St. John Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume XVI. Saint John, New-Brunswick, Friday, October 16, 1851. Number 8.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deeber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—
12s. 6d., In Advance;—3s if not paid until the termination of the year!

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of *making good subscribers contribute for those who never pay*, he offers the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a Valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. He proposes to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;
For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;
For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;
Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

☞ By the Year.—The rate of advertising by the year is six pounds per column, and *half, quarter, or eighth* part of a column in the same ratio.

☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

GOODS.

By the "Gipsey," "Charles," and "Richmond," &c., received and for Sale:—

75 BAGS Shingle and Clapboard fine Cut NAILS, and 25 bags Board fine Cut Nails, at 2½d. per lb.; 35 kegs, 100 lbs. each, 7d'y, 8d'y, 9d'y, and 10d'y Horse Nails; 50 kegs 6d'y, 8d'y, and 10d'y Wrought Rose and Clasp-head Nails; 10 casks 2½, 2¾ and 3 inch Boat Nails; 10 casks 4½ and 5 inch Spikes; 700 yards Superfine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 300 do Fine Scotch Wool Carpeting; 25 kegs yellow Paint; 5 boxes Cocoa Paste; A variety of WOODEN WARE.

ALSO—*By the "Albert" from London:*

A Case containing first-rate CHARTS of the English and Irish Channel, North Atlantic, Nova-Scotia, the St. Lawrence, &c., &c.
6 Ten inch Brass Compasses;
24 Log Glasses; 30 Parallel Rulers;
12 Gunter Scales; Quadrants, Thermometers, Ruled and Plain Log Books, &c.—For sale by the Case. JOHN KINNEAR.

St. John, July 18, 1851.

THE FANCY ARCADE,

CORNER OF KING AND CROSS STREET.

KEEPS constantly on hand for Sale, Gold and Silver WATCHES, a neat assortment of Gold French and English Jewelry, Fans, Perfumery, Scented Soaps, Colognes, Hair Oils, Liquid Rouge Extracts, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, hair, clothes, tooth, nail and other Brushes, Feather Posters, gilt Framed and Zinc Mirrors, Steel Pens and Holders, lead and slate Pencils, Drawing Paints, Sun Glasses, Spectacles, Watch Guards, Fob Chains, Steel Beads, and Purse Trimmings, Crossbea Boxes in great variety, playing, courting, and conversation Cards, Alabaster Goods, silk Purses, French Paper Weights, Fire Crackers, Work Boxes and Writing Desks, Stationery, and upwards of 2000 other different articles.

N. B.—This establishment is well worthy the inspection of Country, Wholesale as well as Retail purchasers, as the Proprietor selects his Stock personally from Foreign Markets.

August 1. J. CROUCH.

GRANITE HALL,

No. 1, Dock Street.

SUMMER OVER COATS, in loose and Plain Sac styles, made of a superior article of Venetian Cloth, cut and made up in the neatest manner, only 25s., or made to Measure at 27s. 6d., and a perfect fit warranted.

July 18. THOS. R. JONES.

NEW BOOKS.

Per Steamer "Admiral."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July;
H. Fowler's Phrenological Journal do.;
Capt. O'Sullivan, or Adventures Civil, Military and Matrimonial, by W. H. Maxwell, Esq.
The Birthright, by Mrs. Gore;
Blanche of Navarre, a Play by G. P. R. James;
The smuggler a Tale;
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, by G. W. M Reynolds;
French without a Master;
Tom Cringle's Log and Cruise of the Midge;
A further supply of Masonry, &c.

July 4. B. O'BRIEN.

German and French Goods.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received from Germany, Nine Cases assorted TOYS and DOLLS, and Two Cases from France, comprising an elegant assortment of French China FLOWER VASES Fancy PAPER WEIGHTS, PERFUMES, HAIR OILS, SCENTED SOAPS, WALKING STICKS, CRICKET BATS, BALLS, and WICKETS, &c., &c.

☞ Ladies' Madonna PALZETTS always on hand
TOYS Wholesale and Retail. WM. MAJOR.

NOTICE.

MR. WILLIAM B. KINNEAR, intending to return to this City in the early part of autumn, has taken the office lately occupied by the Messrs. Tuck in Prince William street, where he will attend to professional business, in connection with his Nephew, Mr. H. W. Fairn.

Mr. H. W. Fairn having removed to the above Office, will let the one lately occupied by him, until the 1st May next, at a low rent.

July 25.—tf

Perfumed Spirits and Chocolate.

Now landing ex *Albert*, from London, viz:

8 CASES Farina's genuine Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, Extract de Rose, D'Orange, Bergamot, &c., &c., in short bottle;
1 case fine FRENCH CHOCOLATE, in cakes and tin-foiled. For sale by
August 1. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Wheat and Buckwheat Cleansers.

THE subscriber is Agent for the Sale of Leonard Smith's improved ventilating CLEANSERS and SCOURERS, which are taking the place of all previous inventions.

The Machines cost from Fifty Dollars upwards, cleaning from 75 to 150 Bushels per hour according to size.

WARRANTED.—The Machines will be sent to order, warranted to excel all others now in use, and a trial will be given, and if they do not operate as warranted they will be taken back and no charge made, provided they are run according to directions, no damage done, and returned within three months from day of shipment. CHAS. L. STREET.

St. John, 12th Sept. 1851. 6i.

ENGLISH BOOTS & SHOES.

JUST Received at S. K. FOSTER'S Ladies' Fashionable Shoe Store, Germain Street—Per ship "*Thomas Fielding*," from Liverpool:—

A NEW SUPPLY OF

Ladies', Misses, and Children's very fine summer BOOTS and SHOES of the newest styles.

August 8, 1851. S. K. FOSTER.

Manufacturer of Monuments, Tablets, & Architectural Ornaments,

IN

MARBLE, FREESTONE, AND GRANITE.

Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

FELLOWS & CO.,

Apothecaries, Foster's Corner.

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they are prepared to sell of the best description and at as low prices as can be obtained of any Establishment in British North America; DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, Horse and Cattle Medicines, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, FANCY ARTICLES.

Our Medicines are selected with the greatest care in order that only the most choice ones shall be used in preparing prescriptions.

PATENT MEDICINES, &c.—Ayers Cherry Pectoral, Anderson's Pills, Acoustic Oil for Deafness, British Oil Bottons, Brandreth's Pills, Bateman's Drops; Balsam Wild Cherry, (Wistar's); Balsam Liverwort, (Gardner's); Bed Bug Bane; Baking Powder, (Babbit's); Buchan's Hungarian Balsam; Connell's Pain Extractor; Cramp and Pain Killer; Cadsules Copaiva, ditto Copaiva and Cubebs, ditto Castor Oil, Cephalic Snuff, Congress Water, Curtis and Perkins Vermifuge, Court Plaster, Black, ditto do. Flesh color; Chemical Fly Paper Dalby's Carminative, Dutch Drops, Dyspepsia Bitters, Davis Pain Killer, Devanport's Pills, Dalley's Pain Extractor, Essences, all kinds, Essence Spruce; (black), Evans' Pain Killer, Fellows' Toothache Drops, do Dyspepsia Bitters, ditto Medicated Bonesset Candy, Fellows Extracts Rose, do. do. Vanilla, do. do. Bitter Almond, do. do. Lemon, Fellows' Rheumatic Panacea; Fryar's Balsam; Fox Poison, (Strychnine); Godfrey's Cordial; Gardner's Balsam Liverwort; Hay's Liniment; Headache Remedy; Harlem Oil; Hewes Liniment; Holloway's Pills; ditto Ointment; Henry's Magnesia; Husband's Magnesia; Hooper's Female Pills; Hardy's Sarsaparilla, do. Jaundice Bitters, do. German Pain Killer, do. Columbian Anodyne; Hunter's Pulmonary Balsam; Juno Cordial; Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, Indian Vegetable Pills, (Wright's); James Powder, (True) Indian Dyspepsia Pills; Itch Ointment; Judson's Extract Cherry and Lungwort; Jaynes' Expectorant; Kidder's Liniment, Kiddles James Powder; Longley's Great Western Panacea; Lee's Antibilious Pills; Laporiques Solution Chloride Soda Medicamentum; Murray's Fluid Magnesia; Moffat's Life Pills; Moffat's Phœnix Bitters; Mrs. Gardner's Balsam; Norton's Chamomile Pills; Pulmonary Balsam R. & C., Pond's Pain Destroyer; Pepper Sauce; Payson's Indelible Ink; Rushton's Indelible Ink; Roses Propriety Medicines; Roberts Poor Man's Friend; do. Alterative; Sphins Elixir of Health, ditto Headache Remedy; Steers Opodeldoc; Seidlitz Powders; Swain's Panacea; Sands' Sarsaparilla, S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla; Sherman's Olosaonlan; Strengthening Plasters; Starch Polish; Sherman's Worm Lozenges, do. Cough Lozenges, do. Poor Man's Plaster; Stoughton's Bitters; Saratoga Water; Towsend's Sarsaparilla; Turlington's Balsam; Thompson's Eye Water; Tobias' Venetian Liniment; Vermifuge, Fahnestock's ditto Curtis & Perkins'; Warming Plasters; Welds' Strengthening Plasters, Worm Syrup Roses; Worm Lozenges.

Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Carleton's Condition Powders; do. Founder Ointment; do. Ring Bone and Spavine Specific; Marden's Ox Liniment, Dalley's Animal Galvanic Salve; Tartleralls Heave Powders.

PERFUMERY.—Lubin's Extract, Jockey Club, Do do. Patchouly, Do. do. Jenny Lind, Do. do. Millefleur, Do. do. Honey Suckle, Do. do Mignionette, Farina's Eau de Cologne, domestic Eau de Cologne, Do. Lavander Water English Lavender Water, Pommades and other preparations for the Hair, Jockey Club Pomaceum, assaty, Pommade Divine, Millefleur Pomatum, Philacome, Ladies' Pomatum, assorted Bears Marrow do. Ox Marrow do, Monpelas Huile Antique, Circassian Cream, Chrystal Cream of Honey, Bogels Hyperion Fluid, Phalon's Hair invigorator, Extract Honey and Rosemary, Cold Drawn Oil Rosemary, Extract Rose and Rosemary, Rowland's Maccassar Oil, Balm of Thousand Flowers, Bandoline, Burton's Egg Preparations, Preparations for rendering the Skin soft, fair, and transparent; Vinegar of Rouge Patey's Cold Cream, Violet Powder, Chalk Balls, Moon Fun, Burton's Kephalia, Bogles Hebeaonia, Milk of Roses.

Preparations for the Teeth.

Charcoal Tooth Paste, Do. do. Powder, Vegetable Tooth Powder, Botanic ditto, Ambrosial ditto, Rose ditto, Orris do, Camphorated do.

SOAPS, &c.—Rossell's Shaving Cream, Guerlain's do. do, Palm Soap (Berry's), Naples ditto; Burton's sand Wash Balls, do. do Tablet, Shaving Powder, Balm of Thousand Flowers, Real old Brown Windsor, White Windsor, Oxygenated Soap, Walnut Oil Soap, Naval and Military Soap, Freeman's Soap, Military Shaving Soap, Kesan ditto, Cocoanut Oil ditto, Ambrosial Shaving Cream, and a variety of cheap Fancy Soaps.

Sundry Fancy and Toilette Articles—Turkish Hair Dye, Bogle's Hair Dye, Naples Hair Dye, French Depilatory, English Depilatory, Smelling Bottles, Silver Top, an elegant assortment.

The largest assortment of BRUSHES in the City, comprising English, American—and home Manufacture, of excellent quality, and unprecedented low prices. September 5.

Furniture Ware-Rooms

PRINCE WM. STREET,

Adjoining the Bank of British North America.

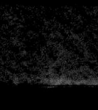
THE Subscriber keeps constantly on hand or will make to order FURNITURE of every description, of the best materials and workmanship, as cheap as can be obtained in the City.

Persons wishing to obtain good and substantial FURNITURE can be supplied on better terms than at any of the Furniture Auction Rooms in the City.

MATTRESSES of all kinds made at short notice.

UNDERTAKING attended to, HEARSE and PALL furnished. ROBERT NISBET.

St. John, N. B. Aug. 1, 1851.



THE Subscriber having resumed his former business at his old stand, Brussels Street, grateful for past favors, again solicits a share of public patronage. ☞ Good Hearses and Carriages always on hand.

GEORGE N. ROBINSON.

Miscellaneous.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

FROM FRAZER'S MAGAZINE.

A few years ago, a picture appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which peculiarly impressed my imagination—it represented an ancient ruinous dwelling surrounded by dilapidated gardens, set in sombre woods. The venerable trees, moat filled with nettles and rubbish, the broken fences, green stagnant waters, the gabled, turreted, many-windowed, mouldering mansion, a perfect medley of chaotic architecture. The visible silence, the spirit of supreme decoration brooding over the precincts, filled my mind with involuntary sadness, while fancy conjured up strange, wild tales of other days, in connection with the scene. I could not shake off the belief that reality was portrayed on the canvass; and writing an account of the various pictures to a friend who resided in the country, I dwelt on this particular one, and my singular impressions respecting it. When I next received a letter from my friend, she remarked how unaccountable my fancies were—fancies which were, however, based on the foundation of truth.

She went on to say, that reading my letter to Mrs. I——, an octogenarian in wonderful preservation, that lady informed her of the locality of my deserted mansion, and also of its history—the picture being actually painted for Mrs. I——'s son, and the tale attached to it, which my friend eventually gave me in the old lady's own words, was as follows:—

"Fifty years ago, the mansion of St. Elan's Wood was reckoned ancient, but it was a healthful, vigorous age, interesting and picturesque. Then, emerald turf lined the sides of the moat, and blooming flowers clustered within its sloping shelter; while drapery fluttered within the quaint latticed windows, and delicate climbers festooned them without; terraced walks and thick hollow hedges were in trim order, fountains sparkled in the sunshine, and blushing roses bent over and kissed the clear rejoicing waters.

"Fifty years ago, joyous laughter resounded amid the greenwood glades, and buoyant footsteps pressed the greensward—for the master of St. Elan's had brought home a bride, and friends and relatives hastened thither to offer congratulations, and to share the hospitalities of the festive season.

"Lady St. Elan was a very young wife—a soft-eyed, timid creature. Her mother died during her daughter's infancy, and her father (an officer of high rank in the army) being abroad, a lady whom we shall call Sabina, by whom she had been educated, accompanied her beloved pupil, now Lady St. Elan, to this new home. The death of Lady St. Elan's father, and the birth of a daughter, eventually mingled rejoicing and mourning together, and great anxiety was felt for the young mother, whose recovery was extremely tedious. The visits of eminent physicians, who were sent for from great distances, evinced the fears that were still entertained, even when the invalid roamed once more in the pleasant gardens and woods around. Alas! it was not for the poor lady's bodily health they feared; the hereditary mental malady of her family on the maternal side, but which had slumbered for two generations, again darkly shadowed forth its dread approaches. Slight, indeed, had been the warning as yet, subtle the demonstrations of the deadly enemy, but enough to alarm the watchful husband, who was well acquainted with the facts. But the alarm passed away, the physicians came no more, and apparent health and strength, both mental and physical, were fully restored to the patient, while the sweet babe really deserved the epithets lavished on it by the delighted mother of the 'divinest baby in the world.'

"During the temporary absence (her husband, on affairs of urgent business, left St. Elan requesting Sabina to share her chamber at night, on the plea of timidity and loneliness. This wish was cheerfully complied with, and two or three days passed pleasantly away.

"St. Elan was expected to return home the following morning, and when the friends retired to rest on the previous night, Sabina withdrew the window curtains, to gaze upon the glorious landscape which stretched far away, all bathed in silver radiance, and she soon fell into a tranquil slumber, commencing with holy thoughts and prayerful aspirations.—She was suddenly awakened by a curious kind of sound in the room, accompanied by a half-stifled jeering laugh. She knew not how long sleep lulled her in oblivion, but when Sabina turned round to see whence the sound proceeded, imagine her horror and dismay at beholding Lady St. Elan standing near the door, sharpening a large knife on her slipper, looking wildly round now and then, muttering and jibing.

"'Not sharp enough yet—not sharp enough yet,' she exclaimed, intently pursuing her occupation."

"Sabina felt instinctively that this was no practical joke; she knew instinctively the dread reality—by the maniac's eye—by the tone of voice—and she sprang from the bed, darting towards the door. It was locked; Lady St. Elan looked cunningly up, at the same time muttering—

"'So you thought I was so silly, did you? But I double locked it, and threw the key out of the window; and perhaps you may spy it out in the moonshine you're so fond of admiring, pointing to an open casement, at an immense height from the ground—for this apartment was at the summit of the turret, commanding an extensive view, chosen for that reason, as well as for its seclusion and repose, being so far distant from the rest of the household."

"Sabina was not afflicted with weak nerves, and as the full danger of her position flashed across her mind, she remembered to have heard that the human eye possesses extraordinary power to quell and keep in abeyance all unruly passions thus terrifically displayed. She was also aware, that in a contest where mere bodily energy was concerned, all her powers must prove utterly inadequate and unavailing, when brought into competition with those of the unfortunate lady during a continuance of the paroxysm. Sabina feigned a calmness which she was far from feeling at that trying moment, and though her voice trembled, yet she said cheerfully, and with a caressing air—

"'I think that your knife will soon be sharp enough, Lady St. Elan—what do you want it for?'

"'What do I want it for?' mimicked the mad woman—'why, what should I want it for, Sabina, but to cut your throat with?'

"'Well, that is an odd fancy,' exclaimed Sabina, endeavoring not to scream or to faint—'but you had better sit down, for the knife is not sharp enough for that job—there—there's a chair. Now give me your attention while you sharpen, and I'll sit opposite to you—for I have had such an extraordinary dream, and I want you to listen to it.'

"The lady looked maliciously sly, as much as to say, 'You shall not cheat me, if I do listen.' But she sat down, and Sabina opposite to her, who began pouring forth a farrago of nonsense, which she pretended that she had dreamed. Lady St. Elan had always been much addicted to perusing works of romantic fiction, and this taste for the marvellous was probably the means of saving Sabina's life—who, during that long and awful night, never flagged for one moment, continuing her recognition of marvels in the Arabian Nights style. The maniac sat perfectly still, with the knife in one hand, the slipper in the other, and her large eyes intently fixed on the narrator. Oh, those weary, weary hours! When, at length, repeated signals and knocks were heard at the chamber door, as the morning sun arose, Sabina had presence of mind not to notice them, as her terrible companion appeared not to do so—but she continued her sing song, monotonous strain, until the barrier was fairly forced open, and St. Elan himself, who had just returned, alarmed at the portentous murmurs within, and accompanied by several domestics, came to the rescue.

"Half Sabina moved, or screamed for help, or appeared to recognise the aid which was at hand, ere it could have reached her, the knife might have been sheathed in her heart. This knife was a foreign one of quaint workmanship, usually hanging up in St. Elan's dressing room—and the premeditation evinced in this secreting it was a mystery not to be solved. Sabina's hair, which was black as the raven's wing when she retired on that fearful night, had changed in the similitude of extreme age, when they found her in the morning. Lady St. Elan never recovered this sudden and total overthrow of reason, but died—alas! it was rumored by her own hand—within two years afterwards. The infant heiress was entrusted to the guidance of her mother's friend and governess—she became an orphan at an early age, and on completing her twenty-first year, was uncontrolled mistress of the fortune and estates of her ancestors.

"But long ere that period arrived, a serious question had arisen in Sabina's mind respecting the duty and expediency of informing Mary St. Elan what her true position was, and of greatly imparting the and knowledge of that fascination overshadowing the destinies of her race. It was true, that in her individual case, the catastrophe might be warded off, while, on the other hand, there was lurking, threatening danger—but a high religious principle seemed to demand a sacrifice, or self immolation, in order to prevent the possibility of a perpetuation of a direful malady.

"Sabina felt assured that were her noble-hearted pupil once to learn the facts, there would be no hesitation on her part in strictly adhering to the prescribed line of right—it was a bitter task for Sabina to undertake, but she did not shrink from performing it when her resolution became matured, and her scruples settled into decision, formed on the solid basis of duty to God and man. Sabina afterwards learnt that the sacrifice demanded of Mary St. Elan was far more heroic than she had contemplated—and when that sweet young creature devoted herself to a life of celibacy, Sabina did not know that, engrossed by 'first love,' of which so much has been said and sung, Mary St. Elan babe adieu to life's hope and happiness.

"With a woman's delicate perception and depth of pity, Sabina gained that knowledge; and with honor unspeakable she silently read the treasured secrets of the gentle heart thus fatally wounded—the evil from which she had sedulously striven to guard her pupil, had not been successfully averted—Mary St. Elan had already given away her guileless heart. But her sorrows were not doomed to last; for soon after that period when the law pronounced her free from control respecting her worldly affairs, the last of the St. Elans passed peacefully away to a better world, bequeathing the mansion house and estate of St. Elan's Wood to Sabina and her heirs. In Sabina's estimation, however, this munificent gift was the "price of blood;" as, but for *her* instrumentality, the fatal knowledge would not have been imparted; but for *her* the ancestral woods and pleasant home might have descended to children's children in the St. Elan line—tainted, indeed, and doomed; but now the race was extinct.

"There were many persons who laughed at Sabina's sensitive feelings on this subject, which they could not understand; and even well meaning, pious folks, thought that she carried her strict notions too far. Yet Sabina remained immovable; nor would she ever consent that the wealth thus left should be enjoyed by her or her?

"Thus the deserted mansion still remains unclaimed, though it will not be long ere it is appropriated to the useful and beneficent purpose specified in Mary St. Elan's will—namely, failing Sabina and her issue, to be converted into a lunatic alms-house for decayed gentlewomen who, with the requisite qualifications, will there find refuge from the double storms of life assailing them, poor souls! both from within and without."

"But what become of Sabina, and what interest has your son in this picture?" asked my friend of old Mrs. I——, as that venerable lady concluded her narration; "for if none live to claim the property, why does it still remain thus?"

"Your justifiable curiosity shall be gratified, my dear," responded the kindly dame. "Look at my hair—it did not turn white from age; I retired to rest one night with glossy braids, black as the raven's wing, and they found me in the morning as you now behold me! Yes, it is even so; and you no longer wonder that Sabina's son desired to possess this identical painting; my pilgrimage is drawing to its close—protracted as it has been beyond the allotted age of man—but, according to the tenor of the aforenamed will, the mansion and estate of St. Elan must remain as they now stand until I am no more; while the accumulated funds will amply endow the excellent charity. Were my son less honorable or scrupulous, he might, of course, claim the property on my decease; but respect for his mother's memory, with firm adherence to her principles, will keep him, with God's blessing, from yielding to temptation. He is not a rich man, but with proud humility he may gaze on this memorial picture, and hand it down to posterity with the traditionary lore attached, and may none of our descendants ever lament the use which will be made, nor covet the possession of this deserted mansion."

THE BRITISH OFFICER.

(From the Dublin University Magazine for August.)

The army, indomitable abroad and respected at home—compound of elements in which courage, discipline, and the absence of all political bias, are happily united, is, and will continue to be, one of the steadiest bulwarks of the throne and constitution. Hated by the ill disposed and disaffected for its unimpeachable loyalty, and equally feared for its acknowledged power. Evil will be the day for England should this true palladium be ever suffered to decline, either in number or efficiency, below the present standard.—Let the wholesome work of retrenchment be carried on where it is most needed, and can be best effected—by lopping nominal superfluous offices, and cutting down exaggerated salaries—not by depriving the body of the active limbs, without which it can have neither strength, health, efficiency, or permanent existence.

The garrison of Dublin comprises usually three regiments of cavalry and seven or eight of infantry, with artillery in proportion. A larger force than is to be found collected together, permanently, in any other part of the kingdom. The guardmountings, reviews in the Phœnix Park, field days in the country, and supposed attacks and defences of positions under the direction of a Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, afford good opportunities to officers of all ranks of becoming familiar with tactical evolutions, and of learning how to handle troops in the presence of the enemy. The Duke studies profession, *con amore*, and is pronounced by experienced judges to be an excellent soldier. Should circumstances give him an opportunity of commanding in actual warfare, we feel convinced he will distinguish himself, and add another illustrious name to the list of British generals who have upheld the glory of their country.

We have reserved the most important of all subjects, religion, for a few concluding observations. On this point young military men are disposed to be habitually careless. In the morning of life, when the blood is warm, and the heart is full of hope and exultation, it is scarcely reasonable to expect the hand to exhibit the systematic coldness, the constitutional gravity of Baxter or Wesley. Reflection is the child of experience, and it is only after the trial of the world's allurements that we can fully understand their nothingness, and wean our thoughts from earthly to immortal considerations. Youth and passion will take their flight in spite of preaching and philosophy. Juvenile Cato's are rarely met with, and there are not likely to make perfect officers.—Prince Eugene detested them, and, remarked, with the true spirit of a soldier, "they scarcely ever stand fire well." But, admitting all this, nothing can excuse or extenuate levity of speech, or the slightest approach to disrespect or indifference when topics like these happen to be under discussion. We have seen this, we say, indulged in by old officers who heard the, ere now, known better, while young lives listened approvingly, and judged it clever to imitate their elders—in all sides act of useless folly, ending in repentance.

An internal deference for things sacred, with the outward observance of the Sabbath, at least, is now so recognized, that stand—on the steps of a club-house, or lounging, cigar in cheek, in the barrack square, while all the respectable portion of society is going to church, is a bravado in the face of public opinion not often exhibited.—When we meet with these exceptions, we grieve for the profession we admire and love, and grieve for the individuals who expose it to such unnecessary misconversion. All who claim kindred with the educated and influential classes should be foremost in regular attendance on public worship. If not from conscientious conviction in the first instance, the social duty of example to inferiors ought to be a sufficient incentive. The second motive, in due course, may lead to the most important first, while from utter neglegence no fruit can spring but comfortless and dreary infidelity. There are few military men who have not read Prince Eugene's memoirs, by himself, while all admire the genius and upright character of that distinguished general. We select the following passage, written shortly before his death, as well worthy of attention.—

"I have been happy in this life, and I wish to be so in the other. There are old dragoons who will pray to heaven for me, and I have more faith in their prayers than in those of all the old women of the court and of the clergy. The fine music, whether simple or more obstreperous of the divine service, delights me. The one has something religious which awes the soul; the other reminds me, by flourishes of trumpets and kettle drums, which so often led my soldiers to victory, of the God of Hosts who has blessed our arms. I have scarcely had time to sin; but I have set a bad example, perhaps without knowing it, by the negligence of the forms of religion, in which I have, however, invariably believed. I have sometimes spoken evil of people, but only when I thought myself obliged to do so; and have said, such a one is a coward, and such a one is a scoundrel. I have sometimes given way to passion; but who could help swearing to see a general or a regiment who did not do their duty, or an adjutant who did not understand one? I have been careless as a soldier, and lived like a philosopher. I wish to die as a Christian. I never liked swaggerers either in war or in religion."

In our humble opinion these solemn matters should always be dealt with in a temperate strain. The thoughtlessness of youth and inexperience is more likely to be brought round by gentle counsel than by rude asperity; by mild admonition than by dogmatical reproof. A very amiable and religious poet who lived and wrote in an irreligious age, says truly—

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

These remarks, and the suggestions with which we have accompanied them, are offered in the spirit of friendliness and good fellowship.—The writer is an old soldier, and loves the service. He grieves when an incident occurs to lessen it in the eyes of the prejudiced or narrow-minded, or to give a handle to the sneers of cavillers. He wishes most earnestly to see the British officer what he can so easily contribute to render himself: in polished elegance of manners, in nobleness of mind, in command of temper, in general acquirements, and in moral rectitude—a perfect gentleman. An example to society, an ornament to his profession, and a source of honorable pride and happiness to his family.

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state.
The glass of fashion and the mould of form.
The observed of all observers.

CURIOUS CASE OF POISONING IN FRANCE.—A case of poisoning, attended with extraordinary circumstances, was tried last week by the Court of Assize of the Aube. A farmer, named Paris, only thirty-one years of age, was charged with poisoning his wife, and attempting to commit another murder, in the hope that it would lead to the abandonment of the prosecution which had been commenced against him for the murder of his wife. In 1844, Paris married Antoinette Blasson, the daughter of a respectable farmer at Saint Syre. The match was opposed by her parents—but Paris, who was a young man of great personal attractions, so much so indeed that he was generally called the *roy du village*, and so fascinated this young woman, that she refused of her parents to give their sanction to the marriage affected her severely, and eventually they relented. The honey moon was of short duration Paris neglected his wife for other women, and after the birth of a child, when a slight physical deformity had come on from nursing, he conceived a perfect aversion for the wife, and openly paid his court to another young woman, the daughter of a veterinary surgeon, named Lambert. It was generally believed that notwithstanding the efforts of the father to put an end to this connection, it had become criminal even during the lifetime of the wife of Paris. In December, 1849, the wife became suddenly ill, and a physician was called in, but no suspicion was at first entertained that she had been poisoned. The remedies administered, therefore, were not of a nature to give much relief, and vomitings and other symptoms of poisoning by arsenic were manifested. The victim herself felt convinced that he had been poisoned and told her mother that her husband had some white powders, which she feared had been mixed with her drink, which was at all times given to her by her husband. The wife died; and, although her parents and many other persons suspected she had been murdered, no communication was made to the authorities. Soon after the interment of his wife, Paris applied for the hand of the daughter of Lambert, but was peremptorily rejected by the father, brother, and the whole of the family. He then carried off the girl, and lived with her for some time at a distance from his own residence, but returned with her to his house, and, three months only after the death of his first wife, they were married. By this time the rumors of the poisoning of the first wife had become general, and had reached the ears of the Procureur of the Republic, who ordered that the body of the victim should be exhumed and examined. This was immediately done, and traces of arsenic were found in the stomach and intestines, with a portion still adhering to the mouth, yet having been absorbed, owing to its having been administered just before death. Everything, in fact, indicated that the husband had, for several days, repeated the administration of the poison. He was arrested, but escaped on his way to prison, and was not heard of for several weeks, during which time the authorities had been endeavoring to ascertain how Paris could have obtained the arsenic. At length Paris, who had been secreting himself in the woods, went to a shepherd named Jardin, with whom he had been on terms of close friendship, and told him that he alone could save him from destruction.—"There is," said Paris, "a man named Blasson, who has a quantity of arsenic in his possession. I will go and kill him, and leave an old pistol by his side, to make it appear that he had committed suicide. I will also leave a paper, in which he shall say that I am innocent, and that he gave the arsenic to my wife in revenge for some slight that he had received from her; but that, remorse of conscience having overtaken him, he has resolved to destroy himself." Paris then produced the draught of the letter, and requested that Jardin would copy it out, as his handwriting was not known, and enable Paris to put the letter into the pocket of Blasson, adding, "Suspicion will then be diverted from me, and in a few days I will go and give up." The letter of Blasson having been found, I think, of course, he immediately released. He requested Jardin, who is a man of weak intellect, to meet him the next day at a retired spot, and bring him the letter and a pistol. Jardin readily complied, but subsequently thought it was a crime to conceal a murder in his family, which instantly prompted the object of Paris. "He does not intend," said the relations of Jardin, "to murder Blasson. He says that you have arsenic by you, as you use it continually for diseases of your sheep, and that after your death, with a confession in your hand of the murder of his wife, and after a search, arsenic being found, there will be no doubt that you were the murderer of Madame Paris." Jardin comprehended the dangerous scheme, and feeling sudden and deep resentment against Paris, went to the Procureur of the Republic and related the circumstances, adding, it was he who had furnished arsenic to Paris, who said he wanted it to poison dogs. He had suspected, when he heard of the death of Madame Paris that she had been poisoned by arsenic, but he had refrained from stating the fact of his having supplied it to Paris, first, because he was his friend, and, secondly, because he feared that he might get into trouble himself for having given it, although such was wrong intention. It was arranged that Jardin should copy the letter and take it and a pistol to Paris as the latter had desired, and that some gendarmes on foot should conceal themselves in the standing corn near the place of rendezvous. Jardin took the precaution of loading his pistol and proceeded to the spot. He there found Paris, and presented the letter to him. Paris had no sooner got possession of it than he drew forth a pistol and pulled the trigger, with the intention of killing Jardin, but it missed fire, and Jardin immediately discharged his own pistol at Paris. The contents did not strike Paris and he fled, and was pursued by the gendarmes who rose from their hiding place on the report of the pistol. He was overtaken and secured, and next him was found his own pistol, which he had thrown away. All these facts were proved in evidence, and the jury found Paris guilty, but with extenuating circumstances so that he has escaped capital punishment. He was condemned to imprisonment for life, with hard labor.

(From the Halifax North American, September 24.)

LIFE IN YANKEE LAND.

TOURNAMENT AT VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

WE have been much amused and interested in reading the following correspondence of the New York Herald, from the Virginia Springs, in which a harmless repetition of the chivalry of old seems to have been successfully attempted:—

TUESDAY, Sept. 2, 1851.

"Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below the courser's tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamorous dread,
The ready horsemen sprung."

Lost Minstrel.

Splendid September morning! the clouds, light and watery, are scudding over the Blue Ridge, before the rising sun. Some signs of a heavy storm before night, and very decided symptoms of one of the hottest of the dog days. In a large field at the foot of the hill, two pole twenty feet high and twenty five apart, have been planted; from a cord stretched across from the top of the one pole to the other, a ring is suspended by a hook; it is an iron ring, covered with blue ribbon, and hangs in the centre of the space between the two poles, nearly on a level with the eye of a medium sized horseman, on a moderate sized horse, dashing over the turf at full speed. Some of the knights are already practising at the difficult feat of lifting the ring off the hook, upon the point of a lance, while scouring between the poles as fast as their horses can run.

Half past 12 o'clock—Large accessions of visitors since breakfast. Horsemen and carriages have been coming in as fast as the ferryman could bring them over the river. The ladies, to the number of several hundreds are disposed in clusters, under the shady trees along the side of the hill, overlooking the field of the tournament. The bugle is sounded by a lusty darkie on the hill top, and the knights, on their steeds advance in front of the ladies. The following is then proclaimed as the list of the officers and contestants for the day:—

President of the day—Hon. Henry Bedinger, democratic candidate for Congress in this Congressional district, an elegant speaker, and somewhat distinguished for the splendid vision of the golden eagle which he saw hovering over the cliffs at Harper's Ferry, during the debate in Congress on the Oregon question.

King at arms—H. N. Gallaher, Esq.

Marshals—Captain Francis Thomas, of Maryland, a hero of the Mexican war, and W. H. Norris, Esq.

Judges—Captain Hierne L. Opie, G. W. Sappington, Esq., and C. R. Starry.

Heralds—Bennett Norris, Andrew E. Kennedy, and the New York *Herald*.

Knights—Prince of Wales, William Briscoe; Highland Chief, Wm. P. Bowen; Knight of Scampton, David Humphreys; Knight of Beddington, Thomas D. Moore; Count Bertrand, John T. Thompson; Iscander, the Albanian Knight, Wm. T. Lewis; Knight of Cubis, J. G. Janney; Knight of the Red Beard, B. F. Gallaher; Knight of Berkley, C. Conogys.

The Knights being drawn up in line in front of the ladies, and being duly armed and accoutred for the occasion and only waiting for the word.

Mr. Bedinger, President of the day, from the midst of a group of the belles of the valley thus addressed the cavaliers:—Sir Knights, you have assembled here to-day in honor of that departed chivalry whose illustrious feats of renown are immortalized in history, in poetry, and in romance. You are here to revive that ancient chivalry and its heroic deeds, that sacred institution of the middle ages, under which valor was encouraged, gallantry appreciated, and beauty protected and adored. (Applause.) I, as your chief, am called upon to address you a few words in reference to your duties on this momentous and interesting occasion. Remember, Sir knights, that the eye of beauty is upon you—that many a palpitating heart beats high with anticipations of your achievements—that upon every one of you some bright particular star has fixed her attention and her hopes—Ride, then, gentlemen, with that skill and heroism which will make this day distinguished in the annals of chivalry—ride this day as if the honor of our noble institutions depend upon you—ride gallantly for the sake of her for whom no task is impossible, no duty laborious, and no dangers are opposing. Acquit yourselves like true and gallant knights, and make good your claim to the smiles of beauty and of love.

The ladies waved their kerchiefs, the knights bowed and wheeled off and the music struck up

"In the days when we went gipseying,
A long time ago."

The officers of the day having arranged the knights in