

St. John Gazette Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

VOLUME XI.

Number 201.

SATURDAY, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1855.

THE ST. JOHN

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON

AND THE IRISH MARKETS

NEWSPAPER.

Established in 1820.

Published by Special Act of Parliament.

Captain T. W. or MATTHEWS,

Editor-in-Chief of the Stockholders of the Com-

pany.

Subscribed Capital, \$1,500,000.

Instrumental called to £1,500,000.

Accumulated funds, £600,000.

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

£500,000 £1,000,000

ON THE SEAL.
The pathway of the sinking moon
Is dark, and deep, and low,
The shadows of the trees are long and faint
And the lights of town are setting slow.
They will pass away.

Oh! hasten, come that mellow song!
Oh! minister, drop thy lyre!
Let us hear the voice of midnight sea,
Let us speak as the waves inspire,
While the dash of the languid one
Is a furrow of silver dye.

Day cannot make half so fair,
Nor the stars of eve so clear;
The day drowses, and the brook that keeps,
The soft tell me not what is told—
A smile that comes to me
In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below
The ocean and glimmering seas;

The stars are out, the sun is set,

There is life in the giddy dock—
But the love in thee and me!

VARIETY.

A WESTERN WEDDING FEER.

A minute passed in one of our frontier Western villages, in which the primitive manners of a pioneer life had been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, in this study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of his terminology, when his attention was called by a knock at the door.

The visitor proved to be a tall, gaunt, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, affixed in a dress of red calico, which from the frequent and the painful glances towards it by the fair owner was considered to be the best he could afford.

"Well, what you walk in?" asked the minister politely.

"Much obliged, sir, I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, aren't you?"

"I reckoned so. Betty and me—she's Betty, a fast rat sort of a girl, anyhow."

"Oh, Johnnie," answered the bashful Betty.

"You are now, and you need go to deny her, Johnnie, when we have concluded to hitch together."

"You are to be married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before you begin, let me know what is going to be the damage. I reckon it's best to go it alone."

"Oh, I never set any price! I take whatever they give me."

"Well, all is all right; go ahead, minister, if you please; we are in a hurry, Joes' got to go to the post office for the powder patch, above night, and Betty's got to get to the bunting, above morning."

Thus signed, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few moments.

"Kiss me, Betty," said the delighted bridegroom. "Kiss me my old woman now—Ain't it nice?"

"First as of, kiss the ascetic rep—"

"Hold on a jess, and Johnnie, as I left his wife abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the wagon had been left.

"What's your husband gone off for?" asked the minister, much surprised.

"I expect it's the money," was the confused reply.

Just then Johnnie made his appearance, looking in his hand a mail full of the messages which he had sent to the minister, with the grin of one confounding his master.

"We ain't got much money," said he, "and we thought we'd pay you in messages. Mother made em, and I reckon they are good. If they ain't, just send them back, and we'll send you some more."

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a sergeant who happened to be travelling with him.

"Of course I do," said the sergeant.

"And you also believe that what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I am glad to hear it."

"But I intend to pass that last load in fifteen consecutive minutes if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

The minister began putting on his hat, and looked very much like kicking out when the captain observing him said,

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, that what is to be will be."

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

A SWEET RARITY.—The Sporting Magazine relates how a certain hilt, distinguished for his love of fashionable company, received more than a round for his. Ovis from one of his alters, whom he rebuked for occasional hunting.

"I really don't see," suggested the culprit, "that it is worse than going to a ball."

"I suppose," replied his lordship, "you allude to having seen my name among the list at the bushes of ——'s ball; but I assure you I was not in the same room with dancers during any part of the evening."

"That, my friend, is exactly my case," was the truthless rejoinder; "I'm never in the same field with the hounds."

The Emperor of Japan's belt, is superbly carved and gilded. By a singularly ingenious contrivance, a current of water may be conducted around the knot, so as to keep it cool, and in this transparent curtain of rain, completely encircling the royal couch, and tempering the warm air to the delicious coolness, which, in that sultry climate, is the consummation of bliss to reigning ladies.

A Bachelor friend of ours, passing up the street the other day, picked up a thumb. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when presenting it to his lips, he said:

"Oh! that this were the fate of the wretched. Just as he had finished, a big, ugly, black wench, looked out of an upper window, and said: "Boss, this please frowd flatable in de entry, jeap it!"

On the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, Vermont, to Miss Sarah D. Davis.

I am sorry that you see
No such kind of love;
Or such a name to be
To Thomas Hawk & Dove.

A man approached a widow with eight children, the number of the last having his wife and children in his care of themselves. The wife raised a poker and struck a heavy blow at the animal. "Give it to him Nancy," cried the widow.

Nancy bridle was dead, became down from the bed, and exclaimed, "Nancy my dear, ain't we brave?"

A Damsel whose cap with poverty was dashed, Lay nung in bed, while his one shirt was washed, The gown appearing and holding it to view.

"Wait! if 'tis washed again, 'twill be in 'em."

"Indeed, you damsels, then wash it pretty good which is if you can find a dozen?" (comin)

"If you can't do anything worth a straw yourself, continue and find fault with what persons of better abilities do. In this way you can get up quite a reputation for conceit and judgment, among your own kind."

An antiquary has discovered the following singular epithet on a gravestone: "Here lie the bodies of John and Lucy Lovell killed by lightning went from Heaven 1777."

I am an Owl now, said a raven, as he paid to his new a or Bill. "I would like every one would take a hoots there."

The far-famed Medicine, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

SUPPLYING CURE OF A CONTINENTAL ANTHEM, AFTER
FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

The following Testimony has been sent to Professor Holloway, by a Gentleman named Middleton of Scotland, London.

John Shaw Long, and H. R. B. H. Blundell, Esq.,
Directors, on the Liverpool and Manchester
Railway, and J. Bowring, Master, Esq., Deputy
Chairman.

George Armstrong, Esq.,
Roger Lyon Jones, Esq.,
William G. L. Smith, Esq.,
Francis Maxwell, Esq.,
Thomas Dyer, Esq.,
Rudolf Hartard, Esq.,
B. Brindley Hill, Esq.,
Dr. Horatio, Esq.,
John Tote, Esq.,
Manager and Attorney—Peter M. Dove, Esq.,
Directors, &c., in Liverpool.

Samuel Baker, Esq., Mr. F. T. Foster, Esq.,
Robert B. Bryan, Esq.,
Richard C. Cole, Esq.,
John Westmorland, Esq.,

The Selective Service, represented Agents to the
share Company for New Brunswick, urge to
him to proceed to receive Premiums,
FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE. The large
Capital of the Company, and the number and influence
of its Proprietors, entitle it to rank, with the
most eligible Offices, either in America or Europe,
with respect to the Selections of Agents to the
share Company for New Brunswick.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Gamis, Chemist, Yvelles,
to Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir.—In this district your Pills command a
most extensive sale, and are very much esteemed.
As a medical Doctor, I could do nothing but speak
highly of them, and it is with great pleasure that I
recommend them to the public.

Yours, etc., J. GAMIS.

AN ASTONISHING CURE OF CRONIC EPILEPSY
BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. W. Mead, of the Square
Watches.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir,—I beg to inform you that for several years I
have used your Pills, and found them to be
of great service to me.

On the 23rd ult. I suffered a violent fit of epilepsy.

"You are now, and you have got to go to den-
tress to-morrow," said the minister.

"You are to be married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say,
though, before you begin, let me know what is
going to be the damage. I reckon it's best to go
it alone."

"Oh, I never set any price! I take whatever
they give me."

"Well, all is all right; go ahead, minister,
if you please; we are in a hurry, Joes' got to go
to the post office for the powder patch, above night,
and Betty's got to get to the bunting, above morning."

Thus signed, the minister commenced the ceremony,
which occupied but a few moments.

"Kiss me, Betty," said the delighted bridegroom.

"I am your old woman now—Ain't it nice?"

"First as of, kiss the ascetic rep—" (comin)

"Hold on a jess, and Johnnie, as I left his wife
abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the wagon
had been left.

"What's your husband gone off for?" asked the minister,

"I expect it's the money," was the confused reply.

Just then Johnnie made his appearance, looking in his hand a mail full of the messages which he had sent to the minister, with the grin of one confounding his master.

"We ain't got much money," said he, "and we
thought we'd pay you in messages. Mother
made em, and I reckon they are good. If they
ain't, just send them back, and we'll send
you some more."

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a sergeant who happened to be travelling with him.

"Of course I do," said the sergeant.

"And you also believe that what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I am glad to hear it."

"But I intend to pass that last load in fifteen
consecutive minutes if there be any virtue in
pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't
be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it
won't."

The minister began putting on his hat, and looked
very much like kicking out when the captain observing
him said,

"I thought you said you believed in predestination,
that what is to be will be."

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the
stern when it takes place."

A SWEET RARITY.—The Sporting Magazine

relates how a certain hilt, distinguished for his

love of fashionable company, received more than

a round for his. Ovis from one of his alters,

whom he rebuked for occasional hunting.

"I really don't see," suggested the culprit,

"that it is worse than going to a ball."

"I suppose," replied his lordship, "you allude to

having seen my name among the list at the

bushes of ——'s ball; but I assure you I was

not in the same room with dancers during any

part of the evening."

That, my friend, is exactly my case," was the

truthless rejoinder; "I'm never in the same field

with the hounds."

The Emperor of Japan's belt, is superbly

carved and gilded. By a singularly ingenious

contrivance, a current of water may be con-

ducted around the knot, so as to keep it cool,

and in this transparent curtain of rain, completely

encircling the royal couch, and tempering the

warm air to the delicious coolness, which, in

that sultry climate, is the consummation of bliss

to reigning ladies.

A Bachelor friend of ours, passing up the street

the other day, picked up a thumb. He stood

for a moment meditating on the probable owner,

when presenting it to his lips, he said:

"Oh! that this were the fate of the wretched.

Just as he had finished, a big, ugly, black

wench, looked out of an upper window, and said:

"Boss, this please frowd flatable in de entry, jeap it!"

On the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield,

Vermont, to Miss Sarah D. Davis.

I am sorry that you see

No such kind of love;

Or such a name to be

To Thomas Hawk & Dove.

A man approached a widow with eight chil-

dren, the number of the last having his wife

and children in his care of themselves. The

wife raised a poker and struck a heavy blow at

the animal. "Give it to him Nancy," cried the

widow.

Nancy bridle was dead, became down from the

bed, and exclaimed, "Nancy my dear, ain't we

brave?"

A Damsel whose cap with poverty was dashed,

Lay nung in bed, while his one shirt was washed,

The