

The Church.

"Get Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, there is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

VOL. XIX.

HAMILTON, C. W. MARCH 14, 1856.

No. 39.

Poetry.

PASSING CLOUDS

Where are the swallows fled?
Frogon and dead,
In the old tomb fearful of tears or rain,
O doubting heart!

Why must the flowers die?
I need they lie
In the old tomb fearful of tears or rain,
O doubting heart!

The sun has hid its rays
These many days!
White dreary hours ever leave the earth?
O doubting heart!

Fan hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night,
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Bright for darkness past,
And angel's silver voices stir the air.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

In England and America grain is generally rated by the bushel, though it is not the same measure; for here we use the Winchester bushel, which contains 2,150.42 cubic inches, there since 1826, the legal measure is called the imperial bushel, which contains 2,218 cubic inches; so that 32 of their bushels are about equal to 33 of ours.

The following are the commercial weights of a bushel of different articles, viz: wheat, corn, potatoes, and cloverseed, 60 pounds—corn, rye, flax seed, and onions, 55 pounds—corn in the cob weighs 70 pounds—buck-wheat, 52 pounds—barley, 48 pounds—hemp seed, 44 pounds—timothy seed, 45 pounds—castor beans, 46 pounds—oats, 35 pounds—bran, 20 pounds—bluegrass seed, 14 pounds—saff, 50, according to one account, but Onondaga salt is 56—(the real weight of coarse salt is 85 pounds to the bushel)—dried apples, 24 pounds—dried peaches, 33 pounds according to a table lately published in numerous papers, but according to our experience, both are wrong. We have seen thousands of bushels sold at 22 pounds to the bushel which will measure about three pecks.

HEARING MEASURES—Potatoes, turnips, and sweet roots, apples and other fruit, meal and bran, and in some States oats are sold by heaping measure, which contains 2,818 cubic inches. The size of a Winchester bushel measure is a circular ring with straight sides 8 inches high and 18 1/2 in diameter. A box 12 inches square, with sides 7 1/2 inches high, will hold half a bushel.

COMPARATIVE GRAIN MEASURES—Besides the difference between the Winchester and imperial and heaped bushels, before stated, there are a dozen or more local bushels. For instance, at Abington, Eng., 9 gallons—at Penryn, 16—at Carlisle, 24—at Chester, 4,27, in 1000 compared with the imperial bushel, that is 4,27 bushels. In Holland the muid is 3,157. In Prussia, the scheffel, 1,479. In Poland, the korzec, 1,451. In Spain, the fanega, 1,509—that is, 99 thousandths over a bushel and a half.

BARREL MEASURES—Rice 60 pounds—flour 193 pounds—powder 75 pounds—oil and other liquids 30 gallons—corn 5 bushels—shelled. By this latter measure crops are estimated, and corn bought and sold through out most of the Southern and Western States. At New Orleans a barrel of corn is a flour barrel full of ears. In some parts of the West, it is common to count a hundred ears for a bushel.

TON WEIGHT AND TON MEASURE—A ton of hay or any coarse bulky article usually sold by that measure, is twenty cross hundred, that is 2,240 pounds, though in many places that ridiculous old fashion of being done away and 2,000 pounds only counted to a ton.

A QUARTER OF CORN is the fourth of a ton or eight imperial bushels. This is an English measure, and in use in this country, though very necessary to be known so as to understand agricultural reports. So of several of the following weights and measures:

A LAST of soap, ashes, herring, &c., 12 barrels—of corn 10 quarters—of gunpowder 24 barrels—of flax or feathers, 1700—of wool 12 sacks.

A TON OF WOOL is 22 stone—that is 14 pounds to the stone, 308 pounds.

A CLOVE OF WOOL is 7 pounds or half a stone. A clove of stone is 14 pounds, when talking of wool, feathers, &c.—but when applied to beef, fish and other meats, it is only 8 pounds.

A TRUSS OF HAY, 60 pounds, old 56—(new 40)—of straw, 40 pounds. A load 36 trusses. Weights of a cubic foot—Of sand or loose earth, 96 pounds—compact soil 124—strong clay soil 132—urea clay 135—mixture of clay and lime 160—masonry of stone 205—brick 225—cast iron 450—steel 480—copper 486—lead, 609, silver 654, gold 1,203, platinum 1,218, glass 108, water, 62, oil 59, cork 15, oak timber 72, mahogany 68, air 0.0753. In the above tractions are included,

A BAG OF COTTON in Egypt, is 90 pounds. In America commercial bags is 400 pounds, but is put up in different States, varying from 250 to 720 pounds. Sea Island Cotton is, as up in sacks of 300 pounds.

A CROP OF WOOL is 125 solid feet, usually put up 8 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 4 feet high. In France a cord of wood is 576 feet.

A STACK OF WOOD is 105 solid feet, 12 feet long 3 high, and 3 wide. A stack of wood is a round bundle of small sticks, 4 feet long, girthing for a one notch, 23 inches, five notch, 38 inches. A billet of wood is similar to a stack, being 3 feet long, 7 to 10 and 14 inches round. They are sold by the score or hundred. A care is 20 in number.

NEW MASONIC LODGE ROOM.—St John's Lodge, 209, of this city, are fitting up a neat lodge room in Buckley's block, which when finished, will compare favorably with any other room of the kind in the Province.—London Prototype.

A RICH YARN.

There is a shrewd and wealthy landlord away down in Maine, who is noted for driving his sharp bargains, by which he amasses a large amount of property. He is the owner of a large number of dwelling houses, and it is said of him that he is not over scrupulous of his rental charges, whenever he can find a customer that he knows to be Responsible. His object is to lease his houses for a term of years to his best tenants, and to get the utmost farthing in the shape of rent.

A diminutive Frenchman called on him last winter, to hire a dwelling he owned in Portland, and which had long remained empty. References were given, and the landlord ascertained that the tenant was a man "after his heart" and immediately commenced to "jog" him. He found that the tenant appeared to suit the Frenchman, and he placed an exorbitant price upon it; the leases were drawn and duly executed, and the tenant removed into his new quarters.

Upon kindling fire in the house, it was ascertained that the chimney would not draw, and the building was filled with smoke. The windows were closed at night, and the cold air rushed in through a hundred crevices about the house, until now unnoticed. The rain pelted, and our French man found a "natural" bath room upon the second floor—but the lease was signed, and the landlord chuckled.

"I have been at you call 'back in' vis dis tain chat maison," muttered our victim to himself, a week afterwards, "but n'importe, veal see vat ve val sin."

Next morning he arose bright and early, and while passing down street encountered the landlord.

"Ah ho! Bon jour, monsieur," said he, in his happiest manner.

"Good day, sir. How do you like your house?"

"Ah, monsieur—elegant, beautiful, magnificent. Ah, bien, monsieur, I have but to one regret!"

"Ah, what is that?"

"Monsieur, I sail live in zat house but creel little year."

"How so?"

"I find by vat you call so lease zat you have give me so house but for too year, and I very much sorry for zat."

"But of course you can have it longer if you wish."

"Ah, monsieur, I sal be very much glad if I can have zat house so long as I please—oh, monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"Tres bien. I sal walk right to your office, and you sal give me vat you call so lease for zat union, just so long as I sal want zat house?"

"Certainly sir. You can stay thore your life time, if you like."

"Ah, monsieur—I have very much thank you for zat accommodation."

REMINISCENCE OF THE DISSECTING TABLE.

Some years since, writes a correspondent, we were a student in medicine in a neighboring State, and, with a number of associates and highly respected class-mates were attending a course of private lectures under the instruction and direction of a gentleman of extensive experience and of unsurpassed scientific attainments, and skill. During the course, medical and surgical cases were investigated, prescribed for, and lectured on before the class, essential demonstrations and lectures at private houses, and dissections whenever subjects could be procured, were made, and obtained in pairs.

We were assembled on one dark stormy evening in the lecture room. A lecture by the professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine was progressing when a feeble tap on the outer door was heard. The porter whose duty it was to attend and answer, and report all business calls, immediately announced a man in waiting, and that he had a dead body in his wagon under the shed, and if the Professor or the Students wished one fresh from the grave and recently deceased, he would dispose of it as his means allowed. A bargain was at once made, the price demanded \$20, and the body deposited on the table.

The lecture was of course interrupted, but as soon as the matter was disposed of, the lecture proceeded. At the close of the lecture, it was proposed and decided to dissect the body. It was dressed in grave clothes, and to behold the body. It was that of a young lady, even in death, of unsurpassed beauty, and it seemed on first view, more in a state of calm and placid sleep than of death and involuntarily all was still and hushed as the grave from which the body had been taken, lest the should yield, he wakened from pleasant dreams. No sculptor could mould or imagination conceive of a form beautiful, more perfect than that angelic form before us. No member of the class could raise the knife as a token for commencing the task of dissection.—No one could mark or mark a form so lovely? But, horror of horrors! One of our most intelligent and promising associates, whose attention had been diverted during the act of uncovering the body, took his place at the table. And shall we ever forget the heart-rending scene that followed?

No, never! This young man was about closing his course of study, and had promised his heart and hand to an interesting and dearly loved lady in the neighboring village, fondly expecting, as soon as he could establish himself in business, to be united to her in marriage. But about one week prior to this evening, after a short sickness, she died, and it was her body on the table before us! The first glance on the remains of the lovely female, by this student, he recognized it, and with a most unearthly groan and shriek, fell to the floor, and at that moment this reason took its flight.

The excitement was kept up till the 21st, when the students were still threatening wrong, and being active in procuring arms and ammunition, the Governor went to the college and demanded their arms, threatening to fire upon them if they refused to deliver them. The Students finally yielded, and quietness was restored.

Another account says the scene was such as Columbus never before saw: 200 armed citizens with gun loaded with ball cartridges opened on more than 100 enraged young men with rifles in their hands. The order was given to take aim, and a fire would have followed had not Colonel Goodwin and others thrown themselves between and called on the citizens not to fire. By much persuasion the Students were induced to return to the College. Some of the Students were subsequently expelled.

It was quite interesting last Winter in reading a "Natural History of the Human Species," by Lieutenant Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, in which he states that the bearded race are the conquering race.—For this reason the bearded race are more to the union with them. This aversion he states to be the result of experience, proving the superior activity of those who have sprung from such races. Jenghis, Tivun, and Nadir Shah, were all of them, or in their ancestry, descended from Caucasian mothers, and hence, also, the jealous exclusiveness of European women in China. The prophet and all the old Patriarchs and Prophets were a beard; to did our Saviour when he was most as man among the hills of Judea. So, too, most of the venerable divines who have transmitted to us their schemes of theology. It is a modern innovation to shave off the whole beard. It was not common before the commencement of the last century. Moses forbade the Jews to mar the corners of the beard, and David, when his Embassadors were insulted by Haman's shaving off one-half their beards, permitted them to carry at Jericho till their beards had grown.

While the beard, properly worn, is an ornament, it is sometimes rendered hideous by the manner in which it is trimmed. A round mass of bristles on the chin is never becoming, yet sometimes this checked, long faced gentlemen elongate their countenance in this way, often these tufts impart a low animal expression, they never confer dignity or beauty. Some are so greatly improved by full whiskers, others by a moustache. Some look best with the beard trimmed near the close. It requires an artist's eye to do what is most becoming. Nature leaves a varying outline to the beard which is more perfect than any semicircle cut by the razor.

Perhaps you may think I have wandered from my proper sphere in writing about beards. I had no idea of doing so when I commenced this letter, you must charge it all to the snow storm. I must leave the subject of ladies' dress for another day.

Freeman Talbot, Esq., arrived in London, C. W., on the 7th inst., from his visit to the old country.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING.

The marriage of Captain Sayer, of the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers, to Miss Phipps, eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. C. B. Phipps, C. B., Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, and niece of the Marquis of Norwiche, has been already noted in these columns. Knowing however that the bridegroom has many friends in Canada, we add a few more particulars. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred were present. The religious service was performed by the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Lord Wrottesley Russell and the Rev. Frederick Anson. The "Deus miseratur," by Dr. Elvey, and the responses, by Tallis, were effectively rendered by the choir. Immediately after the ceremony, her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the royal family returned to the Castle. The bride was attired in a rich flounced Swiss lace dress, over a white silk slip. The head-dress consisted of wreaths of orange blossoms and lilies, over which fell a superb Brussels lace veil. The bridesmaids were (Miss Phipps (sister of the bride), Miss Sayer (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Farquharson, Miss G. Browne, Miss Kuoilly, Miss Hill, Miss Barrington, and Miss Harford. All were attired in white glace silk dresses, and white Parisian bonnets, trimmed with rosebuds, lilies, and forget-me-nots. The bridegroom wore the full dress uniform of his regiment, and was decorated with the Crimean medal—a distinction gained by his presence at the Battle of the Alma, where he was severely wounded. Captain Marshall, of the 2nd Life Guards, who acted as groomsmen, also wore his full uniform. Early in the afternoon the newly-wedded pair started on a Continental tour.

If we need any other proof of the benefits of advertising, and extensive advertising, too, it would be found in the colossal fortunes which quacks have made, especially in this country. The vender of a bread and gaubage pill put forth as a panacea, or of some miraculous elixir of which *agua pura* and molasses, most probably form the basis, becomes a millionaire, whilst medical gentlemen of the rarest professional attainments and genius often die in poverty and neglect. Is it not in respect to advertise. Is it not? Then make it so. Fight quackery on its own ground. Take advantage of the engine by which it sustains itself. "Whoever knew truth put to the worst in a fair encounter?"

There are many tradesmen who set up their unwieldy plea of respectability, who seem actually to feel a silly sort of delicacy about having their names posted before the world in connection with their goods. We shall not presume to reason with them; but will say, that when a man feels advanced of his business (as proved by his neglect of the only means efficiently to carry it out), depend upon it that the sooner he quits the business the better.

We have this fact to put forward—that advertising in this city has doubled within the last ten years; and further, that the most enterprising tradesmen have always resorted to it. Yet many men of business are hardly aware of the immense change which a few years have wrought in the favor of the public. As a general rule, an advertisement is a paper once with many eyes of ten times as many persons as a like announcement would have done twenty years ago, and this, too, in country as well as city.

It is almost hopeless for a young man to push himself into business now-a-days, without advertising. This is generally admitted, but those doing a good business already, are apt to think that they can do without this help; forgetful that by resorting to judicious advertising they might double their profits, by selling the same quantity of goods in half the time. The same man would pay \$500 more for a store on a business corner, because it would bring them in view conspicuously of thousands; while they grudge to spend \$100 on advertising, which would introduce them to tens of thousands! Many a capitalist who freely spends \$100,000 to build and furnish a grand hotel, whereof the vital element is custom, would starve if an outlay of \$1000 was suggested in letting everybody know that such an hotel had been opened.

For a man in business to advertise, is like having a salesman with ten thousand voices, speaking politely of his wares to tens of thousands of people, perhaps at the same moment, never offending, never obtrusive, never tired. How much would such a salesman be worth? Let every tradesman consider this, and then resolve the question how much a year can he afford to spend in advertising.

Newspaper advertising, like all other pursuits, requires persistence in order to achieve success, and it is quite possible that at first the result might disappoint. But not merely immediate effects should be looked for; for do we not all know instances in our own personal experience of an advertisement which has caught the eye possibly months before, in reference to something in a distant town, being remembered by a stranger immediately on entering it? Continual, persevering advertising, if the subject be at all adapted to the tastes and wants of the public, is sure to be successful; and it is a curious but indisputable fact, that there is no instance in which a well sustained adherence to a continued system of advertising ever failed of success.

It is among the beneficent arrangements of Providence that wise acts commenced only with a view of individual benefit, do good reflectively to the community; and among the collateral advantages of advertising is, that a paper well supported in that respect can afford to be independent, and can be sold at a much lower price than otherwise.

We cannot do better than close by quoting a proverb of the wisest man that ever lived, though differently applied most pithily expresses the whole philosophy of advertising: "There is that which scattereth and increaseth, and there is that which holdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

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A FEW THOUGHTS ON ADVERTISING.

We hope our readers will not be so uncharitable as to suspect us of being actuated solely by self-interest if we indulge in a few random reflections on the subject of advertising. We would start with the proposition, that the very best qualities in man are of little use if his fellows are not made to feel and acknowledge them. If all positive good and greatness do not consist in activity, they certainly never appear without having that as their accompaniment. "Genius is diligence," said Dr. Johnson. As with man, so with his possessions. We all like to see a person of strict integrity succeed in business, but it is not the fact that such an one may have goods of the very best quality to dispose of, superior it may be, in every respect, to those of his competitors, and yet that they will lie idly upon his hands should he fail to make known their value to the world! And this, too, whilst those who have inferior commodities, but better understand the principles of trade in which they are engaged, actually make their fortunes.

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STATISTICIANS ON SINGLE BLESSIDNESS.

The former condition of bachelors has always been a theme for ladies, editors, and other wits to expatiate upon. The untidy room, the buttonless shirt, the stockings full of holes, and the thousand other inconveniences of the unmarried state, are familiar, in this way to the most obtuse of us all. The poor bachelors have in fact, a hard time of it. They have been ridiculed by the sex, and sometimes taxed by legislators, and our statisticians deal them "the unkindest cut of all," by proving that they die earlier than married men. The celebrated Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, estimates the mortality among the bachelors, between the ages of thirty and forty-five, at twenty-seven per cent., while mortality among married men, between the same ages, is only 18 per cent. As life advances, the difference becomes even more striking. When forty-one bachelors attain the age of forty, there are seventy-eight married men—a difference of nearly two to one in favor of the latter. At the age of sixty, there are forty-eight married men to twenty-two bachelors; at seventy, eleven bachelors to twenty-seven married men; and at eighty, nine married men to three bachelors. No bachelor, it is said, ever lived to a hundred. The reason for the comparatively short life is obvious. Of two men exactly similar in other respects, except that one is married and the other is not, the bachelor will have the more irregular habits. Gentlemen when single, are twice as apt, as Dick Swiveler has it, "to pass the row," as when they are married; and especially to do it in what Burns calls "the wee sma' hours about the twal." Ten bachelors sing, "We won't go home till morning," where one married man can vocalize in the same way. No doubt, to bachelor taste, this is all very delightful, but brandy and water, cards, et id omne genus, especially after midnight, take care to compensate themselves in the season. They may cast out the blues, so incident to bachelor state, for the time being; but the blues thus cast out, invariably return, bringing "seven devils worse than before," and among them are gout, fever, and rheumatism, if not delirium tremens and death. Too often, indeed, the bachelor lives on the capital of life, and hence exhausts his bank, when the married man is still well to do in health, happiness and longevity.

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dangers of a terrible financial and commercial crisis. But all those dangers were averted. There was peace abroad and at home. The Kingdom, after many years of ignominious weakness, had resumed its ancient place in the rank of European Powers. Many signs justified the hope that the Revolution of 1848 would be our last revolution. The ancient Constitution was adapting itself to a natural, a gradual, a peaceful development, to the wants of a modern society. Already freedom of conscience and freedom of discussion existed to an extent unknown in any preceding age. The Exchequer was overflowing. There was a series of relieving years, from the Royal Exchange to the most secluded hamlets among the mountains of Wales and the fens of Lincolnshire. The ploughmen, the shepherds, the miners of the Northumberland coal-pits, the artisans who toiled at the looms of Norwich and the anvil of Birmingham, felt the change without understanding it; and the cheerful battle in every airport and even market-town indicated, not obscurely, the commencement of a happier age.

European Intelligence.

ADDITIONAL by THE AMERICA.

The latest intelligence from Constantinople is calculated to cause a mingled feeling of surprise and satisfaction. The Sultan has approved of a scheme of reform in the central administration of his empire, according to which all Christians are to be eligible to all public offices. This project, it is said, is in a spirit of liberality, and is to give the sick man a renewed lease of life, and at the same time, to check the insidious advances which Russia, whether in time of peace or war, is constantly making against Turkey. The possibility, we will not say probability, of an early cessation of hostilities has caused some rumour at Constantinople, but the Porte is said to be resolved not to make any concessions to Russia beyond the strict interpretation of the Austrian ultimatum. A view from the Principality states that the Holy See has been asked to address England, France, and Turkey, praying that they may be relieved from Austria as well as Russian protection. They say, well, indeed, exclaim, save us from our friends. For the atrocious and execrable of these Imperialists and more especially the Austrians, would do a huge volume, and redoubtful disgrace on a nation with no pretence to civilization. It is to be hoped that the anomalous and undignified position of the Danubian Principalities will be improved and remedied at their forthcoming conference.

Walpole Conservative 556
Dunham Whig 416
After a consultation with his committee Mr. Dunham decided upon relinquishing a contest which did not promise the remotest chance of success. Among the first votes recorded was that of Mr. Denman in favor of his opponent. Mr. Walpole, not to be outdone in courtesy, now followed Mr. Dunham in the same course, and the result was known at Cambridge. The result of the election has been to deprive the opposition of a vote. The poll on the 8th closed thus:

Martin (Liberal) 550. Dodkin (Conservative) 402.
The vacancy had been caused by the death of Mr. Aris, who sat for a long time in the House of Commons. Mr. Aris was a member of the Jersey family, looking to the general result of the recent election, and the strength of parties unchanged, for whilst the Liberals have gained a seat in the House, the Conservatives have lost one at Cambridge. Another parliamentary vacancy has been caused by the death of Mr. Aris, who sat for a long time in the House of Commons. Mr. Aris was a member of the Jersey family, looking to the general result of the recent election, and the strength of parties unchanged, for whilst the Liberals have gained a seat in the House, the Conservatives have lost one at Cambridge. Another parliamentary vacancy has been caused by the death of Mr. Aris, who sat for a long time in the House of Commons. 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European Intelligence

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen's permission has been given to the gallant British defenders of Kara to wear the Orders bestowed upon them by the Sultan. Major-General Sir W. F. Williams received the Imperial Order of the Medjidie of the First-Class; Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Lake the order of the Second Class; and Captain L. H. Thompson, Captain C. C. Treasdale, H. Sandwith, Esq., M. D., and H. A. Churchill, Esq., the Third Class of the same Order.

The following officers in the Crimea have obtained leave of absence: On Medical Certificate.—Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery, 1st Battalion, 1st Regiment; Col. Paly, 10th Hussars; Major Donovan, 33rd Regiment; Lieut.-Colonel Yorke, 1st Dragoons; Lieut. Griffiths, 23d Regiment; Second Class Staff-Surgeon Bains; Quartermaster of Brigade Addy, Land Transport Corps; Capt. H. Forster, 95th.

On "Urgent private affairs."—Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. F. Colborne, C. B., Assistant Quartermaster-General; Brigadier-General Shirely, C. B.; General Durant, 12th Lancers; Veterinary Surgeon Byrne, 4th Light Dragoons.

Lieut. Louis Geneste has hoisted his pennant on board, and taken the command of the 2-gun boat Herring, now fitting out in the Woolwich basin.

Lieutenant Beck, of the Ferret, was brought to a court-martial last week, at Chatham, on four separate charges of disobedience, preferred by Captain Leckie, of the same ship. The court declared that the first, second, and third charges were fully proved, and sentenced the prisoner to be dismissed from Her Majesty's service.

Two more new gunboats, the Deacon and the Bravo, were launched at the yard of Mr. Laird, at Birkenhead, on Monday.

Captain Coddington's division of gunboats went out of Portsmouth harbour to the Motherbank last week. The first and second divisions of the whole gunboat flotilla will rendezvous at Portland—the third and fourth in Stoke's Bay.

The Times announces that the Duke of Wellington has resigned his office of Master of the Horse, in consequence of his Grace's disagreement with Ministers upon the subject of life peerages, as evinced by his vote in favor of Lord Lyndhurst's motion. Our contemporary also gives currency to a rumour to the effect that the Lord Chancellor had resigned from differences of opinion with some of his colleagues upon the same question. We have every reason to disbelieve this latter report. We are confident that the Government will not have any difficulty in effecting the course which they have advisedly initiated, for the purpose of adding to the dignity and usefulness of the Upper Chamber of the Legislature, which alone appears to be objected to the measure.—Globe.

The Archbishop of Canterbury headed a deputation to Lord Palmerston on Saturday, on the subject of the Sunday observance question. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and the Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, were amongst the leading members of the deputation, which also embraced representatives of the greater part of the Protestant religious societies of the metropolis. The Archbishop after a few words of introduction, read an address deprecating any interference with the Sunday by opening public institutions. Lord Palmerston promised to "bring the subject before his colleagues that afternoon."

In the division last Thursday in the Lords, on the Wesleyan peerage case, the Earls of Aberdeen and St. Germain supported Ministers, as did the Duke of Leeds, the Marquess of Abercorn and Bristol, the Earls of Glasgow, Ripon, and Somers, Viscount Sydney, and Lords Ashburton and Manners, all of whom were supporters of the last Ministry, while the Duke of Wellington, the Master of the Horse, was in favor of referring the question to the Committee of Privileges, as were the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Earls of Romney, Shaftesbury, and Stanhope. All the *Laird Lords* (as appeared from the debate) except the Lord High Chancellor, supported the reference, as did Lord Denman, who has been at the bar.—The Bishops of Rochester, Exeter and Lismore (Lord Plunket) were the only prelates who supported the reference; while the two Archbishops, and the Bishops of Durham, St. David's, Manchester, Hereford, Chester and Bath, and Wells, (all *Wing appointments*) voted with Ministers against it.

Mr. George Arkwright, the Conservative M. P. for Leominster, expired at his residence, in the Albany, on Wednesday last.

On Wednesday Mr. Baines was elected for Leeds without opposition.

The Edinburgh election was decided the same day. Great exertions were made on behalf of Mr. Douglas, the anti-Maynooth candidate; the Record asserting the election was one of the most important that has ever taken place. The show of hands was in favor of Mr. Douglas, but the poll on Friday reversed the order by a large majority; the numbers being—Black, 2,439; Douglas, 1,795; majority for Black, 643.

The dividend about to be recommended at the approaching meeting of the London and North-Western Railway Company will be at the rate of 5 1/2 per cent per annum.—The directors of the Great Western have determined to recommend the declaration of a dividend to the 31st of December, 1855, at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent per annum, carrying forward a balance to the current half-year of about £16,000.

On Friday the Directors of the Bank of England repeated their liberality in giving to every clerk in the establishment a bonus of £10 per cent on his salary for the past year.

An American brig of 200 tons, probably the Chatsworth of New York, previously reported completely equipped for the slave trade, has been destroyed by the British cutter *Boazvista*.

WRECK OF THE JOSEPHINE.

Mr. George Andrews, a young farmer, has narrated what he saw of the awful scene:—

"He had taken charge of a Miss Logan, a young lady eighteen years of age, who, on the collision occurring, rushed out of her cabin, attired only in her night-dress. He took off his great-coat and put it round her, and when the ship turned over, he took her round the waist, and got into the mizen-rigging; and a passenger named Golding, who had a little child in his arms, was near him. In this position they remained upwards of an hour—the passengers who kept clinging to the rigging shouting to the steamer to save them. About a quarter of an hour after the ship had gone over, Captain Canney, who was on the side of the wreck, was swept overboard by a sea which broke on the ship, and disappeared. Perceiving that she was fast sinking, he (Andrews) proposed to Golding to crawl along the mizen-mast, which was resting on the water, as the vessel in this position would be likely to right. The unfortunate fellow replied that he thought it would be better to remain where he was. Mr. Andrews, with Miss Logan in his arms, then made an effort to get along the mast. The poor girl, however, if not dead, was completely exhausted; and in getting her up the mast, he was several times nearly overcome himself. On reaching the cross-tree a sea caught them both, took the girl from his arm, and she was swept away. He believed, however, that she had before expired. The sea even caused him to lose his hold, and it was only through a desperate effort that he succeeded in regaining his grasp. He saw poor Golding, and the child he was so anxious to save, swept into the deep. The hull of the ship then gradually went down, and he saw some forty or fifty men, women and children, struggling in the waves, screaming for aid. Their cries were heard a few minutes, and all was over. He then made his way up to the mizen mast-head, and a little boy, named Sutton (whose parents and brother and sister perished), a passenger, and the chief steward managed to hold on to the rigging of the yard near him. Three others got up to the mainmast head, and one poor fellow lost his life in endeavoring to pass along the stay between the two masts. The water gradually rose up to their legs. They could see the steamer, and kept shouting for help. About half-past eleven o'clock their cries were heard by a Deal lugger, which had been sent in the direction of the wreck, and beunimed and almost half dead, they were taken off by the boatman Pearson, whose conduct is spoken of in commendable terms. The ship was lying on her beam-ends more than an hour, with the passengers clinging to the rigging, before she went down, and there was ample time for the life-boat to have taken the whole of them off the wreck in two or three journeys to the steamer, had they stood by.

On the third day of our sufferings, a vessel hove in sight, and we were all elated with the prospects of relief. In this, however, we were disappointed. This vessel, the name of which I do not now remember, came within hailing distance of us, and speaking with the Captain, I asked him to send a boat. The reply was, he could do nothing for us, and leaving us to our fate, we were compelled to see this vessel sail away from us.

The sea was running very high at the time this vessel spoke to us, but to have lain to and waited for a calm, or to have made some show of a disposition to help us, we thought was not too much to expect.—When this vessel was beyond our sight, all hope seemed surely gone. Still, all the crew kept up their spirits, as indeed they did to a remarkable degree during the whole time of our sufferings. During all this period the weather was cold enough to make ice.—What was most remarkable, after the third day our hunger seemed to abate. On the fifth and sixth days some of the crew said they did not feel so much the want of food as they did on the third. This was the feeling of most if not of all of us. The fourth day and night passed, and no assistance came. The fifth day came, and with it success. On this day we were hailed by the 'Sylyph,' Helcox, from Guadaloupe, bound to St. Peter's, Newfoundland. This vessel spoke to us, and learning our situation, promised to lie by till the storm abated. It still blew a gale, and the sea was very heavy. This promise revived us. During the night of the fifth day of our sufferings, the Sylyph drifted away from us, and the next morning was out of sight. I cannot describe our feelings when the next morning dawned, and again showed us nothing within our vision but the tempestuous ocean. Captain Helcox, however, crowded on all the sail his barque could carry, and commenced to search for us. He was successful, and found us after a few hours' search, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 25th, we were taken from our lashings and removed on board the Sylyph. When relieved, none of us were able to stand, although all of us still retained our senses. One of the crew, when taken from his prison of ropes, lost his toes, which dropped from him as he was lifted from the ship. The potash ly had eaten the feet of the sufferer to this extent, I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of Captain Helcox and his crew when received on board his vessel.

RECONTRITE WITH BANDITTI.

The following extract from a letter from Roma, dated 1-4th instant, gives an interesting account of a recent visit by brigands near Volterra:—"We left Naples by diligence at an early hour on December 21st, and were accompanied by a mounted gendarme, a silver, which sum we took from the room at Molana Gasta, where the King maintains a large garrison. We got to Molana at nightfall, where we deposited the specie, and our escort left us. Having changed carriages at Terracina, the frontier town of the Papal States, we started thence about one hour after midnight, and our stumbers through the Pontine marshes were only disturbed by the demands, at such a stage, of the post-boys for *carabinieri*. At early dawn we arrived at Capoterra, an about eleven o'clock changed horses at Volterra. It was a fine bright morning, and being Sunday the moon was idling about in group, in their brown cloaks and conical hats, and the female *carabinieri* were flocking into the town in holiday costume—scarlet bodices, blue *reticciats*, and the white *mosaio* on their jackets. I walked on in advance, and had proceeded about half a mile beyond the town, when the diligences overtook me, and I threw it out. About ten minutes afterwards we came to a sudden halt, and upon looking through the glasses to ascertain the cause of our stoppage, found we were surrounded by brigands, masked, and six or seven long rifles presented horizontally at the carriage windows. They approached, opened the doors, and motioned us to alight, and made us lie down on our faces by the roadside. We were five passengers, and had a fellow-traveller who was the conductor of the diligence. I handed out all the loose silver I had about me, which was very little; but I had also a few Napoleons which, in order that I might not during the darkness disturb them by mistake for the Paul pieces, I had wrapped in a morsel of paper—this I did not give up, and as the fellow-traveller hid himself put his hands into my pockets, I luckily saved my coins. To my surprise he did not take any more than a single Paul, and his hand never came in contact with the chain. He took my cigar case, and returned to me my handkerchief. He then ordered me not to move, and left me; when we heard an altercation with the conductor, who was pleading most earnestly to the *Carabinieri*, as he called him. Then we heard their outgoing through the thick *lastrin* that covered the loggia on the roof. In about a quarter of an hour they jumped into the bosquets, or thick plantation of tall reeds, by the roadside, and disappeared. Finding they had cleared out, we picked ourselves up, and in a few minutes were again on our road towards Albano. The other four passengers had been completely despoiled of every cent they possessed; but although we all had watches and chains conspicuously worn, one only had been taken. We were only once more disturbed by the *Carabinieri*, who, after the possession of all attempts to dispose of such article might lead to detection. The squabble with the conductor had arisen from his hesitating to open a bag especially entrusted to his care, and for the safety of which he was responsible, and which contained parcels of money and registered articles of value. One of the fellows, however, presented the muzzle of his piece immediately under his ear, and at the touch he said the blood ran cold through his veins, and he opened the bag, of which they immediately appropriated the whole of the contents, and then sprang into the jungle and disappeared. The amount taken from the passengers in money was about £50.—Only one portmanteau had been got at, which was cut open and a few things of trifling value taken therefrom. There can be no doubt, but for both before and after the attack and immediately afterwards, we saw various country people about, both singly and in parties; but during the whole time of the affair lasted, which was a good quarter of an hour, not a soul approached."

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE SHIP "WILLIAM LAYTIN."

From the News of the World.

The ship William Laytin—one of the staunchest and best sails from New York—put to sea on the 18th of February, for Antwerp. On the 20th, a severe gale, which lasted for some days, completely wrecked the vessel, and, lashed to her flooding and helpless hull, the captain and crew passed six days and nights without a single drop of fresh water, and without a mouthful to eat, excepting a single rat which was found swimming about the wreck, and which was fortunately caught and shared amongst the sufferers.

The following statement has been furnished to us by Mr. Tucker, the Commander of the ship:—"On the 22nd February, during the fury of the tempest, the ship suddenly sunk forward until her decks were about level with the water; and then fell over upon her beam ends. All three masts were cut from the deck, and in five minutes after clearing the hull, it righted again, much to the relief of all. The cause of the ship pitching forward in the manner described, is unknown to me. When the ship came up again, after losing her masts, we were still in a condition truly perilous, and apparently hopeless. Deprived of all sail, and no longer able to keep the vessel before it, head to the wind and sea, she floated a helpless hulk, swept fore and aft with almost every wave. In about five minutes after the ship rose from her beam ends, she shipped a tremendous sea that carried overboard the poop deck, midship house, all our boats, and four of our ship's company, being three of the crew and the stewardess. The name of the stewardess was Ann Forsyth, and John Cester and William Brown were the two lost men. Nothing now remained above the hatches but the verandah deck, in which the remainder of the company took shelter, each one feeling that he might be compelled soon to follow those already gone.

For our better security each of us lashed ourselves to the wreck with whatever of our rigging or ship's ropes we could get hold of. That alone saved us from being swept away. In this condition, tied to the wreck, and condition, tied to the wreck, and constantly drenched and almost smothered with breaching seas, we remained six long days and nights, each minute of which was almost an eternity of agony. We were unable to loosen ourselves, or to stir about the ship, for fear of being carried overboard. We waited, but waited in vain, for a lull in the sea of tempest. The first day passed at our lashings, and we were weak with hunger. The second day, and the gnawings of hunger made all other sufferings insignificant in comparison. The third day, and our thirst and hunger together held us in tortures, but little short of the pains of hell itself. Death at this time would have been a relief. In the meantime, the hatches of the ship had burst open, and the cargo was found floating around us, but none of the provisions within our reach. The knowledge that our ship's hold was full of provision, and we unable to reach it, only added to our sufferings.—Still, to aggravate our pains, the potash in the ship was dissolving, and making lye that was eating into our flesh. Having no water we took a piece of cold lead into our mouths, and chewing this, kept our mouths moist, and was found to be a great relief. At this period of our sufferings, a rat was seen swimming about, and coming near enough to one of the sailors, it was captured.

Never did a hunter secure his game with greater satisfaction than did the seaman secure this drowning rat. The rat was shared among the company, and never was a morsel received with a better relish. All that we had in addition to this rat, were the loots and shoes upon our feet, which were mostly used up at the time of our rescue.

On the third day of our sufferings, a vessel hove in sight, and we were all elated with the prospects of relief. In this, however, we were disappointed. This vessel, the name of which I do not now remember, came within hailing distance of us, and speaking with the Captain, I asked him to send a boat. The reply was, he could do nothing for us, and leaving us to our fate, we were compelled to see this vessel sail away from us.

The sea was running very high at the time this vessel spoke to us, but to have lain to and waited for a calm, or to have made some show of a disposition to help us, we thought was not too much to expect.—When this vessel was beyond our sight, all hope seemed surely gone. Still, all the crew kept up their spirits, as indeed they did to a remarkable degree during the whole time of our sufferings. During all this period the weather was cold enough to make ice.—What was most remarkable, after the third day our hunger seemed to abate. On the fifth and sixth days some of the crew said they did not feel so much the want of food as they did on the third. This was the feeling of most if not of all of us. The fourth day and night passed, and no assistance came. The fifth day came, and with it success. On this day we were hailed by the 'Sylyph,' Helcox, from Guadaloupe, bound to St. Peter's, Newfoundland. This vessel spoke to us, and learning our situation, promised to lie by till the storm abated. It still blew a gale, and the sea was very heavy. This promise revived us. During the night of the fifth day of our sufferings, the Sylyph drifted away from us, and the next morning was out of sight. I cannot describe our feelings when the next morning dawned, and again showed us nothing within our vision but the tempestuous ocean. Captain Helcox, however, crowded on all the sail his barque could carry, and commenced to search for us. He was successful, and found us after a few hours' search, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 25th, we were taken from our lashings and removed on board the Sylyph. When relieved, none of us were able to stand, although all of us still retained our senses. One of the crew, when taken from his prison of ropes, lost his toes, which dropped from him as he was lifted from the ship. The potash ly had eaten the feet of the sufferer to this extent, I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of Captain Helcox and his crew when received on board his vessel.

As the hour of 6 P. M. approaches, the number of persons to deposit letters begins to increase. Faster and faster they gather, and, instead of dropping their letters in lazily, they rush up to the box, and, with a nervous twitch, dash them in, and then stand back and give room for others. Many stay and look on, while the scene grows 'fast and furious.' About a quarter before six men, bearing bags, come staggering in, and, by tapping at a wooden slide, a whole window is opened by a clerk, who, in the twinkling of an eye, throws it out. Boys with hands full of papers, one man bearing a letter, and a penny to pay the postage, rough-looking mechanics, with brawny arms and honest faces, come with letters, generally stamped, and struggling through the crowd, they drop them through the slit in the window, prepared to receive them. In the inside there is also a busy scene, but no hurry or confusion. At first there are separate letters dropping, one after another, but as the number increases, they come in a mass, and factor they rattle in as if the elements without were charged with letters, and they were, by a sudden tempest, showered into the post office. The hand of the clock keeps moving toward the figure, and the crowd without and the shower within increase. The clerk at the open window is nearly inundated with parcels of letters and sacks of newspapers, and a fellow clerk comes to his relief and opens another window of letters, but the number of six boys no longer walk up to the boxes to mail their papers, but stand back, and throw them at the open window. Faster, faster, and faster they come; it lacks only a minute and a half—the crushing, furious crowd; men, women, and boys, many holding their arms aloft, with letter and penny tightly grasped, are trying to get to the place of delivery. A spectator would naturally suppose that the noise of the driving rain, the clatter of one another's umbrellas, the clatter of letters, and the clatter of the crowd, would be a deafening noise, and still the clerk, very deliberately ties his two letters and newspaper together, with a piece of twine, and throws them directly at the clerk in the window. Amidst the rush of the crowd, comes a faint scream from some poor 'squeezed' tourist who can't get her letter in, and she is seen to be crying down, two, three—all the clerks at the window go; really four, five, six, bang go the windows down, with one simultaneous side. Several letters and one paper are caught in it; but they, like those outside, cannot go to the post office, because they are too late. There is a very good regulation, which enables the tardy party to get their letters off; but they have to pay a fine for their tardiness. One letter-box is left open, labeled 'Late letters.' All these letters, which are dropped in the box, before half-past six, with the postage paid in full stamps, and having one additional stamp, will be sent by the mail on being made up. Then there are other boxes open, labeled 'for letters not intended to go by this mail.'

Now let us present our pass at the back door and see what is going on within. At a high desk, overlooking the scene, sits the Superintendent. The lower floor of the office is left open, and the clerks at the counters and stations are nearly 500 in number. Across the broad hall, where the public have been jostling and crowding in to get their letters mailed, is the London district office, and, to keep up a

THE LONDON POST OFFICE.

As a post establishment, the office in St. Martin's-lie-Grand, London, is the first in the world. The Postmaster General and his staff are at the head of an army of over 20,000 persons, and such is the concentration of business, that in this office is performed about one-fourth of the business of the kingdom. The number of letters passing through it in a year is eight millions as great as the number passing through New York, and nearly as great as the entire number in the United States. The number of letters received for delivery in London, in the year 1854, was 103,377,728, and the number sent out, 97,946,106. This gives a total of over 200,000,000 letters in a single year.

To an outside spectator, there is little to be seen in the plain, substantial stone building, some 400 feet long, supported by Ionic pillars, and having a large hall for the accommodation of the public. But during a late visit to London, we were permitted, through the courtesy of Mr. Rowland Hill, to see all the arrangements, and inspect the machinery by which this immense establishment is kept in motion. In the 'Inland Office,' where the mails are made up for the country, there is a comparative lull in the business of the day, the letters and papers coming in so slowly that but few clerks and sorters are on duty. There are employed in London, 3,036 persons in the mail service. Of these, 498 are letter-receivers-keepers of the small sub-offices—located in all parts of the metropolis for the convenience of mailing letters. There are, in London, 1,385 letter carriers, and there are rooms in the post office building for many of the carriers to sort and arrange their letters. There are 498 letter-receivers-keepers of the small sub-offices—located in all parts of the metropolis for the convenience of mailing letters. There are, in London, 1,385 letter carriers, and there are rooms in the post office building for many of the carriers to sort and arrange their letters. There are 498 letter-receivers-keepers of the small sub-offices—located in all parts of the metropolis for the convenience of mailing letters. There are, in London, 1,385 letter carriers, and there are rooms in the post office building for many of the carriers to sort and arrange their letters.

The process of sorting comes next, and the sub-sorters receive the letters at long tables, which are divided into compartments, each labeled with an appropriate title; usually that of some railway. We could see 'Great Western,' 'Eastern Counties,' 'South-Eastern,' 'London and North-Western,' 'London and Brighton,' and the like. One apartment is marked 'Scotch,' another 'Irish,' and 'Foreign,' and one 'Blind Mail.' The 'blind' letters are taken to the 'Blind Mail,' the title of a clerk whose vision is so sharp that he can distinguish the letters of the alphabet in a black ink, and that he can straighten out the original or illegible handwriting, or under the original superscription. The correspondent, who directed a letter to 'Sromford,' was not supposed to know the exact name, style, and title of Sir Humphry Davy. The man that wrote 'dandy' for a name, 'Edinburgh,' for Edinburgh, 'Dunfermline,' for Dunfermline, was probably not exceedingly well versed in Scottish geography. It was supposed to be a fresh student in phonetics that addressed a letter to 'Jonsnout no Weasal pin' instead of John Smith, Newcastle upon-Tyne. The letter that was addressed 'Cally Phorni Togow the Niggerenger Rought,' was evidently penned by some one who had a brother in the mines. All these the 'Blind Mail' decipherers do, and the letters are then directed to an stone blind, and defy the powers of our biographical reader. Sometimes the 'blind man' is seen going a letter intensely, and humming an air, when suddenly, as if by inspiration, down comes his pen, and the full inscription is at once made plain.

At the hour of eight approaches, there is increased activity, for at that hour the 'vans' must start for the railway stations.—One of the last processes consists in filling the letters in packages of a convenient number, together with way-bills or wrappers. Packages are not made up in London for the small sub-offices, they being all sent to the chief post town, and there sorted for the small neighbouring offices. The old way-bill, with three or four columns of figures, is now disused. When there are letters that are not pre-paid, the amount of the postage is put upon a piece of paper, called the 'package,' and that is directed to the chief post town, and there sorted for the small sub-offices. Registered letters, of course, are accompanied by a registry bill, and this is on the same piece of paper, with the amount of the postage of unpaid letters. The bags are usually made of sheep-skin, soft and pliable, and not of very large size. They are sealed up with sealing wax, on the twine that is tied round the top, the wax hearing the official seal of the post-office.—It is thought to be a very curious sight to see a man that is to go a very long and rough way, like those that go to Shetland through Scotland; that, by steamer, are generally loaded. Porters are constantly carrying the bags to the vans. When the clock strikes eight, the president's hammer comes down; and the last bag must be ready to go out, for the time is up. Sometimes as many as seventeen vans are filled with the letters and papers going to the chief post town. These vans are technically called 'Accelerators.' They are large omnibuses, and in the morning start to carry the mails to the railways, and the letter-carriers from the post office to the commencement of their walks. The number of letters sent off by the evening mail, the night we witnessed the operation was stated by the superintendent as 216,457. The average weight of the evening mail, from London, is now about fourteen tons, made up of these proportions:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Weight. Rows include Papers (10 tons 9 cwt. of 75 per cent of the whole), Letters (7 1/2 tons), Books (6 tons), Bags (7 tons).

So that the letters only form one-tenth of the weight of the entire mail; newspapers eight-tenths; books one-fifth; and mail bags almost one-fourth. The book parcels sent through the London office in a year are estimated at 296,436, and to the Kingdom just double this number, 592,872, at a gross postage of \$81,870. The newspapers sent from London, in 1854, were estimated at 53,000,000, and twice that number for the whole Kingdom. The postage on these 106,000,000 newspapers, at one penny each, is reckoned five shillings to the pound sterling—\$2,258,333. The morning mail, from London is only about one-fourth as large as the evening mail, weighing about three and a half tons. The average number of letters sent from London daily, is 267,521; and received in London, 283,225.—Pulsan's Mag.

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THE MONEY KINGS

From Ballou's Pictorial.

"The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace!" Such was the significant remark of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfurt in 1830, when asked his opinion of the revolution in Paris which drove Charles X. from the throne, and which threatened to convulse the European continent. The observation reveals a glimpse of the tremendous power wielded in its British branch, the "sinews of war," and is consequently the arbitrator of the destiny of Europe. He holds the throne of the European States, and stronger than that army is a power, grand, terrible and irresistible. A few scraps of paper, partly printed, partly written, a few chests of metal and baskets of precious stones, are the armor and the talismans of this more than royal and imperial—this gigantic power. This power is called Money; and the possessors of that power are the Jews of the house of Rothschild.

A few hundred years ago such a speech as that of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfurt would have made him a beggar or a corpse. The potentates of the "good old times," when they wanted money, and this was often the case, had a very summary method of obtaining it. They did not resort to the expedient of the Cid, who the chronicler tells us, being "short" palmed off a couple of trunks filled with paving stones—he called them "precious stones"—on a couple of Jew brokers as full and adequate security for the repayment of a very large sum of money; but they employed more stringent measures—the rack, the thumb-screw, and the ingenious process of roasting the capitalist before a slow fire, until he consented to disgorge his wealth for the behoof of his oppressor. Their descendants by hypochondria revenue and pawn-jewelry to raise loans, and treat their best friends, the Jews, with commendable civility

