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No 40

Poetry.

A Happy Home.

"Nothing in this world is more beautiful than a happy home." THEODORE TILTON.

Where shall we find a happy home?
Can pearly rill, or sylvan grove,
Or cottage roof, or palace dome,
Mark to the world the favored spot?
Where long-lived Art and Nature both combine,
Is there the fond heart's consecrated shrine?

'Tis not in circumstances of place,
Without affection's holy ties,
To lead us by the faintest trace,
To where this beautiful treasure lies.
'Tis where, like vestal fire, love never dims
That "happiness" and "home" are synonyms.

Sweet Peace serene, Contentment pure,
Are found within a happy home.
In love-light is our cynosure,
To which we turn whenever we roam.
And when by tyrant Care we are oppressed,
Within its walls our weary souls find rest.

A happy home! No dearer name
Wakens an echo in the heart;
And oh that every night might claim
In some bright happy home a part.
Unto each human soul may there be given
A foretaste in a happy home of Heaven!

Miscellany.

THE RUNAWAY SON.

John, give me that book.
These words, spoken in a harsh tone by his father, caused John Morton to start in affright.
Please father, I was only—
No words, interrupted the father, give me the book!

With tearful eyes and trembling hands, John passed the book to his father, who immediately threw it into the fire.
No, sir, go and finish chopping that brush, and remember, if you quit it again before it is all done, I'll give you a whipping.

Mr. Morton was a small farmer who lived a few miles from the village of M—. A man of no literary taste himself, he could not endure it in others; and for this reason was an unkind and often an unjust father towards John, his second son, who loved books better than anything else in the world.

John was not a lazy boy, but as a farmer he knew no such thing as leisure; he was obliged to do his reading at such times as he could steal from his work, when his father was not by. George, his elder brother, was his opposite in every respect; he was a good learner, but the dunce at school.

"I tell you what it is, John," he would say, "I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for all your book learning; but if you like it, go in, if the old man will let you, but as for me, I am bound to stick to the farm."

John had been saving his money for some time, to buy a new edition of Cooper's works complete, which an acquaintance had bought at auction in a neighboring town; and not caring much for it, had offered it to him for half price.

The night before George's commencement, John had procured the long coveted treasure, and in the morning had commenced to read as soon as it was light. For this he was called by his father to chop a load of brush he had just brought in.

Reluctantly John left the book and went to the task, but the departure of his father after another load was too much for him; he left the brush heap and was soon absorbed in his book.

Mr. Morton had gone but a short distance when he remembered some directions he had forgotten to give George, and returned. As he neared the house he missed the sound of the hatchet. When he entered the house there sat John comfortably beside the fire, completely lost in his book. It was this that made him angrily turn his back.

With a bursting heart John went to the brush heap and again commenced his work. He worked steadily all day, but spoke not a word to anyone.

George seeing how hard he felt about it, good-naturedly said to him—
Never mind, Jack, I wouldn't care, let it go, and the next time I go to the city I'll get you another.

And what if you do? replied John, sadly, he will not let me read it. I tell you, George, it's no use, he continued, I am going away where I can have a chance to study as much as I please.

Oh, nonsense, Jack, said George, you will soon get over it. As for my part I can't see what you can find so interesting in books. I'd rather go into the corn-field and work the hottest day in summer than have to get one lesson of any kind.

I know that, said John. It's your nature, but I can't do the farm work, it isn't in me.

I was never meant for it, and therefore, to-morrow morning I'm going, come what may.
George tried to change his mind for some time, but finding him determined, helped him to get ready to the best of his ability, forcing him to accept all his spare pocket money, telling him he could repay it when he got rich.

But one thing, Jack, said he, whatever you do, be an honest man. You'll make a smarter man than ever I shall, I'm sure of it, but be honest, don't forget that. And remember, I expect to be here as long as I live. So if at any time the world goes hard with you, don't forget home.

The next morning at breakfast John was missed. An examination of his room showed that he had taken his little bundle of clothes, and gave evidence to his father that he had gone for good.

Never mind, said he, he'll soon be back.

Thirteen years have passed since John Morton left the old homestead, and contrary to his father's prediction he had not come back.

In the meantime, things had not gone on smoothly about farm. Farmer Morton had given up the whole charge of the farm to George, who had married a girl in the neighborhood, and was now the father of five children. Years before, in a case of emergency, Farmer Morton had mortgaged the farm to a small amount, and ever since the mortgage had been gaining ground, until now the place must be sold to meet the terms of agreement.

This was a terrible blow to George and the old man, but there was no help for it; their friends and neighbors were no better off than themselves, and therefore could not help them had they been ever so much inclined.

It was a bitter cold night in December, and they were seated around the kitchen fire. It was to be their last night at home, for the next day would be the sale, and then they would be houseless.

Farmer Morton sat with his head buried in his hands. At times he would raise it up and gaze upon some cherished article, as if to take a last farewell, and then bowing it again, would sob aloud.

Come, come, father, said George, don't be so down-hearted. Cheer up, cheer up. I am young yet; and if I live, and hard work will do it, you shall come back to the old place yet.

I cannot hope for it, George, returned the old man. It will require years of successful labor; and I am old, and cannot last long. I had hoped to die in the old house, but I am afraid it is not to be. Sixty years I have passed here, boy and man, and it is hard to leave home.

They were interrupted by a knock at the door, and upon opening it, there entered a young man very handsomely dressed. For a moment he stood surveying the group, with tears in his eyes, and then reached forth his hand exclaimed—
George, do you not recognize me?

Father, it is John! exclaimed George joyfully, seizing his hand, and leading him towards his father.

The old man arose, and turning towards John exclaimed—
John, my son! at the same time stretching forth his arms—then suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, he said, John for thirteen years you have been a stranger to me; and now that time we have known neither where you were, nor what you were doing; can you give me the hand of an honest man?

I can, sir, I replied John, proudly, and the next moment he was folded in his father's arms.

Next followed inquiries from John, as to how things had gone in his absence; and he soon learned the whole story.

As for you, said George, I do not need to ask how the world has gone with you—that cost speaks for itself. But never mind; I have some better clothes up stairs, and you are welcome to take your pick. But what have you been doing, Jack, trying to get a living by books?

Yes, replied John, I have lived entirely by books!

And a poor living you have had, I'll be bound, said the old man; I never knew a book worm yet who turned out much.

But it seems that we shall be equals to-morrow, father, said John, pleasantly.
That's very true, answered his father, rather testily, but had you stuck to the farm with George, this had not been!

Never mind, father, said John, go to bed now, and George and I will try and make some provision for the future.
After the old man had left them, John said he was rather fatigued, and believed that he would retire also.

As no one seemed disposed to make any advance upon the bid, the place was declared sold, and soon the family was again left alone. Well, said the old man at dinner, the worst is over, and I shouldn't wonder if we could hire the place of this Mr. Hall, who seems to be a city man.

Oh, yes, said John, I know you can. He don't care anything about farming. I know him well.

Don't say any more! cried George, jumping up and seizing both his brother's hands, that one expression betrays you—he don't like farming. John, you are this 'Morton J. Hall'!

I half suspected it this morning; for you never had hearted when a boy, and you didn't act the part very well.

The old man cried for joy. I see now, said he, I did not understand you, as a boy—I thought books would be your ruin; but, instead, they have saved me from want.

You are right, father, said John. I am worth, to-day, ten thousand dollars, all earned by my pen; while had I stayed by the farm, I should have been as poor—yes, poorer, than I found you; and George and I are good farmers; while I could never fix my mind upon it; in fact, it is evident that I was not born a farmer.

The Monkeys at Home.

Florence Marryat gives the following very animated description of a "Monkey-tope," or monkey-grove, near Bangalore, India:

The English children in Bangalore used constantly to petition to be driven out to the "tope," to feed the monkeys with bread; and it was certainly a most curious sight to drive quietly through this road of an evening.

As soon as the last English house had been left behind, the jungle bushes rise up gradually on each side of the hedge which skirted the thoroughfare, until it was thick grove everywhere, and the larger trees met overhead, and interlacing their branches form a leafy avenue for some distance.

When I drove out for the purpose of feeding the monkeys, and watching their gambols, this was the carriage was brought to a standstill. I would look all round me and neither see nor hear signs of any living thing, except the whirr of beetles and grasshoppers, enjoying themselves in the hedges.

Then I would direct the horsekeeper who accompanied me (and which long enduring individual had run on foot behind the vehicle the whole way from the cantonment) to call the monkeys in his native tongue.

Advancing to the front, and looking very much (in his blue and white turban, blue coat and short white breeches) like a big monkey just hopped off an organ him, he would call to the brutes in the Tamil tongue, "Bah! bah!" (Come! come!) and after a few seconds the effects would be magical.

Peering through the leafy branches would be seen one grinning face after another, and then reassured by the voice and appearance of their own countrymen, the monkeys would drop silently from bough to bough, until a whole colony of them stood in the main road surrounding the carriage and waiting eagerly to see what I had brought for them.

Thus viewed, they formed a wonderful subject for speculative thought. I have seen the place covered with them, from the old gray beard, which had seen, perhaps, a dozen or more summers, to the baby-monkey which had just left its mother's arms.

Regarding them as a whole, as a colony of a nation, they were just like human creatures. There were the mothers holding young in their arms and suckling them at their breasts, and with the exception that they will occasionally fly up their enemies right over a hedge, or up a tree, regardless of the terrified looks of the little pink-faced creatures that cling round their waists all the time, they behave much as other mothers do.

Then there were the old gentlemen of the party—the "Father Abrahams," as we used to term them—who cultivated white bristles and showed all their teeth and growled when they felt themselves insulted. I used to carry bread and fruit for these brutes, and when I threw a piece amongst the crowd, if a young monkey got he was sure to be pursued by a "Father Abraham" and bitten, until, with a horrid

groan, he relinquished his prize. This coarse injustice used vastly to excite my indignation and my greatest indignation, and my greatest triumph was, when having by dint of much coaxing and many a tempting bait, induced a "Father Abraham" to approach within reach of my driving-whip I was enabled to give him the lash as he deserved.

With one bound he would fly beyond reach and remain there, shaking and growling with rage, as he showed all his teeth and longed for the revenge he dared not attempt.

There was one monkey in the Bangalore tope which used quite to frighten me by her audacity in trying to snatch the bread out of my hands. One day she took off the whole loaf as I was about to break it and I have no doubt, had a fine feast, as she was quite able to hold her own.

She was a mother and perhaps accounts for her boldness; but more than once she laid hold of a piece of my dress, and swung herself into the carriage almost on to my lap, and she was such a formidable looking creature that I was afraid to refuse her anything. She had had her upper lip bitten off, I suppose in a fight which had left all her upper teeth exposed and gave her a most savage appearance.

To see the mother monkeys box their little ones' ears, the "Father Abrahams" cuff the younger fry and even the ladies—for they do not appear to exercise much gallantry in their intercourse with the fair sex—was a most amusing sight, and one over which I have spent many a half hour.

Where bread was in question to distract their attention, the younger monkeys would assemble by the roadside and play games with one another.

I declare I have seen them play leap frog, though perhaps they do not call it by that name, and look quite as pretty and cunning as little native children as they did so, and, as for hide-and-seek, they are as familiar with it as we are.

Air-Pump Feet.

A fly walks on the ceiling overhead with entire ease and safety, because each disk has which inclines the air, and hence the pressure of the atmosphere holds it fast. A large proportion of the insects have this air-pump provision. The common tree toad, very common in the West Indies, which hops nimbly from one branch to another in quest of prey, has a complete air pump at the extremity of each toe.

If but the tip of one finger strikes a surface they can tenaciously hold on. Precisely the same mechanical contrivance is found in the arms of the cuttle fish or squid as it is commonly called. It can fix one pad on anything it can hold on with a degree of strength quite surprising.

In the East Indies these cuttle fish are represented to attain gigantic proportions, with a corresponding muscular power, dragging down very large animals from west and south in quest of prey. One of these cuttle fish has an air-pump on its head, while the long arm along which the eight sailors stood painting the hull down to the water line. Unperceived, a huge cuttle fish threw one of his long air-pump arms over the plank, broke the slings and consequently pitched the men overboard.

Before they could be rescued the monster dragged them all under and probably feasted on their remains. Nothing short of instantly cutting the fleshy air pump in two, with a knife, can favor an escape. The remains, a beautiful Atlantic fish, has an air-pump on its head, while the long arm along which the eight sailors stood painting the hull down to the water line. Unperceived, a huge cuttle fish threw one of his long air-pump arms over the plank, broke the slings and consequently pitched the men overboard.

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then examined his inside, your treatment has utterly failed, for he is alive and well, and therefore you deserve nothing for your pains.

A case of spontaneous combustion is reported at the Watervliet Arsenal, resulting from the spreading of sawdust, instead of sand, as was ordered on some linseed oil which had leaked from a barrel. The sawdust thus mixed with oil ignited spontaneously in twelve hours in a cellar where it had been placed in a box. The temperature of the cellar was 36 degrees, indicating that a low temperature will cause spontaneous combustion in a mixture of linseed oil and sawdust.

The whole force of the Fenian Brigade engaged in the invasion of Canada last year numbered 9,300 enlisted men, with 15,000 rifles, 16,500 accoutrements, 120,000 rounds of ammunition. In addition there were 1,000 rifles along the border, from St. Albans to Oswego, in the hands of private parties; at Sackett's Harbour, about 2,000 stand of arms, at Platts Point about 1,200; at Oswego, 119, in all about 20,000 rifles.

Waggs went to the depot of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best car full, said in a loud tone:

"Why, this car isn't going."
Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The cars soon moved off. In the midst of indignation, Waggs was questioned:

"You said this car wasn't going?"
"Well it wasn't then; it is now."
The "old" laughed a little; but Waggs came rather near a good thrashing.

This Cheese Factory erected at Sussex, is now in full operation. During the Rifer Competition it was visited by many persons who were interested making the different processes of cheese-making. The milk is purchased by weight, at about 2 cts. a pound, and the quantity received at the factory in 18 days was 46,142 pounds. The farmers, at first, thought the price very low, but we believe they now regard it as fairly remunerative, and that the erection of the factory will stimulate the production of milk. The cheeses may be seen of all sizes, in progress of preparation for market.

San Accident.—Whilst some young men were celebrating the political victory at Yarmouth on Saturday last, nomination day, a cannon which they were firing was prematurely discharged, blowing one man's arm off, and shattering his face and breast so badly that he died on Sunday; and young Mr. Killam, a son of the member elect, had his left hand so badly burnt that it is feared he will lose it.

A pump has been invented in England which is said to have a power of 17,000 foot-pounds to the point of civil consumption.

An Irish Lord.—When cock fighting was in fashion, a gentleman, having a match up in the country, gave two cocks in charge of his Irish servant to carry down. "Take them to the ring in a bag; on opening which on his arrival, he was a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly mangled. Being scolded by his master for putting him in the same bag he said he did not think there was any danger of them hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side."

A Mystery Explained.—Rev. Mr. R—, of Florence, Mass., a bachelor, meeting, early in the season, that one of his members, a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she had nothing to wear, and said, "You are waiting for your spring bonnet I suppose. Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, I haven't seen you at church yet, hasn't that bonnet come yet? Yes, sir, she archly replied. Shall I show it to you? If you please, answered the pastor. Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said very blushing, this was the spring bonnet I was waiting for; did I do right?

Lucy Stone makes the following syllogism: 1. Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. 2. Women are governed. Therefore, women should be permitted to give their consent, and as the ballot is the mode of consenting, women should have the ballot.

The Shakers seem to be shaking to pieces considerably. Eloping and other forms of getting away are infrequent, and the law is often invoked by both parties to settle their troubles or redress their grievances.

A Western editor in one of his papers, says: "For the effects of intemperance see our inside."

GOVERNMENT RE-ORGANIZED!

Government was in session yesterday in Fredericton. The re-organization of the Government is now complete. The following are the recent appointments: Beckwith, Provincial Secretary; Sifton, Surveyor General; Beveridge and Desbriens, members of the Board of Works. W. P. Flewelling, member of the Government without office.

The Standard.

ST. ANDREWS, OCT. 2, 1867.

The day for the nomination of Candidates (Saturday next), is fast drawing nigh, and the "political situation" of the aspirants for legislative honors is becoming every day more difficult of solution; in fact the 10th instant will hardly settle the matter. The race for the Legislature seems to be a description of political sweepstakes, and each Candidate has an autopsical idea of his being returned. It should be understood that political action is, no part of political principle, and "party" means something more than "self." During the present canvass, there has been, as far as we can learn, no unfair means adopted by either of the gentlemen to exalt himself at the expense of his fellows; each one appears to rely upon his own personal popularity. Neither money or liquor will have any share in this election, if report can be relied on, and are much mistaken if the result of the voting does not astonish even the most sanguine. There is no great political issue involved, and the Electors will exercise what they have frequently been told was "one of their dearest rights"—the franchise—as they think proper.

The present system of voting guarantees a free exercise of their choice, and unless an elector shows his ticket, it is impossible to know how he votes. The practice of placing printed tickets in men's hands has become so common, that frequently a voter has one from each candidate, and after all quietly places a written vote in the box. The manner in which the polling is conducted in St. Andrews, has given satisfaction. From 8 o'clock until 4 in the afternoon, the Sheriff and his poll clerk are at the booth, and the list is examined rapidly before each vote is cast, the ballot box can neither be stuffed or stolen as has been the case recently in another part of the Province, and if the Sheriff's presiding officers are as careful and strict as himself, a scrutiny cannot take place. No man comes to the poll here, unless he has a vote, and where a person's name has been omitted, the Sheriff informs him of the fact, and he retires without any altercation. The necessity does not exist here as in some other places, for a candidate or his friends to watch the voters, as no man who is not on the list is allowed to be permitted to place a ballot in the box.

SAD ACCIDENTS.—It is seldom that St. Andrews, has been visited with such fatal accidents as occurred last week. On Wednesday last while the sloop "Julia Clinch" was on her return voyage from New York, and within sight of the Town, just off Clam Cove head, the wind blowing almost a gale, Capt. Mahoney ordered the gun topsails to be clewed up, but the rigging having become foul, a young lad John Waycott, second son of Capt. J. Waycott, of this place, went up to clear it, and while doing so a squall struck the vessel carrying away part of their main mast which struck the foremast and broke it off also, and we regret to add threw young Waycott overboard. A boat was immediately launched but the poor lad was never seen after falling the sail. The vessel was with difficulty brought up the Bay to anchorage ground, and moored, where she rode out the gale, she has since been towed into the harbor by the steamer. The "Julia Clinch" is a sound vessel of 132 tons and owned by C. F. Clinch.

The same night the sloop "Charlie" was lying at anchor in the harbor nearly opposite the Market Wharf. On the hands, P. Bacon with a young lad named Douglas Pelton a tradesman on the Railway went on board, and retired for the night. About 12 o'clock Bacon was aroused by a choking sensation and discovered the cabin on fire, he called to Pelton, and went on deck to bring the fresh air, Pelton not coming up, Bacon took the boat and proceeded to the barque "Crimea" for assistance. The men at once responded to the call, and on arriving on board the "Charlie" they could not enter the cabin the smoke was so dense, they with some others succeeded however in putting out the fire; but we regret to say that poor Pelton was burned to death, nearly any portion of the body being recognizable.

Cdr. Morant, Coroner held an inquest on the deaths on Thursday last, and after a patient examination of witnesses, the Jury returned a verdict "That the deceased came to his death

by being burned to a shapeless mass, and from the evidence no clue can be obtained as to the origin of the fire."

DISTRICT COURT.

The first term of the District Court was opened here on Tuesday. His Honor Judge Stevens, presiding. Only two causes were entered for trial, but they are important ones. The following Address was presented to Judge Stevens, this day, to which he made the following reply:—

To His Honor JAMES G. STEVENS, Esquire, Judge of the County Courts of Charlotte, Carleton and Victoria.

We, the Justices of the Peace for the County of Charlotte, avail ourselves of this first opportunity afforded us, since your appointment, to congratulate you upon your elevation to the Judicial Bench.

From our personal knowledge of the talent, legal skill, and integrity, which you have been generally acknowledged to possess, during a long and successful practice at the Bar of this County, as well as the general estimation in which you have been held by your Brethren of the Bar.—We feel satisfied that in your hands the scales of justice will be so well, that the character which our Courts have always maintained, will remain our safe guard and protection in our rights and liberties.

Hoping that you may long be spared to fill to the satisfaction of this your adopted County, the distinguished position to which you have been appointed.

We remain, Sir, with respect,
Signed by the Justices of Charlotte,
St. Andrews, Oct. 2nd, 1867.

To the Worshipful
The Justices of the County of Charlotte,
Gentlemen.

It is peculiarly gratifying to me to have congratulations on my elevation to the Bench, tendered by so influential and honorable a body, as the Justices of the County.

Accept my heartfelt acknowledgments of the appreciation of your expression of opinion as to my abilities and integrity, as well as of the pleasing assurance of the possessed estimation of the Bar of this County, with which I have been so long, so pleasantly, and so intimately connected.

I thank you most sincerely for the confidence you express in to the just and upright administration of justice in my hands, based as you kindly assert such reliance to be, on my past conduct and character.

I sincerely trust that the well earned reputation of the Bench for uprightness and ability, may receive by my conduct no diminution in its lustre.

Allow me Gentleman, whilst thanking you for your friendly expressions of welcome towards myself, to hope that our friendly relations may long continue to exist, and that we all, in our respective spheres, may be enabled to discharge our duties with credit to ourselves, with honor to our positions, and for the advancement and well being of our common Country.

JAS. G. STEVENS.
St. Andrews, Oct. 2nd, 1867.

THE LOCAL RIFLE COMPETITION FOR THIS COUNTY, came off at St. Stephen on Wednesday and Friday last.

The weather was unpropitious—a strong wind accompanied by heavy rain. The following is the result of the firing:—

1st Competition at 200, 300, & 400 yds.
1st Pze Silver Medal & \$10.00 Col. Sgt. J. Malles, Milltown, 43 pts.
2nd pze. \$25, Ensign Bixby, St. Stephen, 43 pts.
3rd pze. \$12, Major McAdam Milltown, 42 pts.
4th pze. \$10, Sgt. McKimney, St. Andrews, 42 pts.
5th pze. \$8, Corp. Brittain, Milltown, 42 pts.
6th pze. \$6, Lieut. McGowan, St. Stephen, 40 pts.
7th pze. \$4, Pte. Chase, St. Andrews, 40 pts.
8th pze. \$4, Pte. Treadwell, St. Andrews, 38 pts.
9th pze. \$4, Lieut. Marks, St. Stephen, 38 pts.
10th pze. \$2, Sgt. Robinson, Milltown, 38 pts.

2nd Competition at 500 & 600 yds.
1st pze. Silver Pt. Salver, Presented by Mrs. Stuckney, Pte. Chase, St. Andrews, 24 pts.
2nd pze. Colts Revolver, Presented by Sheriff Paul, Pte. Treadwell, St. Andrews, 20 pts.

3rd Competition at 400 yds.
St. Stephen Bank Prize \$20, Mjr. McAdam, Milltown, 19 pts.

4th Competition at 500 yds.
Representation Prize, Presented by the Hon. J. McAdam and J. Bolton, Esqs., \$20, Mjr. McAdam, Milltown, 13 pts.

5th Competition at 200 yds.
1st pze. Silver Lever Watch, Presented by Lieut. Col. Inches, Capt. Stewart, St. Stephen, 18 pts.

2nd pze. \$5, Capt. Hutton, St. Stephen, 16 pts.
3rd pze. \$4, Ensign Clinch, St. George, 16 pts.
4th pze. \$3, Major Stuckney, St. Andrews, 16 pts.

5th pze. \$2, Corp. Blackthn, Milltown, 16 pts.
6th pze. \$2, Pte. McWha, St. Stephen, 14 pts.
7th pze. \$1, Pte. McAllister, St. Stephen, 13 pts.

Money prizes were presented by Officers of the Volunteers.

St. Andrews Division Sons of Temperance, celebrated their twenty fifth Anniversary, by a Tea Meeting on Monday evening last. Several excellent addresses were delivered, "our junior" says.

St. Andrews on behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, will be preached in the Wesleyan Church in this town on Sabbath next, at 11 a. m., by the Pastor, and at 6 p. m. by the Rev. J. R. Narraway, A. M., of St. John.

On Monday evening, the Annual Meeting will be held, when Rev. Messrs Narraway, Black, Spoonage, Wilson and others, will address the meeting. Collections in aid of the funds taken at each service.

We last week briefly announced that Mr. Hutton and four of his pupils from the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Halifax would give an entertainment this Evening in the Parish School House. The mode of instructing the deaf and dumb will be explained and illustrations given; he will also show that the intellectual and moral capacities of deaf mutes can be cultivated. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Hutton has made a successful visit to this Province, and that an interest has been created for deaf mutes, and the superior advantages offered by the Halifax Institution acknowledged.

It is said that there are upwards of 170 deaf mutes in our Province who do not enjoy the means of education, we trust that Mr. Hutton's visit will excite an interest and sympathy for them in every bosom here; and hope there will be a full attendance, (a large attendance it cannot be in the small building in which the meeting is to be held)—and that those present will give liberally. There are persons in the Province, now earning a livelihood who are indebted to Mr. Hutton for qualifying them to do so. The amounts given go towards the support of the excellent Institution at Halifax.

THE CANADIAN.—We are in receipt of the first number of "The Canadian," an "International Journal of Literature, Politics, and General Intelligence," published in Boston by Thomas P. Peabody. The paper is issued monthly for the present, but is to be published weekly when the publisher will warrant in doing so. It contains 8 pages, and the price of subscription is \$3 U.S. Currency.—The editorials are well written, and the selected articles are interesting.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, commenced its regular issue this month. It is a serial of 64 pages, with choice literature original and selected, one or two pieces of popular music. This magazine is published by John Dougal & Son, Montreal. Price \$1 per annum.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—The pupils of Miss Gilley's School will give an Exhibition in the Parish School House on Thursday evening. For particulars see programmes. Admission 20 cents.

The First Parliament of the Dominion of Canada will be opened in Ottawa on the 6th of November.

MANADAGAWI HANI KANI SADERITCHI moves to see his little boy ascend the poles at Academy in New York, knowing well (the happy old fellow!) that if he falls and bruises himself Grace's Salve will make him all right again.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 23.
The York Nomination to-day was attended by an immense crowd. Mr. Richard was nominated by Geo. L. Haldenby, Esq., seconded by Mr. Pugh; Mr. Needham by Edward Pidgeon, Esq., and seconded by Mr. Bart.

THE CHAIR OF LOGIC.—The Fredericton Reporter says:—
"A Mr. Jardine, if we mistake not a native of Canada, a nephew of the late Robert Jardine Esq., has been appointed to the Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic, recently established in the University of N. B."

THAT ENEMY OF MANKIND, Consumption, can be cured, but it is far better to prevent the cruel disease from fastening itself on the system, by the timely use of a remedy, such as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry affords.

The "St. Croix Courier" says:—
We are happy to state that Rev. Mr. Medley is still living. The following extract from a letter to Miss Mary Stewart on the 14th inst., written by Mr. Medley's own hand thus contradicts a wicked rumor which filled many hearts in this community with sorrow. Mr. Medley says:—

"I am all the more anxious to write to you now because I fear you may have heard a report of my death, circulated by a bad man who wished to do me harm. I have been very poorly but am much better now. I am not yet, however, out of the Doctor's hands, and he positively forbids my returning to New Brunswick this winter. Arrangements have been made for supply during the winter."

It was a cruel fabrication made up by a villain to work mischief. We hope the perpetrator of such a wicked hoax will be speedily brought to punishment. As was once the case with Lord Brougham Mr. Medley will have an opportunity of settling his own affairs, and it will not surprise him to hear that his church was draped in black last Sunday and a singularly beautiful discourse preached by Rev. Mr. Murray improving the supposed and occasion, whilst many eyes were suffused with tears.

The ladies of the Ber, Mr. Turnbull's congregation, St. James, have just presented their pastor with a token of the estimation in which he is held by them, in the shape of a beautiful new pulpit given and consecrated. The male portion of the congregation has also assisted Mr. Turnbull in the purchase of a horse. It is pleasing to see such exhibitions of good feeling between pastor and flock, reflecting as they do, great credit upon the liberality of the latter towards a faithful minister who is willing to spend and be spent in his Master's cause for their sakes. We would say to other congregations—"Go and do likewise."—[Ibid.]

Letters from the Islands state that W. T. Rice, Esq., is going to obtain a large vote there, and we learn that his canvass of the country so far is highly encouraging.—[Ibid.]

The St. Stephen Cemetery is enclosed in part with 1200 feet of ornamental iron railing, the longest fence of the kind in the lower Provinces of the Dominion.—[Ibid.]

The Rev. Mr. Morrison has been finally released from his charge.—[Ibid.]

It is rumored that the Hon. A. G. Archibald, at present Secretary of State for the Provinces, will be appointed Lieutenant Governor New Brunswick.

—It is said that the correspondence between Maximilian and the Emperor Napoleon has reached England, and will shortly be given to the world.

The Pope has resolved to spend the whole year in the Eternal City, declaring that he will not leave Rome during the prevalence of the cholera.

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To the Electors of the County of Charlotte.

GENTLEMEN,
Having been frequently solicited to "come forward" for the representation of this County, I now offer myself as a Candidate at the coming election for members to fill the seats lately vacated in the House of Assembly.

It is well known that from my youth upwards, I have been engaged in commercial and manufacturing pursuits, and am now personally connected with the Fishery and Mining interests.

Should you honor me with your confidence, my desire and determination will be to do my utmost towards the consolidation of the United Provinces—promote internal improvements—and especially to advocate the adoption of the PROCTER LINE of the Intercolonial Railway, and otherwise discharge the duties of a Representative to the best of my ability.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your Obedt. Servt.
HENRY FRYE.

Sept. 13, 1867.

To the Electors of the County of Charlotte.

GENTLEMEN,
Owing to the resignations of Judges Chandler and Stevens, you are again called on to exercise one of your most important rights—a free elective franchise—by selecting two Representatives to serve you in the General Assembly of this Province; and I am induced by the assurance of support from all parts of the County, to resign my office as Registrar of Probates, and become a Candidate for your suffrages.

Having been an unsuccessful candidate when the scheme of confederation was first submitted for your adoption, I am not unknown to you politically; and as no particular question is at issue in this Election, I feel that I am only called upon to promise that, if honored by election, I shall faithfully endeavor to secure the adoption of such measures as tend to advance the industrial interests of the Province, and this County in particular.

I have the honor to be Gentlemen,
Your Obedt. Servt.
HELEN R. STEVENSON.

St. Andrews, Sept. 13, 1867.

ELECTION.

Charlotte, to wit: I ALEXANDER T. PAUL, Esquire, High Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, having received Her Majesty's Writ for the Election of two able and discreet persons to serve in the General Assembly of this Province, do hereby call the Electors of the County of Charlotte, to the polls on the 14th day of October, at 11 o'clock, A.M., at the County Court House, in the Town of Saint Andrews, or at the Parish of St. David, at the head of the Bay.

And I hereby further proclaim and give Public Notice, that Polling Booths will be held on THURSDAY, the 14th day of October, at 8 o'clock, A.M., and will continue until 4 o'clock, P.M., of the same day, at the following places, to wit:—

For the Parish of St. Andrews at the Court House.

For the Parish of St. David, at the head of the Bay.

For the Parish of St. Stephen, at the head of the Bay.

For the Parish of St. James, at or near the place of Scotch Ridge, and at or near the place of John King in the Hatfield Style.

For the Parish of St. Patrick, at the Mill.

For the Parish of Dumbarton, at the Dam.

