A single case—a single sign of peril in any quarter, would have spared the poison!

That evening, in the stillness of night a trembling hand stole forwards to that afflicted boy with a potion that knows no waking. In a few hours, all was over.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET AT DAY-BREAK.

A writer in the *Illustrated London Magazine* has given us a very entertaining account of *Covent Garden Market*, and dilates graphically on its aspect during the small hours of two or three o'clock in the morning:—

"Two o'clock in the morning," he observes, "is the hour at which we should wish you to begin your observations. But the state of the market and the surrounding streets, at that hour, will have prepared you for the announcement, that for some hours previously a steady stream, or set of streams, of heavily-laden waggons and carts, has been setting into this great heart of vegetable traffic from the outlying realms of Hammersmith, Isleworth, Brentford, Houslow, Wandsworth, on one side, and of Essex way, on the other; to say nothing of the 'market-trains' from country places, of which one alone, from a village in Kent, about twenty-three miles from town, brings from twenty to thirty truck-loads of fruit and vegetables three times a week, or even oftener, during the season. These importations choke up the market and ooze over into the bye-streets. Outside these are arranged scores on scores of lighter carts, belonging to the retailers, from every part of town and the suburbs; the outlying fringe of all being an innumerable host of costermongers' barrows, whose owners are keenly on the look-out for the "bought-in" lots of the market. "To get a choice you must be early," is the rule; and so, long before the time I have mentioned, all active retailers are on the spot, eagerly inspecting cargoes and looking out for bargains. The scene about this time is truly wonderful. A bee-hive engaged in dethroning the legitimate Queen-bee and electing a constitutional monarch in her room, would be tranquillity compared to it. Huge waggons, like mountains of turnips, cauliflowers, cabbages, carrots, onions, &c., &c., are swiftly and steadily discharging their cargoes into the side-walks; groves of geraniums, camellias, azaleas, carnations, mignonette, and all sorts of flowers, strew the ground at each end of the centre alley; "sieves" (as they are technically termed), and other baskets of potatoes and fruit, stand piled in heaps at every corner; "fancy" flowers and rare fruits, such as peaches at a guinea each, and the hot-house grapes at the same per pound—are handed over, packed with every conceivable care, to sober-looking porters, with strict injunctions to be "very careful." Business, meanwhile, is proceeding with a vigour only proportionate to the accompanying hubbub; and from the highly-respectable tradesman of Belgravia or Westbournia, down to the straw-chewing "coster," or the clamorous fish-wife, every one seems driving desperate bargains, at the top of shrill and querulous voices, a deep bass running accompaniment to which is supplied by the rumbling of waggon-wheels, and the deep-mouthed execrations of excited drivers.

Now there is a custom—*was*, we wish we could truly write: it is, however, we understand, happily on the wane—of "clinching" every bargain "with a glass." For this praiseworthy object, as well as to supply the natural craving of nature—to which after the night-journey, from perhaps twenty miles' distance in a slow, jolting waggon, or on the road by its side, may be well supposed to be of a somewhat ferocious kind, there are thrown open about this hour (two o'clock) the "Market-houses," as they are called; that is public-houses which keep a double set of servants—one for the day and one for the night—send the first to bed at twelve and rouse the second at one. At two o'clock, breakfast begins in most of these houses; and to see the burly market gardeners rolling in, ordering their coffee, buttered toast, and rasher; to see the huge biggins of coffee, the enormous toasting machine, like a gigantic wire-guard stuck over with spikes; to listen to the constant hissing and crackling of rashers and chops, and other savoury comestibles; to see these things, and to hear these things is to feel hungry at once from sympathy.

The quantities consumed are almost incredible. At one house alone the landlord informed us that his average "brew" in the season was fourteen gallons of coffee every morning.

Breakfast over, business is resumed with renewed vigour. By seven or eight o'clock all the best vegetables, fruit, and flowers have been bought. Nineteen-twentieths are on their road to the retailers' shops, not a twentieth part remaining in the hands of the shopmen of the market. * * * It has been well said, that one half of the world has no notion how the other half lives; and we have met with very few people, to whom it has ever occurred to take an observation of this remarkable and unique feature in London life.

TERRIBLE OCCURRENCE.—A letter from Pecatonica, Winnebago county, Ill., dated August 14, says:

"I witnessed yesterday one of the most melancholy scenes I ever beheld. In the town of Lysander, one mile south of Pecatonica depot, there lay enshrined in five coffins, a Mr. Marchant, two sons and two daughters, all of whom were struck by lightening during a thunder shower, about two o'clock, A. M.—leaving in the family only the wife, and one son about eight years old; they both being much injured by the shock, the woman remaining mentally deranged, continually bemoaning the loss of her family."

MARRIAGE OF THE YOUNG PASHA.—The marriage of Ghalib Pasha, son of Reschid Pasha, with Fatima Sultana, eldest daughter of the Sultan, takes place on Thursday next. In February last, the contract of marriage was signed, and the splendid presents were sent by the bridegroom's father to the Imperial palace of Theheragan. It was then directed, that the marriage and the accompanying festivities should be celebrated in the summer, but it appears that the necessities of the state have produced an effect even on the exalted personages who have never before denied themselves anything. It is resolved that the marriage shall be celebrated without the usual profusion and extravagance.

The vast cost of Eastern ceremonies would frighten the most magnificent monarchs of Europe. The expense of the approaching nuptials would amount to about three times the cost of her Britannic Majesty's coronation, and in such a case the festivities, if indulged in, must be of the grandest kind, for the young lady is the first daughter of the sovereign who has left her father's house, and the bridegroom's father is the most eminent, and in some respects the most meritorious, of the Turkish dignitaries. For a splendid display the money is not to be had, and it is therefore resolved to establish a new precedent, and celebrate the nuptials in the modest style of the western world.

But the happy couple are well provided for. A palace of vast size and splendor was commenced by Reschid Pasha some years since. The expense was too great even for a wealthy man who was every day becoming more wealthy. The honor of an imperial alliance had been promised him, and he took every opportunity to place in the hands of his family by a transaction not uncommon in Turkey. The Sultan purchased the building at a great price, and settled it on the daughter who was to marry the youthful heir to the minister. It has now been finished, and will receive the couple immediately on their marriage.

PREACHING.—Of all things the most pitiable is when a man preaches to himself, and when an audience listens to be pleased with the minister. And the most glorious thing below is when the minister's preaching and the people's hearing lead to this consideration, not, "How well the minister spoke to-day," and "How comfortably did we hear to-day!" but, "How glorious is that Saviour! how precious this soul! how weighty our responsibilities in the prospect of eternity and a judgement-seat!" We may always judge of what has been the intent of the sermon, or what has been the mood in which it was listened to, by the first remarks we hear as we retire; when people go home criticising the words of the discourse, instead of dwelling on and speaking of the lines of the subject, there is something wrong in the people's hearing, or in the minister's preaching. May God grant that all that I preach, and all that my people hear, may lead them to lift their hearts far beyond the temple, and to leave them no where except where our heart and our treasure should be, beside the throne of the Lord Jesus.—*Dr. Cumming.*

GOOD NATURED OPEN-HEARTED.—Give a friend, whose ready wit often enlivens the social circle, and sometimes also faithfully serves the cause of truth. One Sabbath morning, as he stepped from his house to go to church, he met a stranger driving a heavily loaded wagon through the town. He turned upon him, stopped, lifted both hands, and stood in a transport of admiration, gazing upon the ground beneath the vehicle, and exclaimed. "There!—you are going right over it! You have *gone right over it!*" The traveller hastily gathered up his reins, drew in his horses, came to a dead stand, and began looking under his wheels to see what little innocent child, or dog, or pig, might have been ground to a jelly by their heavy weight. But seeing nothing, he looked anxiously up to the man who had so singularly arrested his progress, and said, "Over what?" "The fourth commandment," was the quick reply.—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." The hard starting of the wheels again, and hard hauling that load all the rest of the day.—*Norwich Examiner.*

A SINGULAR DANGER TO CATTLE.—Our attention was yesterday called to one of the most remarkable dangers attending the pasturage of cattle, in the western country especially, of which we have ever heard. The facts which we will state show the great necessity there is at all times for farmers and others to be most careful and prudent in providing clean pasturage for their animals, and for resorting to all precautions for detecting in and excluding from fodder and provender generally, which is to be fed out to or come within the reach of stock, every possible foreign substance. The particular circumstance to which we now refer, as proving this, was the exhibition to us yesterday by John W. Weild, Esq., of two large and indigestible balls found in the stomach of a deceased cow. The balls are specimens of thirteen such, taken from the stomachs of two different cows that died near Louisville Ky,—four balls from one and nine from the other cow. The largest of these balls is almost perfectly globular and nearly the size of the mapped globe ordinarily used in the schools, being about 16 to 20 inches in circumference. The smallest is more of an egg from, and is in diameter about four inches one way and three the other. These balls appear to be entirely composed of hogs' bristles or hair, and were taken into the stomach with pasturage from a grass lot where bristles from the hogs killed in a "porc-packing establishment" have been spread regularly for years. It was not until one of the cows had died from this cause, that the circumstance of their swallowing the bristles was known, or rather that the lodgment in the stomach and gradual accumulation of so indigestible a substance was dreamed of.

"YOUR PAPER DID NOT COME, SIR."—We recommend a careful perusal of the following plain statement, both to postmasters, and to subscribers; it is from a paper called *The Advancer*, published at Bermando, Miss:

"The uncertain arrival, or uncertain delivery of papers at country post offices, is often the ground of complaint against publishers of newspapers. Many of the country people are supplied with conveniences for taking care of papers, no matter with what certainty they strive. The papers are jumbled into a few pigeon holes or piled upon a desk, box, or bench, to wait the call of subscribers—in the midst of boots, hats, bridles, horse collars, and other coarse wares which may be called for during the day by customers. Country postmasters, in general, being engaged in some mercantile business, many newspapers find their way into some obscure corner, where they remaid in a mountain cave. In comes a man for the paper, and as it can't be found he concludes it didn't come. The indignant subscriber consequently abuses the rascally editor, and perhaps calls for pen, ink, and paper, to write a letter of complaint about not sending his paper punctually; when if the said paper were endowed with speech, it would cry out 'here I am, squeezed behind this box or under this barrel. We must have seen just such things at many country post offices elsewhere as in this country. These remarks have no reference to any particular office, but meant for all where they will apply.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"LA TRIBUNE." The New York *Commercial Advertiser*, after referring to the fact, that a "Diving Company" are now operating on the wreck of this vessel, furnishes the following particulars touching the circumstances attending her loss:

La Tribune, at the time she was lost, was considered as fine a vessel as then belonged to the British navy. She was captured by the British during the war with France, in the place where she was lost in "Herring Cove Head," about ten miles to the Westward of Halifax and but a few miles from where the remains of the ill-fated steamship Humbolt now lie. The loss of *La Tribune* was a melancholy one. When coming from sea, it being hazy at the time, she struck on Thrumpcap Shoals, to the Eastward of Halifax. Instead of shortening her rudder; she wind then began to blow from the Southeast, and during the day increased to a gale. After a while, the ship came off the rocks, but having lost her rudder she was unmanageable, and drifted toward the Western shore, opposite a prominent bluff of rocks and one of the most dangerous spots along that iron-bound coast. During the afternoon, the fishermen, from the surrounding villages assembled in great numbers, to render any assistance in their power to the unfortunate crew of the ship, which was then within speaking distance of the shore, but her commander and his officers, with about twenty of their men, left her, expecting that assistance would be sent from Halifax by the Government, which was done, but too late. In the meantime, the gale increased and night coming on, the Government vessels could not reach them, and the people on the shore could do nothing. Thus the ship was lost and her officers and crew, consisting of over three hundred souls, all perished, except seven, who were saved by a young fisherman in a small flat, he taking only one person at a time in it and landing them behind a cluster of rocks. In the last attempt he lost his life, the boat broke to pieces, but he succeeded in gaining the shore, and next morning he and his companions were rescued by the people when the gale subsided. The dead bodies and the fragments of the vessel were found ashore on the shore.

The British Government acted handsomely toward the young fisherman who so nobly risked his life to save others, and who, it was thought impossible for any human being to aid them. He was appointed a midshipman in the British navy and received a pension for life.

The materials saved from *La Tribune*, are said to be almost as valuable as dross. This vessel had a large amount of specie on board. She was a double-banked frigate, and rated 44 guns.

ENGLAND TO CANADA.—The London *Times* devotes one of its stately leaders to "the Crisis in Canada," The tenor, not the language of the article is given thus: "Come, darling, get on your little feather and see if you can't begin to toddle alone—mother can't always be with you to hold you up. Go now and play with your brother Jonathan. See what a strapping big fellow he is, and how he can wave a twig! He, the wilful young scapegrace, weaned himself a long time ago, and here you are, with a mouthful of teeth, still hanging to the *papilla* and drawing sustenance from the fount of fountain, which is drained nearly to the last drop."

FIRE AT QUEBEC.—We learn from the Quebec Observer extra of last Thursday, that on the night previous a fire broke out in the officer's quarters of the Royal Artillery, above the mess room, it is believed from a defect in the chimney, and had been smouldering. The military and firemen made incredible exertions to save the building, and finally succeeded, although the two upper stories were completely gutted.

Sir Allan McNab, the new premier, in one of his manifestoes, thus defines his position on the clergy reserves question:—

"My opinion on the subject of the clergy reserves has never been concealed. I rear in favor of holding the (imperial) statute as a final settlement; (i. e. providing for an arbitrary division of the proceeds of the reserved lands among two or three denominations) and I have in Parliament voted against the abolition of that settlement. * * It has been ascertained, however, that at least three-fourths of the members of Assembly are in favor of secularization, and it only remains for me to bow to their decision, and submit to their deliberate judgment."

The Quebec papers state that Lord Elgin is now in possession of his official appointment as Governor-General of India.

FROM KAMSCHATKA.—We copy the following paragraphs of late Kamschatka news from the San Francisco papers:—

By the arrival of the American brig Boston, Capt. Hodgdon, we have advices from Petropaulski, a Russian port on the peninsula of Kamschatka, up to July 16.

At the time the Boston left, there were in port a double-banked Russian frigate of 44 guns, the corvette Olleutza of 22 guns, from the Baltic, with a Baltic crew, a Guarda Costa, and the Russian American Co.'s ship Kamschatka, armed with eight guns, and a crew of twenty men.

News of the war in Europe had been brought to Petropaulski by the American barque Behring, and the Russians were making great preparations to receive an anticipated attack by the allied fleet. The port is defended by several fortifications, and new ones are being erected, consisting of one or two masked batteries, with three or four mortars.

The Governor has under his command a full regiment of soldiers, thoroughly equipped, and is confident he can stand a pretty long siege.

Petropaulski contains between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants, including a few Americans and Englishmen, and one American store. Everybody is obliged to be a soldier or a sailor, and to respond to the Governor's call at a moment's notice.

The town is situated on the shore of the entrance to which, from the ocean, is through a narrow inlet, three miles in length, studded with islands, and commanded by several batteries.—A vessel may enter the harbor safely, but there are many difficulties to encounter. Capt. Hedges, with the Boston, beat in and out in a fog.

The Governor thinks, and our informant also, that it would be impossible to take the port with anything short of a fleet of steamers, as new batteries are being built to cover every approach.—The Russians were daily looking for the arrival at Petropaulski of an English frigate to protect them against their enemies. These remarks have no reference to any particular office, but meant for all where they will apply.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE DISRUPTION OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—The recent disruption of a secret political party in the United States under the name of "Know-Nothings," and the extraordinary success which has everywhere attended them at the polls, have started the Government and produced a profound sensation throughout the old Democratic ranks. It appears that large numbers of the new organization are Democrats, who have thrown off their old leaders on account of their political ostracism from what is called foreign influence. The Whig ranks will also be thinned by the desertion of the native-born population, who will unite with the Democrats, and thus the old political party distinctions will be abolished.

Nobody is better acquainted with this fact than the President of the United States, and he has consequently set himself vigorously to work to root out the Know-Nothing-ism. Accordingly all public officers who shew any leaning towards this party are summarily dismissed; but even this high-handed course has not had the effect intended, and more decided steps are being taken to give effect to the President's feelings. For this purpose, a public meeting was held at Washington last week, to attempt the re-organization of the democratic party on the basis of opposition to the Know-Nothings, at which the following resolution was put and declared to be adopted, although it is said the Nays were in the ascendant:

Resolved, That the Democratic party will wage unceasing war upon the secret organizations known as Know-Nothings, and, for that purpose, we call on the Whig and Democratic association; that we will forget political antecedents, and cordially unite with the Whigs; and we invite the Whigs and all others to join us in our efforts to drive the Administration in the integrity and wisdom of President Pierce's administration, and that all Know-Nothings will be removed from place under the administration, &c.

Some idea may be formed of the dread in which the Know-Nothings are held, when a resolution like the above would be entertained by the Democratic party, who would forget all political antecedents, and cordially unite with the Whigs!

After considerable sharp-shooting, the meeting was adjourned to last Friday, when there came a telegraph despatch to the Boston papers that about 1000 persons attended. Considerable feeling was manifested, and the Whigs and Know-Nothings were denounced as the speaks. The rest, but the rest of the joke was, that after the regular meeting adjourned, the Know-Nothings organized a counter meeting, and there appeared to be little diminution in the numbers. The despatch says:—

As a demonstration, the efforts of the administration Democracy against the Know-Nothings in this quarter must be set down as complete failure, notwithstanding the distinguished talent engaged and the favorable auspices which seemed to smile upon it. The great number of government *employés* present and appointed as orators, gave to the appearance of being an administration movement, and contributed much to its defeat.

A Mormon train, consisting of nine wagons and some fifty persons, crossed the Missouri at Bellevue, Nebraska, on the 14th August, on their return from a six years' residence at Salt Lake. They left on account of the difficulties and and oppression of the Mormon Church.

The New York hotel and boarding house keepers are reducing the price of their board. House rents in that city are also being considerably lowered.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON.—The Auditor, in his annual report, speaks as follows of the public improvements in Boston, consummated under the superintendence of the Joint Special Committee on Public Lands. From the year 1836 to 1854, about 1,500,000 square feet of land, exclusive of streets, have been reclaimed from a very unhealthy and worse than useless condition, and rendered eligible and valuable for private dwellings and business purposes. Nearly five miles of streets have been filled up and graded; common sewers laid therein, sidewalks made and edge stones put down in a large portion of them. Five public squares have been laid out and enclosed with iron fences, and in other respects rendered pleasant and attractive places of resort. Seven stone fountains have been completed; about 1,000 trees set out, and 3,000 feet of sea wall constructed. These extensive and important improvements were made at an expenditure of $504,290.

Steamer Argo, with a cargo of silk, saltpetre, linseed and indigo, arrived at Plymouth, Eng. land, on the 8th, from the Cape of Good Hope, July 26. The Cholera had swept off 5000 inhabitants from Port Louis and the adjacent districts; negroes and Chinese were the chief sufferers. The copper districts of Hamaqualand promise to equal the famous mines of South Australia. The whole district appears to be one mass of copper. War was imminent between the Boers over the Orange river and Letsea, and it would be a deadly struggle.

Lieut. Bartlett, writing to the New York Herald concerning the Atlantic's recent passage from Liverpool, says of the gale which she encountered—

"During twenty-one years of the trials incident to a sea life, I have not before met a gale of greater severity, and in no instance have I known the wind to blow a hurricane gale for so many consecutive hours. For the 12 houses preceding the noon of the 12th, the Atlantic made but fifty-five miles to the westward. From noon of 12th to noon of 13th, *she did not make a single mile*, although her engines worked beautifully six turns per minute, all that could be permitted in such a sea. From noon of 13th to midnight, only seven miles—the capstan gradually easing up the engines as the wind and sea fell. This severe ordeal adds a new wreath to the laurels of the Atlantic, under the guidance of her skilful commander. May the number of such ships be increased."

Orders have been issued for the construction of two first-rate ships of war of the following dimensions:—The first will have a measurement of 4116 tons, and be 260 feet long and 60 feet broad; the second will measure 3959 tons, be 245 feet long, and 58 feet broad.

A warrant has been issued which confers a great benefit on the Royal Marine Corps, whose services have been of great importance recently. It has hitherto been the practice to deduct a certain sum from their pay for the rations supplied to them when on shore duty, and this deduction the warrant now issued abolishes, which will be equivalent to an addition of about 4½d. per day to each private.

We perceive that Professor Holloway, of 244, Strand, London, has established a House in New York for the sale of his popular Pills and Ointment, which have enjoyed such reputation for a number of years in every quarter of the world; particulars of some of the cures they have effected have long since reached this country, and there is no question but that they are exactly the kind of medicines wanted in this country. We would simply advise our friends to give them a trial, and there is no fear, but that they would continue to use them whenever any medicine would be requisite.

Hoofland's GERMAN BITTERS, prepared and sold by Dr. Jackson, at the German Medical Store, 120, Arch street, Philadelphia, daily increase in their well deserved celebrity, for the cure of all diseases arising from derangement of the liver. These Bitters have, indeed, proved a blessing to the afflicted, who show their gratitude by the most flattering testimonials. This medicine has established for itself a name that competitors, however wily their schemes, or seductive their promises, cannot reach. It gained the public confidence by the immense benefits that have been derived from it, and will ever maintain its position.

From the New-York Observer.

THE BROKEN THREAD.

I love to look upon the movements of well-devised machinery: there is music in its regular motion, and charms. My theory of the beautiful takes in the steady motion of the polished shaft, and the grand harmony of design you can see in the thousand diverse forms of motion it imparts. The factory has more of the life of human thought than the picture or the bust, and will nigh as much as the poem or the oratorio of music.

In it, too, you can adore the Great Universal Creator, and can find instructive analogies for his providential doings. When, from the secret chamber of the inventor's soul, a mighty engine leaps, complete in all its complicated parts, or a mechanism so delicate, that it can beat out a pulse, though ten thousand miles away, why should we less admire what God hath wrought, than when we see the acorn push from out its little shell the giant oak?

I lately visited a New England cotton mill, and saw there one very simple operation which interested me much. It was the reeling of the cotton pods to the shuttle, of the threads which were to constitute the warp of the fabric. I watched the process for some time, admiring the steadiness of the pull upon the threads, their airy appearance, and the regular wedge-like shape they took in coming from the square spool frame. But suddenly there was a halt. Can it be, that these little threads have overstrained the gearing? Oh, no! Look sharp, and you see that one of those threads is broken; it is but one of some hundreds, yet it is missed, and the machine refuses to go on without it.

I withdrew thoughtfully: there was a lesson here for me, but what was it? I was but partially satisfied with the lyrical solution so readily suggested:

"Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dues of work to be paid,
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!"

A week or two afterwards I was in one of the cities of Connecticut, and, in driving with a sight-seer's indefinateness of purpose, through its pleasant streets and suburban avenues, we came upon the city burying ground.

We alighted, entered the Egyptian gateway, and were in once secluded from the world of life, treading the quiet walks which many a sorrowing parent, child, and friend had trodden before us. And yet we sauntered heedlessly along, choosing rather to enjoy, in our inmost spirits, the tonic air of a beautiful morning, than to conjure up some bilious conceits, that might to-morrow seem more appropriate to this place. There is a time to weep at the graveyard, and that time occurs often enough for us all; why then waste our tears in sickly sentimentalism? So reasoned we at any rate, if at all, and little did we regard the "Siste Viator" demands for reflection that came upon us, high-toned as they were, at every turn. Time and too keen an appetite for the beautiful in nature and art to care for these obtrusive warnings: it was but death speaking from *strangers'* graves.

But it toucheth *thee*, and thou art troubled. A tremor seizes me; the familiar form of one whose place in my heart is a very dear one, leaps from its dark-draped shrine. In an instant it has flitted through a thousand scenes of joyous college life, and left me a mourner anew at the urn of early friendship. The marble utterance of that little monument, so chaste, so simple, so pure, had chilled the warm current of holiday spirits. It was brief. "E——C——D——, died ——, Æ. 19. 'Father,