St. John Chronicle.

"COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE."

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☞ The *Chronicle* is filed, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244 Strand, London. Professor Holloway is duly empowered to receive all monies due our establishment in London, and whose receipts will be regarded by us as valid.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esqr., *President.*

Directors—J. W. LAWRENCE, S. K. FOSTER, C. H. ESTABROOKS, JOHN ANDERSON. *Solicitor*—J. M. ROBINSON, Esq. *Secretary*—ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire.

☞ Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the office of the Secretary, Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street. May 23.

WILLIAM H. LESTER,
GROCER and Provision DEALER,
CORNER PRINCESS AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.

Goods sent to all parts of the City free of charge September 19, 1856.

WILLIAM WETHERBURN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
No. 13, Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

Petitions for Patents, Insurance Claims, and Conveyencing in all its Branches executed with accuracy. May 29, 1857.

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

MR. W. P. DOLE,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law.
HAS REMOVED to the Office lately occupied by Charles Watters, Esquire, in Messrs. Deveber's building, Prince William Street. August 22, 1856.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The Subscriber having been lately appointed a Licensed AUCTIONEER for Queen's County, trusts from the Public a Share of Business which shall receive his prompt attention, on most reasonable terms. ARCHIBALD McALLISTER. Gagetown, August 22, 1856.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant
AND DEALER IN DRY GOODS, *GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,*
CLEMENTSPORT, N. S.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE HOTEL State Street, Boston. Conducted on the European Plan.

Rooms per day,	50 cts.
Rooms per week,	$3,00
Lodging	37 1-2 cts.

N. B.—A Restaurant is attached, where Meals will be served at all hours of the day. January 11, 1856. 1y.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WOODS,
Princess Street next adjoining Dunn's Steam Saw Mill, a few doors from the corner of Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B. August 29.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Ex *Ann Rankin*, and *Courier*, from London:—
1000 KEGS Brandram's No. 1, White LEAD;
230 Kegs Yellow, Red, Black, Green, and Blue PAINTS;
50 Kegs Zinc Paint;
35 Hhds. Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
3 Bbls. Copal and Oak VARNISH;
7 Cans Carriage and White Copal do.;
1 Cask Brandram's Liquid Dryer;
5 " do. Patent do.;
50 ddz. Deep GOLD LEAF;
5 " Patent Glaziers' DIAMONDS.
For Sale at No. 1, North side Market Square. Nov. 14. W. O. SMITH.

Oysters! Oysters!!
JUST received per steamer "Adelaide," from Boston:—12 bbls. Prime OYSTERS—fresh from the beds. Also—On hand, a few barrels of Fresh Shediac Oysters, which will be served up in any style required, at
JAMES KENNY'S
Eating House Water street.
N. B.—MEALS served up at the shortest notice—Day and Evening. J. K.
St. John, N. B., August 29.

COALS.—On hand ex Yard: 100 Chal. Orre COAL; 50 do Newcastle do.; 250 Scotch do For sale low by
Feb. 9. JOHN WALKER.

FUR CAPS—In every variety of Fur—made up on the premises, in the latest styles.
D. H. HALL,
October 24. 41, King-street.

TEA.—Just received and imported expressly for Family use:—
10 chests Souchong TEA;
10 catty boxes do. do;
10 chests Breakfast Oolong do;
10 catty boxes do. do;
10 chests good retailing do—For sale low.
August 29. JOHN McCOSKERY.

Beans and Shad.
40 BUSHELS N. S. White BEANS; 20 half-barrels good SHAD. For Sale by JOHN BARVEN,
Feb. 20. Ward-street.

RUBBER CLOTHING.
COATS, CAPES, PANTS, LEGGINGS, Caps &c., &c., of the very best quality just received from the manufactory.
—ALSO—
A new and superior article of RUBBER COATS, price only 20s. THOS. K. JONES,
Oct. 3. 5, Dock-street, one door above the Old Stand.

M. N. POWERS, Undertaker, &c.
Fourth Door North Trinity Church, Germain-st
ST. JOHN, N. B.,

WOULD inform the public that he has purchased that beautiful and much admired Gothic Hearse from the Messrs. Lawrence, which he will furnish to parties requiring the same, with a careful driver.

He likewise attends to Funerals and furnishes every article in the above line in a superior style, and at prices more moderate than any other establishment in this City.

Orders from the Country attended to with care at the shortest notice.

FURNITURE.

M. N. P. will make to order all descriptions of MAHOGANY, WALNUT, BUTTERNUT, and PINE FURNITURE, at short notice, of superior material and workmanship. Prices moderate.

☞ Every description of Upholstery, Curtains, Carpets, &c., attended to at short notice. Old Furniture cleared and repaired.

N. B. On hand a beautiful lot of Coffins.

Brandrams No. 1, White Lead and Coloured Paints.
RECEIVED per "Ann Rankin," and For Sale by the Subscriber—
4 Tons Brandram's No. 1 White LEAD;
1 Ton assorted COLOURS;
4 Casks Dry Red and White LEAD;
Raw and Burnt Umber; Raw and Burnt Terra do.; Sienna, Drop Black, Ultramarine Blue, &c. &c.;
1 case Deep Gold Leaf; 6 cases Florence OIL.
IN STORE—9000 feet Window GLASS, assorted sizes.
Oct. 24. S. L. TILLEY.

THE SECRET INFIRMITIES OF YOUTH AND MATURITY.
Price 1s. sterling, with numerous Engravings and Cases.
NERVOUS DEBILITY: its Causes, Symptoms, and Cure.—An Essay on Spermatorrhœa, and the various forms of premature Decay, resulting from Imprudence and secret Indulgence, with plain directions for perfect restoration to health; and practical observations on a new mode of detecting Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Discharges by Microscopic examination.
BY SAMUEL LAMBERT, M.D.,
37, Bedford-square, London, Member of Multiple Matriculated Member of the University of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the London Hospital Medical Society, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, &c.
Sold by MORTON AND COGWELL, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and by H. CHUBB & Co. St. John, New Brunswick.
Price One Shilling sterling.

31st March, 1857.
RAILROAD LUMBER YARD,
PORTLAND BRIDGE.
THE Subscribers grateful for the patronage extended to them during the past year, now offer for sale on reasonable terms a varied Stock of Seasoned LUMBER, comprising:—
PINE BOARDS and PLANKS;
Planed and Rough FLOORING;
Spruce and Pine Refuse BOARDS & SCANTLING;
CLAP-BOARDS, Siding, LATHS, &c. &c.
WHITING & PENALAGON.
J. M. F. WHITING, J. T. PENALAGON. May 1 1m.

French Paper Hangings.
Ex "Zurich" from Havre, thence by "Charles," from New York:—
2 CASES containing a very rich assortment of French PAPER HANGING—all new styles. B. O'BRIEN.
May 1.

NEW HEAT SHOP.
THE Subscriber thankful to his friends and the public generally, for the liberal patronage bestowed on him since his commencement in business, begs leave to inform them that he has taken the SHOP No. 11 Market Street, where (in conection with his Stall No. 4 City Market,) there will always be found a general assortment of MEATS and POULTRY of the best the market affords.
VEGETABLES of all kinds when in season.
☞ All orders left at either place will be strictly executed on the Square.
Jan. 22—1m. WM. C. GODSOE.

Notice.
ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Andrew Sherwood late of the Parish of Upham, in King's County, (deceased) are requested to present the same duly attested within eighteen months from this date and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to
RICHARD C. SHERWOOD, JOHN F. SHERWOOD, } *Executors*
Upham, K. C., March 7th, 1857.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his Entire Stock in-Trade from his old stand, to 27 North side King street, next to Mr. Frost's Shoe Store, and directly opposite Canterbury street, where will be found a general assortment of *HATS* and *CAPS*, Foreign and Domestic.
A. MAGEE Hatter, &c.,
27 North side King street.
☞ The Latest Fashions always on hand.
Feb. 27.

S. K. FOSTER'S Shoe Store.
Just received per steamer from Liverpool:—
A Large assortment of Ladies, Misses, Boys, Children's, and Infants CLOTH BOOTS, of all qualities, suitable for the season.
A great variety of Men's, Women's, Misses, Children's and infants FELT BOOTS, Shoes and Slippers of every quality.
ON HAND—A large lot of Women's Prunella BOOTS, suitable for wearing under Rubber Shoes in Winter—for 3s. to 4s. 6d a pair.
Oct. 17. S. K. FOSTER.

HOLLOWAY'S MEDICINES.—Now landing from the "John Bartour," one case London Holloway's PILLS and OINTMENT, warranted genuine. For sale by
S. L. TILLEY
April 17. 35, King street

WANTED, by a young man belonging to the City, a situation in a Grocery Store, having some knowledge of the business would be willing to make himself generally useful, will give good refference. Apply at this Office. April 17.

Oysters. Oysters.
4 BBLS. Prime Shediac OYSTERS, which will be served up in any style required.
Also—MEALS and LUNCHEONS served up at the *shortest notice*—Day an Evening—at
JAMES KENNY'S,
Sept. 26. Eating House, Water-street

Confectionary.
THE Subscriber has just received per Pilgrim from Glasgow—150 lbs Choice CONFECTIONARY, consisting of Conversation, Peppermint & mixed LOZENGES, Motto Hearts, Ginger & Polka Nuts, Rosebuds, Bracelets, Polka & Princess Balls, Horehound, Acid, Rose Acid, Pine Apple, Pear, Fish, Strawberry, and Alphabet Drops, Almonds, BARLEY SUGAR.
July 11. S. L. TILLEY.

LIVERPOOL OAKUM.—Landing ex "John Duncan"—5 Tons Liverpool OAKUM. For Sale by JOHN WALKER,
May 22. Ward-street

LIVERPOOL HOUSE COALS.—Landing ex "John Duncan"—60 chals. Liverpool House COALS, which will be sold low if taken from alongside. JOHN WALKER.
May 29. Ward-street.

Poetry.

THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

There's beauty when the mornig light
Falls on the emerald lea,
In every dew-drop sparkling bright,
In every budding tree;
In every mountain stream that leaps
In gladness to the sea,
In every thought that memory keeps
Of guileless infancy.

There's beauty where the vernal showers
Awake the breath of spring,
When fragrant grow the floral bowers,
And feathered minstrels sing;
In every blade of grass that springs
To deck the verdant plain,
And when the summer solstice brings
Rich fields of golden grain.

There's beauty when the storm King's car,
Is driving o'er the main,
And in the elemental war
That brings the summer rain;
When the small brook a torrent flows,
And forest trees are riven,
When lightnings flash and lurid glows
The azure vault of heaven.

There's beauty when the zephyrs bland
Sigh through the gray old woods;
In every work from nature's hand,
The hills, the vales, the floods;
Where hazy veils, vermillion-hued,
Adorn afar the frozen skies;
When the calm sea is all imbued
With sunset's gorgeous dyes.

In spirit voices sad and lone,
The beautiful we hear;
There's beauty in the artlessness
That greets the mother's ear;
And thy entrancing voices, love,
How witching they appear!
The magic tones the soul can move,
Or start the gentle tear.

THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Beware! Beware! for I come in my might;
With a scream, and howl of scorn;
With a speed like the mountain eagle's flight,
When he rides the breeze of morn!

Avaunt! avaunt! for I heed you not!
Nor pause for the cry of pain;
I rejoice o'er the slaughter my wheels have wrought,
And I laugh at the mangled slain!

Away—away o'er valley and plain,
I sweep with a voice of wrath;
In a fleecy cloud I wrap my train,
As I tread my iron path!

My bowels are fire and my arm is steel,
My breath is rolling cloud;
And my voice peals out as I onward wheel,
Like the thunder rolling loud.

All day—all day do my sinews play,
When the sun's bright rays are cast;
At the midnight hour I fly on my way,
Like a death fiend howling past!

I bear the wealth of a thousand climes,
The pearls of the briny sea,
The produce of lands where the church bell chimes,
And the gold of the dark Caffree.

I roar on the beach of the rolling deep,
When the sea shells touch my wheels;
Through the desert land with a howl I sweep,
And the yellow harvest fields.

I speed through the city's busy streets
Where the thronging crowd are found,
And they fly at the sound of my iron feet,
Like the hare from the baying hound.

I traverse the regions of burning heat,
The Equator hears my scream;
And I breathe silence of winter's retreat,
Where the glittering snow fields gleam.

The wild beasts fly when my voice they hear
Through the sounding forests ring,
And the sons of men stand mute with fear;
Of Earth I am the king!

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE INDIAN AND THE DOG.

Many years ago, says a Boston paper, an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent all the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed either for pleasure or on business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, there stood the hero, or rather, there raved the insane creature of the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his powers.

Among the idlers was an Indian, who occasionally visited the city, and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull-dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellows, who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose, and eat him up. The Indian not the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground, and chained to a post, he would for $5 fight the dog with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship and fastened him to a post. The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog crawling upon all fours, barking and growling as if he was one himself. The Indian however, kept up his pantomine, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had become excited, and insisted upon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chain in anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was as straight and split as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull-dog's under lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air, and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

BASHFUL MEN.—We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. The such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease, the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out, perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint to the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful, although they do not have the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet. We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attention, because he can fold a shawl gracefully and bandy compliment with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthiest man who feels for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame; it is not he who boasts of conquest, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in imagination alone; his cheek will blush with resentment, his eyes flash with anger, to hear the name of women coupled with a course oath; and yet he who would die to defend them is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine?—The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sit flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black; he is never nonplussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures, for a word he would professedly lay down his life.

Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes—all under the mask of a gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ear; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers at your approach consider them so many signs of exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for, depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—*Mrs. Denison.*

THE DEVIL IN THE CHOIR.

In a small village in one of the Middle States, is a church which has been greatly afflicted with repeated difficulties in the choir of singers. In one of these periodic storms, the pastor was interrogated: 'What is the matter with the choir?' To this question he very coolly replied: "Nothing unusual; an evil spirit from the Lord troubleth them." Ever since David played the evil spirit out of Saul, the same spirit has been much interested in music, especially in connection with sacred worship. About once a year the devil seems to get in our choir, and goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. The praise of the sanctuary in not a few congregations, seems to be doomed to a discord of voices, or to a worse discord of hearts. There is a radical defect somewhere, some important screw loose, or some pesent evil spirit which deranges so much and so often, this part of sacred worship.

Singers are a very sensitive class, easily offended, and hard to be won back to duty. If another happens to occupy their seat, or if the leader suggests in the humblest terms, a mistake in time or harmony, dear me! what a fluttering! Dignity is offended, capacity is questioned, and *their* sense of propriety mortally wounded. Away goes Mr. B. flat or Miss C. sharp in dudgeon from the choir, and the echoes follow.

There may be two choristers about equally competent to lead the music. Instead of dividing the time and burden between themselves, each is apt to crave all time and honor; and with this mutual purpose, the issue is joined for a trial of strength. Each secures a party, from the members of the choir, and perhaps from the members of the congregation. All united are no more than sufficient to form a well balanced choir, but harmonious they will not be, because Satan has gained possession *to use his knowledge*, that a divided kingdom cannot stand. The successful competitor and his party withdraw, and throw off every obstacle in the way of their rivals. In a large proportion of choirs the majority of members are young and inexperienced. Many of them are without hope, and without God in the world. They sing in the sanctuary not as a duty, but as a mere gratification. This is also true of many persons who profess better things. Too much of the singing in our churches is destitute of heartfelt, spiritual worship. The aim is mechanical execution, artistic attainment merely. The most solemn truths are sung without soul, a heartless sacrifice to display.

If the Holy Spirit is not admitted to the singer's heart, to awaken and utter spiritual praises to God, there is nothing to hinder the evil spirit from entering in to dwell there. The withdrawal from the choir by the old and more experienced singers, is a custom often fraught with evil consequences. Good and stable influences are thus withdrawn. The young members need the influences and restraints of the older. The duty of praise must continue as long as the capacity to sing. If there is not room in the orchestra, there is room in other parts of the house. When the choir leads in the worship of God, the whole congregation should join heart and voice in that worship. The young should be trained to sing with the old in the family, in the singing school, in the rehearsals of the choir, that all may join in the praises of God in the sanctuary. It is a serious fault that custom allows the older singers to abandon the choir.

Those who do the singing must have their own teachers, buy their own books of music, spend their own time and money for the special gratification of some, and the special grumbling of others. If the church will not take the responsibility of the praises of the sanctuary, is it strange that the devil should take charge of the choir, and induce them to sing or quarrel, as best subserves his purpose? We have seen a whole church engage in bitter strife because a bass viol was used in the choir. In the estimation of the good deacon and his friends it was bringing the devil in the house of God.

Let the church labour for the salvation of the choir; then may each and all make melody in their hearts unto God. Thus may the evil spirit be exorcised from the songs of the sanctuary.—*New York Evangelist.*

WOMEN IN ADVERSITY.—Women should be more trusted and confided in, as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong; and without always knowing why read the present and future; read characters and actions, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage, "Mother Wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family, to avoid impending poverty or ruin; woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless, loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty and live to cherish his family, and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature, that instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty takes time to hesitates before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, triumphs where he falls.

HAY MAKING.—It has been definitely settled that the great object to be sought is the preservation of hay in a condition resembling the grass in a perfect state. In order to accomplish this end grass should be cut when it contains the greatest amount of gluten, sugar and such other matters as are soluble in water. When the plant has formed its seed this stage has passed and woody fibre predominates—this being insoluble cannot assimilate itself to the requirements of the animal stomach. When grass is in full flower, but before the seed has formed, it contains the greatest amount of sacharine matter; this speedily diminishes as it ripens, which together with the decay of the leaves, causes a loss in its nutritive properties. Quite a number of grasses are exceptions to this rule—some containing the most nutriment when fully ripe—but as a general principle, for the benefit of both hay and the land upon which it is grown, we would advise the cutting when in full flower.

The process of curing, should, if possible, be perfected in the cock. Hay thus made retains more of the color and the juices of the grass than when thinly spread over the field exposed to the rays of the burning sun. It should, if spread, be gathered into windrows or "foot cocks" at night—dew falling upon it when thus scattered results in more or less injury. The chief point after cutting is to preserve it from dew and rain, as these soon wash away the soluble salts, and its keeping qualities are thereby affected, for hay thus deteriorated ferments very readily when stacked. If the weather is unfavorable the less hay is shook out the better. It will preserve its nutrive properties for a considerable period of time if left undisturbed, but when submitted to repeated dryings and wettings it is soon utterly ruined.—*Rural New Yorker, June 27.*

UTILITY OF HAY CAPS.—Some thousands of tons of hay might be saved much hard work and vexation prevented, if all the farmers would provide themselves with hay caps before commencing haying. Now is the time to provide them, and nothing can be more simple. All that is wanted is as many pieces of cotton sheeting, two yards square, as you will be likely to have cocks of hay at one time, liable to be caught in a shower. The corners of the cloths should have loops to pin them to the hay by long wooden pins, made of hazel bush or any smooth sticks, which are preferred to stones in the corners. As to the usefulness, profitableness and convenience of the hay caps, there can be no longer any room for dispute; the thing has been proved by thousands—proved that no farmer in America can afford to do without hay caps; because they will generally pay for their cost every year, and some seasons those who have used them assert that they have paid their cost more than twice over.—*Exchange.*

EFFECTS OF CLOVER HAY ON ANIMALS.—Some late writers have taken the position that clover hay produces a most injurious effect on domestic animals, particularly horses; and to this cause the great increase of diseased horses is to be attributed. We lately heard a farmer affirm, that he believed the introduction of clover into general cultivation the greatest curse yet inflicted on the country, and assigned as a reason for this singular opinion its effects on animals when used as fodder. Late English writers have attributed to this kind of hay the heaves in horses, and the great increase of other disease that effect the respiratory organs. This is a most important subject, and should receive a full investigation. Clover is too important a plant to be discarded, or condemned, except upon most satisfactory evidence. Its value as a fertilizer and a preparative for wheat, to say nothing of its use for pasture and hay, would demand that it should not be condemned unheard. For ourselves we have very little belief in the injurious propeties assigned to clover. We have used it constantly for pasture and for hay, more than thirty years, and never to our knowledge, has any suffered from it; certainly, no horse has been taken with the heaves when fed on it, or while in our possession. As hay for sheep we consider it unrivalled, and should have no fears that any stock would not winter well with a supply of well-cured clover hay.

And here lies, we think, the great source of objection to clover hay. It is too often imperfectly cured. To save the leaves and the heads, which are apt to fall in handling or curing, the hay is put into the barn while the large stems are full of moisture, or the natural juices and the fermentation which ensues causes the whole mass to become damp; and if not spoiled wholly, it becomes mouldy, black, and when used, raises such a dust, it is no wonder that horses and cattle are choked or their lungs destroyed. Our experience shows that clover may be perfectly cured without losing any of its valuable parts; cured so that when fed out, no more dust will be flying than from timothy or herds grass, and we shall be slow to believe that from such hay any injury to animals ensues.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

Money Becoming Abundant and Cheap.

[From the London Chronicle.]

Throughout Europe we find everywhere signs of an improved state of monetary affairs, gradually reaching that stage for which every class interested in commercial transactions has waited in such anxious expectancy. The supply of capital for every sound undertaking may be considered certain. While this remained doubtful, the incubus upon enterprise could not be removed. But when we find that in two banks alone a hoard of nearly 25 millions sterling is accumulated in the shape of bullion—that the stock is regularly augmenting by natural process of growth—and that the amount of commercial paper under discount is reduced within very manageable limits—the apprehension of deficient capital are allayed. Until lately we remained in sight of the possibility that the Bank of England might be compelled absolutely to stop the supplies of money trading operations. The reserve were so low, and the drain upon the stock of bullion so heavy, that no one could venture to say how far matters would go. Scarcity might, it was feared, become destination, and the advance which were still obtainable at a high price might cease altogether. At present we have arrived at a market stage in the progress to prosperity. Dearth of money is no longer within our range of anxieties. The price of the article is falling, and the supply flowing is abundantly.

[From the Christian Times.]

BELGIUM.—The elections are progressing favourably for the Liberals.

The trial of the Brussels rioters had concluded. The accused were thirteen in number; ten have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment, varying from three weeks to three months. The remaining three were fined.

Belgium is a Roman Catholic country. Few more so. Out of four millions and a half of inhabitants that throng the surface of that thriving state, there are, adopting the most comprehensive enumeration that we have seen, but sixteen thousand persons of whom four thousand are Jews, that do not nominally adhere to the Roman Catholic Church. Though the work be still in its embryo, a reformation, however small, is going on; and having watched closely the signs of the times, I can safely assert that a theological secession must sooner or later take place. The Liberals are no more Catholics, except in name; all their writings show that they have broken with the Church; but they have not as yet moral courage enough to separate from her communion and thus cut every tie which binds them to Rome.

A GLORIOUS AMBITION.

A Scythian ambassador said to Alexander, "If your person were as vast as your ambition the world would not contain you." We have now in our midst a conqueror whose ambition is as boundless as Alexander's. The old world was too narrow a sphere for its exercise, and he has sought the new. We refer to Professor Holloway, whose desire to benefit mankind, unassisted by the countless cures his medicines have accomplished is now actively engaged in revolutionizing the treatment of disease in this country. Conquest and subjugation of various maladies that afflict the human race. The trophies of his skill are to be found in every region of the earth, for his remedies are omnipotent, and wherever they have penetrated, disease has given way to their hygeian influence. Probably there are not half a dozen newspapers in existence that have not borne voluntary testimony to the wonder-working efficacy of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. It has heretofore been the universal complaint against even the most popular medicines, that they were mere palliatives, relieving pain temporarily, perhaps, but never reaching the "*materies morbi*," or element of disease in the blood. Holloway's Pills, on the contrary, act specifically upon the primary cause of the malady in the fluids of the body, and from which they spring. In external disease the Ointment is used as an auxiliary to the Pills, and its sanitive effects are scarcely less wonderful.

To the man, whose profound research and practical skill in medical science have resulted in the production of such unequalled curatives, and whose business energy and enterprise have diffused them through every inhabited region between the Equator and the Poles, the homage of the world is due. He has received it.—*New York Dispatch.*

FOOD FOR COWS.—Dairymen state that on an average, and the season through, the cream from fourteen quarts of milk is required to make a pound of butter. One who feeds pumpkins to his dairy cows claims that, with this food, nine quarts milk yield a pound of butter. Farmers and dairymen who have tried pumpkin feed state that there is invariably a large increase in butter and cheese. As pumpkins can be raised at small expense, there is no reason why they should not become a profitable article for cows.

The following editorial notice is decidedly clever and cool: "The Editor has gone up the river for a few days. All good articles, facetious remarks, puns and typographical errors may be attributed to his absence. In order to give variety and vigor to the paper, he will frequently leave it for a week or so. It is to be hoped that the readers of this journal will learn to appreciate his endeavors."

An Irishman, in great fright and haste, rushed into Abernethy's office and exclaimed: "Be dad, the boy Tim has swallowed a rat." "Then be dad, said the Doctor, "tell the boy Tim to swallow a cat!"

It may possibly sound old fogyish, but it is nevertheless true that the world might dispense for some years, with new ideas if we could only thoroughly disseminate the true ones which we have already in existence.

To make an aristocrat, take a plebian rascal and a half million of dollars, and let them simmer a little while together.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They want carrying out.

Why is a blush like a girl? Because it becomes a woman.

"A young and beautiful, but poor widow, was about to marry a rich old widower. Her friends wished to know what she wanted to marry him for. She replied, 'For pure love. I love the ground (meaning farm, probably) on which he walks, and the very house in which he lives.' There is genuine love for you. There is romance! there is girl romance in that.