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Poetry.

WIE'S KOMMT, SO IST ES GUT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Whatever comes is for the best,
These words give courage to the breast,
The winds may blow, the tempests lower,
We will defy their utmost power,
And cry, amid their wild affright,
"Whatever happens will be right."

Whatever comes is for the best,
This thought gives calm 'mid life's unrest,
Though far away the shore may lie,
And waves rise round us mountain high,
Our destiny is in His hand,
Who rules the sky, the sea, the land.

Whatever comes is well. What power
Have words like these in sorrow's hour!
They keep the heart forever warm,
They charm away the power to harm;
Despair can never be our guest
When we can say, "All's for the best."

Whatever comes is for the best,
Then let us bow to Heaven's behest.
Through health or sickness, weal or woe,
God's love marks out our lot below;
Thank him for this sweet ark of rest—
Whatever comes, is for the best

Miscellany.

A Novel Mode of Electioneering.

A story is going about the London Clubs of a candidate for a vacant seat in Parliament. He was walking through the streets of the borough with his attorney when a neutral voter as pointed out. The legal adviser said that the candidate had better tackle the voter at once. "What is his profession?' said the candidate. "I am not sure," was the reply, "but I think that he is a trunk maker." How do you do, how do you do my dear sir? said the candidate. "How very fortunate that I have made your acquaintance.

Mrs. X. has been travelling about a good deal lately, and has worn out her trunk.—Please make me the very best trunk you possibly can." "I am much flatter by your compliments," said the voter, "but I am not a trunk maker." "Oh, yes you are, says the candidate. "No, indeed, I am not," says the voter. "Then pray what are you?" says the candidate. "If you please, sir I am a coffin maker." "O that will do just as well," said Mr. X. the candidate. "Please make me a coffin; the very best coffin you possibly can." The voter said—"Please sir you are joking—now, I don't like that." Mr. X. in reply, "Never was more serious in my life." "Well, all is fair in the way of business But please give me a written order." "By all manner of means," said the candidate, who at once gave the written order.

About a week after a hearse with plumes and feathers drew up at a comfortable family mansion in one of the London parks, and out came a coffin. The servants were horrified, and declined to take the dark object indoors. The undertaker was inexhorable. Mr X. was at dinner, and being interrogated by his servant desired the coffin to be brought into the house "But where shall we put it?" said Mrs. X. "Under the bed," said Mr. X To this Mrs. X. decidedly objected. Soon all the servants came and began to insinuate symptons of giving warning. They could not think of abiding in a house with a coffin.

Mr. X then ordered it to be taken to his chambers in the Temple. One of his friends asked him what he had done with the coffin, he admitted that he had put a whole set of voluminous law reports into it. A man like this who is so good at an emergency would save a colony if the geese were cackling at the door. He must himself be above price.

To Keep Tires on Wheels.—Hear a practical man on this subject:—

I ironed a wagon some years ago for my own use; before putting on the tires I filled the felloes with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out and were never loose My method is as follows: I use a long, castiron heater, made for the purpose. The oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felloe an hour.—The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take the oil. Care should be taken that the oil is not made hotter than a boiling heat, or the timber will be burned. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible to injury by water, and is rendered much more durable by this process.

A six years old boy, at Trenton, N. J., who was locked up in a dark closet last week by his teacher, became insane from fright continued to scream at intervals for two or three days, and finally died.

THE MISER'S BEQUEST.

The bear hand of Phil. Acre's old-fashioned silver watch was pointing to the figure-eight the snug red curtains shut out the rain and darkness of the March night, and the fire snapped and crackled behind the red hot bars of the little grate in a most cozy and comfortable sort of way, casting a rosy shine into the thoughtful brown eyes that were tracing castles and coronets in the burning coals.

For Philip Acre was, for once indulging himself in the dangerous fascinations of a day dream.

If I were rich! he said to himself—"Ah, if. Then, good-bye to all those musty old law-books; good-bye to those mended boots and thrice-turned coats, and all the ways and means that turn a man's life into wretched bondage! Wouldn't I revel in new books and delicious paintings, and high stepping horses? Wouldn't I buy a set of jewels for Edith—not pale pearls or sickly emeralds, but diamonds to blaze like lines of fire upon her loyal throat. Wouldn't I—what non sense I'm talking, though! he cried, suddenly rousing him-elf. Phil. Acre, hold your confounded tongue! I did suppose you were a fellow of more sense! Here you are, neither rich nor distinguished, but a simple law-student, while Edith Wyllis is as far above your moon-struck aspirations as the Queen of Night herself? She loves me, though—she will wait; and the time may one day come! If only Dr. Wyllis were not so distrustful a fellow? However, I must learn to prove myself worthy of the sweetest prize that ever—Hallo come in, there, whoever you are.

It was only the servant maid of the establishment carrying a letter in the corner of her apron, between her finger and her thumb.

Please, sir, the postman has just left it—two cents to pay.

Here are your two coppers, then, Katy—a pretty fair equivalent for any letter I may receive. Now, then he added, as the door closed behind Kat's substantial back, let's see what my unknown correspondent has to say. A black seal, eh! Not having any relation to lose, I am not alarmed at the prognostic!

He broke the seal, and glanced leisurely over the short, business like communication contained, with a face that varied from incredulous surprise to sudden gladness.

Am I dreaming? he muttered to himself, as if to ensure complete possession of his senses. No, I'm wide awake, and in my right mind; it is no delusion, no part of my waking visions! But who would ever suppose that old Theron Mortimer, whom I have not seen since I was a boy of 16, and picked him out of the river half-dead between cramp and fright, would die and leave me all his money. Why, I'm not even the shadow of a relation, but then, I never heard that the old man had kith or kin, so I can't imagine any harm in taking advantage of his old freak!—Rich—am I really to be rich? Oh, Edith, Edith!

He clapped both hands over his eyes, sick and giddy with the thought that the loved, far-off star of his admiration would be brought near to him at last, by the magnet of gold.—All those years of heartless waiting were to be bridged over by the strange old miser's bequest; he might claim Edith now.

How full of heart sunshine were the weeks that flitted over the head of the accepted lover—brightened by Edith's smiles—made beautiful by the soft radiance of Edith's love!

It was precisely a week before the wedding, and the soft lights veiled by shades of ground glass were just lighted in Dr. Wyllis' drawing-room, where Edith sat among her white roses and heliotropes, working on a bit of cambric ruffling, and singing to herself. She was a slender, beautiful girl, with violet-gray eyes, a blue veined forehead, and glossy, abundant curls that old painters love to portray.

I wonder if Mortimer Place is so very lovely, she said to a silver-haired lady who sat opposite. Philip is going to take me there, when we return from our wedding tour, aunty; he says it is the sweetest spot a poet's-fancy could devise, with fountains and shrub, berries, and green delicious copses. Oh! shall we not be happy there?

She started up with a bright, sudden blush, for, even while the words were trembling on her lip, Phil Acre came into the room, his handsome face looking a little troubled, yet cheerful withal, Mrs. Wyllis, with an arch look at her niece, disappeared into the perfumed perspective of the conservatory, leaving the lovers to themselves.

You are looking grave, Philip, said Edith, as he bent over and kissed her cheek.

I am feeling so, darling. I have a very unpleasant disclosure to make to-night; our marriage must be postponed indefinitely.

Philip! for what reason?

To enable me to labor diligently at my profession to realize sufficient means to support you, dearest, in a manner satisfactory to your father's expectations and my own wishes.

But, Philip, I thought—

You thought me the heir of Theron Mortimer's wealth! So I was, Edith, a few hours since, but I have relinquished all claim to it now. When I accepted the bequest, I was under the impression that no living heir existed. I learn to day that a distant cousin—a woman—is alive, although, my lawyer tells me, in ignorance of her relationship to Theron Mortimer. Of course, I shall immediately transfer all the properly to her.

But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours.

Legally, it is, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak, at this woman's expense. I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!

You have done right, Philip, said Edith, with sparkling eyes. We will wait, and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? what is her name?

That's just what I didn't stop to inquire.—I will write again to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out, and then, darling—

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence:

"Then I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self abnegation—a sweet testimonial!

Hem! said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye-glasses magisterially with a crimson silk pocket-handkerchief. I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—an honorable thing to do. Edith, I have felt exactly certain about Phil. Acre's being worthy of you before.

Papa!

But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?

This evening, sir, faltered Edith, the violet eyes sottly dropping

Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law practising—why there's time for that afterward. Child, don't strangle me with your kis-es; keep 'em for Paul.

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

Tried and not found wanting! he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet trunks and travelling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old married people of full a week's duration, were driving along the shores of the Hudson in the amber glow of a glorious sunset.

Hallo! which way is Thomas going? said Philip, leaning from the window, as the carriage turned out of the shore road.

I told him the road to take, Phil, said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. Let me have my own way, just for once. We are going to our new home.

"Are we?" said Phil, with a comical grimace.

Wait until you see, sir! said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rosebud of a mouth.

And Philip "waited" dubiously.

Where are we? he asked, in astonishment, when the carriage drove up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not entirely unfamiliar to him. Surely this is Mortimer Place!

I shouldn't be surprised if it was, said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like your new house?

Our new house! repeated Philip, I do not understand you, sir.

Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Theron Mortimer, although she never knew of it until this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along, but I was not sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil. Acre. And now, as the deed of conveyance isn't made yet, I don't suppose your lawyer will trouble himself about it. The heiress will not quarrel with you, I'll be bound.

Philip Acre's cheeks flushed, and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife standing beside him, the sunset turning her bright hair to coils of gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of darkness had come light.

In a New York court on Monday week, a woman swore that she had been a widow for twelve years. The next witness was her husband, who had been absent all that time.—The meeting was a very joyful one of course.

A navvy in England recently drank fifteen quarts of ale in one day. He did not work it off sufficiently, and it accordingly worked him off.

—The harvests in Great Britain are reported to be considerably superior to those of last year on the whole.

A Rattlesnake at Liberty.

HE KILLS A HORSE AND A BUFFALO.

The Liverpool Mercury has the following story:

Some years ago a group of eight American rattlesnakes, which had been landed at Liverpool, were purchased by Mr. W. Manders, and were first exhibited by him at Northampton. As the box in which the snakes had been brought over was unsafe. Mr. Manders had a stout case manufactured for their reception, and the reptiles were soon installed in their new quarters. The new case had a thick plate glass front and top, hot water cisterns underneath, and a small door fastened with a spring latch on the side. This case, in its turn fitted in a massive oaken box, in which it was placed when the snakes were on exhibition, every possible precaution being taken to prevent accident.

Mr. Manders arrived with his menagerie at Tunbridge Wells on Friday morning last and as soon as he had "set" the caravans he left for London. Early on Saturday morning the Keeper who attends the reptile department of the menagerie put a large pan of water on the coke fire which stands in the centre of the inclosure, so that he might be enabled to fill the cisterns with hot water. During the time the water was heating the man proceeded with his work and at length took the case containing the rattlesnakes out of the box, and commenced cleaning the exterior. When he was so engaged, the spring latch of door at the side of the case became detached and the door dropped down. At that moment the water in the pan boiled over, and the keeper rushed to the fire to remove the pan, leaving open the door of the rattlesake's case.

On his return to resume his work, he saw that one the largest of the snakes had escaped from the case and was peering about hissing in a terrible manner and shaking its rattle. The man closed the open door of the case and then warned his companions, who were cleaning up the menagerie previous to its opening a morning exhibition.

A panic seized the men, and with the greatest difficulty an elderly man named Frank Godfrey prevailed on some of them to remain in the inclosure and endeavor to recapture the fearful reptile. Arming themselves with shovels, forks, scrapers, broom, etc., the keepers, under the direction of Godfrey, proceeded toward the snake. The reptile, during these preparations, remained perfectly quiet, but on the approach of the keepers—which was heralded by a large sack being attempted to be thrown over him—the reptile leisurely proceeded up the centre of the inclosure, hissing all the time.

It did not appear to notice any of the occupants of the numerous cages and dens until it came to the caravan containing the bonassus, a species of buffalo an immense animal weighing upward of two tons. On arriving opposite this caravan the rattlesnake paused for a moment, and then made a spring, fastening on the bonassus, and bit it in the left nostril. The reptile then let go its grip, and a shaking its rattles, glided through an opening between two caravans, where some grooms were filling a cart with straw.

To this cart was attached one the finest horses belonging Mr. Mander's extensive stud The rattlesnake fastened on the off fetlock of the horse, which immediately plunged and reared to such an extent as to shake the reptile off and before it could move away it was crushed to pieces beneath the hoofs of the horse.

In a few minutes after the horse had received the bite from the loathsome reptile, its whole frame quivered, its eyes nearly burst from their sockets, and its moans were piteous. Two veterinary surgeons were brought, but their services were of no avail, for in a few minutes the horse died in frightful agony. Meanwhile the bonassus was in such an infuriated condition that the doors of his den had to be put up and securely bolted. In a few moments a heavy fall was heard in the caravan, and the doors on being opened the noble beast was expiring and shortly afterward died Mr. Manders was summoned by telegraph, and, on his arrival he ordered the door of the case containing the other rattlesnakes to be securely screwed down, so that it is impossible that any future accident can occur with these deadly reptiles.

Men one would rather not Meet.—Men who tell stories that run into one another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of them.

Men who have quarrelled with all their relations.

Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends.

Men who have been persecuted and swindled by a general conspiracy of everybody.

Men who imitate popular actors.

Men who are always asking "Don't you think so?"

Men who are always "putting a case."

Men who agree with you too much.

Men who feel inclined to join issue with you there.

HOME RUN.

Dialogue between an enthusastic base ball-ist and his friend who isn't:

"What is the matter with your finger?"

"Struck with a ball and drove up—but it is a noble game," was the reply.

"Precisely—and your thumb is useless is it not?"

"Yes, struck with a ball and broken."

"That finger-joint?"

"A ball struck it. No better game to improve a man's physical condition—strengthens one's sinews."

"You walk lame; that foot, isn't it?"

No. It's the—the—well, a bat flew out of a player's hand and hit my knee pan. He had the innings.

"One of your front teeth is gone?"

Knocked out by a ball—an accident.

"Your right hand and your nose have been peeled—how's that?"

Slipped down on a second base—only a mere scratch.

"And you like this kind of fun?"

Glory in it, sir. It is the healthiest game in the world, sir.

A Queer Wedding.—Mrs Eliza Barnsley, the still young and buxom widow of one our brave soldiers who died at Andersonville, resides with her parents in the vicinity of this city. Some time ago she became acquainted with a young limb of the law for Providence, R. I., who was enjoying his vacation in the neighborhood. Having become tired of fishing for the finny tribes of our brook the young lawyer angled for hearts, and hooked the unsuspecting one of Mrs. Barnsley. Walks were taken by moonlight, bouquets presented, declarations were made, and the day appointed. The day came, but not the bridegroom. The faithless one went away in the morning train, hastened and cleared for regions unknown.

Whether his heart had failed him at the last moment, or whether he had become struck by the conviction that she was too good for him it was useless to speculate. Enough, he was not there. The bride was disconsolate, the friends outraged. Worse than all, the dinner was getting spoiled by waiting Seeing this state of affairs, one of the invited guests, a middle aged farmer, who had been long a secret admirer of Mrs. Barnsley, and whom she encouraged before the lawyer's advent, stepped up, offered to take the groom's place, and was accepted. They were married, ate their dinner, and promises to make a happy couple. If ever they have occasion to get a divorce, they intend to employ the legal gentleman from Providence.—[Hartford Post.

Six months ago, a Boston house sent out 500 hoop skirts to Japan as a venture. The Japs put a cover on them and used them for umbrellas.

The venerable ex-President Jeremiah Day, so long at the head of Yale College, has died at the advanced age of 96 years.

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady, decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed:

"What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on another breast-pin!"

Dominion Tweeds.

Received THIS DAY at the ALBION HOUSE direct from the manufacturers, Montreal:

1 BALE Canada TWEEDS for Gentlemen's wear, better than anything imported, and very cheap. Call and examine the Dominion Manufactured Tweeds.

JOHN S. MAGEE.

St. Andrews, Aug. 27th 1867.

ST. HELEN CROWN GLASS.

Ex "Carrie Wright" from Liverpool.

132 BOXES best quality Crown Window Glass (assorted sizes.)

J. W. STREET.

St. Andrews, July 28th, 1867.

Tea, Pipes, Corks, Allsopp's Ale.

Ex "Tecumseh" from Liverpool via St. John

2 Hhds } "Murphy's" fine old stiff
20 Qr. Casks } Whiskey.
5 Hhds. "Allsopp's" pale Ale.
200 Gross Corks (assorted).
15 Boxes Woodstock & Miner's Pipes.
20 Chests }
10 Half " } fine Congou Tea.
15 Dozy. Stone Bottles (assorted.) &c. &c.

July 15th, 1867. J. W. STREET.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available