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For Mrs. E. Thomson

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LETTER PRESS

PRINTING

WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

Poetry.

From the New York American.

The enclosed lines strike me as superior to any thing written since "the burial of Sir John Moore" It contains poetry of the first order, and he who wrote it should be immortalized. Would it not be well to give it a place in your paper? Yours, &c.
December 24th. A.

From the Philadelphian.

SONG OF THE 300,000 DRUNKARDS IN THE UNITED STATES

We come, we come with sad array;
And in procession long,
To join the army of the lost,
Three hundred thousand strong.

Our banners beck'ning on to death,
Abroad we have unrolled;
And Famine, Care, and wan Despair
Are seen upon their fold.

Ye heard what music cheers us on,
The mother's cry that rang
So wildly and the babe that wailed
Above the trumpet's clang.

We've taken spoil; and blighted joys
And ruined homes are here;
We've trampled on the throbbing heart
And flouted sorrow's tear.

We come, we come—we've searched the land,
The rich and poor are ours;
Enlisted from the shrines of God,
From hotels and from towers.

And who or what shall balk the brave
That swear to drink and die?
What boots to such, man's muttered curse
Or His, that spans the sky?

Onward! though ever on our march
Hang misery's countless train;
Onward for hell—from rank to rank
Pass we the cup again!

We come—of the world's scourges, who
Like us have overthrown?
What woe had ever earth like woe
To our stern prowess known?

We come, we come to fill our graves
On which shall shine no star;
To glut the worm that never dies,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

W. B. T.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

TO ONE FAR AWAY!

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"And thou art far,
——, who, when my being overflowed,
Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust"
Shelley's Prometheus.

As, gazing on the Pleiades,
We count each bright and starry one,
Yet wander from the light of these
To muse upon the Pleiad gone—
As, bending o'er fresh gathered flowers,
The rose's most enchanting hue
Reminds us but of other hours
Whose roses were all lovely too,—
So, dearest, when I rove among
The bright ones of this foreign sky.
And catch the smile, or list the song,
Or watch the dancers gilding by,—
The fairer still they seem to be,
The more it stirs a thought of thee!

The sad, sweet bells of twilight-chime
Of many hearts may touch but one;
And so this seeming careless rhyme
Will whisper to thy heart alone.
I give it to the winds. The bird
Let loose, to his far nest will flee,
And love, though breathed but on a word,
Will find thee over land and sea.
Though clouds across the sky have driven,
We trust the star at last will shine,
And like the very light of heaven,
I trust thy love—*trust thou in mine!*

Scotland, Sept. 1834.

OBJECTS OF THE CANADIAN ALLIANCE SOCIETY.

Before we proceed to form a Branch Society in this quarter of the Province, let us examine the *extent* of those objects, and consider whether it be safe or salutary for the cause of Reform, to go the length of "the Managers," Messrs. MORRISON, O'GRADY; and our old friend, JOSEPH TURTON, Esq.

The first *object* is, to abolish a Legislative Council on the present system, and as no substitute is recommended, we suppose the meaning is, to abolish it altogether. Suppose it abolished—what will then be left? The House with its present powers—the Executive, that is, the Governor and his privy Council, possessed of its present powers with the addition of those belonging now to the Legislative Council and the Colonial office.

Next, "the control of the whole public revenue," by which means, we can control the Provincial Executive, and keep the Military Governors sent out to us from "the Horse Guards," constantly in hot water, unless they behave themselves to the perfect satisfaction of the managers of the Canadian Alliance Society, Morrison, Turton, & Co.

Next, "to oppose all *undue* interference" (that is, all interference which the managers of the Alliance shall please to style *undue*,) "by the Colonial Office, Treasury or Horse Guards, in the domestic affairs of the Colonies." Now the appointment of a Governor to preside over our domestic affairs, must surely be one of those domestic affairs wherein we are to oppose all *undue* interference of the Colonial office."

Next, we are "to Vote by Ballot in the election of Representatives, Alderman, Justices of the Peace, &c."—Before we embrace these objects, we would like to have the meaning of the "*&c.*" explained,—is it intended to include the Chief Justice of the Peace—the Governor?—That is the only meaning we can draw from it,—then, *all* interference by the Colonial office in the election of our Governor will be *undue*, and such as we must *oppose*. This is getting on bravely in the cause of Reform! But let us consider how far we have got—let us count up our chickens and see how many are hatched. We have got the control of the *whole* revenue, and the appointment of all branches of the Government upon the elective system—we have a right to admit the vessels of foreign nations into our ports, upon such terms as we think proper, for the interference of England in that matter, would evidently be inconsistent with our "control of the whole Public Revenue,"—we have a right to say whether "the Colonial Office, Treasury & Horse Guards," shall keep a Standing Army in the Province, to be poking their unshapely bayonets into our ribs in case of a row at an election of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces;—we have a right to confederate with our sister Colonies and declare war upon England herself, if she attempts to exert any thing that we might choose to call *undue* interference, in what we might choose to call our *domestic affairs*.

Well, we have got *so far*, and we have counted the chickens that are either already hatched or have, at least, *pipped the shell*. Is the whole of the *Alliance* brood hatched? or, is there not still left, one dear little darling Alliance chicken, the last and the slowest to break the shell?—Poor little fellow! let us assist the tardy process of incubation, and by a gentle tap with the neb of our pen, bring it into life—INDEPENDENCE FROM BRITAIN.

Now since the little fellow has broken the shell, chirped his chirp, and told his name, we feel a vastly strong inclination to knock him on the head and give him his *quietus* again.

But, say the Managers of the Alliance, in your usual wild goose style of reasoning, Mr. Free Press, you are accusing us of objects which we have not in view, and which cannot be drawn by fair inference from those we have expressed. Well, we may be wrong, let us try it over again—we wish with all our heart, we *could* agree with you, while you are engaged in that good cause of Reform, for which we have suffered so much. Be fair with us, and say *yes*, when you mean *yes*.

1. You would take from England all control over our public revenue? Yes. *Inference.*

Then you would have us completely *independent* of England, so far as money, the daily food of peace and the sinews of war, is concerned.

2. You would oppose all *undue* interference by the Colonial Office, Treasury or Horse Guards in our *domestic* affairs? Yes. Let us clear away the cobwebs of ambiguity from this object, before we draw our *inferences*. Who is to judge whether the interference is *undue*, Britain for this Province?—This Province, you reply—then strike out the word *undue*. Again, what do you mean by the term "domestic?" Do you not extend its meaning to the appointment to all offices and authorities in the Province—in short, *all* our affairs? You do. *Inference.*

You would have *all our affairs managed independent* of the Colonial Office? *General inference on the whole.*

It is your object to make Canada as independent of England as it is of Tartary—to make it an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC.

Now it is our object to maintain the existing connection with the British Empire, and we are thoroughly convinced that Reformers who do not make this their first and principal object, will never accomplish their other 23 objects, except by an appeal to arms. *We*, that is not to say, the public, but the very humble, humbled and to be humbled individual, Editor of the Free Press, are as obstinate as a mule, and will not budge a single inch farther in any object of Reform than we think may tend to consolidate the union of this Province with the British Empire, in which union we are fully convinced that there lies the surest foundation of the happiness of its inhabitants. Of the errors of the Colonial administration we are deeply sensible, and we bear with as much impatience as the staunchest Reformer in the land, the yoke of arrogance and oppression imposed on the neck of every honest man who dares even to hint at the corruption with which he sees favours, honours, offices, and monopolies distributed among the creatures who cringe or strut at the nod of the 'despicable faction' in this Colony; but we still have confidence in the *intentions* of the British Government. We know it is her interest and we believe it is her *wish* to grant us the enjoyment and extension of free institutions provided we apply for them in the legitimate way *through the House of Assembly*. It is true we are liable to have a corrupt House, but it is our own fault if we have—if we are not virtuous enough to be free, we are not *deserving* to be free. We are stern believers in the all-sufficiency of the elective franchise, as now enjoyed by us, to work out *in time*, the cure of its own imperfections. The trial by jury is the bulwark of public justice—just as much so is the elective franchise the bulwark of public liberty. The great misfortune is that men in exercising the duties of the latter, do not seem to consider the discharge of them so *sacred* as in the former. [Hamilton Free Press.]

English Extracts.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

It has long been the fashion with a particular set to detract from the merits of those who sit in high places; if they cannot elevate themselves to the position to which they consider themselves entitled, they labour to draw others down to their own level. To lessen the influence of the aristocracy is ever the object of those who would, if they could, be of the aristocracy; and we rarely witness the puny flights, or notice the mean malevolence of such, without calling to mind the story of the fox, who because he was unable to attain the strength and dignity of the lion, watched for an opportunity, when the Royal progeny was left unprotected in the den, and strangled them without mercy.

During the reign of George the Fourth, a prodigious outcry was raised by the *item* people, in reference to the enormous expenditure in which his Majesty indulged; and certainly there was much regret on that score, though, when we take into consideration that the Royal money was returned, in some shape or other to those who gave it—thus rendering his Majesty little less than a circulating medium—there was less reason for complaint than people imagined; at least it was *all* spent in England.

When William ascended the throne, he resolved to limit his household expences, and persevered in his resolution; frequently to the abridgment of his personal comfort. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, for example, breakfast with their Majesties at half-past nine every morning; and wherever a second table can be dispensed with, it is dispensed with. The foxes to whom we have referred cannot cavil at expenditure, because the fact of its non-existence is sufficiently notorious; but they complain therefore of the opposite, and a want of liberality in the palace. And this they attribute, or pretend to attribute, to the Queen! Never was lady more injustly judged than her Majesty. She entered the Royal Family of England under circumstances of a very peculiar nature.

The Duke of Clarence was known to be exceedingly attached to his children: yet it was hardly to be expected that she would be to them the friend, the relative, she has proved herself on every occasion. She came amongst the people of England a stranger;—ignorant of their manners; and with but an imperfect knowledge of their language. Instead of withdrawing herself into herself, and calling around her—like most of her predecessors—a little German Court, she retained of her country only two "dressers;" and by her conduct, proved how completely she felt, "HIS people to be HER people."

The only matters which deeply concern the King, from which the Queen steadily and uniformly withdraws herself, are political discussions and political arrangements.

Her occupations and feelings are as strictly domestic as those of any female in the humbler walk of life can be. She spends many hours of every day, when at Windsor, in her little private drawing room, and employs those hours in work, drawing and reading.

The furniture of this apartment is in keeping with the purity of her taste and simplicity of her habits; the walls are adorned with the portraits (chiefly the production of her own pencil) of those she loves best in the world; and upon a small marble pedestal is the full-length figure of her child—the infant who lived to be ten weeks old. She is exceedingly devoted to her pencil, and when there is not a State company at the Castle, generally amuses herself by taking the likenesses of her Ladies in waiting. Her talent in this way is quite extraordinary, as she never fails in either features or expression. Never was Princess less ambitious of a crown, and never did Queen sway sceptre with a gentler, and, whatever her enemies may say to the contrary, a more generous hand. Had her Majesty used her money more in bribery than in charity, she would have been lauded in certain quarters, where now she is condemned. Her domestics bear witness to her exceeding kindness—that kindness which extends to the minutia of all things necessary to their comfort. If she perceives any of her servants looking ill, her observation immediately is, "You are not well!—you must not remain on duty—go to bed, and let the doctor see you." Nor does the circumstance pass from her mind; for she never fails to inquire after, and will even visit the invalid—even the most humble of her establishment—and not only commands, but *sees* that they are properly attended to. There is one particular point upon which we have always thought her Majesty yielded too much;—she will never reprove the English attendants, if any thing goes wrong among them that requires the interference of the highest power, she refers it to the King; and her reason for so doing is so amiable, that we more respect her, though we think she carries the feeling to excess. "I hardly know enough of the habits of this country," she says, "to judge justly, and I should never forgive myself if I decided wrongfully. His Majesty understands them well." We ask those who are disposed to accuse the Queen of using "*undue influence*," if the conduct we have stated is the type of a meddling mind? A woman guided by the love of power, grasps at all within her reach; her Majesty has grasped nothing. She received her crown with tears; she felt and declared that she should never be as happy as she had been at "dear Bushy:" and Adelaide of England is as easy of access, and as free from affectation as was the Duchess of Clarence. Far from accumulating a privy purse, more than would be believed of her allowance is distributed in private charity—in judicious and liberal benevolence. She delights in acts of kindness, and she delights in presenting gifts to her favourites when they least expect it. Some weeks before Christmas she amuses herself by preparing presents, many of value, which she arranges with her own hands, and calls her "fancy fair." On a particular day, the dinner party, instead of withdrawing to their usual room, are conducted to an apartment decked with flowers, sparkling with lights, and filled with different tokens of her Majesty's gracious regard; the name of the person for whom each token is designed is appended to the lot, and it is a subject of universal observation, that her Majesty has the peculiar tact of discovering what every person either wants or wishes for; and, with the affectionate forethought of her kind mind—

——"Presenting unto each
What each desires most."

Knowing much—as we do—of the domestic habits of the King and Queen we have been frequently angry, but more frequently amused, at the falsehoods circulated of their private misunderstandings. Her Majesty's health is by no means good, and when she is confined to her room, the King with his own hand administers her medicine—and always dines in her chamber, sitting afterwards with his guests as a matter of courtesy, and that only for a short time. Nor is she slow in returning these attentions, which her high and virtuous conduct have so perfectly entitled her to receive. Indeed, the attention of the King towards the Queen is one of the most pleasing pictures of happy domestic life it has ever been our lot to witness—he is kind and tender as a lover; and his attentions more nearly resemble those of an English squire than a crowned King—so completely does affection put aside state.

The Queen is a fine example to the females of our aristocracy—disdaining tinsel and vain show in all things—plain, yet rich in her attire—adorning the little privacy she can command by the exercise of her accomplishments—judicious in her patronage—a sincere friend—a good wife—we had almost presumed to say, a tender mother—for she has been as a mother to those who have—and who know they have—but small claim to her consideration—bearing and forbearing, in a manner more befitting a simple lady than a Royal Queen.

There have been more splendid women upon the throne, but there have been none to whom we would more gladly present our wives and daughters than Adelaide of England.

We have stated that she carefully abstains from all meddling in politics—perhaps this may be less owing to inclination than to the constitution of her mind; but certainly it is so. There have been occasions when those, who ought to have known better, have suspected that her influence was exerted to check or change some favoured plan of the moment, during the brief time that the wife and husband were alone together. They were strangely mistaken. The principle, to which we have made reference, which guides her with respect to the servants of her household, is most active as regards the servants of the State—her desire to leave all important decisions in the hands of those who know better the character of the people, and who can therefore minister better to their well being. Indeed, the feeling which dictates such non-interference, is perhaps stronger with her Majesty than with any mistress of a private family throughout her dominions.

EXTRACT FROM COBBETTS'S SPEECH AT CARLOW.

Now the chairman has said something of my opinions of government. I have always professed to be a friend and supporter of that government—and if I could, it would be perpetual—which consists of King, Lords and Commons, with those corrections which our chairman has mentioned. I am no blind adorer of an aristocracy or a King. I know that William Guelph, as a man, is nothing more than William Cobbett. [Hear, hear, and continued cheering. It is as man, it is as an individual, endowed as the representative of the people to keep the peace, and in whose name the laws are administered, that we respect him as King. It is framed in the coronation oath that the King of these kingdoms derives his right from the laws, and the assent of the people. [Hear and cheers.] Therefore it is that we are not to look to the personal character of such an individual too scrupulously. The wisdom of our laws requires that there should be a King—that he should be King for life, and that his heirs should come after him. [Hear.] The laws do not require us to believe that as a mortal man he is any better than any one of us.—[Hear, hear.] Now I could wish always too see that form of government preserved, and I tell you why I do so—I do not perceive that any other mode of government is better. Look to the United States for instance; they have there twenty distinct republics, besides the general Congress in which they sit. The particular governments in more of these republics than one have more audaciously infringed upon the laws and upon property than could be done by any King of England with the most tyrannical ministry that ever existed in England. [Hear, hear.] Therefore, do not suppose I am at all particular about the designation of a government; it is not the NAME I am anxious about, but the EFFECT of the thing. [Hear.] I remember what was done by a governor of Philadelphia, and one anecdote will suffice, for I could tell a hundred of them. This man was Chief Justice. Here it is a very mischievous thing to have corrupt men administering affairs; but to have a Chief Justice seeking to be governor is not a state of things that I should wish for. There must be something very disgraceful and wrong in a man going circuit two or three years in the very same State in which he wished to be governor. You would, I can tell you, have a better chance in taking as your governor a blunder-headed fellow by descent. [Loud cheers and laughter.] The Chief Justice wanted to be governor, and he was canvassing for six years, as the office is always held for nine. He was then elected governor, but he did not consider himself safe, as he might be turned out at the end of three years, and might not be re-elected for the two other terms. Soon after he had been elected as governor, two men of the name of M'Allister, who had great influence in the state, and had caused him to be elected by a vast majority, being able to turn the majority in his favour. [Hear, hear, hear.] These two men had committed what the law calls there murder in the first degree, and which is still there punishable by death. To avoid that punishment, they have classified homicide into the first, second, and third degree. The first, wilful, savage, cruel, unprovoked, premeditated, bloody and foul murder.—These two men were proved to have been guilty of the fact; there was hardly any denial of the fact, and they were condemned to die—I do not remember exactly in what number of days. Before the next morning after they had forfeited their lives, this chief justice, this governor, sent them a free pardon, and they were taken out of gaol! That was a very shameful thing; that was done in a country in a state of peace—there was no convulsion—no rebellion—no pretence or danger of agitation, without the smallest reason. He for the purpose of preserving those who had been useful instruments in his election, sent a pardon to men convicted of that horrible crime before they had been twenty four hours condemned.

American Extracts

DEATH OF DR. CAREY.—This eminent divine, persevering missionary, oriental scholar, and practical philanthropist, paid the debt to nature in India, the principal seat of his useful and pious labors, on the 9th of June last, at the age of seventy-three years. He had been for a long time infirm, and he ultimately died rather from the decays of nature than positive disease. He was the son of a poor man in England, had little early education, and was, by trade, a shoemaker. But his mind was of that energetic cast which enabled him to surmount all those formidable obstacles. Becoming a man of piety and of ardent temperament, he was anxious to acquire a knowledge of the ancient languages in which the sacred scriptures were written. This led him to search, during all the leisure his occupation would allow, into grammars and dictionaries, and other books necessary to his pursuit, in all which he made surprising progress. He also read narratives of voyages and travels, from which he discovered the lamentable moral condition of the nations of earth. Actuated by strong impulse and an unconquerable spirit, he determined to devote his life to the spread of the religion of the cross in the east. Accordingly he succeeded in obtaining passage in a Danish ship and arrived with his family at Bengal, near the close of the year 1793. The British East India Company were at that time wholly opposed to the introduction of christianity into India, and it was many years before he succeeded in the open prosecution of the great object that had brought him thither. The interval he employed, with great assiduity, in obtaining a knowledge of the native languages, and as in all his other efforts, his genius and his perseverance were crowned with success. He applied himself diligently to the study of the Bengalee language, and then of the Sungskrit. He translated the Scriptures into Bengalee, preached the Gospel in it extensively, and supported several schools.

On the 10th January, 1800, Dr. Carey arrived at Serampore, and united with Dr. Marshman, Mr. Ward and others in forming the well known Serampore mission. In the first year of his residence at Serampore, his translation of the New Testament was nearly all printed; and the first Christian converts from Hindooism in Bengal were baptized.—The Christian Church which was then begun with a few individual believers in the Gospel, has now branched into about twenty-four Churches in different parts of India.—[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.]

In 1801, says the Sumuchar Durpun, an India paper, Dr. Carey was chosen as Bengalee Teacher in the newly instituted College of Fort William. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Sungskrit and Marhatta, by this means he acquired an intimacy with learned pundits from all parts of India, through whom, in the course of years, he was enabled to translate the Scriptures into all the principal languages of northern Hindoostan. For the students in the College, he had to compile grammars of the languages he taught them; and after many years he completed his voluminous Bengalee Dictionary. By means of these and other works, he became known throughout the world as an oriental scholar of the first eminence. He was not less celebrated as a man of science. Botany and Natural History he began to study long before he left England; and India opened to him a wide field of observation, which he examined with untiring assiduity from his first arrival until his strength utterly failed him.

As a philanthropist, Dr. Cary is entitled to a high rank. He sought and gained the prevention of infanticide at Gunga Sauger. He was among the first, if not the first, that engaged in seeking the abolition of Suttees, and chiefly through his exertions the Marquis of Wellesley left to his successors in the Government of India, a minute, declaring his conviction that Suttees might and ought to be abolished. Had he continued in the Government, he would have abolished them. Dr. Cary also took an active part in attempting the establishment of a Leper Hospital in Calcutta. He was the founder of the Agricultural Society. And indeed, scarcely any undertaking for the country has been engaged in of which he was not either a prime mover, or a zealous promoter.

It was however, as a christian, a missionary, and translator of the sacred scriptures, that Dr. Carey shone per-eminently. Their obligations to him in these respects the people of India have in a great degree to learn. They will, however, learn them; and future generations will arise to bless his name.

Total number of vessels arrived at this port from foreign countries, from 1st January, 1834, to 1st January, 1835, exclusive of American vessels of war:—

Ships, 497; barks, 119; brigs, 886; schooners, 425; sloops, 6; total, 1933.

Passengers arrived in 1832, 48,589; in 1833, 41,752; in 1834, 48,111; total, 138,452,
[N. Y. Times.]

Variety.

THE BATTLE OF THE PILL BOXES AND VIALS.

Homer has sung the battles of gods, demi-gods, and heroes; Milton the strife of angels. Swift has been great in his battle of the Books; but I am not aware that the battle of the vials has as yet been sung; and it requires a greater genius than was to be found in those who portrayed the conflict of heroes, demigods, gods, angels, or books, to do adequate justice to the mortal strife which took place between the lotions, potions, draughts, pills, and embrocations. I must tell the story as well as I can, leaving it as an outline for a future epic.

Burning with all the hate which infuriated the breasts of the two houses of Capulet and Montague, hate each day increasing from years of "biting thumbs" at each other, and yet no excuse presenting itself for an affray. Timothy Oldmixon—for on such an occasion it would be a sin to omit his whole designation—Timothy Oldmixon, I say burning with hate and eager with haste, turning a corner of a street with his basket well filled with medicines hanging on his left arm, encountered, equally eager in his haste, and equally burning in his hate, the red-haired Mercury of Mr Ebenezer Pleggit. Great was the concussion of the opposing baskets, dire was the crash of many of the vials, and dreadfull was the mingled odour of the abominations which escaped, and poured through the wicker interstices. The ladies from Billingsgate, who were near, indulging in their rhetorical powers, stopped short. Two tom cats, who were on an adjacent roof, just fixing their eyes of enmity, and about to fix their claws, turned their eyes to the scene below. The political antagonists stopped their noisy arguments. Two dustmen ceased to ring their bells; and two little urchins eating up cherries from the crown of their hats, lost sight of their fruit and stood aghast with fear. They met, and met with such violence, that they each rebounded many paces; but like stalwart knights, each kept his basket and his feet. A few seconds to recover breath; one withering, fiery look from Timothy, returned by his antagonist, one flash of the memory, in each, to tell them that they each had the *la* on their side, and "Take that!" was roared by Timothy, planting a well directed blow with his dexter and dexterous hand upon the sinister and sinisterous eye of his opponent. "Take that!" continued he, as his adversary reeled back; "take that and be d——d to you, for running again a *gentleman*."

He of the curicund hair had retreated, because so violent a blow he could not help so doing, and we all must yield to fate.—But was it from fear? Seizing a vile potation that was labelled "To be taken immediately," and hurling it with demonical force right on the chops of the courageous Timothy, 'Take that!" cried he with a rancorous yell. The missile, well directed as the spears of Homer's heroes, came full upon the bridge of Timothy's nose, and the fragile glass shivering, inflicted divers wounds upon his physiognomy, and at the same time poured forth a dark burnt-sienna-coloured balsam, to heal them, giving pain unutterable. Timothy, disdaining to lament the agony of his wounds, followed the example of his antagonist, and hastily seizing a similar bottle of much larger dimensions, threw it with such force that it split between the eyes of his opponent. Thus with these dreadful weapons did they commence the mortal strife.

The lovers of *good order*, or at least of fair play, gathered round the combatants, forming an almost impregnable ring, yet of sufficient dimensions to avoid the missiles. "*Go it, red-head!*" "*Bravo! white apron!*" resounded on every side. Draughts now met draughts in their passage through the circumambient air and exploded like shells over a besieged town. Bolusses were fired with the precision of cannon shot, pill-boxes were thrown with such force that they burst like grape and canister, while acids and alkalies kissed, as they neutralized each other's powers, with all the venom of expiring snakes. "Bravo! white apron!" "Red hair for ever!" resounded on every side as the conflict continued with unabated vigour. The ammunition was fast expending on both sides when Mr. Ebenezer Pleggit, hearing the noise, and perhaps smelling his own drugs, was so unfortunately rash, and so unwisely foolhardy, as to break through the sacred ring, advancing from behind with uplifted cane to fell the redoubtable Timothy, when a mixture of his own, hurled by his own red-haired champion, caught him in his open mouth, breaking against his only two remaining front teeth, extracted them as the discharged liquid ran down his throat, and turning him as sick as a dog. He fell, was taken away on a shutter, and it was some days before he was again to be seen in his shop dispensing those medicines which, on this fatal occasion, he would but too gladly have dispensed with

Reader, have you not elsewhere read in the mortal fray between knights, when the casque has been beaten off, the shield lost, and the sword shivered, how they have resorted to closer and more deadly strife with their daggers raised on high? Thus it was with Timothy; his means had failed, and disdaining any longer to wage a distant combat, he closed vigorously with his panting enemy, overthrew him in the first struggle, seizing from his basket the only weapons which remained, one single vial, and one single box of pills. As he sat upon his prostrate foe, first he forced the box of pills into his gasping mouth, and then with the lower end of the vial he drove it down his throat, as a gunner rams home the wad and shot into a thirty-two pound carronade. Choked with the box, the fallen knight held up his hands for quarter; but Timothy continued until the end of the vial, breaking out the top and bottom of the pasteboard receptacle, forty-and-eight of antibilious pills rolled in haste down Red-head's throat. Timothy seized his basket, and amid the shouts of triumph, walked away. His fallen-crested adversary coughed up the remnants of the pasteboard, once more breathed, and was led disconsolate to the neighbouring pump; while Timothy regained our shop with his blushing honours thick upon him.

AN HIBERNIAN FUT.—A native of the Emerald Isle, called lately on a physician of New York to get some advice respecting his fut, as he called it.

"What's the matter with your foot?"

"And that's what I'd be after axing yer own self, doctor."

"Well let me see it."

The patient then rolled up one leg of his pantaloons above the knee.

"You need'nt do that," said the doctor, "it's your foot I want to see."

"To be sure, doctor; and here it is." So saying he pointed to his ham.

The doctor laughed aloud, and asked him if that was the place for an Irishman's foot.

"I called it so out iv politeness, doctor beeaze the papal are very particular in Ameriky."

"Do you think it sounds more polite to say *fut* than *ham*?"

"Then, faith, I'm thinking it dose that docter.—It smell too much of the pig, that same ham—I would'nt spake it on no account at all at all."

If you want to make a sober man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold him every time he comes home.

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for every thing he does right or wrong.

If you wish your sons to become tiplers make it a point to use ardent spirits in the morning—before dinner—when cold, wet, heated or fatigued; and occasionally, recommend its use in their presence.

And, finally; If you would always have a clear conscience, be an honest man and a Christian, and if you would not be everlastingly dunned PAY THE PRINTER.—
[Western paper.]

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