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MISCELLANY.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron is never changed to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraints of conventional form. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their lightest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with the other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders?

The fear of what Mr. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say, of the frown of sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club, or misrepresentation of some political party.

Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst have a brother frank with thee, be frank with him.

But what will all the people say? What does it concern thee what they say? thy life is not in their hands. They can give thee nothing of real value! Satan may promise thee all the kingdoms on earth, but there is a flaw in all his title deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

But I shall be misunderstood, misrepresented. And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them receive the missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are those who do not bruise their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read to be truthful and free; to say what they think and act what they feel; to cast from them like ropes of sand, all fear of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other, and not a peep do we get under the veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and the host takes away our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to walk or ride, he dares not lest it should seem impolite to the guest. If the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not lest it seem impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom.

If a visitor arrive, they say, "I am busy to-day; if you wish to ride, there are horses and saddles in the stable; if you want to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the field; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here do as you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receives their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; and in a third, music. Couples are escorted in some shady alcove, or in groups dotted about the room, in thoughtful and serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side tables, that all may take who like; but eating, which constitutes so large a part of American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou then like to see such social freedom introduced here? Then do it.

But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion, that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in under crust than in the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her gifts; be thou assured that all living souls love freedom better than cakes and undercrust.—Mrs. Child.

Jerry's Soliloquy.

One of the New Orleans papers tells the following quaint "yarn":

During the hardest of the storm the day before yesterday, we took a lounge down to the steamboat landing, and while standing on the brink of a deep gulley that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gulley—where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combating his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape, gave utterance to the following:

"Hay! in this awful situation to be placed in nohow? If I was a steamboat, railroad, or a wood-pile, I'd be worth fifty cents a dollar more than I'll be agin. Unless I'm a gone case now, there ain't no truth in free-nology. I've weighed all the chances like a general, and there is only two that bear in my favor; the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, the second a special interposition of

Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim, if I only had the chance, I would give a premium for the skunk hole—them's my sentiments. If I could be a mink, or a musk-rat or a water snake for about two minutes, perhaps I wouldn't mount the first stump the other side of the Rio, and flap my wings and crow over everlastin' life skientifically preserved. But what's the use of holdin' on to this root? There hayn't no skunk hole in these here diggings; the water is getting tall about a feet, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it wouldn't stick out much longer. Oh, Jerry! Jerry! you're a gone sucker, and I guess your marm don't know you're out. Poor woman, won't she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the whole Buffalo Bayou for a grave? What a pity 'tis some philanthropist or member of some humane society never had foresight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water? If they'd done it in time, they might have had the honor and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but it's all day with you, Jerry, and a big harbor to cast anchor in. It's too bad to go off in this awful manner, when they knows I ollers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey; I feel the root givin' way, and since I don't know a prayer, here's a bit of Watts' Doxology, to prove I died a Christian:

On the bank where dropped the willer,
Long time ago,

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that had just started for the steamboat; his eye caught the object of deliverance, and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of "heave to! passenger overboard and sinking with a belt full of specie! the man that saves me makes his fortune! Jerry was pushed ashore by a darter; and to show his gratitude, invited the Quashy to go up to the "dogery and liquor."

THE WAY-SIDE BELL.

"Oh! many a winter night I've wept
And smiled, to hear them tell
With quivering lip and upward glance,
The legend of the bell."

On the borders of a dreary wood, in the northern part of Germany, stands a little way-side chapel; the bell is only tolled when a funeral goes past. The tolling of a bell is always a melancholy sound; but this, although loud, and capable of being heard at a great distance, has a peculiar, sad and solemn cadence, as if it knew it was never, in future, to speak of anything but death.

In a small and pleasant cottage not far from the chapel, there lived, at the time of which we write, a young man, called Paul Vanderpant. For many generations his family occupied the same house and tolled that same melancholy bell, at intervals, few and far between; while many legends of the now fast-decaying chapel passed from father to son, were repeated, with white lips, around the midnight hearth. More than once it had chanced that the narrator was interrupted in the most interesting part of those wild tales, and was obliged to go forth into the dark night, to certify to the living, by means of the way-side bell, that the dead were going past to their long home.

The present proprietor, however, was not one to care for tales or legends; he had no belief in spirits, and he used to laugh at such superstitions in a way that made the old gossips of the place shudder and shake their heads at his temerity. If Paul Vanderpant had of late begun to entertain serious thoughts that it is not good for man to be alone, it was assuredly some other sentiment than fear which engendered them, or he would not have made choice of Gertrude Hoffman for a companion; unless, indeed, he thought, with ourselves that there is no surer charm against the power of the evil one, than love for one another and trust in God.

Gertrude was the eldest child of a poor widow, who occupied an adjoining cottage. She spun and sewed, and made lace; she tended and arranged the flowers, which her little brother, Eric, sold at the market-place; nursed and waited upon her aged mother, or romped and laughed with her young sister, Lily. She never was idle—never out of spirits; and her sweet voice he heard from morning till night, singing at her wheel, or among her flowers, or as she passed fearlessly through that dreary wood, where few cared to be after night-fall. Gertrude feared nothing but doing wrong. Sometimes the poor girl fancied that it might be wrong to be always thinking of Paul Vanderpant; for dearly as she loved her own little circle, she could but feel that he was dearer than all to her; for it is strange how such affections outgrow the love of kindred! And many a time she has knelt down all alone in the little way-side chapel, and prayed to God to keep her from idols! But Paul was worthy of her, and her influence—oh, how great is a woman's influence who loves and is loved!—fell upon him like a blessing.

Widow Hoffman had seen a great deal of trouble in her day, and although, for her children's sake, she still clung to life, there was a shadow over her heart that would not suf-

fer her to enjoy it as she once had done. From this cause she had a habit of talking of the world as if it were a very sad and weary place—to all of which Gertrude listened with filial reverence and an incredulous smile. It seemed a beautiful world for all; and its few days, its wilderness wanderings, make us to prize the sunlight and the flowers all the more—or, better still, weans our affection from earth to that bright, far-off land, where there will be no more sighing or sorrow.—Gertrude's creed was—Let us enjoy and be grateful for the present, and trust to Him who knoweth what is best for us, whether it be good or evil.

Paul Vanderpant, as we have said, was no believer in the supernatural, or Gertrude either, although the deep reverence of her nature made his mockery appear painful, and, for her sake, he ceased to jest upon such themes as he had done.

"After all," said Gertrude, upon one occasion, when the conversation chanced to turn upon the subject, "there are many things constantly happening around us, which are too well authenticated to be denied, and too strange to be explained. I certainly do not believe in ghosts, but I as certainly believe that nothing is impossible to God."

Lily, who had all a young girl's love of the marvellous and romantic, asked Paul if he had ever seen the spirit which was said to haunt the little way-side chapel, of which mention has before been made.

"No, never; and I have been there at all hours. But what is it like, that I may know it in case we should ever meet?"

"Like a woman, they say, dressed all in white, with her long hair floating on her shoulders."

"Who says so, Lily?"

"Nonsense! How provoking you are! But surely you know the legend?"

"Not I," replied Paul, carelessly.

"She is said," continued Lily, without heeding his incredulous smile, "to have been the only daughter of a proud and wealthy baron, who waited to force her into a marriage with one whom she never could have loved, even if she had not been, as she was secretly betrothed to a young, brave knight, with no fortune but his sword. To avoid this hateful marriage, the lovers fled away one moonlight night; but somehow the baron got to hear of it, burning with rage, set spurs to his horse, and overtook them just opposite the way-side chapel, in which the lady sought refuge. She was kneeling and praying before the altar, when her father entered hastily, with his sword drawn and covered with blood; and she knew by that, as well as by the expression of his countenance, that all was over. For a moment the old baron was startled by a wild and thrilling shriek, and he advanced after a pause, and lifted her from the ground where she had fallen—he found that she was dead; her heart had broken.—The body of the young knight is said to have been secretly interred, somewhere within the precincts of the chapel, while that of his betrothed was conveyed back to the splendid burial-place of her ancestors; but every night her spirit comes to weep over the lonely grave of her murdered lover!"

"And did you really ever hear or see anything?" asked the little Eric of Paul Vanderpant, as his sister concluded her narrative.

"Yes, I remember now. One night I was sitting alone in my little cottage, when I distinctly heard three deep groans, succeeded by a heavy fall without."

"And what did you do?" asked the boy, creeping closer to him, and fixing his large eyes eagerly upon his countenance.

"I got up directly, and opened the door; there was nothing to be seen, although, to be sure, the night was dark. I had, however, hardly resumed my seat, than the groaning was repeated in somewhat fainter accents."

"How frightened you must have been," said Lily.

"I was startled, I confess; and this time I took the lamp with me, but when I opened the door there came another gust of wind and blew it out, so that I was no better off than before. In stepping over the threshold I stumbled against something which lay prostrate on the ground, and another heavy groan succeeded. It was a poor pedler who had lost his way, and was half-frozen to death by the cold, so that he had not sufficient strength left to demand admittance at the door, to which the light burning within had providentially directed him."

"Then it was no ghost after all!" exclaimed Eric with a disappointed air.

"We might have suspected as much," observed his sister Lily.

Gertrude put her hand into her lover's and smiled. "Did the poor man recover?" she asked.

"Yes, and you will doubtless see him some day, for he never passes by this way without calling."

"Supposing that you had sat still and feared to open the door," said Lily; "I am sure I should."

"I hope not," answered Paul; "for then the poor old man must have perished with the cold; as Gertrude says, we should fear nothing but God."

Lily smiled and remained silent, for she

well knew that whatever Gertrude said, or thought, or did, was sure to be right in the eyes of Paul; and the young girl wondered if ever she had a lover—a possibility which she often seriously contemplated—whether it would be then "as Lily says." Time enough, sweet Lily. Thou art little more than a child as yet, although thou wouldst toss thy pretty head, and curl thy small rosy lips, if anybody should venture to tell thee so.

Assisted by her mother and sister, Gertrude spun all her household linen, and arranged her simple wardrobe against the now fast approaching period which had been fixed upon for their wedding to take place. It was so delightful to think that she was not to be separated from her family, but could see them every day and go in and out of the old cottage, and ascertain that her mother had everything comfortable, and put Lily in the way of doing many things that would seem strange to her at first; for the active and busy Gertrude had been hitherto the presiding spirit of her cheerful home. There were one or two little articles, however, which Gertrude wanted to complete her trousseau, and which could not be procured nearer than the market town of S—, situated at the extremity of the wood about five miles off; but she knew the path well, having been that way many times before.

Accordingly, one fine morning, Gertrude started for S—, accompanied by Lily, who, as their mother appeared unusually well, and Eric had promised not to leave her asked permission to go with her sister; for there was nothing that Lily enjoyed more than going to S—, which, small as it was, it seemed like another world.

Paul Vanderpant prophesied that there would be a heavy fall of snow before night; but it certainly did not look like it then. It was agreed, however, in case he should be right, the sisters were to sleep at the house of a distant relative, who resided in the town, and Paul was to come over, the next morning and fetch them home. He would have been glad to have accompanied them, could he found time; but, if the truth must be told, even Gertrude was not sorry that he did not, for she had, as we have said, several little purchases to make, and men are sadly in the way upon these occasions.

Lily laughed heartily, as she stood warmly equipped for their long walk, and with the early sunlight glittering upon her bright, golden hair. "Be sure that you bring the sledge, Paul," she exclaimed; "for the snow will certainly be too deep to admit of our walking back!"

"We shall see," replied Paul Vanderpant, good-humoredly.

"I would lay you any wager we are home to-night," persisted Lily.

"I hope so, if it be without danger. But Gertrude, dearest, you will be careful, for my sake?"

Gertrude answered in a low voice; and joining her sister a few moments afterwards, they passed into the thick wood, and were soon out of sight; although their merry voices, and Lily's clear, ringing laugh, lingered in the air for several moments, and then died gradually away.

Notwithstanding that they are constantly together, it is astonishing how many things sisters always have to talk about—especially when it happens, as in the present case, that one is on the eve of marriage. What bright plans were arranged! What fairy hopes of future happiness! How the real and the ideal mingled together in their thoughts and words, which wander as they would, ever came back to the one theme. How Lily talked and laughed, and praised Paul Vanderpant! and how Gertrude blushed and listened, and loved her for that praise. The time passed away so quickly, they could scarcely believe that they had indeed come to the termination of that dreary wood, and were entering into the little market town of S—. Neither had they perceived how the beauty of the morning had passed away, and the atmosphere gradually darkened and thickened around them.

Gertrude's simple purchases were soon made—much sooner than Lily quite approved of; for she fain would have lingered twice as long, looking at the smart ribbons and laces; but, as her sister said, of what use was it, since they could not afford to buy any?—They next went to visit the relative before mentioned, who received them with a hearty welcome.

"I think we shall have some snow," said she, as they sat at dinner.

"It does look like it now, to be sure," observed Lily. "How Paul will triumph to find that he was right after all!"

"Do you think the snow will be much?" asked Gertrude.

"Not till sunset."

"And we shall be home by then."

"If you wish to return to-night," said their hostess, "I would advise your losing no time about it."

"Let us go," exclaimed Lily, "if it is only to tease Paul. I do not believe it will snow—at least before we reach home; we'll walk fast as we did this morning."

Gertrude was also desirous of returning, for she well knew her mother would be fancying all sorts of improbable things, and have

no rest, if they did not come, although they tarried at her own request. Accordingly, the sisters took a hasty leave of their kind relative, and commenced their journey homeward. The cold was intense, and a sharp easterly wind came full in their faces, sometimes in such violent gusts as almost to beat them back again, while the withered branches creaked and groaned as they bent beneath the blast.

"This is anything but pleasant," said Lily, as she paused a moment to recover breath and wrap the folds of her cloak closer around her. "But at any rate there is no snow, and we shall yet laugh at Paul for a false prophet."

As she spoke, a large white snow-flake drifted before her eyes, and whirled around and around as if in mockery. Gertrude smiled as she pointed to it; but there was a weight on her heart, and she almost wished that they had not ventured. But it was too late to think of that now, since it was as near to proceed as to retrace their steps; and no alternative remained but to walk on as fast as possible.

Every moment the sky seemed to grow darker and darker, while the snow fell fast and silently. In an incredible short period of time the ground and trees were all whitened over, while the sharp, driving sleet almost blinded them. Gertrude soon discovered that they had missed the right path, but knew not how to regain it; and they wandered about for hours, until night came on and found them entirely bewildered in the mazes of that dreary wood. At length poor Lily began to lose all hope, and sinking down upon the snow, declared that she felt too tired to go any further. It was in vain that Gertrude endeavored to cheer her, and a fatal lethargy was stealing over her senses.

"Oh, Lily, exclaimed her sister, do try and get up. It does not snow quite so hard now, and perhaps we may be able to find the path. We cannot be far from home; at any rate we shall be warmer walking about."

"What were you saying about home, sister? for your voice sounds a great way off, and I am so sleepy. I do not think that I shall ever see home again."

"Hush, dearest! only try and arouse yourself. Lily, speak to me. Lily! Lily!"

There was no answer.

If she sleeps now, murmured Gertrude, she will wake no more. O God, be merciful! Save her—save us both! My poor mother! My dear Paul! And the poor girl lifted up her clasped hands and wept.—She took off her warm cloak and spread it over Lily—there was nothing else she could do. God alone could help them. "His will be done," said Gertrude. And as she knelt and prayed, a strange calm came over her, and her heart was filled with trust. He knoweth best, thought she. He will comfort them. And yet if it were His will to spare us a little longer—we are so young to die; but thy will, O God, not mine, be done!"

"The girls will not be home now," said widow Hoffman to her son, as she glanced at the clock, and then at the snow-covered casement, as well as she could in the darkness. "I am glad that I thought of their staying at S—. You can go to bed, Eric, dear."

He obeyed her, and was asleep in a moment. But his mother could not rest; so she opened her large clasped Bible and read, pausing at intervals to listen to the whisperings of the snow as it drifted against the window panes.

Paul Vanderpant, assured of the safety of his beloved, went to bed, thinking what a merry walk they should have on the following day back from S—, and how he would tease Lily for having ventured to doubt his word. About ten minutes afterwards he was suddenly aroused by some one knocking at the door, and distinctly heard the sweet voice of Gertrude bidding him get up as quickly as possible, and toll the chapel bell.

Paul was soon dressed, and went forth wondering what should make Gertrude summon him; and, above all, why they had ventured home on such a night. "Thank God, she is safe!" murmured he. "They must have heard of the funeral at S—, and she came herself to tell me, that I might know that she had returned in safety. Dear, thoughtful Gertrude! It was a wild night for a funeral, anyhow," added Paul, as he entered the little way-side chapel and began to toll the bell.

It was above a year since the bell had been tolled before. Many started out of their sleep at the sound of its melancholy voice, and murmured a hasty prayer; others slept on, and dreamed of it. The widow, as she sat alone in her little chamber, shuddered with a strange fear. Gertrude sprang up from the cold ground, where she had been nestling close beside her sister, and where she would, probably have soon slept, with a cry of joy. God had heard her prayers, and sent the voice of the way-side bell to guide her homeward through the snow; and she knew, by the sound, that it could not be very far off. The young girl felt endowed with supernatural strength; and, lifting the slight form of her sister in her arms—for she would rather have died with her than have left her behind—she tottered forward in the direction

from which the sound seemed to come.—Now she diverged from the right path, and the voice of the bell grew fainter and fainter; and then again, it tolled more and more loudly and distinctly, and as she caught a glimpse of the light in her mother's cottage, it ceased altogether, as though it knew its mission was ended.

Having rung the accustomed time Paul Vanderpant quitted the chapel, and proceeded homeward. The snow had ceased to fall, and he saw, to his surprise, directly before him, a female figure, slightly clad, and bearing as it seemed, some heavy burden. Slowly it tolled on, staggering beneath the weight it bore, and at length, sank within a few paces of what Hoffman's cottage. For a moment, Paul thought of the wild legend which Lily had told him concerning the spirit of the way-side chapel; but it was only for a moment—in the next he had sprung forward, and was kneeling beside the forms of Gertrude and her sister.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed, or endeavor to explain, or to add a single remark of our own to the above simple and truthful narrative; but content ourselves with adopting and believing Gertrude's own sweet creed, that *nothing is impossible to God*.

The wedding of Paul Vanderpant and Gertrude Hoffman took place in the early spring, and Lily was sufficiently recovered to be her sister's bride-maid.

Crisis for the Ozar.

On the first of December, the Emperor of Russia will have completed the twenty-second year of his reign, and, in three years from that date, he will have completed an epoch beyond which no Emperor has continued to reign. There exists in Russia a fundamental law which goes back to a period anterior to the time of Peter the Great, and by which it is ordained that no Emperor shall hold the throne longer than twenty-five years. At the expiration of this period he is to abdicate in favor of the heir presumptive, or if he remains upon the throne, he beaves the will of the Russian aristocracy, and exposes himself to be poisoned or strangled in his palace.

There is a good deal of speculation at St. Petersburg as to what will be the course of the Ozar touching the passing of this crisis. Some believe that he will abdicate in favor of the prince-royal Alexander, and will himself retire to Germany. Others think he will convolve the Senate and propose a repeal of the law. It is certain, however, that Nicholas avoids all allusion to the subject among his nobles, though he has it in prophetic view that he has but a little more than three years longer to reign, before reaching a period fatal to Russian Emperors.

The husband of the Queen of Spain has given up his separate apartments and returned to those of the Queen—simultaneous with the appearance of the following proclamation by her Majesty, published in the official Gazette of the 20th ult.:

"Having determined that the King, my well beloved husband has been charged with the government, the royal household and the patrimony of the crown, (to which end I address him an autograph letter, as a new proof of my tenderness and my confidence) I declare suppressed the office of Governor of the Palace, which I created by my royal decree of Sept. 28, 1817."

Passumpsic Rail Road.

We are told that the business done on the Passumpsic Rail Road during the few weeks it has been in operation, exceeds the expectations of its most sanguine friends.

The Depot accommodations at Wells River are being enlarged, as the indications are that the present building which is 150 feet in length, will be insufficient to accommodate the freights which will be consigned to that point. The business of the Connecticut Valley north of the mouth of White River has never been fully appreciated or understood. Merchandise and Produce have found ingress and egress to and from this District of country by different channels, partly in the direction of Champlain—partly through the Notch of the White Mountains to Portland, and partly by the different roads in the direction of Concord and Boston. But the completion of 40 miles of Railroad in the Connecticut River Valley north from the mouth of White River is concentrating the business—so long divergent—into one thoroughfare and adding and imparting new life and activity to every branch of industry.

The Village of Wells River is all life and bustle. New stores and new hotels are being erected, and the throng of teams, and stage coaches, and carriages of every description, give it an air of a little city. This will be an active business place even after the Rail Road shall have been extended farther along. But the time is not far distant when the work of constructing the Road north of Wells River will be in progress. The wants of the country require it, and the interests of the Stockholders will be promoted by its early extension. It is only necessary to allow a few months to show the amount of the earnings of the Road, and the first favorable change in the business prospects of the country will be the signal for putting the work forward.

We have spoken of the amounts of freights. We learn that the number of passengers for the three weeks since opening to Wells River, is even greater in proportion than the freights.

As far north as from Lyndon, and as far in each direction as from Danville on the one hand and Littleton on the other, passengers go through to Boston in a day by the Passumpsic R. Road, and so soon as the Nashua and Worcester R. R. shall be opened, which will be within a few days, passengers leaving the above places in the morning can reach New York on the following morning—or within 24 hours.

But to be more particular in regard to the business of the road. It has now been open

and in use to Bradford since the 10th October and through to Wells River since the 6th November. The amount received for passengers and freight up to the 15th November, was seventeen thousand dollars, at which time the road had been open to Wells River only nine days. This amount was nearly equal from freight and passengers.

This may be deemed a very fair beginning and promises well for those who have stock in the road, and likewise affords facilities to those who have produce to send to market or who wish to travel in that direction.

The freight consists of a great variety, both vegetable and animal;—live cattle for store and beef, sheep and hogs, live turkeys and hens by the thousands. Potatoes have paid a good freight and even pumpkins have been forwarded to our Boston friends to enable them to keep a genuine Yankee Thanksgiving.

Through this medium of conveyance the farmers in the valley of the Conn. and Passumpsic in northern Vermont and New Hampshire, have a speedy and cheap access to market, and they need not fear a fall of prices while their products are on the way there.

Freight and passengers are constantly increasing—the former at almost a threefold rate.—*Vt. Caledonian*.

From California—Loss of Ship Maine, of Fairhaven—The Gold Region.—We have been politely furnished by A. R. Nye, Esq., with the following extract of a letter received by him from A. Ten Eyck, Esq., dated St. Francisco, Sept. 1:—"The schooner Honolulu arrived here from Columbia River Aug. 25th, and reports the loss of the ship Maine, Netcher, of Fairhaven. In attempting to enter the river on the afternoon of the 23d or 24th of August, she struck on what is called the Middle Sands of the Bar, where the British barque Vancouver was wrecked in May or June last. She dragged her anchors all night, the sea making a breach over her. In the morning the officers and crew left her in their boats, and reached the shore in safety. The ship soon after went to pieces, and nothing was saved. She had 1500 barrels of oil. There was no pilot on board, the pilot of the port was engaged in taking in an English brig, which the Maine attempted to follow.

A day or two ago, the Flora, Capt. Porter of New London, anchored at Whalman's Harbor, on the opposite side of the Bay.—Yesterday, the Captain fearing he would lose all his men, weighed anchor, intending to go to sea. After getting under weigh, the crew finding the ship was headed out, refused duty, and the Captain was forced to return and anchor here. Last night nine of the crew gagged the watch, lowered one of the boats and rowed off. They have not been heard of since, and are probably half way to the gold region. The Flora is 26 months out, with only 750 barrels of oil. Every vessel that comes in here now is sure to lose her crew, and this state of things must continue until the squadron arrives, when, if the men-to-war-men do not run off too, merchant-men may retain their crews.

The whale ship Euphrates, of New Bedford, left here a few weeks since, for the U. States, to touch on the coast of Chili to recruit. The Minerva, Capt. Perry, of New Bedford, has abandoned the whaling business, and is now on her way hence to Valparaiso for a cargo of merchandise. Although two large ships, four barques, and eight or ten brigs and schooners have arrived here since my return from the mineral country about four weeks since, with large cargoes of merchandise, their entire invoices have been sold. Vessels are daily arriving from the Islands and ports upon the coast, laden with goods and passengers, the latter destined for the gold-washings.

The volunteer regiment of U. S. soldiers have been mustered out of service, and have mostly gone gold hunting. Much sickness prevails among the gold-diggers; many have left the ground sick, and many more have discontinued their labors for the present, and gone into the more healthy portions of the country, intending to return after the sickly season has passed. From the best information I can obtain there are from two to three thousand persons at work at the gold-washings, with the same success as heretofore.—The rainy season will commence by the first of December, and those engaged in digging gold will have to remain where that month finds them till along in March, as it will be impossible for them to get down into the settlements, on account of the peculiarities of the soil and country. The whole country, I am credibly informed, in the valleys and on the plains west of the California mountains, and west of the gold region, is almost entirely overflowed with water during the winter months, so that it is with the greatest difficulty that access can be had to and from the settlements. The gold diggers and those intending to become such are making their preparations accordingly, by providing themselves with a four or five months' outfit. By the first of October the number of persons at the gold-washings will not fall short of four thousand.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

An extensive fire—which, from the high wind blowing at the time, threatened to be far more serious than it eventually proved—broke out in Bonaventure Street about half-past 12 o'clock on Sunday morning, in a small blacksmith's shop belonging to Mr. Charles, adjoining a ball alley at the lower end of Bonaventure Street, nearly opposite the entrance to the Railway terminus. Six houses were completely destroyed, and several others very much damaged.

All the insurance that was effected, falls upon the Mutual Fire Assurance Company, and is as follows, viz.:

On the Nun's School, to amount of £300
Mr. L. Lapoint, Grocer, do do 235
Mr. Houle, do do do 80

Total, £615
Messrs. Charles's, carriage makers, whose property suffered severely, were an

sured—also was a person of the name of Rouson.

Mr. Houle was a sufferer by last fire in St. Maurice Street.

The firemen were early on the spot; and as usual, exerted themselves in such a manner as to prevent further destruction. The public owe the firemen a large debt of gratitude for their unwearied attention on every occasion where their valuable services are required.—*Transcript*.

The Irish Political Convicts.—The Dragon 6, steam-frigate, Capt. W. H. Hall, has proceeded from Waterford to Cork, and there awaits orders to receive on board the Irish political convicts for transportation to any place "beyond the seas."—*United Service Gazette*.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says that on the 3rd instant a band of French Canadians passed through that city, who had recently quitted Canada for the United States. They were going westward, where already a large number of their countrymen are located, who have emigrated from Canada this year.

THE JOURNAL.

STANSTEAD, DECEMBER 7, 1848.

NOTICE.—ANDREW YOUNG, JR. is an authorized Agent for the Journal, to obtain subscriptions, collect dues, &c.

We last week announced that the libel case *Gugy vs. McDonald*, had been decided by a verdict of £10 for the Plaintiff. The action by the same against the *Herald*, has been put over. On the 27th, the suit against Inspector General Hineks, by the same, was commenced, and concluded on the 28th, by a verdict for the Defendant! This verdict was received with a round of applause by a crowded court room. Mr. Drummond's address to the jury for the defence is described as one of the most powerful ever made before that Court. We congratulate the friends of a free Press upon this signal triumph.

In connection with this libel matter, Mr. Hineks has addressed a letter to the Treasurer of the Transcript Libel Fund, enclosing two pounds ten shillings for the fund, and giving his views at length upon the course adopted by Col. Gugy, from which we make the following extract:

"The question has now to be solved—Are we to have a Free Press in Lower Canada? It remains, first with the Juries; secondly with the public, to decide the point. It has been broadly laid down by the man who has undertaken to crush the Press, that no matter what he may do as a public man, he is amenable only to the Courts of Justice and not to the Press. Mr. Justice Day has, by his charge to the Jury, supported the doctrine of Col. Gugy, informing them that any remarks calculated to cause uneasiness to an individual are libelous, and making no distinction between private individuals and men engaged in public life. Such is the law in Lower Canada. I presume not to dispute that it has been correctly laid down by the learned judge, but I hesitate not to say that if such be the case, there is no Free Press in Lower Canada, and that it would be better by far if a censorship were at once established.—The result of the late trials must convince every one that Montreal Juries have little sympathy with the Press. The freedom of the Press in England is owing, not to the law as laid down by Judges, but to the firmness and determination of the English Juries who refused to find verdicts against the Press. In Upper Canada the Juries have evinced a similar determination, and the consequence is that Upper Canada has a Free Press. After the late verdict against the *Transcript*, the second within a few months, it appears to me that the time has arrived when unless the public interfere, the Press will be crushed.—It would not perhaps be fair to charge the Montreal public with apathy on the subject of the freedom of the Press. The interest taken in the late trials, and which was evinced by the number of spectators, evidently sympathizing with the persecuted, and hardly able to restrain an expression of their detestation of the persecutor, who availed himself of the privilege of his stuff-gown to utter the foulest libels in the coarsest language against the defendants, should inspire the Press with confidence. An opportunity, however, is about being presented of evincing sympathy in a more substantial way. Mr. Fleet to whom the Press and the public are deeply indebted for the stand which he has taken in defence of the former, has announced that he will deliver a lecture at Donegana's Hotel, on the evening of the 6th of December, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of the expenses incurred in the late action against the *Transcript*. Surely that lecture will be well attended, and if it be, I am led to believe that Mr. Fleet will follow it up. By this lecture two objects will be gained, 1st. A sum of money will be raised to defray the expenses; and secondly, The conduct of those who would silence and crush the Press will be held up to deserved reprobation. Mr. Fleet's known ability, and his powers of withering sarcasm are such that of all other men in the country he is the best fitted for the task which he has undertaken. But more has to be done. The subscriptions to these lectures will be insufficient for the purpose, if Juries are determined to give damages to Colonel Gugy and all others who witnessing his success, may come before the Court to tell Mr. Justice Day that they have suffered some uneasiness from articles in the public prints. A subscription list must be opened and presented to the public; can it be doubted that our citizens generally will subscribe to such a fund? Above all, is there a member of Parliament, of any party,—is there a man (always excepting Colonel Gugy) who has ever been, or who ever hopes to be, engaged in public life who will refuse to contribute to such a fund? Under our Free British Institutions such men owe every thing to the Press. Not one of them probably would occupy his high position but for that powerful engine. I believe that men of all parties would subscribe to such a fund, and I believe that if the Press would only publish the names of all who should refuse, public opinion would soon teach them that they had committed a grave error.

I cannot conclude this letter without making an observation often made when I was myself connected with the Press, that the insulting treatment which the conductors of the Canadian Press have too often improperly received at the hands of the public, arises entirely from the want of a good understanding among themselves. In all other countries the conductors of newspapers have sense enough not to allow their political differences to prevent them from cooperating cordially in defence of their rights and privileges. We see lawyers of all parties and doctors of all parties combining together to advance their common interests, but with the Press it is different. Let an insult be offered to one Editor by the party to which he is opposed, and the strong probability is that his brother Editors will rejoice over it, and assuredly they will palliate, if not justify it. The conductors of the Press seem the only individuals in the country who are unable to distinguish between political and personal animosity. I must make an application of the foregoing remarks. Mr. Gugy is a public man. As such the Press has it in its power to annihilate him; and such, indeed, is the fate which Mr. Drummond has predicted for him.—Mr. Gugy has enunciated the doctrine that the Press has no right to discuss the conduct of a public man—that he is answerable only to the Courts of Justice. Now, I take it that the entire Press, without distinction of party, will declare such a doctrine to be an outrage upon its rights and privileges. Surely, then, to be consistent, the Press should determine that so long as Mr. Gugy maintains it, his name should never be printed in the columns of a newspaper. The offence is not against the particular newspaper, the *Herald*, *Transcript* and *Pilot*, which are now the objects of Mr. Gugy's persecution,—it is against the entire Press, and the entire Press should make common cause with the injured parties. If other public men adopt Mr. Gugy's views, let them also be annihilated. So long as the Press acts in concert, and in accordance with enlightened public opinion, it can control not Mr. Gugy alone, but the entire Legislature of the country. Let the Press only determine not to print the name or speeches of a single member of Parliament, so long as it is kept in fetters, and it will very soon be set really free.

THE CROATS.—Those of our readers who have noticed the continental news for a few weeks past, are aware that the Croats are at present playing an important part in the affairs of Austria, and it may be that some may be puzzled to know who the Croats are. Croatia has been for some time a province of Hungary, possessing, however, a population and language distinct from the surrounding people. The Croats belong to the great Slavonian family, and have been regarded in Western Europe as little better than barbarians—a species of Cossacks who live on horseback, and are fond of war.

All the Slavonian provinces in the South of Hungary are under the administration of a viceroy called the Ban. This office is now held by Joseph Baron von Jellachich, a native Croat, educated in Germany, and a man of talent and energy.

At the recent outbreak in the Austrian empire, the national animosities between the Croats and Magyars (also Hungarians) became fiercely aroused. The latter people aimed at engrossing the whole political power of Hungary, and the Croats saw the necessity of selecting a leader to oppose this movement; Col. Jellachich was the person chosen. The choice was confirmed at Vienna, and he was appointed Ban of Croatia, and subsequently Field Marshal in the Austrian army.

At the present moment, Jellachich is the most popular man in the Austrian empire.—The whole of the Slavonian population of Hungary, constituting more than half the inhabitants of that kingdom, are ready to flock to his standard. The immediate struggle is between these people and the Magyars, who

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exclusive masters of the country. It is the object of Jellachich to put down this dominating spirit, and to compel the Magyars to combine with the Croats and the people of German Austria, in establishing a constitutional system which shall secure an equitable distribution of political rights among all its members. Whatever may be his ultimate fate, he has given evidence of an enlarged mind, and is entitled to the distinction of being the first individual of his nation who has raised himself to significance in European politics.

THE CHOLERA.—From a report of Dr. Adair Crawford, of England, on the recent visitation of the Cholera at St. Petersburg, from which it appears that the chief fatality has been along the banks of sluggish rivers, in marshy localities, or in towns destitute of proper sewerage. It was confined to those thus exposed, and to those whose food was of an indigestible character, inducive at any time of attacks of diarrhoea and dysentery.

A correspondent of the *Philipsburg News* announces that Mr. R. B. Dunning, of Fie-leighsburg, has slaughtered four pigs, precisely eight months old, weighing after being dressed, as follows: 338, 324, 324, 278;—net 1264 lbs.—average weight 316. Accompanying the above is a challenge to "beat this who can." If any of our readers can beat it, we will announce it with great pleasure.

THE POSTAL ARRANGEMENT.—The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, says that the postal arrangement between Great Britain and the United States, talked of as concluded, both in English and American papers, is not yet definitely concluded. At least the papers are in this respect ahead of the post office department.—Fresh instructions have gone out to Mr. Bancroft the American Minister.

In these days of reform societies, perhaps the following suggestion by one of the editors of the *Home Journal*, will meet with favor. We are confident that such a society would suit those incumbrances called old bachelors, and are not certain but the ladies would like to test the sobriety of their admirers with a "holy kiss":

"N. P. Willis says that he has been somewhat surprised that Temperance Societies have never adopted the *temetum kiss* which prevailed in the temperance times of old, and which is thus mentioned in *Holland's Pany*: 'It was the custom that men should kiss women when they met them, to know by their breath whether they smelled of *temetum*—for so they used in those times to term wine; and thereof drunkenness was termed *temetum*.'"

In these latter days, men are the "temetum" drinkers, and consequently require the lip-test spoken of by Pliny.

Twenty years ago, it was common to trim straw bonnets with artificial wheat and barley in ears, on which the following lines were written:

Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female's forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes!
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries may thrash their wives!

When is a man Drunk?—The celebrated Cotton Mather defined it as follows:

"Whene a manne fallethe offe hisse beaste, or essayeth to light hisse pipe at ye pumpe, he is to be esteemed drunckene."

The *London Times* hazards the opinion that the sea monster lately seen in the South Atlantic by the officers of the frigate *Dadalus* is not a serpent, but an animal of the Saurian (or lizard) species, and the fossil remains of which are found in many parts of the world.

Snow!—At the present writing, the snow is coming down finely, and there is some prospect of being a sufficient quantity to make "sledding." It is just what we want to revive business, and enable farmers to bring on their Produce, Wood, &c.

Death by the fall of a Tree.—On Friday Nov. 10th, a young man 15 years of age, the son of Mr. Hiram Hutchinson of Castleton, Vt., was instantly killed by the fall of a tree. His two elder brothers had preceded him in entering the woods, and engaged in falling trees. In about half an hour he went to the woods in company with his father and commenced building a fire near where his brothers were chopping. One of his brothers had chopped one side of a tree, and turned to chop the other side. The tree being dry, he had struck but one or two blows before it started to fall. On perceiving this, the elder brother called to the younger at the fire, to get out of the way. The younger brother started and ran in the direction of the tree, when a limb from the tree fell upon him, breaking his skull, one shoulder, and one of his legs three times.—*Christian Messenger*.

Counterfeits.—A man has recently been arrested in Rochester and lodged in Woodstock jail, for circulating five dollar counterfeit bills on the Ascutney Bank, in this town. The bills are badly executed, and of unequal size. Counterfeit bills on the new Battenkill Bank at Bennington, have also been put in circulation. New Banks are great favorites

with the counterfeiting gentry.—Windsor, Vt., Journal.

Produce Prices Current.

Montreal, Nov. 29, 1848.		a. d.		a. d.	
ASHES, Pots, per cwt	-	28	0	00	0
Pearls, -	-	26	3	00	0
Flour, Superior, per bbl	-	24	6	00	0
Extra Superfine, -	-	25	0	00	0
Oatmeal, per 22 1/2 lbs	-	19	0	00	0
Wheat, -	-	4	6	00	0
Oats, per bush	-	1	3	00	0
Pease, White, -	-	2	6	00	0
Beef, Mess, per bbl 200 lbs.	-	00	0	00	0
Prime Mess, - do, -	-	33	0	00	0
Prime, -	-	00	0	00	0
Pork, Mess, per bbl 200 lbs.	-	00	0	82	6
Prime Mess, -	-	00	0	57	6
Prime, -	-	45	0	47	6
Cargo, -	-	00	0	00	0
LARD, -	-	0	0	0	6
BUTTER, Inspected, No 1	-	0	71	2	0
Do No 2, -	-	0	61	2	0
Do No 3, -	-	0	51	2	0

BRIGHTON MARKET—Nov. 23, 1848.

3000 Cattle since last Thursday, and as many as 500 unsold.
Prices declined about 25 cents per hundred on all kinds of Beef.
Store Cattle were more dull, and prices were less; say 8 or 10 per cent.
Working Cattle, and Cows and Calves were plenty, and prices upon such declined more than upon small cattle.
Skins.—From 6 to 800 at market, all sold. Prices slightly advanced.
Sheep and Lambs—11,500 at market.—Prices—Old Sheep, \$1.00, 1.17, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00.
Lambs—70c, 87c, \$1.00, 1.17, 1.25, 1.37, 1.50.
At the close of the market from two to three thousand remained unsold.

BIRTH.

In Melbourne on the 23d ult. the Lady of C. R. CHRISTIE, Esq. of a daughter.

THE PRINTER WANTS,

CASH, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Fire Wood, &c. &c. in payment for the Journal. Produce at fair prices, will be received from those in arrears, if delivered before the first of February next. Journal Office, Dec. 6th, 1848.

An intelligent and trustworthy young man can obtain a lucrative employment for a few weeks, by calling at this Office soon. Journal Office, Dec. 6th, 1848.

TAKE NOTICE.

LAST Spring two yearlings came estray. The Steer grazed in the Heifer Gray; They will be delivered to the owner, Half a mile North of Pinkham Corner. DAVID BACHELDER. Stanstead, 10th Dec., 1848. 162

FOR SALE.

ONE Ton Tallow, 1-2 do Maple Sugar, by KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co. Stanstead, Dec. 5th, 1848.

Real and Personal Estate Lottery!
CAPITAL \$2,400!
164 Prizes—500 Tickets at \$3 each.
To be Drawn at Compton Centre, on the 3d of January, 1849.

MANAGERS.

HOLLIS SMITH, Esq. Sherbrooke.
BENJ. POMROY, Esq. Compton.
JNO. W. BAXTER, Esq. Stanstead.
THE undersigned proposes to dispose, by Lottery, of his valuable real estate, in the Village of Moie's River, two miles from Compton Centre, together with

100 No. 1 PREMIUM PLOUGHS.

The Real Estate consists of,
1. A Dwelling House 30 by 40 feet, one and a half stories high; a Barn 24 by 30, and an 18 foot Shed, and 4 to 5 acres of land. The dwelling house is well finished, in good repair, papered and painted inside, and painted white outside. The premises are well fenced, with a good spring of water a few steps from the house. The barn on the northern part of this Lot will be reserved for the second prize.

2. A Lot containing six to eight acres of excellent tillage land, with a barn nearly new 30 by 36. The barn is on the lot connected with the first prize, and will have to be moved across the road by the holder of the second prize. This lot contains an excellent Village Building spot—the land is well fenced, well watered, and in a good state of cultivation.

3. An Iron Foundry, 24 by 40, two stories high, with an excellent Water Privilege.

4. A Store, 24 by 30 feet, one and a half stories high.

The personal property consists of One Hundred Woolley's No. 1 Premium Plows.

The property has been valued by the Managers, and arranged into the following

SCHEME.

1 Prize, Dwelling House, Barn, Shed, &c. cash value, \$600
1 " 6 to 8 acres of Land and a Barn, cash value, \$250
1 " An Iron Foundry, cash value, \$200
1 " A Store, cash value, \$150
100 " 100 No. 1 Premium Plows, cash value, \$1,200

104 Prizes.

Capital, \$2,400

800 Tickets at \$3 each is \$2,400.
The above scheme affords a rare opportunity to obtain valuable property at a trifling outlay. The real estate is situated in a thriving village close to the line of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, and is surrounded by one of the best Farming portions of the Eastern Townships. A clear title to the four first Prizes is guaranteed by the Managers, and possession will be given at once.

The Ploughs are too well known to need commendation, they will be warranted equal to those usually sold at his Line Foundry, and will be delivered, those drawn in Sherbrooke County, at Compton Centre, and the others at Stanstead, one month after the drawing.

Should a sufficient number of tickets, to warrant the drawing, not be sold, the money will be promptly returned.

JOS. WOOLLEY. Stanstead, Nov. 14, 1848. 159w4

Augustus Bartlett, P. M. Hamburg, Ill. says, April 24, 1848—Your Sanative Pills stand higher than any purgative ever known before. Your Carnitative Balm and Tonic Vermifuge have also done much good here, in curing many cases of long standing. They are all highly esteemed for the great good they have effected.

A. A. & G. M. Jones, Fancy View, Va. say May 23, 1848—We have been selling a good many of your Family Medicines, and so far as heard from they have given general satisfaction.
Sold by T. C. Butler, Derby Line. 133y1

The terror which that dread disease, consumption, has for ages excited, is now no longer felt. Death's prime minister has been deprived of his horrors, and consumption may now be classed with the curable diseases.

The Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, and known as the great English Remedy, will speedily and effectually cure that fearful malady, consumption, in some of its most dangerous forms; and in all ordinary diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is the most perfect and admirable remedy that can possibly be used.
[By special Appointment] D. F. BRADLEE & SON 130 Washington-street, Boston, sole agents for the U. States and British Provinces. American price \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health. Sold by T. C. Butler, Derby Line. 157y1

The following letter from Rev. Henry Wood, of Concord, N. H. editor of the Congregational Journal, a religious newspaper of a high character, speaks volumes in favor of the good qualities of Wistar's Balsam:—
Mr S W Fowle—Dear Sir—Two years ago the past winter, a sudden and violent attack upon my lungs by exposure to cold, confined me to my room and bed for several weeks; and when I recovered I was so much oppressed by difficulty in breathing, that I was incapable of rapid walking and violent exercise, and often was unable to sleep or rest upon a bed by night. The suffering was frequently extreme, and judging from the inefficacy of the remedies used, I supposed the disease incurable. Being persuaded to try a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of wild cherry, without the least confidence in its efficacy, or that of any other prescription, no one can fully understand my surprise and joy, when I found the difficulty almost entirely removed before one bottle had been used up. Having a mortal aversion to medicine, and seldom using it in any form, I make this statement for the benefit of others similarly afflicted.

For sale by T. C. BUTLER, Derby Line, 149

COUGHS AND COLDS. Washington, Davis Co. Ia. August, 1847.—Last March, a year ago, I was taken with a violent cold. I became very weak, which was aggravated by a severe pain in my back, which rendered it difficult for me to get up or down. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills had just been introduced into our town, and I was induced, by seeing them advertised, to try one box. I followed the directions, and, after taking only five of the pills, I was relieved so much that I felt in a manner well.

I have had occasion to use them frequently since, and they have always had the desired effect. I have recommended them to some of my neighbors, who also testify to their beneficial effects. I was so unfortunate as to purchase at one time a box of counterfeit pills, not knowing them to be such. I had not used many, however, before I began to suspect them, and my suspicions have since been confirmed by your agent. The counterfeit was absolutely good for nothing.

Yours, S. J. KELSO.
These celebrated Pills are for sale by T. C. Butler, and by Agents in each town in Canada. 141

AUCTION SALE POSTPONED!!

OWING to the inclemency of the weather and the bad state of the roads, much of the Stock and other property advertised to be sold at the sale which took place on the 2d instant was not disposed of; consequently the undersigned was obliged to postpone the sale to some day more favorable, and has selected

Saturday, 16th December, 1848,

at ONE o'clock P. M., when the following property will be offered at public sale, at the Auction Mart, Stanstead Plain:—1 two-year old Bull, 3 1/2 year short-horn Durham blood; Cows, Oxen, Steers, and Sheep; a lot of Household Furniture; together with a few pieces of American Sheetings, Prints, Dress Goods, Shawls, Fur Caps, and a variety of small Wares; Also, Sleighs, Harnesses, Brides, Halters, Scurringles, &c. &c.

Terms at Sale.

JOHN CHRISTIE, Auctioneer. Stanstead, Dec. 5, 1848. 162-2

SAVE YOUR STRAW!!

THE subscribers having re-commenced the manufacture of PAPER at their New Mill, Rock Island, would notify Farmers to save their Oat and Wheat STRAW, to exchange for Paper, Books, or other Goods.

—A L S O—

Wanted in exchange for Books and Paper, SWINGLE-TOW, and RAGS of all descriptions.

S. & S. REED. Nov. 29th, 1848. 161

CHARLESTON ACADEMY.

THE Winter Term of this Institution will commence on Monday, December 4th, 1848. Terms as usual.

L. ROBINSON, Sec'y. Hatley, Nov. 20, 1848. 160-3

STANSTEAD SEMINARY.

THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will commence on Monday the 27th of November, and continue Eleven weeks.

Mr. J. A. JAMESON, Principal.
Miss M. J. PARSONS, Preceptress.

TUITION.

For English Branches, \$2.00
Languages, 2.50
Board in good families at \$1.25 per week, and good Rooms for those who wish to board themselves.

JOHN A. JAMESON. Stanstead, Nov. 15, 1848. 159

Millinery and Dress-Making.

MRS. M. M. STARRETT, would announce to the Ladies of Stanstead and vicinity, that she has just received the latest WINTER FASHIONS from Boston, and is now prepared to wait upon all who may favor her with their patronage.

BONNET TIPS for sale.

Rock Island, Nov. 22, 1848. 160

Miss J. A. TAYLOR,

Milliner and Dress Maker,

At the Rock Island Hotel, would respectfully inform the public that she has lately returned from Boston with the latest and most approved styles of making Cloaks, Bonnets, Dresses, Caps and Head Dresses, and is now prepared to wait on all who may favor her with their patronage.

One or two Girls as apprentices to the above business wanted immediately.

Nov. 22, 1848. 160w6

OVER COATS, for sale by FOSTER & Co.

Nov. 7.

MUFFS, Boas, Tippets, &c. &c. as low as the lowest, at FOSTER'S.

Nov. 7.

ESTRAY.

CAME into the inclosure of the subscriber on or about the 15th of November, a small sized red COW, about 7 or 8 years old. The owner can have her by paying incidental expenses.

AARON WORKMAN. Barnston, Nov. 21, 1848. 160w3

LOOKING GLASSES.

A SPLENDID assortment at 25 per cent. discount from former prices just received at the Old Yellow Store.

Rock Island, Nov. 21.

NOTICE

CAME into the inclosure of the subscriber on about the 15th of October last, a small black yearling Horse COLT, a little white on both hind feet. The owner can have him by paying incidental charges.

JOSEPH SMITH. Stanstead, Nov. 20, 1848. 160-3

REMOVAL.

DR. MONSELL, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, England, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada East, has removed from Beebe Plain to the Store of Marcus Child, Esq., (up stairs,) on Stanstead Plain. November 22, 1848. 153

NOTICE.

THE undersigned being duly authorized to settle the affairs of the Estate of the late HARRIS MOULTON, deceased, requests that all persons indebted to the said Estate will make immediate payment; and that all persons having claims against said Estate, will present the same, duly attested, for liquidation, on or before the first day of February next.

WM. G. MOULTON. Stanstead, Nov. 21, 1848. 160w4

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned would give public notice, that the Copartnership heretofore existing under the title of A. U. & C. DAMON & Co. has been by mutual consent dissolved; and that Dr. B. Damon is duly authorized to receive payment of all debts due the said firm and give receipts for the same.

AARON UPTON DAMON, CHARLES DAMON, BENJ. DAMON, M. D. Hatley, Nov. 1, 1848.

All persons indebted to the late firm of A. U. & C. Damon & Co., or to the undersigned, either by note or account, must make payment on or before the first day of January next.

B. DAMON. Hatley, Nov. 1, 1848.

N. E.—Dr. Damon will be at Hatley West Village on the 2d and 4th weeks of November, and at Barnston Corner on the 1st and 3d weeks of said month for the purpose of arranging the above mentioned business.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

GILMAN & HOLMES

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their customers and the public to their New and Splendid assortment of Fall and Winter GOODS! A more choice, elegant, or varied assortment, we venture to say, cannot be found in "these diggings," or one purchased more favorable to Low Prices; and we do positively declare that we will sell as cheap as the cheapest, (and cheaper if we can.) Our motto is—We prefer the nimble siren to the slow shilling!!

Ladies and Gentlemen, please give us a call.

Rock Island, Nov. 8, 1848.

PICTURE OF HEALTH.

HEALTH is characterized in an individual by the absence of all pain, suffering or affection in any part of his body; by the free and regular exercise of all his functions without any exception. They consist in having a good appetite at meal times, an easy digestion, free evacuations, without looseness or costiveness at least once in twenty-four hours, and without heat, dryness, or burning at the passage; the free issue of water without acrimony or burning, and without a redish sediment, which is also sign of a present or approaching pain; quiet sleep, without agitation or troublesome dreams; no bad taste in the mouth upon rising in the morning; no sourness or disagreeable rising of the stomach; a clean tongue; sweet breathing; no itching, pimples or spots on the skin; no piles, no burning heat upon any part of the body; no excessive thirst when unexposed to labor or other known cause; no interruption to any natural evacuation, nor pain at their periodical return.

Where the state of the system does not harmonize with the above picture of health, it is of the greatest importance that no time be lost in sending for a doct. or in the use of foolish remedies too often the result of speculation. Instead of this course, let a dose of Brander's Pills be taken, which will not deceive, but will, if persevered in, restore health to the organ or part that requires it.

All who wish to preserve their health—all who are determined to defend their lives against the encroachments of disease which might send them prematurely to the grave, will, without hesitation, have recourse to the Brander's Pills when the state of the system does not harmonize with the above picture of health.

Those who live in a country where contagious or other diseases prevail, should often think of this true picture of health, and observe themselves with particular attention, in order to act accordingly. The wise and rightly directed will follow this advice—the unwise are left to their own destruction.

JAMES LULL, M. D. General Agent.

Sold by Spalding, Jones & Gates, Foster & Co., Knight & Knorr, B. Hubbard, J. S. & H. House, M. W. Copp, Georgetown. Also by an appointed Agent in nearly every town and village throughout the Province.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

IN QUART BOTTLES, a fresh supply just received by T. C. BUTLER, wholesale and retail Agent. Price \$1 per bottle. Derby Line, Nov. 8, 1848. 158

BUFFALO Robes, a cheaper or better assortment cannot be found in this section. Also, Muffs, Boas, India Rubber Shoes, and Boots and Shoes in great variety and at reduced prices, by

Nov. 30. GILMAN & HOLMES.

THE WINTER OVERCOATS

—Have arrived at the—

Montreal Dry Goods Store,

Stanstead Plain.

Also, a portion of their winter Dry Goods.

The prices will be found quite as low as elsewhere.

Nov. 8. 158

NOTICE.

CAME into the inclosure of the subscriber on or about the 7th instant, four BUCKS. The owner is requested to pay damages and take them away.

LOTES BALDWIN. Barnston, Nov. 19, 1848. 161w3

New Fall and Winter Goods.

KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co.,

HAVE just received from Montreal and the Southern Markets, a more extensive General Assortment of reasonable FANCY and STAPLE articles than they have ever had before, or is usually kept in a country store. And as to VARIETY, QUALITY, and CHEAPNESS, they feel confident their stock will be found second to none in the County. K. K. & Co. respectfully invite the trading community to give them an early call, and they have no doubt their goods will be found desirable, and prices satisfactory.

Stanstead Plain, Oct. 24, 1848.

NEW GOODS AT THE OLD

YELLOW STORE.

BAXTER, HASKELL & Co. would beg to inform their old customers and the trading community generally, that they have just received from Montreal and the Southern cities, a much larger and more general assortment of rich, FASHIONABLE GOODS, than ever before offered in this market, comprising a very rich variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, Bonnet Velvets, Silks, Cloakings, &c. &c. which have been purchased for cash, and at prices corresponding with the present commercial depression in the cities; and they further assure the public that they will not be undersold by any concern in Northern Vermont or in the Eastern Townships.

Rock Island, October 20, 1848.

TO THE TRADE.

THE subscribers keep constantly on hand a good supply of TEAS, TOBACCO, SNUFF, COFFEE, RAISINS, SHEETINGS, of different widths and qualities, TICKINGS, DRILLINGS, COTTON YARN, CARPET YARN, &c. &c. and a pretty General Assortment of AMERICAN HARDWARE, SMALL WARES, &c. &c. All of which will be sold by the quantity to the Trade, at as low prices as can be had elsewhere in this section. A fresh and heavy stock of the above Goods just received.

KNIGHT, KILBORN & Co. Stanstead Plain, Oct. 24, 1848.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

NEW GOODS,

JUST received, adapted to the season, which will be sold as low as the lowest. Call and see. FOSTER & Co. Rock Island, Oct. 24, 1848.

Eastern Townships Marble Works,

STANSTEAD PLAIN.

HUNTER & BROWN keep constantly on hand White Marble of all qualities, manufactured into Monuments, Tablets and common Head Stones, of every style and design, furnished cheaper than ever was offered in the Eastern Townships; workmanship warranted superior to any ever done in the country. The common produce of the country—not forgetting cash—received in payment. Credit given if required.

W. S. HUNTER, Stanstead Plain.

C. H. BROWN, Burlington, Vt. Stanstead, October 24, 1848. 156

COOKING STOVES.

GRANGER'S Patent Cooking Stoves No. 3 and 4.—Also Parlor and Box Stoves 2 and 2 1/2 feet, (Scotch castings) are selling at reduced prices at SPALDING, JONES & GATES'. October 18, 1848.

TO THE LADIES.

AT Baxter, Haskell & Co's. may be found rich Velvets of every shade of color for bonnets; Silks and Satins, do do; rich Ribbons to match, and a magnificent assortment of Artificial Flowers, do. October 20, 1848.

FURS!! FURS!! FURS!!

AT Baxter, Haskell & Co's. may be had splendid Mink and Otter COPS from \$4 to \$12. Seal and Nutra do; also richest assortment of Muffs, Boas, Capes, &c. and a large assortment of Buffalo Robes, very cheap. Oct. 20.

NEW GOODS.

SPALDING, JONES & GATES,

HAVE just received New Goods from Boston, New York and Montreal, adapted to the Trade. Now is the time to make choice selections and take good bargains. Our stock is large, and consists in varieties calculated to comfort and adorn the whole family.—"Cheap" is the motto. "Cash" is the one thing needful. We will give you more New Goods for the dollar than you ever got before. Please call and examine our stock and exceedingly low prices before purchasing elsewhere, as we are never undersold.

October 19, 1848.

LOOK AT THIS.

OSMYN SMITH begs leave to inform all those who are indebted to him, either by account or note, that he is under the necessity of calling for payment of the whole of his claims this fall. He is obliged to adopt this mode of announcing his intentions, as few seem inclined to meet their demands, will shortly find them in the hands of an officer for collection.

Stanstead, October 18, 1848. 155

Rock Island Boot & Shoe Shop.

THE public who are in want of a good article in the BOOT or SHOE line, would do well to call and examine the work there manufactured before purchasing elsewhere.

October 10, 1848.

BRISTLES

Bought at BELL'S Shoe-shop for the Boston Brush Factory. Nov. 30, 1848.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

C. S. HENRY, having commenced business on C. Rock Island as a

Watch & Clock Maker & Jeweler,

begs respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he is prepared to repair all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Music Boxes, &c., in the best manner.

From his thorough knowledge and experience in the business, having been for the last eight years employed in some of the first establishments in Montreal in the above line, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Rock Island, Stanstead, August 15, 1848. 146

WANTED,

IN exchange for Traveling Trunks of every size and price, Valises, small hand Trunks, Halters, Bridles, Circles, hold-backs, Hame straps, &c., Grain and good Sheep's Gray Cloth of light color.

N. B. Double Team and single carriage Harnesses made to order at a low figure for cash or grain.

Green Building, one door South of W. Wood's shop. Rock Island, Nov. 1, 1848. 157w6

BEST QUALITY

OF Family Molasses for sale, by T. C. BUT

