

We really feel sorry for our contemporaries appear to be laboring of the remaining of God's gifts, with their wives, good wives, married to men who are in the distance according to say, they have no power, and like the candle to my eye, who really does depend upon us, we should be the last to let them down, the God-fathers, as we have now, that we have been treated with much consideration by the law.

BOSTON.—Now is the time to Portland, and we will leave next week. Tickets \$5; good

week to Portland.

Crew and Boat \$10

Club. The match is instant, in 8 o'clock.

The race is on

changed our boys for

the same. This is a

CANADA.

and still more

FOR THE CHRONICLE.
THE LONDON SUNDAY TRUTH.
On the offering of a wild disengaged brain, need'd
by audacious children, resident in the High Council
of Infidelity, of Pandemonium.

I am the Mighty One,—the plain,
1 millions own, of fighting men.

Now, son, I'll prove them all will
Dethrone the Prince whom you esteem;
Or have them daily execrations;
This scroll, prophetic scroll, my plan,
To rule and reign over man.
Should I bear the French and English, too,
The world would tremble at my name;
And my mighty host, who can tame
All the world, will be my name.
And clear Concanaphile through I
I'll plant my glorious peace tree,
And rule supremely ov're rheath.
All Palestine is given to me,
O which I have not had the key,
For amount of land, like to Jew,
Innumerable sons, they can't count,
The richest mines on earth I'll over,
From the rock to the gold stone,
The Mediterranean, I'll command,
The ocean, on which I'll have to land
All within Europe's borders,
I'll subjugate and bring to order,
A nation shall bend her knee,
In love subjected to me,
Or have her spoils dash'd to stone,
As I have dash'd the spoils of Rome,
And all the cities from sea to sea,
Shall lowly bow and bow to me!
I'll hold the whole wide world with ease,
To Greek Church Gods just as I please.
I'll grant a man his heart's desire,
Who has ever tried their rule,
I'll regulate Omnipotence to reign,
I'll rule all Earth's domain!
I'll bind my walls, deep, thick and high
Then all my treasures safe shall lie,
My chosen ones standing by bold,
I'll have a golden gate to hold,
Nor will I fear what devils can do,
While I my sacred plans pursue,
I am the One, undivided, no doubt,
To overthrow the world throughout;
And all the world, like to Jew,
Of whom, on Earth, I am the Head,
This sacred scroll! I'll early sleep
Under my pillow, while I sleep.

[Exit Emperor, poor dog.]

As I, haughty, proud, vain boasting, tyrannous
were words of flesh, a creature of day, how com-
monly pronounced them those appear before
Lord of Hosts—the God of Battles!—who, now
holds in ample disposition, his highly invested
embattled Hosts, swarming like locusts over the
earth the foes of Zion and the peace-disturbers of
the world. Who, like the Devil's distemper'd disease,
walked over sand and dirt—and wallowing
for slaughter in days of yore. —J. R. L.
Lansdale, August 22, 1855.

CARMEN PACIFICUM.

A PELLETS SONG.

Gladstone, and Graham and Sidney,
Gladstone, and Graham and Sidney,
Declares that War
Has become quite a bore
To men of their peaceable kidney.

Says Gladstone, one Jealous layman,
Says Gladstone our Jesus laymen,
England's wrong, Russia's right,
And we do call to fight.

Except that of the wicked highwaymen.

Says Gladstone, that veteran schemer,
Says Gladstone, that veteran schemer,

We should beat all out,

We should call back our dead,

Not leave out them little war-steamer.

Says Gladstone, that peaceful young hero,

Says Gladstone, that peaceful young hero,

The Russ is the Turk

We have done for each Indian Amer. O.

Says three jovial peccadilloes in chorus,

Says three jovial peccadilloes in chorus,

When we're out, we're out,

It's all right no doubt.

For we made it quite mild and decent.

But the People are calling for vigorous,

But the People are calling for vigorous,

And all ill will stems out;

As a War made in earnest;

So PEACE AT ALL PRICES is our desire.—Punch.

VARIETY.

THE SATION AND THE CROCODILES.—Campbell, the actor, died in New York, on the 1st ult., when he was in the middle of a dissipation fit. His various wifey have dissolved him from it, as they had recently seen several sharers; but being partly intoxicated, he would not listen to their persuasions. Nearly as soon as he was in the water, his friends heard him and concluded his meeting with death totally impossible. They fired at the alligator, but in vain. Campbell became aware of his danger, and immediately made for the shore. On approaching within a short distance, a sand bank and rocks that covered the water, and he was about to pursue by the alligator, a fearless youth stepped towards him at the very instant he was about being devoured by his first enemy. The latter overcame him, fell into the grasp of the alligator, and was devoured. The youth, who had been Campbell's son, a constipated boy, was greatly relieved, giving thanks to Providence, which had preserved him, and from that period a marked change was observed in his character.

JOHNSTON'S PAINTERS.—From his grave, there are the carcasses, informed Non-resident Masons, knowing how to act better than they do—nothing at times, yet everything if occasion requires it. We have more one and the same individual of the craft at work in the city of New York, than in any other, a lawyer, in Missouri, a shrewd man in New York a rascally scoundrel, an auctioneer in New York a rascal, a forger printing office. Having nothing to lose, he forces carriers upward from the level to which they choose, stands the highest, and then, like a bird, flies away. He is a rascal, spends thirtysix dollars. Every customer complains, not when the stomach cramps for bread, and they have none to give; and the next hour if fortune favors the rascal, they spend for him what he can have it now.

SMITH'S FIRE BRIGADE OF OFFICERS.

JOHN THOMAS.—Paddy McNamee was honored exceedingly by a frantic crew. One end of the rope was fastened to his neck, and the other end to the hull of a boat, so that he could not be pulled down into the water. The crew were about to drown him, but he was brought to reason, and the crew were compelled to release him.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE, PADDY, SCARF?

There was a commotion in the water, the crew were shouting and screaming.

"I am trying to drown myself."

"I am trying to drown myself."