AN EXOTIC.

[This poem, by the late lamented HENRY TIMROD, of South Carolina, was originally published, during the war, in an obscure Southern paper, and is reproduced here at the special request of the poet's friends.—ED. APPLETON'S JOURNAL.]

Not in a climate near the sun
Did the cloud with its trailing fringes float,
Whence, white as the down of angel's plume,
Fell the snows of her brow and throat.

And the ground had been rich for a thousand years
With the blood of heroes, and sages, and kings,
Where the rose, that blooms in her exquisite cheek,
Unfolded the flush of its wings.

On a land, where the faces are fair, though pale,
As a moonlight mist, when the winds are still,
She breaks, like a morning in paradise,
Through the palms of an Orient hill.

Her beauty, perhaps, were all too bright,
But about her there broods some delicate spell,
Whence the wondrous charm of the girl grows soft
As the light in an English dell.

There is not a story of faith and truth
On the starry scroll of her country's fame,
But has helped to shape her stately mien,
And to touch her soul with flame!

I sometimes forget, as she sweeps me a bow,
That I gaze on a simple English maid,
And I bend my head as if to a queen,
Who is courting my lance and blade.

Once, as we read in a cloistered niche,
A poet who sang of her sea throned isle,
There was something of Albion's mighty Bess
In the flash of her haughty smile.

She seemed to gather from every age
All the greatness of England about her there,
And my fancy wove a royal crown
Of the dusky gold of her hair.

But it was no queen to whom that day
In the dim green shade of a trellised vine,
I whispered a hope that had somewhat to do
With a small white hand in mine.

The Tudor had vanished, and, as I spoke,
'Twas herself looked out of her frank brown eye,
And an answer was burning upon her face,
Ere I caught the low reply.

What was it? Nothing the world need know—
The stars saw our parting! Enough that then
I walked from the porch with the tread of a king,
And she—was a queen again!

Dr. Semple's Opportunity.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," ETC.

Sometimes we come suddenly upon a scene in real life that, all simple and unpremeditated though it be, impresses us as a history, a story, or a picture, for which we may or may not possess the key, but of which we feel instinctively the meaning and force. We know in a moment what it means; we feel in a moment that one of the many combinations of our shifting human life has taken place before us, and that it tells, even to our eyes, the tale of what has been, and of what may be. Of late the word "suggestive" has been very much in vogue. It has, in fact, become the name of a class to which many different things belong. We have suggestive poetry, suggestive painting, suggestive essays, suggestive styles of doing and saying every thing—perhaps even suggestive puddings and pies—so to follow this universal fashion, we may call such human pictures as these suggestive. The term certainly suits them better than it suits many other things to which it has been applied.

It was such a picture as that which awaited Dr. Semple as he walked on a bright afternoon of early October to the door of Colonel Randolph's pleasant, rambling old house, and asked the servant who answered the bell if Miss Mona was at home. Before any reply could be given by Tom, a small head appeared under his arm, and a small, sharp voice chirped forth:

"You'll find sister Mona in the greenhouse, doctor. She took Mr. Barry there a good while ago, and they haven't come back yet."

"How-d'ye-do, Louey?" said Semple to the diminutive speaker. "Do you mean the greenhouse yonder across the lawn?"

"Yes, the new one," responded Louey. "Mr. Barry said he wanted to see the purple fuchsia, and Sister Mona took him there, and they've been gone ever so long."

"All right," said the doctor, with a smile. "I hope they have been enjoying themselves. Tell your mother I gave her message to Taylor, and I'll be in after a while to see her about it."

With this he nodded and walked off across the lawn, shaping his course toward a large circular conservatory which stood at some considerable distance from the house. As he went, swinging his stick and whistling softly to himself, he noticed the beauty of all things about him—noticed it absently, as people who are not keenly alive to the charm of Nature often do; but he remembered afterward, with strange distinctness, the whole aspect of the afternoon and of all the inanimate objects which it had tinged with its own glory. He saw the floods of mellow sunshine that lit into dazzling brilliancy the burning gold and vivid scarlet of the trees, the clumps of flowering shrubs upon the smooth lawn, and especially one whose bright-red blossoms were relieved by the deep green of a hedge near by; the dark-brown house, standing in quiet serenity amid all this lavish beauty, the glittering crystal pavilion toward which he was advancing; even the fair outlook of rolling country as his eye travelled beyond the Randolph domain, the embowered town on one side, and, on the other, hills sloping gently into quiet valleys or level fields, woods draped in the gorgeous robes of Autumn, but softened in their splendor by the mantle of blue blade that rested over all things, and gave a tinge of sadness to the glowing landscape.

George Semple had little or none of that blessed love of Nature and appreciation of beauty which people who have it not call "sentiment;" but, in his own fashion, he admired the bounteous feast of form and color spread before him.

He did not put this admiration into definite form, even in his own thoughts; but he felt it, and it dwelt with him. His heart was light, for he had heard good news that day, and he knew no distrust of any living creature, no fear of harm or wrong from any, when suddenly he turned a corner of the conservatory, came in front of an open door, and saw the picture which all this time had been awaiting him.

It was a pretty picture; nobody could have denied that. The October sunshine with its deep golden pathos might have gone far before it would have found a lovelier object to rest upon than Mona Randolph as she stood beside a tall green sarub and bent her head over a spray of fuchsia which she held in her hand. All around and behind were broad green leaves and glowing flowers, and the slender, graceful figure thus framed in their midst might have passed as the priestess of this floral shine, if priestesses ever wore dresses of silvery poplin and scarfs of bright-scarlet cashmere. Over the bent head, with its rich dark hair, this scarf was draped, and, being long, it also fell around the shoulders, thus giving the effect of a hood, and proving vastly becoming to the pretty face with its soft, dark eyes and sweet, childlike mouth.

Watching this face with an intent gaze was a man who leaned his folded arms on a geranium-stand and stood before the priestess—a tall, well-built, handsome-looking man of twenty-eight or thirty, who, as far as personal appearance went, might have done for the hero of a popular novel. He made a very striking contrast to small, dark, plain George Semple pausing outside in the mellow sunshine; and, unfortunately, it is quite as often in real life as in novels, that muscles, and curling hair, and a straight nose, carry every thing before them.

(To be continued.)

[*From the Ladies Journal.*]

Low-Necked Dresses.

The fashion for low-necked dresses, and what is called "square-necks," has become so universal, that it well befits a fashion journal to take it up and treat it. There are reasons *for* as well as reasons *against*. Some persons have beautiful shoulders and arms, though it must be said that in America such beauties are few and far between. Let these wear low-necked dresses; they have some excuse for it.

But oh! in the name of all that shocks the æsthetic sense! why, why do women and girls whose necks are *scraggy*, whose arms are *ditto*, wear dresses that expose these infirmities to the public or to the social gaze?

Why are these necks and these arms not suppressed in the sympathetic bosom of the family of the sufferers?

The prettiest face loses by the juxtaposition of the scrawny neck, and the facilities offered by *tulle*, *mouseline* and dotted lace for the dissembling of these personal defects, are such, that it argues a kind of insanity to ignore or disregard them.

What can be prettier than the Marie Antoinette cape, for instance? And does not every woman who has read history know that the fair and unfortunate Queen of France adopted this neck beautifier, when her own—she being very young at the time, and very thin—did not present that beauty of contour and color for which it afterward became remarkable? Marie Antoinette wore a cape for the very reason that the Empress did not—viz., *to look well*.

Let Miss Kellogg wear a low-necked dress—she can afford to do so. So can the fair Bateman. So can Olympia Dazzler, the present queen of fashion in Washington, whose papa is a Senator. So can Fidelia Firefly. But if Jeannie Fanshaw, whose mamma blazes with diamonds, could see herself as she really looks in the last dress made for by Madame Hautemode, she would not do so—no, she wouldn't!

Bones are not beautiful. The ideal is not a skeleton. Neither the Medician Venus nor of Milo can be said to reveal the secrets of their anatomy. You forget that there is such a thing as a skeleton when you look at them. But Jeannie Fanshaw's education has, on some points, been neglected, and she evidently supposes that the exhibition of her bones is *not* repulsive, which it is.

And yet I think that the youthful Fanshaw is sufficiently intelligent to see how *other* girls look when *they* exhibit their necks and arms, if thin. She can be as sarcastic as anybody on such occasions, and has been heard to say, speaking of Fanny Fickler: "If I were as thin as dear Fanny, I should cover up more."

Then, in the neck question, there is another phase. *Don't overdo it.* Do not expose yourself to such remarks as the Spanish envoy made about the celebrated and beautiful—such she certainly was—Miss K—— (I refrain from filling out the name.) What did the envoy say, you ask? He said, when asked how he liked Miss K——: "*I have seen quite enough of her.*"

And yet, let me assure you, nothing more beautiful than Miss K——'s neck and bust was ever seen anywhere by anybody. But—*she overdid the thing!*

And, as Mrs. Knowtheropes so truly remarks: "We must draw a line *somewhere*."

Again: This was at a ball at the house of Madame R——h, once—she is no longer living—the head of the *grand mode* in Philadelphia. A lady entered who was as noted for her beauty as any New York belle has ever been. She possessed a beautiful person. Her shoulders were white and soft as satin, her arms of irreproachable contour. Yet Judge P——, the noted wit, when asked by his daughter Sarah what he thought of the beauty's appearance at that particular ball, replied: "Sallie, it's '*it's neck or nothing!*'"

I will not recall, as many have done, the beau who declared that he had never seen such a sight—this was at the opera in London—since he was *weaned*. I pass him over. But I do say that there is no triumph in being the subject of such remarks as these.

I do not say: "Let low-necked dresses be abolished." They have long been the distinguishing feature between evening and day attire. But I *do* so, I *do* urge that American belles, at least, should have the good sense never to go beyond certain limits. Though Madame Hautemode may tell you that the Countess of Galifet and the Princess Metternich, for whom she has worked, wear habitually dresses which are more fit to be called *undresses*, let her not beguile you, oh, fair and delicate *Americaine!* into transgressing the laws of modesty. Our great-grandmothers did it, you will say, referring me to the old pictures which display the entire bosom. Suppose they did; our great-grandmothers are all dead now—peace to their ashes!—and there is no mortal reason why what they did, if not wise, should be imitated.

The square-necked dresses are less *open* to comment (I do not mean to pun); but some of them are rather too—what shall I say?—*too much so.*

There is a wisdom in a certain degree of mystery. And there is a wisdom as great—oh! let me urge it!—in *not* uncovering the neck to the Autumn breezes, which, in some instances, become gales. The delicate skin cannot bear, without bad result, the contact with outer air. I have seen women in the street *decolletees* to a degree that made me tremble for their health. It is not pretty, and *it is very bad style.*

An Extraordinary Law Suit.

A law suit of an unusaal and painful character has just been begun in Cincinnati. David Gwynne Minor, an infant, has filed a petition in the Court of Common Pleas against his father and mother. He alleges that ever since the year 1868 he has been ill-treated and abused by his parents to a degree that has injured him for life. His body is said to be covered with scars, and his health permanently impaired; and he claims, in compensation of these wrongs, the sum of fifty thousand dollars by way of damages.

It appears from the Cincinnati journals that the social position and wealth of the defendants causes this case to be regarded with great interest in that city. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Minor refused to compound the suit, without going into court, as seems to have been proposed by adverse counsel, tells in their favor. On the other hand, the allegations of the petition, which has now been made public, reveal an amount of fiendish cruelty which, if sustained, will warrant almost any severity of punishment. The petition affirms that on the 5th of July, 1858, and at divers other times, the defendant assaulted the plaintiff with an iron ramrod and with rubber whips; that with great force and violence he seized the plaintiff by the hair of the head and dragged him about the floor, and down two flights of stairs from the third floor of the house to the ground floor; that after this, on the occasion referred to and at other times, the defendant put the plaintiff in a closet under a large tank filled with hot water, in such a position that it was impossible for the plaintiff to either stand up or sit down, and that he kept him there for ten hours without food or drink, or one allowing any relief of his position. Other charges of repeated indignity are too disgusting to print, and in conjunction with further and numerous details of cruelty and oppression make up a very wretched story.

Of course, one side is good only until the other is heard, and it is not to be supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Minor have not plenty to say in the way of rebuttal. The fact, however, that Mr. Breneman, the plaintiff's counsel, thought proper to negotiate for a compromise before filing his papers, ought to be weighed in connection with the terms of the letter wherein he did so. In that letter, which has been published, Mr. Breneman boldly declares that he has already consulted numerous witnesses, thoroughly conversant with the treatment of the child during all these years, and that they can and will testify to innumerable instances of brutal treatment. He then recites in detail facts that he can establish, or which he intimates cannot, without injury, be denied. For the sake of avoiding publicity, and that he himself "may be spared the pain of engaging in a suit which, from its nature, and the scandal consequent upon its prosecution, is always peculiarly disagreeable to any member of the profession to be employed in," Mr. Brenemen makes overtures which, if he regarded the strength of his case alone, he should esteem superfluous. Those overtures are, however, rejected, and the action goes formally into Court.—*N. Y. Times.*

COURTING IN NEBRASKA.—Ladies seem to be in demand out in Nebraska, to judge from an amusing letter in one of our exchanges. The writer, being benighted while on a sporting excursion in that State, sought lodging in a farmer's house where there were three sons and but one daughter. Shortly after his arrival, a vehicle drove up containing two young men, who were instantly ushered into the parlor. Supper was then served up, but scarcely had the party taken their seats, when the howling of the dogs announced a third young man. The mother rose to admit him, but the daughter rushed forward with an uncermonious, "Don't git up, mother! It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do?" The writer was now invited into the kitchen to smoke, and Jim was left in sole possession of the sitting-room. Scarcely, however, had the smokers installed themselves comfortably in the kitchen when a fourth young man made his appearance. The house consisted altogether of but three rooms. Two sweethearts were already in the parlor and one in the sitting-room. There was nothing for it, therefore, for the new comer, but to make himself as happy as he could in the kitchen, while the young lady divided her attention impartially between the four. But ten minutes had hardly passed when there were two more arrivals, who were announced as the widowers. "It was nine o'clock. We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had discovered was in the parlor. The old gentleman divined our wishes, and said, 'I'm sorry, gentlemen; but this is one of the regular courtin' nights. Them two fellers in the parlor never leave afore midnight, and Dan'll be here at ten o'clock.'" In reply to further questioning, the old gentleman said: "Friday nights it's purty bad, but Sundays it's wuss. Last Sunday night there was ten on 'em; and the girl is gittin' more and more particular." Seeing no other resource, the writer betook himself to a haystack, the old man remarking, "Yes, gentlemen, courtin's hot in Nebrasky."

BLACK FRIDAY has broken about the heads of the Erie Ring. Two parties brought suit to compel them to recognize gold contracts made on that memorable day with their agent, Speyers, and the trial jury under Judge McCunn's ruling, rendered a verdict for plaintiffs and against Fisk, Gould, and their Wall-street gambling associates. The amount of money involved in the transactions was less than forty thousand dollars, but other suits are pending, and a precedent has been established in the courts, of such a character that it may well make the enormous and valorous Prince of Erie shaky. Because if this work is to go on as it begins, if every man swindled on Black Friday is to have a favorable verdict, utter ruin is stalking into the door of the Colonel's habitation, and he cannot save himself by retreating as he did on the day of the Orange Riots. Moreover, somebody has to answer for an attempt to bribe two or three jurymen. The much-maligned Gould holds up his hands in holy horror and most solemnly affirms that he is not the guilty person. And as for "my associate, Mr. Fisk,"—why, Mr. Gould vouches for his innocence. Really, the play is very touching—quite in the Damon and Pythias line. But then somebody did it, unless the jurymen swear falsely, and a disagreement would have been advantageous to Erie.

VARIETIES.

—A pompous but benevolent Bridgeport man has had his photograph neatly framed and sent to the Wisconsin sufferers.

—Most of all the saloon-keepers in Chicago are selling horns from the cow that kicked over the kerosene lamp that set fire to the city.

—A Chicago paper suggests as a neat and appropriate monument of the conflagration, a pyramid of the worthless fire and burglar-proof safes scattered through the burnt district of that city.

—There have been five thousand deaths from small pox in London during the past season, while at least 100,000 have been maimed, disfigured and pauperized. The money cost of the epidemic to the metropolis has also been not less than $500,000.

—Many ladies of New York city propose to give no wine to their callers on New Year's day, but instead hot beef tea and soup.

—The last joke at the expense of H. G. reports that "in an agricultural essay on tobacco, he asserts that the fine cut will not ripen well unless the tin-foil is stripped from the growing bud early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs instead of being picked off with the hand."

—Beecher explains that the reason he gave up pastoral visits was because the ladies kept him waiting so long while they were dressing. Besides, they all would talk of nothing but servants, children's ailments and family genealogies, until it got to be a trifle monotonous.

—At the Navy Yard ball, several ladies, fair, fat and forty, attempted to monopolize the Duke. He danced with two quite bulky persons, and then walked over to where a young lady sat who possessed a sylph-like form and solicited her hand, saying: "I desire to dance with somebody of my own weight." The saying was noised abroad, to the great merriment of the passed by ones.

—The telegrapher at Meriden, Ct., got into a furious passion because a dispatch came over the lines for the Meriden Brittannia Company—"Send us sixty monkeys and twenty-five babies." He thought it was a joke, but was relieved to find that the monkeys meant toy match safes, and the babies sculptured paper weights.

—Schneider is furious. Some time ago she arranged with a Russian manager to appear in St Petersburgh, at $300 a night. She now finds to her mortification that the gentleman to whom she had engaged her services is the proprietor, not of a theatre, but of a second-rate concert-hall. Schneider is too particular by half.

—A lady well known in Washington as a lobbyist always accosts a stranger with, "I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clue for her finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off her usual game on a gentleman that understood her character, and who replied, "Most likely, madame, for I sometimes go there."

—The creeping baby is the latest invention in the way of a mechanical toy. It is moved by clock-work, and imitates a live baby, moving on its hands and knees in the most amusing manner. Nothing better adapted to please the little folks has been brought out for a long time.

—The bed and mattress on which President Lincoln died was sold at public auction, in Washington, recently, and brought eighty dollars. A restaurant keeper was the purchaser, and intends to keep it as a relic of the great tragedy at Ford's Theatre.

—Sheridan's solicitor calling one day found his wife alone, and walking about in a state of violent excitement. He asked what was the matter. Her only reply was "that her husband was a villain." After some time she added, with hesitation: "Why, I have discovered that all the love letters he sent me were the very same as those he sent to the first wife."

—The King of Burmah has adopted the custom of giving public breakfasts once a month. His Majesty appears to give a breakfast one morning to the European residents of the capital, next morning to the Chinese merchants, and on the following day to the Moguls and Mahommedans. The king is a strict teetotaller, and gives his guests cold water to drink.

—The bedding of a man who died with the small pox was recently being burned at Birmingham, Pa., when the mother of the deceased rushed in and snatched a roll of bills worth five hundred dollars, which had been put in there for safe-keeping. She creates a panic whenever she goes into a grocery store to get change for a ten.

—Political asperities do not long survive among men of character and good sense. Thurlow Weed, who for many years was the determined foe of the celebrated coterie known as the "Albany Regency," in a recent letter says that between himself and the only survivors of that once formidable conclave, viz., ex-Comptroller Flagg, Gen. John A. Dix and ex-Gov. E. D. Throop, the most agreeable personal relations exist—relations which soothe and brighten the evening of life.

—The New York *Mail* is responsible for this: "In Boston society everybody snubs everybody else, in New York society everybody gossips about everybody else, in Philadelphia society everybody attends to the morals of everybody else, in Baltimore society everybody fraternizes with everybody else, and in Chicago society just at present everybody is borrowing from everybody else. Boston, therefore is aristocratic; New York and Philadelphia, democratic; Baltimore, patriarchal; and Chicago, communistic."

—An English traveler describes a "Mystery," called the "Creation," which he saw performed at Bamberg, in Germany, in 1783. According to his account, it was a grotesque affair. Young priests had the wings of geese tied on their shoulders, to personate angels. Adam appeared on the scene in a big curled wig and a brocade morning gown. Among the animals that passed before him to receive their names was a well-shod horse, pigs with rings in their noses, and a mastiff with a brass collar. A cow's rib bone had been provided for the formation of Eve; but the mastiff spied it out, grabbed it, and carried it off. The angels tried to whistle him back, but not succeeding, they chased him, gave him a kicking, and recovered the bone, which they placed under a trap-door, by the side of the sleeping Adam, whence there soon emerged a lanky priest, in a loose robe, to personate Eve.

RAILROAD SIGNALS. One whistle of the locomotive means "Down brakes;" two whistles, "Off brakes;" three whistles, "Back up;" continued whistles, "Danger" A continued succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm The conductor's signal, given by a sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes, means "Go ahead." A downward motion with the hand, "Stop." A beckoning motion, "To back." A lantern raised and lowered vertically signals starting; swung at right angels or across the track, to stop; swung in a circle, to back. A red flag waved on the track is a signal of danger, hoisted at a station is a signal for stopping, stuck up by the roadside is a signal of danger on the track ahead, carried unfurled on an engine is a signal that another engine or train is on its way.

Christmas Display

BARNES, ANDERSON & KERR

are showing for the

HOLIDAY WEEK,

LARGE ASSORTMENTS OF

Fancy Woollen Goods,

FANCY SILK DRESSES,

Lace Sets,

IRISH POPLINS,

Lace Handkerchiefs,

STRIPED SHAWLS,

AND A VARIETY OF

NICE SMALL ARTICLES,

FOR

Christmas Presents.

LONDON HOUSE RETAIL,

3 and 4 Market Square.

dec 21

NEW GOODS.

IMPORTED ESPECIALLY FOR

CHRISTMAS

AND THE

HOLIDAY SEASON!

Ladies Real Lace Collars, Handkerc'fs, Sleeves, Fronts and Sets.

Elegant Styles in LADIES' SILK SCARFS, quite new.

Ladies' and Misses' Rich Roman Stripes; all Wool Sashes.

Ladies' Morocco Travelling Satchels and Fitted Bags.

Real South Sea Sealskin Purses and Shopping Bag'.

Ladies' Hem'd and Hem Stitched Handker'fs in Fancy Boxes.

All Wool Fancy Shawls in the last new styles.

NEW BERLIN WOOL AND BEAD WORK

in Cushions, Ottomans, Brackets, Fender Stools, Chairs, Camp Chairs, and Breakfast and Urn Stands, with Wood Mountings.

FANCY WORK BASKETS; FANS.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's SILK UMBRELLAS.

GENTLEMEN'S NEW SCARFS,

GLOVES, MITTS, BRACES,

SLEEVE BUTTONS, SHIRT STUDS, in full Sets.

Handkerchiefs in Fancy Boxes of dozens or half dozens.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, Empty or with Fitting Complete.

SMOKING CAPS, SLIPPERS,

DRESSING CASES AND CIGAR CASES.

SPECIAL NOTICE,

The whole of our Large Stock of

NEW and RICH SILKS

IS GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

SILK DRESSES of former Season's importation marked at HALF PRICE.

☞ This reduction in prices will not be continued after Christmas.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

CHRISTMAS CARD.

HANINGTON BROS.,

Foster's Corner,

KING STREET,

Invite inspection of their very large and carefully selected

STOCK OF SUNDRIES,

IN

Toilet Articles for ladies and gents,

PERFUMES,

of choicest make.

TOILET SOAPS,

most delicately scented.

POMADES,

AND

Other Hair Preparations,

HAIR, CLOTH, TOOTH, NAIL AND HAT

BRUSHES,

of finest manufacture and finish.

COMBS,

in Gutta Percha, Genuine Buffalo Horn, &c.

GENUINE COLOGNE.

Artists' Colors,

(in Boxes)

and a host of other articles too numerous to mention,

ALL FOR SALE VERY CHEAP.

HANINGTON BROS.,

Foster's Corner.

dec 21 2w

Watches, Jewelry, &c.,

FOR THE

HOLIDAY TRADE.

PAGE BROS.,

41 KING STREET,

Invite special attention to their stock of

RICH GOODS,

Suited to the requirements of the Season,

IN

Fine Gold and Silver Watches,

ENGLISH GOLD CHAINS,

JEWELRY,

Silver and Electro-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, &c., &c.

PAGE BROS.,

dec 21 41 KING STREET.

CHRISTMAS, 1871.

LUBIN'S CHOICE PERFUMES,

GOSNELL'S	do.	do.
LETCHFORD'S	do.	do.
HANNAY'S	do.	do.
PIERRE & LUBIN'S		do.
PALMAROY'S	do.	do.
ATKINSON'S	do.	do.
COTTANCE'S	do.	do.
CAMPBELL'S	do.	do.
BURNETT'S	do.	do.

A full Stock of the above elegant TOILET REQUISITES, in every variety of Bottle—Plain, Pressed, and heavy solid Cut Glass.

For Sale by GEO. STEWART JR., PHAMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, dec 21 41 King Street.

Public Notice.

THE undersigned, having been appointed by the Common Council of the City of Saint John, a Committee of said Common Council for conducting the Sale of the Fisheries for the Western Side of the Harbor, in the City of Saint John, for the ensuing year, pursuant to law, hereby give notice that the FISHERY LOTS for the Western Side of the Harbor will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on TUESDAY, the second day of January next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Public Hall, Market Place, in Guy's Ward, at Carleton, in the City of Saint John.

Dated the 18th day of December, A. D. 1871.

JOHN C. LITTLEHALE,
JOSEPH CORAM,
WM. J. MCCORDOCK,
URIAH DRAKE,
JOSEPH O'BRIEN,
SAMUEL CLARK,
Committee of Common Council.

dec 21

Public Notice.

THE undersigned, having been appointed by the Common Council of the City of Saint John, a Committee of said Common Council for conducting the Sale of the Fisheries for the Eastern Side of the Bay, River and Harbor of Saint John for the ensuing year, pursuant to law, hereby give notice that the FISHERY LOTS along said East Side of the Bay, River and Harbor, and all the Fisheries heretofore enjoyed and possessed by the inhabitants of the East Side of the Harbor, with those on and surrounding Navy Island, will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on TUESDAY, the second day of January next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the City Court Room, in the Court House, in the City of Saint John.

Dated the 18th day of December, A. D. 1871.

JAMES L. ROBINSON,
GILBERT R. PUGSLEY,
JOHN KERR,
BARTHOLOMEW COXETTER,
ELIAS S. FLAGLOR,
GEORGE A. WOOD,
dec 21 Committee of Common Council.

SCHOOL DEBENTURES.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES OF SAINT JOHN, Kitchie's Building, Princess street, December 12th, 1871.

The Board of School Trustees of Saint John, having received the sanction of the Common Council to borrow money for the purpose of Furnishing School Buildings, under the Act of Assembly 33 Vic., Cap. 21, announce that they will early in the month of January, 1872, issue School Debentures of the value of $100 and upwards to the amount of Ten Thusand Dollars. These Decentures are redeemable in twenty-five years, with interest payable half-yearly, and are a charge upon the City.

The Trustees of Schools are prepared to receive tenders for the whole amount to be issued or any portion thereof, at their office on or before the 21st inst. *By order,*

JOHN MARCH, Secretary.

dec 21

MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Inspector of Post Offices, and marked "Tenders for Mail Service," will be received at ST. JOHN, until 12 o'clock, noon, on WEDNESDAY, the 17th January, 1872, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, six times per week each way, between

St. John and St. George,

on and from the 1st February next.

The conveyance to be made in suitable vehicles drawn by one or more horses.

The route pursued in the conveyance of this mail to be from Post Office, St. John, by the most direct route to St. George, and back again by the same route, serving all the Way Offices on the route, or which may hereafter be established.

The computed distance is forty-five miles. The rate of travel to be not less than five miles per hour, including stoppages for all purposes.

The hours of arrival and departure to be as follows: To leave St. John daily, at 8 o'clock, a. m., reaching St. George in nine hours from hour of despatch; returning, to leave St. George daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., reaching St. John in nine hours from hour of despatch, subject to a right of the Postmaster General to alter the same, should he consider it advisable so to do.

The Contract, if satisfactorily executed, will continue in force for a term not exceeding four years, the Postmaster General reserving the right to terminate the agreement at any time previous to the expiration of the four years—should the public interest, in his opinion, require it—upon giving the contractor three months previous notice of his intention.

All expenses on the route for Tolls, Ferries, &c., must be defrayed by the Contractor.

Each Tender to state the price asked per annum, in words at length, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties, undertaking that, in the event of the Tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the party tendering, for the price demanded:—undertaking also to become bound with the Contractor in the sum of One Thousand Dollars, for the due performance of the service.

Print d Forms of Tender and Guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices, at St. John and St. George, or at the Office of the Subscriber.

JOHN MCMILLAN, Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, Dec. 15th, 1871. dec 21 3i

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Postal Car bag for Letters, per E. & N A. Railway, will be open until 8 40 a. m., instead of 8.15 as announced in mail arrangements. Newspapers will also be received until 8.40 and forwarded if brought to the office separate from papers for other routes, and so stated at the window.

J. HOWE, P. M.

P. O., St. John, Dec. 7, 1871. dec 21 3i

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Commencing on MONDAY, 4th December, Mails for Rothesay, Kingston, Moncton, Shediac, Chatham, Amherst, Halifax, &c., per Railway, will close at this office every day at 8.15 a. m.

J. HOWE, P. M.

P. O., St. John, Dec. 1, 1871, dec 21 3i

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Commencing this week, Mails for England, via Portland, will close at this office on FRIDAY mornings of each week, at 7 o'clock.

J. HOWE, P. M.

P. O., St. John, Nov. 28th, 1871. dec 21 3i

PUBLIC NOTICE.

After THURSDAY, the 30th of December, Mails for Fredericton and intermediate places will be despatched from this office in the mornings and not in the afternoons.

Mails for South Bay, Fairville, Welsford, Mouth of the Nerepis, Gagetown, Sheffield, Oromocto, Fredericton, Canterbury Station, Woodstock, Andover, Florenceville, Grand Falls, Edmunston, Houlton, St, Andrews, St. Stephen, Calais, Bangor, Portland, Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, &c., &c., will close at 7 a. m., and will be despatched per Western Extension Railway.

Newspapers will be received for the above mails until 7 o'clock.

J. HOWE, P. M.

P. O., St. John, Nov. 29, 1871. dec 21

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the 6th January, 1872,

WILL BE COMMENCED IN THE

New Dominion and True Humo.ist

THE PUBLICATION OF THE

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

OR

MEMOIRS OF THE NOTED

Henry More Smith,

containing a correct account of his extraordinary conduct during the Thirteen Months of his confinement in the Jail of King's County, Province of New Brunswick, where he was convicted of Horse Stealing, and under sentence of death. Also, a Sketch of his Life and Character, from his first appearance at Windsor, in Nova Scotia, in the year 1812, to the time of his apprehension and confinement. To which is added a History of his Career up to 1841, embracing an account of his Imprisonments and Escapes, selected from the most authentic sources, both public and private. by Walter Bates, Esq.

☞ The NEW DOMINION is published every Saturday at $1 per annum, in advance.

dec 21 GEO. W. DAY.

PRINTED BY

GEO. W. DAY,

Book, Card and Job Printer,

46 CHARLOTTE STREET.