

Stanstead Journal.

PUBLISHED BY L. R. ROBINSON

WOOD'S BUILDING, ROCK ISLAND.

WHOLE No. 141.

STANSTEAD, JULY 13, 1848.

Vol. 3---No. 37.

MISCELLANY.

WOMAN.

From the Louisville Journal.

We published not long since an article headed "Advice to wives." We have repeated thereof long ago. Catch us doing the like again! Not that we care a fig about our friend of the "Freeman" scolding us for this error; he is a man, and sundry well-defined, well-expressed, cunning, and caustic remarks from fair friends; and who would not care for them? We beg pardon of them. Unadvisedly, ignorantly, we promise never to offend again in like manner.

But there is a pretty, intelligent, resolute, and lovely creature, who says: "You must unsway what you have said, and do us justice." "Chalk out the path, and we will walk in it." "I'll relieve you," says a sympathizing creature; "publish that," (throwing down a marked paper), "and that will save you." We agreed—submissively we promised to do it, without looking at it, part or whole. And so, reader, for a full justification of wives and a regular setting down of husbands! There is no help for it, so far as we are concerned. Poor man! you may escape, if you please, by stopping here; but our advice to you is, go on.

Well, what is written in this paper is headed a "Sketch for husbands," by T. S. Arthur. Of course, first is a morning scene—place, the bed-room. Mrs. Lundy had been up half an hour, busy about various matters, when Mr. Lundy crept out of bed and commenced dressing himself.

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Aggy," he said to his wife. "I must shave myself this morning."

Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a little resisting urchin.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "in a moment, and kept on with the work, intending to finish dressing the child before she went down stairs for the hot water."

Mr. Lundy waited about a minute, and then said, a little impatiently:

"I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes; I can't finish dressing myself until I shave."

Mrs. Lundy ceased her work, put down the child, and got the hot water. Mr. Lundy began shaving. When half through he directed his wife to tell Bill to clean his old boots, as his new ones hurt him. Completing his toilet he goes down to the reading room, and reads his paper. Eight o'clock, the breakfast hour arrives, and Mr. Lundy is a punctual man; but Mrs. Lundy has five children and herself to get ready. The baby cries—Will breaks his shoe-string—Mary wants a pin—and in quieting the first and helping the others the minutes fly. All this done, Mrs. Lundy proceeds to arrange herself, when up comes Mr. Lundy, with:

"Good Heavens, Agnes! ain't you dressed yet?" exclaims her husband, coming to the chamber, with his watch in his hand. "It's ten minutes past eight now. I've been ready and waiting for more than half an hour."

"I'll be along in a minute. I've only got my hair to put up and a dress to slip on," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"A minute! Yes, I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen times over."

"You forget that I had all the children to get ready," replied Mrs. Lundy.

Silenced, but not convinced, the husband goes grumbling down stairs, and recommends walking the floor, but with heavier and more rapid tread.

"Go up and see if your mother isn't most ready. I'm in a great hurry this morning," Mr. Lundy says to one of his children, after the lapse of two minutes, which seemed to the impatient man at least five.

"I'm coming," he hears on the stairs from his wife.

"I'm glad of it," he rather roughly responds, "I knew your minutes would not be less than half an hour. I wish you would try to be more punctual; this ever being behind times annoys me terribly."

There are some meek words said about the time it takes to dress, and see after so many children; but it makes no impression whatever upon the mind of Mr. Lundy. They are uttered as a kind of excuse, and he regards them as of no more account.

The breakfast! The sausages are done to death, the coffee is mere dish water; Mrs. Lundy is bid to look after the cook; she pleads her hard work; and then Bill brings in the new boots; Mr. Lundy scolds away. But at last the children get off to school, and the good man promises to start out. Just at this moment he looks at his wife, and—

"Are you not well, Agnes?" Mr. Lundy asks.

"No," she replies: "I've been suffering with a toothache all the morning, and I feel as if every nerve in my head was alive."

"Why don't you have that tooth out? I would not suffer as you do if I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mr. Lundy walks towards his store, healthy in every vein, and vigor in every muscle; and his wife goes wearily to her chamber, half

mad with pain, and every nerve excited and quivering.

Mr. Lundy chats with customers, sells goods, pays bills, and does a morning's business, and is ready, with a good appetite, for his dinner. Then at twelve run in Maggie, Willie, and Mary, hungry as they can be. The poor woman does all she can. Well, at half past one in stalks Mr. Lundy. Sarah the cook, was behindhand. She let the fire go down, and dinner was not ready at the regular time; she was in her chamber, suffering from pain.

"Is it possible! Too bad! too bad!" she heard him say, as he passed on his way up stairs—at the dining room door he saw that the table was not set. "I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house of his own if he can't have things as he pleases!"

"I declare, Agnes, I'm out of all patience," he said, entering her chamber a few minutes afterwards. "I told you, as I went away this morning, that I wished dinner at the hour, and there isn't even the sign of it ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose."

"If I had the cooking to do you should never wait a minute. But I can't always make servants do as I please," said Mrs. Lundy.

"That's all nonsense; I don't believe a word of it. I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I were to let my clerks do as they liked. I have certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties, and know that they must be done. Reduce all your household matters to a like order, and keep every one strictly to her duty, and you will have things right, but not without."

"If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed girls to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks, you might find it as difficult as I do to have all things in order."

"Send them away if they don't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she didn't do every thing as I directed."

"You don't know anything about it Mr. Lundy. It is easy to say send off your cook if she is ten or twenty minutes late with a meal, or serves it up badly, or does any other thing that is disorderly or objectionable. But it is worse to have no cook than a bad one; and as to good ones, they are hard to be found."

Mr. Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentation, and completely silenced his wife.

"But," said he, impatiently, "I can't wait your cook's movements; my business must be attended to."

And away he flounced from the house. In ten minutes the bell rang.

"Tell Sarah that Mr. Lundy couldn't wait, and I don't want any dinner," said Mrs. Lundy to the waiter.

This is one day's history in Mrs. Lundy's life. Need we wonder that she suffered? Need we be startled when told that she was killed by inches? adds the author.

But no one suspected this—not even Mr. Lundy himself. The idea that he was murdering his wife by a slow, cruel death, would have shocked him; and he would have felt the intimation of such a thing as an unpardonable outrage. And such was really a fact. He was murdering her.

Year after year, her duties and her toils increased. The history of a day, that we have given, was an epitome of the history of her life. Mr. Lundy, wrapped up in his schemes of gain, and rigid in his notions of order, punctuality, and formal proprieties, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever adding to instead of relieving the oppressive, wearying, and ever-recurring duties that were bearing her down. It was a common thing for him, robust, and in high health, to sit in his easy-chair, with dressing-gown and slippers, and ask his tired wife who, could scarcely move without pain, to hand him this, that, and the other thing, to ring the bell for the servant, or even to go up to their chamber, and bring him something from a drawer to which he was not willing that a domestic should go.

Meeker, more patient, more loving in her character grew Mrs. Lundy. By suffering she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale, shadowy form than a real substance—and to feel assured that in a very little while the places that knew her, and the children and friends who love her, will know and love her no more.

At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband, who wept so bitterly at her too early grave, did not murder her, we know not the meaning of the word murder. When it was too late, he could remember her long sufferings, her patience, her wrongs received at his hands; but while she lived, he was too selfish to apprehend or properly care for her.

Everywhere—in books of domestic economy, in tales, essays newspaper paragraphs, and in current conversation—do we hear reiterated the lesson of woman's duty to her husband and in her household. She must have everything in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he were the most capricious tyrant in the world. And verily, in his small way, he is too often a mis-

erable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in every thing. No allowance is made for ill-health consequent upon her maternal duties, nor for the peculiar wearing and oil-engrossing nature of the cares attendant thereon. But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience, and kind consideration of his overtasked wife? Little is said on this score. The world goes on—and hundreds, like Mrs. Lundy, go down to the grave years before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are accused of their death. But it is even so.—Not in maternal duties alone lies the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form, but the overtask of her peculiar position. She is worked too hard—harder than the slave in the cotton field. Too often she is nurse and seamstress for half a dozen children, and superintendent of her household besides. She will bend over her needle night after night, in pain or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that his duty, in order to save his wife from toil, is to prolong his labors, if that be necessary, in order to afford her the assistance required in meeting the thousand wants of her children and household. If there are any extra tasks to perform, any extra exertions to make, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, not the wife, for he has superior strength.

We hear a great deal about the husband coming home, wearied, from his store, counting-room, his office or his work shop; and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to regard him on this account, and provide comfort, quietude and repose for him at home. This is well enough, and she should do so as far as lies in her power. We doubt if as many men come home over-wearied with toil to their wives, as there are wives who are themselves over-wearied.

Husbands! if you love your wives think of these things. Don't say that the story suits Mr. so-and-so admirably. Look narrowly into your own sayings and doings at home, and see if it does not suit you in more than one particular.

Widow Bedott's Table Talk.

The following humorous sketch is going the rounds of the press erroneously credited to the London Punch. It originally appeared in "Neal's Philadelphia Gazette." We respectfully recommend its perusal to a certain class of writers and speakers:

"He was a wonderful hand to moralize, my husband was, (said the widow) 'specially after he began to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evening, (as he was sitting by the fire—I was knitting, (I was always a wonderful knitter) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctors used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacco alone; when he was well he used to take his pipe and smoke awhile after he'd got the chores done up, and if he wasn't well he used to smoke the biggest part of the time)—well, he took his pipe out of his mouth, and turned towards me—I know'd something 'was comin' for he had a peculiar way o' lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything uncommon—well, says he to me, says he, 'Silly' (my name was Priscilla naturally, but he generally called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handy, you know,) well says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' and he looked pretty solemn, I tell you—he had a solemn countenance naturally—after he'd got to be a deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he appeared solemn than before, and certainly you wouldn't wonder at it if you know'd how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in the chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of the back, besides the pleurisy in his side, and havin' the ager considerable part of the time and bein' broke o' his rest considerable part of the time o' nights, 'cause he was so put to it for breath, when he laid down. Why, it's an onaccountable fact that when the man died he hadn't seen a well day in fifteen years, though when he was married, and for five or six years after, I shouldn't desire to see a ruggeder man than he was. But the time I am speakin' of he had been out of health high upon ten years, and oh dear sakes, how he had altered since the first time I see him! That was at a quilting at Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idea of that Sal Pendegress. Well, that was the first time I ever saw my husband; had anybody told me that I should marry him, I should have said—but law sakes! I most forgot I was gwine to tell you what he said on that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks has a strange way of talkin' round forever, and never comin' to the pint, and takin' twenty words to say what might be told in five. Now there's Miss Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham after she was married—she is just the tejestest individual to tell a story that I ever see in my born days; but I was gwine to tell you what my husband said

—he says to me, says he, 'Silly'—says I, 'what?' I didn't say 'what, Hezekiah,' for I didn't like the name. The first time I heard it, I nearly killed myself a-laffin. 'Hezekiah Bedott' says I, 'well, I'd give it up if I had such a name,' but then I had no more idea of marryin' the feller than you have this minit of marryin' the Governor. I suppose you think it curious that we should a named our eldest son Hezekiah. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott—it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott used to think that names ought to go down from jeneration to jeneration. But we always called him Kier—he's a blessin, ain't he? and I ain't the only one thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell anybody that I said so, but between you and me, I guess if Keziah Winkle thinks she's gwine to ketch Bedott, she is a little out of her reckonin'. But I was a gwine to tell you what my husband said—he says to me, 'Silly'—he'd kept on sayin' 'Silly,' from time to eternity, 'cause you know he wanted me to pay particular attention to him, and I generally did; a woman was never more attentive to her husband than I was. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly'—says I, 'what?' though I'd no idea what he was gwine to say—didn't know but 'twas somethin' about his sufferin', tho' he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldn't wish his worst enemy to suffer one minit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin', think it can? Why, I've seen him in situations when you'd a thort no mortal could a helped grumblin', but he didn't. He and me went—but I was a gwine to tell you of that conversation of hizen. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly'—(I could see by the light of the fire—there didn't happen to be a candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' we had company—I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was uncommon solemnized)—he says to me, says he, 'Silly'—says I, 'what?' Says he to me, says he, 'We are all poor creatures!'"

THE DOG.

A DOG-STORY.—A gentleman of the name of Laith, residing in Rockingham county, New Hampshire, a few years ago, possessed a dog that was remarkable for his sagacity. He one day told the dog to go and find a handkerchief which his child had lost in a distant field while picking berries. The dog started off with his usual alacrity, but in the course of an hour or two returned without the handkerchief, looking as crestfallen as though he had been caught in a neighbor's sheepfold. The master cuffed his ears sharply, and told him to go and try again, and not come back until he had found it. The dog started off again with apparent reluctance, while the master followed at a distance behind, and unperceived. The dog went towards the field where the child had picked the berries, and sat down on his haunches—held down his head—and appeared to be in a deep brown study.

He sat in this attitude for perhaps half an hour, when he suddenly jumped up with a peculiar yell of exultation, and started off for one corner of the field. Here he stopped for a moment, and then commenced trotting round the field, going about three feet from the fence the first time, about six the second, and thus continuing to near the middle at each succeeding circle. He went round the field about twenty times, when he jumped up into the air with a loud yell of triumph, picked up the handkerchief, and started for home.

The veracity of this narrative may be relied upon. We received it from Mr. F—, a Baptist clergyman of great respectability. Now, did the dog reason mathematically?—does this go to add proof that instinct is but another name for reason?—*Family Visitor.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—The following anecdote was told us by an eye witness of the incidents, which occurred a few days ago in St. Albans, Vt., in the presence of several respectable citizens of that village, who are ready to vouch for their literal truth. A gentleman going to his office, was passing up the principal street of the village, in company with his dog, an animal of unusual size, when the dog observing an affray in the street between two other dogs, of very unequal sizes, walked up to the combatants, and taking the part of the lesser, (a stranger in the village by the by,) immediately drove the assailant from the ground. The gentleman passed on with his dog, and having arrived at the door of his office, a distance of some thirty or forty rods from the affray, stood talking with several persons present when the following scene occurred: The little dog came running up from the direction of the recent squabble, having a piece of meat in his mouth, which he laid down on the side walk directly before the nose of the big dog, his ally and deliverer. 'Blucher' picked up the meat and ate it with great deliberation, the bearer of the collation standing by and wagging his tail with manifest delight until the meal was over, when he wheeled about and departed. The spectators having heard the story of the rescue looked at each other with surprise, and each made his

comment in his own way, the substance of most of their speeches being "that it was certainly very remarkable for a dog!" "Remarkable for a dog!" exclaimed the oldest of the by-standers, a rather cynical person, and a shrewd observer of men—and dogs: "remarkable for a dog! it is an instance of gratitude which would be very remarkable for a man!"

SINGULAR PASSION OF A DOG.—A late number of the Glasgow Chronicle tells this story of a splendid Newfoundland dog in the shire of Edinburgh: having saved several persons from drowning, he was greatly flattered and caressed therefor. This turned the good fellow's head, and now whenever he sees a child on the bank of the river he patiently waits a good opportunity, then suddenly places his fore paws on its person and plunges it into the stream—all for the sake of pulling the child out again. Parents of course much alarmed, but the dog has never sacrificed a single life by his dangerous sport.

We add an incident on our own responsibility. A few days since a dog of ours received a severe wound at the root of one of his ears. This was a position which he could not reach with his tongue so as to take care of the wound himself; so another dog licked it for him. We give the fact, not undertaking to determine whether dogs have a language capable of describing the difficulty in old "Spry's" case, or whether by reasoning of any sort the big dog from the Temperance House was able to discover that it was his duty to be the good Samaritan for the occasion.

P. S. 'Spry' has had his day; an honest, affectionate, faithful, intelligent dog, who had a multitude of friends to remember him kindly. He is dead, and one of the boys performed the sad duty of burial in a respectful style.—*Vt. Watchman.*

A TEXT FOR YOUNG MEN.—A better subject for young men to discourse about and to meditate upon was never written than the following by Swift. "No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them."

Young men do not fail in the pursuits of life because they lack ability to succeed, half as often as from a misdirection of talents.—A right use of a moderate capacity will accomplish much more than a wrong application of the most brilliant qualification.—Study therefore yourselves. Aim to find out the actual talents you possess, and then endeavor to make the best possible use of them and you can hardly come short of making a good figure in the world, and what is more, being one among those who live not in vain.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

MEN, says the *Presbyterian Herald*, talk of the silver cord of friendship—of the silken ties which bind young lovers together—of the pure affection of husband and wife, as if it were durable as adamant and as pure as the love of angels. But a hasty word, a thoughtless action, or a misconstrued expression, first; a favor neglected, some inconsistency or a trifling flavor denied, may sunder the second; and even the last may be destroyed, for the green-eyed monster may find some entrance and blight the fairest flowers of this sweetest earthly paradise.

But there is a love which neglect cannot weaken, which injury cannot destroy, and which even jealousy cannot extinguish. It is the pure, the holy, the enduring love of a mother. It is as gentle as the breeze of evening, firm as the oak, and ceases only when life's last gleam goes out in death. During all the vicissitudes of this changing world, in sickness or in sorrow, in life or in death, in childhood's balmy days, in "youth's untroubled hour," or in manhood's vigorous prime, the mother clings with the same unwearied affection to her child. It is the same amid the snows and frost of Siberia, the temperate and joyous regions of our own fair land, and among the arid sands of Africa.

These anxious cares and tender attentions and oft-repeated words of a mother's love, are not without their happy influences upon the lives and characters of their sons. The stern rebuke of a justly offended father may check for a season the rising and struggling passions of youth, but the sacred lesson learned from a mother's lips are engraven on the heart and retain their power through life; in virtue's paths, and even in the career of vice they are continually recurring to our mind, and bring with them, as farther incitements to good, all the hallowed scenes of childhood and innocence. Hard is the heart that will not melt at the recollection of a mother's prayer; and more obdurate still the heart of him who by a course of vice can wittingly wring her soul with anguish, and bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that she "intended the consort of the Female Cemetery last evening, and some of the songs were extracted with touching pythagorics." She declared "the whole thing went off like a Peckham shot; the young angels sung like syrens and looked like angels just out of paradox."

She only regrets that during the showers of applause she remembered that she had forgot her parasol.

THE LOWER CLASSES.—Who are they? The laboring men and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility, God's favorites, the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in self, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely the 'upper circles' in the order of nature, whatever the factions distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable may decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and whole souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there is a class of human beings on earth that may be properly denominated low, it is composed of those who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being or doing any thing in aid of themselves.

The Climate of Mexico.—The climate of Mexico is peculiar, beautiful, calm and clear; but the atmosphere has so much less oxygen in it than ours, that the whole economy of life is changed. The pulsation is increased almost double in frequency, and there is a want of that vigor and robust feeling which our climate affords a healthy man; and once reduced by disease there, it is almost impossible to regain health and strength. The mornings are cool, too cool for a man in a relaxed state of health to exercise without danger of taking cold, which is almost as bad as any other disease there; and the days are so hot that the rays of the sun cannot be borne without producing fever. The natives wrap up in cloaks in the morning, and retire at noon.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.—The prisoners confined in Jail in this town, charged with counterfeiting, were last week detected in an attempt to break out. They had succeeded in sawing nearly off one of the iron bars in a window, and had laid a very ingenious plot to overpower the guard, and the inmates of the Jail and to make their exit. Two watch-spring saws were found suspended in a crack in the floor, a couple of files, and in the stove pipe two small iron bars, new and evidently made for the purpose of removing the brick from the wall. These tools must have been conveyed to them by some of their friends who had been permitted to visit them. Since this discovery, the Sheriff has treated each of them with ankle-ruffs, as a token of his especial regard for their safety.—*Gazette 6th.*

LORD B., being asked by a lord in waiting what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman makes us forget them."—*Court Journal.*

LET us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to the man; and that we only merit esteem in so far as we approach nearest to the perfect performance of the duties assigned to us in the order of things.

A new star of the fifth magnitude, and therefore visible to the naked eye, has just made its appearance in the constellation Ophiucus. It was first noticed at Mr. Bishop's observatory, Regent's-park, about one o'clock on the morning of April 28. It was distinctly visible to the naked eye, and equal to Nu-Serpentis in brightness.—*London Times.*

FROM YUCATAN.

Dates have been received from Merida up to the 9th June. The war between the whites and the Indians still continues, but the whites appear to be gaining ground. Nearly all the small towns had been destroyed by the natives, and the inhabitants had fled to Campeachy, Sisal, and Merida.

Barbachins has issued a severe decree against those who may be taken among the insurgent Indians, or who may in any way assist them with arms or otherwise. They are to be tried by court martial and shot, and rewards are offered for the apprehension of all such.

MASSACRE OF THREE MISSIONARIES.—The Sydney papers of the 31st January, announce the murder of three English missionaries at the island of St. Christoval, by the natives, in the month of September last, and the bodies were afterwards cut up and devoured by the savages. The English attendants on them contrived to effect their escape.

A "cannasser" for one of the new day boats on the Hudson, appeals for passengers thus:—"This is the boat gentlemen; fare nothing, and find you when you are lost."

Her Majesty at a late drawing-room, intimated a wish for the patronage of British manufactures, several ladies of fashion have since appeared in public dressed entirely in articles of British manufacture—diamonds included!

Tom Steele, the Irish "Head Pacifier," as he has been called, the man who spent all his fortune in following O'Connell, and who attempted to commit suicide weeks ago, by jumping into the Thames, died at Peelo's Coffee House, in London, on the 15th of June.

In Toronto, Canada, Michael Moran killed Patrick McBride; and in Guelph, one of the jurymen by whom Conklin was convicted of murder some months since, has been killed probably by the brother of Conklin. Conklin, when executed, conjured his family to revenge him.

The Siamese Twins, after being in private life for ten years, will start this fall on a tour of exhibition. As they each have a wife and three children, we presume they find it necessary to provide for their increasing families.—*[Philadelphia North American.]*

One Day Later From France

The Courier & Enquirer received last evening, had news one day later, by the Cambria, than any other paper. It was sent from London to Liverpool by Telegraph. It is of considerable importance.

LONDON, June 17, 1848, }
9 o'clock, A. M.

The following summary embraces all the news of any interest that has transpired since last night's mail:

PARIS.—A most serious demonstration was apprehended yesterday in favor of Louis Napoleon; all the troops were confined to barracks, and held ready to act at a moment's notice. The National Guard were privately summoned to hold themselves in readiness. This intense feeling arose out of the letter the Prince addressed to the President of the National Assembly, which was read late on Thursday evening in the Assembly, and which you will receive; it stated that if the people imposed duties upon him he would know how to perform them. This expression being interpreted to mean readiness to put himself at the head of the State, provoked the utmost indignation. The letter was referred to the Committee, and the report would be brought up yesterday. It was expected the banishment of the Prince would be pronounced, and it was feared that an insurrection in his favor would follow.

Business in foreign Exchange continues extremely dull. Yesterday the rates were the same as at last post. Holland a shade lower.

Accounts from Breslau state that the Wool Fair is going on steady. Some extensive German manufacturers had bought largely, but principal purchases were made by English dealers and manufacturers, who operated to a larger extent than usual.

From the third Edition of the Morning Chronicle.

PARIS, Friday Evening.

Prince Louis Napoleon has written to the President resigning his seat in the National Assembly. The announcement was received with loud acclamations. Paris is calm.

We sometime ago had to notice the active conduct of E. Clark, Esq., the high constable of the St. Francis District, in the suppression of coining in the townships. Yesterday he came to town with another batch of these worthies, named Kilborn, Cross, Hamilton, and Ball. Having been on the look out for some time past, Mr. Clark found lately in the woods a "bogus", an instrument for stamping the false coins to be thereafter circulated in the dearth of more legitimate funds. The bogus weighs about 1200 lbs., and has been seized. In the meantime, it led indirectly to the discovery of the present prisoners, in whose houses were found a complete set of half-dollar dies, with a machine for milling the edges, thirty three Mexican dollars, eleven Mexican dollars, about fifteen half-dollars, all of base metal, and a great quantity of all kinds of metal fit for the purpose. We regret to add that Mr. Clark had many obstacles thrown in his way, while endeavouring to arrest these people, by the sympathy manifested by too large a proportion of the inhabitants of the neighborhood. All the prisoners were committed for trial.—*Herald.*

PROVIDENT AND SAVINGS' BANK.

A good deal of alarm has been excited within the last few days, by reports unfavorable to the soundness and stability of the Montreal Provident and Savings' Bank; and the result of these reports has been a run on the Institution, which has compelled it to fall back on a rule requiring ten days' notice before removing deposits, and has likewise drawn forth an Address from the Directors to the public declaratory of the fact, that the alarm is perfectly groundless. We do not know to what reports which have led to this "run" are attributable—whether they have originated in accident or are the effect of malice directed against the establishment, but whatever may be the cause, it is evident there is no good ground for it, and that the Institution is prepared to meet all its engagements if time be allowed. It is evident also, that in the present state of the money market, the Bank cannot at once realize all its securities, even through those securities exceeded by a hundred fold the deposits. All the public can fairly require is, to be shown that the means of paying their capital and interest exist. If the Bank were a Bank of Issue, it could, of course, at once get out of the difficulty; but as it is not, all it can do is to wait a little till those who owe it, and whose securities it holds, can pay others. We trust the depositors will see this, and that they will not force the bank into a position which will compel it to make sacrifices, which they, the depositors, would suffer from. The Directors tell them that all is right, and seeing that the Directors have no interest in deceiving, they are bound to believe them, and take their advice.—*Mont. Transcript.*

To the Editor of the Stanstead Journal.

At Mansonville, Potton, the Washingtonians and those in favor of temperance united with the Rechabites in celebrating Saturday, the 17th ult., being the day appointed for the assembling of the Canada East Grand Tent of Rechabites in that village.

At 11 o'clock, A. M. under the excellent command of J. H. McVey, Esq., who spared no exertions in promoting the interest of the day, a cavalcade, headed by the music of Tent No. 2, of Potton, repaired to the Gilman place, a distance of some two or three miles, and escorted thence to the village a long line of carriages containing the delegates from the several Tents and many others deeply interested in the success of the cause.

Among the latter was Capt. Crippin, and we wonder not that his eye sparkled with triumph, as it rested upon the banner floating over the cavalcade before him, bearing the inscription, "Death to Intemperance," for to his untiring exertions, with God's blessing, may be ascribed the unrivalled success of the total abstinence cause in Potton and the neighboring towns.

An arbor gaily decorated with scarlet streamers and covering a table nearly a hun-

dred feet in length, having been erected on the green, and the surrounding houses decorated with lines of evergreens, the little village presented a lively and beautiful appearance, as the long procession wound around the common beneath the old banners of Britain and the white flags of Temperance floating from the staff of the Custom House, the Rechabite standard, and the roofs of the principal buildings.

At 1 o'clock, a procession under the direction of R. Manson, Jr. chief marshal of the day, and assistant marshals L. D. Perkins and S. Hill, formed at the Rechabite Hall and marched to the new brick meeting house in the following order: The Music of Tent No. 2, of Potton, preceded by the Chief Marshal; The Trustees of Tent No. 2; Rev. J. Ward, Capt. Crippin and D. F. Moor, orator of the day, preceded by assistant marshals Perkins; The Grand Tent, composed of delegates from 20 Ch. of the subordinate Tents at Sutton, Potton, and Stanstead; the Trustees of Tents No. 1, 3, 4 and the Berkshire Tent, preceded by assistant marshals Hill; the Washingtonians and friends of Temperance.

The exercises in the meeting-house were commenced with music by the choir, the words selected from the Rechabite Songster were of touching interest and admirably sung. An appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Ward was seconded by another piece of music by the choir.

Mr. Moor then arose and delivered a discourse well suited to the occasion, and deeply interesting to all engaged in the cause of Rechabism and Total Abstinence. Crippin then, as had been requested, proceeded, as he said for the first time in his life, to deliver a written address. If that was the Captain's first experiment, may he try again, for in our humble opinion we have seldom listened to an address displaying more elegance of composition with real feeling.

After music by the choir, and a benediction by Rev. Mr. Ward, the procession having resumed its former arrangement, returned to the Hall where the members separated until called together to partake of a dinner served in the Bower on the common. At half after three, the table was filled, the upper division being occupied by the Grand Tent, and the remainder by ladies and gentlemen promiscuously. Much hilarity and good feeling seemed to prevail at table, and after several volunteer toasts, the company arose to make way for others whose appetites were in no degree lessened by an hour's delay.

The furnisher of the entertainment, Mr. Wm. Perkins, a zealous and active member of Tent No. 2, deserves much credit for his untiring exertions in behalf of Rechabism, having recently erected for the comfort of his Tribe the neat and commodious building known as the new Rechabite Hall.

The adjournment of the Grand Tent, which opened at 6 o'clock, P. M., closed the exercises of a day long to be remembered by every true-hearted Rechabite and son of Temperance.

At 6 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday the 17th of June, 1848, the Canada East Grand Tent of Rechabites went into session under the following officers:

Benj. Seaton, G. P., W. H. Dow, D. G. P., J. C. Dyer, G. F. S., James Jellyman, G. R. S.

Having passed the resolutions necessary for the government of the subordinate Tents during the ensuing quarter, it was resolved that reports of the day's proceedings be furnished the Montreal Temperance Advocate, Stanstead Journal, Missisquoi News, and the Gleaner.

Also resolved that the first Thursday in September 1848 be appointed as the day for a general Rechabite and Temperance celebration at Sutton Flats, the quarterly session of the Grand Tent being at that place on the same day. JAMES JELLYMAN, G. R. S. By order of BENJ. SEATON, G. P.

THE JOURNAL.

STANSTEAD, JULY 13, 1848.

The news by the Cambria, a synopsis of which we gave last week, shows France to be far from a state of quietude and repose. It seems that there is still a powerful party in favor of an empire, and the name of Louis Bonaparte is shouted by the same fickle populace, which, two months ago, vociferated for Lamartine. The same reaction that followed the first revolution, has come; and none will be surprised to see France, "unstable as water," reel again into the arms of a despotism as untrammelled as that of Louis Philippe. The only hesitation apparent in the minds of many of the populace, is a choice between the legitimists and an empire—looking upon the republic as already virtually extinct. A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Paris, says:

"The first of the Pretenders who has stepped openly on the scene of action, is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the prisoner of Ham.—Four departments have chosen him as National Representative, and after two days of parliamentary debates and street riots, their choice has been confirmed by the National Assembly. To-day he is to take his place as a member of that body, and, since a noisy demonstration is again expected on this occasion, the troops are marching, the drums are rolling, the orderlies spring hither and thither and the blouse-men, and gamins swarm together. At every street corner his picture is sold to crowds of buyers, and the cry 'Vive Napoleon' is everywhere heard. Four new Bonapartist journals have already been established. Pamphlets and loose sheets, that make a great man of him, are rather given away than bought—old officers of the Imperial Army talk glory to the groups—the laborers are told, that the Prince possesses two

thousand millions francs in property, which he will immediately place at the disposition of France, and make everybody rich at once—the Army, which finally feels a desire to play some other part than to be quietly shot down in Algiers by the Bedouins, or in Paris by the men of the barricades, greets him with enthusiasm as a glorious remembrance and a brilliant hope—the Bourgeois, who, before all things, wish to have quiet and order, and who remember with pleasure, the mastery order which prevailed under the iron hand of the Emperor, are not precisely discontented—and thus all—citizens, soldiers, workmen, students, blouse-men and gamins—'hoor, Vive l'Empereur!'

Under these auspices Louis Napoleon appears on the stage. Surrounded by experienced counsellors and skilful agents, richer than the republic, which is now very poor, he has an easy play, in opposition to a weak, incapable government, and an exhausted, divided National Assembly; and should it remain the determination of the Committee who draft the Constitution, that the future President shall be chosen by the universal suffrage of all the citizens of France, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will be first elected—and after that he has been President three years, it will be but a short step to an Emperor. Thus matters stand at present—not very consolatory, but what is to be done? We have trembled forty-three years under a monarchy—the whole generation has grown up in monarchical ideas—there is a visible lack of Republicans, and without Republicans no genuine Republic can be founded."

A Week Later from Europe.

The Steamship Caledonia, Capt. Leitch, from Liverpool June 24, arrived at Halifax on Thursday, and the express steamer Gen. Jackson, with some copies of the European Times of the day of the Caledonia's sailing, left Halifax immediately after the arrival of the Caledonia, and arrived at this port on Saturday at one P. M.

The accounts by the Caledonia are by no means such as to remove the apprehension of further political troubles in Europe. In one quarter, things look comparatively favorable. The British Islands are quiet; Chartism has shown no signs of increased activity or self-confidence in England, while Ireland is no more "ripe for rebellion" than what may now be regarded as her normal and uniform state. On the Continent matters wear a different aspect. France has assumed a more threatening attitude, both toward herself and her neighbors. The Government have manifestly lost confidence in themselves, a very bad symptom. They vacillate, and show a disposition to take the mere chance of the day, and worry through the twenty-four hours by temporary expedients, rather than to march on steadily to their precise ultimate object, regardless of little rubs and hitches. A Government of expedients cannot last long.

Bonapartism seems to be in the ascendant. The adventurer Louis Napoleon is clearly capable of doing mischief,—not so much by any inherent strength of his own, as by the want of energy and tact in the members of the government who oppose and dread him. By a few blunders on their part, he may do much mischief, possibly a very brilliant piece of mischief, and provided it be brilliant, the mob of Paris will not be slow to cheer him on.—It would be worse than idle, to predict, at this moment, whether he is to greet us from the Tuilleries or the obelisk of Vincennes. A breath may unmake him as a breath hath made.

The French want bread to eat; yet they dream of war and glory, and have already begun to project schemes of conquest and territorial aggrandizement. A plea is not wanting. Charles Albert aims at the crown of Northern Italy. The French cannot sit still and see the Kingdom of Sardinia doubled in strength; they must keep the balance in its old poise by seizing upon Savoy.—Such is the language that has already found a semi-official utterance, and such to a great extent is the popular feeling. There is no lack of motives and pretexts for a general European war.

An anxious eye, meantime, is cast upon Russia. This gigantic power sits impreguably intrenched amid her icy barriers, and her European outposts bristling with cannon and bayonets.

"And hushed in grim repose, expects her evening prey." The convulsions of France, Italy and Germany are not lost upon her. Havoc, and spoil and ruin are her gain. The first French revolution brought her armies into the fairest capitals of Western Europe. She is now watching the development of the second act in the great drama. With everything to gain and nothing to lose in the general overturn, she may calculate her chances and strike for herself at the critical moment. The bug of the bear is not easily thrown off.

Wallachia is said to be invaded by the Russian armies. That province is nominally independent, though its governors are appointed by the Ottoman Porte. Russia has generally claimed the privilege of interfering for the protection of the inhabitants, a plausible excuse can hardly be wanting in the present unsettled state of things. The Muscovite policy is Argus-eyed, and allows neither Turk nor Christian to move unobserved with-

in its range of vision. Who, at the present moment, can avoid calling to mind the dubious vaticination of Napoleon—"In twenty years, Europe will be either Cossack or Republican!"

✂ We would recommend all those in want of good writing Ink, to try BRIGGS' Indestructible Black Writing Fluid, which for beauty and durability is unequalled by any we have ever used. It may be obtained of Messrs. French & Baxter, Derby Line.

✂ We learn that another arrest of counterfeiter was made in Barnston a day or two since, by High Constable Clark and Andrew Young, Jr. John Johnson, an old offender, and who has for some time bid defiance to the officers of justice, together with a man named Moulton (we believe) were secured, and are now in Sherbrooke Jail.

✂ The election at Griffin's Corner, to fill a vacancy in the Municipal Council, was very warmly contested. John Gilman and Levi Bigelow, were the nominees. The Poll was closed last (Tuesday) evening, but we have not heard the result, although the probabilities were altogether in favor of Mr. Bigelow's election at the latest accounts.

The Montreal papers quote a further decline in the price of flour, Superfine for shipment having changed hands at 23s. 9d., a 24s Extra superfine at 21s. 3d. a 24s. 6d. per barrel, and fine for consumption at 22s. 6d. a 23s. 9d.

✂ On Saturday week, the Court of Queen's Bench for the district of Montreal decided that the precedence of a Judge is incident to his office, and beyond the control of the Executive. This decision gives Judges Day and Smith precedence over Mr. Justice Beland, who has dissented, and refused to take his seat.

✂ Messrs. J. B. Shurtleff, Jonathan Foss Jr. and Ozzro Merrill, were elected School Commissioners for the Municipality of Stanstead, at the meeting held at Griffin's Corner on the 3d instant.

A fellow wishing admission to a show, demanded a ticket at half price, giving as a reason that he could see with only one eye.

Temperance Notice.

Mr. J. P. COFFIN, General Temperance Agent for the State of Vermont, from Cooperstown, N. Y., will lecture at St. Johns Church, Derby Line, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, 22d and 23d instants, at 1 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend. From the reputation of the lecturer, we feel authorized to guarantee a rich treat to all.

R. V. HALL,

For Committee.

Derby Line, July 10, 1848.

The erroneous impression that a great variety of medicines are necessary to conquer as many seemingly various maladies, is fast giving way to more rational views. All medicine, to be effective, must enter the blood and must flow with it to every part of the body. The effect the medicine produces is a general effect, extending over the whole system, though it may be manifested outwardly at a particular organ. There is no such thing as a purely local effect produced, except by the use of active poisons. As well might it be required to eat a separate dish in order to furnish each particular part of the body, as to require a different remedy for every apparently different ailment. The truth is, all diseases arise from one cause, acting in different parts of the body. This doctrine is so self-evident that but few at the present day dispute it.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills remove this cause wherever it is located, because they enter the circulation and aid the salutary workings of nature to expel the offending matter.

These celebrated Pills are for sale by T. C. Butler, and by Agents in each town in Canada. 143

The Rev. Dr. Wm. Bacon, of Dividing Creek, N. J. says: "Having been made acquainted with the ingredients composing Dr. Jayne's Cathartic Balm, I believe it to be a very happy combination, and a useful medicine in many complaints which almost constantly occur in our country, such as bowel affections of children, colics, cramps, looseness, dyspeptic disorders of the stomach, coughs and affections of the breast, together with all those diseases attended with sourness of the stomach, and believe that physicians will often find it a useful remedy in their hands, and one that is proper for domestic use, and can be put into the hands of persons at large with perfect safety.

For sale by T. C. Butler, Derby Line. 133

MARRIED.

In Barnston, on the 10th inst. by License, by Rev. James Green, Mr. Thomas Marsh to Miss Lucia Wheeler.

At Derby, Vt., on the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Meriam, Mr. Benjamin Bates, of Derby, Vt., and Miss Maryetta Blake, of Stanstead.

NOTICE.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the first of June, one three year old heifer, (light brindle). The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

MICHEL LARK.

Barnston, June 23, 1848. 141

LOST.

ON the 8th inst., between Derby Line and Page's Tavern, head of the lake, a Gold Pencil, being a present from a relative to a young lady who values it very highly. If left with Samuel Reed, Derby Line, the finder will be suitably rewarded.

Derby Line, July 10, 1848. 141

American Nails.

500 Lbs. just received and for sale cheaper for cash than ever before sold in this market. Also a supply of Norway NAIL RODS.

HAYING TOOLS.

A Good assortment on hand, and will be sold cheaper than ever for cash.

SALERATUS.

2000 lbs. First Quality, for sale low for cash—8 lbs. for 50 cents. KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co. Stanstead Plain, July 10, 1848.

DIED.

In this town, on the 10th instant, Ethelinda Mack, wife of Silas Mack, in the 68th year of her age.

At Barnston, on the first instant, Lydia H. only child of S. H. and Lucina Flanders, aged thirteen months and seven days.

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, Derby Line, Vt., June 30, 1848.

Aldrich, Lewis
Abbott, Augustus
Ayer, Carlton 2
Andrews, Nelson
Allen & Taylor
Alexander, Simpson
Abbott, Philip
Aldrich, Ezra
Burpee, Baily C
Blake, Israel
Brown, Jerusha
Blake, Sarah
Brown, Benjamin H
Beebe, Calvin 2
Bellows, John
Blunt, Moses
Burbeck, Willard M 2
Bartlett, John
Buckland, Harry
Ball, Jasper
Boyle, Wm
Bishop, Merit
Brown, Aaron 2
Brown, Daniel
Baldwin, Mary A
Baker, Harriet E 2
Bowen, Daniel
Barrett, Thomas R
Bates, W B
Bodwell, Mrs Mary
Bowen, Jeremiah
Burlitt, Mrs Alvia E
Boynton, Elvira
Boynton, Wesley J
Brainerd, T G
Blake, Isaac A
Bragg, Joseph
Broderick, Michael
Boynton, Lewis
Barrell, Wm
Berry, Albert A
Baeholder, Jacob
Brady, George
Beebe, Anson
Burroughs, David
Blair, Hiram
Barry, David
Bacon, Jared
Baudoux, Alexi
Benson, Ellis J
Baker, Joel
Bodley, Alexander
Bodget, Alvah
Barnard, D
Barns, Samuel C
Blodget, Joshua
Chase, Jacob Jr
Chapman, Mrs Albert
Caswell, Seth
Conant, Samuel M
Cros, J
Cass, Erastus
Carpenter, E H
Champagne, Joseph
Cummings, Emily E
Cobb, Zenas
Cleaveland, Caleb
Currier, Joseph M
Curry, Fanny
Croiss, Lois
Call, S N R
Cleaveland, Levi
Cunningham, James
Conant, Maria A
Cowan, Owen
Clark, Hiram
Cleford, Lamos L
Cleford, Laurety
Cook, Nathaniel Jr
Carter, E
Cooper, Francis
Converse, Sarah
Corry, Barza
Crosby, Susan C
Clarke, Lucy
Davis, Aurelia
Durky, Sheldon
Dresser, Ruth
Dell, Simon 2
Daniels, Joseph
Darling, Ann
Dimmick, Priscilla
Deccauteuse, Frasis
Dearborn, Celinda
Day, Luke
Davis, Wm
Drew, Sebra H
Dustin, Jonathan
Davis, Hiram
Davis, Israel B
Dresser, Clarissa
Dustin, Francis
Eaton, Elisha
Eldridge, Freeman
Eaton, Samuel S
Emery, Moses
Ellis, William
Fox, Winthrop
Farrington, Mary
Fabe, Michael
Faynant, Thomas 2
Flanders, Philip
Foord, Joseph
Farrington, Mary
Frye, Mary
Frye, Hermon
Foster, Charles
Fills, C A
Goodenough, C
Grove, Louis
Godfrey, Moses L
Goddard, Phoebe
Goes, Allen C 2
Gault, Sarah S
Gahan, Clarissa
Grow, Ellen A
Goff, Eli W
Griffin, Moses
Griffin, Remond T
Gould, Elmina
Gay, Guideon

Jones, Geo L
Jackson, Andrew
Jenkins, Calista
Jennison, Samuel
Kenneson, John
Kelley, John 2
Kathan, Carlton C
Knight, Charles S 2
Knowlton, Lee
Knapp, Wm
Kenney, Mary
Knapp, Ward
Ladon, Betsey 2
Lewis, William
Lacy, Timothy
Lacause, Charles
Lougee, John
Little, Almira H
Lafleur, Antoine
Lebaron, Horace
Little, Thomas
Little, Eliphalet
Lough, Mary
Little, Jonathan M
Leach, Charles
Lincoln, Wm G
Lee, Daniel
Lovell, John
Lunt, Johnson
Lee, Aladen
Livingston, John
Moshier, Jesse
Mottelhor, Jane
Merrill, John
Merrill, Israel
Merrill, George C
Miller, Rufus
Miller, Valeria
May, Maria
Moore, Wm
Moshier, Jene
Moreau, Peter
Moore, Daniel
Moulton, James F
Miles, Washington
Middletown, John
Murphy, Edmund
Murdock, D
McQuestion, Dr
Murry, Ralph
Murray, William
McClary, Mrs Andw
Maner, George
McClintick, James
Moore, Robert
McKechnie, Archd
Matthews, George
Manning, Henry B
Moore, John D 2
Moulton, Lydia M
Myers, Eliza I
Moulton, N G
Martelle, Siren
Mason, Joseph
Newton, Henry
Norton, Mary H
Norton, Amelia
Nelson, W L
O'Malley, Patrick
Pierce, John F
Powers, M R
Peasley, Hiram
Pope, Alonzo
Peaselee, Annis
Prouty, J A
Pevey, Lifard
Perkins, Silas 2
Patner, Joseph
Paige, Mary
Pierce, John
Page, Warren
Pierce, Nathan
Peavey, Joseph L
Parker, Ammi J
Putnam, Royal
Perrault, Louis
Putney, Sarah M
Parker, Lucinda W
Quimby, Trustram
Richard, Lyman
Russell, Sarah J
Rogers, William
Rand, John
Redway, David
Reynolds, Martin 2
Rankin, Joseph
Richardson, Hannah P
Rankin, Andrew
Rockwell, Adelia
Ruiter, Thomas
Rose, George H
Reed, Elijah
Sawyer, Edward T
Smith, Wealthy
Shurtliff, Betsey
Stone, Eliza H
Smith, Lewis D
Sprague, Persis N
Stems, C H 2
Sterns, Louisa
Sherin, Nicholas
Small, Sophia
Sawyer, Edward F
Sabins, F H 2
Smith, John
Spendlove, Rosina
Sampson, Martha L
Somers, George
Snell, John
Stow, Thomas
Spafford, Geo F
Scaries, Susan F
Smith, Lucy
Smith, Mary
Stevens, Wm
Smith, Moses
Shaw, Gilman
Shurtliff, John
Sutton, Nancy
Sivright, Wm
Stiles, Roswell

Gilman, Samuel
Hoyt, Nason Jr
Ham, Margaret
Hill, Isaac
Hunter, Wm S
Haseltine, Harriet
Hanson, Harriet M
Heath, Hannah M
Hoag, Andrew
Harvell, James
Humphrey, Calvin J
Hubbard, Thomas
Harford, Amos E S
Hammond, Polly
Hunt, Orin
Hirsch, Wm E
Hanning, Henry B 2
Hubbard, Lydia Ann
Hudson, Deidama
Hunt, W S
Hayes, Rolard
Harvey, Mary J
Hady, Julia D
Hopkins, H
Hodley, John
Hackett, Emeline P
Huntington, L S
Hall, Samuel
Holmes, D D 2
Harvey, Samuel P
Harvey, Morris
House, Hiram
Horn, John
Ives, Emily C
Jones, T

Insurance Policies.

Atkinson, Moses
Austin, Benjamin
Austin, John Jr
Ayers, Carlton
Austin, J & J
Atwood, Don E
Austin, Amos
Boynton, Gardner
Brown, Isaac
Bryant, Frederick P
Bullock, Wm
Brown, Amos
Baldwin, George J
Bryan, James
Bryan, Abraham
Briant, Halsey
Carrick, John
Currie, Nathan M
Channell, John A
Comte, Amos Kezar
Cass, Thomas
Cox, Joseph Jr 2
Curtis, Hiel
Cooper, Francis
Caswell, Ezra
Daily, Selah
Dolloff, Josiah
Flanders, James H C
Fish, Lemuel
Geer, Chester
Gordon, Isaac Jr
Griffin, Moses
Hovey, Ebenezer
Harvey, John

E. G. JOHNSON, P. M.

AGRICULTURAL NOTICE.

To the Officers and Committee of Management of the Agricultural Society of the County of Stansstead:

YOU are requested to meet at the Inn of A. T. BANGS, Stansstead Plain, on Saturday the 22d inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of transacting the general business of the Society. By order,
L. K. BENTON, Sec'y.
Stansstead, July 4, 1848. 140w3

New Store at Griffin's Corner.

SAMUEL TICEHURST

HAS just received from Montreal an assortment of NEW GOODS, such as are usually to be found in general country Stores.

The Stock being entirely new, and being sold for "Pay Down," the public may rely on receiving good bargains in fresh Goods. July 4th, 1848.

STRAYED,

ABOUT the 30th ult., a pair of Red Yearling STEERS. Whoever will give information to the subscriber where they may be found, shall be suitably rewarded.
H. HASELTINE.
Hatley, June 28, 1848. 140

A MARKET FOR WOOL.

JOHN CHRISTIE will exchange all kinds of Goods and Factory Cloth for any quantity of Wool. He has just received a first rate assortment of WINTER and SPRING Cloths, which comprise light and dark Greys, Drabs, striped and plain Cassimere, plain Greys, &c. &c.
The highest market price paid for Wool.
Stansstead Bazaar, Feb. 1848.

NEW BONNETS.

FINE Florence, Rutland, Pedal, Gimp and Lace Bonnets, just received by
GILMAN & HOLMES.
June 7.

SHEETING, Ticking, Drilling, Wadding, Batting and Yarn, as low as the lowest, at
FOSTER & Co.'s.
June 6, 1848.

The deep, husky, hollow cough of the victim of consumption may be speedily and effectually checked by the use of that admirable English remedy, Dr. Buchanan's Hungarian Balsam of Life.
From Abner Allen, Esq. Palmer Depot, Mass: In every case where the Hungarian Balsam has had a fair trial, the result has been perfectly satisfactory; and from the evidence which I have of its virtues in the various diseases for which it is recommended, I do not hesitate to pronounce it a very superior medicine. You may count on a large sale in this quarter.
For sale by T. C. Butler, Derby Line. 1031y

From the Rev. Jonathan Going, late of New York: Dr D. Jayne, Dear Sir—Having made use of your Carminative Balsam in my family, and finding it to be admirably adapted to the complaints for which it is intended, I take pleasure in recommending it to the use of my friends and the public generally, believing those who are afflicted with any of these complaints will find relief in the use of this valuable medicine.
JONATHAN GOING, D. D.,
President of Granville College, Ohio.
Sold by T. C. Butler, Derby Line. 133y1

Important to All.

DO medicines cure diseases? Or do they merely assist nature in overcoming diseased action? Is the life in the blood? and is the power to resist diseased action derived from the blood? If so, why lessen the power by abstraction or by poison? Common sense forbids either. Follow nature in her salutary efforts but use no remedy that will further weaken the powers of life. What is the natural indication in all diseases?—To equalize the deranged action, restore healthy secretion and cleanse the blood from those morbid accumulations which have been the primary cause of all the disturbance. How shall these indications be fulfilled?—

Ans.—In sudden and severe cases, by bathing the feet and legs in hot or warm water, mustard poultices to the feet, free draughts of hot thoroughwort tea, and then free and full doses of Brandreth's Pills.
Why are Brandreth's Pills preferable to any other cathartic medicines? Because no other combination of vegetable substances as yet known, will produce the same salutary effects on the system, and assist nature so admirably in resisting the influence of disease, and restore healthy action without weakening the patient. Consequently, wherever the value of them is known, no family will be without them, for no other medicine possesses the same properties. Yet I am aware that many, yes, very many articles are spread out before the public, some in pillages—some in syrups and sarsaparillas, &c.; with many forged testimonials to their miraculous cures and magic operations, by men, many of whom I know to be totally ignorant of medical science or diseased action; and I speak from knowledge in saying that their pills generally contain more or less poisonous minerals; their lozenges and other worm medicines, corrosive sublimate; and their sarsaparillas, Iodine; so that although diseased action may be for the present changed, yet those who take them will carry a poison in their blood that is liable to be developed in some future disease that may hurry them to a premature grave. I speak from knowledge again in saying, that Brandreth's Pills contain nothing but the very purest of vegetable preparations, and no harm can result from the daily use of them for any period of time and as harmless for a babe as for an adult. Read the pamphlets, and prove them, and you will esteem your knowledge a treasure.
JAMES LULL, M. D.
General Agent.
Sold by Spalding, Jones & Gates, Foster & Co., Knight & Kilborn, B. Hubbard, J. S. & H. House.

Hurrah for Our Side! THE OLD YELLOW STORE IS

LOOKING first rate! and the inside is filled to the brim with a splendid stock of Goods. Just step in and you will see the Goods sticking out all round on the shelves, under the counter, on the counter, lying down, hanging up, on boxes, in barrels, up stairs, down cellar, piled up, laying round loose and "sitting in" every place, and what is more, ALL SO CLEAR that they can't lay still—they go off like dew before the sun.

Now take notice the whole world, all of Canada and part of Vermont, that for the BEST BARGAINS and the BEST GOODS, the Old Yellow Store is THE place—no mistake!
Rock Island, June 20, 1848.

WHEAT FOR SALE.

150 BUSHELS of good Wheat for sale, at \$1.50 per bushel, by JOHN GILMAN.
Stansstead, 28th June, 1848. 133

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Farmers Mutual Insurance Company, Office at Granville, Washington County, New York.

THIS Company is incorporated by an act of the N. York Legislature, and have been doing business under their present improved system three years the 15th of last May, during which time, as it appears from their last annual report, they have done the following business:
Whole number of Policies issued in 3 years, 20,304
Whole amount insured in the same, \$17,232,158.00
Whole amount of Premium Notes, 208,342.67
Whole amount of Receipts, 60,517.89
Whole amount of Losses and expenses paid, 42,794.38
Balance in favor of Company May 15, 1848, 17,232,571

which has accumulated without ever assessing their Premium Notes.

The 3d year this company issued 11,796 Policies, being about 4000 more than was ever before issued in the United States by a Mutual Insurance Company, in one year.

This Company insures none but the safest kind of property, and at a much lower rate than is adopted by any other company, settling all matters of difference by arbitration in the County where the loss happens.

It appears from the rapid increase of business, and unparalleled success of this company that they are destined to supercede all other institutions of the kind.

The subscriber has done an extensive business as Agent for the last year and a half in Vermont and Canada East, and he has paid all losses by fire where he has insured, promptly and without arbitration. He intends giving the Farmers of the Eastern Townships an opportunity to avail themselves of the benefits of insuring in this liberal company. Those wishing to insure in this company before the agent has had an opportunity to call upon them, will please send in their names to T. C. Butler, Esq., Derby Line, Vt.

The subscriber has also been engaged in obtaining Pensions and Bounty Lands of the Government of the United States for the last five years, and will assist any claimant on the most liberal terms, charging nothing for his services where he does not succeed.

S. D. KIMBALL,
Insurance and Pension Agent.

Barton, June 7, 1848. 137

TEAS! New Chops and low rates at the
OLD YELLOW.
June 20, 1848.

Cheap Side, No. 1.

COME to GILMAN & HOLMES, and see what Great Bargains can be had for Cash or approved credit; come and see for yourselves.
MILL SAWS and Nail Rods for sale by
GILMAN & HOLMES.

CLOSING SALE AT THE MONTREAL DRY GOODS STORE. SELLING OFF AT COST.

THE Subscriber begs leave to intimate to the Public, that on Monday next, the 3d of July, he will commence to sell off the Stock which is on hand at the Montreal Dry Goods Store, at Cost, in order to clear off every article which is on hand, and also to enable him to close the business, which he intends doing in the course of 5 or 6 weeks.
SAMUEL GREGSTON.
Stansstead Plain, June 26th, 1848.

G. W. BELL Has just returned from Quebec, with a variety of superior Stock.
Lasts and Shoe Pegs for sale.
Stansstead, June 24, 1848.

A. G. STARRETT

HAS removed his Furniture Shop one door North of the Rock Island Hotel, where he will be happy to wait on all who may favor him with their custom.—He assures the public generally, that he will sell

of the best quality, as cheap as it can be bought and freighted from New York or Boston. All kinds of Produce will be received in payment.
Stansstead, June 20, 1848.

The Royal Morgan,

NOW owned by the Northern Morgan Horse Association, may be found at the Stable of T. WYNN, Derby Line, during the present season. Terms—\$8 for a foal without discrimination. For further particulars, enquire for Lewis Larrabee, agent for the Company on the stand.
Stansstead, June 20, 1848. 138

SHEETINGS, Tickings, Yarn, and all kinds of domestic Cottons, cheaper than ever, at
June 20, 1848. BAXTER, HASKELL & Co.

To Merchants and Traders.

WE take this opportunity to say to all that are purchasing Goods, that we have established ourselves in the Wholesale Commission Business, and are also Storing and Forwarding Agents for any that may wish. We have a complete and general assortment of
W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES;
also AMERICAN HARDWARE,
consisting of Shovels, Spades, Hoes and Forks of all kinds. Also a large stock of Domestic Goods, such as
Sheetings, (stout and fine);
Shirtings; Ticks; Drills;
Batting; Wicking; Wadding;
Yarn; Twine and Carpet Yarns;
Likewise Wooden Ware:
Tubs, Pails, Brooms, Boxes, Mats, &c. &c.

SOLE LEATHER AND BOOTS.
The above being intended for the Canada Trade, have been selected with great care. We invite all wishing to purchase any of the above, to call and examine for themselves; and we feel confident in saying that we can make the Goods and Prices satisfactory.
FRENCH & BAXTER.
Derby Line, Vt., June 20, 1848.

FRESH ARRIVAL.

Saturday, June 17, 1848.
THE subscribers have this day received a fresh lot of elegant MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, and other DRESS GOODS, and a large lot of beautiful Summer Shawls, which they will sell cheaper for cash than have ever before been sold in this market. Please call and see.
KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co.

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS!

Rock Island, June, 1848.

GILMAN & HOLMES, RESPECTFULLY inform their Friends and the Public, that they have entered into Copartnership, and will transact business, at Prices to suit the emergency of the Times, in the Store formerly occupied by J. G. Gilman & Co., where they will keep on hand, a large and varied assortment of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, HARDWARE, READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER, HATS, BONNETS, ROOM PAPER, and every article usually kept in a country Store, a large portion of which they have just received from Boston, New York and Montreal, which are of the first quality, and most approved styles.
Persons wishing to Purchase will best consult their own interest by calling at the above Store, when they will be convinced that our Goods, Prices and Terms, are as least equal to any other Establishment in the Townships.—
J. G. GILMAN,
G. R. HOLMES.

BRITANNIA

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL £1,000,000 STERLING.
ANNUAL INCOME, £290,000 stg.

THE rates of the BRITANNIA are lower than those of any other safe and established Office doing business in Canada. The subscriber solicits a comparison of the rates of the "Britannia" with those of the "Colonial" or any other Assurance Office.—For copious tables of the rates of the Britannia Company, reference may be made to the Montreal and Quebec Gazettes. Prospectuses, and every information can be had of the subscriber, at the Head Office, No. 49, Great St. James Street, Montreal, or from either of the undersigned Medical Referees, at Sherbrooke and Stansstead.
J. H. MAITLAND,
Agent for Canada.

MEDICAL REFEREES.
Dr. J. B. JOHNSTON, Sherbrooke.
Dr. JOSEPH BREADON, Stansstead.

JOHN CHRISTIE, STANSTEAD BAZAAR,

HAS RETURNED FROM MONTREAL—With a most Splendid Assortment of

SUMMER GOODS,

WHICH he is determined cannot be undersold for Cash anywhere.
If the LADIES will honor him with a call just to examine the beauty and variety, they will find plenty of willing hands to wait upon them.

Every description of Gents. Wearing Apparel, to suit the most fastidious.
The prices, without doubt, lower than ever before, for cash. Just step in and see!
Stansstead Plain, June, 1848.

Fresh Arrival, June, 1848.

FOSTER & Co.

AT their new premises one door South of the Old Stand, have just received a fresh assortment of Seasonable GOODS, which they will sell as low as the lowest. They would merely say that their stock is quite complete in

Dry Goods, Crockery, Glass & Hard WARES, and in fact almost every article usually kept in a country store, except Liquors.

KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co., ARE NOW RECEIVING FROM MONTREAL—A VERY GENERAL ASSORTMENT of Seasonable New Goods,

To which the attention of the Public is respectfully invited.

N. B. Prices as Cheap as the Cheapest.
Stansstead Plain, June 6, 1848.

Dissolution.

SPALDING, FOSTER & CO. would inform their friends and the public, that they have dissolved their co-partnership in trade, and earnestly invite their late customers to call and settle all accounts. The Books will be found alternately with each of us at our respective places of business.
LEVI SPALDING,
AUSTIN T. FOSTER.
Stansstead, May 10, 1848. 132

NOTICE.

THE subscribers would inform their friends and the public, that they have formed a Co-partnership in Trade and Merchandize, under the name and firm of
SPALDING, JONES & GATES,

and will continue the business at the old stand of Spalding, Foster & Co., on the same liberal terms as heretofore done by them, and would respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage which has been so generously bestowed on their predecessors.
LEVI SPALDING,
J. M. JONES,
H. E. GATES.
Stansstead, (Rock Island,) May 8, 1848.

LOOKING Glasses at prices varying from 10 cents to \$6, at
GILMAN & HOLMES.

MAY 1, 1848!

FRESH ARRIVAL:

KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co., HAVE just received from Boston a large lot of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., of the LATEST STYLES!

ALSO, received and to arrive in a few days 12 Tons of Merchandize,

Comprising in part 10,000 yds American SHEETINGS of different qualities.
1000 Yards TICKINGS,
1000 Yards DRILLINGS,
Batting, Wadding, Summer Stuffs, and a great variety of other Domestic and Foreign

DRY GOODS.

Also, a general assortment of American HARDWARE; and the largest, best and cheapest stock of Teas, Tobacco, Snuff, Raisins, Coffee, Rice, &c. &c.

ever brought to this market.

Cash buyers will please bear in mind that the best bargains going can be obtained at Knight, Kilborn & Co.'s, Stansstead Plain.

N. B. Knight Kilborn & Co. are selling off their old stock at very much reduced prices, in order to clear the way for fresh arrivals. Good fast colored Prints for 12 1-2 cents per yard. Lots of Cashmere, de Laines and Muslin dresses at cost prices. Please call and see.

NEW GOODS!

SPALDING, JONES & GATES, at the old stand of Spalding, Foster & Co., are now daily receiving

New and Fashionable Goods,

which have been purchased at greatly reduced prices with cash, and will enable them to sell cheap as the cheapest for Cash, Produce or approved credit. Particular regard in the selection of our extensive stock of Goods, both in Boston and Montreal, will enable us to make the most accommodating terms to customers.—Purchasers are respectfully invited to give us a call.
Rock Island, May 24, 1848.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given, that the Partnership between Knowlton & Goff expired on the 1st day of April last, and by mutual consent dissolved. The demands are in the hands of Lee Knowlton for settlement. All persons having open accounts with said Co. and also those who are indebted by Note, are requested to settle the same at their earliest convenience.
LEE KNOWLTON,
E. W. GOFF.

Belton, May 10, 1848.

The subscriber continues the Manufacturing Business at the Magog Co's Factory, and has on hand

5000 Yards of Cloth,

consisting of common cloths, Kerseymeres, Satinets, Tweeds, Flannels, &c., all of which will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for Wool, Grain, or most kinds of Provisions, on liberal terms.

Thankful for past favors, the subscriber hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
LEE KNOWLTON.
Belton, May 10, 1848. 134

GOOD BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS.

WE think our variety and style of Goods is such that we can say with confidence—"Good Bargains" for you. We will not boast of what we cannot do, but our prices will be found as low as the lowest, and our terms liberal. CASH is always a friendly customer. Butter, Feathers, Grain, and most kinds of Produce, will find a good market with us.

SPALDING, JONES & GATES.
Rock Island, May 30, 1848.

JUST RECEIVED,

BAXTER, HASKELL & Co. have just received from Boston, a large and beautiful assortment of

Bonnets, Ribbons, Wreaths, &c., all of the latest style, which they are selling very low.
May 18, 1848.

Miss J. A. TAYLOR, Milliner and Dress-Maker,

At the Rock Island Hotel, TAKES this method to inform the public that she has just received the latest SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS, and is now prepared to execute work in the above line in the latest and most approved style.
Rock Island, May 12, 1848. 133wxi

Bonnets! Bonnets!

A SPLENDID lot of Bonnets, Wreaths, Ribbons, &c., cheap! cheap!! at
FOSTER & Co.'s.
May 23, 1848.

FOR SALE.

A SAW MILL, Log House and Forty Acres of LAND. Enquire of Dr. MONSELL, Beche Plain.

1000 lbs. N. Y. Sole Leather, for sale cheap for cash, by
GILMAN & HOLMES.
June 14, 1848.

25 DOZEN Van Ornum's cast steel Hay Forks, for sale by the dozen, by
GILMAN & HOLMES.
June 13, 1848.

FLOUR for sale at GILMAN & HOLMES'.
June 21, 1848.

A Superior quality of Thick Boots, at
FOSTER & Co.'s.

TEAS! TEAS! cheaper than ever! at
FOSTER & Co.'s.
June 6, 1848.

SOLE & UPPER LEATHER, OF a first rate quality, for sale by
FOSTER & Co.
June 6, 1848.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

WE have just received and intend to keep constantly on hand, a first rate article of Flour.
FOSTER & Co.
Rock Island, June 12, 1848.

30 DOZEN Warner's Scythes, for sale by the dozen, by
GILMAN & HOLMES.
June

Outlet 'Magog,
Stukeley,
Frost Village.