SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1856.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

VOLUME XXI. "COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE." NUMBER 16.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every FRIDAY afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince William Street.

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

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

☞ Terms—12s. 6d., if paid within the year, 15s. if not paid until after expiration of the year.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

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

☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of Charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

☞ George W. White, is an authorised Agent for the *Chronicle* at Youngs Cove, Grand Lake.

☞ Archibald M'Allister, is an authorized Agent for the *Chronicle* at Gagetown.

☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is *the only authorized Agent* for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia 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, Esqr., *President.*

Directors—J. W. LAWRENCE, S. K. FOSTER, C. H. ESTABROOKS, JOHN ANDERSON. *Solicitor*—J. M. ROBINSON, Esq. *Secretary*—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire.

☞ Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street. May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GROCER and Provision DEALER,
CORNER PRINCESS AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.

Goods sent to all parts of the City free of charge.
September 19, 1856.

WILLIAM WEDDERBURN,
Attorney at Law, Conveyancer, &c.
—OFFICE—
No. 13, NORTH SIDE OF PRINCESS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Barney, Shurtleff & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law.
HAS REMOVED to the Office lately occupied by Charles Watters, Esquire, in Messrs. Deveber's building, Prince William Street.
August 22, 1856.

THOMAS RAWSON,
MANUFACTURER OF
Steamboat, Locomotive, Flue, and Cylinder
BOILERS,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
—ALSO—
SHIPS' WATER TANKS, &c., &c., &c.
Britain Street, (near Reed's Point,) Saint John, N.B. Particular attention paid to repairs.
November 30, 1855.

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.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL, State Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.

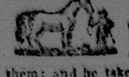
Rooms per day,	50 cts.
Rooms per week,	$2.00
Lodging	37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day.
January 11, 1856. 1y.

SOAP & CANDLE
MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

French Calf Boots.
JUST RECEIVED—4 cases Gent's. French Calf Skin BOOTS, (Sewed,) warranted to be of the best quality.
The above lot of Boots are all that are now remaining in the Province, or ever will be at 20s. *per pair.* B. O'BRIEN,
October 3. 69, Waverly House

FUR CAPS—In every variety of Fur—made up on the premises, in the latest styles.
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

HORSE SHOEING.
(Shop one door north of the Country Market)

WILLIAM GABRIEL begs to Tender his sincere thanks to his friends and the Public for the extensive patronage hitherto received from them; and he takes this method further to inform them that he is prepared at all times to execute orders in his line of business, in the be t possible manner, and in the style that is most suitable to this Country.
January 20, 1854.

MESS PORK.—Landing ex brig "Iris" from New York—56 bbls. heavy Mess PORK. For sale at lowest market rates.
Sept 19. (31.) JOHN M'COSKERY.

NEW GOODS.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE,
EARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STRET
R. HUNTER,
HAS received per late arrivals from *Great Britain* and the United States his FALL AND WINTER GOODS, would now respectfully solicit the attention of his friends and the public in general to his *Extensive and General Assortment of Goods*, which will be sold *WHOLESALE and RETAIL* at exceedingly low prices. The Stock in part consists of—
Winter Cloths,
in Pilots, Beavers, Witneys Siberian, Lumbekin, Elephant, and Himalay Cloths, and various new materials for Over Coats, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Double Will'd Kerseys, Satinetts, Moleskins Tweeds, Homespuns, Flannels, Ticks, Shirting Stripe, &c., &c.
VESTINGS—In Cut Velvets, Silk Plush, Satins, Baratheas, Quiltings, &c., &c.
THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
consists of an immense Stock of OVER COATS, in various materials and styles, and at all prices.
UNDER COATS
In Dress, Frock, Paletot, Sack and Shooting Coat Styles—in Superfine Broad Cloth, Cassimere, Doeskin, Tweed, Homespun, Satinetts, &c.,
VESTS
In Cut Velvets, Silk Plush, Satins, and an endless variety of materials for dress and ordinary wear.
PANTS
In any quantity and quality, and at any price required.
FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
Comprises a general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Hosiery, Gloves, Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarfs, Muffle Handkerchiefs, Braces, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, Snow Stockings, Lambs' Wool and Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Cotton and Merino, do., &c. &c.
HATS and CAPS—in Fur, Silk Plush, Mohair, &c.
R. H. would intimate that as the Clothing is all cut and made up on his own premises by the best Workmen, it cannot fail in giving good satisfaction.
Garments made to order, in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice.
No second price—all Goods marked in plain Figures. (Oct. 24.) R. H.

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY.
POND STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.
THE stove establishment having recently been enlarged, and Machinery and Tools of the latest improved kinds introduced, the Proprietors respectfully inform their patrons and the Public generally, that they are prepared with superior facilities to manufacture High and Low Pressure STEAM ENGINES, and BOILERS, Steam Boat, Saw, and Grist Mill MACHINERY, Turning Lathes, Screw Presses, Ship Builders Cramps, Windlass Gear, Cast Iron Pumps, Hawser Pipes, Warping Checks, Shives, Cleets, and Rollers, &c.; Bark Mills, Oven and Furnace Mouths, Ploughs, Thrasher and Fanner Wheels, Truck and Barrow Wheels &c.; Iron and Brass CASTINGS, Black smith Work, &c. &c.
FLEMMING & HUMBERT,
Proprietors.
☞ Iron and Brass Turning done; Gear Wheels cut, &c. &c. Machines Repaired with despatch.
October 17, 1856.

Steamer Admiral.
RECEIVED per the above—1 Tierce Sugar Cured HAMS; 1 tub fresh LARD;
1 tierce string ONIONS; 4 barrels ditto;
1 barrel CRANBERRIES;
1 do. Sweet POTATOES;
2 do. PLUMS; 5 do. Rough APPLES;
2 do. Cucumber PICKLES, in Vinegar, for table use; 300 lbs. Vegetable Marrow SQUASH.
For sale cheap at Dustin's Corner
October 3, 1856. W. H. LESTER.

GENTS, SHAWLS.—The Subscriber has received an assortment of Gentlemen's SHAWLS, of superior quality to those usually imported. Also, Gents' MUFFLERS, for sale at reasonable prices, by D. H. HALL,
Nov. 14. 41, King-street.

New Vessels for Sale.
TWO NEW VESSELS—One of about 350 Tons, can be launched at once; is thorough built, and will be sold on accommodating terms. The other is about 210 Tons; which will likewise be sold on accommodating terms.
G. M. BURNS,
November 14. South Market Wharf.

Hats & Caps.
THE Subscriber has received per *Adelaide* from Boston—A large assortment of FUR CAPS, latest styles; which, together with a large Stock of HATS and CAPS on hand, of his own manufacture, he will dispose of at very low prices.
A. MAGEE,
27, North side, and 58, South side King-street.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 14, 1856.
N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. Cash and the highest price paid for Shipping FURS.

China and Earthenware.
Ex "John Duncan" and "Middleton"—
THE Fall Stock of these Goods are now penning, and offered on liberal terms, Wholesale & Retail, by
FRAS. CLEMENTSON,
Oct. 17. 59, Dock-street.

Art Union of London.
SUBSCRIBERS for the current year can obtain their Prints on application at the Agency, No. 85, Prince Wm. street.
For the 1857, there are two beautiful Prints, entitled the "*Clemency of Cœur-de-Lion,*" Engraved by H. C. Shenton, from the Historical Picture by J. Cross, which gained the government premium of £300; and "*The Piper,*" by Edward Goodall, from the original picture by Frederick Goodall, A. R. A. These fine Prints are now on Exhibition at this Agency, where Subscriptions will be received, and every information given.
POTTER & CO.
St. John, 31st Oct., 1856.

59, Dock Street.
"Courier," and "Imperial"—
CHINA, Stone China, and EARTHENWARE, in Breakfast, Dinner, Tea and Toilette Sets, of the latest shapes, with a large Stock of common Earthenware,—to which the Subscriber invites the attention of purchasers.
Oct. 31. FRAS. CLEMENTSON.

ST. ANDREWS' ALE.
THE Subscriber having been appointed AGENT for the sale of the above excellent ALE, begs to inform the public that he will in future keep on hand a constant supply, which will be furnished to his customers and the trade on very favorable terms.
Just Received—64 Casks, containing 10, 15, 20, 30 and 60 gallons each.
JOHN McCOSKERY.
November 17, 1855. tf.

A MEDICAL REVOLUTION!
THE WORLD UNANIMOUS!
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
THE GREAT COUNTER IRRITANT!
The virus of disease often makes its way to the internal organs through the pores of the skin. This penetrating Ointment, melting under the hand as it is rubbed in, is absorbed through the same channels, and, reaching the seat of inflammation, promptly and invariably subdues it, whether located in the kidneys, the liver, the lungs, or any other important organ. It penetrates the surface to the interior, through the countless tubes that communicate with the skin as summer rain passes into the fevered earth diffusing its cool and regenerating influence.
SKIN DISEASES & GLANDULAR SWELLINGS.
Every species of exterior irritation is quickly reduced by the anti-inflamatory action of this Ointment, Angry ERUPTIONS, such as SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, TETTER, RINGWORM, SCALD HEAD, NETTLE RASH, SCABIES (or ITCH) &c., die out, to return no more under its application. Hospital experience in all parts of the world proves its infallibility in diseases of the skin, the muscles, the joints and the glands.
ULCERS, SORES, AND TUMORS.
The effect of this unrivaled external remedy upon Scrofula, and other virulent ulcers and sores, is almost miraculous. It first discharges the poison which produces suppuration and proud flesh, and thus the cures which its healing properties afterward complete are safe as well as permanent.
WOUNDS, BRUISES, BURNS, AND SCALDS.
In cases of the fracture of the bones, injuries caused by steam explosions, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, RHEUMATISM, STIFFNESS OF THE JOINTS, and contraction of the sinews, it is employed and warmly recommended by the faculty. This marvellous remedy has been introduced by its inventor in person into all the leading Hospitals of Europe, and no private household should be without it.
UNDENIABLE TESTIMONY.
The Medical Staff of the French and English Armies in the Crimea have officially signed their approval of Holloway's Ointment, as the most reliable dressing for sabre cuts, stabs, and gun-shot wounds. It is also used by the surgeons of the Allied Navies.
Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions,	Rheumatism,	Sore Throats,
Burns,	Ringworm,	Sores of all kinds
Capped hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints
Fistula,	Skin Diseases,	Tetter,
Gout,	Swelled	Ulcers,
Lumbago,	Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Mercurial	Sore Legs,	Wounds of all
Eruptions,	Sore Breasts,	kinds.
Piles,	Sore Heads,	

*** Sold at the Manufactories of Professor HOLLOWAY, 80, Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London, by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the United States and the civilized world, in pots, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and 1$ each.
☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each pot.
S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 2, King Street, St John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James C. White, Belleisle.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to inform his friends and the public that in order to provide the travelling community with a large and commodious house of entertainment in this City, he has purchased and fitted up at great expense that large and convenient Hotel, situated on the North side of Kings Square, and known as the FOUNTAIN HOUSE, where he intends to serve the public, and will be able to accomodate a large number of persons with well furnished single bed rooms, good Sitting Rooms, and all other conveniences for the comfort of travellers or permanent boarders. Also—a splendid Barn—none to exceed it in the City, with stalls for forty horses, and a large yard attached, all under cover, where sleighs, carriages, and loads of country produce can be driven in free from storms.
The subscriber is thankful to his friends and the public for the liberal manner in which he has been patronised and assures them that strict attention will still be paid to those who favour him with their patronage.
August 10. G. RIX PRICE.

ST. JOHN HOTEL RE-FITTED.
Entrance from Charlotte Street.
THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that having re-fitted this well-known building, being determined to keep it in a style not inferior to what it attained in former days. He is now prepared to receive BOARDERS, both permanent and transient, who will receive all the care and attention that can be desired. He would therefore invite travellers to favour him with a call.
☞ BOARD FIVE SHILLINGS PER DAY.
☞ Gent'emen travelling with their own Horses will find good Stabling and attentive hostlers.
W. H. SECORD,
St. John, July 11. 6m. Agent.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE Subscribers, who have been transacting the business of keeping a *Livery Stable* in the City of Saint John, have this day agreed to dissolve the said Copartnership: and public notice is hereby given that the said Copartnership is dissolved, and that all debts due from the said concern, in any way connected with the said business will be paid by William Gabriel, to whom al debts due are to be paid.
Dated the 12th day of September, 1856.
WILLIAM GABRIEL,
September 19. SAMUEL B. ESTEY.

TEA.—Just received, and imported expressely for Family use:—
10 chests Souchong TEA;
10 catty boxes do. do.;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 catty boxes do. do;
10 chests good retailing do.—For sale low.
August 29. JOHN McCOSKERY.

Joshua Tallent,
IN returning thanks to his numerous friends and the public, for the liberal patronage he has received for the last six years he has been in the BOOT and SHOE BUSINESS, desires to inform them that he has enlarged his Establishment, and is now prepared to furnish all articles in his line particularly Waterproof BOOTS, at as low prices as can be found in the City, at his stand, Parish of Portland, near St. Luke's Church.
May, 1856.

PILGRIM'S REST.
Air—Carrier Dove.

We have heard of that bright and holy land,
We have heard and our hearts are glad,
For we are a lonely pilgrim band,
We are weary and worn and sad;
They tell us that pilgrims have a dwelling there,
No longer are homeless ones;
Three heavenly fields are blooming fair,
While life's pure river runs.

They say, green fields are waving there,
Which never a blight shall know,
And the heavenly plains are blooming fair,
And the Roses of Sharon grow;
There are lovely birds and bowers green,
Their songs are blithe and sweet,
And their warblings gushing ever new,
The angel harpings greet.

We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns
Of the silvery band in white,
Of city fair with pearly gates,
All radiant with light;
We have heard of the angels there, and saints
With their harps of gold, how they sing.
Of the mount with the fruitful bread of life,
And leaves that healing bring.

The king of the country, He is fair,
He's the light and the joy of the place,
In his beauty, we shall behold him there,
And bask in his smiling face:
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while
We'll join with the pure and the blest,
We'll have the palms, the robes, the crown,
And we'll be forever blest.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbours, surrounded by friends. But alas! the social glass had first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The sound of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked with mingled anxiety and dread.

'Is that you, father?'

'Yes, wet to the skin,—curse it,' said the man; 'why aint you abed, and sleep, you brat?'

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

'What are you standing there gaping for?' said the wretch,—It's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in the morning,—get to bed you imp,—do you hear?'

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door latch with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

'Ain't you going to mind?' said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, 'give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body.'

'Oh! father, don't talk so loud,' said the little fellow bursting into tears—'you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,'—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said—'you mustn't—you musn't go in.'

'What does the brat mean?' broke out the inebriate angrily—'this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you've learned to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey *me?* take that, and that, you imp,' and raising his hand he struck the sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick, on the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in diferent parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languorre, who through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, by constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform; but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him! She had borne much, but alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—*she was dying of a broken heart.*

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a fiend's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man besides was in a passion.

'Blast it woman,' said the wretch as he reeled into the room—'is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your lout and you? Come don't go to whining, I say,—but as he was uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he reeled a step or two forward, put his hand to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued, but—why—what's the matter?'

If a poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

'Oh! mother's dead!' it was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

'Dead!' said the man and he was sobered at once—'dead, dead,' he continued in a tone of horror that quivered the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes staring from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her humble brow. 'Dead, my God! I have murdered her;—Emily, Emily, you are not dead, say so, oh!—speak and forgive your repentant husband;' and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side and calling her 'Emily!' He had not done so for many years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had darkened her once noble husband, and when all was happy and bright in her own happy bosom. Woe, sickness, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

'Can you forgive me, Emily? I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt.'

'Charles!' said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated thro' the chamber like a disembodied spirit—'I forgive you and may God forgive you too,—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish.

The man only sobbed in reply; but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

'Charles,' at last continued the dying woman, 'I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry.'

'God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!' murmured the repentant man.

'I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in, I feel that I shall never see another sun.' A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

'Oh! no, you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, 'you'll live to save our penitent husband.—Oh! you will.'

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly.

'Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never even in the darkest moment have I doubted it would come; for I felt that within me which whispered that as sin had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would—you would at last, come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world,—but God's will be done!—I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry give me your hand.'

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

'Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love and cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live—she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, 'will you promise me, Charles?'

'I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will,' sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

'And you, Henry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother—you will?'

'Oh! yes!' sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, 'but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you!—oh! don't die!'

'This is too hard,' murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, 'Father give me strength to endure it!'

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low deathlike tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously in her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

'Henry, where are you?' faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

'Henry,—Henry,' she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, 'poor babe, he doesn't hear me.'

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

'Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out the light?'

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

'Oh God,' murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter—'*this is death*—Charles—Henry Jesus—re———'

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He covered his face with his hands, and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But oh! reader, immagine to yourself, the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

A skunk once challenged a lion to single combat. The lion declined accepting.

"How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"

"Yes," replied the lion, "you would only gain fame by having had the honor to fight a lion, while every one who meets me for a month to come, would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

In the vicinity of Cape Cod, two apple trees and a gooseberry bush are called an "orchard."

MR. JAMES BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan is, we believe, a native of the State of Pennsylvania. His birth is dated in the year 1791, which makes him a senator in the sense of age; for at sixty-five he enters upon the most important responsibilities that can fall to the lot of any citizen of the American continent. His parents were respectable agriculturalists, and they gave him a collegiate education. At the early age of eighteen he took the highest collegiate honours, and soon afterwards he made choice of the bar as a profession. When only twenty-three he began his political life, for at that age his native State elected him to a seat in the local legislature. Both at the bar and in the House he gave the highest promise, and, combining the one pursuit with the other, it is said, that at thirty-five, he commanded more extensive practice than any other lawyer in the State of Pennsylvania. Mr. Buchanan was also a soldier. The British army, in 1812, threatened to seek the city of Baltimore, in vain not only joined the volunteers who stood forth to resist, but he proceeded to harangue them in favour of the war; thus combining enthusiasm with vigour of intellect and decision of character.

The next ten years of Mr. Buchanan's life were occupied with new duties as a Member of the House of Representatives at Washington. Here he took a leading part in affairing the administration of Mr. Monroe, the author of a new doctrine of foreign policy, which very much disturbed in the course of the recent misunderstanding between England and America. In 1831, Mr. Buchanan left Washington for St. Petersburgh, having been appointed the United States' Minister to Russia, and his friends boast that he negotiated the first commercial treaty between the two countries. In 1833 he returned from Russia, and entered the United States Senate, and distinguished himself for speeches about monopoly, currency, banking and public debts, co-operating with the remnant orators of what is called the Democratic party. But his most remarkable services in the Senate were performed in presiding over a Committee on Foreign Relations, for in this capacity he exhibited the Palmerstonian attribute of upholding the honor and glory of his country at the expense of every other nation that stood in the way of territorial extension.

In 1845, he left the Senate for a different occupation,—that of Secretary of State under President Polk, and in this office he became the author of a number of State Papers on foreign and domestic policy that excited much discussion. He remained Secretary of State for nearly four years, and afterwards he retired to a private estate for seclusion and rest. But men of his stamp never rest, and this retreat he gave his active mind up the composition of speeches, the writing of letters and the study of public events.

It was in 1853 that President Pierce besought Mr. Buchanan to go to England. An individual of distinction and eminence was needed for this post, and Mr. Buchanan, no doubt, believing himself fully capable, undertook this new duty; and at the Court of St. James, Mr. Buchanan did certainly distinguish himself for his devotion to American interests. The controversy which he had with the English Foreign Office on the Enlistment and Central American questions will remain as standing memorials of the fact, that, for once, the English policy was crumpled up by a master hand, not so much, however, because the American Minister was capable of this task, as because Lord Clarendon had undertaken to defend the indefensible policy. Mr. Buchanan knew his advantage, he availed himself of it, and it can not be doubted, that manner in he acquitted himself may be put down as not one of the least of those causes which contributed to his success on the 4th of November. The blundering English foreign policy has been one of the means whereby Mr. Buchanan has triumphed over his rival, Col. Fremont; and when he left England for New York, in April last, no doubt, he had a lively impression that the circumstance would greatly tend to his advantage. Be that as it may, we have seen Mr. Buchanan, the son of an unknown farmer, in the various capacities of lawyer, diplomatist, and statesman, and now, after a struggle the most exciting and remarkable in the history of the New World, he has become elected to the chief magistracy of the Republic.

The Anti-slavery politicians of America have, through this struggle, gained a footing stronger than any they have yet possessed; and the Presidential policy of the new chief magistrate will be watched with great interest to discover whether, in his elevated position, and to use his own words, he will become the agent "of the West or the South, or whether he will adopt a policy that will create sectional division, the worst and last of all political calamities." That mighty anti-slavery sentiment cannot be overlooked, which has now reared up its head against the ascendancy of the South and the extension of bondage in the Western regions, and if he is as wise in the future as he has been diplomatic in the past, he will take care that his counsels are regulated by some show of moderation and justice.

Thus we have hope in Mr. Buchanan, but, at the same time, we ought to say that the hope will be turned into alarm, if we are to believe the predictions made in New York a few hours previous to the election. According to those predictions, yet only will efforts be made by the new President to people Kansas with slaves and to occupy Cuba, but he will seek to revive that most hateful slave traffic on the coasts of Africa, that has for so many years been proclaimed by England and America to be a crime in the sight of God and man. Mr. Buchanan, it is said, will do so, if he be honest to the engagements announced in the Cincinnati platform, and as a means to find a slave population for out-lying territories. But let us hope that these are only the prophecies incident upon a high state of partizan and feverish anxiety, for such conduct would, at once, bring the United States into mere embroilment with other Powers. There could be no more miserable spectacle than for the President of the American Confederation to authorize slave-cruisers and man-stealers to go to the coast of Africa and carry off her sable sons and daughters. It would rouse a feeling of opposition in England and Europe which it would be most difficult to surpress; and how, under such an outrage, collision could be avoided with England we cannot undertake to say. But, perhaps, no one more than Mr. Buchanan himself will redicule these apprehensions; and, in the mean time it behoves us simply to recognize him in his new capacity, to express a hope that he will guide the helm with discretion, and to watch the principles and mechanism of his Government without unnecessary distrust, jealousy and prejudice.

In Germany recently, three culprits were conveyed to the gallows in the same cart to be executed. One of these was a Jew, who did not dismount with the others. The executioner asked him why he did not descend.

"Oh," replied the Jew, "I was waiting till you hang those other two, to see if I could buy their clothes." Ruling passion strong in death.

A man who would fear God and sleep well, should have as little to do with politics as possible. Remember this, and stay at home with your wife.

Why are kisses like the creation? Because they are made of nothing, and all very good.

If you would hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.