THE Weekly Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE

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Weekly Almanack.

APRIL.		H. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
15	Saturday,	5 19	6 42	8 40 morn
16	Sunday,	5 17	6 43	9 55 0 8
17	Monday,	5 16	6 44	11 2 0 52
18	Tuesday,	5 14	6 46	11 58 1 38
19	Wednesday,	5 12	6 47	morn 2 27
20	Thursday,	5 11	6 48	0 42 3 19
21	Friday,	5 9	6 49	1 19 4 19

Last Quarter 21st 7h. 45m. morn.

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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: R. F. Hazen.

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To ensure the genuine article, see that the words '*Rowland's Macassar Oil*' are engraven on the back of the envelope nearly 1500 times, containing 29,028 letters—without this none is genuine.

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A preparation from *Oriental Exotics*, is now universally known as the *only* safe and efficient *protector* and *beautifier* of the skin and COMPLEXION. Its virtues are commonly displayed in thoroughly eradicating all *pimples, spots, redness, tan, freckles*, and other unsightly *cutaneous defects*, in healing *chilblains, chaps*, and in rendering the most rough and uneven skin pleasantly soft and smooth. To the *complexion* it imparts a juvenile roseate hue, and to the *neck, hand* and *arm* a delicacy and fairness unrivalled.

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A WHITE POWDER of Oriental Herbs, of the most delightful fragrance. It eradicates Tartar and decayed spots from the Teeth, preserves the Enamel, and fixes the Teeth firmly in their sockets, rendering them *delicately white*. Being an Anti-Scorbutic, it eradicates the Scurvy from the *Gums*, strengthens, braces, and renders them of a healthy *red*; it removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often remain after fevers, taking medicine, &c. and imparts a *delightful fragrance* to the breath.

Price 2s. 9d per box, duty included.

☞ NOTICE—The name and Address of the Proprietors,

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are engraved on the Government stamp, which is pasted on the "KALYDOR" and ODONTO;" also printed in *red* on the Wrapper in which the Kalydor is enclosed.

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Be sure to ask for "*Rowlands*" articles.

Sold by Dr. WM. LIVINGSTONE, St. John, N.B.

TO LET,

The Subscriber offers to Let from 1st May next :—

A Three story Dwelling HOUSE, situated near the corner of Prince Wm. and Princess streets, on ground formerly belonging to the Hon. William BLACK, and nearly opposite the *Commercial Bank*. The house contains 16 Rooms with fire places, with Bedrooms, Pantries, frost proof Cellar, &c. On the premises are two wells of water, too well known to require description, being so well tried at the late fires. J. O'DONELLY.

February 24.

ALSO—To Let for one or more years :—

The Dwelling house and Premises now in the occupation of James T. Hanford, Esq., in Prince William street, with a superior frost proof Cellar, a never failing well of water, with a spacious Garden &c. On the premises is a Three story fire-proof brick warehouse. J. O'DONNELLY.

March 25, 1843.

The above premises would be divided to respectable Tenants, on early application.

TO LET,

And immediate possession given :—

One half of that HOUSE in Water street, South of Mr. James Finn, containing one SHOP with a CELLAR underneath, together with one flat over the whole, having two front Rooms and Bedrooms. ALSO TO LET—*and possession given on the first of May next*—One SHOP with CELLAR underneath, and one flat over the whole, containing four Rooms now in the occupation of Mr. James Finn; either of the premises are well adapted for a Grocery or Spirit Store.

ALSO.—Several rooms with other conveniences in different parts of the city, and well adapted for small families. ☞ Rent moderate.

Apply at the HIBERNIAN HOTEL, or

Jan 27. JAMES NETHERY.

Cellar Shop to Let.

TO Let from the first of May next, the Cellar SHOP, No. 1, North Market Wharf. This is an excellent stand for a Retail Grocery or Spirit Business. Apply to J. G. SHARP.

Jan. 20. *Corner of North M. Wharf.*

TO LET,

THE second flat of a house, with Wood house, frost proof cellar, &c.; also, a Work shop if required, situate about four minutes walk from the Market square. Apply at the Chronicle Office. *Feb.* 10.

TO LET,

AND possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and Dwelling House in Prince William street, late in the occupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE. For particulars apply to

1st Feb. W. P. RANNEY.

To Let.

THE upper flat of the subscriber's HOUSE in Prince William Street, Apply to

Jan. 27. WM. MAJOR.

TO LET, from the 1st May next—

THAT pleasantly situated House in St. James Street, at present in the occupation of GEO. HAMILTON SMITH, Esq. of Her Majesty's Customs. The premises have a back communication from Harding street, with the use of a well of excellent water.—Apply to THOMAS RAYMOND, on the adjoining premises. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

February 17th, 1842.

TO LET,

TWO Flats in the Brick Building corner of North Market Wharf and Dock st.—Rent very low. Apply to

Feb. 10. JOHN G. SHARP.

TO LET,

SEVERAL Rooms in the subscriber's house, corner of Charlotte and Duke streets. Apply on the Premises to

Feb 10. E. DURANT.

OFFICES.

SEVERAL Offices to Let, in the Brick Building corner of Prince William and Church streets. Enquire of JARDINE & CO.

10th Feb.

TO LET,

TWO Front Shops and several Apartments in the house next North of Trinity Church, in Germain street. Rent reduced 30 per cent from former prices. Please apply on the premises to

Feb. 17. STEPHEN HUMBERT.

TO LET,

FROM 1st of May next, that part of the subscriber's premises near the Breakwater, Lower Cove, at present occupied by Mr. Wm. Hughson, as a timber pond. BENJ. PEEL.

10th March.

TO LET.

FOR one or more years, that pleasantly situated House in Dorchester Street, now in the occupation of Capt. W. P. Scott.

ALSO.—The upper flat of that pleasantly situated House, occupied by the subscriber.

Feb. 24th. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

TO LET.

THE two Upper **Flats** of the subscriber's house in Church street. Apply on the premises to JOHN HOOPER

February 24.

To Let,

ON the 1st of May next: That desirable COTTAGE residence, situate on the South side of Princess street, nearly opposite the Dwelling House of JAMES CUDLIP, Esqr. There are four rooms on the ground floor, and four on the first floor, with Pantry, Garrets, and Cellar Kitchen. Also, a large Yard, with Wood and Coal House. Enquire of

Feb. 3. 4i GEORGE WHEELER.

TO LET,

A STORE in the Brick Building in *Nelson street*, owned by the subscriber.—Possession can be given immediately.

February 10. JOHN ROBERTSON.

Sugar, Molasses, Warp, &c.

Landing ex Napoleon and Charlotte, from Halifax :

20 HHDS. Porto Rico SUGAR; 12 hhds. Cuba do.; 20 hhds. Molasses:

80 Boxes Bunch RAISINS;

10 Bags FILBERTS and WALNUTS;

2 Bales COTTON WARP.—For sale by

March 17. JARDINE & CO.

600 TONS White Pine TIMBER, average 18 inches;

200,000 superficial feet Pine BOARDS;

200,000 do. Pine DEALS, 9 to 16 inches wide, for sale by WM. CARVILL.

Poetry.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

[BY MRS. E. THOMAS.]

When I in bridal ecstacy
To thy warm heart was prest,
With child-like fond despondency
I nestled to thy breast,
A helpless yet adoring thing,
With every thought intent,
A brightness o'er thy path to fling,
Still loving and content.
Unconscious of the inward strength
God has bestowed on me,
While in prosperity and health,
I trusted all on thee.
But now that sorrow's clouded o'er
Thy sunny hour of pride,
I fearless stand upon the shore
To stem its 'whelming tide—
The hurricane cannot appal,
Tho' death appears in view—
I in my turn will show thee all
That woman's love can do!
No fancied dangers, no dismay,
No shapeless horrors scare—
They're phantoms of Joy's nicer day,
Which flee before despair.
Now sickness, too, hath lent its blast,
To wither up thy charms,
And show thy prime of beauty past,
Thou'rt dearer to these arms.
Vainly contagion threats my life,
'Mid poverty and pain—
I tower above the awful strife,
And courage seem to gain.
More closely are our souls entwined,
We know not 'ove before;
For when affliction's fetters bind,
They teach us to adore!
For ev'ry groan thou utt'rest now,
My bosom inward bleeds,
And while I kiss thy death-dew'd brow,
Large drops my own imbeads.
In hush of night, when all repose,
I breathe my lonely prayer,
But never smile, nor weep my woes,
Save when thou canst not share—
O! then I weep—O! then I pray
With such intensity,
That Heaven's hand must sweep away
Thy cloud of misery!
For if affection's prayer is heard
By meek-eyed mercy there,
Mine, dearest! mine must be prefer'd,
Which wins thee from despair!
Or if to prove thy virtue still,
Thou art ordained to bear,
Of every agonizing ill,
Be mine the mutual share.
Four all thy sorrows in my breast,
My tears are all for thee;
As in those hours by Fortune blest,
Thy smiles were all for me.
As then our joys were only one,
Be now our woes the same.—
With all of earth, save thee, I've done—
I'm wire in more than name!

Miscellany.

[*From the Macon Family Companion.*]

ADELA FLEETWOOD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

The sun of a bright autumnal day was fast declining, and its slanting beams streaming through the open door of a rustic dwelling, fell on the furrowed brow and silver hair of a venerable looking man, clad in the sad-colored and plainly fashioned garments worn by the Puritans. Thomas Winslow was one of this pilgrim band, that landed on Plymouth Rock. Then he was young in years, and firm in health, with a heart filled with those lofty and cheering impulses, which enabled him to breast the waves of adversity, and with a strong arm, wrestle with the hardships and difficulties clustering round him, and those who looked up to him for succor. Half a century had rolled away, and most of those who had suffered with him, and toiled with him, side by side, rested beneath the clods of the valley. His wife, who had brought to his home the light of love and gladness, the sons and daughters who had gathered with them round the hearthstone and the plainly furnished board—who had knelt with them at the family altar, and gone with them on the Sabbath, to the humble house of worship, had all gone to their last rest. But in all his sorrows he fainted not, and as he now sat in his old arm-chair, which, except the Bible that lay open before him, was the only relic of his home beyond the sea, his features wore an expression of benignity and calmness, which told that there was a peace in his bosom which the world could neither give or take away.

When the last of his children, a daughter, was consigned to the grave, a widowed niece, who had been only a few years in America, came to reside with him. As he sat absorbed in meditation, Mrs. Newland, who had been to a spring for water, entered.

'Is not that Ralph Pitkin?' said she, 'whom I see yonder?'

Mr. Winslow, screening his eyes with his hand, from the dazzling beams of the sun, looked in the direction she pointed, and beheld Ralph rapidly approaching by a foot-path, which was less circuitous than the high road.

'Well Ralph,' said he, as the lad drew near, 'your step has lost some of its lightness.'

'No sir, my step, my heart and my purse, are pretty much after the old fashion—all light enough,' replied Ralph, drawing a packet from his pocket, and presenting him.

'Were did you obtain this, Ralph?'

'It came by the good ship Bertha, that arrived in Plymouth harbor, early yesterday morning.'

'And you have walked fifty miles to bring it to me?'

'Yes, sir, and should not mind walking a dozen more, before I sleep, were it necessary.'

'Hannah,' said Mr. Winslow, addressing his niece, 'hasten the evening meal, for the poor lad must be hungry if he be not weary.'

A glance at the hand writing, showed him that the packet was from an old and valued friend and correspondent, Geoffrey Fleetwood. He broke the seal of the envelope, and found enclosed a sheet of paper closely written, on the back of which was inscribed: 'The Last Will and Testament of Geoffrey Fleetwood.' There was likewise a letter addressed to himself, from which we will present the subjoined extract.

'By the description I have given you of my disease, you will perceive that it is incurable, and I, therefore, have one thing greatly at heart, which is, that you will receive Adela, my daughter, under your roof, where she may have the benefit of your counsel, and the gentle guidance of Mrs. Newland, your worthy niece. In the winter season, should she prefer, you can permit her to go and reside in the family of my friend, Richard Bellingham, the Governor of Massachusetts, for although her education has been well cared for, touching the more solid branches, she should, I suppose, have a little more practice in fine needle work, and on the harpsichord, and the Governor's lady will, I have no doubt, prove an apt and willing teacher to the orphan of Anna Fleetwood, whom she loved as a sister.

'She has in this country, no female relatives or friend, except my wife's sister, Lady Elizabeth Sydenham, who being still in the prime of life, and possessing a fine person, and great vivacity of spirits, enters with too much avidity into the fashionable pleasures and follies which distinguish the present reign, to render her, in my opinion, a suitable person to have the charge of a girl of seventeen, to whom nature has in no respect been sparing of her gifts. Lady Elizabeth has moreover a son, of a nature generous spirited and noble, but I fear, too much alloyed by worldly vanities, who I have reason to believe has a greater regard for my daughter, than he has for any of the court beauties, many of whom, it is whispered, would be in no wise loth to attract his particular attention. Until he prove himself able to shun those vices, into which most young men of the present age so eagerly plunge, I trouble to have her remain where she can listen to his flattering words, which are wont to drop like honey from the lips of one like him, who has so many rare and goodly gifts, both of mind and person.

'When I no longer need her affectionate ministry, and she beholds me sleeping in peace, beside her sainted mother, she will take passage in the first convenient vessel that sails for the American Colonies. I charge you, therefore, by the ties of friendship and love, which though our bodies have been separated, have ever kept together our hearts, to grant this my dying request. According as you perform it, so prosper you and yours.'

Mr. Winslow, having finished reading the letter, handed it to his niece, who, almost entirely cut off from the society of her own sex, anticipated with much pleasure the companionship of an amiable and intelligent girl, whom, when a child, she loved with a warmth and tenderness bordering on maternal affection. When she returned the letter to her uncle, he deposited it together with the will, in an old oak chest which stood in one corner of the room, which he carefully locked.

It was a summer noontide, but a delightful dimness lay on the green turf, gemmed with clusters of violets and other sweet-scented flowers, that was spread like a rich carpet round the brink of a clear fountain, for the ancient and solemn forest had woven over all a leafy canopy, and it was only when the leaves were lifted by the freshening breeze, that the sunbeams threw a checkered light over the turf and flowers, and the still waters of the fountain. A lovely girl, who had seen seventeen summers stood alone in this forest bower, listening to the rich and varied music of the birds, as it came thrilling through the branches, and to the solemn voice of the old forest itself, as in a deep undertone it poured its murmurs into the glade, varied now and then by gushes of wild and fitful melody. She had been a lover and worshipper of nature in England, her native land, but she had there never beheld any thing so wildly sweet as this glade which lay sheltered in the innermost bosom of the majestic forest, which for centuries, as then, had waved in the free winds as they passed. She stood so near the fountain's brink, that had she bent over it, she might have seen her own exquisite figure mirrored in its clear bosom but she was watching the varied play of the sunlight, or following with her eyes the glancing wings of brilliant birds, as they sought shelter among the boughs from the noon-day heat.

Though she was clothed in garments rich and beautiful, they appeared not more so than the verdant herbage inlaid with flowers that robed the earth. Gleams of sunlight fell now and then upon the clustering curls of her bright brown hair, or brought into momentary play the brilliant colors of an opal, ornamenting the clasp that confined a slight silken fillet above her brow. A gush of wild-bird music—she knew not why—awoke memories of him she held dearest. She unclasped the fillet encircling her brow, for the opal was the gift of Arthur Sydenham, who was then in her thoughts. As she gazed upon its changeful hues, one moment as dim as the summer cloud, the next as resplendent as the bow that spans it, the fancy struck her that it might be the emblem of her own fate.

When during their last interview, she received it from Arthur's hand, he neither asked a promise nor gave one, but the unuttered sentiments of their hearts were not the less known to each other, and from that time they considered their faith as pledged, should his deportment prove such as Adela's father would approve, were he still alive. A slight rustling of the branches behind her, caused her to replace the fillet which in her haste she imperfectly clasped; it consequently soon parted asunder, and gliding down among the profuse ringlets that shaded her neck, fell to the ground. She turned to see if any person was approaching. An exclamation of surprise escaped from her lips, for she beheld Thomas Effington, a young man who had been bred in her father's family, and whom she supposed to be in England. She coldly greeted him, for he had formerly been an importunate, and most unwelcome suitor. He, on his part, forbore to renew the theme, which he had habitually harped upon whenever they used to meet, and spoke of her former home, of the friends she had left, and among others, of Arthur Sydenham. The color deepened on her cheeks at his name, but she remained silent.

'It was owing to him,' said Effington, 'that you disdained my proffered love, but Adela, I believe him to be unworthy of you. I have brought a letter from him, which, when I first beheld you, after so long a seperation, I was almost tempted to withhold I will leave you to peruse it, while I seek Mr. Winslow, your worthy guardian.'

As he turned to leave the glade, unperceived by Adela, he picked up the fillet, which lay half concealed beneath the grass, knowing that the opal attached to it had been given her by Sydenham.—The moment he was gone, with a beating heart she opened the letter. A pang far deeper than when she parted from him, shot through her heart at sight of the first line. She read it slowly, as if she doubted the evidence of her senses.—He spoke of the boyish imagination, which he had dignified with the name of love, and supposed it now appeared equally ridiculous to her as to himself. He concluded by speaking of Effington in terms of warm and earnest praise.

A sudden sickness came over her, and had she not dipped her hands in the fountain, and bathed her brow and temples, she might have fainted. She soon became better, and as she continued to bend over the fountain, she missed the gleam of the gem which she still valued, though the hand that gave it could trace such cold deriding. She passed her fingers hurriedly through the rich mass of curls which had fallen forward over her brow, in the hope that it might be hidden beneath them, but which failing to find, she carefully searched every nook and corner, where it could possibly lie concealed. She finally concluded it must have fallen into the fountain, and with a heart, which a short time before was gay and buoyant as the lark, that sings as it soars, but which was now like the flowers that the spurred heel of Effington had just crushed into the earth, she left the glade.

Effington, as the ward of the late Mr. Fleetwood, was cordially welcomed by Mr. Winslow, who pressed him to make his house his home, he having as he said, received a grant from the crown to purchase a certain tract of land not far distant. Adela's father had at one time even seriously contemplated making him his heir, on the condition that he would take the name of Fleetwood, and of giving him his daughter in marriage but of her decided aversion to the match, joined to the gay and even dissolute habits which he fell into before he had passed the season of adolescence, caused him to determine otherwise. Mr. Winslow knew nothing of Effington's character, who assumed a mask which the guileless and unsuspecting old man, mistook for a reflex of his moral qualities; he therefore beheld with pain, the repugnance with which Adela evidently regarded him. Even the representations of Mrs. Newland, who could better penetrate his disguise, had no power to shake his confidence in the moral worth of one, who had the art to make it appear that his character was moulded after the same fashion as his own, requiring only time and opportunity to develope and mature those excellent virtues which formed its basis. Even those unyielding prejudices that appeared to himself in the guise of virtues—a mistake common to erring humanity—and which he hugged to his bosom with fond tenacity, he felt rejoiced to find seemed gradually to be engrafting themselves upon the mind of his youthful guest. Summer was hastening to a close, yet Effington still remained, although he began to despair of winning the favour of Adela, The conversation of Mr. Winslow, to which he had formerly listened with feigned delight, now that he felt assured that his object was unattainable, grew an exceedingly distasteful to him. But it was with difficulty he could disguise his impatience.

One morning he took his rifle with the intention of going into the woods, but on examination, found he had expended all his powder. Mr. Winslow told him that he could supply him, for which purpose he had recourse to the old oak chest. As Effington stood near, a folded paper caught his eye on which was inscribed, "The last Will and Testament of Geoffrey Fleetwood." A thought flashed through his mind like lightning.

'The dower will be quite as welcome without the incumbrance of a wife,' he murmured to himself, as he received the powder from the hands of his host.

He went forth on his hunting expedition, but he could not give his mind to the sport, and after two or three ineffective shots, he leaned his rifle against a tree, and stood in an attitude of troubled musing. The thoughts working in his brain, flashed out and burnt upon his brow, with painful intensity, which the breeze that rosed through the woods had no power to allay. A rustling among the neighboring trees caused him to start, as if the guilty purpose he was revolving in his mind lay open to an observer. He hesitated to look up, for he feared that he should encounter the quiet yet searching eye of Mr. Winslow, and he felt that he should quail beneath its glance. A low guttural exclamation which he knew must proceed from one of the native sons of the forest reassured him. He raised his eyes, and beheld Tatanimoo, an Indian whom he had frequently met during his hunting excursions, who stood eyeing the rifle which was remarkable for its beauty, with an eager delight that made his keen black eyes sparkle with unusual lustre.

'Should you like this rifle?' said Effington, taking it into his hand.

'Yes, but there are no skins in Tatanimoo's wigwam—he cannot buy.'

'It shall be yours if you will do me a trifling service, for I am about to leave this place when it will be no longer useful to me.'

The Indian took it from Effington, and regarded it with looks of great fondness.

'Does it please you?'

'Yes,' replied Tatanimoo with a grin that displayed his glittering teeth.

'Did you ever observe an old chest in one corner of Mr. Winslow's room?'

'Yes, he keeps powder and shot in it He says take when I ask.'

'There is a large piece of paper in too, that looks like the seal on which your chief made his mark, when he gave his lands for the Englishman's merchandise. Procure it then for me, without the knowledge of Mr. Winslow or either of the women; and the rifle is yours.

Tatanimoo at first shook his head, and appeared disinclined to comply, but the tempting rifle was before his eyes, and his better resolution gave way. He approached a hollow tree, and pointed it out as a safe place of deposite, and in less than a week from that time, he was roaming through forests and over hills, with the rifle on his shoulder, and Effington with the Will in his pocket, was on the way to Boston, whence he intended to sail for England the first opportunity.

To Adela, Effington's departure was the signal of freedom. The hills, the fields, the woods were her own again. Summer was past, and to her, who in her own country had beheld autumn advance in russet cloak, looking with dim eyes through the mists that hung over the valley and stream, slowly and silently untripping the leaves from the trees, which turned to sober brown at his approach, there was something still more touching and mournful in the decay which she now witnessed, going on amid the more than regal splendor that marks our Indian summer. The soft, golden haze, floating in the atmosphere at mid-day, which, at the advance of twilight, settled down upon the distant hills in a flood of richest purple, the clouds woven with the colors of the rainbow, that hovered over the sun, as his level beams it up with a farewell glory the mazes of the forest, though presenting so georgeous a spectacle to her eye, fell with a mournful influence upon her heart.

It was a still and bland evening that she had wandered forth, but little cooler than a clear evening in June. The radiant clouds that had hovered above the setting sun had now floated away to their place of rest, and the moon looked down from her meridian height with a calm and mellow frame, which perhaps ere her wane, by one of those sudden transitions common to the New England climate, would be exchanged for a flood of sparkling brilliancy poured through a keen and frosty atmosphere. The moon and the stars—how often since her sojourn in the wilderness, had she in the stillness of the evening gazed upwards and thought of them as angelic guardians waiting with silent ministry, not only upon her, but upon him, the absent and best beloved. This imagination once a balm was now a bitterness to her heart, and she turned with a sorrowful yet yearning tenderness to thoughts which it now appeared to her, she had too rarely welcomed; and as the orbs of night looked down upon her in their calm and silent beauty, they seemed to form a sensible bond between herself and the parents peacefully sleeping in the old churchyard. There was a comfort in thinking that the cold damp walls of no vault hid their place of rest from the bright blue sky—that the bird could sit amid the branches of the old elm tree waving near and pour out its thrilling melody, and that the sun could look down in his glory by day, and cherish the moss and flowers she had planted on their graves, or cast over them a kindly gleam when covered by the snows of winter. As she was returning to the house, Mr. Winslow stood at the door watching her as she traced the graceful windings of the path. She reminded him of Ruth, his youngest daughter, who had been spared to him almost a year after his other children had been laid in the dust beside their mother. A few tears fell on his hands, crossed over the head of his staff on which he leaned, but checking a weakness which the sternness of his religious faith taught him to regard as sinful, no trace of emotion was visible on his countenance, though his voice had lost something of its firmness, as he drew back from the threshold and bade her enter. A wreath of evergreen, which she had woven by moonlight, hung on her arm. He took it from her and placed it by the side of one similar, which had always, since she had been an inmate of the family, hung against the wall.

'That,' said he, indicating the wreath with his hand, 'was woven by one as beautiful and still more youthful than you. The latest given, and the fairest to look upon. I deemed it might be spared one to gladden my declining days. She was taken, and He who dealt the blow which made my heart desolate, knows how I have striven to bow with humble submission beneath it.'

His lips slightly quivered as he spoke, but the next moment, seating himself in his arm chair, he opened the Bible which lay on the table before him, and read with a firm, clear voice, from the eighty-eighth Psalm.

'My daughter,' said he to Adela, after she had joined him and his niece in singing their evening hymn, 'these pleasant days and bright evenings remind me that it is time for you to be on your way to join the family of your late father's friend, Governor Bellingham. This place, which in the winter season may truly be called a howling wilderness, is not a proper one for you, who have been nurtured in the lap of wealth. Early to-morrow morning, nothing in Providence preventing, we will set out for Boston.'

(To be continued.)

CITY COURT OF REQUEST.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN CATTLE.—A Smithfield drover, well known as Leary Jemmy was summoned for 18s. damage inflicted on Mr. James Hopkins, of Whitecross-street, a dealer in Staffordshire ware.

Commissioner—How was the damage inflicted? Defendant—Ar. Sir, that's it—Sir Robert Peel little know's what he's a bin a doin on (laughter)—wot with the new Tariff and the Hincome Tax, may I be blesed if there's sich a thing as gettin o' nothink now. (Laughter.)

Commissioner—Why, man, what has Sir R. Peel to do with your cattle driving? Defendant—That's jest it, and I puts it to your feelings as a man, aint he let in a lot of furrin (foreign) cattle?

Commissioner—Well. Sir, and what then? "Vy, every thing," replied the defendant evidently pitying the apparent ignorance of the learned Commissioner. "'Spose you ad to drive a score or two of furrin cattle." (Roars of Laughter.) "You may laugh (continued the defendant,) but I can tell you you'd find out as how they know nothin about our driving on 'em, and this year bull in particular ves more stupider than any furrin animal as ever got over here."

Commissioner—Do you mean to say that it is more difficult to drive imported cattle than native? Defendant—"Oney you try it. (Laughter.) Vy, how can it be expected they knows *wot we see to 'em?* (Laughter.) Then agin how shed they know anything about Smiffel (Smithfield) and our ways of drivin? (Laughter.) Depend on it, Sir, these year furrin cattle aint no manner of use except to try a new stick on—and it's my opinion."

Commissioner—It appears that you were driving the animal, and you must pay the damage.

"Not a bit on it. 'Spose now the Duke of Cumberland was to send some of his——"

Commissioner (hastily)—Sir, the damage has been sworn to and you must pay.

"Werry well," replied the roughhown defendant; "and the next furriner as I has to drive, may be I don't give it him, that's all. I only wish Sir Robert Peel had the driven on 'em. (Laughter.)

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—An affecting incident occurred at the capture of the island of St. Eustatia by the English, many years ago. An edict was issued by the conquerors, enjoining every person under the severe penalty of corporeal punishment, and banishment to render in by a certain day, an exact inventory of his effects. It happened, that a little before that period, a Frenchman, who had been very eminent in the commercial world, was by the calamities often attendant on the uncertainties of that situation, reduced to the deepest distress. He had heard the edict; and on the day appointed he was called upon for his inventory. They found him sitting in the attitude of melancholy—his elbow leaning on a table, while his hands supported his cheek which was furrowed with the keenest affliction. The noise of entering the room awakened him from his reverie; when gently turning his head, and recollecting the errand, he took a pen from the table, and wrote the following short but emphatic account of his condition:—"*Point d'argent, point de biens, point de commerce, point de credit, point de reputation, il sentiment un pauvre cœur rompu!*" Which may be translated as follows:—"No money, no goods, no trade, no credit, no reputation, and only one poor broken heart!"

COURAT BETWEEN A MUNGOOZE AND COBRA CAPELLA.—Being desirous of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, the mungooze (an animal similar to the ichneumon of Egypt.) I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented (as one of those men carries not only snakes, but mungoozes with them) and led us out into the compound—the field attached to almost every house in cantonments. Having expressed our fears lest any in the party might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous pheasant coop of worked wire, which was lying unused in the country yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and, at our suggestion, the snake first taken in the morning, was selected for the encounter. The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the cover suddenly withdrawn. In a moment after the cobra capella darted out. The hedgehog pot was then taken away, and the edges of the pheasantry let down. During two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all around the enclosure, evidently wishing to escape; but finding this impossible, he quietly coiled himself up, freeing however his magnificent head from the folds, and remained in a sort of listening attitude.

Presently the man produced the mungooze and let him to his adversary. Never was I more surprised. This was the first time I had seen one. I had expected to behold a somewhat powerful opponent. Never could I have fancied that so small an animal would have dared to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind; such however, was the case. The little creature which now sniffed around the edge of the coop was about half as large again as an English rat, of a motley color, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal had it not been for his tail, which was long and bushy, in circumference near the centre, almost as