

Gold or silver coin could not be obtained, and resolutions were passed by the Common Council in favor of adopting another currency, but no one could hit upon an expedient. As each day passed, confusion became worse confounded, and universal distress was alarmingly on the increase.

In the midst of this excitement I wandered about, exulting secretly in the ruin I had caused. While walking one day down Broadway, I was startled at being suddenly brought face to face with the founder of my wealth. He brought strangely to my remembrance the face and form of Bumpus, whose very existence I had forgotten. I did not like the expression of his countenance now: it wore a Satanic look—and I tried to pass by unnoticed. My effort proved fruitless; his eyes were fixed upon me. He spoke abruptly, and without any greeting, in a gruff voice—

"I have work for you. The day after to-morrow large stores are expected. You must have agents at all the depots, and as these stores arrive in the city—the words hissed through his closed teeth—"you must have them destroyed."

"What! starve out the city!" I exclaimed; "I dare not."

"You must; I order it."

"But the thing is impossible," I continued, pretending not to notice his last words, for I felt their truth.

"I have other slaves besides you, fool! I can give you every assistance you require. Be at your office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, ready to receive visitors from me. All they want is the money."

So saying he left me to my own reflections, and horrible reflections they were. As I returned home I ran over every possible plan by which I could avoid his commands and shake off his influence. There was no way of doing this except by giving up my gold, and I would have sooner parted with my life. Then I thought of his scheme. It was vengeance on a more extended scale than I could have conceived possible; but reflection familiarized rather than exaggerated its deformities. They grew less and less hideous. Had not I, too, a thirst for vengeance. Was not I an outcast from society? With every moment's thought I gained, as it were, a fresh impulse of diabolical energy, and finally resolved to lend myself to the work.

I waited impatiently the next morning for my promised visitors. They came at the appointed hour—dark, taciturn men. They received the money without any comment, and had it immediately taken away. Then, in abject terror at what I had done, I fled to my own home.

(Conclusion next week.)

## Miscellaneous.

**THE BIBLE.**—The first, and almost the only book deserving such universal recommendation, is the Bible—and in recommending that, I fear that some of you will think I am performing a superfluous, & others a very unnecessary office—yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life;—not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then to be laid aside; but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters, every day, and never to be intermitted unless by some overruling necessity.

This attentive and repeated reading of the Bible, in small portions every day, leads the mind to habitual meditations upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of conduct for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observations upon human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay the book aside to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth—and when we pass from the old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good will towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God, and an ever blessed existence hereafter.

My friends, if all or any of you have spiritual pastors to guide you in the paths of salvation, do not imagine that I am encroaching upon the field of their appropriate services. I speak as a man of the world to men of the world, and I say to you *Search the Scriptures!* If even, you tire of them in

seeking for a rule of faith and a standard of morals search them as records of *History*. General and compendious history is one of the fountains of human knowledge to which you should all resort with steady and persevering pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world; and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from geography and chronology. These assistances you may find in many of the Bibles published with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the chronology and geography of the Bible—that will lead you to a general knowledge of chronology and of geography, ancient and modern and these will open to you an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge, respecting the race of man, its inhabitants, to which you yourselves belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit.—Give one hour of mental application (for you must not read without thinking, or you will read to little purpose,) give an hour of joint reading and thought to the chronology, and one to the geography of the Bible, and if it introduces you to too hard a study, stop there. Even for those two hours you will ever after read the Bible, and any other history, with more fruit—more intelligence—more satisfaction. But, if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day for a year or years, to study thoroughly the chronology and geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate into the knowledge of the book, but it will shed floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been divided."—*John Quincy Adams.*

Yesterday, on visiting the Mechanic's State Fair, at Boston, there was one thing that interested us more than all the rest. This was a piano, *three hundred and fifty years old!* It was a small, strange looking instrument, about the size and weight of an ordinary melodeon, and shaped something like a harp placed horizontally.

It stood there, that plain, brown, humble-looking thing, overshadowed by its descendants of carved rose wood and mahogany; but oh! it was greater than they, coming up from the dead centuries to the present.

We stood there, and forgot the gorgeous display, and the busy crowd about us, as we thought how the white fingers of English maidens had flashed across those small keys in the days of the Tudors. What tales it could tell us of dance and revelry in old baronial halls? What stories had been whispered in the summer evenings by lordly knight, to fair haired girls beside it.

Under moss covered turrets and battlements what proud heads had bowed over that old piano, what loyal hymns had been sung to its sweet music.

Alas! alas! they were all dust now, and the dead and the piano kept their secrets.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Mr. Green sued a lady for breach of promise.—Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars:

"What!" cried Mr. Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart? Two hundred dollars for all this! Never! never! never! *Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!*"

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward and picked it up and returned it to him.

"Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor.

"In what regiment, Sir?" retorted the lieutenant, as quickly as possible.

Napoleon smiled and passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted.

It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir Edward Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was recently found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute, as to be "almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass."

When a little daughter of Moody Burbank, of Waterville, Me., was standing near a window, a partridge flew from the woods against the window, breaking the glass, and perched upon her shoulder,

A person of the name of Fish, having made a short trip in a balloon, on coming again on terra firma, was seized with a swoon. A gentleman asking one of the crowd collected around him what was the matter, was answered, "Nothing but a fat fish who has been out of his element."

## DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

**STOVE PIPES.**—Lined oil laid upon stove pipes when warm (not hot) and kept at a low temperature five or six hours, will impart a fine lustre.—One gill will serve to half a dozen joints.

**KNOW NOTHING.**—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of water, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, half the quantity of soda, nutmeg or spice to your taste, with flour sufficient to roll out and cut, will make cookies for Know Nothings.—*Michigan Farmer.*

**TO MAKE CHEAP AND EXCELLENT VINEGAR.**—To eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, turn the mixture into a clean tight cask, shake it well two or three times, and add two spoonfuls of good yeast, or two yeast cakes.—Place the cask in a warm place, and in ten or fifteen days add a sheet of common wrapping paper, smeared with molasses and torn into narrow strips, and you will have good vinegar. The paper is necessary to form the "mother" or life of the liquid.

**TO CLARIFY BUTTER.**—Scrape off the outsides of the butter you may require, and then put it into a steppan by the side of a slow fire, where it must remain till the serum rises to the top and the milk settles at the bottom; with a spoon carefully take off the skum; when clear it is fit for use.

**TO PRESERVE CHEESE SOUND.**—Wash it in warm whey once a month, wipe it and keep it on a rack; if you wish it to ripen, keep it in a damp cellar, which will bring it forward; when a whole cheese is cut, the largest piece should be spread inside with butter, and the outside should be wiped to preserve it; to keep that which is in daily use moist, let a clean cloth be wetted and wrapped round the cheese when carried from the table.

**TO CLEAN FLOOR-CLOTH.**—After sweeping and cleaning the floor-cloth with a broom and damp flannel in the usual manner, wet them over with milk and rub them till beautifully bright with a dry cloth; they will thus look as if they were rubbed first with a waxed flannel, and afterwards with a dry one, without being slippery, or so soon clogging with dust or dirt.

**SCOTCH CAKE.**—One pound and a half of flour; one pound of sugar; one pound of butter; one tea spoonful of cinnamon; one gill of milk.

Rub the flour, butter, sugar and cinnamon together; after which, add the milk. Knead well, roll into thin sheets, cut with a round tin cutter and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown.

## FACTIE.

**ANECDOTE.**—A farmer once hired a Vermontor to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the smallest end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugarloaf Indian pudding.—Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, "always take the butt end."

**FEMALE POLITICS.**—A young lady, hearing it stated that government in this country would in future be carried on without parties, said, "Oh, dear! I hope not. If it comes to that, I hope papa will take us to live on the continent."

**TENDER FORETHOUGHT.**—*Devoted wife:* O, what a beautiful monument! Wouldn't you like to have such a one as that, dear?

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had travelled from. "I came straight from London," replied he. "Did you so?" said the other; "then you must have been terribly warped by the way."

A man turned his son out of doors lately because he wouldn't pay his house-rent. A striking instance of pay-rental affection.

Love is blind, and Hymen is the oculist that generally manages to open its eyes.

He that has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.—But what if a feller hasn't got no eyes?

Take a romantic young lady of about seventeen, lock her up on bread and water for a month in the north corner of the house, just to keep her out of the way of that presuming young man who wears a moustache, and is so lonesome without his Marie. In less than a week the Marseilles quilts, torn all to flinders, will be found some morning hanging down over the back stoop, and in a year the romantic young lady will be seen streaking it past that "cruel parent's" house, with a live something in a willow wagon.

Theodore Hook once said to a hospitable author, at whose table his publisher got very drunk, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine-cellar into your book-seller."

**CLERICAL BREVITY.**—The clerk of a retired parish in England, when reading the third chapter of Daniel, wherein the names of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego are thirteen times repeated, after speaking them once, called them, during the remainder of the chapter, "the aforesaid gentlemen."

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man, whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?" "She is dead, I thank you."

Why is a benevolent man like a cart-horse?—Because he stops at the sound of woe.

**MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.**—Disorders of the respiratory organs are certain to follow a slight cold in the head, and if the body is predisposed to costiveness, an attack of diarrhoea may be expected, unless a few doses of the Moffat medicines are administered. These valuable preparations should be kept fresh in every family. Sold by W. B. Moffat, 333 Broadway, New York.

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## Special Notices.

**WORLD'S BLESSING!**  
**DR. J. B. N. GOULD,**  
**Rheumatic, Neuralgia and Spinal Balm.**  
Cures from 12 to 48 hours, removes Rheumatism and Neuralgia Pains in fifteen minutes.

We would call the attention of our readers to the above wonderful preparation, used only as an external application. The following is sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical of its virtues:

Boston, April 9th, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since this session of the Legislature commenced, I have been severely afflicted with inflammatory Rheumatism. I expended much money without obtaining any relief, when one of our Representatives brought me a bottle of your "Rheumatic Balm," and from its first application the pain began to decrease, and I am now almost entirely free from the affliction. You are aware that I ordered six bottles more, which I distributed among suffering friends, and in every instance it has afforded immediate relief. I give you this testimony of the worth of your medicine, unsolicited, as a slight token of my appreciation of your endeavors to soothe the pain and anguish of your fellow men. Very respectfully,

W. E. P. HASKELL,

Clerk Mass. House of Reps.

Dr. J. B. N. Gould, East Abington, Mass.

Dr. J. B. N. Gould: Dear Sir,—Feeling confident that there are thousands of persons in the world that suffer with Neuralgia, I feel it a duty I owe to you and to the public to make the following statement known. I have been suffering from Neuralgia in the face and head, once or twice a month, for fourteen years. It was so severe, I have been obliged to leave my business, and confine myself to my room, one or two days at a time, suffering all the time the most intense pain. I have tried for years all the remedies that were advertised, also all the prescriptions given by physicians, and had experienced no particular benefit; and had made up my mind there was not anything that would give relief, and supposed I must suffer for the remainder of my days with this unwelcome disease. I saw the advertisement, last spring, of your Rheumatic and Neuralgia Balm, and, as it was highly recommended, I concluded to try it; but I had no confidence in its virtues. I applied it according to the directions, and in a few hours was relieved. That was three months since, and I have not had the slightest attack; and I feel thankful to you, sir, for so great a blessing.

CHAS. T. BARRY,

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## THE GREAT RESTORATIVE.—FEVER

AND AGUE CURED BY DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.—Mr.

Jonathan Houghman, of West Union, Park County, Ill.

nois, writes to the proprietors, Fleming Bros. of Pittsburg

that he had suffered greatly from a severe and protracted

attack of Fever and Ague, and was completely restored to

health by the use of the Liver Pills alone. These Pills

unquestionably possess great tonic properties, and can be

taken with decided advantage for many diseases requiring

invigorating remedies; but the Liver Pills stand pre-eminent

as means of restoring a disorganized Liver to healthy

action; hence the great celebrity they have attained.—

The numerous formidable diseases arising from a diseased

Liver, which so long baffled the skill of the most eminent

physicians of the United States, are now rendered easy of

cure, thanks to the study and perseverance of the distinguished

physician whose name this great medicine bears—a

name which will descend to posterity as one deserving

of gratitude. This invaluable medicine should always be

kept within reach; and on the appearance of the earliest

symptoms of diseased Liver, it can be safely and usefully

administered.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for Dr.

McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, manufactured by

FLEMING BROS. of Pittsburg, Pa. There are other

Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public.

Dr. McLane's genuine Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

None genuine without the signature of

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## THE GREAT CONTEST IS OVER, AND

the victory is complete, for Mrs. M. N. Gardner's Indian

Balm of Liverwort and Horehound has triumphed over

Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all kindred foes of man-

kind. It has emerged from the forest wilds of America,

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## HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS

an effectual cure for Hemorrhoids (commonly known as

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medies are a certain cure for it. Professor Holloway has

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prevents Professor Holloway from giving publicity to

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almost immediate relief, and by persevering a lasting cure.