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## DRED;

A TALE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,  
AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

CHAPTER I.

THE MISTRESS OF CANEMA.

"BILLS, Harry!—Yes—Dear me, where are they?—There!—No. Here?—O, look!—What do you think of this scarf? Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes, Miss Nina, beautiful—but—"

"O, those bills!—Yes—well, here goes—here—perhaps in this box. No—that's my opera-hat. By the by, what do you think of that? Isn't that bunch of silver wheat lovely? stop a bit—you shall see it on me."

And, with these words, the slight little figure sprang up, as if it had wings, and, humming a waltzing-tune, skinned across the room to a looking-glass, and placed the jaunty little cap on the gay little head, and then, turning a pirouette on one toe, said, "There now!"

"There, now!" Ah, Harry! ah, mankind generally! the wisest of you have been made fools of by just such dancing, glittering, fluttering little assortments of curls, pendants, streamers, eyes, cheeks, and dimples!

The little figure scarce the height of the Venus, rounded as that of an infant, was shown to advantage by a coquettish morning-dress of buff muslin, which fluttered open in front to display the embroidered skirt, and trim little mouse of a slipper. The face was one of those provoking ones which set criticism at defiance. The hair, waving, curling, dancing hither and thither, seemed to have a wild, laughing grace of its own; the brown eyes twinkled like the pendants of a chandelier; the little, wicked nose, which bore the forbidden upward curve, seemed to assert its right to do so, with a saucy freedom; and the pendants of multiplied brilliant that twinkled in her ears, and the nodding wreath of silver wheat that set off her opera-hat, seemed alive with mischief and motion.

"Well, what do you think?" said a lively, imperative voice,—that you might have expected from the figure.

The young man to whom this question was addressed was a well-dressed, gentlemanly person of about thirty-five, with dark complexion and hair, and deep, full blue eyes. There was something marked and peculiar in the square, high forehead, and the finely-formed features, which indicated talent and ability; and the blue eyes had a depth and strength of color that might cause them at first glance to appear black. The face, with its strongly-marked expression of honesty and sense, had about it many earnest and thoughtful lines. He looked at the little, defiant fay for a moment with an air of the most entire deference and admiration; then a heavy shadow crossed his face, and he answered, abstractedly, "Yes, Miss Nina, everything you wear becomes pretty—and that is perfectly charming."

"Isn't it, now, Harry? I thought you would think so. You see, it's my own idea. You ought to have seen what a thing it was when I first saw it in Mme. Le Blanc's window. There was a great hot-looking feather on it, and two or three horrid bows. I had them out in a twinkling, and got this wheat in— which shakes so, you know. It's perfectly lovely!—Well, do you believe, the very night I wore it to the opera, I got engaged!"

"Engaged, Miss Nina?"

"Engaged!—Yes, to be sure! Why not?"

"It seems to me that's a very serious thing, Miss Nina."

"Serious!—ha! ha! ha!" said the little beauty, coasting herself on one arm of the sofa, and shaking the glittering hat back from her eyes. "Well, I fancy it was—to him, at least. I made him serious I can tell you!"

"But, is this true, Miss Nina? Are you really engaged?"

"Yes, to be sure I am—to three gentlemen; and going to stay so, till I find which I like best. May be you know I shan't like any of them."

"Engaged to three gentlemen, Miss Nina?"

"To be sure!—Can't you understand English, Harry? I am now—flout."

"Miss Nina, is that right?"

"Right!—why not? I don't know which to take—I positively don't; so I took them all on trial, you know."

"Pray, Miss Nina, tell us who they are."

"Well, there's Mr. Carson—he's a rich old bachelor—horridly polite—one of those little, babbling men, that always have such shiny dikes and collars, and such bright boots, and such tight straps. And he's rich—and perfectly wild about me. He wouldn't take no for an answer, you know; so I just said yes, to have a little quiet. Besides, he is very convenient about the opera and concerts, and such things."

"Well, and the next?"

"Well, the next is George Emmons. He's one of your pink-and-white men, you know, who look like cream-candy, as if they—As our readers may have not the book to refer to, we may inform them, that Harry is a young Quadroon, who has the management of Miss Nina's Estate.—[Ed. H. Gaz.]

were good to eat. He's a lawyer, of a good family,—thought a good deal of, and all that. Well, really, they say he has talents—I'm no judge. I know he always bores me to death; making me if I have read this or that—marking places in books that I never read. He's your sentimental sort—writes the most romantic notes on pink paper, and all that sort of thing."

"And the third?"

"Well, you see, I don't like him a bit—I'm sure I don't. He's a hateful creature! He isn't handsome; he's proud as Lucifer; and I'm sure I don't know how he got me to be engaged. It was a kind of an accident. He's real good though—too good for me, that's a fact. But, then, I'm afraid of him a little."

"And his name?"

"Well, his name is Clayton—Mr. Edward Clayton, at your service. He's one of your high-and-mighty people—with such deep-set eyes—eyes that look as if they were in a cave—and such black hair! And his eyes have a desperate sort of sad look, sometimes—quite Byronic. He's tall, and rather loose-jointed—has beautiful teeth; his mouth, too, is—well, when he smiles, sometimes it really is quite fascinating;—and then he's so different from other gentlemen! He's kind—but he don't care how he dresses; and wears the most horrid shoes. And, then, he isn't polite—he won't jump, you know, to pick up your thread or scissors: and sometimes he'll get into a brown study, and let you stand ten minutes before he thinks to give you a chair, and all such provoking things. He isn't a bit of a lady's man. Well, consequence is, as my lord won't court the girls, the girls all court my lord—that's the way, you know;—and they seem to think it's such a feather in their cap to get attention from him—because you know, he's horrid sensible. So, you see, that just set me out to see what I could do with him. Well, you see, I wouldn't court him;—and I plagued him, and laughed at him, and spited him, and got him gloriously wroth; and he said some spiteful things about me, and then I said some more about him, and we had a real up-and-down quarrel;—and then I took a penitent turn, you know, and just went gracefully down into the valley of humiliation—as we witches can; and it took wonderfully—brought my lord on to his knees before he knew what he was doing. Well, really, I don't know what was the matter, just then, but he spoke so earnest and strong, that actually he got me to crying—hateful creature!—and I promised all sorts of things, you know—said altogether more than will bear thinking of."

"And are you corresponding with all these lovers, Miss Nina?"

"Yes— isn't it fun! Their letters, you know, can't speak. If they could, when they come rustling together in the bag, wouldn't there be a mass?"

"Miss Nina, I think you have given your heart to this last one."

"O, nonsense, Harry! Haven't got any heart!—don't care two pence for any of them! All I want is to have a good time. As to love, and all that, I don't believe, I could love any of them; I should be tired to death of any of them in six weeks. I never liked any thing that long."

"Miss Nina, you must excuse me, but I want to ask again, is it right to trifle with the feelings of gentlemen in this way?"

"Why not!—Isn't all fair in war! Don't they trifle with us girls, every chance they get—and sit up so pompous in their rooms, and smoke cigars, and talk us over, as if they only had to put out their finger and say, 'Come here,' to get any of us? I tell you, it's fun to bring them down!—Now, there's that horrid George Emmons—I tell you, if he didn't flirt all winter with Mary Stephens, and get everybody to laughing about her!—it was so evident, you see, that she liked him—she couldn't help showing it, poor little thing!—and then my lord would settle his collar, and say he hadn't quite made up his mind to take her, and all that. Well, I haven't made up my mind to take him, either—and so poor Emma is avenged. As to the old back—that smooth-dieky man—you see, he can't be hurt; for his heart is rubbed as smooth and hard as his dieky, with falling in love and out again. He's been turned off by three girls, now; and his shoes squeak as brisk as ever, and he's just as jolly. You see, he didn't use to be so rich. Lately, he's come into a splendid property; so, if I don't take him, poor man, there are enough that would be glad of him."

"Well, then, but as to that other one?"

"What! my lord Lofty? O, he wants humbling!—it wouldn't hurt him, in the least, to be put down a little. He's good, too, and afflictions always improve good people, I believe I was made for a means of grace to 'em all."

"Miss Nina, what if all three of them should come at once—or even two of them?"

"What a droll idea! Wouldn't it be funny? Just to think of it! What a commotion! What a scene! It would really be vastly entertaining."

"Now, Miss Nina, I want to speak as a friend."

"No, you shan't! it is just what people say, when they are going to say something disagreeable. I told Clayton, once for all, that I wouldn't have him speak as a friend to me."

"Pray, how does he take all this?"

"Take it! Why, just as he must. He cares a great deal more for me than I do for him." Here a slight little sigh escaped the fair speaker. "And I think it fun to shock him. You know he is one of the fatherly sort, who is always advising young girls. Let it be understood that his standard of female character is wonderfully high, and all that. And, then, to think of his being tripped up before me!—Joe funny!" The little sprite here took off her opera-hat, and commenced waltzing a few steps, and, stopping midwhirl, exclaimed: "O, do you know we girls have

**RUSSIA.**  
The act of grace and amnesty granted by the Emperor on his coronation, appears to have been of a more creditable character than was at first supposed. After decreasing a medal to all persons who, in the civil or military service, took any part in the events of the late war, it specifies that special immunities are to be granted to those provinces of the empire which bore the brunt of the campaign, and next, that the entire country is to be exempted from every kind of recruiting or conscription for four years. Arrears of taxes, amounting to about \$20,000,000, are also to be remitted and the tax on passports to foreign parts to be abolished. Next, those criminals who have behaved well since their condemnation, are to be indulged with a cessation or a commutation of punishment, and finally all state prisoners are to have their lot alleviated, the majority being entirely restored to freedom, except that they are not to reside in Moscow or St. Petersburg. These state prisoners, moreover, are to regain their rights of nobility, both as regards themselves and their legitimate heirs. The Jews throughout the empire are to be freed from the special burdens that their recruitment has hitherto imposed on them. Lastly, the children of the soldiers, seamen, &c., (cantonnists,) born during the service period of their fathers, and who have hitherto belonged to the army, will be given up for the future to their parents, and may take upon themselves any condition they think fit.

**STEAMSHIPS.**—Though but eighteen years have elapsed since the first vessel wholly propelled by steam crossed the Atlantic, now there are fourteen lines of steamers, comprising forty-eight vessels, plying between Europe and the United States. Recently not less than fifteen arrivals of foreign steamers have taken place in a single month. Out of these forty-eight steamers, but twelve are of American construction. For nine years the British had the monopoly of the Atlantic steamships, before American enterprise undertook to compete with them. Four of our most valuable Atlantic steamers have been entirely lost; two having been driven ashore and broken up; a third was sunk by a collision, with nearly all on board; and a fourth, the noblest of the fleet, has never been heard from, but is supposed to have struck an iceberg. The foreign companies have lost, in all, four ships from their American lines. The value of these eight steamships is set down at \$3,537,000, exclusive of cargoes. On the California route there have been lost seven fine steamers, mostly on the Pacific coast, viz., the Independence, which sunk in the Pacific, with 120 lives, and the Tennessee and St. Louis—total wrecks. The San Francisco, valued at \$300,000, was lost in the Atlantic in the same year, with many valuable lives: the Yankee Blade in the year following, beside the ill-fated Rhode Island, and the North Carolina in the year 1855. It is estimated that one thousand four hundred and twenty lives, and \$7,930,000 in property, have been lost in steamships since the year 1853. In a pecuniary point of view the Atlantic steamers, it is said, have not been profitable to their stockholders.

**MISS DIX.**—Miss Dix has returned from Europe in the Baltic. During her absence she travelled extensively through Great Britain, and in nearly every country of Europe, investigating the condition of the insane; and on many occasions was the means of carrying out measures of great importance for securing to the afflicted the wisest and best system of management.

**BELIEVETH.**—Mr. James Ruthven of New York, not long before his death, recited slowly, emphatically, and with great weakness of voice, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." What a contrast!" said he, "there is none in the universe like it! What vast consequences hinge on the question!—Believeth—I would like to see that word printed in capitals. How simple and easy is it; and yet how many refuse to believe, and perish! Unbelief is the only sin which the gospel does not meet. For this it has no cure. 'Ye will not come to me that ye might live.'"

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been trying to learn the canchusa, and I've got some castnets! Let me see—where are they?" And with this she proceeded to upset the trunk, from which flew a meteoric shower of bracelets, billets-doux, French Grammars, drawing-pencils, interspersed with confectionary of various descriptions, and all the et-ceteras of a school-girl's depository. "There, upon my word, there are the bills you were asking for. There, take them!" throwing a package of papers at the young man. "Take them. Can you catch?"

"Miss Nina, these do not appear to be bills."  
"O, bless me! those are love-letters, then. The bills are somewhere." And the little hands went pawing among the heap, making the fanciful collection fly in every direction over the carpet. "Ah! I believe now in this bonbon-box I did put them. Take care of your head, Harry!" And, with the word, the gilded missile flew from the little hand, and, opening on the way, showered Harry with a profusion of crumpled papers. "Now you have got them all, except one, that I used for curl-papers, the other night. O, don't look so sober about it! Indeed, I kept the pieces—here they are. And now don't you say, Harry, don't you tell me that I never save my bills. You don't know how particular I have been, and what trouble I have taken. But, these—these—a letter Clayton wrote to me, one when we had a quarrel. Just a specimen of that creature!"

"Pray, tell us about it, Miss Nina," said the young man, with his eyes fixed admiringly on the little person, while he was smoothing and arranging the crumpled documents.  
"Why you see, it was just this way. You know, these men—how provoking they are! They'll go and read all sorts of books—no matter what they read!—and then they are so dreadfully particular about us girls. Do you know, Harry, this always made me angry!"

"Well, so, you see, one evening, Sophy Elliot quoted some poetry from Don Juan,—I never read it, but it seems folks call it a bad book,—and my lord Clayton immediately fixed his eyes upon her in such an appalling way, and says, 'Have you read Don Juan, Miss Elliot?' Then, you know, as girls always do in such cases, she blushed and stammered, and said her brother had read some extracts from it to her. I was vexed, and said, 'And, pray, what's the harm, if she did read it? I mean to read it, the very first chance I get!'"

"O! everybody looked so shocked. Why, dear me! if I had said I was going to commit murder, Clayton could not have looked more concerned. So he put on that very edifying air of his, and said, 'Miss Nina, I trust, as your friend, that you will not read that book. I should lose all respect for a lady friend who had read that.'"

"Have you read it, Mr. Clayton?" said I.  
"Yes, Miss Nina," said he, quite piously.  
"What makes you read such bad books?" said I, very innocently.

"Then there followed a general fuss and talk; and the gentlemen, you know, would not have their wives or their sisters read anything naughty, for the world. They wanted us all to be like snow-flakes, and all that. And they were quite high, telling they wouldn't marry this, and they wouldn't marry that, till at last I made them a curtsy, and said, 'Gentlemen, we ladies are infinitely obliged to you, but we don't intend to marry people that read naughty books, either. Of course you know snow-flakes don't like smut!'"

"Now I really didn't mean anything by it, except to put down these men, and stand up for my sex. But Clayton took it in real earnest. He grew red and grew pale, and was just as angry as he could be. Well, the quarrel raged about three days. Then, do you know, I made him give up, and own that he was in the wrong. There, I think he was, too,—don't you think men ought to be as good as we are, any way?"

"Miss Nina, I should think you would be afraid to express yourself so positively."  
"O, if I cared a sou for any of them, perhaps I should. But there isn't one of the train that I would give that for!" said she, flinging a shower of peanut-shells into the air.

"Yes, but, Miss Nina, some time or other you must marry somebody. You need somebody to take care of the property and place."

"O, that's it, is it? You are tired of keeping accounts, are you, with me to spend the money? Well, I don't wonder. How I pity anybody that keeps accounts! Isn't it horrid, Harry? Those awful books! Do you know that Mme. Ardaise set out, that two girls should keep account of our expenses? I just tried it two weeks. I had a head-ache and weak eyes, and actually it nearly ruined my constitution. Some how or other, they gave it up, it gave them so much trouble. And what's the use? When money's spent, it's spent; and keeping accounts ever so strict won't get it back. I am very careful about my expenses. I never got anything that I can do without."

"For instance," said Harry, rather roguishly, "this bill of one hundred dollars for confectionary."

"Well, you know just how it is, Harry. It's so horrid to have to study! Girls must have something. And you know I didn't get it all for myself; I gave it round to all the girls. Then they asked me to ask me for it, and I couldn't refuse—and so it went."

"I didn't presume to comment, Miss Nina. What have we said here?—Mme. Les Cartes, \$450!"

"O, Harry, that horrid Mme. Les Cartes! You never saw anything like her! Positively it is not my fault. She puts down things I never got, I know she does. Nothing in the world but because she is from Paris. Every body is complaining of her. But, then, nobody gets anything anywhere else. So what can one do, you know? I assure you, Harry, I am economical."

The young man, who had been summing up the accounts, now burst out into such a hearty laugh as somewhat disconcerted the fair rhetorician.

She colored to her temples.

"Harry, now, for shame! Positively, you are n't respectful!"

"O, Miss Nina, on my knees I beg pardon!" still continuing to laugh: "but, indeed, you must excuse me. I am positively delighted to hear of your economy, Miss Nina."

"Well, now, Harry, you may look at the bills and see. Haven't I ripped up all my silk dresses and had them colored over, just to economize? You can see the dyer's bill, there; and Mme. Carteau told me, she always expected to turn my dresses twice, at least. O, yes, I have been very economical."

"I have heard of old dresses turned costing more than new ones, Miss Nina."

"O, nonsense, Harry! What should you know of girls' things! But I'll tell you one thing I've got, Harry, and that is a gold watch for you. There it is," throwing a case carelessly towards him; "and there's a silk dress for your wife," throwing him a

little parcel. "I have sense enough to know what a good fellow you are, at any rate. I could n't go on as I do, if you didn't rack your poor head fifty ways to keep things going on straight here at home, for me."

A host of conflicting emotions seemed to cross the young man's face, like a shadow of clouds over a field, as he silently undid the packages. His hands trembled, his lips quivered, but he said nothing.

"Come, Harry, don't this suit you? I thought it would."

"Miss Nina, you are too kind."

"No, I'm not, Harry; I am a selfish little concern, that's a fact," said she, turning away, and pretending not to see the feeling which agitated him.

"But, Harry, wasn't it droll, this morning, when all our people came up to get their presents! There was Aunt Sue, and Aunt Tike, and Aunt Kate, each one got a new sack pattern, in which they are going to make up the prints I brought them. In about two days our place will be flaming with aprons and sacks. And did you see Aunt Rose in that pink bonnet, with the flowers! You could see every tooth in her head! Of course, now they'll be taken with a very pious streak, to go to some camp-meeting or other, to show their piety. Why don't you laugh, Harry?"

"I do, don't I, Miss Nina?"

"You only laugh on your face. You don't laugh deep down. What's the matter? I don't believe it's good for you to read and study so much. Papa used to say that he didn't think it was good for—"

She stopped, checked by the expression on the face of her listener.

"For servants, Miss Nina, your papa said, I suppose."

With the quick tact of her sex, Nina perceived that she had struck some disagreeable cord in the mind of her faithful attendant, and she hastened to change the subject, in her careless, rattling way.

"Why, yes, Harry, study is horrid for you, or me, either, or anybody else, except musty old people, who don't know how to do anything else. Did ever anybody look out of doors, such a pleasant day as this, and want to study! Think of a bird's studying, now, or a bee! They don't study—they live. Now, I don't want to study—I want to live. So, now, Harry, if you'll just get the ponies and go in the woods, I want to get some jessamines, and spring beauties, and wild honeysuckles, and all the rest of the flowers that I used to get before I went to school."

THE LIFE OF SEEDS.

We suppose that almost every person has heard or read the story of some grains of wheat having been found in an Egyptian mummy, which were sown, vegetated and yielded grain after its kind. This case and some others of a rather dubious character have been adduced in evidence of the great vitality and longevity of seeds but we have now very reliable and practical evidence throwing some discredit on such stories.

The British Scientific Association have, for the past fifteen years, been instituting inquiries and making experiments, through a committee of its members—with various kinds of seeds, of various ages. Their labors tend to show that none of the seeds which were tested, although placed in the most favorable circumstances that could be devised, vegetated after the age of 49 years; and only 20 out of 298 species did so after 20 years, while by far the largest number lost their germinating power in ten years.

It has long been known to agriculturists and florists, that fresh seeds—those of the preceding season—possess the greatest amount of vitality; and very many seeds lose their germinating power altogether, even when kept in dry situations—in the course of two years. In the selection of any kind of seed, care should be exercised, in selecting it according to its age, as well as its appearance; the plumpness of a seed, is not always the best sign of its quality for seeding purposes.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Friday of last week as two ladies, one named Barton, the other her sister, were attempting to cross to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, by means of some planks temporarily placed on the new bridge, the supporters gave way, and they were both precipitated from the bridge. Mrs. B. fortunately seized an iron rod connected with the bridge, while her sister, after vain attempts to sustain herself by grasping Mrs. B.'s dress, was thrown into the raging waters beneath. The plank fell with her, and after several attempts she grasped it. By the the mercy of Providence the plank was thrown into the water diagonally with the shore, and the current, which was bearing her so furiously to destruction, drew the lower end of the plank against the bank, when several persons seized it, and after great exertions finally drew her ashore in a fainting condition. It was a miraculous escape. Mrs. Barton, after clinging to the rod for some time, was lifted from her dangerous situation by some persons who had rushed to the spot.—Exchange.

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative, is said to be a cure for lispings:—"Hobbs meets Snobs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobb with Snobs and nobb Nobbs' fobs. 'This,' says Nobbs, 'the worst of Hobbs jobs,' and Snobs sobb."

Miss Jessie Morison White, has applied at King's College for permission to become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, and the Senate is said to be puzzled to decide whether or not it can legally comply with her wish.—London Paper.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, October 22, 1856.

While standing in the book store below this office, a boy came to the counter and purchased what we took to be little books, two for a halfpenny; surprised at the cheapness of the article, we enquired and found that they were cards, having a vignette neatly executed, and a short moral lesson. We asked however for books, and were shown some for a halfpenny and one penny each. What a difference in the article from that we recollect in our youthful days, which went under the denomination of penny toy books—those were printed in Glasgow, generally on the roughest kind of paper with coarse wood cuts, and would we are persuaded be thrown aside by the majority of the present race of children who had learned to read—True, they were clothed in gold covers by way of making them attractive, and this induces some serious reflections on the altered state of society. In our day there was but two methods of inducing children to learn, coaxing and whipping, the latter much more common than the former. Hence the gold on the book as on the gingerbread and the promise of a large portion of the latter if the child went like a good boy or girl to school. With the opposite class however, the maxim spare the rod and spoil the child was a favorite one, and well acted upon, and generated as was naturally enough to be expected a dislike to school. Shakespeare ever true to nature, describes the "school boy with shining morning face, creeping like a small unwillingly to school" had he lived in the present day, he would not have so designated the joyous season of childhood.

This is one of the great and mighty differences of the times, and one which is changing the aspect of society, and in many, most respects for the better; cheap literature is the order of the day, from the halfpenny book with its really elegant well finished engraving, its instructive as well as amusing story, its description of beast, bird or insect, taken from the best and most authentic sources. The gold on the outside of the book, is transferred to the inside, and the consequence is, that the inside of the book often undergoes a severe criticism by those youthful seekers after knowledge. It is true, the picture must be there, and that is human nature, and common to child and savage, though "man in stature, is in mind a child" and it is highly amusing to listen to those infantile criticisms which show more clearly than any other test perhaps, what direction the destinies of the future man or woman is likely to take. We could say a good deal on this subject, and may perhaps at some future day. What we would wish to draw the attention of our readers to at present, and particularly of those who reside in the country, is the propriety nay the necessity of keeping pace with the times. It is not now as it used to be; steam, electricity and chemistry, are whirling the world on a fearful rate, and branches of knowledge that were formerly confined to the studies of the learned, and peculiar to the pale student by his midnight lamp, are now familiarly discussed at the breakfast tables of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor. A well educated intelligent lad of fourteen has had more knowledge instilled into him, and which is of more consequence, has been shown the path to acquire additions to that already gained more truly and clearly than the man of forty a century since, and the father who would not willingly see his child blush for his ignorance at every turn conversation may take, must afford him the means of keeping up a level with his contemporaries. We would recommend every intelligent, every well meaning person, anxious for his children's future welfare to take a turn in the different bookstores of the city, and he will be no less gratified than astonished to learn how much knowledge he can carry home with a very small outlay of money—knowledge that will serve to benefit at some future day, while it provides subjects for thought and reflection at the present, and will tend to make the fireside more attractive, and nourish and foster those domestic virtues which lead young people to prefer the quiet and rational recreations of their own home to more exciting but less pure pleasures abroad.

We know not to what operation we may be subjected; it must, therefore, be worthy of record whenever such instances as the above may occur—indicating as they do the advanced and still advancing state of surgical and chemical science in this remote dependency, and thus rendering those important operations which formerly exposed the victim to extreme torture and very imminent risk, proportionately less painful and dangerous. We are led to these remarks by information, obtained from the friends of Mrs. Martin, who is now lying at the house of Mr. Ross, Fowal street, after having undergone the operation of amputation of







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It has been roughly estimated that the total sum expended by all the belligerents during the war cannot fall far short of 2,000,000,000 dollars [L. 400,000,000]. If to this sum be added the value of property sacrificed in consequence of the war, of the fleets destroyed, the towns burnt, the fortresses, harbours, bridges demolished—all of which cost millions in their construction—if account be taken of the property of private individuals utterly devastated in the course of the struggle, and of the untold losses occasioned by the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of men from the ordinary industrial and productive employments of peace, some idea may then be formed of the deplorable expenditures of the war. During the two short years of the war, it is estimated that upwards of three-quarters of a million perished on the field in fight, on the wayside from cold or want, or in the hospital from disease, who, had they been left to pursue their ordinary avocations, might have enriched their country and benefited their fellow-men. But apart from the material considerations of pecuniary profit or loss, considering the question as one affecting the cause and interests of humanity, who can compute the anguish, the misery, the despair, which war brings in its train? Who can estimate the blighted hopes, the desolate hearths, the crushed fortunes, and countless domestic miseries which war occasions? They are not remembered, when the triumph of the hero is celebrated; they are not noted by the chronicler; they are not taken into account by those who engage or provoke the contest to satisfy ambition, lust for power, or some other unworthy passion; and yet they are the saddest, because irremediable, consequence of war.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

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supporting the weight of the body, protecting the delicate organs of life, and serving as levers on which the muscles may act. Phosphate of lime reaches us in all flesh, and in most articles of vegetable food, but especially in some of the cereals. A striking illustration of the value of the phosphate of lime, as a constituent of our dietary, may be found in the fact that, nearly all the nations of the earth feed either on wheat or rye, or on barley or oats, and these grains appear to be specially adapted for human use, by reason of the large quantities of phosphate lime which they contain.—*Household Words.*

WEALTH OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

In evidence of the wealth amassed by ancient families, the traveller is shown the palaces in Piccadilly, Burlington House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne house in Berkshire Square, and, lower down in the city, a few noble houses which still withstand in all their amplitude the encroachment of streets. The Duke of Bedford includes or included a mile square in the heart of London, where the British Museum, once Montague House, now stands, and the land occupied by Woburn Square, Bedford Square, Russell Square. The Marquis of Westminster built within a few years the series of squares called Belgravia. Stafford House is the noblest palace in London. Northumberland house holds its place by Charing Cross. Chesterfield House remains in Audley Street. Sion House and Holland House are in the suburbs. But most of the historical houses are masked or lost in the modern uses to which trade or charity has converted them. A multitude of town palaces contain inestimable galleries of art.

In the country, the size of private estates is more impressive. From Barnard Castle, I rode on to the highway; twenty-three miles from High Force, a fall of the Tees, towards Darlington, past Raby Castle, through the estate of the Duke of Cleveland. The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea, on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea. The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other estates, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's park in Sussex, is fifteen miles in circuit. An agriculturist bought lately the island of Lewes, in Hebrides, containing 500,000 acres. The possessions of the Earl of Londsdale gave him eight seats in Parliament. This is the Hoptarchy again; and before the Reform of 1832, one hundred and fifty-four persons sent three hundred and seven members to Parliament. The borough-mongers governed England.

These large domains are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786, the soil of England was owned by 200,000 corporations and proprietors; and in 1832, by 32,000. These broad estates find room on this narrow island. All over England, scattered at short intervals among ship-yards, mills, mines and forges, are the paradises of the noble, where the live-long repose and refinement are heightened by the contrast with the roar of industry and necessity, out of which you have stepped aside.—*R. W. Emerson's English Travels.*

SHIP BUILDING.—The *New York Courier and Enquirer* says:—"Fall brings so relief to the general dullness which prevails in the ship yards of this city and Brooklyn. The business is confined entirely to meeting the wants of business. Nothing or at most very little, is done on speculation, what business there is, however, is of a healthy character, and safe in its returns. The stock of ship timber in the market is quite large, and we learn that there is a large quantity in the forests, ready for delivery when a demand shall spring up. We cannot say there has been any change in prices since our last notice. Georgia Pine still remains at a low figure. The supply of ship knees exceeds the demand. There is some call for the lighter timbers used in the frames of medium sized vessels."



TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS will be received at the Office of J.S. ...

TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES,

For Sale by Auction, by AUCTIONEER, T.O. MOR...

COGNAC, Chocolate & Grand Spices

JUST RECEIVED, per Elizabeth, from Halifax...

FALL & WINTER GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED by the Subscribers, per Barque "ISABEL," from LIVERPOOL, England, a large and extensive assortment of BRITISH MERCHANDIZE...

PLUGHING MATCH

PLUGHING MATCH will take place on the Farm of Mr. John Thorne, Keenon...

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PLUGHING MATCH will take place on the Farm of the Royal Agricultural Society's Farm on Tuesday the 29th October...

JUST RECEIVED!

TO BE SOLD. The farm at present in the occupation of Mr. Andrew Smith... ALBION HOUSE. ST. JEFFRY & COUCHMAN. DRY GOODS. A MARVELLOUS REMEDY! FOR A MARVELLOUS AGONY! HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT. THE GRAND EXTERNAL REMEDY. RHEUMATISM AND SCORBUTIC HUMORS. SORE LEGS, SORE BREASTS, SORE WOUNDS & ULCERS.



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supporting the weight of the body, protecting the delicate organs of life, and serving as levers on which the muscles may act. Phosphate of lime reaches us in all flesh, and in most articles of vegetable food, but especially in some of the cereals. A striking illustration of the value of the phosphate of lime, as a constituent of our dietary, may be found in the fact that nearly all the nations of the earth feed either on wheat or rye, or on barley or oats, and these grains appear to be specially adapted for human use, by reason of the large quantities of phosphate lime which they contain.—*Household Words.*

WEALTH OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

In evidence of the wealth amassed by ancient families, the traveller is shown the palaces in Piccadilly, Burlington House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne house in Berkshire Square, and, lower down in the city, a few noble houses which still withstand in all their amplitude the encroachment of streets. The Duke of Bedford includes or included a mile square in the heart of London, where the British Museum, once Montague House, now stands, and the land occupied by Woburn Square, Bedford Square, Russell Square. The Marquis of Westminster built within a few years the series of squares called Belgravia. Stafford House is the noblest palace in London. Northumberland house holds its place by Charing Cross. Chesterfield House remains in Audley Street. Sion House and Holland House are in the suburbs. But most of the historical houses are masked or lost in the modern uses to which trade or charity has converted them. A multitude of town palaces contain inestimable galleries of art.

In the country, the size of private estates is more impressive. From Barnard Castle, I rode on to the highway twenty-three miles from High Force, a fall of the Tees, towards Darlington, past Raby Castle, through the estate of the Duke of Cleveland. The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea, on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea. The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other estates, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's park in Sussex, is fifteen miles in circuit. An agriculturist bought lately the island of Lewes, in Hebrides, containing 500,000 acres. The possessions of the Earl of Londedale gave him eight seats in Parliament. This is the Heptarchy again; and before the Reform of 1832, one hundred and fifty-four persons sent three hundred and seven members to Parliament. The borough-mongers governed England.

These large domains are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786, the soil of England was owned by 200,000 corporations and proprietors; and in 1822, by 32,000. These broad estates find room on this narrow island. All over England, scattered at short intervals among ship-yards, mills, mines and forges, are the paradises of the noble, where the live-long repose and refinement are heightened by the contrast with the roar of industry, and necessity, out of which you have stepped aside.—*R. W. Emerson's English Travels.*

SHIP BUILDING.—The *New York Courier and Enquirer* says:—"Fall brings no relief to the general dullness which prevails in the ship yards of this city and Brooklyn. The business is confined entirely to meeting the wants of business. Nothing or at most very little, is done on speculation, what business there is, however, is of a healthy character, and safe in its returns. The stock of ship timber in the market is quite large, and we learn that there is a large quantity in the forests, ready for delivery when a demand shall spring up. We cannot say there has been any change in prices since our last notice. Georgia Pine still remains at a low figure. The supply of ship knees exceeds the demand. There is some call for the lighter timbers used in the frames of medium sized vessels."

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