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POPULAR TALE.

A Good Old English Story.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 18—, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without? The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney: but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure to my foot, while beating time of my own music, I sang, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favorite air of 'Judy O'Flannigan';—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from my evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good published sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodations afforded by his own house, and fire-side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him,—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for Maria, could persuade me to relinquish 'my unwholesome condition.' Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favored circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness: 'True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of laboring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the

cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen,—a large running pattern of gold holly-hocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pompadour-colored ground,—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room I continued,—'There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blessed in his love?—Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare.'

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophise my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested.—And you, too, my old Neptune, aren't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

'Ay to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too!'

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail first to the right hand, and then to the left.

'And is he not a fine faithful fellow? and does he not love his master?'

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation, by again sinking into repose.

'That dog's a philosopher,' I said; 'He never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blessed in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot:—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts;—mighty honest people and all that; but faith, solicitors should not be trusted or tempted too far.—It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it at once.'

As I said so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling 'past twelve o'clock,' beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamed that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk who wore white favors in their wigs, and large nose-gays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father to the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £50,000, ranged in

rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000, and £500 of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten; but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood.—There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposited.

'Oh, Mr. Luttrell!' he exclaimed, 'I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say?—The house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond?'

'Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds?'

'Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instructions where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!'

'You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?'

'Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draft for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transactions!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!'

'Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir,—sir,—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!'

A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business. My situation—'

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

'I'll go to John Fraser,' I exclaimed; 'he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events; he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency.'

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed, in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies.—'Stop Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you.'

'Congratulations! Upon what?'

'On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's,

Soho;—of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and—in running over so many innocent foot passengers.'

'Nonsense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune.'

'Oh! indeed! So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts! A failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure.—And so now the attorney man—what's his name? has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculation in hops.'

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a 'professed exclusive' ever dare to laugh. It had made what it believed a pun:—'That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. 'It will not be so with you, John Fraser!' I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodging in Regent street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid servant, in a dirty lace cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

'Is Mr. Fraser at home? I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

'Mr. Fraser at home? No, sir, he ain't.'

'Where's he gone to?'

'Where's he gone to?' rejoined the girl, in a low drawing voice.—'I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I.'

'Is his servant in the way?'

'Is his servant in the way? No, sir, the other gentleman's gone too.'

'His servant gone with him?—Why how did he go?'

'How did they go? Why, a post-chay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's.'

'Heavens! how provoking! Did they start early?'

'Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square.'

'Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square? How very distressing!'

Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly.'

'Indeed! what can possibly have happened?'

'What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'

'Merciful God! and can such cold hearted treachery really be?'

'And so,' continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, 'and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got every thing comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that sort, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns.'

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulgate her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my

many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, 'My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me! But Maria! thou, dearest, still remain'st to me. I'll tranquilize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself.' I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rang and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. 'Had the post-boy gone by? 'Yes, many an hour ago.' It was too true, then,—even Maria was perfidious in my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust, was apparently slight—possibly accidental; but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master.

I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, 'Yes, Neptune, every thing on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend—my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!'

I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced towards my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting hell to tempt me; but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John; and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, 'Perhaps I may want them.'

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place. On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observid eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow;—and, unfavorable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored.—'Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell,' said Puer, who had the charge of my wherry; 'It's moral cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward.' But careless of his good natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. 'Fool! Fool! that I was to trust them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from

me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest; who scoring their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the closed imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—impoverished—despairing as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious, shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spared with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!'

At these words, some violence of gesture accompanying the vehemency of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl, at that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness.

'Right—right!' I exclaimed, 'my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted.' I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestions of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humor to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed,—my balance was lost—and—in a moment of time—I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames.—I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once rescatated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand-writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the un-

ture of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. Al length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read—

"Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked thief of Mr. Drayton—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, and quieter, and therefore a happier home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate MARY."

And she was really true! this was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of insensible extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valise was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapier was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigued, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and speaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, "Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitol—drived good horses, too, or we should never have beat him."

"What do you mean? Beat whom?" "The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got sent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?" "No, indeed, John, they never told me that."

"Well never mind. I overlooked him with five miles of Canterbury, and horse-whipped him within an inch of his life!" "And—and—the money?" "Oh, I've lodged that at Count's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe."

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repeated my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for your kindness; but you must forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is past-diverged from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true—friends are all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to contrive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at." "You will, presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour, seated on the sofa, with Maria on the side of me, and John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet,—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

Incidents of the Fire.—The Boston Journal says: "An act of daring and heroism was performed by an ex-fireman, named Thomas Courtney, which should not pass unnoticed. On the roof of one of the first houses burnt, a woman was discovered, while the whole interior of the building was in a light blaze. The woman was in the most extreme fear, but was encouraged by the spectators to keep up good courage. In the meantime, as no ladder of sufficient length to reach the eaves could be found, two short ones were procured. One of these was placed against the burning building, and two stout men immediately ascended it, taking with them the other ladder, which they raised, barely reaching the desired point. The foot of the second ladder being firmly held in their hands, Mr. Courtney ascended both ladders, and with much difficulty reached the roof. When he reached the woman, she was nearly dead with fright, but he took her in his arms, and safely descended the ladders, placed her on the ground amid the congratulations of his friends, who witnessed the daring act with fearful suspense."

Spain in Horses.—The Hook Joint. A well formed, safe hook is quite tapering towards the lower portion, terminating without any abrupt projection from the shank. The thick, shelving hook is peculiar to the Eclipse stock of horses, and those of that construction are quite liable to carb. The hook of the Morgan horses has a fine taper, rendering carb and spavin, in that breed, quite unusual.

Our correspondent inquires, "What is bone spavin?" It is an ossification in the cartilage between the inner condyle of the bone of the hock and the two small splint bones upon which it articulates, uniting the three cushions together in an elastic mass; and is always displayed by an hard projection on the inner lower extremity of the hock. This inflammation arises from the inflammation in the cartilage of the articulation, by which the nucleus is absorbed and bone deposited destroying the elastic action of the joint. It is generally occasioned by undue concussion of the

cushion, caused by leaping or heavy draught; and is very liable to be produced in young horses. Spavin is also liable to be produced by unskillful shoeing, in making the outer side of the shoe highest, as is sometimes done to remedy interfering, thereby throwing an unequal strain upon the ligaments of the hock joint. Severe treatment, as blistering, firing, &c., will sometimes partially remedy this disease, by softening the ossification, but the horse will be capable of slow work without the removal of the spavin.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Cutting Grain Early.—Grain growers are now almost universally in the habit of cutting their crops early—i. e. before the grain has become fully ripe. By this practice much is gained and nothing lost. Wheat cut in the milk, or just after the pulp has acquired a sticky or doughy consistency, and left to ripen on the stalk, is preferable for flour.

"Early cutting," says the Western Farmer and Gardener, "is the practice of the best wheat raisers, whether the grain is needed for flour or for seed. The grain fluffs out after it is cut, and the wheat is plump and heavy. Dried ripe seed keeps better than those that are only just ripe; but seed simply ripe will germinate sooner and stronger, than dead ripe seed. Where one desires to keep seed for long voyages, or for years, it should be ripened thoroughly, where it is to be kept for few months—from summer to spring, or from spring until autumn—seeds are even better by being gathered full early.

Nothing is probably added to the nutritious property of seeds in the last stage of ripening. The changes which they undergo are those that will preserve their vitality. To cut, or gather before the final elaboration of carbon, by which they are to be preserved, takes from the seed, then, nothing of its richness, nothing of its weight,—nothing but the quality of long keeping for planting purposes.

Worms.—A complaint is often made by workmen of their scythes not acting well, of their not cutting uniformly, and of the reforming work &c.; now the form best suited to each mow may be tested by a very simple experiment. Let a man with a piece of chalk in his hand, walk up to a high wall, or a barn-door, and raising it as high as he can, strike a curve from right to left; the line so traced is the exact form that his scythe should be; and if he applies the edge of it, and finds it to correspond, it will cut uniformly from point to heel, and save himself much trouble and labor.

How to Pack Firkin Butter.—Mr. Josiah King, before the Allegheny County Agricultural Society, gave a few particulars in the manner in which firkin butter was packed for use in the United States Navy. It was put in small firkins, made if possible of bass wood, that having been found preferable as freest from pyroligneous acid. The firkins were then placed in a cask, and brine so strong as to float a egg poured over them. It is in this way that butter could circumnavigate the globe, and yet be fresh at the end of that time.

Old Aaron.—We are struck daily as we turn over our exchanges, with the fine meditation of Old Dr. Jacob Townsend, and always say, with the ancient Israelite, "is the old man yet alive?" We always read his advertisement clear through—a vigorous document, full of lofty sentiment and pure sarcasm—and rise from perusing it with a healthier tone pervading our mind. Though at times we think there is a pugnant tendency in his writings when treating on the treatment with which he has been treated by S. P. Torvasend, the villifier of his character, the taker of his medicinal name, the evasive poacher on his name; but how can he help it under such gross provocation? could you, reader? But it must be a terrible phenomenon to see his beautiful face—that typified benevolence—who brings health to the nations at a dollar a quart bottle—angered, clouded by any other thing than bad ink. No—undimmed mercy is his great attribute, and we hope the day is distant when anything shall transpire to disturb the blessed equanimity of that philosophical old stereotyped cut.—*Boston Carpet-Weaver.*

"In the Millennium," said an eloquent preacher, who also edited a weekly religious organ, "in that happy time every newspaper list shall be full, and every subscription paid! We call upon the readers of the Carpet-Weaver to help along the good time that's coming.—*Id.*

The Protection of the Fisheries.—New Brunswick has struck the first blow in defence of the fisheries. An American schooner has been seized in the Bay of Fundy, by one of the Provincial cruisers, for fishing within the limits. The American press have hitherto said nothing on the subject, but now they are beginning to wake up. After enumerating the forces which are accumulating on the coasts for their defence, the Washington correspondent of the *Herald* says:—

"It is much to be feared that this sudden and unexpected action may produce bloodshed; and its ultimate results with reference to the relations between the countries, it is impossible to forecast. The fishing vessels frequent the grounds in large bodies, several of them cruising in company; and it will not be a matter of surprise, if they offer resistance to any small armed vessel which may interfere with their operations, and thus produce a collision that may lead to consequences of a serious nature; as any opposition will undoubtedly lead to a concentration of the British naval force on the station.

I have not seen any notices of these proceedings in the American papers, and therefore hasten to send a statement of what has come to my knowledge, and will forward any further information that I may obtain from a reliable source."

It would be much better for the Americans to agree to reciprocity at once, including the right to fish, and so avoid these unpleasant collisions.

The body of Kenneth McKenzie, supposed to have been murdered last winter, and thrown into the St. Francis, near Windsor, was found about a mile below where he was last seen, lodged on a sand bank. His watch was found in his pocket, and also two caps which he was known to have purchased the day he disappeared. An inquest was held upon the body and a verdict of murder returned. The body was in such a state of decomposition that it was difficult to tell whether blows had been inflicted upon it. The scalp was removed, but no fracture appeared upon the skull, as has been reported, nor were any of the limbs broken, although it was thought by some, that one arm had been detached at the shoulder.—*Sheffield Gleaner.*

The Old Oaken Bucket.—This beautiful and popular song or ballad is said to have had its origin under the following circumstances, which give it additional interest:—

Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several other "Old New Yorkers," were brother typos in a printing office, which was situated at the corner of Chestnut and Chambers streets, there were very few places in the city of New York where one could enjoy the luxury of a really "good drink."—Among the few places most worthy of patronage, was an establishment kept by Mallory, on Franklin street, on or about the same spot where St. John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in company with several particular friends, had "dropped" in at this place one afternoon, for the purpose of taking some "brandy and water," which Mallory was famous for keeping.

The liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he laid his glass upon the table, (remember, reader, if you please, that in those "rare old times" a man rarely met a friend without inviting him to imbibe,) and, snacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to any he ever tasted.—"No," said M., "you are quite mistaken;—there was one thing which, in both of our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer."

The tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. "True! True!" he replied, and soon after quitted the place. He returned to the office, grasped the pen, and in half an hour "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataraet fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house near it,
And 'em the rude bucket that hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.
That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar the fabled god sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

THE JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1852.

Trouble Brewing.—It will be observed by a paragraph in another place, that one American fishing vessel has been seized in the Bay of Fundy for alleged poaching on the fishing grounds of New Brunswick. It is to be feared that serious trouble will grow out of the affair, and others of a similar character, which will be likely to occur, unless a speedy understanding is had between the two Governments.

Hon. Daniel Webster, U. S. Secretary of State, has written a Letter, embodying the treaty stipulations in force in relation to the Fisheries, for the instruction of those interested in that occupation, and intimates, it is said, that the present Ministry of England put a different construction upon existing regulations than their predecessors. He concludes by stating that the matter will engage the immediate and careful attention of the American Government.

The political friends of Gen. Scott, are making preparations to hold a grand celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane at Niagara Falls on the 25th instant. Niagara is the nearest convenient point on the American side to that battle-field. The object of the celebration is, of course, to glorify and manufacture political capital for Gen. Scott as a candidate for the Presidency. Some of our Canadian contemporaries have got the impression that the celebration is to be held on the battle-field, and suggest that the local authorities ought to interfere to prevent it. It would be in rather

bad taste, to say the least, to hold the meeting on a foreign soil, and more particularly when it is remembered that the battle of Lundy's Lane was claimed as a victory by both parties, and was, in point of fact, a drawn battle, both armies retiring from the field.—There was no action during the war of 1812, that was closer contested, or that brought out more clearly the characteristic quality of the Anglo-Saxon race—indomitable, bull-dog courage and endurance. The men who fought at Lundy's Lane were gallant fellows, and their daring deeds will long be remembered on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Provincial Government have generously advanced \$10,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the Montreal fire. A meeting of the citizens of Montreal was held on Saturday, at which a Relief Committee was appointed to raise and take charge of funds for the same purpose. Similar meetings have been held at Quebec, Bytown, St. Hyacinthe, and other towns in Canada, and at New York, Boston and other places in the United States. It is supposed that the second fire was the work of incendiaries. The city authorities have issued a proclamation, setting forth that attempts have been made since the late calamity to set the city on fire, and offering a reward of £100 for the discovery of the incendiaries.

The grand struggle between the politicians of the United States for the election of President has begun. It is amusing to the outside spectator, to witness the fury with which the conflicting partisans attack each other. The candidates on either side are glorified or reviled in terms of monstrous hyperbole; their own leaders will be painted and varnished by each party till they shine with refulgent glory, while those of the opposite rank will be besmeared with blackening obloquy till they would scarce the "sooty spirits that troop about Acheron."

It would seem as though the intelligent and refined would be disgusted with this detraction—and as well with its opposite, excessive laudation. The disgust which it is fitted to excite, is aggravated by the consideration that the self-same man who is thus grossly stigmatised or inordinately extolled, would, without any real difference or increase of merit or demerit, receive the very opposite treatment in the same quarters, were he the adopted candidate, or vice versa.

A quaint writer, in speaking of the gauntlet which aspirants for political honors must run, truly says, "Never till a man's epidermis has been hardened into the true political-osity which can blunt a sword and turn the edge of a razor—never, until he can smile with indifference while his finest sensibilities are rudely scraped by metaphysical sand-paper and moral oyster shells—need he regard himself as qualified for life by station. The Indian composedly sings his death-song when tortured at the stake; but the politician should be able to fiddle when not only himself, but all his Rome is burning."

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The British steamer Asia, Capt. Judkins, arrived at New York, Friday morning at half-past 6.

In the House of Commons, on Wednesday, Sir Delany Evans asked whether the policy of the British Government, regarding the Mosquito territories—the support hitherto given to the Chief, or the so-called King, of Mosquito—was intended to be changed, and if so, in what respect.

Sir W. Jolliffe replied on the part of the Government that negotiations were still pending on the subject, but he did not consider it prudent to lay the papers before the House.

On Thursday, at two o'clock, the Queen ascended the throne in the house of Lords, and read the following speech:—

My Lords and Gentlemen.—I am induced by considerations of public policy, to release you at an earlier period than usual, from your legislative duties. The zeal and diligence, however, with which you have applied yourselves to your Parliamentary labors, have enabled me, in this comparatively short session, to give my assent to many measures of high importance, and I trust of great and permanent advantage.

I received from all foreign powers assurances which they are animated by the most friendly dispositions towards this country;—and I entertain a confident hope that the amicable relations happily subsisting between the principal European States may be so firmly established, as under Divine Providence to secure to the world a long continuance of the blessings of peace; to this great end my attention will be unremittingly directed.

I rejoice that the final settlement of the affairs of Holstein and Schleswig, by the general concurrence of the powers chiefly interested, has removed one cause of recent difference and of future anxiety.

The amicable termination to the dissensions which have taken place between the Sublime Porte and the Pacha of Egypt, affords a guarantee for the tranquillity of the East, and encouragement to the extensions of commercial enterprise.

The refusal on the part of the King of Ava, of redress justly demanded for insults and injuries offered to my subjects at Rangoon, has necessarily led to an interruption of friendly relations with that sovereign, and the promptitude and vigor with which the Governor General of India has taken the measures rendered unavoidable, have merited my entire approbation, and I am confident that you will participate in the satisfaction with which I have observed the conduct of all the naval & military forces, European & Indian by whose valor and discipline the important captures of Rangoon and Martaban have been accomplish-

ed, and in the hope which I entertain that these signal successes may lead to an early and honorable peace.

Treaties have been concluded by my naval commanders, with the King of Dahomey, and all the African chiefs whose rule extends along the Bight of Benin, for the total abolition of the slave trade, which at present is wholly suppressed upon that coast.

I have had great satisfaction in giving my assent to the measures which you have wisely adopted for the better organization of the militia—a constitutional force which, being limited to purposes of internal defence, can afford no just ground of jealousy to neighboring powers, but which, in the event of any sudden and unforeseen disturbance of my foreign relations, would at all times contribute essentially to the protection and security of my dominions.

Gentlemen of the Commons.—I thank you for the liberal provisions which you have made for the exigencies of the public service. The expenditure which you have authorized shall be applied with a due regard to economy and efficiency.

The recent discoveries of extensive gold fields, have produced in Australian colonies a temporary disturbance of society, requiring prompt attention. I have taken such steps as appeared to me more urgently necessary, for the mitigation of this serious evil. I shall continue anxiously to watch the important results which must follow from such discoveries.

I have willingly concurred with you in an act which, by rendering available to the service of these colonies the portion arising within them of the hereditary revenue placed at the disposal of Parliament or my accession to the throne, may enable them to meet their necessarily increased expenditure.

My Lords and Gentlemen.—I have gladly assented to the important bills which you have passed for effecting reforms long and anxiously desired, in the practice and proceedings of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, and generally for improving the administration of justice. Every measure which simplifies the forms and diminishes the delay and expenses of legal proceedings, without introducing uncertainty of decision, impairing the authority of the courts, or lowering the high standard of the judicial bench, is a valuable boon conferred upon the community at large.

I hope that the measures which you have adopted for promoting the extramarital interment of the dead, and for improving the supply of water, may be found effectual for the remedy of evils, the existence of which has long been a reproach to this great metropolis, and may conduce to the health and comforts of its inhabitants.

The extension of popular rights and legislative powers to my subjects residents in the colonies is always to me an object of deep interest, and I trust that their present native institutions, which in concert with you, I have sanctioned for New Zealand, may promote the welfare and contentment of the population of that distant but most interesting colony, and confirm their loyalty and attachment to my crown.

It is my intention, without delay, to dissolve this present Parliament, and it is my earnest prayer that in the exercise of the high functions which, according to our free constitution, will devolve upon the several constituencies, they may be directed by an all-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose wisdom and patriotism may aid me in my unceasing endeavors to sustain the honor and dignity of my crown; to uphold the Protestant institutions of the country, and the civil and religious liberty which is their natural result; to extend and improve the national education, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of my people.

Upon its conclusion, the Lord Chancellor prorogued Parliament till Friday, August 20th.

The electioneering will now commence in earnest. The most reliable estimate of the complexion of the new parliament sets it down thus—Ministerialists 376, Opposition 398, with a floating balance of 114 liberal Conservatives, one half of which may be counted against the Ministry.

A collision occurred on the river Thames between steamer Duchess of Kent, with 200 passengers, and an Antwerp steamship. The former sunk in eight minutes; it is thought some few of the passengers are lost.

A terrible riot took place at Stockport on Tuesday night, between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. 60 persons were carried wounded to the Hospital, and one man was killed. Several houses were torn down and the Catholic Chapel sacked; the organ, altar and furniture was burned in a bonfire, and nothing left standing but the bare walls.—The military was called out and succeeded in quelling the riot. The town is now occupied by a troop of cavalry—it being reported that a Catholic mob from Manchester and other towns intend to retaliate.

The riot grew out of the ill-feeling engendered by the Queen's recent proclamation against Roman Catholic processions.

FRANCE.—Thirteen persons were arrested on the 1st inst., at a house in the Batignolles, charged with making an infernal machine for the destruction of the President. The machine was composed of 14 barrels, capable of containing each about 20 bullets. Some of the men were actually at work on the machine at the time of the arrest. The police subsequently arrested ten others.

The Emperor of Austria had left Pesth, and was continuing his journey through Hungary.

The Catholic College at Worcester, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the 15th inst. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

At Liverpool on the 24th ult., at the race of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club, Mr. Grinnell's sloop "Truant," of New York, of 3 1/2 tons, took the first prize of two handsome silver goblets, beating her swiftest opponent 16 minutes and 56 seconds.

LAND SLIDE.

Thunder storms have been this summer of frequent occurrence, one particularly so late. Early yesterday afternoon it began to thunder and lighten, the rain falling heavily, and it might be said that it continued thundering, lightning, and raining, in torrents, the whole night, until now, and it yet rains.—The effect of these heavy rains has been most calamitous. Cape Diamond presents to view a series of water-falls at every crevice from Precost Gate to Gilmour's Cove, and the effects of this great rush of water down the rock has been the washing away of the earth, which supported detached pieces of slate and lime stone, and a couple of land slides destroying property and human life.

At four o'clock this morning, the two-story double brick house at Cap Blanc, belonging to Mr. Robert Webb, blacksmith, and occupied by himself and family, and by two brothers, Messrs. John and Robert Elliot, boatmen, was overwhelmed by a mass of black slate and earth. Mr. Webb, his wife, two children, between 5 and 7 years of age, and a servant maid, were buried under the ruins, and have been taken out dead. Mr. Webb's eldest son and several boys who slept in the garret, were saved, the rafters of the house having shielded them from injury. Mr. John Elliott was rescued, though very seriously injured about the chest and head, and Mrs. Elliott escaped with a few bruises, but their two children were buried under the mass of stones and earth, and one of them was taken out dead in our presence, at half-past 7 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Robert Elliott escaped most miraculously, the roof being thrown forward bodily, formed a sort of arch over his head, and only for the breaking of a rafter, which fractured the arm of his child, (about six years of age,) all in his part of the domicile would have escaped unhurt. His Honor the Mayor, N. F. Belleau, Esq., and Mr. Councillor (Dr.) Sewell, and perhaps some other members of the City Council, and Dr. Wolfe, were early at the scene of disaster, doing all they possibly could to relieve the injured, and to recover the bodies of the unfortunate people whose lives had been so untemperately lost. The police were helping as well as they could. The poor people in the neighborhood were exerting themselves to the very utmost. Just when His Honor, the Mayor, Dr. Sewell, Dr. Wolfe, and the writer, were about to leave this scene of disaster, the news was communicated that two other houses had been thrown down by another deluge at Cape Cove.

We had passed the place only 5 minutes before in a calèche, and noticed a number of people gazing intently upon the rock, and did not even overlook the circumstance of the yellow muddy water which was impetuously running down the precipice, having deposited some debris below. Two wooden houses, one occupied by Thomas Magan, and the other by M. Donnelly, had been thrown into the street, and were covered with red earth and huge pieces of what seemed to be limestone. It was said a passer-by had been killed, but the occupants of the house, apprehensive of danger, had fled in good time. By the way, the houses which adjoined Mr. Webb's brick houses, are of wood, and one of these is broken in behind, and otherwise much damaged. Unless drains are made on the heights above, and dalcaux employed to carry off the water, land slides will continue to be a consequence of continued heavy rains.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

July 11.

Responsible Government in Newfoundland.—The people of Newfoundland appear to be highly enraged at the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Gaspard Le Merchant, for his opposition to their demand for Responsible Government. They have hanged him in effigy in the streets of St. John's. We presume that this was a mere outbreak of the populace, but there must be a very strong feeling among the more influential classes, against the man who recommended that the solemn act of the representatives of the people should be set aside.—*Globe.*

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, on Carbon, by Prof. Faraday, the place was illuminated for some time, by a very expensive light, viz: diamond in oxygen gas. Specimens of diamonds were displayed converted into coke, and one piece had one end converted into charcoal, while the other was diamond still.

The Judges of Lower Canada are assembled in Montreal, it is said, to re-model the tariff of fees payable to the several Courts in that Province. It will be remembered that the bar made a tremendous outcry about this tariff nearly eighteen months ago, and now, after the opposition has subsided, we presume the Judges will amend and rectify their former errors, without, however increasing seriously the amount of fees.—*Toronto Globe.*

A despatch to the Traveller states that the express train on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad ran over and nearly killed a man, Sunday, near Berlin Falls. His name was Green, and he was walking on the track at the time of the accident.

The cholera is prevailing to some extent at Springfield, Ill.; also at Salt River, Ky. There have likewise been six deaths at Hopkinsville, Ky.

Since the liquor law came into force in Maine, great quantities of bottles, labelled "Day and Martin's Blacking," have been imported into that State, and yet it is not observed that the boots are cleaner than before.

Mr. Papineau has been returned for the County of Two Mountains, by a large majority.

POETRY.

FROM GOLD TO GRAY. Golden curls, profusely shed O'er the lovely, cherished head...

Types of Time that rippled now In bright wavelets o'er the brow...

What are ye, dark waving bands, That beneath the maiden's hands, Sweep around her graceful head?

Wherefore send your pallid ray, Streaks of cold, untimely gray, Through the locks whose burnished hue Hath but seen of years a few?

Hail to thee, thou glistening snow! Full of placid beauty, flow O'er the furrowed brows that bear Life's long story, written fair...

Ye, and pleasant types are ye Of each moonlight memory; Shining from his far-off prime To the old man's evening time...

Accade of South.—One day, when South was showing his gallery at Paris to Col. Gurwood, he stopped opposite to one of the pictures, and said, "I value that picture very much—it saved the lives of two estimable persons."

Very Like White Folks.—An Indian chief once went to the office of the American Commissioner at Chicago, to whom he introduced himself as a very good Indian, a good friend to the Americans, and concluded by asking for a glass of whiskey.

Pun upon Pun.—On my admiring a patient upon one occasion for his supposed habit of eating too fast, and telling him that "bolting" the food was a "bar to digestion," he said: "You speak 'iron-ically,' doctor!"

FARM FOR SALE. THE Subscribers offer for sale 70 acres of good arable land, being the Northwest part of Lot No. 15, in the 11th Range of Stanstead.

NEW STOCK just received by HUBBARD & BELL. Stanstead Plain, March 10, 1852.

At Last WE have purchased and now offer for sale that desirable lot of Muslin and Cashmere Edgings, do do Insertions, Satin, do Linen thread, do Cotton, do all widths Under Sleeves, do for mourning, Collars and Cuffs of every grade.

Bonnets and Ribbons. JUST received and for sale all kinds of Bonnets, Children's Hats, with splendid assortment of fashionable Ribbons, Straw Trimmings, Linings of all colors, Artificial and Tabs, at prices so low that they will astonish purchasers.

DYE STUFFS. IN all their varieties, kept constantly on hand by HUBBARD & BELL.

PATENT MEDICINES. A GENERAL supply of the most approved Patent Medicines, such as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Bachaw's Hungarian Balsam, Carter's Pulmonary Balsam, Down's Elixir, Moffat's Life Medicines, Masta's celebrated Indian Pills, McAlister's All-Healing Ointment, Trask's Magnetic Ointment, Dalley's Pain Extractor, Hardy's Salve, Steer's Medicated Ointment, Patton's Liniment, Newland's Liniment, Oil of Spike, British Oil, &c., for sale by HUBBARD & BELL.

SPRING STYLE OF HATS & CAPS! THE subscriber begs leave to inform the Merchants of Derby Line and the Eastern Townships, that he is prepared to furnish all kinds of the most fashionable HATS AND CAPS at the Manufacturers' prices.

HUBBARD & BELL. HAVE for sale M. DUBOY'S FRENCH RAT EXTERMINATOR. This preparation is warranted to exterminate Rats and Mice, wherever used, and to leave no offensive stench on the premises cleared of these annoying vermin.

"Protect the Widow and Orphan." ARE YOU INSURED? The National Life Ins. Co., U. S., MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS WAREHOUSE. 206 Washington Street, Boston. THE subscribers have on hand, and are constantly receiving by latest importations, every new and improved article in their line of business, consisting of Shirts, Bosoms and Collars; Scarfs, Cravats, Stocks, Neck-ties; Linen, Cambric and Silk Handkerchiefs; Gloves, Hosiery; Ladies' Silk and Merino Yests; Ladies' and Gents. Gauntlets, Riding Belts, Night Caps, Bathing Caps; Suspensors, Shout- or Braces; Silk, Merino, Woolen, Linen and Cotton Under Garments of every description.

Drugs and Medicines. A NEW and general assortment, just received, by HUBBARD & BELL. Stanstead Plain, March 10, 1852.

SPORTSMEN. We have a few nice fowling Guns for sale. SPALDING, GATES & Co.

CRAYONS. Crayon-Holders, Drawing Pencils, Camel's Hair Pencils, Stripping Brushes, Paint brushes of assorted kinds, &c., for sale at HUBBARD & BELL'S.

GREEN MOUNTAIN Mutual Health Association. MONTPELIER, Vt. CHARTERED by the Legislature of Vermont, Nov. 10th, 1851. \$50,000 DEPOSITED.

OFFICERS.—FERRAND F. MERRILL, President; D. P. THOMPSON, Vice President; SETH THOMPSON, Secretary; JACOB SCOTT, Treasurer; ORRIN SMITH, Medical Examiner; C. M. RICE, I. E., Substitute.

Rates of Yearly Payments. —FIRST TABLE.—[Fractional part of a week excepted.] Between 15 and 30 years of age. \$2.00 per year draws \$2.00 per week.

—SECOND TABLE.—Between 15 and 30. \$1.50 per year draws \$2.00 per week.

—THIRD TABLE.—Between 30 and 45. \$2.00 per year draws \$2.00 per week.

—FOURTH TABLE.—Between 45 and 60. \$2.00 per year draws \$2.00 per week.

—FIFTH TABLE.—Between 60 and 75. \$2.00 per year draws \$2.00 per week.

Another Scientific Wonder! GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA. DR HOUGHTON'S GASTRIC FLUID.

DR HOUGHTON'S GASTRIC FLUID. THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID. Prepared from the stomach of the OX under the directions of Baron LIEBIG, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D. Philadelphia, Pa.

DR UPHAM'S Vegetable Electuary, or Internal Remedy for the PILES. PREPARED BY A. UPHAM, M. D., 136 Bowery, N. Y.

S. D. KIMBALL, Pension & Bounty Land Agent, BARTON, VT.

Leather for Sale. A FIRST rate article of New York SOLE LEATHER, for sale Wholesale and Retail, opposite Way's Carding Works, by E. S. SOUTHWAY, D.

THICK Boots and Butler's Newlands' Liniment, Genuine Articles, at SPALDING, GATES & Co's.

CARPENTERS & JOINERS. YOU will find a better assortment of TOOLS at GEORGE R. HOLMES' than at any other store in the vicinity.

Boots, Shoes and Leather. A Superior article of New York Sole Leather; Upper Leather; Mens' Thick Boots; Boys and childrens' do; Mens' French Calf and Goat do; do common calf and goat; do Kid shoes and slippers; do named French Ties; Misses' Lasting Boots; do common Lasting boots; India Rubber Boots and shoes all sizes; and in fact every description of Boots, Shoes or Leather, fine or heavy, can be found at the store of GEO. R. HOLMES.

MUSIC. THE subscribers having made an arrangement with Mr. Oliver Ditson, one of the principal Publishers of Music at Boston, for supplies, intend to keep constantly on hand, Singing Books for Chorus, Instruction Books, Collections of Music, and Sheet Music for the Piano, Organ, Seraphine, Melodion, Accordion, Bass Violin, Violin, Guitar, Flute, Hautboy, &c.

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CRAYONS. Crayon-Holders, Drawing Pencils, Camel's Hair Pencils, Stripping Brushes, Paint brushes of assorted kinds, &c., for sale at HUBBARD & BELL'S.

JOHNSTON'S MEDICINE. RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES! Cure in a few days insured by the great foreign Remedy, DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

FOR THE Cure of Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Consumption, and all Affections of the Breast and Lungs. Manufactured by JAMES JOHNSTON, Rochester, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO CLERGYMEN. (From the Rev. Owen Thomas, Holyhead.) Dear Sir,—Dr. Locock's Wafers do a great deal of good to my voice.

I have been thirty-three years a Wesleyan Minister, and in the twenty years of which I have lived at Holyhead; and I am known personally to all the first men of that body, many of whom have admired the effects of the Wafers in clearing the voice, and stopping the cough—they never got such medicine before.

THE GREAT VEGETABLE Magic Pain Destroyer. Manufactured by JAMES JOHNSTON, Rochester, New York.

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SPORTSMEN. We have a few nice fowling Guns for sale. SPALDING, GATES & Co.

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of all kinds, to be found in this market. By using the best of Stock, and employing competent workmen, he is able to produce an article that can't be beat in quality or price—particularly Thick Boots, which he is selling, long legs, double soled, and custom-made, for \$2.50 per pair.

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