

The Weekly Chronicle

VOLUME XX.

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

NUMBER 50.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE, published every Friday afternoon...

Table with columns: Ship, Captain, Tonnage, to March. Lists various ships like Eudora, John Barbour, etc.

These Ships are built of the best materials, and are remarkably fast...

J. & R. REED, Ladies Fashionable Shoe Store. Foster's Corner, Germain Street.

ENGLISH SHOES. Received per recent Packet Ships and last Liverpool Steamer...

FRENCH SHOES. Received direct from Paris, beautiful variety of Ladies' Satin and Kid SHOES...

DOMESTIC SHOES, &c. Gents' Calf, Morocco and Patent Oxoniens; Gents' Morocco, Calf and Patent Bluchers...

FOUNTAIN HOUSE. THE Subscriber wishes respectfully to inform his friends and the public...

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY. GEORGE WOODS, Printer Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill...

BOWES & KENNEDY, COPPER, TIN, and Sheet Iron Workers. No. 4, CROSS STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS GOW, Plumber and Cass Fitter. 101, Prince William Street.

THOMAS MANNON, MANUFACTURER OF Steamboats, Locomotive, Flue, and Cylinder BOILERS.

JOHN HARRY, Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver. 11th side of King Street, St. John, N. B.

3000 ROLLS of PAPER HANGINGS. From the manufacturer, GEORGE NIXON, 101, Prince William Street.

St. John Grammar School. THE duties of this seminary will be resumed on Monday the 4th of August next.

1500 POUNDS of COFFEE. 200 pounds of Ground PEPPER, in good quality, and also more.

JOHN BANNER, FELLOWS HAS AN OMBEMENT. Oct-ber 28, 1856. FELLOWS & CO.

NEWCASTLE COALS. Have in stock with several hundred tons of the best Newcastle Coals...

HALLOWED BY THY NAME.

List to the dreamy slumber that dwells in rippling wave or sighing breeze...

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds, To gain the altar of his desires...

The savage kneeling to the sun, To give his thanks or ask a boon...

What e'er may be man's faith or creed, We trace them on the blooming mead...

Let every wave that hears thee pour The music of thy lute...

Let not the fatal wind that moans, Prolong the wretched sufferer's groans...

Thanks! thanks! to His Almighty hand, The praise be His alone for aching hand...

THE STRAY BOAT. A SEA SKETCH. BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

After supper we went on deck, and according to promise, Captain Liam Morbeck told us the following story:

A few years ago I had command of the brig Nimrod, and was bound up the Mediterranean, with an assorted cargo...

I took my glass and went up to the fore-top, and I soon made out a vast full of men toasting about upon the water...

"By heaven!" uttered Alton, "let us risk ourselves in our boat rather than surely die. I know they mean to murder us—there can be no mistake about it."

"I thought of my wife's proposition a moment, and then I leaped to my feet—A new idea had entered my mind. I pondered upon it while, and I felt sure I had hit an expedient."

"I'll smudge 'em out!" I cried. And then I set down and told my plan to my mate. He started up with hope and when he thoroughly understood it we went on deck to explain to the crew.

"I was now overboard. If the vessel was to make an attack, before we were really in it, we'd get light—that was all. It was not quite

AN EXCITING GAME.

TRAINING AT ALL HOURS.

The athletes are named, and the grounds are prepared for the contest...

My mate and I were the first to start, and we were soon in the water...

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