

"What's this, what's this, eh? Is there no band?"

"Yes, my lord," tremblingly replied C—, "the band of the 117th regiment."

"Why don't they play? Go and see. These men are sadly drilled, I fear," remarked His Excellency to the pretty Mrs. P—.

The aide-de camp returned. He actually looked pale with horror.

"Well, well, why don't they play?"

"They have not brought their instruments."

"Not brought their instruments! Stupid fools! Tell them to go instantly and fetch them; and if they are not back in half an hour, I'll have them all punished. Here, you, Sir, you band-master, do you hear what I'm saying? Quick!"

"Please your Excellency, I can't."

"And why? Do you presume to bandy words with me?"

"No, my lord; but—"

"I'll have no buts. Be off, sir, directly, and fetch your instruments here. What could Colonel S— mean by sending the band here just like a parcel of sticks? I don't want the men—I want the music."

"Please you, my lord, I was ordered to say, the men of the band are under your lordship's command, and attend according to order; but the instruments belong to the officers, who purchased them by subscription out of their own pocket, and they refuse to let them go."

"What!" roared the irritated Governor General.

"It is not my fault, Sir," ejaculated the poor band-master.

We shall not paint the anger of the great man, or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the "retort courteous" on the proudest, the haughtiest man that ever landed in Bengal.

THE RIGHT MAN COME AT LAST! OR, THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE.—It was with no ordinary pride and satisfaction that we lately had the honor of an introduction to one of the most eminent men of the age, Professor Thomas Holloway; a gentleman who has done more for the advancement of the medical science than any other that can be named, not excluding such renowned savans as Abercrombie, Rush, Clark, or Majendie. The Professor has recently travelled in the United States, having visited this country for the purpose of establishing a depot for the sale of his medicines in New York. It is true that our public have long been familiar with his great reputation, but partly owing to the heavy duty imposed upon imported medicines, and partly to the unwillingness of physicians & druggists to advance the interests of a professional brother, whose superior knowledge and skill threatened to cast their own pretensions into the shade, the sale (although great) in America of his wonderful remedies, has not yet equalled the enormous demand which exists throughout the whole of Europe, Australia, the East Indies, and most other parts of the civilized world. It was for this reason that the Professor, a few months ago, determined to make New York the location of a great American depot for the preparation and sale of his medicines, rivaling in extent and usefulness his celebrated establishment in London, which, as all travellers know, is one of the "institutions" of that city. We have reason to congratulate ourselves, and especially our sick and afflicted fellow citizens, upon his felicitous resolutions.

For proceeding step by step, on strictly scientific principles, the Professor, at the early part of his career, attained to a discovery, which placed him above all competition in the triumphs of the healing art. He noticed how much of the boasted medical knowledge of the present day was empirical, and how little was really known of the laws of human physiology. Continuing his investigations, a happy thought struck him, like an inspiration, and he located the seat of every disease,—no matter what its nature and diagnosis,—in the blood. The blood has vitality; the blood is alive; it is indeed in the language of scripture, "the life of man." If that stream of existence is impure, how can the human being be otherwise than feeble, exhausted, emaciated, and afflicted by various forms of disease? To purify the blood, and keep it pure, is, virtually, to banish sickness from the earth. Here, then, is hope for the sufferer. The poor invalid, despairing of recovery, may go forth into the world a renovated and strong man. Professor Holloway's treatment eradicates all our ailments; whether they are of the stomach, liver, kidneys, lungs, heart, or skin, he refers their origin to the blood, and restores the apparently diseased organ to pristine health and vigour. Knowing this, as we do, from the experience of our friends, as well as from our own, we discharge but a Samaritan duty to the public, by a cordial recommendation of Holloway's Pills and Ointment—the former for internal derangements of

the system: the latter for external application to wounds and sores, which have resisted every other so-called remedy.—N. Y. Atlas.

GETTING ON TOO FAST.—A pious old slave he a wicked master. This master had much confidence, however, in the slave's piety. He believed he was a christian. Sometimes the master would be rigorous and thoughtful about religion. One day he came to the old slave, with the new testament in his hand, and asked him if he would explain a passage to him. The slave was willing to try, and asked what it was.

"It is here in Romans," said the master.

"Have you done all that it tells you to do, Minnie, Mark, Luke, and John?" inquired the slave, seriously fixing his eye upon his master.

"No, I haven't," said he.

"Then you're going on too fast, too fast, master. Go back to the beginning of the book, and tell me what it tells you to do, Romans, and you will understand it easy enough then, for the book says:—If a man shall do my will, he shall know of my doctrine."

If any of our readers ever hear anybody arguing about a hard text in Romans, or somewhere else, and worrying to know what it means, just tell his story about "getting on too fast."—Juvenile instructor.

MR. BUCHANAN THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENCY.—James Buchanan was born on the 13th of April 1791, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. He is consequently 65 years of age. He studied the profession of the law in his native state, and in 1814 was elected to the House of Assembly, to which he was re-elected the ensuing year. At this period Buchanan was a Federalist, and he was by that party elected to Congress in 1820. He was a member of the House of Representatives for several succeeding terms till March 1831, when he declined further service. After leaving Congress, Mr. Buchanan, in May, 1831, was offered and accepted the mission to Russia. After his return from Russia, he was, in 1834 elected to the Senate of the United States, to fill an unexpired term, and was subsequently reelected in 1836 and 1843. President Polk, in March, 1845, called Mr. Buchanan into the Cabinet, and until the close of that administration he held the office of Secretary of State. He was one of the two prominent Democratic candidates for the high office of President of the United States at the last Baltimore Convention; but the respective supporters of himself and General Cass finding that there was no chance of electing either, abandoned both in favor of Gen. Pierce. He was appointed minister to England by President Pierce, from which mission he has but quite recently returned. His mission is chiefly signalized by the Ostend conference, in which he was the prime mover, and it is understood that he drew up the report. This report, it will be recollected, recommended the acquisition of Cuba by the United States, by purchase if possible, but by force if necessary. Mr. Buchanan approved of the Missouri compromise and of the policy of the Pierce administration in reference to slavery.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SENATOR WILSON AND MR. BROOKS.

Mr. Brooks to Senator Wilson.

FLINT'S HOTEL, May 27, 1856.

SIR:—In the Senate to-day, when referring to the collision with Mr. Sumner, you spoke of my conduct as "cowardly," thus making yourself an arbitrator of true courage.

In debate in the Senate, heretofore, you have declared yourself responsible for what you might say there and elsewhere.

I, therefore, hold myself at liberty, by this note to request that you will inform me, without delay, where and when, outside of this district, any further note will find you.

Respectfully, &c., P. S. BROOKS.
Hon. Henry Wilson.

Senator Wilson to Mr. Brooks.

WASHINGTON, May 29, 10 1-2 o'clock.

Hon. P. S. Brooks.

SIR:—Your note of the 27th inst. placed in my hands by your friend, Gen. Lane, at twenty minutes past ten this morning.

I characterized on the floor of the Senate the assault upon my colleague as "brutal, murderous and cowardly." I thought so then, I think so now. I have no qualifications whatever to make in regard to those words.

I have never entertained or expressed in the Senate or elsewhere the idea of personal responsibility in the sense of the duelist. I have always regarded duelling as the lingering relic of a barbarous civilization, which the law of the country has branded as a crime. While, therefore, I religiously believe in the right of self-defence, in its broadest sense, the law of my country and the natural convictions of my whole life alike forbid me to meet you for the purpose indicated in your letter.

Your obedient servant,
HENRY WILSON.

Women, however lovely they may be in person, rarely excite true admiration if they are ignorant of the art of conversing well.

CANADIAN ESTIMATE OF AMERICANS.—While the American Government is doing its best to provoke a war with England, a state of anarchy sufficient to engage all its energies, exists in its own dominions. Congressmen commit murder. Senators are all but beaten to death in her Legislative Chambers, and bands of armed ruffians desolate the Territory, assassinate the citizens, and fire the buildings in Kansas. The North sends men, money and arms to the invaded territory, and the south accepts the challenge by similar demonstrations. One thing only prevents a war with England, one only stays a civil war in Kansas. The American Eagle is a half-bred between a carrion vulture and a dung-hill rooster. He lacks the courage necessary for fair combat and he crows the loudest when furthest from his enemy. The men of the Revolution are dead, their inferior children of 1812 are in their dotage; the present generation, raised on hot cakes and sweet fixings, and stimulated with tobacco juice is all talk and no action, as destitute of the stamina on which courage is founded as its mothers are of flesh. Look at the women; charming at sixteen, faded at twenty, toothless at twenty-five, hideous at thirty, dividing their time between their rocking chairs and their beds, incapable of exertion, incompetent to exercise, over-ailing, listless, lazy, straight up and down, like an old fashioned clothes-pin, making up the deficiency of their developments with whalebone, cotton and bran—are these the things to suele heroes? The race has deteriorated and is dwindling away; and but for the constant introduction of new and healthy blood from immigration, would disappear in a century.

The moral deficiencies of the people are equal to the physical; the boys slang each other, but never fight—the men assassinate, but never come to blows they talk terrible things in public meetings, and confine their terrible doings to a concealed shot or a sudden stab at an unprepared enemy. Ministers of the Gospel advise bloodshed, and take up subscriptions for rifles; every thing necessary for a combat is sent to the scene of contention but pluck—the men are whitelivered and afraid of each other and if one party advances the other runs away—houses are plundered and burnt, and unarmed people are butchered; if the assaulted pick up courage and advance again, the assailants run in their turn and like scenes follow their footsteps. We do not think there is much occasion to be afraid of them whether there is war or peace. A contest in which there is more hard knocks to be got than plunder, is exactly the one in which our degenerate cousins have the least desire to engage. Let them hold Kansas Meetings and Summer Meetings, and Crampton Indignation Meetings, if they please; talk is their peculiar vocation, a national institution and one of the most innocent. With a population, which, eager and ready to invade the right and property of others, is without the courage to protect its own; with an army made up of the congregated scoundrels of all nations, and a fleet manned fleebly, as it is with such a set of riff raff, that that while the one half are in irons, guard boats, while in harbor, have to watch day and night to prevent the desertion of the others, and the service so unpopular that a single steamer has taken months after it was commissioned to obtain a crew—there is no more to be dreaded from war-vaporers, or the reality of it, from the United States, than from similar gasconade, or actual action, on the part of His Serene Majesty the Emperor of Timbuctoo. It is simply ridiculous, and should be treated like any other burlesque.—Montreal Advertiser.

A Yankee editor says:—The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but untiring step of a jackass towards a peck of oats."

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT AGAIN.—Capt. Guy, of the *Imogen*, just arrived off Shoreham, from Algoa Bay, describes as follows the great sea serpent, as seen by him and his crew, on Sunday, March 30, in lat. 29° 11' N. lon. 34° 26' W.:—"To-day, (March 30), at 11 o'clock, a.m., the weather being beautifully calm and clear, the man at the helm called my attention to something making down from the southeast towards the ship on the star-board quarter. I took the glass and looked in that direction, and immediately saw it was a large sea-serpent; and, when about 400 yards off the ship, he altered his course, passing away to the north. He appeared in sight full thirty-five minutes, and had the same appearance that I have before seen represented in drawings, but without the hairy mane; in fact, looked like a large conger eel. It was fully 40 feet long above water, and, from the wake he left, I should say 60 feet would not be an exaggeration.—Liverpool paper.

Mr. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, has been nominated by the Democratic convention at Cincinnati as the candidate for the next Presidency, the name of President Pierce having been withdrawn. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was nominated for Vice President. The Republican party will run Mr. Fillmore for President.

On the recent dissolution the Nova-Scotian observes:—

"His Excellency may or may not be right as to the policy of repealing the Prohibitory Liquor Law—on that subject he may possibly have the sympathies of a majority of the population—but by dissolving the Assembly at this particular crisis, he has raised an issue before which the liquor law sinks into comparative insignificance. Governor Sutton is a bold man. He has essayed to do what no Sovereign of England has done for two centuries and what has never before been done in the British North American Colonies. Even Sir Francis Bond Head, with all his eccentricities, never ventured so far as to dissolve on his individual responsibility.—Sir Charles Metcalf, it will be remembered, was never without a constitutional adviser—but Mr. Sutton, more adventurous than his predecessors, acts in opposition to the united wishes of his Council, and personally assumes the responsibility of an act which should be borne by those who are amenable to the people through their representatives. It is a question between the late advisers of the Crown responsible to the people of New Brunswick and the Governor who is responsible to the imperial authorities alone. If the people sustain the Governor, well—but if not, he has no alternative but to anticipate his recall by resigning his post. Is this a state of things calculated to conduce either to the honor of the Crown or the benefit of the Colony? Is it a course likely to meet of the approval of the Home Government? The Governor's instructions, laid down in the despatches of Lord Sydenham and Lord John Russell are all to the effect, that except in those cases where Imperial interests are at stake, the Queen's Representatives in the Colonies shall be governed by the same constitutional principles which since the revolution have been universally respected by the sovereigns of England. The Liquor Law was a mere pretext on the part of the Governor to get rid of his late advisers.

LATEST FROM KANSAS.—We have further exciting news from Kansas by special despatch from our correspondent at Leavenworth, on Wednesday last, the 24th instant.

The Ruffians, now in undisputed ascendancy there, have again attempted to annoy and obstruct the investigations of the Congressional Committee, by arresting, without legal process, its clerks and witnesses before its face, and in every way insulting and defying Messrs. Howard and Sherman, the majority of said Committee. A new collision had taken place near Possowatomie, where the Ruffians had attempted to drive a Free-State man from his claim, and had been resisted by the neighbors, and in the fight that occurred some of the Border Ruffians were shot. A civil war seemed inevitable, and the Committee of Congress believed that they should soon be compelled to leave.—N. Y. Tribune.

FROM NICARAGUA.—Advices have been received from Central America to May 21. At present the cause of the filibusters is decidedly in the ascendant. The country was evacuated by the Costa Ricans, and no movement was on foot for the commencement of hostilities in other quarters. Col. Schlessinger, after trial by court martial, was condemned to be shot; but he had made his escape previous to his sentence, and is supposed to be skulking somewhere in the "rural districts."

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial.

"I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply, "bachelorism certainly is a luxury."

CAMPBELL.—Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn N. Y. has kept a record of deaths and accidents from the use of camphene and kindred articles for the purpose of illumination, since 1850, inclusive. From that time to the present 169 persons have been killed and 279 wounded. [We presume this is for the city or at most the state of New York.]

In choosing a friend, especially if you want a whole-souled one—look always at his under-pinning—i. e., at the size of his feet. If these are large, you may be sure he don't stand upon trifles.

SPIRITUAL.—An Irishman being asked by his wife to account for a black eye, said:—"Sure I got it through a spiritual man-i-fist-a-tion."

A musket ball fired through a pane of glass, makes the hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.

A young gentleman at Buffalo, picked up a pair of handcuffs and put them on for fun, but the looks sprang, and as the sheriff who had the key could not be found, the poor fellow wore his uncomfortable wristlets from Saturday night to Monday morning.