SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1846.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 21.

THE CHRONICLE

is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets

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

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; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

JAN.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.
24	Saturday,	7 15	4 45	4 31 8 32
25	Sunday,	7 14	4 46	5 29 9 46
26	Monday,	7 13	4 47	6 21 10 43
27	Tuesday,	7 12	4 48	Sets. 11 34
28	Wednesday,	7 11	4 49	7 10 Morn
29	Thursday,	7 10	4 50	8 24 0 24
30	Friday,	7 9	4 51	9 36 1 11

New Moon, 27th day, 4h. 39m.—morning.

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society.

[Office 26, Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT

THIS Company insures for sums from £100 to £3000 on a single Life. It has the *mutual* system, or distribution of profits—offers advantages while living, as well as to widows and orphans after the death of the insured—loans part of the premiums paid when needed—induces persons to insure the lives of others who may be indebted to them—insures a man and his wife *jointly*, payable to the survivor on the death of either—grants endowments to children on reaching the age of twenty-one years—and conducts its operations upon a most comprehensive and satisfactory system.

Medical Examiner at St. John, N. B.

WILLIAM BAYARD, Esq. M. D.

Agent for Saint John, N. B.

EDWARD L. JARVIS.

May 3, 1845. *Nelson street*

☞ *NOTICE.*

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late CYNTHIA SMILER, (Widow,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date thereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL C. SMILER.

St. John, Oct. 7, 1845. *Administrator*

MORE STOVES, &c.

Just received by the "*Dolphin*," from Boston:—

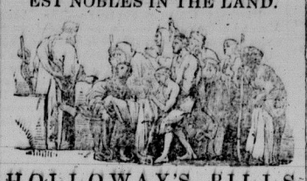
25 UNION Pattern Cooking STOVES; 12 Air tight, part with Ovens; 25 assorted, consisting of Franklin, Cylinder and Pyramid Stoves;

9 cwts and Wood seat Chairs;
ditto. Rocking ditto.;
ditto assorted children's ditto;
½ ds. Onions; 50 jars Snuff;
½ ds. Castor Oil; 40 sides sole LEATHER:—

For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

Health for All !!!

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELISH, *(one of his Tenants.) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Miramichi; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O R. Savre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Millsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

Bradley's

Mail and Accommodation Stages,

BETWEEN

ST. JOHN & FREDERICTON.

THE subscriber's Mail Stage leaves St. John for Fredericton every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, or immediately after the arrival of the Halifax Mail, and Fredericton for St. John on Tuesday evening at four o'clock. His Accommodation Stage leaves Saint John every Friday morning, and returning, leaves Fredericton on Saturday morning. Books are kept at the saint John Hotel in this city, and at Segee's Hotel in Fredericton, where Passengers can leave their names.

The subscriber returns thanks to his numerous friends for the liberal patronage with which he has been favoured on the route for the last seventeen years, and assures them and the public generally that his usual attention and punctuality will be paid to every thing entrusted to his care.

Dec. 12. JAMES BRADLEY.

Spelter, Floor Cloth, &c. &c.

Received by the ship Schoodine, from Liverpool—

115 SLABS of SPELTER;
500 yards painted Floor Cloth;
5 casks 26 & 30 covering NAILS;
10 do. assorted Horse ditto
10 do. do. Boat ditto
5 do. do. Sheathing ditto

Also, by the Prancer, and Eleanor Jane—

25 assorted cook and Coal STOVES;
18 do. new Franklin do.
150 common and Rocking CHAIRS;
17 boxes tip TRUNKS.

And for sale by JOHN KINNEAR.

Oct. 3.

New Fruit, &c. &c.

Just received and for sale by the subscriber:

600 QUARTER, Halves and Whole boxes of beautiful Fresh RAISINS;
6 Hhds. Bright SUGAR; 50 Drums FIGS;
20 Boxes CAPERS; 3,000 bush ONIONS;
6 Barrels RICE.

Also,—200 Boxes best quality Digby HERRINGS;

JOHN KINNEAR.

Dec. 12. Prince Wm street.

Miscellany.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

[Concluded.]

Mary Thornhill had been a silent though not uninterested listener to the emotions of the seaman's heart, but had prudently declined interrupting him; on her approach, William awoke from his reverie, only to be the victim of one more intense. Before him stood a being, sent as if by Providence on some errand of consolation, dazzingly beautiful; her dark eyes, wet with the tear of humanity, beamed with inexpressible beauty; her marble brow bespoke the dignity of her character, and the ringlets of her jet black locks were waving in the evening breeze; her form was elegant; her dress simple, yet becoming; her smile pleasing and natural; affectation had never lodged in her bosom; coquetry was an alien to her innocence—for, born and educated in the country, she looked like the queen of the forest, or the enchantress of the lovely glen.

William was some time silent, ashamed at having wept in the presence of a female, and having intruded upon, and perhaps suddenly interrupted Miss Thornhill, to whom he was comparatively a stranger having only seen her once or twice previously.

'Permit me, lady, to apologize for having thus dared to intrude within the precincts of this property.'

'Ah! sir,' responded the beautiful girl, 'your feelings are at present but little suited to the dull ceremony you force upon your tongue. I ought rather to apologize for having interrupted your dream of past events.'

'Yes, madam, I own I was meditating on what had ceased to be, but which I can never cease to remember; it is indelibly engraven on my memory and the lapse of time only binds it more closely; but as the sun is now setting, and the dew begins to fall, may I be permitted to escort you home?'

On their arrival at the mansion house Mary introduced Mr Martin to her father. The seaman was struck at the noble and commanding figure that approached him; it was free from the stiff military gait of the young recruit, but partook of the ease without participating in what was slovenly or awkward; his hair was gray, not so much from years as the effect of toil and climate; and the want of his left arm was a noble proof that he had bled for his king and country.

'Your name is Martin, you say?'

'Yes, sir, William Martin—a name which though in our family it cannot boast of a noble line of royal ancestry, contains in its hallowed catalogue the germs of virtue and honesty.'

'Pray, Mr. Martin, in what vessel have you served?'

'In several, but for many years in the Active.'

'In the Active! Did you know my son, Henry Thornhill?'

'What! do I behold the father of my best and dearest friend? Know him sir! Ay, I knew and loved him—not a little but too well.' Oh! could he look down and behold this meeting, methinks it might even add to his happiness in heaven.'

'And did you see him die?' inquired the dejected Mary.

'Yes, kind lady, I had that melancholy pleasure—I call it pleasure, for it afforded me the most profitable lesson how to die.'

'Pray, then, Mr. Martin,' said the colonel, 'be pleased to proceed with the melancholy narrative.'

'Two years ago,' began the seaman, 'about this season, our vessel was stationed off Bermuda. We had remained there sufficiently long to explore the beauties of the island; the coral reefs, which extend for many a mile to the north, had been frequently visited; the interior, with its rich and beautiful scenery had been well examined, and we were getting tired of viewing the same place, and repeating the same round of amusements. The day of departure at length arrived, and we unbound our frigate from her moorings, and proceeded in a southerly direction, under the guidance of a gentle southern breeze. I shall not detain you, sir, with a tedious detail of our passage, but come at once to the mournful catastrophe in which you are more particularly interested. Towards the evening of the eigth day from our departure from the island we perceived, at the distance of a mile, a small fishing ship similarly situated; and a boat was immediately ordered to go and procure some fish in exchange for salt meat, and a few other articles. In an instant the boat was lowered, the intended commodities on board and your son and I with eight seamen, floating on the peaceful ocean. You will excuse me, sir, when I recal the solemnity of the scene; few objects in nature are calculated to inspire more reverential feelings than an ocean at rest; it reminds us of a god in his more pleasing and interesting character, and inclines our hearts to worship Him who sent thy ruffle the mighty deep. The flapping sails of our frigate, illuminated by the rays of the western sun as it dipt in the ocean, shone proudly over us. We little thought of the sad calamity that awaited us. The oars were soon in motion, and were timed by the merry song of the seamen. We had not proceeded far when the appearance of the sky was entirely changed, and assumed the settled gloom of the coming storm; a light breeze sprung up—the rippling waves were gradually forming into billows, but our tight little bark bravely danced over them, and our hearts foretold no calamity. The gloom, however, increased, and one of those thick impenetrable fogs, so common and so fatal in those climates, began to settle over the bosom of the deep; we still perceived the object of our search, and aware of the suddenness of the mist, cheered the men to make way. In an instant, as if by some immediate order of the Almighty, we lost sight of the smack, but our hope faded not with it; having arrived at the spot where we expected to find the vessel, we stopped unable to see further than the bow of the boat; then and not till then did gloomy apprehensions seize our minds, and the woful looks of the seamen bespoke the consciousness of their perilous situation. 'Come my men,' said I, in a cheerful tone of voice, to dispel unavailing grief, 'pull away, the wind is but slight, and we must be near our supper,' alluding to the fish. The joke was forced and fell ineffectual on the sober ear of reality. The night approached, and added to the peril of our situation; we had no light, no compass, and no gun as a signal of distress; we turned and rowed, as we considered towards the frigate, but could distinguish nothing through the thick veil that surrounded us. When man, my dear sir, is forced to look within himself to scrutinize his conduct, and balance it in reflections, without the softening influence of religion to soothe or allay his impurity, he forms but a hideous spectacle; conscience alarmed and offended, starts up in dread array against him. Thus the night passed with the guilty they scarcely knew what they felt, but unwelcome sighs and tears, which some may consider unmanly, pourtrayed their anguish. The moon rose in beauty but our hope rose not with it, for not a sail nor an object was to be seen over the vast expanse of ocean, save the sea bird as it floated over our heads, or lay securely on its billowy course. But I tire you, I am afraid, with the details of misery.'

'Nay, sir,' answered the anxious Mary, 'proceed I beseech you; my bosom melts at your danger, and my eyes follow you in your trackless path.'

'Three days and three nights were passed in this forlorn state; the fourth morning rose more dismal than the rest, our small stock of provisions was exhausted, and starvation that worst of deaths, grinned hideously at us; the fifth day thinned our crew; two died in awful agony—we drank—nay, start not we drank their blood; inhuman, would you call us—alas! humanity, was as it its fullest stretch; the sixth day came, and another brave soul left its tortured tenements at rest; the seventh—the fatal seventh—' and the seamen was unable to proceed.

'Alas! alas!' muttered the weeping Mary, 'I see all—the seventh summoned my brother to eternity.'

'Even so, kind lady; and I hope to an eternity of bliss.'

'Amen!' replied Mr. Thornhill, whose cheek was wet with a parental tear.

'Pray, mark the sad issue,' continued William; 'for hours in this dreary wandering had your son and his friend talked together; our home, our parents, our relatives, our boyhood years, and our manhood, were dwelt upon, with all the endearing solicitude of friends about to part; he knew his last hour was at hand, and resigned himself to God. At six in the evening death made speedy advances, and his dissolution fast approached; there was not a dry eye in our little crew—all loved, all respected him, and all were anxious to administer relief.—'Leave me to die,' his unsubdued spirit exclaimed; 'relief I shall soon obtain, and that forever;' and he shook hands with each successively. 'Farewell,' said he, in the accent of a dying man, to a sailor whom he loved—'farewell, Richard, I am bidding adieu to the storms of this world, and flying I hope to the heaven above: there no toil, no blasts, no anguish await us, but happy beyond expression we live in endless joy.' To each he said something which they doubtless will long remember. One expression, addressed to a youth, I shall never forget—'Jack, my lad, if ever you pass this spot again, think of your master who sleeps beneath in the yellow sand.' But his most painful duty yet remained, and he summoned all his strength to discharge it properly; tears began to flow as his languid eyes met mine—these were tears of friendship. 'Willie,' said he, 'my best of friend, give me your hand. I placed my hand, in his, it was deadly cold. 'This ring' said he 'present to my mother—my poor mother; and tell her—oh, tell her, Willie, to wear it for my sake, and when she looks on it to weep for her sailor boy. To my father carry this,' said he, taking from his pocket a small piece of paper containing a lock of hair which I had observed him cutting two days before; and tell Mary to remember her brother; to read her bible, and to be kind—kind to her parents. Poor Mary! how I love her!' and he sank lifeless on my knee, while his spirit mounted I sincerely trust to that God who gave it. His body was consigned to its watery tomb no unseemly shroud, no hired attendants, were present at his funeral, but, with throbbing hearts and moistened eyes we gently lowered his lifeless remains into their last repose. Some articles of dress I shall send you as a sad memorial of poor Henry.'

'Say, call him not poor; we trust he is rich in the enjoyment of paramount felicity. 'And what of the rest of the crew?' inquired Mary.

'That very evening a vessel hove in sight: at first it seemed but a speck, which hope fondly pictured as a ship, nor was it deceived—we were taken on board, and after many dangers, reached our frigate, where we were received as men raised from the dead. From that time to this my mind has been strangely altered I have now no inducements to return to sea, but what duty and a desire to support my aged mother urge.'

'And does she live in the peaceful cottage of Rosedale?' inquired the colonel.

'She lives, indeed, in the cottage you name, but whether it is peaceful or not is another matter.'

'And why should it not be so?'

'Because death has robbed it of half its holiness, and poverty has entered with its chilling influence; but it is nevertheless peaceful and happy too in the enjoyment of so much virtue.'

'There was soon a friendly intercourse between the inmates of the Tower and Rosedale Cottage; and the long summer evenings afforded many a pleasing walk to Mary and William in the neighboring woods. In these rambles, William had ample opportunity to watch the temper and disposition of Mary; at first he had been struck with the beauty of her face, and the elegance of her form, but now he became acquainted with her mind, which displayed so much solid sense and so many truly excellent sentiments, that in her case we may invert the words of the poet and say,

'Truth is a goddess of such happy mien,
That to be loved, needs only to be seen.'

Her attentions to the poor were unceasing, her contributions liberal, and her relief seasonable—but in the life of such a being there could be little romance, and little variety.

William and his mother were now frequent and welcome visitors at the manor. One evening, on their return, accompanied by Colonel Thornhill and Mary, they perceived Nancy Wilson's Jamie running towards them at full speed. He delivered a packet to the sailor, who on asking him why he ran so fast, was told by the juvenile letter carrier, that as 'in haste' was on the back of the letter, he tho't he might be too late for delivery.

The epistle was nothing more than was to be expected—an order to join his vessel in a few days.—Its import was at once apparent to the colonel, who had an often experienced a similar invitation. 'To your duty again my lad!' said the soldier, tapping William gently on the shoulder, and living over again in imagination the days of his manhood.

'Yes,' replied the sailor, with a sigh, inviting the colonel to a closer conversation.

'And why so desponding in the anticipation of doing what is right?'

'Dear sir,' said he, taking the colonel by the hand and looking eagerly in his face, 'I trust I shall ever be found in the path of rectitude, and in the proper discharge of the duties of my profession; but circumstances which I have already explained to you, and others at which you may easily guess, render the parting painful and distressing; in short I am unwilling to leave my mother, and grieved to part from the society of friends so endearing as you and——'

'Mary,' rejoinded the colonel.

'You have anticipated me, my dear friend; the charms of her beauty only makes me love her the more, as they are the emblem of an upright and honest heart—but why explain her virtues to one to whom they are so well known?'

The colonel shook him warmly by the hand and urged him to join his vessel once more, as from the length of his services promotion was soon to be expected. On their way home William told his mother the contents of the packet, and she, while grieved at the separation, commended her son to the protection of God.

The next evening William, with a sad heart, went to bid adieu to his Mary. A thousand soul-stirring thoughts alternately filled his mind with alarm and despondency: he might never return, she might die—she might prove inconstant—she might even cease to love him; but her appearance checked all such forebodings, and her words confirmed his admiration and love.

'Mary—my dear Mary, the task I am now called upon to perform is only sweetened by the hope of again meeting: but if fate otherwise decreed, believe me, I shall ever esteem and love you; then deny me not the pleasure of supposing that the affection is mutual.'

She blushed and fixed her eyes on the ground.

'Must you really depart, William?'

'Surely my Mary would not advise her friend to shun the path where duty calls him?'

'Never. There is a happiness in a conscientious discharge of duty which is peculiar and overflowing; but would duty lead you to sacrifice the society of an affectionate mother? would duty prompt you to leave the company of a faithful friend? would duty lead you, William to——'

'Sever the chord of love?—No, never. But in discharging that duty, Mary, I am engaging to cement that maternal affection, to confirm that friendly feeling, and to prove the constancy of my love.'

'But could you not——'

'Nay, consider Mary; it is only for a time—it may be a very short time; and little though I care for worldly gain, my obligations to support my mother are natural and urgent; and my return would perhaps be sooner were I convinced that I carried your affection with me in my pathless career.'

'William, why should I longer dissemble? my heart and affections are yours indeed; and leaving you to judge of the horrors of suspense, and the slow motion of time in the absence of those we love, intreat you by this token (presenting him with her picture) to remember your Mary, whose chief virtue shall be 'constancy.'

In a day or two William left his dear friends to plough once more the foaming deep; his messmates were in some degree different, and, although he found enough to please and interest him, he never found a friend like Henry Thornhill. In two years he was promoted to the rank of captain; but altho' elated with the distinction, he determined to leave a profession where his heart was not, and spend his half pay with his mother and his Mary. On his return he found his mother well, and more comfortable in circumstances, which William knew could only proceed from the generosity of the colonel.—Next morning, even before breakfast, he was seen on the road to the Tower; sure of Mary's constancy he bounded up the well known path. The lark was singing his matin song as he soared aloft, and the playful lamb was frisking on the lawn; nature was arrayed in her mildest attire, and art, in a robe of beauty. His heart beat quick as he was ushered into the breakfast room, where the colonel and his 'constant' Mary were sipping their morning souchong. The scene may be more easily imagined than described—the colonel threw down the upraised cup in wonder and joy, the blushing Mary ran to meet her William, and the third breakfast guest added wonderfully to the pleasure of the meal.

The marriage of the captain with "the bonnie Rose of the Tower" (as Nancy Wilson continued for years to name Mary), was an event of general rejoicing. "The poor widow" was rich in the enjoyment of her son, and in the good wishes of the neighbourhood. The colonel rejoiced at the event itself, fondly anticipating the agreeable conversations with his intelligent son-in-law; and the vale was the happy residence of those whose affections had been cemented by the transference of *friendship*—the solace of human existence.

A DYING CHAMBER.—Who that was watched beside the sick—the dying couch of a beloved being—does not remember the dreary, desolate blank that succeeds the moment of dissolution? While life remains hope will linger. From the ark of its affections the heart still sends forth the doom over the wide waste of affliction, fondly dreaming of her return with the olive-branch of Hope and Joy. The mind, too fully occupied with the duties of the sick chamber—has scarcely leisure to dwell upon aught beside. To smooth the pillow—to watch over the unquiet slumber—to sweeten the bitter draught with affection's hand—to read the languid eye—and anticipate the broken wish—these, these, and a thousand other kindly offices fill, up the weary hours, and twine the loved one in its helplessness closer and closer round the heart. But when the last scene has closed on the being we have so loved and tended—when the warm heart can no longer feel our care, nor the beaming eye smile its thanks—then it is that the weary frame and crushed spirit sink together in utter helpless loneliness and waste, and as we gaze on the still cold features of the departed, we long for the wings of the dove to "flee away and be at rest!"

THOSE WHO NEVER COMPLAIN.—Life is nothing without a touch of the pathetic; a joke is very well in its way, and as man is the only animal that laughs, he ought to indulge himself now and then in this peculiar faculty and privilege—but we cannot always be laughing. Moreover it shows a want of dignity to be everlastingly on the broad grin, the titter, the giggle, or the chucle. We owe it to ourselves to look solemn, and to wear a serious countenance occasionally—or, if we are particularly fond of dignity, we may always have a solemn look. There is something more interesting is crying than in laughing, and it would be impertinent to ask what they are laughing at, but if you saw as many crying, your sympathy would lead you to ask what they were crying for, if, on inquiry, it should be found that their tears were flowing from an inadequate or an unworthy cause, you would feel that the dignity of grief was much abated. What then? What then, if there be a want of dignity in giving way to the expression of grief when the cause is trivial, there must be great dignity in not grieving when there is an abundant cause of grief—hence the dignity of those persons who "never complain"—hence the pleasure they have in letting all the world know that they never complain, and of talking of their exemplary patience and unparalleled fortitude, in bearing such a burden of woe without a word of complaint.

GOOD LOOKING.—A book, recently published, contains a specific for making homely girls look handsome, and handsome girls look handsomer. We quote a portion for the benefit of all our lady readers young and old.

"Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!" was the language of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus, "which enchants the world," could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show," rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full calm moonlight melts those of rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. 'Hold up your heads, girls!' I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mothers daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty through which you other wise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffened in the cold of a northern winter seemed the diminutie, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home sick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind him corn. Oh! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chisselled from marble, or wrought out on canvas, speculate as we may upon colours and outlines, what is it but intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind, looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

BUSTLES IN AFRICA.—A naval officer on the coast of Africa, writing from Axim, and giving an account of the inhabitants, says that the 'proportion of women, as well as children, appear larger than in any other place; and they wear a greater amplitude of apparel than those of their sex on the windward coast, covering their person from the waist to the knee, and even lower.

The most remarkable article of dress is one which I have vaguely understood to constitute a part of the equipment of my own fair countrywomen—in a word the veritable bustle. Among the belles of Axim, there is a reason for the excrescence which does not exist elsewhere; for the little children ride astride of the maternal bustle, which thus becomes as useful as it is unquestionably ornamental.

Fashion, however, has evidently more to do with the matter than convenience; for old wrinkled grandams wear these beautiful anomalies, and little girls of eight years old, display protuberances that might excite the envy of a Broadway belle. Indeed, fashion may be said to have its perfect triumph and utmost refinement in this article; it being a positive fact that some of the Axim girls wear mostly the bustle, without so much as the shadow of a garment.' Its native name is 'tarb koshe.'

THE RIGHT.—Always pursue what you have reason to believe is the right course, without regard to ease on the one hand and interest on the other. 'Go straight forwards determined to breast the floods of iniquity, or perish in the effort. Never stay with the multitude through fear or wordly policy, and never listen to the advice of those who, rotten at heart, move up with the popular current. Feel that you have something to do in the world, and go about it forthwith—taking Truth for your guide, and Virtue for your companion. Then you will have nothing to fear.

"The Right will triumph o'er mistrust,
While doubt and fear disgraced will die;
New life shall spring from virtue's dust,
With Wisdom garnered from the sky."

Even in indolent characters there is a pride in doing good, when that good can be done easily, and when beneficial power may be most extensively exerted, and its most sensibly and immediately acknowledged, this is a pleasure equalled by few others and is one that is tacitly felt by all.

A hypocrite is one that neither is what he seems, nor seems what he is. He is hated by the world for seeming a Christian, and by God for not being one.