

A CHAPTER OF JENNY'S.

1. And behold in the year 1850, which was the year after the great plague, the New Yorkers took unto themselves a new idol to worship, even Jenny, the sweet songstress, who came from the far countries of the north.
2. And it came to pass that when Jenny came to land, a great multitude threw up their caps before her and followed her to the house of one Howard, which had been made ready for her. And musical instruments were brought, and the great multitude bowed down, worshipping her with sweet sounds.
3. And the same day was the Sabbath.
4. And it became known, and men said unto one another, Jenny hath brought a little dog which Victoria, the queen, gave unto her. Now, therefore, let us secure a hair of his tail, and we shall gain favor in the eyes of the people.
5. And so the tail of the little dog was exalted high before the people.
6. And the house of Howard, the publican, was surrounded by the people, and the high priests, and the mighty men waited upon Jenny, and also the daughters of Manhattan, to the number of 800, did attend upon her.
7. And the artificers and the cunning men sent gifts of their handiwork, until Jenny had not room where to put them.
8. And it came to pass that Barnum, the tax gatherer (for behold he laid tribute upon the people, and hoped to secure much treasure by reason of Jenny,) said unto the people, for so much money ye shall listen to Jenny, the sweet singer.
9. And there was strife among the people, who should give most, and one Genin, the hatter, paid 225 pieces of silver that he might be counted the first worshipper of Jenny. (For so it was that the people of New York counted unto a man his religion, by the amount of his treasure.) And many others paid 25 pieces of silver that they might listen unto Jenny.
10. And the people said unto one another, dost thou know that the people of the great city of Liverpool, that lyeth beyond the great Sea, hath given unto Jenny a vessel of silver which is called a tea-kettle! And they lifted up their voices and sang a great song, "Jenny put the kettle on," with many rejoicings.
11. And there was a worshipper of Jenny who was a little cracked in his head, and he thought unto himself that he was a great scribe and writer of songs. Howbeit he blew his own trumpet, and sang verses unto Jenny, of which here followeth one—  
 "Hinniglaða down from heaven  
 Bows her cloud invading head,  
 Drifts now to slumber given  
 Keeps the night watch of the dead;  
 Blothughadda, Hefring, Hravnn,  
 Hush the surging of the main;  
 Bylga, Uthr, Kolga, Drafn,  
 Laugh and duple in thy train."
12. And the rest of the chronicles of Jenny, are they not all written by the scribes of New York, laboring day and night thereon, that they may be read by the people with great greediness, handing them down unto many Jennyrations?—Portland Transcript.

THE CHURCH-GOING DOG.

My father had a dog whose memories ought to be written. I have often asked him to put upon paper the leading incidents in the life of Fidelity, (that was the dog's name,) but as he has always declined, I shall record a few facts, and they may provoke a more complete biography. My private opinion is, that the life of a good dog is better than that of a bad man. The peculiar feature of the dog's character was his regard for religious places, religious men, and religious meetings. He was punctual in his attendance upon family worship, never being out of hearing when the household was assembled. He attended the weekly meetings in the village, which were held from house to house, notice being given of the place of meeting on the Sabbath. He never mistook the evening, or the hour, or the house. Nor did he depend on watching the family to follow them to the place of prayer. Frequently he was shut up in a room to prevent his attendance, and he would dash through a pane of glass and be at the right house before those who shut him up. He was confined in an out-house that had no floor; he dug a hole under the sill, and reached the meeting before the second hymn was finished. On the Sabbath he was a regular attendant at church, and always occupied the square step at the head of the pulpit stairs; if there was the least disturbance among the dogs below, as there will be in the country sometimes, he would rise and frown his displeasure upon them until it was settled. One day he was so pleasantly occupied with his canine acquaintances at the door, that the time slipped by and the minister commenced the service; instantly he gave a yelp, expressing his mortification, and hastening to his place cowered down in the attitude of shame which he maintained to the close of the service.

Perhaps the most singular trait in his character was his unwillingness to stay over night in a house where they did not have family worship. He was in the habit of visiting among my father's ministerial acquaintance, and one day he followed a gentleman from a neighboring town to his house, and made himself quite at home, evidently intending to spend a few days as he had done at other places. The evening closed in, and at length the family retired for the night, without being assembled for prayers. The dog made his way out of the house, and traveled home as fast as his legs would carry him. This practice was so common with him, there could be no doubt of his views.

I could fill pages with the record of similar facts, but I am hindered by two inquiries: who will believe them? and what good will they do? These questions may have deterred my father from writing the dog's history; but I am sure it would form a novel and interesting chapter in a volume that is yet to be written on the sagacity of the brute creation. I have no ridiculous idea that this dog

had any religious sensibility; much less do I imagine that he or his species has a moral nature, capable of cultivation; but I love to think that a wise and infinitely benevolent Creator has endowed the humblest of his creatures with sources of enjoyment and powers of usefulness too, so that in their several ranks and spheres they answer high and important ends in the economy of the universe.

A GAMING SCENE.

This propensity for gambling, which seemed to be very prevalent, was, on one occasion, productive of a scene that well might be termed fatal. The parties compromised were a Mr. B— and his wife; the latter a very young and rather pretty woman, but with "shrew" very legibly written on her features. She had often, it seems, remonstrated with, then rated, then abused him, for indulging in this fatal passion which necessarily impoverished them. He turned a deaf ear, however, to her remonstrances, and was equally proof against her abuse. On the evening in question, she became so exasperated, that she seized a knife that he wore in his waist-belt, and dealt him a blow, which, had it struck him as intended, must have stretched him a corpse at her feet. Fortunately she missed her aim, owing to his nimbleness in evading the stroke, which, depending upon his bare arm—for he had his shirt-sleeves tucked up—laid it open, inflicting a ghastly wound. Regardless of this mischief, and, possibly apprehensive of a second attack, he dexterously closed with her, and wrung the weapon from her grasp, completing his victory by bearing her body to the ground, on which he held her as in a vice; until, after a determined conflict for the space of fifteen minutes, her strength gave way and she succumbed. The horror of this scene few who beheld it will ever forget. Even in the midst of her struggles, she strove to bite; and, failing to revenge herself in this manner, spat in his face and kicked him, reckless of decency; finally, giving vent to her fury in language perfectly appalling in atrocity. Several peace-makers stepped forward, and we believed their efforts had succeeded in allaying the tempest; when, on being liberated, she suddenly sprang upon her infant, and, with hair all dishevelled, her face flushed with rage, and her eyes glaring with the frenzy of unnatural excitement, rushed up the companion-ladder, and made for the side of the vessel, evidently bent upon sacrificing the little infant, and possibly herself. She was frustrated in her murderous intent by the interposition of the Captain, who snatched the child out of her arms, and forcibly detained her by pinning her back against the bulwarks. He remonstrated with her very sensibly, but, I fear, with little permanent effect; although the result of his admonition was to bring the tears into her eyes, and send her back, much dejected, into the cabin, where her husband was having his wound dressed.—Adventures in California.

**A LOVER.**—We have heard of a good many enthusiastic lovers in our time, but we think Mr. Toots takes them all down. "If I could be dyed black," said he to Captain Cuttle, "and made Miss Dombey's slave, I should consider it a compliment; or if at the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into her dog, I should be so perfectly happy I never would stop wagging my tail."—There's devotion as is devotion. What's taking arsenic to a man with such "feelings?"

**MOST SUBLIME.**—Can any of our readers peruse the following touching appeal, and retain a dry eye? If they can they must be strong-hearted:

Oh! Sally dear, the evenin's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimmion swaller,  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fadin, green and yellor,  
 Come let us stray our toilsome way,  
 And view the charms of water—  
 The barking dogs, the squella hogs,  
 And every roasted tater.

**HEART-BROKEN.**—The heart-broken individual supposed to be the author of the following lines, was seen early last Saturday morning with a "card of gingerbread" under his arm, walking rapidly towards the river. He has not been heard of since.

But sickness and affliction is trials sent  
 By the will of a wise creation,  
 And always ought to be underwent  
 With fortitude and resignation.  
 Then mourn not for your partner's death,  
 But to submit endeavor;  
 For sposed she hadent died so soon,  
 She couldent a jived forever.

Some sensible chap says truly that a person who tries to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and undertake to wheel himself.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

**BLOODY AFFRAY IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.**—Yesterday the room of the Third District Court was the scene of a very bloody affray between three of our citizens. Dr. Dupas and Mr. Veau have been partners in a saw mill in the Third Municipality, and having lately dissolved partnership, some legal proceedings have taken place between them. Dr. Dupas, in settling the accounts of the partnership, was assisted by Mr. Severe Wiltz, Alderman of the Third Municipality. Yesterday the parties met in the Third District Court to try a rule arising from these legal disputes.

The rule had been tried, and Judge Strawbridge had left his seat and the room, when an altercation arose between Dr. Dupas and Mr. Veau, the former charging the latter with not accounting for money he had collected, and the latter pronouncing it a falsehood and calumny. Mr. Wiltz, seeing the dispute was approaching a serious issue, interfered, and stood between the parties, when Veau addressed him some very abusive language, calling him a liar and calumniator, with reference to Mr. Wiltz's endorsement of Mr. Dupas's charges. Thereupon Mr. Wiltz, who is a gentleman of powerful frame, struck Veau, knocking him down on his knees.

Before he arose, Mr. Veau drew a dirk and stabbed Wiltz in the breast. Wiltz turned to leap over the railing separating the clerk's stand from the portion of court room allotted to the bar, and as he did so, Veau gave him another severe cut in the thigh, but at the same time fell himself suddenly on the floor, as if he were dead! It appeared afterwards that he had been stabbed in the back by Dr. Dupas, who avowed the act as one done in defence of his friend. The knife, which was a very sharp one, struck the spinal column, and immediately paralyzed his lower limbs.

In the meantime Mr. Wiltz had leaped into the judge's stand and drew a pistol, when he cried out, "Gentlemen, I am badly hurt;" and fell in the stand. The parties were then taken up by their friends and physicians sent for. In a little while they arrived and examined their wounds.

Mr. Wiltz was able, with the assistance of his friends to go down the steps, and was put into a cab and carried home. His wounds are severe and painful, but not dangerous. Mr. Veau was entirely prostrated by his injury, and it is feared that it will prove mortal.

The gentlemen engaged in this unhappy affair are all highly respectable Creoles, and men of families.—N. O. Delta, Aug. 24.

The Hon. Mr. Merritt, and Mr. Keefer, Engineer, were, at the latest dates, about to explore the country between Rimouski and Lake Temiscouata. This exploration, no doubt, is to ascertain the best route for a canal or railway, to unite the waters of the St. John with those of the St. Lawrence.

On the 17th of next month a great Provincial Prize Exhibition of works of nature, and art is to be held at Montreal. From the articles exhibited, selections will be made for the London Exhibition of 1851.

There is a man named John Vanhooser, living in the State of Tennessee, who is in his 122nd year. He is a German, and emigrated to America about 100 years ago! He fought in the revolutionary war, and voted for Washington to be President.

The lady of the Italian General Avezzana, now residing in New York, was lately very severely injured by accidentally falling out of the window. It was not expected that she would recover.

**MARBLE.**—During a recent visit of a friend of ours to Parrsboro', some very beautiful specimens of marbles were shown him by Mr. D. D. Roop, who has discovered quarries of them at Five Islands. Fragments had been forwarded to the United States for the inspection of some of the leading Geologists, and they have pronounced the white marble equal to that procured from Italy. We have a sample of this marble at our office, as also samples of black and cipolin marbles, which we shall be happy to exhibit to those who desire to see of what kind of stuff our province is made. It is probable that these marbles would form a very pleasing item in that part of the great Exhibition of 1851, apportioned to Nova Scotia, and our provincial Commissioners appointed for the collection and transmission of specimens of our country's resources, will doubtless look out for some choice pieces of these marbles, and give them a prominent place among their collections.—Halifax Guardian.

All churchyards in London are to be closed for ever on the 1st of July, 1851, when burials are to take place in the suburban cemeteries.

On Sunday Wombwell's rhinoceros died at Paisley, after a week's illness. It cost £1000, but the carcass will be purchased for the Edinburgh Museum.

Several slight shocks of an earthquake were felt towards the end of the month of May, and several places in the eastern districts of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The whole of the immense area in Hyde Park, assigned for the exhibition of 1851, is now enclosed with railings about eight feet high, and men are now busily engaged in staking out the ground for the foundation.

Mr. Circuit, a farmer at East Ham, has at the present time upwards of 600 people—men, boys and women—employed in pulling, carting, and peeling onions for pickling, and they will be thus engaged for two months. He pays wages to the amount of £200 weekly, and the cost of each acre of onions averages £100.

**EXECUTION.**—William Ross, found guilty at the last York assizes of the murder of his wife by poison, was executed on Saturday in front of York Castle. He met his ignominious fate with the utmost fortitude, and died protesting his innocence. This unhappy youth excited great interest. He was only 19 years of age, and the evidence on which he was convicted was wholly circumstantial, and much of it doubtful. Great efforts were made to save his life.

A vessel arrived at London from New York has brought the large number of 112 cases of shoes, of American manufacture, as a portion of her cargo.

The sea has lately made some alarming encroachments upon the land on the eastern coast of England, near Yarmouth. Several acres of land have been swept away.

On Saturday Mr. John Beard, gunsmith, of Edfield, deliberately laid his neck upon one of the rails of the Eastern Counties Railway when a train was advancing, and suffered himself to be decapitated.

Lieutenant Symonds, R. N., has been tried by court-martial, at Plymouth, for insubordination on board of H. M. S. Trincmaloe, and sentenced to lose two years, rank as a lieutenant, and be severely reprimanded.

M. Nalder, of Croyden, has recovered £300 from the London and South Coast Railway Company, as damages for his collar-bone being broken, and temporal artery wounded, by an accident on the company's line.

A boy fell from a boat in Portsmouth harbour last week, and would have been drowned but that Mr. Lockie, of H. M. S. Blenheim, plunged overboard and saved him. This is the ninth individual whom Mr. Lockie has rescued from drowning.