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POETRY.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Strike!
From the silver orient,
Hasteth the jewelled night;—
Peal!
From her footsteps upward,
Streameth the rosy light!

Strike!
To the brow of morning,
Clingeth a sparkling gown;—
Peal!
'Tis the star of Shiloh,
That paused o'er Bethlehem!

Strike!
With the Gabriel anthem,
Mingle your lofty tones;—
Peal!
For the day is brightening
Over the misty zones!

Strike!
Out from tower and turret,
To mountains and the plains;—
Peal!
From the steeple altar,
In loud and joyous strains!

Strike!
For the glorious day-dawn,
To Ephraim's hills that clung;
Peal!
Angels swept their viols,
And sweet hosannas sung.

Strike!
For the lowly infant,
Shadowed by seraph wings;—
Peal!
For the Babe of Judah,
The mighty King of Kings!

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end,
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's
feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates
sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastion with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Spending the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mingre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the
world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art

To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A BAD "FIX."

We had entered the country of the *Artemisia*; and with the exception of snakes, and an occasional sage-cock—rained as the berry upon which he feeds—not an animal was to be seen.

We had encountered the last buffalo, an old bull, three days before. Him we had killed; but the meat was tough and stringy, and taking out the tongue and hump ribs, we had left the remainder of his huge carcass to the wolves. We began to repent of our generosity as we rode farther into the desert. We were already on half-rations of the "jerked," and, as the hunters remarked, dry "chawins" it was. We might ere long be glad of a steak from that same old bull.

As we rode along, threading our way through the wormwood bushes, an antelope sprang up in our path. Half-a-dozen rifles were raised, but before a "head" could be drawn, the shy animal was far beyond range, dashing the white leaves from his shining flanks. The rifles came back to their rest across the pomel of the saddle; while their owners, with looks of disappointment, might be heard apostrophizing the "goat" in not very respectful terms.

About a mile further on, and at some distance to the right, I thought I observed a pronged head disappearing behind a swell of the prairie. My companions were sceptical; and, wheeling out of the trail, I started alone. My horse was fresh and willing, and whether successful or not, I knew that I could easily overtake them by camping time.

I struck directly toward the spot where I had seen the object. It appeared to be only half-a-mile from where I had left the trail.—I found it nearer a mile—a common illusion in the crystal and cloudless atmosphere of these elevated regions.

A curiously formed ridge—a *couteau des prairies* on a small scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thick coat of cacti covered part of its summit; this thicket was the point of my destination. Dismounting, I led my horse slowly up the slope, and on reaching the crest, fastened the lariat to a branch. I then crawled cautiously through the spiky ovals toward the point where I expected to find the game. To my joy, not one antelope, but a brace of these beautiful animals were quietly grazing beyond—but alas! too far beyond for the carry of my rifle. They were full three hundred yards distant, upon a smooth grassy slope without even a sage-bush to serve me as a cover. What was to be done!

I lay for several minutes thinking over the different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking the antelope. Should I imitate their call? Should I hoist the handkerchief?—No; they were too shy—I knew this from the fact that, at short intervals, they threw up their graceful necks and struck the sward with their hoofs, looking wildly around. I have no alternative. I shall steal back to my horse, take the red "MacKinnaw" from my saddle, and display it over the "nopals."

I had come to this resolution, when all at once my eye rested upon a clay-colored line in the prairie, about a hundred yards beyond the point where the animals were feeding.—It was evidently a break in the surface of the plain—a buffalo road, or perhaps the bed of an arroyo. In either case, the very shelter I wanted, and the game was approaching it, step by step, as they fell. The question was now—could I reach this hollow in time; and giving up the plan of spreading my blanket, I resolved to make the attempt. Creeping back out of the thicket, and leaving my horse where I had tied him, I ran along the side of the ridge towards a point where I had noticed it was depressed to the prairie level. On reaching this point, to my surprise I found myself on the bank of a broad arroyo, whose waters, clear and shallow, ran slowly over a bed of sand and gypsum. The banks were low, not over three feet above the surface, except where the ridge impinged upon the stream. Here there was a high bluff, and hurrying down to its base, I entered the channel and commenced wading upward. As I had anticipated, I soon reached a bend, where the stream, after running parallel to the ridge, struck upon a huge rock, and sweeping round to the right, had cannoned the hill. Here I stopped, and looked cautiously over the bank. The antelopes had approached within fifty yards of the arroyo, but they were at least four hundred above my position. They were still quietly cropping the grass; and once more, bending my back, I proceeded up-stream. It was difficult wading. The bed of the arroyo was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to lift my feet with caution lest their splashing might disturb the game. After a weary drag of several hundred yards I came to an *artemisia* bush, that grew solitary upon the top of the bank. "I must be high enough," thought I. I clutched my rifle firmly, bringing it to the level. I then slowly raised myself, and looked through the leaves of the ar-

temisia. I was in the right spot, and, sighting the heart of the buck, I fired. He leaped three feet from the ground, and fell back again a lifeless heap.

I was about to rush forward and secure my prize, when I observed the doe (instead of bounding away, as I expected) run up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body. She was not more than twenty yards from me, and I could plainly see that her look was one of inquiry and bewilderment. All at once she seemed to comprehend the fatal truth, and throwing back her head, commenced uttering the most piteous cries, at the same time running in circles around the dead body of her mate.

I stood wavering between two minds. My first intention was to re-load and kill the doe, but her strange and plaintive cries entered my heart, completely disarming me of all hostile feeling; nay, more, I began to feel remorse for what I had already done. Had I dreamt of witnessing a spectacle so painful as the one before me, I should never have left the trail. "Jerked bull" for a month, and half-rations that, would have been happiness to what I endured as I listened and looked upon this strange scene.

But the mischief was now done. "I have worse than killed her," thought I; "it will be better to despatch her at once, and in this way relieve her of all pain."

Actuated by these principles of a common, but to her fatal, humanity, I rested the butt of my rifle and re-loaded. With a guilty look and faltering hand, I raised the piece and fired. My hand was steady enough to do the work. When the smoke floated aside, I could see the little creature bleeding upon the grass, her head resting upon the body of her murdered mate!

I shouldered my rifle, and was about to move forward, when to my astonishment I found myself held by the feet, and firmly, as if my boots had been screwed into a vice! I made an effort to raise my legs, but could lift neither one nor the other—an effort more violent was equally unsuccessful—a third still more desperate, and losing my balance, I fell back with a splash upon the water. Half-suffocated, I endeavored to recover my upright position. This I easily accomplished, as my knees were already below the surface of the sand, and, in fact, now bent with difficulty.—On my feet again, what could I do? I was still fast as before. I could neither move forward nor backward—to the right or left—and I became sensible that I was gradually going down, deeper and deeper! Then the fearful truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a quicksand!

A feeling of horror ran through me. I renewed my efforts with the energy of desperation. I bent to one side then to the other, almost pulling my knees from their sockets; but my feet—I could not move them an inch. The soft clinging sand had already overtopped my high horse-skin boots, wedging them around my legs so that I vainly endeavored to draw them forth; and I could feel that I was still sinking, slowly but surely, as though some horrid monster was leisurely dragging me downward. The very thought caused me a new feeling of horror, and I cried aloud for help. "To whom? There was no one within miles—no living thing. Yes! the neigh of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking my despair.

I bent forward, as well as my constricted position would allow, and, with pincered fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely touch the surface, and the little hollow I was able to scrape out filled up as quickly as it had been formed.

"A thought occurred to me. 'I will place my rifle between my thighs; horizontally; it may support me for a time.' I looked around for the object. I had dropped it in my first efforts to get free. It was beyond my reach—it had disappeared!

The next thought—"Can I throw my body fat, and thus, by constant exertion, prevent myself from sinking deeper?" No; the surface of the water was two feet above that of the sand. In this position I should have been drowned at once! I proved that by bending forward and resting my hands upon the bottom. The running stream swept my face and shoulders, and I rose again half choked with the water. This last hope had left me; I could think of no other—I made no effort to think. A strange stupor seized upon me—my very thoughts were paralyzed. I knew that I was going mad—for a moment I was mad!

After an interval my senses returned; I made an effort to rouse my mind from this paralysis, in order that I might meet my death, which I now felt was certain, like a man. I stood erect; my eyes had sunk to the prairie level, and rested upon the still bleeding victims of my cruelty; my heart smote me at the sight, and I could not help feeling that my fate was a retribution from God.

With humbled and penitent thoughts I turned my face to heaven, almost dreading that some sign of Omnipotent anger would scowl upon me from above. But no; the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and the blue canopy of the world was without a cloud. I grazed upon it, and prayed with an earnestness

known to the heart only in similar situations. As I continued looking up, an object attracted my attention. It was but a speck when my eye first rested upon it, but every moment it grew larger until, against the sky, I distinguished the outlines of a huge dark bird.—I knew it to be the obscene bird of the plains the buzzard vulture. Whence had it come!—who knows! Far beyond the reach of human eye it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelope, and with broad silent wing was now descending in spiral gyrations to the feast of death. Presently another, and another, and another, and many others, mottled the deep azure, curving and wheeling silently earthward; and then the foremost swooped down upon the bank, and after grazing around, flapped off towards the prey. In a few seconds the surface of the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead animals, and beat their broad wings against each other, and tore out the tongues and eyes with their fetid beaks. And now came gaunt hungry wolves—the white and coyote—stealing from cactus-thickets, and loping, coward-like, over the green swells of the prairie; these drove away the vultures, and dragged forth the carcases with the quickness of thought, and growled, and snarled, and snapped venomously at each other, and licked their blood-clotted jaws with looks of guilty enjoyment.

"Thank heaven! I shall at least be saved from this." I was soon relieved from the level of the bank, and I had looked my last upon the fair green earth; I could see only the white gypsum walls that contained the river, and the water that ran heedless between them. Again I fixed my gaze upon the sky, and with prayerful heart endeavored to resign myself to my fate. In spite of my endeavors, the memory of earthly pleasures, and friends, and home, would come stealing upon me, causing me at intervals to break out into wild paroxysms of grief, and shouting for help, made fresh and fruitless struggles.

During one of these moments my horse again neighed, answering my shouts. A thought struck me: I shall see him before I die. Journeys, shared hardships, had made us known to each other; he would come at my call; the lariat was loosely tied, or the soft cactus would break at a single jerk. Ha! another thought, quick as the former, but far more bright and thrilling, rushed into my mind; a thought—a hope—a plan. I lost not a moment to attempt its execution. I raised my voice to its highest pitch, and cried—"Moro! Moro! Moro!" A loud neigh was my answer—a neigh of recognition that came back quick as an echo. I again shouted—"Proh! Moro! Proh!" I listened with a bounding heart. For a moment there was silence, only a moment, and then came the hollow sounds of the prancing hoof; at first rapid and irregular, as of a steed struggling and rearing to get free, then another neigh, and after that the stroke of the iron heel in a measured and regular gallop. Nearer appeared the sounds—nearer and nearer, until the gallant brute bounded out upon the bank; here he halted, and flinging back his tossed mane, uttered another shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked on every side, snorting loudly. I knew that having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—his usual custom; and holding up my hand, I once more called out the magic words—"Proh! Moro! Proh!"

Now for the first time looking downward, he perceived my head and shoulders above the water; and, stretching himself, he sprang out into the channel, and came towards me. The next moment I held him by the bridle.

There was no time to be lost. I was still going down; and my armpits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand. Reaching up, I caught the lariat, and passing it under the saddle girths, fastened it, in a tight, firm knot. I then looped the trailing-end, making it secure around my body, and across my ribs. I had left enough of the rope, between the bit-ting and the girths, to enable me to check and guide the animal, in case the drag upon my body should become too painful.

All this while, the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about, as well as the nature of the ground upon which he stood; for during the operation he kept lifting his feet, and replacing them alternately, without either plunging or rearing!

My arrangements were at length completed; and with a strange feeling of awe, I gave my horse the signal. Here again the faithful creature bore evidence that he understood the duty he was to perform. Instead of moving off with a start, I felt the rope tighten upon me slowly and gradually, as if it had been drawn by human hands! I experienced the wild delight to feel that, slowly and gradually, too, I was moving!

The lariat cut painfully, and I checked the horse for a moment to re-adjust the thing.—This was done; and giving the signal a second time, I was drawn from the tenacious element and felt myself—a feeling I cannot describe—sailing along the water. I sprang to my feet, with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my brave steed; and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much de-

light as I would have kissed a beautiful girl. He answered my embrace with a low and singular neighing, that told me that I was understood.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it. My boots with their spurs remained in the quicksand; and doubtless, by this time, have reached the granite formation, to be fossilized and thrown up by some future convulsion. I made no attempt to recover them—being smitten with a wholesome dread of the place where I had left them—but mounting my gallant Moro, I was soon scouring across the prairies in the trail of my *compagnons du voyage*.

I reached camp at sundown, where I was met with wondering looks, and such questions as "Did yer kum across the goats?"—"Whar's yer boots?"—"Whether hav ye been a huntin or fishin?"

I answered these questions by relating my adventure; and for that night at least my horse and self were looked upon as the "tallest buffers in that gang." Should the reader ever wander to the Rocky mountains, he may hear the story—much better told—of "that ar feller who wur fetched right out o' his boots."—*A Dublin Magazine.*

An Affecting Incident.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I have often wondered why it is that parents and guardians do not more cordially reciprocate the confidence of children. How hard it is to convince a child that his father or mother can do wrong. Our little people are always our sturdiest defenders. They are loyal to the maxim that 'the king can do no wrong'; and all the monarchs they know are their parents. I heard the other day, from the lips of a distinguished physician, formerly of New York, but now living in elegant retirement in a beautiful country town of Long Island, a touching illustration of the truth of this, which I will here relate.

'I have had,' said the doctor, 'a good deal of experience, in the long practice of my profession in this city, that is more remarkable than anything recorded in the 'Diary of a London Physician.' It would be impossible for me to detail to you the hundredth part of the interesting and exciting things which I saw and heard. That which affected me most of late years, was the case of a boy, not I think, over twelve years of age. I first saw him in the hospital, whither, being poor and without parents, he had been brought to die.

He was the most beautiful boy I ever beheld. He had that peculiar cast of countenance and complexion which we notice in those who are affected with frequent hemorrhage of the lungs. He was very beautiful! His brow was broad, fair and intellectual; his eyes had the deep, interior blue of the sky itself; his complexion was like the lily, tinted just below the cheek bone, with a hectic flush—

"As on consumption's waning cheek,
Mid ruin blooms the rose;"

and his hair, which was soft as floss silk, hung in luxuriant curls about his face. But, oh, what an expression of deep melancholy his countenance wore! so remarkable that I felt certain that the fear of death had nothing to do with it. And I was right. Young as he was, he did not wish to live. He repeatedly said that death was what he most desired; and it was truly dreadful to hear one so young and so beautiful talk like this. "Oh! let me die! let me die! Don't try to save me; I want to die!" Nevertheless, he was most affectionate, and was extremely grateful for everything that I could do for his relief.

I won his heart, but perceived with pain that his disease of the body was nothing to his 'sickness of the soul,' which I could not heal. He leaned upon my bosom and wept, while at the same time he prayed for death. I have never seen one of his years who courted it more sincerely. I tried in every way to elicit from him what it was that rendered him so unhappy; but his lips were sealed, and he was like one who tried to turn his face from something which oppressed his spirit.

It subsequently appeared that the father of this child was hanged for murder in B— county about two years before. It was the most cold-blooded homicide that had ever been known in that section of the country. The excitement raged high; and I recollect that the stake and the gallows vied with each other for the victim. The mob labored hard to get the man out of jail, that they might wreak summary vengeance upon him by hanging him to the nearest tree. Nevertheless, law triumphed, and he was hanged. Justice held her equal scales with satisfaction, and there was much trumpeting of this consummation, in which even the women, merciful, tender-hearted women, seemed to take delight.

Perceiving the boy's life to be waning, I endeavored one day to turn his mind to religious subjects, apprehending no difficulty in one so young; but he always evaded the topic. I asked him if he had said his prayers. He replied—

"Once, always—note, never."

This answer surprised me very much; and I endeavored gently to impress upon his mind that a more devout frame of mind would be

more becoming in him, and with the great necessity of his being prepared to die; but he remained silent.

A few days afterwards I asked him whether he would not permit me to send for the Rev. Dr. B—, a most kind man in sickness who would be of the utmost service to him in his present situation. He declined firmly and positively. Then I determined to solve this mystery, and to understand this strange phase of character in a mere child. "My dear boy," said I, I implore you not to act in this manner. What can so disturb your young mind? You certainly believe there is a God, to whom you owe a debt of gratitude!"

His eye kindled and to my surprise, I may say horror, I heard from his young lips—

"No, I don't believe there is a God!"

Yes, that little boy, young as he was, was an atheist; and he even reasoned in a rational manner for a mere child like him. "I cannot believe there is a God, said he, for if there is a God, he must be merciful and just; and he never, never, never could have permitted my father, who was innocent, to be hanged! Oh, my father! my father!" he exclaimed passionately, burying his face in the pillow, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

I was overcome by my own emotions; but all that I could say would not change his determination; he would have no minister of God beside him—no prayers by his bedside. I was unable, with all my endeavors, to apply any balm to his wounded heart.

A few days after this, I called, as usual, in the morning, and at once saw very clearly, that the little boy must soon depart.

"Willie," said I, "I have got good news for you to-day. Do you think that you can bear to hear it?" "I was really at a loss how to break to him what I had to communicate.

He assented and listened with the greatest attention. I then informed him, as I best could, that, from circumstances which had recently come to light, it had been rendered certain that his father was entirely innocent of the crime for which he had suffered an ignominious death.

I never shall forget the frenzy of emotion which he exhibited at this announcement.—He uttered one scream—the blood rushed from his mouth—he leaned forward upon my bosom—and died!"—*Lady's Book for January.*

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

Let poets consecrate their lays
To holy melancholy,
No poet I, I sing the praise
Of laughter, fun and folly.

King Solomon, the wise of yore,
On due examination,
Pronounced that wisdom was a bore,
And wealth but mere vexation.

Democritus in practice wise,
Lived happy all his years,
By laughing, until both his eyes
O'erflowed with merry tears.

He never sought for pleasures new,
Like the old Hebrew King;
But caught at folly as it flew,
And laughed at everything.

When sorrow fills her goblet up,
And bids you deeply quaff,
Nothing so sure o'ersteps the cup,
As a good hearty laugh.

I know th' unphilosophical,
Who live, think, speak by rule,
In their supreme contempt will call
Poor heedless me, a fool.

But while I have the privilege,
To laugh at all I see,
It ne'er will set my wrath on edge,
That others laugh at me.

Land of Mystery and Gems.

It is stated that Col. Gaines, of Texas, is about to head an exploring expedition to the Gila. Somewhere near the junction of the Colorado of the West with that river, is a sandy region, scantily supplied with brackish water, and backed by sharp mountains, never scaled by the foot of the white man, and this there is some reason for believing to be the "emerald fields" of the Aztec princes. Gov. Berendendez bought a handful of glittering crystals of an Indian from that section of the Gila country. After some years' delay, it occurred to him to submit those beautiful specimens to a French lapidary in Mexico, and after some hesitation and debate, in the course of which Gov. Berendendez began to suspect their value, and ten thousand dollars was offered and received for these precious stones. The purchaser went to France with them.—Berendendez made an attempt to penetrate the exact situation of the country whence they were brought, but the Indian hostilities in that quarter, and his own death, ended the quest. Col. Gaines was his friend, and it is thought has some clue which leads him to attempt, almost single-handed, what the United States engineers neglected to accomplish—a route along the north bank of the Gila, as far as it is navigable, and an examination of the nature and capabilities of the unexplored Centralia south of the Mormon territory. The country between the Colorado and Gila is rich in mystery, mines and dangers, and the enterprising Gaines may have wonders to relate, if he lives to record his discoveries.

When a Boston man wants water he goes to the city well.

The Exhibition of 1851.

The progress made in the erection of the building in which will be deposited the immense treasures of the world's art, industry, and productions, has been most satisfactory to all the friends of this great undertaking.

Upwards of 100,000 feet of glass have been placed in different portions of the roof; the glaziers, traveling along in glazing chariots covered with canvass hoods, are enabled to proceed with their work independent of the weather.

We understand that at an extraordinary special court held last week, the Goldsmith's Company unanimously decided to award the sum of £100 for prizes to be given to those artists of the craft, of the United Kingdom, who can produce works of the highest design and merit, in gold and silver plate for the Exhibition of 1851.

Ogdensburg Railroad.—The Ogdensburg Republican of a late date states that from Nov. 1 to Dec 7, there had arrived down the river St. Lawrence, and shipped over the Ogdensburg railroad, 148,837 barrels of flour, 42,109 bushels of wheat, besides quantities of beef and pork,

ashes, &c. In addition to the articles which came by the way of the St. Lawrence, there were several shipments of flour, butter and cheese from Oswego and Sackett's Harbor, besides a shipment of flour from "Old Virginia."

The Times learns from the clerk of the Steamer Cataract, who left Ogdensburg on Thursday, that 14 vessels loaded with flour and wheat, arrived there on the 8th of December. He estimates the flour remaining at Ogdensburg at over 100,000 barrels. The room for landing produce is all occupied, and large quantities remain afloat, and vessels are laying up with their cargoes.

A correspondent of the "Home Journal" says that Jenny Lind pays £1,500 annually under the English Income Tax. She has invested in the English three per cents, about \$750,000. Her annual income, therefore, from that source alone, is about \$22,000.

The Pest Office. We observe that some of our contemporaries are attacking the Government on account of the continued delay in transferring the Pest Office Department from Imperial to Provincial control.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS. BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH. Hail! the season of joy and festivity, Social pleasures and innocent mirth, Consented by Mercy's Nativity.

Gratitude, united with piety, Bids each bosom with rapture to glow, Pleasures, temper'd with cheerful sobriety, "Light up smiles in the aspect of wo."

Then hail! the season of joy and festivity, Social pleasures and innocent mirth, Which smooths the path of age's dearth, And gives to infancy Eden on earth.

Then hail! the season of joy and festivity, Social pleasures and innocent mirth, Which smooths the path of age's dearth, And gives to infancy Eden on earth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To THE REV. J. BORLAND: SIR,—Yours of the 21st of November and of the 12th of December, have been received. In your first letter, you call my attention to certain considerations which I design to notice.

I most sincerely thank you for the opportunity which your efforts of late have afforded me to speak and write in behalf of what I believe to be the truth of God, to those, in your immediate vicinity, who, to me, with a very few exceptions, are strangers.

You intimate in your second paragraph, that we may well suppose that our system is not truth but error, because of the number and character of those arrayed against us.

In your third paragraph, you say, "Admitting your system to be the truth, then all concern about the great future is irrelevant and unnecessary." If you mean by this, sir, that it is "unnecessary" "to stagger" through unbelief in the promises of God, then I grant you are correct; but, if you would intimate that there is no necessity of coming to a belief, or a knowledge of the truth, and of "adorning the doctrine of God our Savior," then I cannot admit the correctness of your assertion.

Should I admit the truth of what you have said as to the belief of the Jews, how does this help you? If the Jews believed in a future general judgment, and in endless misery, it does not prove those sentiments to be true, but casts great suspicion upon them.

But you ask for the evidence that Christ met and denounced "these great errors." At the advent of Jesus, the religious views of the Jews had become greatly corrupted with the errors of heathenism—inasmuch that the Savior warned his disciples to beware of their doctrines. Matt. 16: 12.

Recent events, however, have materially altered the complexion of affairs. The opening of the Ogdensburg Railroad, tapping, as it does, the immense trade of the West, for the benefit of Boston, cannot fail but to have a prejudicial influence upon Montreal, and consequently upon the business of the Portland Railway.

following meaning—"You Jews believe you will not be brought to an account for your crimes in the present world—you put far off the evil day into the unseen future; but I say unto you—Now is the judgment of this world." "I am appointed your judge. My judgment is not delayed until you pass to another state of being—it is exercised here, as you might have known from your Scriptures which testify of me. "For judgment I am come into this world." John 9: 39.

As to your third query, I shall only remark, that when you shall have accounted for the entire absence of all reference to the teachings of Jesus, on the part of Josephus, you will have answered your own question.

I have thus, sir, complied with your request, hoping that every obstacle may yet be removed from your mind which prevents you from believing in the final holiness and happiness of all mankind—that you may obtain great deliverance from those "painful fears and apprehensions," of which you speak in your introduction, when listening to "the Gospel of the grace of God."

And now, sir, permit me to suggest three important queries for your solution.

1. If the doctrine of a future Endless Hell be the doctrine of the Bible, will you be so kind as to inform the readers of the "Journal," what words were used by the sacred writers to designate that place of torment?

Respectfully Yours, L. H. TABOR. Burke, Dec. 28, 1850.

THE JOURNAL. STANSTEAD, JANUARY 2, 1851.

The Rail-Road Meeting.

By a notice in our advertising columns it will be seen that a Meeting is to be held on the Plain on the 21st instant, to which the attention of the public generally is invited.

It will be observed that our paper is dated a year "behind the times." Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families.

It is a fact that by the opening of a road from the most westerly point of the Portland Road (say in Charleston, Vt.) to intersect with the Boston road, which will soon connect with the Ogdensburg Road, it would give Portland seventy-five miles advantage over Boston in competing for the business of the West!

Portland has the advantage over Boston in point of distance from Stanstead of about 70 miles, to say nothing about the Ogdensburg connexion, thus having nothing to fear from extending her road a few miles further West, but much to gain in the way of local business.

Last week we cursorily glanced at the effect the proposed connection at some more westerly point would have upon the Canadian portion of the road, and hazarded the opinion that such an alteration would be highly desirable, and would meet with little opposition from the friends of the road.

How in regard to the Southern Road? We give the opinion—and it may be taken for what it is worth—that a connexion with the Portland road at the earliest practicable period, is of vital importance to the Passumpsic road.

The trial of Lopez and others concerned in the Cuba expedition has commenced in the Circuit Court of New Orleans.

ARRIVAL OF THE AFRICA. Seven Bays Later From Europe.

New York, Sunday afternoon.—The steamship Africa arrived at this port this morning, from Liverpool Dec. 7th. She had on board passengers, among whom is J. Hobart Smith, bearer of despatches, and George Conway, the Ojibway chief.

The Popery excitement in England has considerably subsided, and has ceased to attract so large a share of the public mind.

The threatened war in Germany, from the current reports seems to have been stayed for the present, and as a matter of course the influence of the amicable news was almost instantly experienced in the various markets.

With regard to German affairs there seems to be considerable doubt. The Liverpool Times of 7th remarks, that the uncertainty whether there is to be peace or war is as great as ever.

FROM TORONTO.

Hon. W. H. Merritt has resigned his office as Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and his seat in the Provincial Cabinet. Disagreements in regard to his financial schemes are said to be the cause.

Chancellor Jameson is about to retire from the Bench on a pension of £750 per annum. This excites a good deal of grumbling, as the learned gentleman is said not to have greatly adorned the office.

Rumor says that Parliament will be called together for the despatch of business early in February.

Mr. Inspector General Hincks has gone to Washington to watch the progress of the Reciprocity Bill. It is intimated that if that measure fails, he will introduce a retaliatory tariff bill during the next session of Parliament.

It will be observed that our paper is dated a year "behind the times." Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families.

The subject of a uniform system of Cheap Postage has been under discussion in the House of Representatives, but no action has been taken as yet.

Another Fugitive Slave case is now in progress in N. York. A colored man named Henry Long, a waiter at the Pacific Hotel in Greenwich-st. was arrested on Monday and taken before the U. S. Commissioner, by virtue of a warrant sworn out by Wm. W. Parker of Richmond, Va. claiming to hold a power of attorney from John T. Smith, for the recovery of said Long as a fugitive from Slavery.

Another Slave case occurred at Philadelphia on Saturday last, attended by circumstances of peculiar interest. A colored man named Adam Gibson was seized at the corner of Second and Lombard sts. and hurried before the U. S. Commissioner, Edward D. Ingraham—the negro being deceived by a intimation that his apprehension was for stealing.

The Legislature of South Carolina have rejected the bill proposed in the Senate, for a State Convention in December, and have elected R. B. Rhett as U. S. Senator. They have voted to elect members to a State Convention in February and to a General Southern Congress in October next.

The trial of Lopez and others concerned in the Cuba expedition has commenced in the Circuit Court of New Orleans.

Another terrible steamboat disaster occurred on the Mississippi River on the 17th inst. The steamer South America took fire near Bayou Sara, and was totally consumed in less than twenty minutes, thirty or forty lives being lost by the calamity.

Another steamboat was destroyed on the Monongehela, near Pittsburgh, on the 20th inst. by the explosion of the boiler, by which several persons lost their lives.

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ny.—The latest Prussian letters from Berlin to the 3d, state that Baron Stieberg had resigned. Baron Vincke's party were preparing to uphold an address in opposition to the draft;—this address included a vote of want of confidence—the Olmutz arrangements had been stated to Parliament. In his speech Baron Manteuffel declared for the maintenance of peace; he protested that he would keep office. The Parliament was likely to be adjourned, and perhaps dissolved.

Latest intelligence by telegraph from Berlin of the 4th inst., states that the Lower House had assumed a hostile attitude—its Committee on the address had agreed on a new draught condemnatory of the Olmutz arrangements. Of the Committee 18 voted for the opposition; the Cabinet had 4 votes. A Cabinet Council has been held, and the King has adjourned the Parliament to January 3d, 1851.

Vienna dates are to the 1st inst.; the Imperial Cabinet had notified its assent to the Olmutz arrangements. Nevertheless the armistice and concentration of troops are still continued.

A letter from Frankfurt and Cassel are of the 3d inst. No change has taken place in the position of affairs. Prussian troops in Westphalia continued to march upon Cassel. Nothing was heard of the retreat of the Federal forces. The news of the Olmutz arrangements came to Frankfurt on the 3d. It produced a favorable impression on the Orange.

Foreign Intelligence.—LATER.—The intelligence from Turkey by the Africa is important. A terrible chastisement has been inflicted on the insurgents of Aleppo. On the evening of the 7th, Kerim Pasha invited the principal chiefs of the insurgents to come to him. They accepted his invitation, persuaded that the fear of fresh disturbances would make them respectful. Kerim Pasha had them placed under arrest.

The insurgents finding their chiefs did not return, rushed to arms, and came in numbers of about 1000, and insolently demanded their liberation.

The Ottoman General expected this, and replied to their demand by charging them at the head of 4000 imperial troops, whom he had assembled in the inside of some barracks. The combat was desperate, and lasted more than 24 hours; but the result was favorable to the Turks.

Three Mussulman quarters—Karlek, Babassay, and El Bab Nuri, which were the seat of the revolt—have been almost entirely destroyed.

Eighteen hundred of the rebels fell in the struggle, and the remainder, with the inhabitants of the above quarters, have fled from Aleppo, the Turkish cavalry pursuing them.

Not a single Christian fell in this terrible affair. All the property of the rebels which was devoted by the authorities to indemnify the Christians for their losses on the 14th and 15th October, and to rebuild the three churches which were burnt.

The following is the latest intelligence from London, by telegraph: Paris, Tuesday evening, Dec. 5.—In the Chamber to-day, a discussion took place on the laying of 40,000 men. The foreign Minister, in a firm but exceedingly pacific speech, urged the necessity of the levy, on the grounds that, although the main points of the German questions were settled, future events might render it necessary for France to be prepared for an emergency. After a short discussion, the grant was carried by 222 majority.

London.—The Catholics are bestirring themselves on the Popery question. Spain.—The resignation of the Minister of Finance has been accepted. Prussia.—The telegraphic report of the hostile note of the Assembly, and of the adjournment of the Prussian Diet, is confirmed. The preparations for war continue with the greatest zeal. The Standard states that the news from Germany is generally considered satisfactory. The proposition of the Prussian Parliament is looked upon as a prodromic measure.

Prussia.—The Philadelphia Standard Gazette, a large literary paper, edited by C. J. Peterson and Mrs. J. C. Neal, commences the new year with the following terms: One copy \$2; four copies \$5; eight copies \$10; fifteen copies \$15; twenty copies \$20. Getters up of the clubs entitled to a copy gratis. Among its weekly contents will be original novels, tales, sketches, biographies, scientific facts, useful knowledge, news, &c.—Published by Cummings & Peterson, Philadelphia.

judicial Districts. The lawyers of Montreal have had a meeting, and appointed a committee to draft a report.

We would warn the public against counterfeit notes, purporting to be issued from "The State Bank, Rhode Island," in imitation of Bills of "The State Bank, Connecticut." These counterfeits, we understand, are being extensively put in circulation in the Eastern Townships. A one dollar counterfeit is now before us. It is badly executed so far as the vignettes are concerned. The letter press and signatures, J. H. Rhoads, Cashier, W. W. Hopper, President, are well executed. The Bill is dated July 1, 1850.—We are informed that counterfeits of the Phoenix Bank, Connecticut, are also in circulation.

Let our readers be on their guard, and give information to the proper authorities, if suspicious bills are offered to them, by persons unknown.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Drowned.—A man by the name of John Ramny, from Canada, late in the employ of Mr. Trescott of the Lafayette Hotel, was drowned in the river just at the head of the upper lam in this village, on Monday evening last. He attempted to cross the ice about 8 o'clock, it is supposed which proved too weak to sustain him, and the result was he was plunged into the water from which he was taken a corpse on Tuesday morning. His cries for help were heard by several of our citizens at the time accident occurred, who immediately repaired to the spot where they supposed he disappeared under the ice, and every effort made to find the body, which was not brought up before the next morning. It had been carried by the current some distance from the spot where it fell into the water.

Mr. Ramny was a most worthy industrious man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was 32 years of age. His remains were conveyed to Canada by his brother on Wednesday last.—*Lebanon (N. H.) Whig.*

H. M. Bates, Esq., entered on the 1st instant upon his duties as Cashier of the Bank of Orleans, vice George C. West, resigned.

Two bulls are "going it" over the British currency; just now speculators are unable to decide which will get a head—John Bull or the Pepp's.

The currency of the world is stated by Thompson, in his Reporter, to be nearly as follows: Bank currency, \$670,000,000; specie in circulation, \$655,000,000; specie in banks, \$145,000,000.

"Farmer N.," of Newbury, Vt., once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who contrary to N.'s expectations, after seeing it weighed, stayed to see it unloaded. But a few forkfuls were pitched off, when a bouncing big rock rolled from off the load—then another—and then a third, came bang upon the barn floor.

"What's this?" queried the buyer, in a loud voice.

"Most all herd's grass, this year," replied the deaf man.

"But see here," continued the other, pointing to the bundles which lay arrayed in judgment against the dishonest man, "what does all this mean?"

"Shut out with so much hay this year as I did last," replied the dealer in loud gruff tones, "as he had finished the last substance, down thundered a rousing junk of granite, making a deep indentation in the barn floor, with one of its sharp angles.

"I say, neighbor N.," screamed forth the purchaser of granite, "I want to know what is in—here these?" pointing to the bundles and the big lump of granite.

BIRTHS. At Prospect Hill, Shelburne, on the 18th ult., the wife of Capt. A. B. Foster of a son.

DIED. In Barrington Nov. 6th, Mrs. ARTEMIS, wife of Mitchell Belknap, and daughter of Leonard Walker of Burke, Vt. aged 48. Caledonian please notice.

NOTICE. Anniversary meetings of the Canada East District Auxiliary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society will be held (God willing) in the Wesleyan church on the Plain, on Thursday evening the 9th, and in the Baptist church, Cass neighborhood, the following evening. Service in each place to commence at 6 o'clock, P. M. Several ministers, some of them strangers, may be expected. The friends of missions, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend.

Rail-Road Meeting. NOTICE is hereby given to all interested in the speedy completion of the various Roads in which the people of this part of the country feel an interest, that a general Meeting will be held on Stanstead Plain on Tuesday the 21st day of January next. A general attendance is requested. Stanstead, Dec. 31st, 1850.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING in the Post Office at Derby Line, December 31, 1850.

Andrews, Nathan J. Lyster, Solomon
Ganges, Ely Lamers, Maryann
Harriet, Wilder McGookin, Chally
Hestley, M. L. McEwen, Ellen
McKnap, Asa C. McGill, James
Brown, Calvin McLellan, Donald
Blake, Myra McBurne, Jane
Groun, Daniel Mouton, Maria C
Roshaw, Francis Mouton, Jacob
Blake, Ellen R. Mouton, Joseph
Blake, Sarah M. Mooney, Laugton
Deche, Caroline Mosher, Laura S
Bell, John Meads, Charles S
Blount, Moses Mead, Michael
Dorothy O. Moon, Wm
Gibson, Harriet Magoun, Gilford
Beche, Anna Merrill, Hazen
Hosget, Joshua Martin, E. D
Birt, Roxana Martin, Webster
Bishop, Marion Moore, John D
Brown, Jonathan B. May, Harvey
Barker, Russel U. Mosey, Benjamin
Carrick, Wm. Mougge, George
Casswell, Lodema L. Meek, George R
Cross, Wm. Murdoch, Artemas W
Gass, Elizabeth Masson, Ruth M
Chamberlain, D. E. Mannheim, Henry
Gossick, Martin Meigs, Caroline C
Clark, Mrs. J. M. 2 Norton Mary L
Clavin, Norman Niles, Hannah
Collin, Lorenzo Noyes, Sarah C
Collins, Lewis O'Donnell, Peter
Childs, Edward O'Leary, Lucas
Carlton, Mary O'Leary, Harriet H
Corliss, Charles Plumley, Aulden
Constock, Stephen Paul, James
Cole, Jane M. Parker, Hiram
Cole, John S. Parker, Fanny
Doolittle, Rev. I. 2 Peasley, Wm G
Davis, Leonard Peavey, Eliphaz
Drew, Wm. Worth Pease, Catharine
Driscoll, Maryann Reuter, Mrs. C R
Dougherty, M. Robinson, John W
Dunford, Wm. Rea, George P
Dunmore, Luce Rickard, Abner Jr
Durker, Sheldon icsnikar, Peter
DeJed, Hamden Rice, George
Donow, Miss Leoma Runcho, Frederick
Easworth, Mary M. Rogers, John
Eastman, Sarah M. Rufford, J. P
Ege, Ira M. Savage, G A
Faithful, James Shortell, Calvin
Fairbanks, T. R. Stearns, Lovira
Farham, Roswell Sheridan, John
Fauce, Alba Spiller, John P 2
Faxon, I. C. Starrett, Albert G
Groves, Eavea Still, Leroy
Gage, Luhera A. Sullivan, John
Gough, John Streeter, Daniel
Gough, Jonathan 2 Smith, Benjamin
Glidden, Philina Shuman, Benj H
Griswold, Cornelius Stockwell, J W
Griswold, Thomas Snowdon, James
Goonow, E. S. Senter, Willard
Gore, Andrew Sabins, Mis J
Gore, O. C. Stinson, Albert
Hill, Prince Sprague, Peter N
Holt, John C. Shaw, Arthur L
Hanson, Patience Sabins, Charles A
Hanson, Samuel The II
Hollister, Harry 2 Tucker, Alice
Hott, Richard Taylor, Henry
Hudson, Amanda M Taylor, Clarissa M
Houghton, A. S. R. Taylor, Philip C
Hott, Betsy G Verbeck, Adena
Hackett, Charles W. Wood, Peter A
Haseltine, Branch T. Wheeler, Betsey E
Holbrook, Lydia B. Wheeler, Louisa N
Hool, Joseph E. Wheeler, Abel
Hidden, Enoch Wright, Harriet
Holzsooklin, Elarezo Williams, Alice
Jacobs, J. C. Williams, Barzilla
Kent, Geo W. Williamson, Caroline
Kent, Dorex Woodman, Henry
Kimball, T. W. Woodman, Henry II
Kirview, Mary Woodward, Elvira
Kinson, Hannah Wilson, Margaret A
Kilburn, Daniel Wilson, Hart
Knight, Ebenezer White, Simon
Knight, Irena G. White, John
Kennedy, David Worthen, Isaac
Lyon, George Walker, John P
Lodge, Nestor Welch, Benjamin
Lyon, Wm. Wilkins, John
Little, Ruben Ware, Asa
Little, Fanny Ware, Semira

Persons calling for any of the above, are requested to ask for advertised letters. S. CHENEY, P. M.

GRAND LOTTERY. THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the following list of Property, which he proposes to dispose of by Lottery, for which 800 tickets, at one dollar each, will be issued, six hundred and eighty-two of which will be blanks, and one hundred and eighteen represent prizes of value, amounting to \$800. Among the prizes is a Farm of fifty acres of land, good house and barn thereon, thirty acres of which is under good improvement.

1st prize, Farm, valued at \$500.00
10 prizes, 10 Tons of Hay, 45.00
1 " Two-horse Waggon, 37.00
1 " Saddle, 10.00
1 " Saddle, 10.00
1 " Golding Horse, 75.00
2 " Harnesses, 90.00
1 " Fine Shawl, 3.00
100 " One Hundred Dollars, Cash, 100.00
Managers—S. Channell, Geo. W. Fogg. The drawing will take place at Georgetown on the 14th day of February, 1851. Tickets are now ready and may be had at M. W. & W. C. Copp's, Georgetown.

Baxter, Haskell & Co's, Rock Island. T. W. Wyma's, Stanstead Plain. Stewart & Beebe, Beebe Plain. Adams & Humphrey, Barnston. S. A. Humphrey, " N. Davis, " L. Kothan, Hatley, P. Hitchcock, " M. Norton, Compton. S. B. Beswell, Magog. A. M. Bullock, Bolton. THOMAS REXFORD. Georgetown, Jan. 1, 1851. 265

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. NEW PICTORIAL WORKS! JUST PUBLISHED BY R. SEARS AND FOR SALE AT No. 198, Nassau Street, New York. American Gift Books for 1851.

Agents are wanted to circulate the following new and useful Works—(Retail price, \$2.50 per vol.)—A New and Complete PICTORIAL HISTORY OF CHINA AND INDIA; With a Descriptive Account of those Countries and their Inhabitants, from the earliest period of authentic history to the present time; in which the Editor has treated not only of the Historical Events, but also of the Manners, Customs, Religion, Literature, and Domestic Habits of the People of those immense Empires.

The Embellishments are about two hundred, and of the first order, illustrating whatever is peculiar to the inhabitants, regarding their Dress, Domestic Occupations, their mode of Agriculture, Commercial Pursuits, Arts, &c. They are accurate, and each one has been made expressly for the Work.

The volume forms a large octavo, containing five and six hundred pages, printed in the best style, and on good substantial white paper. It is furnished to Agents, handsomely bound in muslin gilt or leather, as the purchaser may prefer, at a very liberal discount, when quantities of not less than twenty copies are ordered at one time.

THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES; COMPRISING the most striking and remarkable events of the Revolution, the French War, the Tripolitan War, the Indian War, the Second War with Great Britain, and the Mexican War; with THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. 600 pp. Octavo; Retail Price \$2.50 per volume. Orders Respectfully Solicited.

SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY PUBLICATIONS. Are decidedly the best books that Agents can possibly employ their time in supplying to the people of Canada. They are valuable for reference, and should be possessed by every family. There is not a city or town, even these of small importance, but contains many citizens to whom these works are indispensable. They are adapted to the literary wants of the Christian, the Patriot, the Statesman, and the Domestic Circle—got up in a superior style of art and workmanship; and are not only such books as will sell, but such as Agent of good principles will feel free to recommend, and willing to see the purchaser again, after they have been bought.

OUR PLAN. The Plan the Publisher has so successfully carried out for several years, in the obtaining responsible men as Agents, who are well known in their own Counties, Towns, and Villages, and have time and disposition to circulate good and instructive books among their neighbors and friends. Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise will risk little by sending to the Publisher \$25 or \$50, for which he will receive an assortment as he may direct, at the wholesale Cash Price.

Enterprising and active men of respectability and good address, would do well to engage in the sale of the above volumes; and all Post-masters, Clergymen, Book Pedlars, and Newspaper Agents, are respectfully requested to act as our Agents. A handsome remuneration allowed to all who engage in their sale. For particulars, address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, 128, Nassau Street, N. Y. To Publishers of Newspapers throughout Canada.

Newspapers copying this Advertisement entire, well displayed, as above, without any alteration or abridgement, (including this notice) (and giving it out or more insertions, shall receive a copy of any one of our \$2.50 or \$3 works, (subject to their order,) by sending direct to the Publisher. No letter will be taken from the office unless post-paid. December 3, 1850.

S. D. KIMBALL, Pension & Bounty Land Agent, BARTON, VT. 267

NOTICE. THE Stanstead County Agricultural Society Winter Show is postponed to the 20th of January next, on account of the District Show taking place on the 15th of January.

The Government grant having been received, A. A. Adams, Esq. will pay the premiums awarded in the town of Barnston and Barford at the Fall Show. The Secretary will be at Kathia's Hotel for the purpose of paying those in Hatley, on Thursday, Jan. 2d, 1851. L. K. BENTON, Sec'y. Stanstead, Dec. 25, 1850. 267w4

NEW EXPRESS Between Stanstead & Sherbrooke Daily. THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has now established a regular DAILY EXPRESS between the above-named places, which he will run in connection with Messrs. Cheney & Co's Express from Boston. Particular care and attention will be paid to all Packages, Parcels and Money matters, entrusted to this line. AGENTS. A. KNIGHT & Co. Stanstead. CHARLES BROOKS, Lennoxville. WM. BROOKS, Sherbrooke. No exertion will be spared to secure the safety and speedy transmission of every description of parcels, at the risk of the subscriber, it is to be hoped that he will meet with a fair share of patronage. WARREN PAIGE. Stanstead, December 1850. 267

People's Bank—Derby Line. NOTICE is hereby given, that BOOKS for the subscription to the Capital took off the People's Bank will be opened at the Hotel of TIMOTHY WINN, Derby Line, on Wednesday, the 15th day of January next, and continue open ten days, exclusive of Sunday. Shares Fifty Dollars each, Five Dollars per share to be paid at the time of subscribing.—Twenty-five Dollars in the month of April next, and the balance within two years.

LEWIS H. DELANO, HARRY BAXTER, ELISHA WHITE, DANIEL W. AIKEN, NIEHEMAH COLEBY, LEVI SPALDING, J. W. BAXTER, Derby Line, December 10, 1850. 260w4

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS AND THE FARMER'S GUIDE. LEONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 54, Gold Street, New York, CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the "FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE."

By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c. &c. &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M.A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c. &c. This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 400 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of ploughing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c. &c. the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short, the historical features of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

The Work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals re-published are as follows, viz: The London Quarterly Review (Conservative), The Edinburgh Review (Whig), The Westminister Review (Free Church), The Westminster Review (Liberal), and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.) Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons," and "My New Novel" (both by Bulwer), "My Penultimate Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by these publishers from the pages of Blackwood, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that Subscribers to the Report of that Magazine may always rely on having the early and reading of these fascinating tales.

TERMS: For any one of the four Reviews, \$3.00 Per Annum. For any two do 5.00 For any three do 7.00 For all four of the Reviews, 8.00 For Blackwoods Magazine, 3.00 For Blackwood and three Reviews, 9.00 For Blackwood and the four Reviews, 10.00 For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos.) \$5.00 (Payments to be made in all cases in Advance.) Money, current in the States where issued, will be received at par.

Romances and communications should be always addressed, post-paid or franked, to the Publishers. LEONARD SCOTT & Co., 79 Fulton Street, New York.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE. The subscribers have commenced the publication of a New Weekly Paper for Families, with the above title, to be under the entire editorial control of T. S. ARTHUR.

Who will concentrate upon it all, or nearly all, of his literary labors. The design of this paper is clearly expressed in the title, "HOME GAZETTE." It will be, emphatically, a paper for the home circle—a household companion—a pleasant frigid friend, coming to all with a cheerful countenance, and seeking, while it imparts instruction, to entertain and interest all classes of readers. A leading feature of the "Home Gazette" will be a Series of Original Novels by the Editor! Who will furnish some four or five of these pictures of domestic life, written in his best style, for each volume. The "Home Gazette" will be the organ of no party nor sect; nor will it be the exponent of any of the isms of the day. But it will faithfully advocate the right, and seek by every means, to widen the circle of human happiness. Honestly will the editor teach the truth, as he has ever done in his writings, for the sake of good to his fellow men. But, in doing this, he will avoid unnecessary harshness and caustic offence, and keep his journal free from stain of wounding personality. He will oppose what is false and evil, as one of his social duties; but, while doing so, will use no sharper language than his reason and correction may require. The Home Gazette will be elegantly printed, on fine White Paper, with large, clear faced type, that may be read by young and old without injury to the eyes.

TERMS OF THE PAPER—IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE. One copy, per annum, \$9 00 Three copies " " 25 00 Six " " " 45 00 Ten " " " 75 00 Fourteen " " " 90 00 Where a club of six, ten, or fourteen copies are sent, an extra copy will be furnished to the postmaster, or other person, who makes up the club. One Copy of either Goddy's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, or Sartain's Magazine, will be sent for FOUR DOLLARS. All letters must be post-paid. Money that is current at the place where the subscription is made, will be taken in payment for the paper. Address, T. S. ARTHUR & Co., No. 5 Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

NOTICE. A BRANCH of the New England Protective Union was organized at Stanstead Plain on the 26th November. We would give our friends to the institution an invitation to call at Dr. COLBY'S, where the Books will be opened for signature. W. CHAMBERLIN, } Directors. F. K. BENTON, } Stanstead, December 10, 1850. 260

POST OFFICE NOTICE. THE Derby Line Post Office has been removed from T. C. Butler's to the Store occupied by Messrs. French & Baxter, opposite Winn's Hotel. S. CHENEY, P. M. Derby Line, Dec. 10, 1850. 260

LOST!! BETWEEN Mr. Kathian's, Hatley, and Rock Island, a Gentleman's Watch Chain. Any person finding the same will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at Mr. Kathian's Hotel, Hatley, or at the Journal Office, Rock Island. Dec. 10th, 1850.

NOTICE. THE subscriber has just commenced running his new GRIST MILL, situated about a mile above Chamberlin's Mill, where he can do as much business, and do it as well, as any Mill in the County. He has two runs of splendid new Burr Stones, one run of new common Stones, and a Corn Cracker. Q. FCMROY. Stanstead, Dec. 11, 1850. 260

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE SOUTH END! WE would beg to say to every man, woman and child wishing to purchase Goods, that we have just received a large addition of New and Desirable Goods, adapted to the season, which renders our Stock more COMPLETE than any other in town. AN IMMENSE SALE will commence on the 18th of this month and continue until our entire stock of over \$12,000!!! is sold. Ladies will find a splendid assortment of DRESS GOODS, consisting in part of black and cold Alpacaes; do do Coburg; Silk Warp Pupils; Regent Silks; Embroidered Dresses; Fig'd Vicuña Cloths; a splendid lot of DeLaines, Cashmeres and fifty other kinds not here mentioned. Also the best assortment of CLOAKINGS to be found, comprising in all FIFTEEN different styles and qualities. Ladies' Polkas and Hoods, Cashmere Gloves of all sizes; Blue, White and Red English Flannel; Gens. all wool Sashes & Mufflers. A large Lot of BONES, consisting of Muffs, Boots, Victories, Mitts, Gloves Gaiters, &c. GENTLEMEN, you will find among our stock a heavy and well selected assortment of West of England broad-cloths, dark brown and Red; Cloth, blue and brown Drabes, Whitney's Doekin and Cassimeres. SOLE and UPPER LEATHER of the best quality. Boots and Shoes made to order. Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Groceries of all kinds EXCEPT LIQUORS. Joiner's Tools of every description, consisting of Double Jointers, Smoothing and Jack Planes, Plows, Filleters, Bead & Match Planes, Bevels, Try Squares, Shop Axes, Millwright and Firmer Chisels, Paint Mills, BUFFALO ROLERS, Cooking and Box STOVES, Stove Pipe. ALSO Ready-Made Clothing. We have on hand the best assortment of the above that can be found in this place, well exceeding the "Great Depot," 50 Canada Gray overcoats, brown and blue Beaver do. Buffalo do.—Under coats of all qualities and styles. Vests of all descriptions, Pants do. that must be sold by January next. Please to remember our motto: "NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY LIVE MAN!" FOSTER & Co., Rock Island, Oct. 15, 1850.

THE "GREAT EXCITEMENT" Working its way South! SPALDING & JONES HAVE just received their usual supply of FALL and WINTER GOODS. TO WHOM they would invite the attention of their customers and the public generally. S. & J. flatter themselves that their stock will compare favorably, both as to quantity and quality, with any other in the Townships. It has been ascertained for a certainty that the "Live Man" can be found at the Old White Store, who will sell as low, and for cash, a shade lower, than any other man in the County. Rock Island, October 22d, 1850.

Paper Hangings. WE have a good assortment at very low prices. Call and see. FOSTER & Co. Dec. 11, 1850.

Boys! YOU will find a good assortment of Caps that will just fit you, at FOSTER & Co's. Dec. 11, 1850.

LAMP Oil and Candles for sale by FOSTER & Co. Dec. 11, 1850.

Feathers! A VERY few Live Geese 1 each for sale by FOSTER & Co. Dec. 11, 1850.

Chairs! Chairs! WE have a few "Dining Chairs" to sell low. FOSTER & Co. Rock Island, Dec. 11, 1850.

American Clocks FOR Sale by FOSTER & Co. Dec. 11, 1850.

Gentlemen! WE can sell you Under Shirts, Drawers, Shirts, Pants, Vests, Coats, Over Coats, and Buffs, at low rates. FOSTER & Co. Dec. 11, 1850.

Rubber Over Shoes. A GOOD assortment both of Ladies' and Gentlemen's, For Sale as low as the lowest, by FOSTER & Co. Dec. 11, 1850.

Counting House Almanac.
1850.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JAN.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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MARCH	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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	30	31					
APRIL	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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	27	28	29	30			
MAY	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JUNE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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JULY	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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AUGUST	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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SEPT.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
OCT.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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	27	28	29	30	31		
NOV.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
DEC.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	29	30	31				

MISCELLANY.

The Anglo Saxon Race.

Britain has frequently been denominated the mother of nations.—Whatever may be her title to this appellation, nothing is more evident and true than the fact that her island has been the laboratory of a most remarkable race, in which nearly all the races that peopled Europe, from the Roman to the Norman conquest, were combined. All that is vigorous in the Celt, the Saxon, the Scandinavian, and the Norman, are all absorbed in what we call the Anglo-Saxon race, and when the combination was completed on the Island of Great Britain, a new world was discovered, as if it were for the irresistible expansion of that mighty race.

As an illustration of one of its physical qualities, it is estimated that its population doubles itself in 35 years, while that of Germany doubles itself in 76—of Holland in 100; of Spain in 106; of Italy in 135; of France in 138; of Portugal in 238; and that of Turkey in 553. When one or two vessels crossed the ocean, and planted here and there along the coast of North America a few germs of that race, its whole population in the Old World did not exceed six millions. England, Wales and Scotland numbered fewer inhabitants than New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio do now. Hardly two centuries and a half have elapsed since that epoch, and now there are at least twenty-five millions of that race in North America and its adjacent islands, or a number exceeding the whole population of Great Britain.

In 1620, the Anglo-Saxon race numbered about 6,000,000, and was confined to England, Scotland, and Wales, and the combination of which it is the result was not more than half perfected, for neither Wales nor Scotland was more than half Saxonized at the time. Now it numbers 60,000,000 of human beings planted upon all the islands and continents of the earth, and increasing everywhere by intense ratio of progression. It is fast absorbing the sluggish races of barbarian tribes of men that occupied the continents of America, Africa, Asia, and the island of the ocean. See it girding them from year to year with its vigorous plantations. If no great physical revolution intervene to check its propagation, it will number 800,000,000 of human beings in less than 150 years from the present time—all speaking the same language, centred to the same literature

and religion, and exhibiting all its inherent and inalienable characteristics.

Thus the population of the earth is fast becoming Anglo-Saxonized by blood. But the English language is more expansive and aggressive than the blood of that race. When a community begins to speak and read the English language, it is half Saxonized even if not a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood runs in its veins. Ireland was never colonized from England, like North America or Australia; but nearly the whole of its seven or eight millions already speak the English language, which is the preparatory state to being entirely absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon race, as one of the most vigorous and useful elements. Everywhere the English language is gaining upon the languages of the earth, and preparing those who speak it for the absorption. The young generation of the East Indies is learning it, and it is probable that within fifty years, 25,000,000 of human beings of the Asiatic race will speak the large tongue on that continent. So it is in the United States. About 50,000 immigrants from Germany, and other countries of continental Europe, are arriving in this country every year. Perhaps they cannot speak a word of English when they first land on our shores, but in the course of a few years they master our language to some extent. Their children sit upon the same benches in our common schools with those of our native Americans, and become, as they grow up and diffuse themselves among the rest of the population, completely Anglo-Saxonized.

Thus the race, by its wonderful self-expansive power of language and blood, is fast occupying and subduing to its genius, all the continents and islands of the earth. The grandson of many a young man who reads these lines, will probably live to see the day when that race will number 800,000,000 of human beings. Perhaps they may comprise a hundred nations of distinct governments.

Perhaps they may become a grand constellation of Republics, pervaded by the same laws, literature, and religion. Their unity, harmony, and brotherhood must be determined by the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Their union will be the union of the two worlds, if they discharge their duty to each other and to mankind, they must become the united heart of the mighty race they represent, feeding its myriad veins with blood of moral and political life. Upon the state of their fellowship depends the welfare of humanity, and the peace and progress of the world.

Farming Economy.

Eds. CULTIVATOR:—Twenty years ago it was a common saying among farmers that all a man could make in farming, was enough to support his family, and possibly save a hundred or two hundred dollars a year besides. Farmers who held this idea were no doubt, honest; they only judged of the profits of farming from their own management. Even now, a great many farmers suppose that in order to make money by farming, they must do all the labor themselves; they say they "can't afford to hire help." This is evidently a great mistake, for if the farmer makes his own labor profitable, he could make that so which he hires, under good management, and without that no labor can be profitable.

Labor in this country is high, in proportion to what it is in older and more populous countries; but I do not regard this as a subject of regret, for who is "worthy of his hire" if the day laborer is not? If the high price of labor operates against the interest of some, it tends greatly to improve the condition of the masses. As a matter of course, the farmer will save as much manual labor as possible, consistent with the proper cultivation of his farm.

But a great point in farming economy consists in the adoption of labor-saving machines and improved implements. Yet a good deal of hand labor will always be required to carry on farming advantageously.

The question is often asked whether capital laid out in farming can be made to pay. In reply, I would say, I have known many instances where money laid out in this way has paid well. It is true, that time is required for this result; but I believe that capital invested in farming need never pay less than six per cent; and under good management, it may yield even eight to ten per cent, on the original stock. The culture of fruits—such as apples, pears, peaches, &c.—often yields a profit of eight to fifteen per cent.

A great barrier to improvement in farming, is the enormous value which farmers put on money. They seem to think that a dollar is worth more than its equivalent in wheat or any agricultural product. This leads them to hoard their cash with scrupulous care, fearing to trust the earth with the loan of a cent—the risk being so much greater, as they say,

than on deposits in banks. This difficulty can only be removed by demonstrating to the farmer, the certain success of a better system of management; which will gradually inspire confidence that labor and money expended on the soil, shall not go unrewarded.

L. DURAND.
Derby, Vt. 1850.

The Law of Progress.

"The earth moves," said Galileo. And he was imprisoned for saying it. Yet the earth had swept around the sun for ages before his birth, as it has since his death. It took the world a long time to believe the truth of the great mathematician's assertion, and it has taken it longer to learn that not only the earth moves, but also its inhabitants are moving ever onward. It was in 1710 that Galileo first taught the Copernican system, but it was not until 1721, that John Vito, of Naples, announced the law of human progress. But it was not then received, nor was it in the ages that had gone before, nor is it scarce passed. Men have so long looked backward for a golden age, have so long been accustomed to view things magnified by the mists of centuries, that they cannot believe that the things around them exceed those which are past. Yet during this long period of unbelief in human progress the race has moved steadily on in the attainment of mental and moral excellence. To the ear of the true philosopher the steady tramp of mankind up through the long dark ages of error and ignorance to the light of a more perfect day, is recognizable over the confusion of temporary retrocessions, and the quiet of momentary pauses. We stand at the head of the race. All that has been gathered in the past is ours. From the summit of six thousand years we survey the whole progress of man.—We observe what errors have been discarded, what tyrannies become obsolete, what prejudices have been dissipated. And we may also see the remnants of wrong that still cling to us, and look hopefully to the future for their dispersion. This is the great encouragement to the reformer. He knows that the cause of humanity cannot go backward. Though the world may hug its delusions, and cling to the remnants of past barbarism, yet the truth and the right must conquer. Though conservative souls repose in the full conviction that the height of all excellence in human institutions has been attained, and regard all advancement as hazardous and presumptuous, yet he knows, that there is a higher excellence to come which shall yet be felt and acknowledged.—Portland Transcript.

A Newspaper.

It was Bishop Horner's opinion that there was no better moralist than a newspaper. He says "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries, of multitudes displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons continually burning, to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel?—What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auctions of estates, houses, and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well—pay for it—read it—and it will instruct thee."

"For the Windham County Telegraph."

"Advertising."

"Not a Parable but a Fact.—I passed by the store of the advertiser, and looked within. By his counter stood many customers, and his clerks appeared lively and happy. Turning away, I said, The advertiser hath wisdom. Then I turned me and looked upon the store of the man too foolish to advertise. His counter was empty and dusty, and the spiders were building webs over his drawers. Then I turned away and said nothing." "JOHNSDAB."

THE FARMER'S CREED.

Small farms and thorough cultivation—large crops which leave the land better than they found it—going to the bottom of things, and therefore deep ploughing. The best fertilizer of the soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence.

Judge Dick Claiborne, under the old coked hat and enormous prerogative of parish judge, swayed the sceptre of North Western Louisiana with a potentiality and vigor hardly equalled at the present day by the czar of Russia. Among the multifarious duties and powers of the parish judge was that of auctioneer. He sold all the property of succession in his parish. It happened on one occasion, in selling out the property of a deceased grocer, that an unruly

parishoner disturbed the order of the proceedings. The judge fined him fifty dollars and sent him to jail for contempt of court. An application was made to him by an attorney to remit the fine and release the prisoner on the ground that it was no contempt of court, as the judge, when fulfilling the duties of auctioneer, was not a court, and therefore not an object of contempt. The judge immediately drew himself up with all his dignity and conscious power, and replied, "Sir, I'll let you know that I am judge of this parish—judge all the time—judge from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; and as such, always an object of contempt."

A Doubtful Compliment.—A well-known pianist recently played some of his most astonishing pieces before the Grand Seigneur. At the conclusion of the performance, the Sultan, who had been observing him with great apparent admiration, said to him:—"I have heard Thalberg (a low bow of the artiste, and modest smile)! "I have also heard Liszt (a still lower bow and devout attention); "but not one of all that have played before me perspired as much as you do."

MISQUOTATION.—"He who runs may read."—No such passage exists in the scriptures, though it is constantly quoted as from them. It is usually the accompaniment of expressions relative to the clearness of meaning or direction, the suppositious allusion being to an inscription written in very large characters. The text in the prophet Habakuk is the following:—"Write the vision and make it plain upon the tables, that he may run that readeth it." (Ch. ii: 2.) Here, plainly, the meaning is, that every one reading the vision should be alarmed by it, and should fly from the impending calamity; and although this involves the notion of legibility and clearness, that notion is the secondary, and not the primary one, as those persons make who misquote it in the manner stated above.—Notes and Queries.

MATRIMONY.

The man must lead a happy life Who's free from matrimonial chains; Who is directed by a wife, Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace, When Eve was given for a mate, Until he saw a woman's face, Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appear, Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride; Truth, darling of a heart sincere, Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold, The falsehood that in woman dwells; The worth in woman we behold, Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say, Who changes from his singleness, Who will not yield to woman's sway, Is sure of perfect blessedness.

To advocate the ladies' cause, you will read the 1st and 3d, and 2d and 4th, lines together.

In Drogheda work-house is a boy who spells as well backwards as forwards.

BOUNTY LANDS.

By a late Act of Congress, each surviving officer and private, either Regulars, Volunteers, Rangers or Militia, who have done duty in the United States service since 1793, is entitled to Bounty Lands; 150 acres for twelve, 80 acres for six, and 40 acres for three months service. And in case of the death of said officers or privates, the same belongs to his widow, or minor children, (if there is no widow.)

The undersigned having been for a long time engaged in prosecuting claims for Bounty Lands, (and also for Pensions) would tender his services to all who wish to present their claims immediately upon Government.

He has also engaged several persons residing in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, to locate such Warrants as are entrusted to his care, and particular attention will be given in selecting not only good lands, but such as are in the immediate vicinity of navigable waters. Each owner of a Land Warrant can, by getting it advantageously located on good land and near some navigable stream, in a short time realize from five to twenty dollars per acre as well as to dispose of it for a mere fraction of its value.

As he is necessarily absent a considerable portion of the time, for the convenience of those wishing to consult him, he will be at home on the first Monday and Tuesday in each month.

J. A. FLETCHER.
Derby Line, Nov. 1, 1850. 262

Carpetings

Of all styles and qualities; Bookings all Wool, Oct. 15. FOSTER & Co's.

LAKE HOUSE,

(AT THE HEAD OF LAKE MEMPHREMOGOG.) NEWPORT, VT. BY PHINEAS PAGE. August, 1850. 251

WANTED,

2 GOOD Journeymen Boot Makers, by W. H. LEE. Stanstead Plain, Nov. 25, 1850. 263

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the COLLEGE HOTEL, the best Stand in the Eastern Townships. For particulars inquire on the premises of E. WARNER. Lennoxville, 16th Nov. 1850. 2645w

NEWLAND'S Liniment for sale at

January 8, 1850. FOSTER & Co's. A SPLENDID Lot of Fur Caps, of all qualities and styles. Cheaper than ever, at FOSTER & Co's.

Remember our Motto!

"Cheaper than the Cheapest?"

THE OLD YELLOW STORE is again filled from great to cellar with a large and fashionable stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Give us a call at the Old Yellow, and we pledge ourselves to give you the worth of your money.

—JUST OPENED—

- 25 pieces newest styles Cloakings;
- 25 do do Dress Goods;
- 40 do Trimmings to match;
- 12 do Bonnet Velvets;
- 25 do Ribbons;
- 10 do Ex. Gingham;
- 50 do Hoyle's and other Prints;
- 12 do French and English Delaines;
- 26 Yds Repeat Silk;
- 6 pieces Beaver, blue, black and gray;
- 10 do Casimeres;
- 8 do Vestings;

And in fact most all kinds of Goods required for the present day may be found at our store.—Please remember our motto when trying the market.

BAXTER, HASKELL & Co.
Rock Island, Oct. 20, 1850.

IMPORTANT & EARLY!

Bargains for the Fall and Winter. THE immense spirit of competition of the present time requires that great advantages must be given to the public to secure their patronage. To this end,

A. KNIGHT & Co.,

have purchased an unusually Large Stock of Winter Goods, determining to sell at such prices that they can compete with any in the country—while in the articles of DELAINES and FALL GINGHAMS, they can safely defy competition.

A. KNIGHT & Co., in intimating their return from the MARKETS, assure their customers and the public, that notwithstanding the clamor about Silk, Cotton and Woolen Goods being greatly advanced in price, they are enabled, in many instances, to offer them 20 per cent. cheaper than ever. The following will be found worthy the attention of all intending purchasers. The public are invited to call and examine the Splendid Stock of Goods now opening at their Store on Stanstead Plain: They consist in part of

- Heavy, Long, Wrapping and Fancy Shawls;
- A good variety of Delaines;
- Thick Cloths and Merinos;
- Black and colored Alpaca;
- Hoyle's, also McNaughton & Potter's Prints, in great variety;
- One case of Fall Gingham, very low price;
- Best Silks, an altogether new article, very cheap;
- A few choice pieces of beautiful Cloakings;
- Plaids of all kinds and colors;
- Casawalks; and Clon Caps; Berlin Wool Cravats; Wool and Kid Gloves; children's Hosiery; Lace Veils in black and blue tinges; Mulls, Eos, Hosiery, Laces and Edgings, and a neat assortment of Velvet Dress Trimmings and Cloak Fringes.

In way of fine Broadcloths, Beaver and Pilot cloths, Casimeres, Vestings, Ready Made Coats and Vests, Mufflers, Cravats, Gloves, Overall's, Wool Shirts, Brasces, &c., the Gentlemen will find an excellent assortment at exceedingly low prices.

A large and superior lot of BUFFALO ROBES, to be sold at a low figure.

American Singsings from 6 cents per yard and upwards.

Buckskin Mitts and Gloves on consignment, wholesale and retail. Druggists and Bagging.

A. K. & Co. have also on hand a full stock of Groceries, Crockery, Glass and Hardware.

The efforts made by A. KNIGHT & Co. to supply their customers with Goods at a low remunerating profit having resulted in a continued patronage, they readily take this opportunity of returning their best thanks to a discerning public.

Stanstead Plain, Sept. 25th, 1850.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he keeps on hand and is constantly manufacturing the LARGEST, BEST and CHEAPEST assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's

BOOTS & SHOES

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.

All orders from Merchants punctually attended to as usual.

N. B. Ladies, don't be deceived when you buy Kid Shoes at the Stores! Be particular and call for CHARLES PIERCE'S best custom-made shoes, which always have a label on the inside.

CHARLES PIERCE.
Rock Island, Sept. 11, 1850. 254

Miss J. A. TAYLOR,

MILLINER AND DRESS-MAKER, HAS removed her Shop two doors south of the Albion House, and has just received her

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

direct from New York City. She will keep constantly on hand a variety of Ladies' Bonnets, Dress Caps, Flowers, Tabs, Trimmings, &c. Also Bonnet shapes and Tips.

Rock Island, October 22, 1850. 260w9

PELTS, WOOL, FURS.

THE subscriber will buy Fleece and Pulled WOOL, Sheep's PELTS, and all kinds of SHIPPING FURS.

Also, House Cat and Muskrat SKINS, at his old stand, Rock Island, Stanstead.

DAVID WHITE.
November 6, 1850. 262

BAXTER, HASKELL & Co.

HAVE just received from Montreal the following lot of Choice Liquors:

- 2 Hogheads out and fine Martell's Brandy;
- 2 do do Best Holland Gin;
- 1 Cask Cherry Wine;
- 1 do Old Madeira;
- 2 do Sanborn's Port;
- 1 do Sams's;
- 1 do Scotch Whiskey;
- 4 do Pure Jamaica Rum.

Rock Island, October 22, 1850.

Coat and Pant Stuffs.

A GOOD assortment quite fresh and cheap at April 15, 1850. A. KNIGHT & Co's.

Wanted in Exchange for Goods,

10,000 pairs Good Wool Socks; 1000 Yards Wool Fracking; 1000 Yards Gray Cloth, at Oct. 22. BAXTER, HASKELL & Co's.

Shawls! Shawls!

A SPLENDID lot of Shawls both the 8-4 Tartan and the Long Shawl, at FOSTER & Co's. October 15, 1850.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The New York Life Insurance Company. TAKE risks upon those going to California by way of Cape Horn or the Isthmus, on the most favorable terms.

J. A. FLETCHER, Agent. L. RICHMOND, Examining Physician. Derby Line, Vt. Feb. 6th, 1850. 223

CABINET WARE DEPOT.

JOHN TINKER,

WOULD inform the inhabitants of Derby and vicinity, that he has purchased the stand formerly occupied by Asa B. Moore, with the intention of making a permanent location, flattering himself that by strict application to business he will receive a due share of public patronage.

Having the advantages of Water-power and Machinery, I would say to those wishing to buy, that I have on hand and am constantly manufacturing a great variety of rich and tasty

Cabinet Furniture,

made of the best materials and in the latest styles, such as

Sideboards, Secretaries, Lockers, Bureaus

with Top Drawers and Looking-glasses, Common and French do; Centre, Card, Dining, Extension, Pembroke, Dress, Toilet and Work, as