St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Doane & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d. in Advance;—3s if not paid until the termination of the year;

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the Credit system, and stop the practice of making good subscribers contribute for those who never pay, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, to one address, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

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All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

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

GOODS.

By the "Gipsey," "Charles," and "Richmond," &c., received and for Sale:—

75 BAGS Shingle and Clapboard fine Cut NAILS, and 25 bags Board fine Cut Nails, at 22d. per lb.; 35 kegs, 100 lbs. each, 7d's, 8d's, 9d's, and 10d's Horse Nails; 50 kegs 6d's, 8d's, and 10d's Wrought Rose and Clasp-head Nails; 10 casks 2½, 2¾ and 3 inch Boat Nails; 10 casks 4½ and 5 inch Spikes; 700 yards Superfine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 300 do Fine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 25 kegs yellow Paint; 5 boxes Cocoa Paste; A variety of WOODEN WARE.

Also—*By the "Albert" from London:*

A Case containing first-rate CHARTS of the English and Irish Channel, North Atlantic, Nova-Scotia, the St. Lawrence, &c., &c.;
6 Ten inch Brass Compasses;
24 log Glasses; 30 Parallel Rulers;
12 Hunter Scales; Quadrants, Thermometers, Ruled and Plain Log Books, &c.—For sale by the Case. JOHN KINNEAR.

St. John, July 18, 1851.

THE FANCY ARCADE,
CORNER OF KING AND CROSS STREET.

KEEPS constantly on hand for Sale, Gold and Silver WATCHES, a neat assortment of Gold French and English Jewelry, Fans, Perfumery, Scented Soaps, Colognes, Hair Oils, Liquid Ruge Extracts, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, hair, clothes, tooth, hall, and other Brushes, Feather Dusters, gilt Framed and Zinc Mirrors, Steel Pens and Holders, lead and slate Pencils, Drawing Paints, Sun Glasses, Spectacles, Watch Guards, Fob Chains, Steel Beads, and Purse Trimmings, Crosbea Boxes in great variety, playing, courting, and conversation Cards, Alabaster Goods, silk Purses, French Paper Weights, Fire Crackers, Work Boxes and Writing Desks, Stationery, and upwards of 2000 other different articles.

N. B.—This establishment is well worthy the inspection of Country, Wholesale as well as Retail purchasers, as the Proprietor selects his Stock personally from Foreign Markets.

August 1. J. CROUCH.

GRANITE HALL,
No. 14, Dock Street.

SUMMER OVER COATS, in loose and Plain fine styles, made of a superior article of Venetian Cloth, cut and made up in the neatest manner, only 25s., or made to Measure at 27s. 6d., and a perfect fit warranted.

July 18. THOS. R. JONES.

NEW BOOKS.
Per Steamer "Admiral."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July;
Fowler's Phrenological Journal do.;
Capt. O'Sullivan, or Adventures Civil, Military and Matrimonial, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq.
The Birthright, by Mrs. Gore;
Blanche of Navarre, a Play by G. P. R. James;
The Smuggler a Tale;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, by G. W. M Reynolds;
French without a Master;
Tom Cringle's Log and Cruise of the Midge;
A further supply of Masonry, &c.

July 4. B. O'BRIEN.

TO LET.—*Possession given immediately.*

THE first flat of the subscribers HOUSE, in Elliott Row—comprising two Parlors with Bed rooms, Kitchen and Pantry, a frost proof Cellar, and a well of water in the yard. The premises are in thorough repair, and suitable for a genteel family. Enquire on the premises.

July 25. R. C. MINNETTE, Jr.

NOTICE.

MR. WILLIAM B. KINNEAR, intending to return to this City in the early part of autumn, has taken the office lately occupied by the Messrs. Jack in Prince William street, where he will attend to professional business, in connection with his Nephew, Mr. H. W. Parrs.

Mr. H. W. Parrs having removed to the above Office, will let the one lately occupied by him, from the 1st May next, at a low rent.

Scotch and French Goods.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received from Germany, Nine Cases assorted TOYS and DOLLS, and Two Cases from France, comprising an elegant assortment of French China FLOWER VASES Fancy PAPER WEIGHTS, PERFUMES, HAIR OILS, SCENTED SOAPS, WALKING STICKS, Cricket BATS, Balls, and Wickets, &c., &c.

Also, Fancy Brushes, GRIZZETTS always on hand

TOYS Wholesale and Retail. WM. MAJOR.

GRANITE HALL, No. 14, Dock Street—GREAT BARGAINS in Black Cloth SACK COATS.

25s. only for a fine article;
25s. " " medium article;
25s. " " warranted Wool Dyed.

July 18. T. R. JONES.

Perfumed Spirits and Chocolate.
Now landing ex Albert, from London, viz:

3 CASES Farina's genuine Jas de Cologne, Lavender, Warde, Extract de Rose, D'Orange, Bergamot, &c. &c., in short bottle;
1 cask fine FRENCH CHOCOLATE, in cakes and tablets. For sale by

August 1. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Chains, Anchors, &c.

THE Subscriber offer for Sale:—40 Wood and Iron Stocked ANCHORS, assorted sizes, 5 to 25 Cwt.;
35 Close CHAIN CABLES, ⅞ inch to inch, 45 to 90 fathoms;
Cable ditto, 1 to 2 inch, 90 fathoms;
All sizes of RIGGING CHAIN.
Also—40 Cases best SPERMACETI FELT.

August 1. ALLISON & SPURR.

Miscellaneous.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A THRILLING EVENT.

The subjoined narrative, published originally in Chamber's Journal, is stated to be translated from a foreign newspaper. It is necessary to remind the reader, that the island of Mauritius, appertaining at the day to the English, was originally colonized by the French, and that the population yet consists, in a great measure, of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations.

About ten or twelve months ago, the Sieur Clodomir Pierlow, a rich merchant of the island was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the head and face mutilated by a pistol and all doubts as to the cause of the catastrophe was dissolved by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, as also a paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words:—

"I am ruined!—a villian has robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling; dishonor must be my portion, and I cannot survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us; and I pray that God, my friends, and my enemies, may pardon my self-destruction! Yet another tribute and I shall be in eternity!

(Signed) CLODOMIR FRENOIS."

Great was the consternation caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony, as a man of strict honor and probity, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavouring faithfully to fulfil his last wishes, found her grief too overpowering to permit her to mingle with the world, and took the resolution to consecrate her remaining days to the service of religion. Two months after the sad end of her husband, she entered a convent, leaving a nephew of the late merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the defunct led to the discovery of the period at which the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and this period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man named John Mooncalf, long in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry; but, shortly after the decease of the late merchant's property, Moon reappeared in the colony. When taken up and examined respecting the cause of his flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France to recover certain sums due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful; and he further averred, that, if Clodomir Frenois, in his existing correspondence, had thrown any injurious suspicion upon him (Moon), the whole was but a pretext to account for deficiences of which the merchant himself was the sole cause and author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no inquiry, and whose worldly circumstances remained to appearance the same as they had ever been, had the effect of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examiners; and the affair soon fell, in a great measure, out of the public recollection.

Things remained for a short time in this condition, when one morning, Mr. William Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate as a very early hour, and he caused one of his servants, who went down and opened the door, and immediately returned with the intelligence, that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr. Burnett in private. Mr. Burnett rose, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended to the parlor. He saw there a stranger of tall person, seated in an easy and familiar attitude upon a sofa, with a number of the *Morning Post* in his hand. The back of the visitor was turned to Mr. Burnett as he entered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr. Burnett said aloud "Sir, may I beg to know your business with me?"

The stranger turned round to salute his host warmly and courteously. Mr. Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had beheld, nearly a year before, a mutilated corpse, and whom he himself had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview, between Mr. Burnett and his strange visitor, remained a secret. Mr. Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated, from his dwelling and to visit the magistrate charged with the conduct of the criminal processes of the colony. In the course of that day as John Moon was regaling himself with tea under the palm trees in his garden, along with a Circassian female whom he had bought sometime previously, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of Justice. On the following day he was brought before the criminal court, accused of robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime being a conjoined breach of trust and violence.

Moon smiled at the charge with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to fear. The judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a delict upon him; and that, so far from their being any such evidence producable, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any one person in his service, had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois during his life.

"Do you then affirm your innocence?" repeated the judge gravely, after hearing all that the other had to say.

"I will attach my innocence," replied Moon, "even before the body of my late master, if that be necessary." (Such a thing often took place under the old colonial law.)

"John Moon, said the judge, in a voice broken by some peculiar emotion, "It is before your late master that you will have to assert your innocence, and may God make the truth appear!"

A shout from the judge accompanied the words, and immediately became deadly silence in the court. He addressed to the last witness, who was standing leaning his eye calmly but sternly fixed on the prisoner, in presence. A great sensation was excited in the court by his appearance—Uttering shrieks of terror and horror, the females present fled from the spot. The accused fell on his knees in abject terror, and shuddering confessed his guilt. For a time no voice was heard but his. However, as it became noised out that a living man stood before the court, the courage for the prisoner gained courage to speak, and he stated that the indemnity of the merchant he plundered, and the mystery of his existence he explained. He said that the court should not be blamed by what might prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a person living and one deceased; and that such an event as that of the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraordinary terror, was not to be held of much weight.

"Before being admitted here on an account or witness," continued the advocate, addressing the resuscitated merchant, "prove who and what you are, and disclose by what chance the bullet, which so lately received your body, mingled with tailors, has given up its tenant, and restored you to the world in the full flesh."

The Sieur Clodomir of the advocate, who continued speechless in his duty under circumstances that would have chained the tongue of most men, called forth the following narrative from Clodomir Frenois:—

"My story may seem far wild, and will outlive its credulity very indeedy. When I discovered the robbery committed by the accused, he had then fled from the colony, and I immediately saw that all attempts to recover my loss would prove fruitless. I was ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night before this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and had handled my pistol. This done, I prayed for forgiveness from my Maker for the act that I was about to commit. The coil of despair was at my head, and my finger on the lock, when a knock at the outer door of the house startled me. I concealed my weapon, and went to the door. A man entered whom I recognized to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my brother, the physician, then living with me. The receiver of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, connived at those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession, to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed at having met me. 'Did my nephew request you to bring this body?' said I. 'No,' replied the man; 'but I know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to offer him this body. For mercy's sake,' continued the sexton, 'do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation and my family's bread.'

"While the man was thus speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and honor. I stood for a few moments absorbed in thought, and then, recollecting myself, I gave two pieces of gold to the resurrectionist, the thing which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away, and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same stature as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the man; he had been a poor offender, abandoned by his family. 'Poor relic of mortality!' said I, with tears in my eyes, 'nothing which man may do can now injure thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one, but twenty families! And should success attend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be my children; and, when my hour comes, we shall rest together in the tomb, to which thou shalt be borne before me!'"

At this portion of the merchant's narrative, the most lively interest was excited in the court, and testified even by tears from many of the audience. Frenois thus proceeded:

"I then stripped off my clothes, and dressed the body in them. This accomplished, I then took up the pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when I applied it to my own person, I fired it close to the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect the substitution which had been made.

"Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed myself anew, shaved off the whiskers which I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me on board a French vessel, on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectations which had led me to the execution of this scheme were not disappointed. I knew John Moon was the man who had robbed me, and who stands at the bar of this court, and that he had formed connections in this island, which would in all probability bring him back to it as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been equally fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained here in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring at first to betray the appearance of wealth, he had lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have brought it with me, and also sufficient proofs, supposing his confession of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him of the crime with which he stands charged. By the same means," continued Clodomir Frenois with a degree of honorable pride, in which all who heard him sympathized, "will I be enabled to restore my family to their place in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which, please God, I shall transmit unsullied to my children, and my children's children."

John Moon, whose guilt was thus suddenly and strangely laid bare to the world, did not retract the confession which he had made in the extremity of his terror; and without separating, the court sentenced him to confinement for life in the prison of the colony.

The news of Clodomir Frenois' reappearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held led to universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his home by a dense multitude, who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be vain to attempt any description of the feelings of the wife who thus saw restored to her the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She was released from her ecclesiastical vows, and rejoined her husband, no more to part till the grave really claimed one or the other of them as its due.

A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship had turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk up all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top gallant forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall, powerful young seaman; "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes into dinner." In about half an hour the dinner bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coal-of-Africa nigger, of the name of Leigh; they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

"You go swim to-day, Ned?" said he addressing me. "Feared of shark, hey? Shark nubber bite me. Suppose I neek black in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel." I was tempted, and like the rest was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading.—We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice on board cried out, "A shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's chains, half mad with fright, the last black among the rest. It was a large shark. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. "Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boat swain was heard shouting, "A shark! a shark! Come back, for God's sake!

"Lay off, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim, for God's sake!" cried the captain who was now on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him.—Strike out, lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still: I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim! cried several voices; "they never take black when they can get white."

I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied that the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely deemed to move! the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!", was shouted; "he is after you!" Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct we swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert, that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HANGING FOR THE FUN OF IT.—The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican picks up many gossipping novelties, and in a late letter relates a hanging case that people can believe or not as they like. He states that in the Latin quarter of Paris all the pretty grisettes and sewing girls reside, and in the Latin quarter the fugitives from justice take refuge. Recently a very important arrest was made there, the criminal's history being quite original enough to merit relating. It follows:

About ten years ago, a Dr. Faust Werther, of Stuttgardt, having obtained permission from the high court of justice to take the body of a man who was to be hung, had it, as soon as cut down, taken to his laboratory, where he proposed to make some phrenological examinations upon the subject, who had been one of the greatest rascals of the age. After feeling all the bumps to his satisfaction, the doctor made a little cut in the neck of the subject, and was immediately after called out to see a patient. He left the body as it was, locked the door and went off. But while he was gone the dead man came to life. The air which had penetrated his body by means of the cut in his neck, gradually restored him to life. He sat up, looked around him, and was at first bewildered to find himself in such a place; but recollection soon returning he walked around the room, staunched the blood of his wound, dressed himself in a suit of the doctor's clothes he found in a press, took possession of his watch, and was seeking means to escape, when the doctor returned. He was of course seized with horror on seeing his subject walking about. But the latter immediately spoke and said—"Sir, you see and know my social position. Two hours ago, I was a desperate villain; at this moment," he added, looking at the watch—

"But that is my watch!" cried the doctor. "It is possible," said the other, "but I have been since yesterday through such strange scenes, that I beg of you to tell me whether I am alive, whether I am in heaven or hell."

The Doctor at once related how he had obtained the body after hanging.

"Science is ignorant of what I know," cried the ex-hung: and I deserve my life, for I can tell you some strange things. You have often heard of the delightful sensations felt by a hanging person, but no one has been able to describe them. You can now, for I am going to relate them to you. Imagine the intoxication of paradise, and the torments of the darker world at the same time, &c.

"Our fortune is made!" suddenly cried the doctor, "every one believes you dead; you will remain with me."

Eight days after Doctor Faust Werther arrived in London, where he established the famous *hanging society*, and all the eccentricities of the kingdom soon joined it. Men, worn out with dissipation of all kinds, came to the doctor to experience the emotions of hanging. Hung up during the necessary time, they experienced the ecstacies which it seems no pen can describe. The doctor, watch in hand, counted the minutes and the pulsations, and at the moment when he judged that death was about to succeed life, the cord was cut by his assistant, no other than the bandit of Stuttgardt. The police at last shut up the doctor's establishment as immortal, and he himself was ordered to leave the country. Among his most enthusiastic clients or patients was Lord Quakerstown, who, when he heard that the doctor was to quit England, determined to accompany him.

The three travellers reached Dover, and stopped for the night at a hotel. After a hearty supper Lord Q. exacted his dessert but from some caprice or other, he insisted that the doctor should be hung by him. The latter consented, and the two were drawn up by the ex-rascal, of Stuttgardt, the doctor having given him the most particular directions to cut the cord within a certain time. But, whilst the doctor and the Lord were going through their delicious sensations, the faithful servant took possession of their bank notes and their jewels and fled. The next morning when one of the waiters went to the room, he found the two dead bodies.

Last week, a beggar was arrested in the Latin quarter, begging in the streets being forbidden. Certain papers in English found upon him, led to a minute inquiry into his life. It was found that he had spent large sums of money in Paris; that for a long time he had lived here with all the appearances of wealth, but that little by little he had fallen into utter poverty. It was at first supposed that he was one of the celebrated forgers, who several years forged largely on the Bank of England, and a dispatch was sent to the London police. An agent was immediately sent here, and it was then discovered that the prisoner was the murderer of Lord Quakerstown and Dr. Faust. He has been taken to England for trial; and, no doubt, if again hung, he will be duly buried, instead of given over to a doctor.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries have been much impeded in their efforts in China by the tolerance of the Chinese laws. But a change utterly unexpected has recently taken place in what is termed the "Celestial Empire;" and a greater degree of toleration is now accorded. To those who regard the moral and intectual advancement of the human race, it is gratifying to see the tyranny of superstition and ignorance fading away or burst asunder. And to those who desire to see advanced the peaceful but glorious triumphs of the Sun of Righteousness, it is far more encouraging to witness the removal of barriers which at one time were deemed almost insurmountable, and to see the vast empire of Turkey, on the one hand, and of China on the other, permitting the Jew and the Christian, in their respective dominions, full and unqualified liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. "The young Emperor of China, who succeeded his father at his death, in February, 1850, having, at his accession, rejected the demands addressed to him by the mandarins for permission to persecute the Christians within his dominions, published a decree, in the month of June in the same year, permitting the free exercise of the Christian religion throughout his dominions. The Emperor, at the same time, invited four missionaries to wait upon him, who are to be lodged in his palace. Monsignor Perouseau, Bishop of China, has informed us in a letter, dated September 5, 1850, that the Emperor was educated by a Christian lady in whom the late Emperor placed unbounded confidence. A similar education had been formerly given to some of the Roman Emperors during the three centuries of persecution, and the Christians had thereby obtained an occasional respite, so valuable for the propagation of the faith amongst those souls, naturally timid, who in all times and countries have been the most numerous." The opportunity seems now to be afforded for the easier spread of Christianity in those extensive countries; and we would hope that the spirit of missionary enterprise amongst Protestants will not be behind the energy and activity by which the Roman Catholic missionaries have been so long characterised.—(Protestant Magazine for July.)

A RAT STORY.—The following dodge is said by the *Germantown Telegraph*, to have been enacted in the city of Philadelphia, as the play-bills have it, "with unbounded success." A fellow, half dandy, half loafer, entered an oyster saloon, and gave his order for a plate of raw. While swallowing the bivalves, a huge rat came rushing over the counter. The oyster eater and the oyster seller started at the sight, and the latter made a rush for the "critter," followed by several of the hangers on about the saloon, but the rat succeeded in making his escape through the back door. The party had scarcely returned, and the customer swallowed his last oyster, when another rat appeared. The result in this case was similar to the former one, and the landlord and his friends returned to discover that his customer had disappeared, after borrowing from the till its contents, amounting to about fifteen dollars. The rogue had an accomplice outside who had let the rats in at the window. Shrewd trick, and worthy the reputation of a "Philadelphia lawyer."

HORRIBLE CASE OF TORTURE.—The station and district of Rejeshye is in a state of great commotion, arising from an order lately come up, it is said, direct from the Sudder Nizamát, upon the magistrate here, to investigate a case of most horrible torture that was perpetrated on one Kistodhun Sha, of Mullunchee, a servant of Mr. Jennings. It is said the man's face was placed over a pot of heated chillies, the fume of which had such an effect that blood spouted from his mouth and nose, and he was nearly killed. In this state he was asked certain questions touching a dacoity that had occurred, and his replies were taken down by two of the deputy magistrate's darogahs, who had purposely placed themselves in an adjoining room. These replies, thus extorted, were handed to the magistrate as a confession, and the man himself was lodged in the Natorre gaol.—(Bombay Gaz.

THE MINISTER AND HIS MAN AT VARIANCE.—At a village church not an hundred miles from Yarrell, Nottinghamshire, public curiosity is attracted from the odd circumstance that the reading desk of the clerk is placed in the opposite direction to that of the minister. The force of the case stand thus:—Some years ago, the then vicar and his 'conclerk' were seldom on the best terms and the parishioners were often amused, though but little benefited in the example by a general quarrel between these worthies during service time. On one occasion after a violent altercation in the church, the pious pastor ascended the rostrum, which served alike for reading desk and pulpit, and after entering upon his homily from John x., 11, made the following observation:—"I am the good shepherd, ye are flock; the Bible is my whip, and this is my faithful dog, clapping his own palm, with no gentle force, upon the bald pate of poor old 'Anon.' 'I speak unto wise.' Ye speak like an ass!" responded Mose, levelling his bible at the vicar's head, and immediately leaving the church. Before the following Sunday, the clerk had a desk erected of the opposite of the aisle, where it remains to this day.

Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

A man is half an inch taller in the morning than at night.

THE SABBATH BELL.

Peal on, peal on, I love to hear
The old church ding-dong soft and clear!
The welcome sounds are doubly blest
With future hope and earthly rest.
Yet were no calling changes found
To spread their cheering echoes round,
There's not a place where man may dwell,
But he can hear the Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when Winter's song
Howls like a famished wolf along:
Or when the south winds scarcely turn
The light leaves of the trembling fern,
Although no cloister chimes ring there,
The heart is called to faith and prayer;
For all Creation's voices tell
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour
In gentle calm or headlong roar;
Let the vast ocean be thy home,
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam;
In rippling swell or stormy roll,
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul;
And thou shalt feel the hallowed spell
Of the wide water's Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedge-row spray,
The bee within the wild thyme's bloom
The owl amid the cypress gloom,
All singing in their varried tone
A vesper to the great unknown.
Above—below—one chorus swells
Of God's unnumbered Sabbath bells.

—*Eliza Cook.*

IRISH ANECDOTE.—Willis, writing upon "Scenery in Ireland," gives a couple of anecdotes, that were brought out by the driver of an Irish junting-car in which Willis was the only passenger. A young fellow was seen leading an ass. The driver addressed him:

"Good morrow, neighbor!—is that ass your own?"

"No," replied the boy, "he's my father's."

"In troth—I knew he was one of the family, for he's the very picture of the auld man," retorted Barney with a loud guffaw, at the same time applying the whip vigorously to his horse to escape the vengeance of the irritated lad, who was searching on the road for a "lump of two year old," *i. e.*, a stone with which he meant to return Barney's witticism: next essay was upon a good looking country girl, who, with bare feet and with well gathered-up petticoats, was daintily picking her way along a plashy part of the road.

"Mind your steps, ma cailleen dhas, or you'll dirty your birth-day stockings," cried he.

"Never fear, abouchal. But if I do, where's the harm? Sure they're warranted to wash, and hould the color always," replied the girl, smartly.

"I wonder, then, how they'd look turned?" inquired Barney, with a grin.

"About as purty as your own eyes," answered she glancing knowingly at the questioner.

The girl's allusion to the obliquity of Barney's optics, disconcerted him a little; he flourished his whip, began to whistle vehemently, and looked out for a fitter object to crack his next joke upon.

THOUGHTS COME IN DREAMS.

The expression in Campbell's beautiful poem, "Lochiel's warning,"—"coming events cast their shadows before,"—is familiar to all. Here is an interesting account of the circumstances attending its conception which we extract from the "Life and Letters of Campbell," just published.

"With respect to the oft quoted lines—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before——"

the following anecdote is preserved:—The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit at Minto, the previous summer. He had gone early to bed, and still meditating on the Wizard's 'Warning,' fell fast asleep.—During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating—

"Events to come cast their shadows before."

This was the very thought for which he had been hunting during the whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force.—At last, surprised and annoyed by so unseasonable a peal, the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impatience and inspiration. 'Sir are you ill?' inquired the servant. 'Ill! never better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible.' He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the 'happy thought;' but as he wrote, changed the words 'events to come,' into *coming events*, as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock—the right hour for poet's dream; and over his cup of tea he completed the first sketch of Lochiel."

THE FROGS BETTING RING.—The man, who looks like a coffee shop waiter, out for the day, is Davis, the "Leviathan book-maker." He'll lay odds against anything, and to any amount. Observe the cochineal nose which he pockets a bundle of notes, and weaks out roaring out, "I'll lay against Prince Masharr." A very few years since, he was a journeyman in Cabot's workshop, but having a clear head and most extraordinary luck, he has risen to his present position, and looked upon, by the betting men, as "safe as the Bank of England." He has paid £20,000 in notes on a racing day at Newmarket, losses upon one day's racing, and laughed the whole. At the last Chester races, he laid £60,000 to £250 against Black Doctor, winning the Cup, and the Derby. The Horse ran second for the Cup, thus giving him a very narrow squeak. He knows no more about a horse than a lamp post, and cares as little. He lays the odds all round, and will take half a sovereign from a butcher boy, or a thousand from a duke with the same indifference.—*Correspondent of Gloucester Journal.*

THE VALUE OF A NAME.—A waiter in a chop house, in London, with a few days since married to his daughter of a respectable retired tradesman, a man of considerable wealth, in consequence of his having been represented to the parents of his bride that "he had an excellent situation in the Victualling Office.

LACK OF "CONFIDENCE."—A Yankee having sunk a fish hook out a fluke to Tiger snuffed, and instantly bristled up and showed his teeth, on which his whisker cropped his sausages like a hot potato. "What's the matter?" demanded the wonder of park. "Do you find any fault with my sausages?" "No," replied the Yankee. "Dog won't eat dog that's all."

Theory is the guide of practice, and practice is the life of theory.