St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamentally) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, President.
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S. L. TILLEY. S. K. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, Solicitor.
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, Secretary.

Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.

ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, }
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
THOMAS BEER, }
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Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
may 1 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel,
Post Office Buildings,
State Street, Boston.
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

We have obtained the Victory.

RENNAY & SCRIBNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 4-3 Octave to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERRITT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.

July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

PATENT AGENCY.

THE undersigned will undertake to procure Letters Patent for "new and useful inventions" for this Province, and will attend to all legal requirements in reference to English and Foreign Patents, before they can become effective in New Brunswick. He has made arrangements with Messrs. Stead & Sterling, Architects and Draftsmen of this City, for the execution of such Drawings as may be required.

PETER STUBS,
Barrister, Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.
St. John, N.B., Dec. 2, 1853.

Furniture Warerooms,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

NOW on hand, an assortment of the best FURNITURE, consisting of Walnut and Mahogany COUCHES; Mahogany and Walnut SOFAS; Mahogany and Walnut CHAIRS; Mahogany Sideboards; Pine, Mahogany, and Walnut Dressing Tables; Walnut and Mahogany Centre Tables; Bedsteads; Washstands, &c. &c. &c., all made of the best materials and by the best workmen. ☞ MATTRASSES, and every thing in the Upholstery business made at short notice.

Undertaking attended to, Hearse and Palls furnished.

A few pieces of the best English HAIR CLOTH. For sale by

October 28. ROBERT NISBET.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTURES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c., &c., all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.

The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.

Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

FALL STYLE!

LOCKHART & CO. have received the *Fall Style* of SATIN HATS, per *Admiral* and *Middleton*.

☞ A large lot of Summer and Spring GOODS selling off at reduced prices. 17, King-Street.

LEAD.—2,000 Pounds SHIP LEAD. For sale by

A. A. COUGHLAN.

S. L. TILLEY.

NEW FALL GOODS.

St. John Clothing Mart,
WATER STREET,
Sign of the ROYAL ARMS.
MARKET SQUARE.

RECEIVED per packet ships 'Imperial,' 'Europe,' and steamer 'America,' from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS—consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Kerseys, Whitney and superfine West of England Cloths and Cassimeres, figured and plain.

40 Cases of American SATINETTS, Striped and Fleeced COTTONS, &c. &c.

Ready-made Department.

Made in the Establishment—fashionable shades.

500 Beaver, Whitney, Pilot, Canada, Satinett and Duffaled COATS, from 25s. upwards;
300 Reefing JACKETS, Pilot and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—*every shade and texture;*
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cabmere, Bazathen, Valentia and White Moscelles.

A large assortment of Dress FROCKS, SACKS, and PALETOTS;

Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Men's White SHIRTS, Linen Trimmings Fancy Regatta and heavy Striped ditto—blue, white and red.

Merino and Lambswool Shirts and drawers.

4 cases Gents' Silk and Satin HATS; 6 cases Kossuths and Leghorn Hats; 8 cases Boys' Cloth and Cassimere Caps.

SEAMEN'S OUTFITS—of every description.

Goodyear's Patent Rubber Coats, Leggings, Sou'-Westers, Sporting Bags, &c.; 100 dozen Braces, Silk, India Rubber and Elastic; 20 boxes French Satin and Silk Neck Ties and Stocks, plain and figured, a beautiful article; Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs of every description; Silk, Cotton and Kid-Gloves; Trunks, Valises, travelling Bags, &c.; Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; with every description of goods requisite for a general Outfitting Establishment.

300 Suits of Boy's CLOTHING, in Beaver, Pilot, Satinett, Tweeds, &c. &c.

4 Cases of Fur, Seal Skin, silk velvet, Tweed and Cloth CAPS;
10 Bales of Buffalo Robes and Coats, Seal Skin, and Reversable, ditto;

N. B. Gents. selecting their Cloths can have their Garments cut in the newest style, and executed by the best of workmen and superintended by experienced foreman—fit or forfeit.

☞ All Goods marked in plain figures, and no second price.

☞ WATER STREET, SIGN OF THE ROYAL ARMS, FRONTING ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

November 11. F. NEILL.

Old Wines, Brandy, Geneva, &c. &c.

Now landing ex *Miramichi*, from London—In Store, and daily expected per *Caros*, from London—

30 HHDS., 30 qr. casks, & 20 octaves Choice Old PORT; Pale Brown and Golden SHERRY; MADEIRA, LISBON, Marsalla, &c.

5 Puncheons } Old pale and Brown Cognac
30 Hhds. } Brandy; Martells, Henessys &c
30 hhds. finest Schiedlam GENEVA;
40 hhds. very Old Jamacia RUM;
4 puns. Old WHISKY,—(Campbelton, &c.)
12 hhds. Prestonpans and Allon ALE.

Also—a large Stock of the above in bottle—together with Claret, Hock, Moselle, Champagne, &c. &c. &c.

150 casks of the best London Brown Stout, PORTER, and East India ALE, in pints and quarts.

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
Wine Merchants.
May 27. Prince William-street.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
REMODELLED,
BOARDERS, BOARDERS, **BOARDERS,**

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the Public that he is now prepared to receive a number of Permanent or Transient Boarders, on the following terms, viz:

Yearly or Monthly,	£40	0	0 per annum,
Weekly,	0	17	6
Daily,	0	3	6
Breakfast,	0	1	3
Dinner,	0	1	6
Tea,	0	1	3

Cold LUNCHEONS at any hour from 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. SOUPS on Mondays and Thursdays; and by good attendance, Clean Rooms and choice Cordials (including a we drop of the Craythur,) I e hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Choice Shediac OYSTERS always on hand; also, Cold Roast Fowl supplied to private Families, at the shortest notice.

Sept. 20. JAMES NETHERY.

Wilber's Pure Cod Liver Oil, and Phosphate of Lime.

A CURE for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and al Scrofulous Humorus.

A supply just received from the manufacturer,—For sale at ONE DOLLAR per Bottle, by

WM. O. SMITH.
July 2. Market Square.

SUGAR.—4 Hhds. and 5 Bbls. good SUGAR, for sale by

October 27 A. A. COUGHLAN.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.

Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c. &c.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.

August 19, 1853. C. H. BARTLETT.

MAHOGANY.

10,000 FEET of very superior MAHOGANY, just received, will be sold cheap, in the log, or in boards, to suit purchasers.

Also on hand— large lot of Mahogany VENEERS—branch, plain, and mottled.

JOHN DUNN.
Cabinet and Chair Maker,
June 3. Princess street.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Instituted in 1836,
Incorporated by Special Acts of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	346,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

TRUSTEES:
SIR THOMAS BERNARD BIRCH, Bart., M. P.
ADAM HODSON, Esq., S. R. THOMPSON, Esqr.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:
JOSEPH HORNBY, Esquire, *Chairman.*

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T. Stewart Gladstone,	"	Alex. McGregor,	"
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George Holt,	"	John Swainson,	"
Geo. H. Lawrence,	"	Jas. Aspinal Tobin,	"

SWINTON BOULT, Esq., *Secretary.*

EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS,
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.

The Agents are prepared on the part of the Company, to offer a very liberal scale of Premiums, and beg to solicit orders from all parts of the Province.

August 20, 1852.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Hamton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,

varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.

M. FITZGERALD.

St. John, April 29, 1853.

N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

JOHN HARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate, viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c. also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlars and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

New Brunswick Hotel.
Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to receive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.

July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR.

REMOVAL,
AND NEW SUPPLY,

THE Subscriber, in thanking the Public for the partronage he has hitherto received, begs to inform them, that he has removed from his late place of business, New Market Place, to the Store four doors North of the Country Market, on

CHARLOTTE STREET.

Where he will keep on hand his usual STOCK, of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
&c. &c. &c.

and hopes by the usual attention to the wants of his customers, to merit the continuance of their favor.

W. H. SECORD.

St. John, Aug. 26th, 1853.

No. 15 King Street, Drugs, Medicines, &c.

THE Subscriber has received per ship *Isabon* from London, an additional supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, SPICES, Fancy Soaps, Tooth, Nail, Paint Hair, and Clothes BRUSHES.

Also—5½ tons Brandram's No 1, WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, Starch;
2 Casks Bird Seed; 3 Cases Salad Oil;
5 Cases Painter's Colours;
1 Cask Pumice Stone;
1 Case Spanish Liquorice.

November 4. S. L. TILLEY.

Valuable Land For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale that valuable Lot of LAND, known as No. 9, in the Douglas Valley, close to the Nerepis Road. It contains 200 acres, is well timbered with good wood, and the soil is of the best quality. It will be sold on accommodating terms, on application to

CHRISTOPHER MAILMAN,
Oct. 21, 1853. 3m. *Carleton.*

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by

October28. FELLOWS & CO.

Select Reading.

FISHER'S GHOST;
—OR—
"Murder will out."

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been originally transported, but became free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character had acquired for him considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about 45 years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher, to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be exactly like him.

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man named Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road, was at least twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on a rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, 'Fisher, is that you?' No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms.—Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well,' exclaimed, old Weir 'this is very curious, any how;' and breaking several branches of a sapling, so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put the old mare in a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher a gone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a heard on t?"

"Ay, Betty," said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you be so foolish, Ben!" said the old woman. "You must be drunk, surely, to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell you I am not drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily. "There's been foul play, Betty, I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than two miles from this. Egad, it was on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt sleeves, with his arms folded, just as he used to sit when he was waiting for anybody a coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed him till I was as close as I am to thee, when all of a sudden, he vanished like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben, don't talk of it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed, but he did not next morning forget all he had seen on the previous night; on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest and oft repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear that it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning home from market—again in his cart—he saw seated on the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion, old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the oldmare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and led the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sydney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty, "you're quite sober like to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghosts! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, are you satisfied I am not drunk, but perfectly sober?" said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, I saw Fisher to-night again!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say stuff," said the old farmer, "but I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un. Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without bidding you and me good bye?"

"It's all fancy," said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I won't hear a word on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben, "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I'm now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think," and with these words he got up and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was moreover in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested that old Ben might be showed in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the news in Sydney.

"The news in Sydney, sir, is very stale," said old Ben; "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven-and-sixpence a bushel. But I want to tell you something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben," asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man or a fool exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you are a fool," said Mr. Grafton. "But what can you have to say that you are come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration, the words 'How very singular!' involuntary escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow morning at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (that race which has been very aptly described as the last link in the human chain), to remain about his premises. At Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man called Jonny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot not only over grass, but over the hardest rock, and of tracking the wheareabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous for skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several bush-rangers, whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse-police.

When old Ben Weir, made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came, and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost, were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook, who had no idea what he was sent for, pronounced these stains to be 'white man's blood;' and after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereupon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are very common; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously, not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the foot-steps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clue had been washed ashore to show that any thing unusual had been sunk in the pond; but having finished his examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttering a cry peculiar to the native when gratified by finding some long-sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond, where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, 'White man's fat.' The pond was immediately searched, and below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body. These had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognised, both by Mr. Grafton and by old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn these buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. He inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to alight. Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations, said —"Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land that I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir, I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said—"Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here." He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Smith's countenance, remarked—"These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt that they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank notes which he had about his person, and had thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank heaven," he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell me that I had no hand in this horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected, had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus by bringing the murder to light, hope to stifle all suspicion. But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition, and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir, but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came and said that he had 'gone at last,' they did not think it at all unlikely he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was therefore transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing session of the Supreme Court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came, and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The attorney general very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury (which consisted of military officers), in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He further produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declared, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost-story was entitled to any credit; and if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition; and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favor of an acquittal. The jury retired, but after a deliberation of seven hours, they returned to the court with a verdict of guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was immediately attended to; when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, and that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them.

PRIESTS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.

SEVENTH ADDRESS TO PROTESTANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

MEN AND BRETHREN IN CHRIST JESUS!

THIS is the seventh time we address you—*the seventh* that we invoke you in the name of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

The object of our entreaty are infinitely precious; the souls who are the slaves of sin—the immortal beings who are ground down under the fatal yoke of Pagan and Papal darkness and superstition. This spiritual despotism prevails not merely abroad, but at home—not alone among the myriads of the human family who inhabit the uncivilized portions of the globe, but among our own kindred race, who dwell in the fairer divisions of the earth, subject to the milder sway and dominion of Britain and America, and the other parts of Christendom, still enslaved to the chair of the man of Sin—dark, cruel, and unforgiving. The slavery of Romanism and the slavery of Paganism are both alike, except that the *former* is worse than the *latter*, and sufferers by comparison. The one bears the semblance and profession of liberty without, while within her folds are the torture, the rack, and the prison—conscience lacerated, and Christ crucified afresh. In Paganism are found the idol, the image, the god. In Romanism are set up the very same creations of man's uneducated reason—these creatures of the handicraft of men. The world by its wisdom, now as of old, knows not God eternal. It is only in the Book of life that that saving knowledge of Him is to be obtained; and who ever seeks her right in that book, shall certainly find her. The Lord Jehovah declares this truth; and every human being of his is bound to obey this voice, speaking to us in His Holy Word: and woe be unto us, if we do not follow the heavenly mandate—the blackness of darkness in the bottomless pit shall be our portion for ever and ever!

BELOVED BRETHREN!—In contemplating the state of the heathen and Christian population over the surface of our planet, the mind of the believer is overcome with wonder and amazement, when it observes how comparatively little progress the religion of JESUS has made over that vast extent of territory in the long space of eighteen centuries and a-half! One would almost conclude that the description of the Apostle, in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, is as applicable to the ignorance of our race in the nineteenth century, as it was to the inhabitants of the world in the first century, of the Christian era. Vice, sin, and idolatry, with all their concomitants, are almost universal; and man created after the image of the Maker, is still the slave of depravity, sunk in the sinfulness of sin! The population of the globe is estimated at NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE MILLIONS, NINETY-NINE THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN; and yet how small a fraction of this almost countless mass of human beings is even *nominally* Christian! And how fewer still of this fraction, whose souls are born anew by the creating influence of the HOLY GHOST! It is written in the Statue-Book of Heaven, that the knowledge of the lord shall cover the earth, as the waters the sea; that His Word shall not return unto Him void; but it shall accomplish that which he pleases, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it. This is the decree of the Eternal—of Him who made the worlds; but oh! how little have his subjects, for whom the decree was written, and to whom the command was given, "Go ye into ALL the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature*," obeyed the law and voice of their Creator!

God works by means: He has gifted man—has conferred powers on him, to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever. But alas! the gifts and powers are dormant, and half awake to do good, and wickedness and vice are the chief enjoyments of man. The true glorification of God is shut up within specks of earth; and the being intended to represent his Maker, and to proclaim His praise from shore to shore, is little better than the zoophyte or grub worm in his native element. His light is no better than darkness visible, and like a flickering beacon on the boundless expansive ocean, only exposing the dim interminable waste of waters, and leaving beyond our vision lurid untried regions for human enterprise and civilization.

Among the instruments discovered in later years to spread His fame may be enumerated the Press, the Steam, and the Magnetic Telegraph. These agents might preach in their language, and convey, with vivid flash, the words of eternal life to myriads, who are yet dead and unborn to God; but they are seldom employed for that sacred purpose; they are more in use to promulge tidings of discoveries in the fields of Mammon, and to signalize the savage carnage in mortal conflict.

PROTESTANT BRETHREN!—Such should not be our character in this use of arms. We should toil and strive for the evangelization and conversion of the world, as if the period of that blissful epoch depended upon ourselves—and trust and pray, as if the bloodless victory depended on our God. To work is our—to mass is God's. The catholicity of the Gospel shall be only accomplished by the universal use of Christian weapons, and modern discoveries may be made the happiest instruments the holy consummation.

MISSIONS.

It was the wisdom of Deity from the beginning that these should divulge the attributes of Jehovah, and He sent forth His first begotten and only Son, with the message of salvation, to recreate and animate the dead in trespasses and sins, and to clothe them again with the spotless garment of immortality. He was the first Missionary to bruise the serpent's head, and He shall be the last to sit down in His dominion, when He shall have gathered into it people out of every kindred, and tongue, and nation; and all the host of heaven, earth, and sea, shall join in one universal, endless chorus to the "Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing" (Rev. v 12); and the agents of His will shall be kings and priest unto God, and reign with the redeemer himself for ever and ever, in an unbroken line of everlasting communion and endless inheritance.

With these promises and that prospect before us, how can it be accounted for, BRETHREN, that we are only half awake to the cause of Missions—Missions to the Christian and heathen world? Idolatries abound in both these great divisions of our species; and yet the efforts to effect their overthrow are circumscribed and pusillanimous. A Missionary spirit is rare amongst us, and labourers are fewer still, and the hand that should be opened liberally to sustain and constrain the work, is shut up with the vigilance of a worldling's care and a miser's grasp. Antinomian licentiousness, lurking and entwining itself in the Christian Protestant, poisons that very source of fruitfulness and dries up the fructifying streams that should flow from that living fountain of benevolence. The grace of God produces fruits of righteousness in the *believer*; but the lust of mammon manifests a flickering and dead faith, and exposes the withered members of the niggardly, hypocritical professor to the gaze of the least acute spiritual observer. Oh! for more love to Christ, more love to God, more love to man. Then, instead of earth presenting to our view, as it does now, an aceldama—a surface of mixed and jarring elements—we should bask in the enjoyment of a godly jubilee,

Weimer's Statistics.

Heb. ii. 14. Isa. lv. 11.