

The Evening Despatch.

Vol. 1.—No. 2.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1863.

One Cent.

The Evening Despatch

IS
PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON,
(Sunday excepted.)
AT THE DESPATCH PRINTING OFFICE,
South Corner Prince William Street & Market Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.,
PRICE ONE CENT.

Wm. M. WRIGHT, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Unless where a special arrangement is made with the advertiser, the following terms will comprise the average charges for advertising in this paper.

BY THE YEAR.

For one square, (two inches) with the privilege of renewing.....\$24.00.
For half a square, with the same privilege.....\$16.00.
For a square, standing advertisement.....\$16.00
" half do do.....\$10.00
" a quarter do do.....\$ 6.00
The advertisements to be paid for half-yearly.

BY THE MONTH.

For one square, with the privilege of four renewals.....\$4.00
" half a square, or less, with the same privilege.....\$3.00
" one square, standing advertisement.....\$3.25
" half a square, or less, for the same.....\$2.00

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

For one square, or less, first insertion.....60cts.
For each subsequent insertion.....20cts.
In the case of transient advertisements, the number of times the advertisement is to appear must be marked on the margin of the copy.
For Auction Sales and Steamboat advertisements, a special agreement may be made in every instance.

JOB PRINTING.

Plain and Ornamental Printing of every description performed at the cheapest rates; and all orders for STEREOTYPE, COPPERPLATE, AND MUSIC PRINTING, will be attended to with care and promptitude.

Per Steamer "Arabia."

The following London Goods are respectfully offered:—

STEADMAN'S POWDERS: Bleached Almond Oil; Tube Colors from Windsor and Newton; a variety of Tooth Brushes, 42 doz.; Dressing Combs, 3 varieties; Elastic Knee Caps; Elastic Cotton Stockings; Patent Trusses; Pink Sauces; Feeding Bottles; India Rubber TAPS; India Rubber Shields; Fine Tooth Combs; Celebrated French Soap, 50 cents per cake, a great luxury; Keating's Cough Lozenges; Pill Boxes; Cosmétique Black; Camel's Hair Pencils; India Ink; Prince's Glycerine Plasters, spread on Leather; Prussic Acid; Oil Bergamot, superior; Acetate Potass; Sannic Acid.
J. CHALONER, Apothecary,
cor. King and German-sts.

Royal Mail Steamer.

THE subscribers have just received per Mail Steamer, via Halifax:—

1 CASK FILES!
—Consisting of—
MILL FILES, assorted 4 to 12 inches;
PLAT BASTARD, " 4 to 14 "
HALF ROUND, " 4 to 14 "
CABINET RASPS, " 6 to 8 "
Also, Stubbs' TAPER
Hand saw FILES, " 3 to 6 "
All of which will be sold low, at
No. 11, KING STREET,
W. H. OLIVE & CO.

EXHIBITION GOODS.

SPILLAR'S DRAWING KNIVES, assorted lengths; Spillar's CHISELS and SLICES, and sizes; Spillar's BROAD AXES.
Also—A small lot of Hay and Manure FORKS, Hoes, Narrow Axes, and Hames, manufactured by P. McFARLAND, of York County.
The subscriber having purchased the above lot of Goods at Auction, offers them low for cash at No. 11 KING STREET, W. H. OLIVE & CO.

DINNER PILLS.

MRS. GEORGE WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS.—A sure remedy for Indigestion and all Bilious and Liver Complaints. 5 gross of the above invaluable Pills just received, on sale wholesale and retail at Lester House, 66 Charlotte street. LESTER BROS.

Building upon the Sand.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear,
Beyond the days of youth.

For if you give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And built upon the sand.

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have.
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who builds up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest and own
'Tis built upon the sand.

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe what'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But build upon the sand.

Lord Dundreary on "Poor Richard's Proverbs."

A FELLAH once told me that another fellow wrote a book before he was born—I mean before the first fellow was born (of course the fellow who wrote it must have been born, else, how could he have written it?)—that is a long time ago—to prove that a whole lot of pwoverbs and things that fellahs are in the habit of quoting were all nonsense. I should vevy much like to get that book. I—I think if I could get it at one of those spherical—no, globular—no, that's not the word—circle—circulars—yes, that's it—circulating libwawies (I knew it was something that went round)—I think if I could just borrow that book from a circulating libwawy—I—yes, upon my word now—I'd try and wead it. A doothid good sort of book that, I'm sure. I—I always did hate pwoverbs. In the first place—they're so howwibly confusing—I—I always mix 'em up together—somehow, when I try to weekmember them. And besides, if evvery fellah was to wegulate his life by a lot of pwoverbs, what—what a beathly sort of uncomfortable life he would lead!

I remoleckt—I mean remember—when I was quite a little fellah—in pinafores—and liked wasbewrey jam, and a lot of howwid things for tea—there was a sort of collection of illustwated pwoverbs hanging up in our nursery at home. They belonged to our old nurse—Sarah—I think—and she had 'em fwamed and glazed. "Poor—Richard's," I think she called 'em—and she used to say—poor dear—that if evvery fellah attended to evverything Poor Richard wote, that he'd get vevy wick, and l-live and die—happy ever after. However—it—it's vevy clear to me that—he couldn't have attended to them—himself, else, how did the fellah come to be called Poor Richard? I—I

hate a fellah that pweaches what he doesn't pwaetise. Of courth, if what he said was twue, and he'd stuck to it—he—he'd have been called Rich Richard. Stop a minute—how's that? Rich Richard? Why that would have been too rich. Pwaps that's the reason he pwoferred being Poor. How vevy wick! But, as I was saying, these picture pwoverbs were all hanging up in our nursery, and a more uncomfortable set of makthims—you never wead. For instance, there was

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a fellah healthy, and wealthy, and wise."
I don't b'lieve a word of that—I'll tell you why. To begin with "healthy." When Bwother Sam and I were children we were all packed off to bed about eight or nine o'clock—just when a fellah ought to be dining—and had to get up at six or seven—quite the middle of the night you know—and pway did that keep us healthy? On the contwavy, we were always getting meathles, or whoopingcough, vaccination, or some howwid complaint or other. As for mental improvement, it's not the slightest use in that way, for I tried it at Oxford. When all the men of my time were sitting up weading for modewations, with wet towels round their heads, and dinking gween tea—I—I went to bed—I did—and what was the consequence? I don't mind telling you now—but—I was plucked. And then about "wealthy." Look at my bwother Sam. He used to be shooting vevy early—I'm sure when he was home—and you know he's not over flush just now. That weinds me—he—he borrowed a couple of ponies of me just before he left England—and stwange to say—he's forgotten all about it since. But I never could make Sam out. He's such a—doothid inconthequential fellah—Sam is.

TO RELIEVE MUSCULAR PAIN IN HORSES.—The Datura Stramonium, or Thorn-apple plant, is a very excellent remedy, as an external application, for the treatment of muscular pain, ligamentary lameness, sprain of the fetlock, &c. It is a remedy of great efficacy in chronic pains and inflammatory tumours. Four ounces of the plant, to one pint of boiling water, are the proportions. When cool the parts are to be bathed often; when practicable a flannel is to be saturated with the fluid, bound on the affected parts; the whole to be covered with oiled silk.—Stock Journal.

THE HORSE'S FROG SHOULD RECEIVE PRESSURE.—Goodwin says, "It is an uncontrovertible fact that unless the frog receives a certain degree of pressure, it will degenerate and become incapable of affording sufficient protection to the sensitive frog, which it covers; that the heels will gradually contract; that the bars alone are not sufficient to prevent the same, though they certainly oppose it with considerable force; but it does not follow from this that it is necessary for the pressure to be constant, nor is it believed that a shoe which allows the frog to bear on the ground, when the horse stands upon a plain hard surface, can be always applied even to sound feet, without inconvenience. There is no doubt that a horse in a state of nature has his frog almost always in contact with the ground, and then of course he feels no inconvenience from it; but when burdens are placed upon his back, and he is driven about on hard roads, he is certainly in very different circumstances, and if the frog in such cases was constantly exposed to this severe pressure it would no doubt occasion lameness." Still a certain amount of pressure is absolutely necessary, for unless that be the case, descent of sole and disease of the laminae is apt to occur.—American Stock Journal.

CURING MEATS.—An exchange says, a French chemist has lately asserted that scurvy will never arise from the use of salt provisions, unless saltpetre be used in curing; the salt alone answers all the purposes, provided the animal heat be entirely parted with before salting. He claims that the insertion of pork in pickle alone is not sufficient, but that it should be rubbed thoroughly with dry salt after it has entirely parted with its animal heat, and that then the fluid running from the meat should be poured off before packing the pork in the barrel. This should be done sufficiently close to admit no unnecessary quantity of air, and some dry salt should occupy the space between the pieces, and then pickle, and not water, should be added. Great care must be taken to fill the barrel entirely full, so that no portion of the meat can at any point project above the surface of the fluid; for, if this occurs, a change of flavor ensues such as is known with rusty pork. The pickle, of course, must be a saturated solution of salt and water, that is, so strong that it is incapable of dissolving more salt. It must be remembered that cold water is capable of dissolving more salt than hot water.

A STRANGE WAR.—On the deck of the Harriet Lane after her Capture, Dr. Holland of Texas, (C. S.), recognized first among the dead, Com. Wainwright, his old friend whom he had not seen for years, but whom he had entertained in London, when the frigate Merrimac visited Southampton. Major Lee of the Confederates, when he stepped on the slippery deck, recognized first among the dead his own son.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—Mrs. Wortman, wife of Martin Wortman of Boundary Creek, near Salisbury, committed suicide by hanging herself in an outhouse near her residence, on the 21st inst. We have taken pains to obtain a correct version of this melancholy affair, and we are indebted to a friend in the neighborhood for the following particulars:—The family of the deceased were all from home on the day of the occurrence, except a sister. A nephew coming in from a distance enquired for Mrs. Wortman. The sister informed him that she was lying down resting herself, as had been her custom for some time, but on going to wake her up she was not found in the usual place. A search was at once commenced, and it was supposed that she had passed out of the front door. On searching the outhouses, she was found in one of them, suspended by a small cord attached to a beam. Life was extinct when she was discovered. Mrs. Wortman had been for some time in a melancholy state of mind. An inquest was held, and a verdict of temporary insanity returned.—Westmorland Times.

LAMENTABLE SUPERSTITION.—Mrs. Mary Neil, an Irish woman of New York discovered that her house was frequented by fairies, presumed of course that her child was not her own, but had been changed in the cradle. To test the matter she seated the child, who was three years old, on a red hot shovel, expecting that if it was a fairy it would fly away. But the poor sufferer, being only a common mortal, was burned so badly that it died in a week.

ACCIDENT TO MISS MONCK.—We regret to learn that Miss Monck, daughter of his Excellency the Governor General, met with an accident on Tuesday evening, by falling on the ice of the skating rink, thereby fracturing her arm.—Quebec Mercury.