Moffat's
GETABLE LIFE PILLS
AND
PHŒNIX BITTERS.
HO WANTS BETTER EVIDENCE!—
I would refer the reading public to the nu-
s voluntary letters published recently in this
and in the Good Samaritan relative to the
and beneficial effects of the administration of
FAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BIT-
TERS!
se who have perused the letters above refer-
will observe that in almost every case they
the fact, that no inconvenience of any sort at-
the taking of these medicines, in ordinary
but that the patient, without feeling their
ion, is universally left in a stronger and better
f health than was experienced previous to
afflicted with disease; and in all cases in
suffering, great relief is obtained in a few
and a cure is generally effected in two or
days.
ase of Fever of every description, and al
affections, it is unnecessary for me to say
as I believe the Life Medicines are now
eally admitted to be the most speedy and
al cure extant in all diseases of that class.
Life Medicines are also a most excellent re-
affections of the liver and Bowels, as has
roved in hundreds of cases where patients
ome forward and requested that their experi-
s taking them might be published for the
t of others. In their operation in such cases,
estore the tone of the stomach, strengthen the
ve organs, and invigorate the general func-
f the whole body, and thus become to both
for they are perfectly adapted to each) an in-
le means of preventing disease and restoring
affections of the head, whether accompanied
ain and giddiness, or marked by the grievous
ty of impaired mental energy; palpitations
eart, flatulence, loss of appetite and strength,
e multiplied symptoms of disordered digestion,
e Medicines will be found to possess the
utary efficacy.
se valuable medicines are for sale at the
ating Library, in this city.
estitutions relaxed, weak, or decayed, in men
men, are under the immediate influence of
e Medicines. Old coughs, asthmas, and con-
ive habits are soon relieved and speedily cu-
Poverty of blood, and emaciated limbs will
g meet the happiest change; the child watery
ill become rich and balsamic, and the limbs
ered with flesh, firm and healthy.
vous disorders of every kind, and from what-
use arising, fly before the effects of the Life
nes, and all that train of sinkings, anxieties,
emours which so dreadfully effect the weak,
entary, and the delicate, will in a short time
ceeded by cheerfulness, and every pressage
th.
weakness, deficiency of natural strength and
ion of the vessels, by too frequent indulgence
assions, this medicine is a safe, certain, and
able remedy.
se who have long resided in hot climates, and
guid and relaxed in their whole system, may
e Life Medicines with the happiest effects;
ersons removing to the Southern States or
ndies cannot store a more important article
th and life.
following cases are among the most recent
effected, and gratefully acknowledged by the
s benefited:
of Jacob C. Hunt, New Windsor, Orange
, N. Y.—A dreadful tumour destroyed near-
whole of his face, nose and jaw. Experien-
ck relief from the use of Life Medicines, and
than three months was entirely cured. [Case
d, with a wood engraving in a new pamph-
in press.]
of Joan Daulten, Aberdeen, Ohio—rheu-
five years, is entirely cured, has used the
edicines for Worms in children and found
sovereign remedy.
of Adon Ames—cured of a most inveterate
tinate dyspepsia, and general debility.
of Adah Adams—Windsor, Ohio—rheuma-
avel, liver affections, and general nervous
had been confined seven years—was raised
r bed by taking one box of pills and a bottle
s: a most extraordinary cure: she is now a
althy and robust woman; attested by her
d Shubel Adams.
of Mrs. Badger, wife of Joseph Badger,
imilar to above; result the same.
of Thos. Purcell, sen'r. 84 years of age—
licted 18 years with swellings in his legs,
irely cured by taking 42 pills in 3 weeks.
of Miss Thomas, daughter of Eli Thomas:
and symptoms of consumption; cured in
eks. Her sister cured of a severe attack of
atory rheumatism in one week!
of Benjamin J. Tucker; severe case of Fe-
Ague; cured in a very short space of time.
ns followed strictly.
of Harriet Twogood, Salina, N. Y. was in
y state of health a year and a half; did not
o recover. Miss T., is now able to walk
nd is rapidly recovering both health and
of Amos Davis; Affections of the Liver;
ring doctor's remedies in vain for a long
as cured by the Life Medicine without
ordinary case of Lyman Pratt, who was af-
with Phthsie 20 years; effected a perfect
24 hours by the use of the Life Medicines.
sands of persons afflicted in like manner
a judicious use of Moffat's Life Pills and
Bitters, been restored to the enjoyment of
onforts of life. The Bitters are pleasant to
and smell, gently astringe the fibres of the
and give that proper tensity which a good
requires as nothing can be better adapted
and nourish the constitution, so there is
more generally acknowledged to be pecu-
cacious in all inward wastings, loss of ap-
digestion, depression of spirits, trembling
g of the hands or limbs, obstinate coughs,
of breath or consumptive habits.
ife Medicine possess wonderful efficacy in
us disorders, fits, headaches, weaknesses
s and lowness of spirits, dimness of sight,
thoughts, wandering of the mind, vapours
ancholy, and all kinds of hysteric com-
re gradually removed by their use. In
of the stomach, flatulencies, or obstruc-
y are safe and powerful, and as a purifier
ood they have not their equal in the world.
ditional particulars of the above medicines
tt's "Good Samaritan," a copy of which
nies the medicine; a copy can always be
of the different Agents who have the me-
sale.
, German, and Spanish directions can be
on application at the office, 375 Broadway.
st pad letters will receive immediate at-
ed and sold by William B. Moffat, 375
y, New-York. A liberal deduction made
who purchase to sell again.
; the Life Medicines may also be had of
principal druggists in every town thro'
United States and the Canadas. Ask for
Life Pills and Phœnix Bitters; and be sure
simile of John Moffat's signature is upon
each bottle of Bitters or box of Pills.
lowing are the Agents for Moffat's Life
Phœnix Bitters:—
Peters & Tilley, Saint John; John
arleton; James F. Gale, Fredericton;
ornet, Norton; Baxter Smith, do.; Jus-
Hampton; Wm. Pyewell, Kingston;
Monagle, Sussex; James Sproule, do.;
Weldon, Dorchester; John H. Ryan, Mill
ussex; George Pitfield, Salisbury; John
Suckville; Thomas Prince, Moncton;
Clelan, Hopewell; Allen Chipman, Am-
; Thomas Turner, St. Andrews; Saml.
er, Bellisle; W. T. Baird, Woodstock;
onnell, Gagetown; John Tooker, Yar-
s.; James Crowley, Digby, N. S.; Thos.
ondonderry, N. S.
JOHN ELLIOTT,
ral Agent for New-Brunswick at the
ore late Circulating Library, Germain st.
841.

THE

Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum:] *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. VI. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1841. No. 8.

THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNN & Co. at their Office in Water Street, over the store of Messrs. Milby & Thomas.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

OCT.		H. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
23	Saturday,	6 40	5 20	Morn' 6 46
24	Sunday,	6 42	5 18	0 45 7 50
25	Monday,	6 43	5 17	1 49 8 43
26	Tuesday,	6 44	5 16	2 52 9 29
27	Wednesday,	6 45	5 15	3 56 10 11
28	Thursday,	6 47	5 13	5 2 10 47
29	Friday,	6 48	5 12	6 12 11 21

Full Moon, 30th, 1h. 17m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: N. Merritt, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Mr. G. T. Ray.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship Chandlery, of every description.
WM. ROBERTSON.
May 7.

Notice.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store SANDS' Arcade, formerly occupied by Faulkner & Wheeler, where he will keep on hand a choice selection of the best *Wines, Liquors, &c. &c.* Also, *Pastry, Sandwiches, &c.*, may be had at all times by those friends who will favour him with a call.
A. COLLINS.
May 14.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of
Salcton & Crookshank.
and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.
GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.
May 1, 1841.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of DEWOLF & BENT, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.
WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.
Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

P. L. Simmonds,
British and Foreign Newspaper and Advertising Agent.

TAKES leave to inform his friends and the Editors of Newspapers in general, that he has removed his Newspaper Office and Colonial Reading Rooms to No. 346, Strand, London, where he solicits a continuance of their favours. Orders and Advertisements for the English papers, and for foreign Journals attended to. Every Colonial paper filed for reference. *London, July 1, 1841.*

Bolt Copper.

PER *Elizabeth Bently*: 116 rods ¼ inch Copper, 461 Bolts ¾ inch ditto. Landing from the above vessel.
August 23. JOHN ROBERTSON.

New-York, January, 1841.

MR. WILLIAM HOWARD is appointed my Agent for St. John, N. B. and the adjacent country, to receive subscriptions and money therefor, for the "*NEW WORLD*," Newspaper, published in New-York; and also for the "*EVERGREEN*," a Monthly Magazine, published by
J. WINCHESTER *Publisher.*
23, *Ann street.*

☞ Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Wm. Howard, North Wharf, at $2½ per copy, exclusive of Postage. *Feb. 12.*

Absconded.

FROM this Office, on the 16th instant, an Indented Apprentice named *James Doak*. All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice, will be proceeded against as the law directs.
Chronicle Office, April 17, 1840.

TO LET—immediate possession given:
A Shop in King Street, and two suits of apartments, in the vicinity of the same; Apply at the office of this paper.
August 27.

Miscellany.

AN OLD STORY OF FLANDERS.

THE small towns of Couvin and Chimay, situated on the borders of Belgium and France, were under the dominion, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of two baronial families, who habitually viewed each other with feelings of jealousy and dislike. The people of Chimay shared in the sentiments of their count in this respect as did those of Couvin in the prejudices of their marquis; and hence originated many a scene of bloody dissension and strife, continued with little intermission for a long period of years.

At a time when the towns of Couvin and Chimay were both under the dominion of youthful and high-spirited lords, a new incident occurred to widen the hereditary breach between the two families, and increase an animosity which was already excessive. The Marquess de Couvin and the Count de Chimay chanced to be both present at an assembly where the nobility of the Province had met for festive purposes. The daughter of a neighboring baron was presented on the occasion for the first time to society. She was a creature of surpassing beauty, both as regarded form and face, and an air of languor, almost of melancholy, was apparent in her large dark eyes, which made her charms more touching and resistless. So felt, at least, the young barons of Couvin and Chimay. Love for the first time dawned on the soul of both—love, ardent and strong, as the morning sun of midsummer; but with it came also its too frequent attendant, jealousy, like the cloud which often dims the brightness of the orb of nature, even amidst its July splendors. The count and marquis had their eyes respectively sharpened by the strength of their feelings, each was conscious of the other's state of mind and heart. Though, as may be imagined, their feudal enmity was by no means diminished by these circumstances, no visible results ensued, until the fate of their passion was determined by its common object. The barons again met the lady at a provincial festival, and the fair one had to fix upon one of the two as her partner for the evening. Indeed the choice was for life; and so it was felt to be by all parties. The Lord of Chimay was the fortunate man.

Not long afterwards, the Count and Countess of Chimay were spending the first weeks of their wedded life at the castle of the bridegroom. These weeks were in all respects happy, though the count was obliged to keep a guard on his movements; for the marquis and his vassals evinced and avowed a burning thirst for revenge. In enjoying the pleasures of the chase, the count was compelled to confine himself to the precincts of his castle, and to have a guard of huntsmen constantly about him. However, as a month rolled away, he grew less cautious; and one day when his dogs had started a large wild boar, he allowed himself to become so hot in the pursuit, that he lost sight of all his huntsmen. It was not long ere the latter took the alarm and searched every where, but in vain. They then repaired to the customary place of gathering, and waited for their master there. Hour after hour flew past, however, and the count reappeared not. Again they sent out scouts in every direction, but with the same want of success. Finally, after a great part of the night had been spent in these fruitless searches, the huntsmen returned to the castle, clinging to the slight hope that the count might have reached home by a circuitous route. He had not been heard of, and they were then under the necessity of communicating the tidings of the master's loss to the countess. Already much alarmed by his delayed return, the lady was thrown into a state of inexpressible anguish. For a time she was incapable of any exertion, but at length, arousing herself, she insisted on recommencing in person the search for her husband. The most faithful and experienced vassals of the count accompanied her. They searched every hill and plain, every glade and thicket; inquired of all persons in the neighborhood; but every effort was unavailing. The count could not be heard of.

Eight days passed away, and found the countess still in a state of widowed suffering and sorrow. At last, as an extreme step, she resolved to address her formidable neighbor of Couvin. To him all thoughts turned, as the party most likely to know the truth, if the count's disappearance had been the result of violence; but there was not a vestige of proof against the marquis. The poor countess knew what her influence over him had once been, and she hoped not to invoke his aid, at least, in vain. She believed him to be honorable.

Dressed in deep mourning, and all in tears, she presented herself with a numerous suite attired in the same way, before the marquis of Couvin, and called upon him to say, "on his word as a knight," if he knew aught of the lost Count of Chimay. The marquis swore to her, upon his honor, that he knew nought of her husband's fate. "O, my lord!" said the countess, "shew them to the world, in these melancholy circumstances, the magnanimity of your heart. Grant me your generous assistance in discovering the fate of my husband, who, though once your rival, will become, if found, your friend forever! Order search to be made over your domains; be the protector of the unfortunate! Honor commands it, and a lady entreats it!"

The Lord of Couvin, with great apparent sympathy and compassion, promised to do every thing in his power to aid the countess, and pressed her to stay at Couvin till new search had been made. But perceiving the anxious looks of her old vassals, and herself feeling little confidence in the professions of the marquis, the countess returned directly to her own castle. There she awaited the result of the new inquiry. It was the same as the last; the Lord of Chimay remained undiscovered.

Seven years had elapsed without changing the position of affairs. The matchless countess lived in her castle, lonely and sorrowfully, wearing over her mourning, and praying that the truth might yet be revealed. She could not believe her lord to be dead. It may be conceived, therefore, what her answer was, when she ultimately received a proposal of marriage from the Marquis de Couvin, upon the plea of uniting the long-divided vassals of Couvin and Chimay. Her reply was brief: "I have no hand to dispose of. Had I thought myself free, I should long ago have ceased to live."

In the seventh year after the disappearance of the Lord of Chimay, it chanced that a young shepherd lad, a vassal of the demesne, saw a rabbit in the grounds bordering the estate of Couvin. He had his bow and arrows, and shot at it, but missed. Still he pursued it, and getting heated in the chase, lost all thought of time or distance. His last arrow was fired at the animal as it sprung up a steep rock and again the rabbit escaped, for the lad saw his arrow sticking in a crevice of the cliff. Young Basler, as he was named, now looked about him, and saw, to his dismay, that he had approached to the very rock on which stood the hostile castle of Couvin. However, he thought he might as well try to recover his arrow, as his chance of supper depended much upon it. He accordingly clambered up the rock, and got at the arrow; but when he attempted to pull it out, he felt a strong resistance. Plunging in his arm to loosen the point, to his horror he felt a damp hand grasp his own, and place between his fingers the head of the arrow, along with a soft substance! The lad, horror-struck, pulled out his hand with its contents, and found that he had got a good piece of linen, marked with bloody characters. For a moment he sat motionless, but at length starting up, he fled home as fast as his feet could carry him, to tell his adventure to his parents, and show them the rag. Fortunately, the boy's father was so far a scholar as to make out the words, "To the Countess of Chimay." The recollection of his lord burst on old Basler's mind at once, and he set off with all speed to the castle. The countess was ever accessible to her vassals, and virtue was in this case its own reward. She got the piece of linen, and no sooner saw it than she screamed aloud. But she composed herself, and read these words: "If thou art still true and faithful to me, arm thy vassals, and release me from the dungeons of Couvin."

"It is my husband's writing and signature!" cried the delighted, yet agitated and anxious countess. Without a moment's delay she summoned all her vassals around her, and would have led them on the instant to the rescue of her lord; but the wisest of them advised her to make success secure by calling in the assistance of the neighbors, who would necessarily be indignant at the conduct of Couvin. The countess saw the propriety of acceding to this suggestion, and as many friends as could be summoned were assembled during the night. Beyond the morning the noble lady would not delay her adventure. Fortunately, a force was by that time gathered, sufficient for the accomplishment of the enterprise.

The castle of Couvin was attacked by surprise, and taken. Its villanous lord was brought on his knees before the countess, and he sullenly denied all knowledge of the fate of the Lord of Chimay. Nevertheless, his servants, afraid for their lives, were less obstinate under question. One of them offered to lead the way to the cell in which the captive was kept, and thither he went, followed by the anxious countess. The poor prisoner was found in a melancholy state of weakness. His life, spared but to lengthen out his torments, would soon have come to an end, but for the timely relief afforded. Indeed, when the count found himself in the arms of his beloved wife, whom he had long lost all hope of seeing again, the excess of his joy had nearly overpowered his weak frame. But he was now in the hands of a kind nurse. Before he left his dungeon, he suddenly turned round. "I nearly had forgotten my only friend—my deliverer," said he; and he pointed out to his friends a little rabbit, the same which young Basler had shot at. The creature was taken up by Basler himself, and carried away from the dungeon.

The Count de Chimay was conveyed homeward in triumph, accompanied by his numerous attendants. He told his friends his simple story. On the day of the hunt he had been seized by Couvin and a party lying in watch for him, and cast into the dungeon. A morsel of food was daily thrown to him, and he had never seen living thing for seven years, with the exception of the young rabbit which crept in through the crevice that yielded the cell its only light, and had become the tame companion of the captive. The scrap of writing which had been given to young Basler, had been long prepared for such a purpose though with little hope that it would ever be put to use.

The Basler family were not among the least happy of the friends and vassals of Chimay on this occasion. In consideration of the service rendered by the youth, the father was made ranger of the woods of Chimay. One grant more was made to the family, and it was by this that the event was kept long in remembrance. The count decreed that a dish should be sent daily to the Baslers and their descendants, in time coming, from the table of the Lords of Chimay; and during many centuries this privilege was kept in use.

THE BEREAVED WIDOW.

"He was the only son, and his mother was a widow."

We turned into a narrow street, and shielded ourselves from the piercing north-wester that had been for some minutes blowing, showing us that our cloaks were not wholly weather-proof. It was certainly a comparative pleasure after such a searching blast, to stand in the lee of the houses; and as soon as the blood began to circulate a little, we considered what should be our next step in the errand which we had undertaken to perform, when our attention was arrested by sounds of wailing from the house near which we were standing, and as the evidences of sudden grief continued, we felt emboldened, if not called on by our mission, to knock at the door. We repeated this several times, but as there was no answer, we determined to enter.—Raising the latch with some force, in order to arrest attention, we opened the door and stepped into a small parlour; there was no "entry." The noise of opening the door had called from an adjoining room a female, whose countenance was marked by the deepest grief. She started at our appearance, but with a courtesy natural to her sex, pointed to a chair near a stove.

We apologized for our unbidden entrance by stating that her exclamations of distress had seemed to give a warrant for our boldness, as we were in the discharge of a duty to a class in which she seemed to be included.

There was no answer; it was evident that all feeling was merged in one overwhelming grief, and the sobs which shook the frame of the afflicted one, were rather evidences of its concealment than attempts at its expression.

"Are your sufferings," said my companion, respectfully approaching the female, "of a kind which we can mitigate? Our means, whatever they are, shall be cheerfully devoted to that purpose."

"Unless you can bring back to my arms a husband who has been dead for months, and restore to my bosom an only child, stretched out on yonder bed, you cannot minister to my sufferings."

We knew too well the feeling of a mother to attempt formal consolation in the freshness of her bereavement, and so we mingled a tear with the childless widow, conscious that sympathy would do more than advice.

The door of the little room was open, and the light from a window fell upon a bed. The suffering widow trembled as she turned her face in that direction.

We followed her.

The little one lay upon the bed in the newness of death. Sickness had not emaciated the face, nor pain disturbed the features. It was the beauty of quiet. Silence and rest had set their seal upon his lips, but the blue vein lay across his temple and down his cheeks as if the current of life had only paused in its career, not chilled. The thin silky lock of hair that lay upon the forehead of the dead child trembled in the agitation of the air as we approached, but settled still again upon the brow, to whose glossy whiteness marble is a poor comparison. The long eyelashes were in beautiful relief to the delicate skin over which they hung, and served to shade the eyeball, where alone death seemed to have set his seal. As we gazed upon the beautiful object before us, the grief of the mother broke out afresh. We felt that something should be said.

"The Lord gave," said my companion, as he took the mother's hand from the cold, tiny fingers of the boy—"The Lord gave this treasure."

"Who else, O who else could have given such an one?" said the woman, gazing downward upon the dead.

"And the Lord hath taken away," added my friend.

A quivering of the mother's frame indicated that she was sensible her comfort was taken away.

"Let us then bless the name of the Lord," continued my friend.

"O not now—not yet—I cannot do it with that form before me. Let me grieve without reproaching my Maker, but I cannot mock Him with blessings. It may prove good to me to have been afflicted; but while the heart is bleeding with the freshness of its wound, I may, like Rachel, refuse to be comforted."

With due respect for the sacredness of her recent grief we led the mourner away from the sight of her child, with a view of proposing to her, as soon as possible, some plan of decent sepulture.

The rooms indicated poverty, but not squallidness. There was a sad deficiency in the means of comfort, but what there were bore evidences of being the remainder of a sufficiency. Entire neatness distinguished every thing, but even the clothes upon the bed were quite insufficient for necessary warmth; and chairs and tables had gone to provide for herself and little one, when the sickness of the child had prevented her from work.

While we were arranging the measures which should insure decent burial to the child, a slight noise from the bed-room arrested my attention. I went to the bed. A small dog was lying at a little distance from the dead child, and gazing intently into his unchanging face. The affectionate animal had reached forward to lick the cheek of the boy, but its coldness prevented a repetition, and he contented himself with constant watching and an occasional low moan.

"Poor Rolla," said the mother, who had followed me to the bedside, "poor Rolla, he feels, but does not understand his loss. He and I were the constant and only companion of dear little Henry, and now we are his only mourners."

The next morning a plain carriage took away little Henry in his coffin—and his afflicted mother. At the gate of the grave-yard, my friend and I met the carriage. The sexton took the coffin and proceeded. My friend placed the widow's arm beneath his own and helped her onward, and I followed them—but not alone—poor Rolla joined the little procession, and completed its numbers.

The solemn service was performed by my friend to the scanty congregation, disturbed only by the deep sobs of the mother.

At length the sexton prepared to fill in the earth—the anguished mother bent over the little resting place of her boy, and with heart-rending grief took leave of the last human being with whom she could claim affinity—she turned and moved slowly away. Rolla paused, as if in doubt whether to follow the living, or lie down and rest with the beloved dead. The widow remembered her faithful companion, and turned back and called him to follow. Rolla looked wistfully at the grave for a time, and then moved. Heart-broken, the widow with her sympathising dog, returned to that desolate home once made cheerful by the presence of her husband and her child.

MARRIAGE—HINTS TO BACHELORS.

Jacobus de Voragine, in the following twelve arguments, pathetic, succinct and elegant, has described the benefits of marriage. They are these.—

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase them.
2. Hast thou none? Thou hast one to help thee to get some.
3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it.
4. Art thou in adversity? She will comfort, assist, bear part.
5. Art thou at home? She will drive away melancholy.
6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.
7. Nothing is delightsome alone. No society is equal to marriage.
8. The bond of conjugal love is adamantine.
9 Kindred is increased, parents doubled, brothers, sisters, families, nephews.
10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue.
11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life?
12. If nature escape not punishment, thy will shall not avoid it, as he sung it, that without marriage

"Earth, air, sea, land, full soon will come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought."

Many of our greatest men have sprung from the humblest origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are of the most powerful stimulant to mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune the best security for her final smiles. A nobleman who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed—"Your lordship only requires a little poverty to make you a complete artist."

The following account of the death of the Duke of Richmond when Governor General of British North America, which is extracted from the "Annual Biography and Obituary for 1821," will, at the present moment, be read with some interest:—

"On the 26th August, while at dinner, his Grace had requested Lieut. Col. Cockburn to take wine with him, but he had no sooner lifted the liquid to his lips, than, unable to control the violence of his disease, he replaced the glass on the table, observing, 'Now, is this not excessively ridiculous—Well, I'll take it when I don't think of it. The same evening, an assistant surgeon, the only one in the vicinity, was sent for, who bled him; and his Excellency found, apparently, so much relief from it, that he rose early the next morning, and proposed walking through Richmond wood to the new settlement of that name. He had in his progress through the wood, started off at hearing a dog bark, and was with difficulty overtaken; and, on the party's arrival, at the skirts of the wood, at the sight of some stagnant water, his Grace hastily leaped over a fence, and rushed into an adjoining barn, whither his dismayed companions eagerly followed him. The paroxysm of his disorder was now at its height. It was almost a miracle that his Grace did not die in the barn. He was with difficulty removed to a miserable hovel in the neighborhood; and, early in the morning of the fatal 28th, the Duke of Richmond expired in the arms of a faithful Swiss, who had never quitted his beloved master for a moment. Whilst in this miserable log hut, reason occasionally resumed her empire; and his Grace accordingly availed himself of those lucid intervals to address a letter to Lady Mary Lennox; in which he reminded her, that a *favourite dog*, belonging to the household, being in a room at the Castle of St. Louis, at a time (five months before) when the Duke shaving, cut his chin, the dog was lifted up to lick the wound, *when the animal bit his Grace's chin.* The recollection of this circumstance gave his Grace but too sure a presentiment (*the dog having subsequently run mad*) of his approaching fate; and his Grace, therefore, in his letter to Lady Mary, expressed his conviction, which, indeed, appears an irresistible conclusion, *that his disorder was* HYDROPHOBIA. His Grace recommended the line of conduct to be observed by his children, in the painful situation in which they would be placed at his death, and, it is said, requested to be buried in Quebec, on the ramparts, like a soldier, there to remain. His Grace's sufferings were extreme; yet his mind soared above agony. He directed Colonel Cockburn not to attend to his orders any longer; 'for you see,' said the great man, 'the state I am reduced to:' and, during a paroxysm of pain, he exclaimed, 'For shame, Richmond!—Shame, Charles Lennox! Bear your sufferings like a man!'

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—He who has never been separated in early years, while the budding affections of his heart are tender shoots, from the land of his birth and of his home, knows nothing of the throng of sensations that crowd upon him as he nears the shore of his country. The names, familiar as household words, come with a train of long-buried thoughts; the feeling of attachment to all we call our own—that patriotism of the heart—stirs strongly within him, as the mingled thrills of hope and fear alternately move him to joy or sadness. Hard as are the worldly struggles between the daily cares of him who carves out his own career and fortune, yet he has never experienced the darkest poverty of fate who has not felt what it is to be a wanderer without a country to lay claim to. Of all the desolations that visit us, this is the gloomiest and the worst. The outcast from the land of his fathers, whose voice must never be heard within the walls where his infancy was nurtured, nor his step be free upon the mountains where he gamboled in his youth—this is indeed wretchedness. The instinct of country grows and strengthens with our years; the joys of early life are linked with it; the hopes of age point toward it; and he who knows not the thrill of ecstacy some well remembered, long-lost-sight-of place can bring to his heart when returning after some years of absence is ignorant of one of the purest sources of happiness of our nature. With what a yearning of the heart, then did I look upon the dim and misty cliffs, that mighty frame-work of my island-home, their stern sides lashed by the blue waters of the ocean, and their summits lost within the clouds. With what an easy and natural transition did my mind turn from the wild mountains and the green valleys to their hardy sons, who toiled beneath the burning sun of the Peninsular! and how, as some twinkling light of the distant shore would catch my eye, did I wonder within myself whether beside that hearth and board there might not sit some, whose thoughts were wandering over the sea beside the bold steeps of El Bodon, or the death-strewn plain of Talavera! their memories calling up some trait of him who was the idol of his home; whose closing lids some fond mother has watched over; above whose peaceful slumber her prayers have fallen; but whose narrow bed was beneath the breach of Badajos, and his sleep that knows not waking.—*Charles O'Malley.*

"FOUL DEEDS WILL RISE."

A very extraordinary case occurred last week in the neighborhood of Sunderland. In the month of June, 1830, considerable excitement was caused in the North Riding of Yorkshire, by the sudden disappearance from Hutton Rudby of a man named William Huntley, who had a considerable sum of money on him at the time. On the night of his disappearance he was seen in the company of two men named Robert Goldsborough and George Garbutt; on the morning of the following day a suspicion arose that he had been murdered by those two men; and every search was made in the neighbourhood for the body, but without success. Goldborough's house was searched, and very strong suspicions were excited by finding the watch of the missing man in the house, and several other things well known to have belonged to Huntley. By some strange and unaccountable neglect, all these things were looked over, and the man Goldsborough was left to his own measures, and never brought to any account except by the neighbors, to whom he stated that he had received them as part payment for a debt which he wanted of Huntley, and that he had gone to America. The case was passed over in this way, although, before the disappearance of Huntley, he was in the most needy circumstances, and afterwards was in the possession of a considerable quantity of bank-notes; he subsequently quitted Hutton Rudby, and went into the West Riding of York, where he took another name. The other man, George Garbutt, had been concerned in the robbery of a barn, and was obliged to quit the neighbourhood; he has since been seen at Sunderland, in the occupation of a coal-trimmer.

In the month of June last, men were employed in cutting a new course for a rivulet which runs through the town of Stokesley, in the direction of Hutton Rudby, near a bridge called "Tame Bridge," where the water took a considerable curve. The cut was commenced for the purpose of making a straight course from the bridge, which, after cutting for 30 or 40 yards, again crossed the old course; when the workmen arrived at this place, on the opposite side of the water, they found a quantity of bones, which they at first thought to be those of a cow; but they afterwards found the skull of a human being. A coroner's inquest was held on the remains, when the jury came to the decision, after hearing Mr. Strother, surgeon, pronounce his opinion that the bones were those of a male subject, and that he had received a blow on the back part of the head, by which the skull was broken in, and also the bones of the nose. "That the bones were those of some person who had come to his end by foul means."

In consequence of this, an officer was sent to apprehend Goldsborough, whom he found at Barnsley, and upon going to the house, taking the skull which was found along with him, suddenly placed it before him, asking him "If he thought it had any resemblance of William Huntley?" Goldsborough was forcibly agitated, and with tears in his eyes, after a considerable pause, declared that he knew nothing of it. A man named Grundy was apprehended with Goldsborough, and at their examination witnesses deposed to a number of suspicious circumstances, coupling Goldsborough with the death of the deceased.

Mr. Gernon, the policeman, stated that he had visited Barnsley, as before stated; that the prisoner Grundy had confessed to being called up by Goldsborough on the night of Wednesday ensuing after the murder; he took him to Wearybank Wood, and there showed him a large parcel, saying that he had got embarrassed in the world and was going to America. He wanted Grundy's assistance to take the bundle down to Stokesley; Grundy then took hold of the parcel, and found a man's head in it; he was quite frightened, and asked Goldsborough what he had been doing; he was very much agitated, and it was about five minutes before he could speak. At last he said that he had shot Huntley by accident, and he would shoot him if ever he disclosed it. Grundy then made his escape from him, and left him at the place. Mr. Gernon also states that Grundy went with him, and James Bertham, constable, to the place where this had happened.

Thomas Grundy was examined, and admitted the truth of what Mr. Gernon had said; and also that he had been sent to be out at night during the time Goldsborough had remained at Hutton.

The magistrates then committed Goldsborough to take his trial at the next York Assizes, and also the prisoner Grundy, but would admit him to bail, in the sum of £300, if he could procure it. Goldsborough was committed to the care of the Governor of York Castle on Sunday.

Garoutt has not been yet apprehended; he was seen in the month of May last in Sunderland, when he stated he had been trimmer, or something of the kind.

Grundy has since committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell in York Castle. A coroner's inquest has been held on the body, and a verdict of "Felo de se" returned.

WHIG VIEWS OF TORY POLICY.

(From the London Morning Post.)

So far as we can understand the remarks of the new opposition upon the new administration and its policy, they take this ground:—Either, say they the tories will act upon "liberal" principles in the policy of trade and in other matters—in which case they will merely take up the policy of the party they have turned out of office, or they will act upon the old tory system of exclusion and favouritism, in which case the country will be disgusted with them and get rid of them.

These are the views of most egregious self-complacency. It is very possible to exhibit genuine liberality in dealing with political questions without becoming imitators of the whigs. It is perfectly clear that such policy as the whigs were willing or competent to carry into effect, is not such as would be found acceptable in the country. It is very easy to say that the conservatives must adopt the policy of those they have turned out of office in order to keep office themselves; but surely vanity must have very much blinded the understanding of those who can seriously advance such a proposition. If whig-radical policy would be acceptable to the country at the hands of the conservatives, how happens it that it proved so unacceptable at the hands of the whig-radicals themselves? The notion is preposterous. The policy of the conservative government will be suitable to the altered circumstances of the times in which we live, and to the altered state of the British constitution since the tories wielded the governing power. But, as the conservatives do not wish to incur the contempt of the country and to be expelled from office by the verdict of the people, they will certainly not adopt the policy of their predecessors.

The "liberality" of the whig-radicals always appeared to be a readiness to please the clamorous at the expense of those who were most worthy of protection. They never appeared to consider that the whole country and *all* its interests deserved their care. They never could forget their old party habits as an opposition. It was then their cue to take a one-sided view of every question, and this they continued to do when in the government. The conservatives were charged with erring in an opposite direction, and being unfit for an opposition, because they always took into account how the government was to be carried on. Perhaps this was a fair objection, when they were looked upon as a mere opposition, but such was the character of the whig-radical government—so wanting was it in the general protective principle, that men who really loved their country could not form an out-and-out proposition. It was necessary for the conservatives, even when not in office, to act in some measure as a government party, because the party in office so frequently neglected to do this.

The liberality of the new government will be of a general character. They know very well that the world is not what it was thirty, or twenty, or even ten years ago. They know that an extraordinary activity has arisen in all directions. They may not think this a blessing, as the whig-radicals always affected to think, but they know the fact, and that it is expedient that the policy of government should be adapted to the circumstances of the time. They know that the wonderfully increased swiftness of transit from one part of the world to another, and especially from one part of the kingdom of England to another, produces a change not only in the habits but in the dispositions of the people, which a wise and cautious government should observe and act upon. They see an ardour in the pursuit of knowledge everywhere, such as never existed before, and a general success in acquiring information upon scientific subjects as never existed before.—Upon this they do not probably place the same value as the whig-radicals do, and they may be impressed with some reasonable apprehension that it is possible to go too fast even in the acqu