Shouldn't we be pondered.
There's the rub, "use that makes the drunkard's
So short a life." For who would bear
The jeers and scorn of the—'tis the employer's
Wrong, the sober man's contempt—the pang
Of rejected love—the uncertainty of office—
And the spur that patient sobriety of incites
Takes, when he himself might his life prolong
By taking "the pledge"? Who would then
"Mint juleps" drink—and reel and totter
Into a dirty gutter? when the dread of something
After one gets HOME—puzzles the will
And makes us rather throw the SPIRITS
That we have away than fly
To a wife's angry spirits we know TOO WELL OF
Thus whiskey does make drunkards of all
Who lack the native hue of resolution,
And man's nose is sickened o'er with the red east
Of drink!—and all his limbs
Their currents turn away
And lose the power of equilibrium.

Miscellany.

MY BURGLAR.

The story of my burglar is as follows: I
indeed you can call a man a burglar who meets
you at mid day, sitting on the grass, instead
of choosing the far more appropriate and class-
ical midnight hour, illuminated by the fitful rays
of a dark lantern and the gleam of a polished
blade. Such as he was, however, he was the
only burglar I ever met, although I have been
nighly on the watch for him ever since I can
remember.

I must begin by describing what delightful
little picnic our particular "act" used to in-
dulge in a few years ago. Model picnics;
none of your crowded commodes, with a brass
land on the top, and fifty incongruous people
unable to escape from each other for a long,
long weary day; spoiling all the silent beauty
of woods and rocks; flinging their lemon peel
and empty bottles down the silver waterfalls,
and generally fulfilling the spirit of the old
hymn—
"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Ours were little impromptu affairs: a boat-
load of friends sailing down to Cove or
Light house, or some other favorite spot, or a
drive in our several carriages to Mount Carmel
or Wintergreen Falls; with no greater pre-
paration than could be crowded into the hour
during which the party would be proposed,
arranged, and started.

It was on a bright June morning five years
ago that such a boat-load of friends assembled
at the water side, matrimonized as usual by sweet
little Mrs. Gilbert and her dear old doc-
tor, whose united presence insured the com-
plete success of any of our little festivities.—
There was the usual son, Amy and Adelaide,
Professor Tucker and his sister, a clergyman,
a lawyer, an officer, my rattle-brained cousin
Charley of the senior class, and last but not
least to each other were Frank and myself.—
As usual, Mrs. Gilbert's immense hamper was
lifted out of the carriage with much ceremony
and deposited on the wharf, putting to shame
the little baskets which Amy and I carried,
filled with anything we could find at the mo-
ment in the larder. Mrs. Gilbert's larder was
always in picnic order, and we grew to depend
a good deal upon that well-known hamper, and
to think our duty done if we carried forks,
spoons, and cups enough to aid in dispatching
his liberal contents. Frank's great dog, of
course, accompanied him, for our picnics would
not have been at all complete without good
old Nero. But unfortunately this day, as we
sat on a pile of boards waiting for the sails to
be hoisted and the cushions to be placed, Amy's
red shawl, which she always carried for the
picturesque, was flung into the boat but
into the water; and, of course, dear old Nero,
being a Newfoundland could not for an instant
refrain from jumping to its rescue, so that both
were in quite too dripping a condition to be
thought of as companions in so limited a space.
"No, no, Nero!" cried Frank, as the dog sidled

up to me for a comfortable shake over my
white dress, "you're in no state for a boat ride
with ladies, so you may lie down and take care
of this till we come back!" and he flung the
dripping shawl upon the wharf, where it lay in
a gorgeous scarlet heap, and beside it lay
down his obedient guardian; and as we pushed
off we knew that thus they would lie, and so
we would find them when we sailed home un-
der the setting sun.

How beautiful was the sea that day! how
cool the breeze which swept us daintily
along, and how the "Fairy" dipped and skim-
med with her great white wings spread and
her colors flying! Frank took his seat by
me, yielding his post of responsibility and
honor as master of the boat to Captain Heavy-
top, whose nautical knowledge formed the
theme for much of his conversation, and whose
uniform and whiskers were at least highly or-
namented by way of figure-head, as I thought
Amy seemed to appreciate. Five years ago
Amy were by no means the drug in the
market which they have since become, and a
girl who had "a soul above buttons" was strong-
minded indeed who could resist one.

But I must not dwell on every incident of
that bright sail, as I sat by my lover's side,
with our thoughts known only to each other,
and our vows—two days old—known as yet to
none on earth but my dear old father. We
sailed along into the boundless future, bright
to our eyes as the sea before us, our hearts
dancing like the little waves around the brow,
and thinking—Thus shall we sail, hand in
hand, heart by heart, through life!—know-
ing not nor dreaming of the sound of battle,
the separation, the agonized hearts, the sick
bed, and the honorable wound which should at
last restore the maimed hero to his home, to
bear through life the remembrance of the proof
that he had fought and bled for his country!
The sea told us none of these things as it
splashed and bubbled around our boat. The
wind whispered them not, as it came freighted
with the songs of birds and the scent of clover
meadow. Blessed wind and kind sea! We
were happy that day, without a shadow of care
or dread upon our spirits!

Our favorite sea-side spot was a grove about
half a mile beyond South End, where the rocks
piled up at the water's edge were washed
twice a day by the tide, which, lapped away,
leaving behind in crevices little natural acqui-
ria full of shrimps and anemones, green sea-
lettuce, and pretty little fish and snails.—
Every such discovery was a treasure to Ger-
trude Tucker and Adelaide Wade, who were
now speedily at work with their tin pails with
perforated covers upon their arms, dipping up
all sorts of tiny monstrosities, uttering little
shrieks as they tried to seize the swift slimy
creatures in their white fingers, and gallantly
aided by the Professor and the clergyman,
each armed with a minute fish-net. Dear to
each maiden's heart was the tank in the bow
window at home, and bitter and ill-concealed
the rivalry between them. They paid each
other daily visits. "How very thick and dark
the water looked in your aquarium yesterday,
dear Adelaide!" I heard Miss Tucker say-
ing, in a sympathizing tone. "You should
clean the rocks and filter the water I think."
In fact, I would advise a complete change of
water. I tried it myself a short time since,
and mine is as clear as crystal." "Thank you,
dear!" says Adelaide, lovingly; "but I go
upon purely scientific principles, and make my
aquarium entirely self-supporting—the animal
and vegetable life just balancing each other."
And Mrs. Gilbert and I laughed softly,
as we went up the rocks arm in arm to
seek the friendly shelter of the grove.

An hour later even our indefatigable mer-
maids were tired with their work and contented
with their spoil, and returned to our mid-
dled looking cool and comfortable, with their round
heads wreathed with sea-weed, while their de-
voted cavaliers toiled by their side, laden with
shells and fish pails, nets, and bundles of shells,
and with a generally moist and dispirited look,
which excited my compassion, as contrasted
with the cool loungers under the trees. Amy
sat a little apart, with "Buttons," as Charley
persisted in calling the rattle-brained captain;
and I noticed that he had furtively drawn from
his pocket a blue-and-gold Tennyson, and was
reading to her his favorite extracts. It is al-
ways the "dog" Heavytops who take you
by surprise by betraying their hidden poetry
of mood, and go about with those dreadful li-
beral contents, ready on every occasion to pro-
duce them with as much addressee, as little wel-
come, as they would a pocket pistol. So
thought no fair little Amy, however; and as
I heard the lines,
"She looked so lovely as she swayed
The reins with dainty finger-tips,"
rolled out in a deep, suppressed bass voice and
remembered that I had met the happy pair
entering side by side through Laurel Lane
only the day before, I felt that the case was a
foregone conclusion.

Take away those slimy reptiles! cried
Charley, shrinking before the pail which the
panting Professor had deposited upon the
grass. Restore the horrid monsters to their
native element!—See, I am going for a swim,
and I will so far sacrifice my feelings as to
bear the dreadful burden to the water's edge
and restore the wretched creatures to their be-
loved waves!

Really I am much obliged to you, Mr.
Grant! replied Adelaide. Hands off that
pail, if you please!

I quite approve of one part of Charley's
proposal, said the good old Doctor, fanning
himself with his hat; this heat is dreadful and
swim would be delicious. What say you, gen-
tlemen—shall we leave the ladies to prepare
the table, and shall we go down to Inlet cove
to cool ourselves off a little? The proposition
was agreed to, with a sigh of regret for Nero,
whose duty on such occasions was to keep
watch on shore over the clothes of the bathers.
Of course in so retired a spot there was little
danger, as all agreed, of any stragglers who
might meddle with their property. Still, said
Dr. Gilbert, I think I shall leave my watch
behind. Here, my dear, turning to me, you're
the only woman I know who sits still for ten
minutes, so I confide it to your care; and he
threw into my lap his ponderous old repeater
with its massive chain. After such a recom-
mendation, said Frank, I can not do better
than follow the Doctor's example, and he laid
his watch in my hands. Permit me also, said
the Captain, handing over the contents of his
pail; and, laughingly, each gentleman in his
turn bestowed upon me, as I sat on the grass,
his watch and purse, Charley, particularly
and solemnly, confiding his pocket book to my
care as if I did not know how light a charge it was.
A moment after the Fairy reared her white
waves, and, contorted coquettishly round the
Point of Rocks, bound for Inlet Cove.

And now to business, cried Mrs. Gilbert
briskly. One thing is evident—Helen is a
figure; she can't stir with all that plunder in
her lap, so I propose that we should bring her
leaves, and let her make herself useful by
weaving the wreaths for the table. So they
brought me oak-boughs, and bunches of grass,
and wild roses; and then laid the cloth, and
prepared to arrange the contents of the hamper.

The hamper! Where was it! High and
low, far and near, they searched—on the rocks
and among the bushes—but no traces of its
comfortable rotundity appeared.

The boat, suggested Miss Tucker; but Mrs.
Gilbert had seen that the boat had been left
thoroughly emptied. No, it has been left be-
hind; and as we recalled the scarlet heap be-
side which Nero laid him down, she felt, with
failing hearts, that under that shawl and be-
side the dog reposed the hamper, lost to sight
to memory dear; but that day of starvation
at South End would be ill repaid by the sight
of its well-known plethoric beauty on our re-
turn.

With shame and contrition Amy and I opened
our baskets. Plenty of forks, spoons, and
goldens gleaming with silver and aristocratic
with crests; but a dozen hard boiled eggs, and
a paper of macaroni made a poor preparation
for a sea-side meal! What was to be done?
Those dreadful men, sighed poor Mrs. Gilbert,
only thing we can do is to see what can be
bought at the boarding-house at South End.
Helen, hand me over the Doctor's purse; and
you come with me, Amy. And I think if
Adelaide and Gertrude will climb that fence
and go across the fields they will find a farm-
house about half a mile off where they can
get something—potatoes to roast, if nothing
better. Luckily the oven we had built of
stones months before was still standing; so we
plucked up courage, and they went off, two
and two, leaving me sitting, as before, weav-
ing garlands, with my lap full of wreaths!—
And now, I think my reader will agree that
the appropriate moment for my Burglar to ap-
pear is drawing nigh!

There is much individuality in a watch's face.
I never had so good an opportunity for study-
ing the matter as when I was thus left alone
twining wreaths, and gazing down at my gold-
en lapful. There was the Doctor's old plump,
overgrown, old-fashioned repeater, just such
as Mr. Pickwick might have carried, with its
faded greenish face, and its tinkling bell in
your pressed the spring; and beside it lay in
strong contrast the Captain's exquisite and
lady-like little article, twenty-five minutes
slower than the Doctor's watch, which was the
model for the whole town, and almost shamed
the sun itself. A little painted picture of
shepherds and Cupids was on the back of
this toy, and altogether I thought it a fit offer-
ing for Amy, and a highly desirable thing
that the worthy Captain should take to him-
self a wife to cure him of a little redundant
foppishness, which does not seem to thrive un-
der the matrimonial yoke.

The Professor's and the lawyer's watches
were like themselves—entirely proper, entire-
ly unremarkable. Sensible and plain and
useful, and so much alike that they only could
reclaim each his property, I could not distin-
guish between them. The clerical watch
was perfect in its way—exactly the right size,
with a hunting case, a very quiet guard, and
every thing severely en regle. Then came
poor Charley's silver watch, which he blush-
ingly deposited among the folds of my dress,
and I mentally resolved that if before his next
birthday, his parents had not awakened to the

fact that their boy had grown into a man, I
would make my dear father choose him one fit
to graduate in.

Then, of course, I studied Frank's pretty old
fashioned watch. It had been his mother's
and he valued it greatly. It had a quaint
looking wreath around its face of different
golds, greenish, white, and deep yellow; and
it had a magnificent coiled edge, which at one
point and slender at another, just as the light
fell upon it. I knew Frank had loved every
thing his mother had worn, and I hid it down
tenderly upon the softest folds of my dress, and
took off my glove for the first time that morning
to look again at the betrothal ring which he
had yesterday slipped upon my finger. It
was a sky-blue forget-me-not, of enamel, with
a great diamond dew-drop in the centre. It
gleamed in the shade, and shot out insidious
rays as a stray sunbeam fell upon it; and I sat
entranced, feeling all the hopes and promises
bound around my life of which that circlet
was an emblem; and heard no more the splash
of the waves, or the sound of the breeze, but
glided off into a sweet golden day-dream of
youth and love. I heard no sound of oars,
nor saw any shadow upon the rocks, until in
the silence of my soul a footstep struck sharp
upon my ear, and, looking up, I saw at the
entrance of the grove an evil face and a pon-
derous form; a little boat drawn upon the
beach, and myself alone with a new terror.
Quick as thought I dropped the leaves and
grasses with which I had been playing upon
my lap, and looked as resolute as I knew how
to, hoping against hope that the intruder on
my peace might prove more innocent than he
looked, perhaps even pass without remark.

Not he! The villainous countenance was
close beside me, and a harsh voice remarked:
"Morning, ma'am; I thought you seemed to be
alone. Yes for a moment, I replied, but I
have a large party of friends at hand; and
I tried to steady my nerves, and conceal my
fright. Yes, I saw them; at least that gentle-
man of the party. They were down yonder a
mile or so, and are having a fine swim about
this time, no doubt. And I thought as how
they had probably left the ladies all alone, so
I'd better come and see if I could be of any
use; though I didn't think I'd have such luck
to find only one pooty girl to talk to! And
the horrible face gazed sardonically upon me.
I tried to speak as laughingly as I could. You
better pass on, sir; I've no wish to talk to
you, and if you annoy me staying here I shall
be obliged to call for assistance. It was of
course too much in the "John, bring the gun"
style to impose upon so practical a hand. He
had probably watched our movements for
hours, and knew his ground well. You may
call my dear, he replied, holler and screech,
and I'll promise to sit still and let any body
take me as comes! You know as well as I do
that there's nobody within ear-shot or gunshot
and the best thing you can do is to keep a
civil tongue in your head, and I shant offer no
rudeness.

So saying, he turned him to the table, mut-
tering that he was empty enough by this time,
and looking as disconsolately as we did at the
slender feast prepared. Quick work did he
make with the provisions, crushing the egg-
shells and crunching the macarons. Pretty
soon, he remarked, for a man who sits up
o' nights! I'll trouble you for your watch,
Miss. I haven't it with me, I replied, firmly.
He glanced at my waist. Your purse, then.
I haven't that either, I replied, and turned out
my pocket to verify my words. As he took
the handkerchief and gloves it contained, con-
tempuously but promptly transferred them to
his own pocket, and then looked around. The
silver was of course the first thing that met
his eye, though nearly concealed by a shawl
thrown over it. That's more like, he said,
with great satisfaction, at he proceeded to
pocket the forks and spoons, and tie up my
father's superb old goldlets in a villainous look-
ing bandanna. There's a pretty lump, said
he; you'll never see these again, my dear;
they'll be melted down before your two hours
older—that's our way.

Just then I saw the shadow of a distant
sail, and felt that my perils were lighter. He
did not see it, but looked down upon me till I
feared he would see the gleam of gold through
the leafy screen in my lap, and hear the tick-
tick which came so clearly to my ears, almost
drowning the thick beating of my heart. He
touched my hair. Only girl, I see, he grum-
bled, and put back the comb which held up my
curls. I wonder you ladies ain't ashamed to
wear them bogus things. How's a man to
know what's worth taking? Perhaps this is
brass too; and he made a snatch at my brooch.
No, it is brass, I said. Wait a moment and I
will give it to you. And I unclasped my
pretty pin and yielded it to his dirty, horny
fingers. And the shadow crept noiselessly
nearer, and my heart bounded with relief.

The ruffian seized the pails, and finding how
unworthy the contents were of his attention
kicked them contemptuously over, and the un-
happy creatures lay flapping and gasping upon
the grass. I glanced again at the sea, but the
sail had disappeared. Had the party gone
off on some new whim? Had the sea swal-
lowed them up? Were they landing at some

new point? Or did my hopes deceive me, and
was not that the "Fairy," with her friendly
freight, after all? Perhaps only some fisher-
men. I felt sure I had seen some standing
figure; or perhaps some more dreadful tramp
to trouble me. And as I sat and looked and
listened, with a faint heart, I fancied I
heard a very faint scraping sound, as of a keel
upon the sand. The man turned and looked,
and said, We'll must be off. Then suddenly
desecrating through my clasped fingers the
gleam of my precious ring, he cried, Hello!
here is a find! Now, my girl, you just take
that off as gently as you did that 'ere breast-
pin, or I'll help you. I sat in despair. I
could not give up my ring. How could I for-
get it? I entreated; I wept. I told him I
would send him any sum of money the world
named to any direction he might give, and
promised upon my honor that no inquiry should
be made. Only do not take my ring. He
grinned broadly. I'm not such a greenhorn as
ye take me for, ma'am. I'll not put you to
any trouble but just to open your fingers and
give me that shiner, or I'll have to take it my-
self.

I clasped my hands in despair. He seized
them with a violent grasp, clutched the ring,
and would have torn it off in another instant,
but was suddenly laid prostrate by a violent
blow from behind, and Frank Lee fell upon
him and held him down. Quick, Helen! he
cried; call Charley; he's just behind. They
held him down and bound him tight. The
other gentlemen, who were quickly on the
scene of action, brought the boat's rope and
tied it around his arms and legs. They em-
ptied his pockets of his ill-gotten gains, and
Frank's indignation rose higher than ever
when he found my poor little scarf and hand-
kerchief defiled by such a hiding-place. They
lifted the great prostrate, helpless hulk be-
tween them, and bore him down in a process-
ion to his own small, leaky, dirty boat which
they tied to the "Fairy," and left him rocking
there, to be towed home behind us to safe cus-
tody and a prison.

From time to time, as the grand cooking
business approached its climax, one or another
of the unemployed would steal down as volun-
teer-scouts to look after the prisoner, and the
last report was that he was asleep with his hat
shoved over his eyes.

But when we finally gathered together our
little band, and packed our baskets again, and
murmured over the untimely end of shrimps and
stock-leaks, and went our way down to the
beach with a shuddering thought of that leaky
little boat with its disagreeable occupant, who
were to follow in our homeward track—be-
hold! no boat was there. Boat and boatman
alike had disappeared, the rope was cut—prize
was gone—where? The horizon told no
tales, nor in our homeward sail did we see any-
thing resembling our escaped prisoner and his
craft. He had stolen a march upon us, that
was all we knew. How or where we shall
never know, I suppose; for from that day and
from that hour I have never seen my bur-
glar.

We found on our return, as we felt sure we
should, the black dog and the red shawl, and
underneath the Gilbert hamper, untouched—
although the faithful old fellow by its side and
guarded by from fifty loungers—had resisted in-
numerable temptations in the shape of stacks
thrown into the water, etc., and the constant
temptation of his own dimmed instincts, ren-
dered keener than ever by the chronic scent of
chicken-pie under his very nose! There's a
dog for you!

Well, as I said, I never again saw my bur-
glar, nor am I at all anxious for that honor.
But the days afterward as I was walking
alone up Chapel Street toward dark, question-
ing my steps as the shadows deepened, I ap-
proached two men, who shuffled before me
with lolling steps, and I heard one of them
say, I tell you she was a bang-up, smart gal!
All the while she sat still with all six of them
in her lap, and he never misjudged it! I
hurried on, determined to pass them and get a
good look at their faces, when they turned sud-
denly into a cross street and disappeared in the
darkness of an oyster-cellar. I am sure it
was not my burglar, but it must have been his
pal.

Hon. George Brown returned on Thursday
evening from Exeter, where he was the
guest of the Lieutenant Governor, and left
last night in the Empress of Halifax, whence
he will proceed in the China to Boston.—
(Telegraph.)

Mr. Brown's mission to this commercial
Province has been of a very important char-
acter. We must, we suppose, await the meet-
ing of Parliament before we learn what the
Government have agreed to do on the im-
tant matters of Reciprocity and Colonial trade,
unless the Government papers see fit to illu-
minate us upon the subject.—[Journal.]

The Rev. Dr. Tyng's Church, in New
York, has been burned. The loss is \$200,000.
Insurance \$70,000. The organ, worth
\$5,000.

We are glad to say that Chief Justice
PARKER is a great deal easier, and has re-
solutely rested well. He suffers from disease of the
heart, and general prostration.—[Journal.]