SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 13.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

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TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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

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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.

Nov.		R. Sun.	S. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W
27	Saturday,	7 23	4 37	10 18	2 27
28	Sunday,	7 23	4 37	11 18	3 23
29	Monday,	7 24	4 36	Morn	4 12
30	Tuesday,	7 25	4 35	0 16	5 4
1	Wednesday,	7 26	4 34	1 12	6 11
7	Thursday,	7 26	4 34	2 9	7 17
3	Friday,	7 27	4 33	3 6	8 22

Last Quarter, 23th day, 11h. 42m. morn.

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

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Low rates of Premiums.

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The "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society,*" offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR, } AGENTS.
St. John, Dec. 24, 1846. Nelson street.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

Wholesale Confectioner
and Lozenge Manufacturer.

MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale customers that he has always on hand a large stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. begs respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line will be attended to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1846.

WATER PROOF BLACKING,

WHICH will render Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does prevent the Leather from receiving a Good Polish, by any Blacking in ordinary use.

The subscriber has received another supply of the above name article, the virtues of which have been tended to hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from dampness during the approaching season.

☞ The price is one shilling per Pot. Orders from all parts of the province attended to.

Nov. 5. Corner K. FOSTER, King and Germain-sts.

On Consignment,

PER *Julia Ann*, from York, and for sale by the subscribers:—
50 Barrels Mess and Prime PORK,
20 do. Prime PORK BEEF,
25 do. DRIED APPLES,
20 do. White Beans,
40 Boxes Havana CIGARS, Tobacco, 8's.
Nov. 5. "Neptunus." I. HAMM.

Stoves, Lard &c.

Landing ex brig *E. Hastings* from Sagamonsh: 100, ex Consignment:

130 ASSORTED Cooking Stoves: 20 Grls. No. 1 Large Franklin, Close, Cylinder Air-tight Stoves: 20 Grls. No. 1 Air-tight
25 boxes Family SOAP.
2 Cases, 60 Reams, Letter and Writing PAPERS, for sale by
Oct 29—3 H. G. ...AR.

October 29, 1847.

New-Brunswick Auxiliary Bible Society, St. John, N. B.,

List of Bibles and Testaments on Sale at the Depository.

BIBLES.

DIAMOND 32mo.
roan, gilt edges Fine paper 1s 6d
morocco, gilt edges do 2 6
PEARL 24mo.
sheep do 1 1
roan, gilt edges do 1 3
PEARL, Foolscap 8vo. Marginal references.
roan, gilt edges do 3 0
RUBY 24mo.
coloured calf do 1 9
NONPAREIL 12mo.
sheep (*For Schools and the Poor*) 1 3
NONPAREIL 16mo. Marginal references.
coloured calf Fine paper 2 6
roan, gilt edges do 3 1
MINION 8vo.
coloured calf 3 0
BREVIER 8vo.
sheep do 3 6
coloured calf do 4 6
BREVIER 8vo. Marginal references.
coloured calf 6 0
SMALL PICA 8vo
coloured calf 5 0
SMALL PICA 8vo Marginal References.
coloured calf 7 6
PICA, Imperial 8vo.
coloured calf Fine paper 9 0
morocco gilt edges do 10 8
PICA, Post 4to. Marginal References.
coloured calf Fine paper 14 0
morocco, gilt edges do 15 3
ENGLISH, Imperial 4to. Marginal References.
morocco, gilt edges Fine paper 24 0

New Testaments.

DIAMOND 48mo.
sheep 0 5
roan, gilt edges 0
PEARL 24mo.
sheep 0 6
roan, gilt edges 0 7½
MINION 24mo.
roan, gilt edges 0 9
MINION, Foolscap 8vo. Marginal references.
roan, gilt edges Fine paper 2 0
BREVIER 12 mo.
sheep (*For Schools and the Poor*) 0 6

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St John and St Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro' the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

Children's and Infants' Socks, &c.

For Fall and Winter.

THE subscriber has just opened—500 Dozens of Children's and Infants' SOCKS, comprising every variety that may be required.
October 15. S. K. FOSTER.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprofessional advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astonished and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chingo-foot, Yawns and Cocco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETTERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

Miscellany.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

Among the philanthrophic movements in which the present day is so prolific, not the least interesting has been that relating to the treatment of the large and terrible class of maladies arising from mental aberration or imbecility. Some of us are old enough to remember the time when maniacs were treated as wild animals rather than a human beings,—as creatures against whose dangerous propensities it was necessary and lawful to use all means of defence and security no matter how severe; as beings the alleviation of whose sufferings and the amelioration of whose condition was alike impracticable. Thanks to the energy of modern humanity and the light of modern science a far different treatment is now adopted—mind and restorative measures have been used with perfect safety and in many instances with complete success. The disadvantages have been less then under the old penal system, and many a useful member has been restored to society, who a few years earlier would have languished out his life in privation and despair.

Perhaps stimulated by these results, attention has lately been turned to the still more appalling, because apparently more helpless and hopeless form of mental disorganisation—idiotcy, and already the success with which the effort has been rewarded is most encouraging. That some of these wayward and incapable beings should have been reclaimed from their isolated and purposeless existence—should have been made to feel the pleasures of association—the benefits of order—the influence of music—should have acquired some power of application to employments requiring strength, observation, preseverance, and even a degree of ingenuity, this is an amount of success well repaying all the careful study and all the patient and arduous labour by which it has been obtained. What has been *done*, however, is as nothing in comparison with what has been shown to be possible. The initiative has been taken, and an immense field of enquiry and research, and of patient and laborious exertion is open to the Philosopher and the Philanthropist. Principles have been enuncisted, and facts have verified them, but the plans for the development of these principles require modification and enlargement, and above all, plodding, persevering labourers to work them out, men not to be discouraged by repeated failures, apt to learn lessons which experience only can teach, and animated by pure and ardent zeal in the service of humanity, even when it is found deformed and degraded.

It must be kept in mind that there are varieties in the characteristics and gradations in the capacities of these unfortunates the lowest grade seeming almost destitute of any mental or moral organization at all, and the highest nearly on an equality with the class of persons, usually called silly or weak minded.

The first step in the training of idiots seems to be to conquer their distressing habits of restlessness—to excite in them some degree of attention, and thus to obtain at least partial obedience. The use of firm yet gentle restraint and coercion is necessary to effect this object. The faculty of imitation then requires to be awakened, and physical exercises for the purpose of bringing the muscles and limbs under the subjection of the will need to be practised with patient and persevering attention. Whenever the pupil has obtained some control over his movements, he is in a position to commence his acquaintance with the external world around him. His attention is drawn to objects and their properties—his senses are cultivated, and impressions made upon each separately by means of suitable objects. Things for instance of opposite qualities are presented to him, and he is made to feel the difference between them, and at the same time to learn the name of each. The moral powers are then brought into training and instruction is imparted in various branches of manual labour.

Considerable progress has been made in each of these particulars where the experiment has been tried. A very interesting account of the system pursued and the results obtained at the Bicetre, the celebrated asylum for idiots at Paris, is contained in a series of papers in *Chambers Edinburgh Journal* for the present year. It abundantly warrants the expectation that a far happier destiny awaits the poor sufferers in future than they have hitherto realized—or, then a few years ago the most sanguine would have dared to anticipate.

We are happy to say that the subject is at length exciting attention in England. An institution has been opened at Bath, and another projected in the metropolis. Germany and Swizzerland had previously followed the example of France, so that we may confidently hope, that ere long, institutions for the education of idiots will be come as general as asylums for the relief of other forms of human suffering and destitution.—*Echo.*

PICTURE OF JULIUS CESAR.—He was not much, if at all; above the middle size, but admirably proportioned, whether for feats for agility and strength or for the lighter graces of society. But it was his face more especially, and the magnificent expression of his features, that first struck the beholder. The broad, imaginative brow; the keen, large, lustrous eye, pervading, clear, undazzled as the eagle's, the bold Roman nose, the resolute curve of the clean cut mouth, full of indomitable pride and matchless energy, all these bespoke at once the versatile and various genius of the great statesman, orator and captain, who has to be thereafter. At this time, however, although he was advancing towards middle age, and had already shaken off some of the trammels which luxurious vice and heedless extravagance has cast around his young puisant intellect, he had achieved nothing either of fame or power. He had, it is true, given signs of rare intellect. But as yet they were signs only; though his friends looked forward confidently to the time when they should see him the first citizen of the republic. And it is more than possible, that, in his own heart he contemplated, even now, the attainment of a more glorious, if more perilous, elevation. The locks of this noble-looking personage, though not arranged in that effeminate fashion which has been mentioned as characteristic of Cethugos and some others, were closely curled about his brow—for he, as yet, exhibited no tendency to that baldness for which, in after years, he was remarkable—and reeked with the choicest perfumes. He wore the crimson-bordered toga of his senatorial rank; but under it, as it waved loosely to and fro, might be observed the gaudy hues of a violet coloured banqueting dress, sprinkled with flowers of gold, as if he had been disturbed from some board by the summons to council. As he passed through the crowd, from which loud rose the shout, following him as he moved along, "Hail, Caius Cæsar! long live the noble Cæsar," his slaves scattered gold profusely among the multitude, who fought and scrambled for the glittering coin, still keeping up their clamorous greeting; while the dispenser of the wasteful largesse, appearing to know every one, and to forget no face or name, even of the humblest, had a familiar smile and a cheery word for each citizen. —*The Roman Traitors.*

GENIUS FORGETFUL OF SELF.—The skill of the artist, and the perfection of his art, are never provided until both are forgotten. The artist has done nothing till he has concealed himself—the art is imperfect which is visible—the feelings are but feebly touched, if they permit us to reason on the methods of their excitement. In the reading of a great poem, in the hearing of a noble oration, it is the subject of the writer, and not his skill—his passion, not his power—on which our minds are fixed. We see as he sees, but we see not him. We become part of him, feel with him, judge, behold with him; but we think of him as little as of ourselves. Do we think of Æschylus while we wait on the silence of Cassandra; or of Shakspeare, while we listen to the wailing of Lear? Not so—the power of the masters is shewn by their self annihilation. It is commensurate with the degree in which they themselves appear not in their work. The harp of the minstrel is untruly touched if his own glory is all that it records. Every great writer may be at once known by his guilding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation, and the knowledge which is past his finding out. *Modern Painters.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT A CONCERT IN BRUSSELS.—Our last entertainment here was a Concert in the public and fine room appropriated for music or dancing. The celebrated Madam Catalani had a benefit, at which the Queen of the Netherlands was present, not, however, in state, though not incognita; and the king of warriors, Marshall Lord Wellington, surrounded by his staff and all the officers and first persons here, whether Belgians, Prussians, Hanoverians, or English. I looked at Lord Wellington watchfully, and was charmed with every turn of his countenance, with his noble and singular physionomy and his eagle eye. He was gay, even to sportiveness, all the evening, conversing with the officers around him. He never was seated, not even a moment, though I saw seats vacated to offer him frequently. He seemed enthusiastically charmed with Catalani, ardently and applauding whatsoever she sung, except the "Rule Britannia;" and then, with sagicious reserve he listened in utter silence. Who ordered it I know not, but he felt it was injudicious in every country but our own to give out a chorus of "Rule, Britannia!—Britannia rules the waves!" And when an encore began to be vociferated from his officers, he instantly crushed it by a commanding air of disapprobation and thus offered me an opportunity of seeing how magnificently he could quit his convivial familiarity for imperious dominion when occasion might call for the transformation.—*Madame D'Arblay.*

AN EGG HATCHING IMPOSITION.—A good story was told us a day or two since by a friend of egg-hatching by steam.—While the operation was going on in Baltimore, and while hundreds were examining its wonders daily, an old lady called at the door and paid her quarter for admisson. Once inside, she took the gentleman who conducted the apparatus by the button, and wanted he should tell her all about it; how the machine worked—how much it cost—where they were to be bought—and whether or not it was realy a fact that the brood of little chickens running about the floor were hatched by steam. She then gave a detailed statement of how much money she had made by it, &c., adding that the profits were "*awfully* small," and if these machines would do the thing cheaper, she reckon'd she'd buy one. After she had made a thousand inquiries, the gentleman proceeded to show her the drawers wherein were deposited the eggs in different stages of incubation. The old lady looked with astonishment—"La, me!" she exclaimed, "do you use *eggs?*" "Certainly" was the answer. "Then," said she, "I consider this a perfect piece of imposition—a down right swindle, to pick the pockets of honest people! Why any body can hatch chickens with *eggs.*" And the old lady made her way out in a mighty huff, muttering to herself, "What impudence! to charge a woman two shillings to see chickens hatched out of *eggs!*"—*Rochester Advocate*

VANITY.

"Alas! poor Clarinda, what shall I do for you? One, two, three most undisguised yawns! Oh! have a little mercy on that pretty mouth! Think what distress your smart admirer, Mr. Llewelyn Hodges would feel, when you return to London, should he find that unfortunate feature extended from ear to ear, as will certainly be the case, if you continue that melancholy gymnastic exercise much longer. Ah! could I create for you a crowd of handsome *beaux*, as easily as my needle can call forth these lilies and roses, you should not stand long tormenting that poor fly from sheer weariness!"

"I really cannot think, Helen, how you can go on working all day long, never seeing anything but this dull country—no grand sights, no dressing nor visiting, no lords nor ladies, no theatre, nor any single thing worth looking at."

"Indeed my dear coz! Truly, if you stand at that window and talk of 'dull country,' I shall think you have left your eyes as well as your heart in great London. What! those beds of flowers that I have planted with such care; and our pretty lawn, soft and green enough for the fairies to dance on, sloping down to the clear blue lake, where the old fisherman and his merry boys are so busy,—'not worth looking at?' And the village peeping from its flowering orchards; and the noble park yonder, with its fine old buildings, that many a stranger (lord and lady too, Miss Clarinda) comes to visit! Oh! we must visit the old library—'tis so delightful to stand in its great bay-window and read an ancient romance at sunset, while ——"

"Pshaw! Helen how you talk? I think, as Mr. Llewlyn Hodges used to say, 'an inch of own is worth a mile of the country;' but do you know that Mrs. Jones, the grocer's wife, told me that Mr. Lyndhust, the young squire is coming to the park to spend some time before he goes abroad? They say he is very rich; for his grandfather has just left him an immense fortune; and the park is one of the finest places in the country; and Mrs Jones tells me that he is very handsome, with light hair and blue eyes, she says; though Mrs. Plunket declares he has black eyes and black hair; and she ought to know; for her cousin Simpkins, who lives in London, told her they call him Lord Byron, and the Corsair; for he wears his collar open, and speaks in a deep voice. But look! look! Helen—there are two horsemen coming along the wood—see! just by the gypsy's copse. Now they are hidden by the trees. Ah! there they are again crossing the bridge by the waterfall: 'tis the young squire, I'm sure. See how black his hair is; but he is not so pale as they said; and the other must be his college friend the young lawyer—very poor, and with a large family of sisters dependent upon him. But what a fine complexion Mr. Lyndhurst has! and such a very fashionable air."

"Alas! for Mr. Llewelyn Hodges!" said Helen, laughing.

The object of Miss Clarinda's admiration was riding leisurely along with his companion; and both regarded the country with an air of great interest.

"Who lives in that beautiful little cottage?" asked Mr. Lyndhurst of an old man, who, staff in hand, was walking briskly along the road beside them.

"Some who are more beautiful than the cottage, and as good and as handsome," said the man touching his hat. "'Tis Mrs. Sydney and her daughter Helen; as blithe a pretty bird as any in the forest. The Colonel died in foreign parts, three years ago, and left his wife and daughter without money or friends; so they came to our village; and Miss Helen supports her mother who is poorly in health; and though she worked hard at first, from morning till night she had always a kind word and a kinder deed for the sick and the poor."

"But what employment can she obtain in such a retired place as this?" said Mr. Lyndhurst, with great interest.

"Oh! she makes the most beautiful flowers on satin and velvet and such things, for the grand ladies in London. She learned it poor thing, to amuse herself when at school, in a convent in France, or in some far-off place, and now she has to do it for her bread; and with right good will too, I think, for she is as gay as a lark; and her bright smile does more to cheer the poor she visits than the warmest sun that shines in summer."

"Really Somers," said Lyndhurst to his companion, "your fancy sketch of the village *belles* we should encounter does little credit to your imagination, it really so surpasses all your fiction."

"I confess to being a miserable painter and feel already deeply smitten. Ah! envious walls! will you not open and disclose the angelic form enshrined within? I pray thee Lyndhurst faint away—suffer thy horse to throw thee, that I may have some excuse for entering the temple and beholding the hidden deity."

"I thank you, Tracy, for the romantic suggestion; but I feel much more inclined to gallop to the venerable mansion of my ancestors, whose hall I have never trodden, though I drew my first breath within its walls," so saying he gave the reigns to his horse and both hastened onward in the direction of Lyndhurst park.

* * * * * *

"And now, dear mother, that I have given you your favourite book, and painted the vine branches so that you may see the white church-spire and graceful sail on the blue lake, I will just run down to the wood and visit our wild gypsy woman, and gather some sweet violets. Hark! how that little bird is warbling! He calls me out. Coming, coming, little bird—

"To the fresh summer breeze,
And the green forest trees."

One more kiss, dear mother, and away till the church bells rings!"

As Helen walked lightly along the passage from her mother's chamber she passed the open door of Clarinda's bed-room, and beheld that young lady, her head ornamented with three rows of curl-paper, her countenance expressive of mingled anxiety and doubt, surrounded by her whole wardrobe, a pea-green satin dress in one hand and a pink gauze slip in the other.

"Helen! Helen! come here one moment. I can't tell what to put on to-day. The pea green suits my bright complexion best; but the pink gauze is the most fashionable; 'tis exactly like Lady Dairymple's; for Lady Susan's maid told my dressmakers cousin so, and Miss Brown says, I have quite her ladyship's air when I put that gown on. Which do you think I had better wear?"

"Indeed poor cousin, you ask advice of an utter novice in the art of dress. My own wardrobe is so simple that I know nothing about your pink gauzes and pea green satins, and Lady Susan Dairymples. Nevertheless, my counsel is, wear neither the one nor the other, but that pretty spotted muslin that lies so ignominiously in yonder corner.—But leave all these things and come with me, this bright Sunday morning and see my old gypsy and wild forest-flowers."

"Really Helen you amuse me. How any genteel or even respectable young lady can associate with an old gypsy-thief and such low creatures, I don't think. I shall certainly speak to my aunt about it. And so to the spotted muslin; your advice shews that you are a country girl and have never been in London."

"But what makes you so anxious about your dress to-day, cousin? You have generally considered any thing good enough for our village congregation."

"Yes; but there will be others besides the rustics at Church to-day; and I choose to present a respectable appearance before genteel people."

Oh! the two strangers! I understand it all now, Miss Clarinda. The triple row of papers and the pea-green satin. Alas, for poor Mr. Llewelyn Hodges! and—

'Master of Lyndhurst, beware! beware!'
For Cupid lurks in the curls of her hair!'

laughed Helen as she passed on.

Clarinda tossed her head in disdain, and proceeded with the labors of her toilet. She then arranged her ringlets, artifical flowers, a bright blue bonnet, and the pea-green satin, to make her attack upon Helen's visit to the gipsy-woman.

Mrs. Sydney, who had invited Clarinda, the daughter of her only relative to visit Helen, hoping that she might derive that pleasure from a companion of her own age that no other society could supply, had been greatly disappointed by the vulgarity of her mind and all her associations. She now, when Clarinda had exhausted her invectives and string of London opinions relative to her cousin's visit to the wood, replied gently, "you do not consider my dear, the sacred claim which misery and degradation have upon those who are more happily circumstanced. Poor old Rachel became ill, with no one but her little grandson to attend her, she was an object of suspicion and dislike to the whole village—an outcast from society. They seemed not to regard her as a human being—as one in all essential points like themselves; but Helen nursed her constantly and tenderly; she read to her and conversed with her as with a suffering sister; she led her mind, so long benumbed and benighted to recognise the grand tie which binds her to the whole human family, and to the great unseen Spirit which works in goodness and beauty everywhere. That mighty spirit of love which is the life of the universe, penetrated her soul; and the enthusiastic gratitude which that wild strong nature feels towards Helen is incomprehensible to the weaker and more ordinary beings which surround us. 'Lady,' she said to me one day, "she is a mighty angel; she has split the stony mountain and the life giving stream that makes the desert a garden will murmur her praise forever."

But Clarinda heard nothing of what Mrs Sydney said; she had been intently watching two figures walking in the direction of the wood: and suddenly exclaiming that she would go and meet her cousin, she hastily left the room. Taking a short path she entered the lane little in advance of the two gentlemen; when after walking a few steps, her parasol became most accountably entangled in a hawthorn bush and obstinately refused to be extricated; until the strangers quickening their pace, undertook the task, and restored the offender to its embarrassed owner.

"Mr. Lyndhurst, I suppose," said Clarinda, curtseying to the cousin-eyed stranger. "Allow me to thank you, and welcome you back to the estate of your forefathers."

The gentleman bowed; and with a sly glance at his companion, presented his friend, Mr. Somers.

Clarinda dropped a slight curtsey to the poor lawyer with the large family; and hardly glancing at a face that certainly deserved notice, she informed Mr. Lyndhurst that her name was Clarinda Jarvis, that her family resided in London; and that she was now paying a visit to a poor relation, Mrs. Sydney, who lived in the cottage they had just passed.

"Indeed!" replied Mr Lyndhurst with some surprise. "The Mrs. Sydney who has a daughter Helen?"

"Yes; and I am really ashamed to confess that I am come to meet my cousin, who has gone to see an old gipsy thief, living in the wood, whom she visits as constantly as if she were some genteel person.

"Has Miss Jarvis never accompanied her cousin?" demanded Somers.

"No indeed. I trust I know better how persons in society should behave. I'd like to know what my friends the Misses Stapleton's would say, if they heard that I had been in the woods associating with beggars and thieves?"

They had now entered the wood and a turn in the winding path brought them in sight of the gipsy's abode. The young men suddenly paused in admiration of the scene before them. A clear little stream rippling over mossy stones, divided the soft forest-girdled glade; the waving branches threw an ever-changing light on the fresh green grass; white bees hummed drowsily over tufts of wild flowers and graceful ferns. A dwelling—half hut, half tent—stood in the shade of a tall sycamore. The gipsy was setting on a rude bench at the door; her tall, long figure clad in the dress of bright blue and scarlet, while a scarlet kerchief covered the long hair that fell over her shoulders. Her wild eyes expressive of strong but subdued feeling were fixed on the fair Helen, who, seated on the bank beside her, one hand resting lightly on the gipsey's brown arm, the other pointing to the blue sky, was speaking on some subject of apparently deep interest.—A sun beam fell on her light wavy hair and glowed on the curls of a dark-eyed boy at her feet, busied with childish earnestness in weaving a garland of flowers for Helen's straw bonnet.

Clarinda was the first to disturb the scene. Misjudging the silence of her companion, she triumphed in the idea of her superior gentility.

"Helen! cousin Helen! if you can condescend to leave such charming society, I will introduce you to Mr. Lyndhurst, and his friend Mr. Charles Somers. They have saved my parasol from destruction, and accompanied me in my search after you."

Helen resumed her hat; and, with a parting word to her forest friends, moved quietly towards her cousin, who, by various manœuvres now continued to monopolise the young heir, who seemed to find a mischievous pleasure in exciting her London conceits and affection, casting every now and then a merry glance behind, which his friend was too much occupied with his fair companion to observe.

"You seem to be very deeply interested in your gipsy friend, Miss Sydney; she has a fine strongly marked countenance."

"Yes, old Rachel interests me exceedingly. I love to talk to her, she is so different from other people; all her ideas are so fresh, she looks at everything in so original a way, and her expressions are so picturesque that it is like walking in the forest or by the sea-side to talk to her. But you shall come and see for yourself, that is, if you are willing to make acquaintance with my gipsy queen.

"Nothing would please me more; and your romantic woodland walks, the haunts of the wild flowers, and the fine mountain scenery, will you not show me these also?"

"Oh yes! I will leave you in a wild valley and