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POETRY.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud by cradled near the setting sun,
A plume of crimson lined its brimmed crown,
Long had I watched the glory moving on
Over the still radiance of the lake below.
Triangled its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breeze I felt that chance of blow,
Watched the traveler to the luminous west,
Ere long, methought, of the departed soul,
In whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll,
Light toward to the golden gates of Heaven,
When, to thence of Faith, it peaceful lies
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

I had been some years engaged in the practice of medicine in one of the largest cities, before I met with any serious adventure. One night, as I was returning home, through a lonely, little-frequented part of the city, at a late hour, from a patient I had been with since noon of that day, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a big, stout, elderly dressed man.

"You're a doctor?" he both announced and inquired in the same words.
"I am."
"I want you to come with me, then," he said, in a tone that indicated the matter was already settled in his mind, however it might be.
"I cannot to-night," I answered, with positive emphasis. "I am wanted out, and anxious to get home."
"Yes, your doctors are always wanted out, when a poor man wants you," said the fellow with a threatening growl; "that let some one else's wife's meddling need looking to, and you and your way there at any hour of the day or night. Well, I'm no snob, thank heaven! and I've got money enough to pay your fee. I've tried half a dozen doctors already, and none of them will come and see you, can't let you off."

"But, really,"
"See here, doctor," interrupted the fellow, producing a knife, and flashing the blade, by a quick flourish, before my eyes. "I'm a desperate man, and might be pushed to do a wicked deed. Every man sets a certain value on his own life, and on the life of his dearest friend. You know how much your life is worth to you, and I know how much another's life is worth to me, and, here I have it, I swear, if you attempt to go and leave my friend today, I'll put this knife into you!"

It was an open space where we stood, about half-way between two blocks of new buildings that were not yet tenanted. I looked up and down the dark street, but not a soul was in sight.
"Where do you wish me to go to?" I inquired.
"Oh, down here a piece," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Come on, before it's too late!"

He passed his arm through mine, without so much as "by your leave," and began to move away, of course taking me with him.
"Is your friend a male or female?" I inquired, pretending to feel perfectly at my ease, though I would have given a year's practice to have been safe at home.
"She's a woman."

I breathed freer—for somehow I always experienced a degree of security among the opposite sex, even among the most depraved and abandoned.

"What is the matter with her? and how long has she been ill?" I questioned.
"About three hours ago she gave birth to a child that didn't live more'n a minute, and since then she's been having fits," was the reply.

"Was there no physician with her when the child was born?" I inquired.
"No, I couldn't get one to her, for love or money. An old woman, a neighbor came in and did what she could. Do you think as how you can save her, doctor?" inquired the man in a husky tone.
"I cannot say, of course—but will promise to do the best I can."
"O, do! do! and Heaven will bless you for it!" he replied, in a tone that expressed a more deep and earnest feeling than I had supposed was in his nature.

I began to be interested; the man might be better than I had thought; some poor fellow, perhaps, who had been the foot-ball of fortune, and had not received the desert.
"Is this woman your wife?" I kindly inquired.
"I believe he heard me; but as he did not answer me, I concluded not to repeat the question.
We soon turned into some small, mean;

dark, narrow streets, where none but the poorer class live. We now walked forward in silence—the man still had hold of my arm, as if he were afraid I might otherwise give him the slip; taking long, rapid strides, and causing me no little exertion to keep step with him.

At length he turned into a dark court where I could see nothing but a few dingy lamp-posts on either hand, and I thought if his object was to rob me, I was completely in his power. At the end of the court he stopped, opening a door, and led me up a flight of cracking stairs where I could see nothing at all. At the top of these stairs we groped our way forward a few feet, and then he opened the door into the room of the patient. The apartment was small and plainly furnished, with a lamp standing on a little table not far from the bed. An old woman who was leaning over the sufferer, looked quickly and eagerly around at our entrance, and seeing me, exclaimed:
"Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, yes, I've got a doctor at last, God be praised, if it isn't too late!" replied the man hurriedly, adding almost in the same breath, "How is she, Mary? how is she?"
The old woman shook her head and sighed out: "She's had worse an' 'em since you left, and she's in the fourth now, poor deat."

"Oh, my God!" groaned the man sinking down on the nearest seat. "Doctor, you hear, only save her I save her!"
I hurried to the bed, and found the patient in convulsions. The spasms ceased almost immediately, a quantity of viscid matter was ejected, and a moaning respiration followed. The face was flushed, the head hot, and the pulse rapid. I decided that she must be bled, and lost no time in opening a vein. I then sent for ice, and applied it in moderation to her head. I remained with her through the night, and left her at daylight in a tranquil sleep, with directions to be followed in case of a return of the spasms.

The man who gave his name as Ralph Wagner, came down to the door with me, and thrust a half eagle into my hand.
"How is she?" he asked, in a trembling voice. "Is she better?" you save her?"
"She is better, I think, and I hope she can be saved," I replied.
"Oh, doctor, will you come again to-day?"

"Yes, this afternoon toward night, after I shall have got some sleep and visited some few patients that cannot be neglected."

"Don't desert us, doctor! for God's sake, don't!" fairly pleaded the man, with tears in his eyes.
I assured him I would not, gave him my address, and bade him send for me at any time, if a change would take place for the worse.

From that time the patient gradually mended and in the course of a week was out of danger and had her reason. I had soon her every day during this time, and had become not a little interested in her. She was not an ordinary woman. Her age I judged to be about twenty-five or six, and her features, though marked by suffering, were intellectual and still beautiful. Her hair was a light brown, soft almost to silkiness, and she had the sweetest blue eyes and prettiest mouth I ever beheld. Her voice, too, had that rich mellowness which so captivates the ear, and her language denoted education, her manners refinement.

Great was the contrast between this pretty, delicate flower, and the big, coarse-featured, awkward, uneducated, and I must add, totally unpossessing Ralph Wagner; and though I fancied I could comprehend how such a man might love her to the whole extent of his rough nature, I confess I was at a loss to account for true reciprocity, if indeed there was any such thing. That his ardent attachment to her might excite some kind of sympathy—some emotion akin to pity, and perhaps gratitude—I thought possible; but that there should exist anything like true, mutual love, seemed as contrary to the laws of nature as for the dog to love the tiger. And yet how many such incongruities we see paired, if not mated—married in law, if not in spirit!

The day that I made what I intended to be my last visit, I found my fair patient sitting in a chair and crying as if her heart would break. She was alone.
"This is very bad for you to be exciting your nervous system in this manner!" I said in a kindly reproving tone. "Has anything happened too serious for a little calm philosophy to muster?"
"Oh, doctor, I am a poor, miserable, heart-broken woman, alone and friendless!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, not quite so bad as that, where is your husband?" I asked lightly.
"This was the first time I had ever spoken the word to her, and I looked to see if she received it as a familiar, unquestioned fact. She shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Did you see in the papers this morning, the arrest of a notorious burglar called Patient Hammersmith?" she sobbed.
"I think I did see something of the kind," I replied.
"That was none other than Ralph Wagner!"

"Good heavens! you among me!" I cried.
"Your husband a burglar?"
"He is not my husband," sobbed the poor woman.

"Sit down, doctor, and let me tell you a painful story in a few words; and then if you can give me good advice and sympathy, I shall receive it with gratitude; and if you scorn and cast me from you, I shall only find I was mistaken in supposing you had a heart."
I seated myself and became all attention.

"I was reared in affluence," she resumed, and for seventeen years was the pride and joy of fond parents. At seventeen years I fell in love with a man some years older than myself. My father knew him better, and warned me against him. He finally forced him the house. We corresponded afterward, clandestinely met, and at eighteen I eloped with him. We went as I supposed to the house of a clergyman and were married, and then set out on a wedding tour. The man I had so willfully loved proved to be a black-hearted villain, and soon robbed me of my money and jewels, and then deserted me in a strange city. He afterwards wrote me that the marriage was a sham, and that he had deceived me in that manner in order to revenge himself on my father for his insults."

"A blank followed this awakening from a bright and glorious dream to a reality, too terrible for an ordinary mind to contemplate. I had a brain fever. I became insane. I returned to reason in a paper madhouse. I got my liberty in rags. I wrote home to my father the whole terrible truth, and implored him to receive back his poor broken-hearted daughter. I was a ragged, penniless, and in a strange city, and God only knows with what intense and fearful anxiety I waited the answer to that letter. I waited days—I waited weeks—I waited months. None ever came. I was cast off then—abandoned—ruined for this world and for the next. O! the suffering and degradation I was compelled to endure. At last Ralph Wagner offered me his protection and his hand. I accepted. We were married."

"He declared he loved me, and certainly treated me with respect and affection. I knew not then that he was a house breaker; and when I found it out I asked myself what better was I than he that I should leave him? So I have lived with him ever since, nearly two years, and now he is arrested and I am again alone in the world. Such is my sad history, doctor. Now tell me what to do?"

"Write again to your parents," said I, "they may not have received your letter, or their reply may have been very mischievous."
"I have some times hoped so, and I want to die in that delusion, if it be one!" she eagerly rejoined. "Were I not to get an answer now, that they know my condition and have cast me off forever, it might craze my poor brain again. Besides I am no longer fit to be forgiven and received back among the good."
"It is never too late to repent," I replied. "Remember the words of Christ to them who could have put to death the guilty woman for her crime: 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her!'"
"We all have our errors, and all need forgiveness."

"After saying much more of a similar purport I urged her if she did not wish to write to her parents herself, to give their address, and let me ascertain, in my own way, if they still lived and cared for her. She finally consented and wrote the address on a slip of paper, I read it, sprang from my seat and looked at her in perfect amazement. I understood it all, but I could scarcely credit my sense.

"She was my sister's child!"
I pass over the scene that follow this strange discovery.
It was all a mistake on her part—her letter had never reached her almost distracted parents who had long mourned her as dead or lost to them forever. She went home with me, and remained at my house till her fond and loving parents came to reclaim her. It was a fearful scene of mingled joy and grief when we all met under the same roof; and humbly, on our knees, we all thanked God for the wonderful restoration of the lost one who was plucked, indeed as a brand from the burning and saved in body and I trust in soul.

Three years after Ralph Wagner died in prison, and with him perished one great portion of the guilty secret. I have purposely concealed all other names—but my sad story is none the less true notwithstanding.

"If a woman's estranged husband is sending her to her death, and she has no one to help her, she must be a poor, miserable, heart-broken woman, alone and friendless!" she exclaimed.

"I shall remember," rejoined Capt. Honiton, as he turned to depart.
"Pray do not forget," said the Lieutenant, at the same time treading heavily upon the gouty foot of the captain, and thus drawing from him an involuntary cry of pain.

Davais then walked away with a proud and haughty air, leaving the other suffering fearfully from pain and rage. As soon as he could extricate himself from the crowd, the captain called for a carriage and was fast driven out of sight.
For a whole week, Lieut. Davais remained in momentary expectation of a challenge from the man he had so grossly insulted, but none came. Another week passed away and the imperialist was not heard from.
"He is a coward, and unworthy of my notice," said the dashing young officer, with a proud smile of contempt.
"Why, what could you expect of a man who doubtless disgraced himself at Waterloo?" rejoined one of his brother officers with a sneer.
"Bah! this comes of plebeian blood, Henri!"

Months passed away, and Henri Davais, who was the youngest son of an ancient and honorable family of royalists, was promoted to a captaincy. He had fought two duels since his insult to Captain Honiton, but still nothing had been heard of that officer, and the little affair nearly forgotten, or only remembered as a sneering jest. More months passed. Captain Davais, affianced to a beautiful lady of rank, began to prepare for his wedding. The morning of the intended wedding-day arrived, and Capt. Henri Davais rose early to prepare for nuptials that were to make him the happiest man in Paris. While engaged at his toilet, a servant announced a visitor—a stranger.
"I am engaged, and can see no one now," was the reply.
"Beg your pardon, Monsieur le Capitaine," said the voice of the stranger, who had followed on the heels of the servant; "but I know you will see me."
"And who are you, sir, and why this intrusion?" demanded the young officer in an imperious tone, as he coldly ran his eye over the person of a middle-aged man in plain citizen's dress.
"Monsieur le Capitaine seems not to know me, but yet Monsieur may have the happiness to remember the pleasure he once had in pulling the ears, boxing the ears, and reading on the forehead of a quiet-looking man under the gallery of the Palais Royal, some twelve months since."
"This was said with the most freezing politeness; but there was something awfully wicked in the cold gray eye of the speaker, as if all the time rested steadily on the other.

"He," said Davais, flushing to the temples, "I know you now; but to save your reputation, you should have come sooner."
"My reputation, fortunately, was not in the keeping of a rather forward boy," returned the other, with a grim smile and mocking bow. "I have come at last to ask of Monsieur le Capitaine Henri Davais the pleasure of a little walk, thinking the beautiful bride elect might be pleased to hear of the progress of her lover on his wedding day."

Davais bit his lips.
"I think I should be justified in putting you off for the present, but I will not balk your kind intentions. We need not go far, nor wait long. Here are small swords, and twenty paces hence is the garden."
"Monsieur le Capitaine is so obliging! They must have lied who said Monsieur was a coward and would not fight."
"You shall see!" cried the young royalist almost bursting with suppressed passion.
"Coward or no coward, I have sent your letters to the devil and you shall soon follow!"

In less than ten minutes the two antagonists were in the garden, and their swords crossed. Honiton was perfectly cool and self-possessed, but Davais was almost blind with rage. The latter was accounted the best swordsman in his corps, and helmet few that could cope with him, which was one cause of his overbearing insolence; but in less than a minute he discovered to his horror that he was only a mere child in the hands of his antagonist, who seemed rather disposed to play with than fight him. In the course of five minutes, however, he received a disabling wound; and then like lightning the blade of the other flashed before his eyes and severed his nose clean down his face.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to pull my nose, I have done myself the honor to cut off his. Good day, Captain. I will send your servant to look after you.—When you are well I will call again. My compliments to the bride, and how does she like your beauty?"
"This affair created a great sensation in the upper circles of Paris. The wedding, of course did not come off on the appointed day, and subsequently the lady declined to marry a man whose features were so terribly disfigured.

From his sudden appearance on the morning of the duel, nothing was seen or heard of Captain Honiton till his adversary had so far recovered as to be again abroad, when, at a like early hour in the day, he as suddenly reappeared.
"I have been expecting you," said Capt. Davais, when they again met.
"Monsieur le Capitaine does me too much honor. I hope my visits do not prove troublesome."
"Follow me," returned Davais, keeping himself perfectly calm.

He conducted his visitor into an empty hall, and produced a pair of pistols. Handing one to his enemy he requested him to load it, while he proceeded to charge the other.
"You are more than a match for me with swords," he said, "and so we will try those. It is my wish that one of us may not get his nail alive. We will take our places, and fire at the word."
"Monsieur le Capitaine will give the word," replied Honiton with the utmost sang froid.

At the first fire the imperialist received a flesh wound in the shoulder, and the royalist lost a portion of his right ear.
"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to box my right ear," said Honiton, coolly; "I have done myself the honor to shoot off his ear."
In a couple of minutes the pistols were again loaded, and the fire in their respective places. This time Captain Honiton received a wound in the neck, not necessarily mortal, and Captain Davais lost a portion of his left ear.

The imperialist coolly repeated his taunting words.
"As they were taking their places for the third time Captain Honiton remarked with bitter emphasis:
"Now then Monsieur le Capitaine, I will remember the foot!"
"Both pistols checked together at the word, and both antagonists fell back dead—the one shot through the heart and the other through the brain.

So terminated this singular combat, the closing scenes of which were reported by a servant who saw and heard all.
A "SLEEPING" REMINISCENCE.—On a winter's night, when the moon shone bright, and the snow was crusted o'er, with a mild air, as the seraphs are I slid from a hill down lower. Ere we reached the base, like a horse on a race, our swift gliding—swept, careened, and with presses fair, streaming back in the air, sweet Sally went round over head.

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street bank, IN OF from the street, about 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599,

PROVINCIAL.

THE FREDERICTON BOAT RACE.—The Courier says: "The Boat Race that has been the topic of conversation for the past week, and about which so many opinions have been expressed, came off at Fredericton on Friday, and, as was generally expected in this city, the St. John crewmen have again been successful, leading their opponents one-sixth of the whole distance. This is more than even the most sanguine expected as the men had scarcely any practice, and had never before seen such a boat as the one in which they rowed at such short notice. The result is attributed solely to the peculiarity of the stroke which distinguishes our oarsmen, and which would appear to be the perfection of rowing, as they have beaten the crack oarsmen of New York, Boston, and Halifax, all of which places have boasted themselves in the superiority of their boats, and the skill of their rowers. In the rowing of Messrs Crowder and Wilson, much to be taken as a fair specimen of the oarsmanship of English boatmen, we have no doubt that a crew could be selected in St. John who would consider it but child's play to distance the celebrated champions of the Thames. A friend who was present at the race has furnished us with the following sketch of the day's proceedings:—

The great boat race between the shell boat of Col. Crowder and Mr. Wilson on one side, and that built by Sheriff Harding, and rowed by Samuel Brittain and William Brittain on the other, took place yesterday morning according to announcement. There was considerable interest manifested by a number of persons were present to witness it. St. John and Carleton were well represented, the weather was fine, the sky cloudy, and a slight breeze was blowing. The distance to be rowed was a mile and a half. The start was made shortly after 12 o'clock. Sheriff Harding's boat took lead at the start, and continued gaining on her opponent to the close. The Brittain pulled the short quick stroke, peculiar to St. John oarsmen, while Messrs Crowder and Wilson pulled the long, slow stroke, so common with anti-que rowers. Harding's boat went over the course in 7 minutes 30 seconds; Col. Crowder's in 8 minutes 30 seconds—nearly a quarter of a mile behind the victors.

The Horse Races came off in the afternoon. Three horses contested the first running race entered by Messrs. Hart, Malin, and Wheeler; the prize, a purse of \$90 was won by Mr. Hart's horse. The second race for a saddle, was contested by the horses of Messrs. Russell and Wheeler, and won by the former. Three horses were entered for the first Trotting Race, a Calais horse by Mr. Russell, the horse "Moose" by Mr. Campbell, and "Stamper" by Mr. Stockford; the prize, a purse of \$60 was won by Mr. Campbell's horse. In the second Trotting Race, three horses were entered, a grey horse by Mr. Russell, a black horse by Mr. Hart, and Mr. Stockford's horse; the race was won by the Calais horse.

A SUCCESSFUL LITERARY EFFORT.—Many of our citizens remember Mr. J. Foster Kirk, a young Nova Scotian, who, in our debating societies and elsewhere, gave a number of years since, much promise of future usefulness. When a young man he resided in Boston, where he acquired considerable popularity by his translations of several French works. Some time after that he became acquainted with the late Mr. Prescott, the celebrated historian, and was employed by him as his amanuensis, until the time of his death. Since that period, our young countryman has written a literary work, in two volumes, entitled "Charles the Bold." This work was shown in manuscript to some literary friends in the States, who highly approved of it. A copy-right was taken out in the States. He then went to London with it, and we are pleased to learn from an intimate friend of Mr. Kirk's, that he has sold to Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher, the right to print both copies for the sum of £200. Mr. K. writes that he had several urgent applications for a similar privilege. We congratulate our young friend on his good fortune.—Hal. Reporter.

Railway Extensions.—The question of Railway Extension Westward has been mooted by a number of our newspapers. The "Evening Globe" and "Westminster Times" favor the idea, and a writer in yesterday's "Morning News" joins in the chorus. We quote a portion of the latter party's remarks:—

"I beg to suggest that the Government of this Province take into consideration the carrying out of the European and North American Railroad—the original scheme of 1851, as agreed upon at the Portland Convention in 1851. Extend our present road 70 miles Westward, and we tap the American frontier; and no one need doubt that our neighbors will take hold and connect with Banger. Now here is a project that will pay, if any railroad will. The travelling and traffic between St. John and Boston this last summer gave a guarantee of this. Each steamer twice a week has brought 600 passengers on an average—and as many returning. In round numbers 1200 people have travelled both ways pretty much the whole summer. Each steamer has been almost sunk with freight on every trip. If this is the state of business at present, is it not fair to assume that it will at least quadruple with a railroad? I believe that if the Government will go at this road with the same vigor that they did last winter when the Inter-Colonial scheme was up, they will have no trouble whatever in getting a well

matured Bill carried—for more than half the Counties in the Province are to be directly benefited by such an undertaking. I believe, therefore, as the matter comes before the Legislature, there would be parties, or companies ready to make propositions for building the road, upon terms that would come easy to the Province. At all events we cannot stand still. The present railroad must have a feeder, in order to make it pay. Extend it westward, and who can doubt the realization of this belief. * * * A large majority of the people of this Province would favor this undertaking; and I believe further that the Government cannot remain idle next winter, (after it is fully understood that nothing is to be done with the Canadians,) when there is work to be done, and the Westward extension is a matter of such vital importance to our best interests."

We do not wish it to be understood that in quoting the above extract we endorse either the facts or the inferences of the writer. We cite his statements in our columns simply for the purpose of showing what appears to be the bent of men's minds among us just at present. Hundreds in this community who never favored an Inter-Colonial Railway would willingly support a connection with the States as a better investment of Provincial funds and a more necessary work than the line to Canada. We believe that nearly every individual in the country, who has thought upon the subject at all, has arrived at the conclusion that, in the course of events, a Railway to the States must be built. Scarcely any one now doubts this, even the aged among us expect to see it. The question is one upon which political parties have never expressed divergent opinions. The present ability of the Province to build such a road is, of course, a very serious condition—one which ought to be well weighed by both the Legislature and the People before a decision is made. The question of financial ability being settled, that of route ought to be discussed next. We do not know whether any number of facts relative to the character of the back country between the St. Andrews Railway and the St. John river, or that relate to the traffic over the proposed line, have been collected. It is true that at the celebrated Railway Convention in Portland Me., many years ago, at which all the leading politicians of Maine, Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were present, there was an amazing display of facts and figures which proved to the satisfaction of orators that the European and North American Railway would be a splendid investment for spare capital. But as recent experience in the management of Colonial railways has somewhat dimmed these magnificent visions, it will be necessary to require anew into the source from which traffic for the Railway to the States may be expected to flow. If the Government or Opposition papers have on hand any reliable facts bearing upon this point, they would do well to exhibit them to the public, so that the matter may be canvassed in all its bearings. If the Government papers have also any knowledge of the intention of the Government, now that the Inter-Colonial Railway has been brought to a dead lock, they ought to ventilate it for the edification of all concerned.—Telegraph.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN ALBERT.—The Hillsborough Advertiser states that the house of Mr. Warren Peck, of Hopewell Hill, was burned on the 27th ult., with the principal part of the furniture and clothing of the family. In his efforts to save his property Mr. Peck was so severely burnt that he died on Friday night. Another fire occurred at Little River, Albert, on the 14th inst., destroying the house of Mr. Powe, and, horrible to relate, three little children, the eldest only four years old, perished in the flames. The father was from home at the time, and the mother had gone to a neighbor's house for a few minutes.

The Bridgetown Free Press states that about thirty-five years ago there was not a Raccoon in Nova Scotia, but that now they are becoming troublesome. Three of these animals have recently been killed in the vicinity of Bridgetown. The Press also notices the fact that the American red deer and the wolf, have within the last twenty years become denizens of Nova Scotia. More recently several strange birds have become common, and one is described as a reddish bird, of the thrush tribe, the sweetest singer with the exception of the bobolink, "of all the wild birds of the country."

From the Royal Gazette, Nov. 4.] Commission signed by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief:—

Y. B. Rept. of Artillery. Second Lieut. Edward Jones to be First Lieut. 29th Oct. 1863. First Bat. C. C. Mistra. Captains James Stinson, Samuel Getty, John Parkinson—allowed to retire, retaining their present rank. Lieut. John Bradford, Ensign Isaac Snodgrass, Paymaster Robert Stevenson—resigned.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENT. James H. Whitlock, Esquire, to be Deputy Treasurer and Controller of Customs, &c. at the Port of Saint Andrews, in room of David W. Jack, Esquire, resigned.

The whaling brig Pavilion, of Fairhaven, was crushed by ice near the island of God's Mercy, in the Arctic Ocean, on the 4th of August. The crew took to the boats, landed some provisions on the rocks and remained there eleven days; they then left and on the 27th August reached Resolution Island, where they remained ten days—they then

attempted to Cross Hudson's Straits in the boats (there were three), but a heavy gale separated the boats, and it is thought one of them, with seven men on board, must have foundered. On the 8th September the sea, but not finding inhabitants, followed the coast down until the 22nd, when they were picked up by the English barque Ocean Nymph from London for Hudson's Bay, on the 21 October the Captain's boat was fallen to with, and on the 27th they were all landed at St. John's, N. F. The men suffered dreadfully, and some of them were badly frozen, and they all subsisted for a long time on ship's bread, soaked with water, and a little pork.

FROM THE STATES.

Bangor, Nov. 7. World's Washington dispatch, 6th, says Army of the Potomac was at last moving in direction which indicated the abandonment of Warrenton route to Richmond. Guerrillas had been everywhere. Considerable skirmishing in Barnside's department. During three days his loss in killed, wounded and missing, was about 800, and the Confederates lost 600.

An expedition had driven the enemy to the extreme edge of East Tennessee. In one engagement the Federals lost about 100, and the Confederates 500.

On 25th, Barnside was at London to receive an expected invasion by a large force of Bragg's army. Paris correspondent of N. Y. Times says six iron plated vessels were building at Nantes and Bordeaux for Confederates, but the government will stop them going to sea Nov. 9.

On Saturday, Selwidge advanced to Rapidanock Station, driving enemy to river, capturing two redoubts, seven cannon and over one thousand prisoners. Gen. French advanced to Kelly's Ford capturing 400 prisoners.

Also reported both commands crossed river, forming junction on other side and pursuing enemy. Butler's, Gregg's, and Kilpatrick's cavalry crossed river at two points to protect first and last flank.

Federal loss, killed and wounded, four hundred. Meade's whole line reported advance. Atlanta despatch says Federal gained important advantage, which, unless counteracted will render subsistence of Bragg's army at Chattanooga impossible. Arkadelphia, Arkansas, recently Price's headquarters, is in possession of Gen. Steele. 1700 volunteers from Tall county reported to Steele.

In speaking of the prosperous condition of the Northern States, the N. Y. Commercial says: "The production of all the principle articles of commerce is immense, and in many commodities, exceeds that of any previous year, and is fully commensurate with the increased necessities of the country, growing out of a state of civil war. The production of Iron, Coal, Bread Stuffs, Provisions, Lumber, etc., etc. during the past few years, shows a steady and important increase, which is fully equivalent to the per centage of increase in the currency which represents their value. A comparison of the production of the principal articles during the past few years could not fail of convincing the incredulous that the health and prosperity of the Country are fully adequate to the great task which has devolved upon the Government—that of maintaining the National existence, by overpowering the rebellious element which was lately spread over so vast an area, but which is being gradually contracted by means of the irresistible power of the United States Government. The prosperity of the Country is certainly very marked, and when we consider the deleterious influence ever exerted by war on all branches of trade and commerce, it seems wonderful that it is so."

BIG APPLES.—A Lockport (N. Y.) correspondent of the Bath Courier, writes as follows: "I noticed in your paper of the 15th, a paragraph from the Farmington Patriot, speaking of a large apple. I have a Ballwin before me that measures 1 3/4 inches in circumference, weighing 1 3/4 ounces—a Pip-pin 1 1/4 inches in circumference, weighing 2 1/2 ounces, and a barrel of apples in my warehouse, a large sized four barrel, with 163 apples to fill it full, and pressed in so to ride to Boston without shaking and from the same orchard there were six apples picked off one tree, weighing 10 1/2 pounds. Now don't try to beat these, or I will look around for some big apples."

WHAT IS HIS COST US.—The injury which two or three privateers may do a country which has its commerce scattered over the entire globe, is shown in the interruption to the trade and commerce of this country caused by the operations of the Alabama and Florida. The foreign trade of the port of New York for the same quarter in each of last four years, shows that the carrying trade is rapidly changing hands and seeking European flags for protection. In 1860, the value of the goods imported and exported for the quarter ending June 20th, from New York, in American vessels, was \$62,998,326; in foreign vessels \$39,918,851. In the same quarter, 1861, in American vessels, the amount was \$47,900,376; foreign vessels, \$29,052,933, 1862, American vessels, \$31,285,616; foreign, \$33,083,144. 1863, American vessels \$23,403,840; foreign, \$65,889,853. Four years have served to

change the figures completely, the American losing about thirty-nine millions and the foreign trade gaining thirty-five millions. A portion of their loss is covered by the employment of American vessels in the war, but a greater portion of it is attributed to the fear shippers have of capture. The determination of England to stop privateering from her ports will probably restore a great portion of this business, but the figures above given will show very nearly the cost to our commerce of a neutrality which in the manner it was made to operate is as mischievous as open war.—[Aroostook Pioneer.

We beg to remind Advertisers and Subscribers that their subscriptions are some time over due, and we request that they be liquidated without delay.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, NOV. 11, 1863.

Culturo of Fruit.

While in conversation with a gentleman a short time ago, upon the description of fruit best adapted to the soil and climate of this country, we were pleased to learn from him that, after a large outlay and several experiments, he had succeeded in raising, within a short distance of St. Andrews, some fine descriptions of apples and pears, and also grapes in the open air. The experiments, it is true, cost a considerable sum, but he has the satisfaction of knowing what kinds of fruit trees will thrive here by propagation; his apples are large and of excellent quality, and the pears delicious; the grapes of various kinds are also very fine. Now what one person can grow, an other may, with care. We know from experience that there are some kinds of pears and apples, which will not thrive in this climate; but there are others equally fine, that will, with little trouble, amply reward the horticulturist.

With reference to planting fruit trees, the first thing to be attended to is the selection of the ground; for instance the apple should have ground which is moderately rich and moist; the pear and cherry a deep, loose soil. The ground being tolerably fertile, a great deal depends upon digging and sifting the holes when planting the trees; a western aspect is considered the best, because it is the least subject to sudden transitions of temperature. Much of the success in growth depends on digging very large holes, say six feet in diameter, and at least fifteen inches deep. The distance between the trees varies—apples should not be less than twenty feet apart, pears about fifteen feet; this will allow of the cultivation of the ground for other crops.

We throw out these hints for the benefit of several who are desirous of planting fruit trees, and will in our next issue point out the most approved method of transplanting and give the names of the varieties which thrive in this locality. We hope they will not be deterred, however limited their means or however little land may be at their disposal; trees of the best kinds will grow even in a yard if properly attended to. Trees transplanted this month succeed well.

DEPUTY TREASURER.—An official notice in the Royal Gazette announces the appointment of J. H. Whitlock, Esq., to be Deputy Treasurer for this Port, vice D. W. Jack, Esq., resigned. Mr. Whitlock's appointment will give general satisfaction, and is a popular one on the part of the Government; he has performed the duties of Waiter and Searcher, and Admeasurer of Vessels for several years, with satisfaction to the Government and public, and we congratulate him on his appointment. Mr. Jack's ill health and increasing years prompted him to resign his office; and we only give currency to public feeling when we state that he discharged the duties of Deputy Treasurer faithfully and efficiently for upwards of twenty five years. He carries with him into private life the high character of an honest man. May he long be spared to his family, and to the community of which he is an ornament, and enjoy the sweets of retirement from the cares of office. The office of Waiter and Searcher has not yet been filled by the Government; it is reported that they intend to do away with the office and thereby effect a saving of £150 per annum—provided the duties can be performed by the Deputy Treasurer, which is not likely he can accomplish, when the business of his office has increased. It shows however that our rulers are actuated by a laudable desire to reduce the expenses of the Treasury department, if practicable; but situated as St. Andrews is, oh "the lines," they may lose more to the Revenue, than the saving of £150 to the Province.

We beg to inform the Portland Evening "Courier" that our remarks were taken from the telegrams and not based on our own ideas. At the same time we believe he knows that our government upholds free speech and independent opinion whether for or against it; even in the United States men differ in opinion, and some are wise enough to assist to overthrow their government. As British subjects we have nothing whatever to do with the objectionable interference war in the States.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.—The Govt. of Canada have appointed the 11th inst. as a day of Thanksgiving for the blessings of an abundant harvest. When will the Govt. of New Brunswick appoint a day for a similar purpose? This Province has great cause of thankfulness for the harvest has been abundant.

TERMS. —A HAND HIT.—A young lady not long since wrote to a friend here that she wished her to obtain as great a variety of bugs as possible, to add to her entomological collection. The lady's reply is given *verbatim* as follows: "There is but one description of bugs in St. Andrews, and they are 'big bugs'; you do not say whether you wish me to send them dead or living." —The Fredericton Reporter is mistaken in calling the proprietors of the Antimony mine in the county of York "Americans"; they are residents of this county and freeholders. They are working the mine; and we hope will reap the reward of their energy and enterprise. —Snow fell Monday night and Tuesday morning, covering the ground to the depth of several inches, and giving the country a wintry appearance. —A new steamer was launched at Husson's yard, last week. James Davidson, carpenter, was seriously injured while at work on the steamer. —Fish oil has risen in Calais from \$6 to \$13 per barrel. —A man named Wm. Rose was instantly killed at Eastport last week, while blasting a ledge at the new battery. He was examining the fuse, when the blast exploded in his face. —Great exertions are being made in the town of Maine to raise their quota of the 200,000 men required by the President. —The St. John Mechanic's Institute is to be opened on the evening of the 17th. —The opening address will be delivered by the President, Isaac Woodward, Esq. His Excellency the Lieut. Governor will be present. —A most disastrous row took place in Charlestown, P. E. I., on the 21st inst. —Information received at Washington on the 6th inst. states that the Confederates still hold the Potomac River from Shipohur Springs to Falmouth. —Several iron clads are nearly ready at Richmond, on the James river. The feeling of security at Richmond is so great that new establishments such as iron foundries and machine shops are in course of erection. Cotton works are also in operation and doing a good business. —Nine thousand clerks and others were sent from Washington—expenses paid—to vote for Curtin. —The new Lord Mayor of London is a Unitarian, and is said to be a earnest friend of the Union cause. —Chief Justice Bell, of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, has decided that United States Greenbacks are not legal tender. —Dean Trench, the celebrated philologist, is mentioned in English papers as likely to succeed to the Archbishopric of Dublin, vacated by the death of Archbishop Wiscardi. —The Halifax Reporter says that seventy seven ounces of gold were recently taken out of a hole, ten feet deep, at the back of the old Colquhoun Road. —Many a man thinks it a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake pudding for principles. —The sales of A. T. Stewart, the great New York Dry Goods Merchant, will, it is said, amount to \$30,000,000 this year. His sales of cloth for men's wear in the month of September alone, were \$700,000. —Dr. Winship, the celebrated athlete, has succeeded in raising by his own unaided strength, clear from the ground, 2000 pounds dead weight, and thinks he shall, soon succeed in lifting 3000. —The King of Holland is the editor of a monthly magazine in which he discusses, with little reserve, his views as to the policy adapted to his country, the progress it is making and his own wishes and purposes as a sovereign with the best intentions. —Shakespeare's 300th birthday takes place in April, 1864, when there is to be a great time in England in his honor. Prof. Fletcher of Berlin calls upon the German nation also to have a celebration to one who is not only the poet of all time, but of the whole world. —At a congress of the Rhenish chess clubs recently held at Dusseldorf, Herr Paulsen, blindfolded, played ten games at a time, fighting twenty opponents at each board, and continuing for fifteen hours. At the close he had lost three games, won three, and drawn four. —Timothy Titcomb speaks of the broad rolling hills as mothers earth's bountiful greenbacks. —The gross receipts of the New York Herald it is said, are nearly a million of dollars per annum. One item of expense is about one hundred thousand dollars per annum for correspondence. During the New York riots it had forty local reporters. It frequently accepts a contribution, pays fifty dollars for it, and then destroys it, in order that no other paper shall have even what it has no use for. —A letter from Nebraska says of prices, "Think of flour being five dollars per barrel, butter ten cents per pound, eggs five cents a dozen, the best beef six cents per pound, and wood one dollar and fifty cents per cord. It is a country flowing with milk and honey, to be had for the asking." —A tumbler trimming full of old Bourbon whiskey—innocent of water—is a common dose for a Russian sailor. They must have iron-clad stomachs. —Contradiction of thumb. "Tom Thumb" is not—what her friends expected. "Nor is Mr. Thumb what his friends confidently expected," says the Boston Post. —Mr. A. A. Rickett, of Fremont, Me., recently lost all his family, of diphtheria.

TERMS.

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