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AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,

West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,

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

DOOLEY'S

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

BENNAT & SCRIBNER,

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

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

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octave to A above.
N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by B. & S. will be warranted for three years.
Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

THOMAS GOW,

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

Landing ex the Middleton.

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

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS! 1854.

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

MARKET SQUARE.

St. John, N. B.
HERE YET AND NO MISTAKE!
J. M. MILLAR respectfully informs his friends and the public in consequence of the increasing size of his Spring Business, to save time in writing the price in large figures he is prepared to sell at a low one. Jm. June 23.

New Brunswick Hotel.

Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to recive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.
July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,

varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money. M. FITZGERALD.

St. John, April 29, 1853.
N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

JOHN HARRY,

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

At Wholesale Only.

300 DOZEN low price Shawl Pins, various patterns; 80 dozen Coat Links; 60 gross Agate Buttons; 180 dozen Catholic Pictures, in neat glass frames; 8 dozen Ladies' Leather Satchels; 40 dozen Berlin Bracelets; 10 gross Silk Purses; 12c bundles Fiddle Strings; 1,200 bundles Steel Beads and a variety Steel Purse Fittings, just landed ex John Barbour, for sale at the Fancy Arcade, Corner King and Cross Sts.
April 28. J. CROUCH.

BURNING FLUID.—5 brls. superior ex "Thomas," from Boston.
March 24. W. O. SMITH.

S. K. FOSTER'S

Ladies' Fashionable Shoe Store,
FOSTER'S CORNER, GERMAIN STREET.

Ladies' White satin BOOTS,
Just received per steamer from Liverpool, via Boston:
LADIES' superior White Satin BOOTS; Ladies superior Black Satin SLIPPERS;
Ladies' superior White Satin Slippers;
Also, per schr. "Henry Parker," from Boston:
25 Boxes INDIA RUBBERS, viz:
Mens' very best Felt Lined Patent Rubber Boots;
Mens' heavy Patent Rubber OVER SHOES;
Men's light Patent Rubber do.
Ladies' very best Patent Rubber BOOTS;
Ladies' superior Lace-up Rubber SHOES;
Girl's superior Lined Rubber BOOTS;
Ladies' very best Rubber Over SHOES—light and heavy;
Boy's very heavy Patent Rubber OVER SHOES;
Children's stout Patent Rubber Over Shoes.
February 20. S. K. FOSTER.

NEW GOODS.

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

DOMESTIC WORKS.

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

WANTED.—Two good Cabinet Makers, to whom constant employment and good wages will be given. None need apply but men of steady habits.
M. N. POWERS, *Undertaker,*
March 31. German-street

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

Children's Socks and Stockings.

45 DOZEN Pair Children's White Cotton SOCKS and STOCKINGS, very superior Quality, for sale cheap by
A. A. COUGHLAN.

BURNING FLUID.—Per schr. Boston, from Boston, a few barrels superior Burning FLUID.
November 11. S. L. TILLEY.

BEEF, TONGUES, &c.—Ex Boston from New York—30 Half Barrels Market BEEF, for Family use; 2 barrels Ox TONGUES; 3 tierces Smoked HAMS; 2½ tierces Smoked Tongues.
Aug 18.—3 Flats. JOHN McCOSKERY.

Merchant Tailoring Establishment.

Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.
August 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

S. K. Foster's

HOME MANUFACTURES,

For Spring and Summer Trade.

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

Dedicated by Special Authority to the Queen of England.

In Parts at 1s. 3d., and Divisions, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, gilt, 9 4-2

The British Colonies,

THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES:
Illustrated with Maps of each possession, and Portraits of the most celebrated Promoters and Defenders of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.

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

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

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

Published by JOHN TALLIS 160 London. Offices in St. John over Kenny & Adams's Market Square.
ROGER HUNTER, AGENT.
Saint John, April 21, 1854.

TO ARRIVE

Per *Lisbon* and *Bardara* from London—
600 KEGS Brandram's No. 1, White LEAD; 160 kegs Red, Yellow Green, Black and Blue Paint; 15 casks Crome Yellow, Prussian Blue, Brunswick Green, Vandyke Brown, Indian Red, Quaker Green, Raw and Burnt Umber, Raw and Burnt Terrade Sienna
4 tons Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL;
5 cases INDIGO; 1 bbl. NUTMEGS;
20 cwt. Carbonate of Soda, in 1 cwt Kegs;
1 Ton Washing SODA; 1 1-2 ton ALUM;
10 cwt. Cream of Tartar; 20 cwt. Blue Vitriol;
4 gross assorted Pickles; 500 lb CLOVES;
6 cwt. Alexandrian SENNA;
2 cases Liquorice; 10 cwt. GLUE;
6 cases Sallad Oil; 10 kegs Coleman's Mustard;
1 case Spanish Annatto; 1 case Gold Leaf.
2 casks Hemp and Canary SEED.
May 5. S. L. TILLEY.

MERCHANDISE.

50 BRS. MESS BEEF;
7 bbls Prime POTK;
2 hhds Cuba Sugar; 7 chests TEA;
18 boxes No. 1 Cavendish TOBACCO;
5 do. do. McRaye do.
4 tierces Carolina Rice; 2 bls Barley;
50 1 boxes Malaga Raisins;
40 boxes "Katie Stewart" TOBACCO;
10 M. Havana Cigars;
1000 pairs LADIES' BOOTS, BOOTEES, Congress Gaiters and Slippers;
30 dozen Ladies' Stockings;
8 boxes 10x12 Window GLASS;
10 kegs 20d'y Cut NAILS—For sale by
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN.
No. 6, Prince William Street, South of Queen-street, near Reed's Point.
July 21.

Tea, Indigo, and Seythes.

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

CLOVER & TIMOTHY.—100 Bushels Domestic Timothy, the best in Market; 3000 lbs. Northern Clover SEED. For sale by
April 14. FELLOWS & CO.

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

E. C. GEBARD,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, and Civil ENGINEER. Office—Indian Town.
August 5, 1854.

NEW PAPER HANGINGS.

—Four Thousand Pieces, by the "Admiral," from Boston. And on Sale by
March 18. JOHN KINNEAR.

FLOUR AND CORN MEAL.

Just Received per Schr. "Atlantic," from N. York:
100 BBLS. Superfine FLOUR, in Store;
50 Bags of fine SALT.
Also—20,000 Beech SHEENALLS.
July 7, 1853. G. S. BURNS.

LEECHES.—1 Case superior LEECHES.—
May 12. S. L. TILLEY.

Poetry.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

When the corn fields and meadows,
Are pearled with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

O, the nymphs and the graces,
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies.

And a secret revealing,
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling,
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving,
In flowers and in trees;
A floating and heaving,
In sunlight and breeze;

And striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel, half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meadows
With breath like the May;

He stands in the splendor
That wait on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn.

And he weps, he rejoices,
He prays, not in vain,
For soft, loving voices
Will answer again.

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,"
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

Miscellany.

POSTHUMOUS ADVENTURES OF PAGANINI.

Never was a life fuller of romance and originality than Paganini's. It had scarcely an incident in common with those of ordinary men: everything about it was strange, eccentric, and *sui generis*. From playing upon his violin to eating his dinner, nothing that he did was done as it would have been by others. All was singular and peculiar to himself.

And what was true of the celebrated musician living, held so of his body when his spirit had been upwards. It could not be buried in peace like those of other men, but must first go through as many strange adventures as the Catholic legends fable the dead bodies of some of their saints to have done.

Of these adventures we propose here to give an account. The particulars we shall relate concerning them, although left unmentioned by Paganini's biographers, may be relied on as perfectly authentic. We gathered them during a recent sojourn in the hospitable mansion of the Count de Cessole, at Nice, the one in which the great violinist breathed his last.

It was in the middle of the December of 1839 that Paganini, ill and feeble came there to die. He was pale and thin, even to ghastliness, and so weak as to be required to be carried to his apartment. But though unable to stand alone—and indeed unable even to speak, excepting through the nostrils, since the larynx, if not entirely destroyed, no longer performed its functions—he did not himself believe in the nearness of his end. He spoke incessantly of tours which he yet intended to make in Russia and the United States, and of the rich harvests of roubles and dollars which he yet hoped to reap with his marvelous bow. Nevertheless, he was dying rapidly.

Confined to his bed, he lay surrounded by stringed instruments of all kinds, buried amid heaps of violins and violincellos, all of high value, and worthy of figuring in the hands of the greatest artists. Sometimes he called for his favorite instrument, and drew from it sublimer tones than even of old—tones like those which might have been uttered by a dying poet who was pouring out his soul in a last song. The exertion which he underwent on these occasions, and the state of nervous excitement into which they threw him, rapidly exhausted his remaining little strength But the weaker he grew, the greater became the impossibility of separating him from his instrument; and one day, in spite of the intreaties of all around him, he continued for between seven and eight hours improvising upon it the most delicious airs, melodies of a sweetness perfectly ineffable, which seemed like echoes of that other sphere towards which his soul was so soon to take its flight. Lost to all consciousness of earthly and material things, and utterly absorbed in the endeavour to translate into sounds audible to human ears the heavenly melodies with which his soul seemed filled unto the overflow, he did not cease playing till entirely conquered by fatigue, and forced by physical inability to desist, when he fell back upon his pillow in a swoon. Three days afterwards, as the clock struck five on the evening of May 27th, 1840, he gently sank into the long last sleep.

After his death, a priest declared that he had refused to receive the last sacraments. This was not the truth. As we have seen, at the commencement of his illness, he fully believed that he should recover, and this belief did not forsake him till within a few minutes of his death. When, therefore, a day or two before its occurence, a priest intruded himself into his chamber, he told him that he did not yet need the consolations of the Church, but that when he should need them he would send for him. Death, however, surprised him so suddenly that this intention could not be fulfilled. According to the Catholic doctrine he had thus died in sin, and the clergy therefore ordained that Christian burial should be denied him.

Many influential personages, the king himself, Charles Albert, being of the number, sought to obtain a reversal of this decree. But those who issued it were deaf to all entreaties. Appeal had therefore to be made to an ecclesiastical court, and as it might be years before they gained a decision authorising them to bury his body—or, indeed, a decision of any kind—the friends of the deceased resolved that they would embalm it

When they had done so, they threw open the doors of the hall in which it was deposited to the public, who flocked in crowds to gaze for a last time upon the features of the illustrious dead. From all parts of Italy came multitudes of all classes and all ranks, each vying the other as to who should pay him the highest homage. But at this the clergy were exceedingly displeased. They felt outraged at seeing the corpse of this man, whom they declared had died in impenitence, and whose soul had been anathematised by the Church, the object of so much reverence and so many honours; they therefore demanded of the civil Government that it should be sent out of the city, and it was accordingly removed, under military escort, to the lazaretto of Villefranche.

This lazaretto is situated upon the sea-shore, at the distance of about a league from Nice. It crowns the summit of a rocky eminence, which forms one of the most remarkable features of the little peninsula of Villefranche, into whose narrow compass of nature seems to have striven the greatest possible number of beauties. Everything that is entrancing in natural scenery is there, and at least one art—that of the architect—there are masterpieces not a few. A lovelier spot the imagination could not picture. If Italy may be called the garden of the world, it may be called the garden of Italy.

But the lazaretto itself has nothing in common with the scenery which surrounds it. It is a gloomy building, and the corpse of Paganini was placed in its gloomiest apartment. Covered with an old sail, it was deposited in a dark corner like a piece of merchandize supected of the capability to communicate some dreadful infection. Let us gaze on it as it lies there still and quiet. It is that of a man whose skill won for him the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitudes, and awoke the wonder of the whole civilized world; a man who excited as much admiration amongst men as any hero proud of his hundred victories. He lived for the multitudes, and sleeps his last sleep in the desert; he filled their cities with music, and is denied one "De Profundis;" he conquered a right to the Pantheon, is refused six feet of earth by the side of the obscurest clown; he went through Europe like a conqueror, princes and peasants alike crowding round to do him honour, and now there is not one to watch beside him, or to murmur in his ear the faintest echo of the strains he loved. Once the delight of Europe, and the admirer of all men, he is become an object of fear, a thing of terror. The peasant crosses himself when he sees from afar the building within whose walls is his asylum; and the fisherman trembles and relates that, as he passed it, he saw before him a pale countenance which fixed upon him a look of piteous supplication, and heard the air filled with harmonious sounds which shaped themselves into the accents of a wild cry for mercy.

The name man is born with will sometimes influence him through life. "Pagano," a pagan, paganini, a little pagan—how could a man so called be a true Christian? So at least, argued the populace, till it came to the conclusion that the priests' course was the right one.

When the cause was brought before the tribunals it was argued on both sides with eloquent zeal. The priests did all they could to make it appear otherwise, but Paganini was proved triumphantly to have been in all things a good Catholic. All was in vain, however. Had they proved him a saint, the bishop would still have denied him burial. Appeal must therefore be made to some higher authority.

The corpse bore the delay with exemplary patience. It waited uncomplainingly in its rude apartment in the lazaretto, seemingly determined, by passive resistance, to vanquish the hostile resistance of the clergy. But as it was perfectly idle, the idea was formed of giving it employment. A Jew proposed to purchase it for exhibition in England the price he offered was £2,000.

Everything connected with Paganini, either alive or dead, was thus exceptional. Spurned by the Christian priesthood, his ashes were thus coveted by one of the children of the synagogue. Entrance into a church forbidden them, permission was sought to carry them from fair to fair, for exhibition, side by side with giants, dwarfs, and children with two heads!

From the Bishop of Nice, appeal was made to the archbishop. But he only confirmed the original judgement. From him, in his turn, therefore, appeal was made to the Pope. Fortunately the tiara proved itself more tolerant than the mitre. The supreme pontiff reversed the two previous decisions; and referred the matter for final decision to a council of three archbishops. But till this final judgement could be obtained, he authorised the provisional placing of the corpse in a Christian cemetry.

This authorisation reached Nice, August 20, 1843, the quarantine of the *maestro* having thus lasted more than 3 years. Before midnight on the 21st, the Count de Cessole, bearing the necessary documents, and accompanied by two boatmen and 2 torch-bearers, presented himself at the lazaretto and demanded that the body should be delivered up to him. Having received it, his companions bore it, by the light of the torches, into the skiff which had brought them hither, and then began to row in the direction of Genoa.

As they passed the various customs' stations upon the coast, they were hailed by the officers in charge with the cry: "What carry you there?" "The corpse of Paganini—*aqueo que onabra tan ben*," (him who sang so well)—was the reply. But it was not sufficient to content officers, who insisted upon examining the body with all minuteness, turning it over and over to assure that it was not to hide any contraband goods.

It was thus, then, that Paganini made his last voyage to his native city. He made it in the dead of night, in a simple fishing boat, so small that it required to be rowed but by two men—he who filled Europe with his fame, who had bequeathed fifty thousand guineas to his son, and whose ashes you would deem worthily transported only upon the deck of some huge man-of-war, hung with crape, crowded with saddened countenances, and keeping time, by the sullen booming of its guns, to the mournful accents of some solemn funeral march! And as though it were not sufficient that his remains should be anathematised by the Christian clergy, refused the rites of Christian sepulture, coveted for exhibition by a Jew, and suffered to lie more than three years in a dark corner of a lazaretto, they must now, on his last voyage towards the city of his birth, become objects of suspicion to petty officers of customs! Was not his destiny in every respect exceptional and peculiar?

In one respect, however, it was like that of all other geniuses. Whatever honors his native city whilst living—dead, it paid no respect to his memory. He passed through it without receiving any more notice than would be given to a dead dog. And yet he had made it famous in the history of art, and had bequeathed to it his sword of Austerlitz—his favourite violin, the companion of all his triumphs.

It was in the duchy of Parma that the dead paganini at last found repose so long denied to his persecuted ashes. He was buried in a little chapel added on purpose to a villa which had been purchased some years before by his son. So it is always with the living as well as with the dead—rest may be long denied, but, as surely as men die, it comes at last!

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have learned that the Posthumous Adventurre of Paganini have been resumed. The Italian priesthood will never suffer a victim to escape them, and as the Pope had only authorised a provisional burial, they have been enabled, within these last few weeks, to bring the case again before the tribunals, and to obtain an order that the body shall be disinterred, and remain so until judgement be finally given. So it has once more taken up its old post in the lazaretto. How long will it remain there, none can tell.—"Eliza Cooks Journal."

PILATES WIFE.

'Tis morn upon Jerusalem. The Roman lady has risen from her couch, but an unwonted pallor rests upon her countenance; her eyes are wildred and restless, and step nerveless and slow. The very atmosphere is leaden to her fainting spirit, a renewal of strength upon the open gallery of her mansion. Leaning upon the balustrade, she hears the confused murmurs of the multitude below, and summoning her attendants in haste, she inquires concerning the trial of the night—the absence of her husband. She is informed, "The trial of Christ detains him." "And who is Christ, that I may know?" is her reply. "He that was healer of the sick, the restorer of the blind and lame, the reprover of the Scribes and Pharisees, the preacher of strange doctrines.' 'And why is *he* before Pilate?' 'We know not, but 'because that he, being a *man* maketh himself *God*.'"

And here is the mute victim of the ferocious crowd; here is the Oxe gloriously upon the throne' and the vision again passes in all its horror before her. She believed it a revelation from heaven, and her faith nerves her with more than the courage of Esther, and for the life of that doomed Oxe she dares to plead yea, to command, "Go ye to Pilate, even upon the judgement-seat, and say to him, *Have nothing to do with that just man*, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.'

Was the mision of that angel in vain, or that vision of warning unheeded? When the great day of that decision shall arrive, will not the plea of that Roman wife in behalf of the Son of Man be recorded in letters of living light and her name, though unknown in the annals of time, be found in "the Lamb's book of life?"

Courage, then, believe in Christ! Though, like the wife of Pilate, thy name be unknown to earthly fame, if thou plead his cause in time, he will confess it before his Father and the holy angels.

BLACKBERRY WINE.

A correspondent of the Southern Planter, gives the following recipes for making Blackberry Wine and Blackberry Cordial, which, just now will no doubt be acceptable to our readers.

MR. EDITOR.—It may not be known to many of your young subscribers that they possess in the blackberry, grown so unwillingly in their fields, the means, at once, of making an excellent wine and a valuable medicine for home use. To make a wine equal in value to Port, take ripe blackberries or dewberries and press them, let the juice stand thirty-six hours to ferment, skim off whatever rises to the top, then, to every gallon of the juice, add a quart of water and three pounds of sugar, (brown sugar will do) let this stand in open vessels for twenty-four hours, skim and strain it, then barrel it until March, when it should be carefully racked off and bottled.

Blackberry cordial is made by adding one pound of white sugar to three pounds of ripe blackberries, allowing them to stand for twelve hours, then pressing out the juice, straining it adding one-third part spirit, and putting a teaspoonful of fine powdered allspice in every quart of the cordial, it is at once fit for use.

This wine and cordial are very valuable medicines in the treatment of weakness of the stomach and bowels, and are especially valuable in the summer complaints of children.

As this is the season of such disorders, and as the blackberry will soon be ripe, I have thought it necessary to make known these recipes.

Yours, &c., ECONOMIST.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY L. L. WIGGINS.

Man is condemned to labor, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Engaged in the noise and turmoil of the day, he has no time for sweet and delightful thought. But there are moments in a person's life, when he may escape from the labors and cares of the busy world, and let his mind wander over scenes long gone by.

The pleasures of memory are indeed unbounded; and also who has not felt their sweet and delightful influence? All the pleasant scenes that have occurred in past time, all sensations which have occasioned delight, are brought forward by its power, and these being brightened by the accompanying influence of imagination, the remembrance is sometimes more pleasing than the experience.

Our minds are like a tomb; all our fortunes and misfortunes, pleasures and pains are buried there, until like the last trump, memory calls them forth, and imagination clothes them in pure and resplendent garments.

"Like echo sending forth sweet music fraught
With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought."

When those who are young and strong, shall have grown old and feeble, and shall look back upon their past life, what mingled feeling will their recollection bring to them. The scenes of their youth will be brought forward to their rememberance as vivid as if they had happened but yesterday. The once loved home, where they passed their happiest days; the little streamlet in whose crystal waters they played, the old church whose silent solemnity filled them with awe, all will be revisited in their minds. How little trouble did they feel then; and they will look upon those days with sadness, and contrast them with the many merry hours since.

Memory will also bring forward the high hopes and glorious anticipations of opening manhood. Bright prospects of the future opened to the imagination, expectations of a long and happy life, which are interrupted by the sad reflection that they were but as the morning dew, which dissipates before the heat of the noontide sun. Imagination yielded to reality, the dreamer awoke and all his bright visions vanquished.

Ask the exile why, with moistened eye and saddened countenance, he casts such long and lingering looks over you dark, blue rolling sea? Ah! he will tell you that beyond that dreary waste of waters lies his own, his beloved, native land; his home, his country, his all. Even now, in his darkest hours, when fate and fortune seem to have deserted him, his property lost, his family in a land of tyranny, and naught left to him but hope, that the sun of freedom may yet illumine it; the memory of his beloved, father land ever rises before him. The bright blue sky; the green valles richly laden with autumnal fruits; the dark slopes of the mountains, dotted with flocks and herds; the glassy surface of the gently meandering river all stand before him, and his imagination clothes them with redoubled beauty.

"Beloved country banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prized house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and longs for thee."

How bright must the recollections of the traveller be, when, worn by years, and no longer able to see the world, he can pursue his travels over again in his mind. Memory brings before him all the beauties of the various countries in which he has travelled, clothed with increased brilliancy. The Pyramids, Nile, and Sphinx; the dark gloomy jungles of India; the classic shades and noble remains of Italy and Greece, the palaces and gay saloons of sunny France; and the Rhine, with the ruins of many a baronial castle on its shores. It is related of a well known Oriental traveller, that in his extreme old age, after he had become blind, he entertained his visitors with interesting details of what he had seen many years before at Persepolis, describing the walls on which the inscription and bas-reliefs of which he spoke were found; just as one would describe a building which he had recently visited. He said to his son, that, as he laid blind on his bed, the images of all he had seen in the East were present to his soul; and it was, therefore, to whatever he chose speak of them as of yesterday. In like manner there was vividly reflected to him, in the hours of