SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 6.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNCAN & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Davidson & Son, west side Prince William street.

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.

☞ 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.

SEPT.		H.	SUN. S.	MOON H.	W.
9	Saturday,	6	23 5	32 Sets.	11 48
10	Sunday,	6	24 5	36 6	57 ev. 19
11	Monday,	6	26 5	34 7	3 0 51
12	Tuesday,	6	27 5	33 7	39 1 21
13	Wednesday,	6	28 5	32 8	21 1 52
14	Thursday,	6	30 5	30 9	8 2 25
15	Friday,	6	31 5	29 10	1 3 1

New Moon 9th day, 4h. 27m. morning.

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.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

Travelling limits and extra premiums liberal and moderate.

Division of Profits.—The assured has the option of receiving the Profits either in Cash, in reduction of Premiums, or in adding to the sum insured.

Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

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.

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. Wells, 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 an 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.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.
King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30. 1846.

Second Division of Profits!

Bonus of 53¾ per cent. Reduction of Premium 31¼ per cent.

Minerva Life Assurance Company—of London.

THE general valuation of the Life Business of this Company has been made for the second Quinquennial period ending 31st December 1846, and four fifths of the Profits thereby ascertained has been divided, and the Bonus now declared is notwithstanding a constantly increasing competition very much larger than the Directors were enabled to declare in 1842. The present reversionary Bonus averages 53¾ per cent. on the Premiums received (on the Policies entitled to share) during the last Five years, and the equivalent reduction of Premiums until the next division in 1852 averages 31¼ per cent. on the Premiums payable.

The undersigned will give every information as to rates of Premium, &c. to which all applications for Assurance are to be made.
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
St. John, July 23. 1847.

Silvered Plate Glass.

24 PANES 12x18, 24 ditto, 13x22, 6 ditto 18x32. For sale by
August 13. JOHN KINNEAR.

CITY STOVE STORE,
14,—Dock Street.—14.

RECEIVED at the above Establishment, per schooner *Three Sisters* and *Meridian*, a further supply consisting of
COOKING STOVES, various new patterns,
FRANKLINS, do. ditto;
AIR TIGHT STOVES, new ditto;
for Wood and Coal, suitable for Halls, Parlours stores, offices, &c.
CYLINDER STOVES for ships' Cabins and Forecastles.

On Hand—A variety of bedroom Franklins with place for Kettle; Stoves of different kinds; Register Grates; Oven Mouths; Andirons, &c. &c.;—Sheet Iron Stoves, stove Pipe, Tin and Hollow Ware.

Daily expected:—Ships' Cambooses and other stoves in great variety.

☞ All articles in Copper, Tin, sheet Iron, lead, &c. made and repaired at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

Nov 27. W. WESTLOTORN.

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, L. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11. 1846. *Secretary.*

Wholesale Confectioner and Lozenge Manufacturer.

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of 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.

TORRYBURN HOUSE,
Seven Miles from St. John.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the Public that he has fitted up the Building on the Premises lately purchased by him, on the road to Kingston, known as Black's Farm, seven miles from the city, as a
HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT,
where parties and families can be furnished with *Private Apartments and Refreshments*, and have every attention paid to their comfort and convenience.
May 7. JOHN BROWN.

H. S. SCRIBNER,
Tailor,

HAS commenced business in the building one door south of Mr. F. M'Dermott's store, in *Prince William street*, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received, and attended to with despatch. *7th May.*

☞ Just received by late arrivals a choice assortment of wool dyed CLOTHS and CASSIMERES and Fancy TROWSERING—newest styles.

On Consignment,

Ex ship *Edinburgh*, and for sale by the Subscribers:—
45 BAGS fine Rose & Clasp NAILS, ass'd, 50 do. SPIKES,
3 casks bright polished Trace Chains,
6 do. Horse NAILS,
3 do. Boat Builders RIVETS and Bushes,
10 bags Boat Nails, ass'd,
3 casks Pump Tacks, and Clout Nails.
Sept 17. J. & H. HAMM.

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 unprejudiced 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 astounded 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 Fillu, 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, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-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 PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

Miscellany.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A SURGEON.

[CONCLUDED.]

The servant came and told me that Mrs. Germain was now alone. I hastened to her. She was, as usual on the couch. The disease was gradually progressing, but without making much of external ravage; and her sights were as good as usual.

"Ha, doctor" she said briskly, as I went forward, "that was Augustus Germain who now went from me. Know you him? He is the brother of my deceased husband; and now, when I am ailing, though, Heaven be praised, not dying, he has begun to sneak about me, for his own private ends—I have not seen his face these six months. Do you know he is in my power? I can leave the whole fortune I got from his brother, past him—to whom I please. Ha! ha!"

"And do you intend, madam, to leave it past him?" replied I looking in her face gravely.

"Intend!" cried she with another laugh, which I feared would burst the tumour, and end her life in the instant. "Why to be sure I do. Louisa Milford shall be my heir, though I had a million for every thousand. That girl, sir, is a jewel beyond the value of all that Golconda could give up from its inmost recesses. She loves Alfred Stanford, a young man as noble in his sentiments as she is kind, and gentle and true in her affections: but he is poor, and praise be to Heaven! I have the means of making them rich and happy."

"And why do you delay this act of kindness and duty," said I, with a look fixed on her eyes, "when you and all others are aware how very little a thread life hangs by?"

She looked at me firmly and intently as I pronounced these words, and paused a little, as if she felt some slight shock, which she required to overcome.

"Do you think, sir," replied she, "that I ought not to delay that act?"

"Though you were in a perfect health, madam, I should answer, yes, undoubtedly," said I, with eagerness.

"Then I may as well do it now, when I am only slightly ailing," answered she, recovering in a moment, from the slight uneasiness I had caused her; "yet somehow or other, I am so filled with the spirit of life—so young—I mean comparatively—with so many years before me—with such a gay world around me, that I cannot help laughing at making a will. I must put on spectacles, I presume when I sign it, and look grave and antiquated. Ha! ha! Well, I shall send for old parchment Jenkins in the evening; and, as I would wish you to be present at the execution, I thank you to make your visit to me to-morrow. Old Gossequill and you may partake of a glass of my burgundy, vintage '94, on the head of the young widow's settlement."

"I shall attend, madam," said I; "and if you please I shall send Mr. Jenkins to you just now as I pass."

She eyed me somewhat closely again; but the feeling flew off.

"Do so—do so," she replied, and I left her.

As I proceeded out to the main door, I passed the small room where Louisa Milford still sat, with the effect of the extraordinary scene that had taken place between her and the young man called Stanford, pressing on her bosom. I stood a moment, and heard distinctly her deep sobs and stifled moans. Her sentiments were beautiful, her conduct noble; she would sacrifice twenty thousand pounds to avoid giving the aunt she loved a moment's uneasiness; and she had resisted the impassioned importunities of a lover, who had suspended between beggary and affluence, and who had adroitly addressed himself to the young heart of love, as well as to the immature judgment of youth. I had no liberty to say one word to her of her aunt's intentions; yet I had, for some time, resolved to communicate to her the true state of her relative's health with an injunction to keep the fearful nature of the disease a secret from the patient. I knocked at the door, and was requested to walk in. She was hurriedly occupied in drying up her tears and removing the signs of grief.

"You have been weeping, Miss Milford," I said; "is it for your aunt?"

"Forbid that I should require to weep for her;" she cried, starting, as if stung with pain. "I cannot bear the idea of that woman being in danger. I have watched your eye daily, and have read in it fearful things; but I will comfort her; she shall never know that there is danger near. I will ward off the sad thought; and oh, sir, for mercy's sake, co-operate with me in my love, while you try to save her from the danger the thought of which in us shall never know!"

The remembrance of what had passed, a few minutes before between her and her lover, brought out the full effect of the purity of thought that dictated her impassioned words. I surveyed her, for a moment, with admiration.

"I did not think my *professional* eye was so easily read, Miss Milford," I replied. "You have read it correctly. Your aunt cannot live. I thought it my duty to inform you of this. Her complaint is in the region of the heart, and she will likely die in an instant."

She stood, for a moment, pale and motionless, as if her heart had suddenly ceased its functions. A slow heaving of the bosom shewed the approach of a paroxysm of grief; and I trembled lest the sounds should reach the patient's ear. I pointed in the direction, silently. She understood me; and the strongest workings of nature were overcome, by the strength of her fear to cause pain to her she loved. She struggled against the rising passion, and turning to me, fell suddenly at my feet, and held up her clasped hands in the direction of my countenance.

"And you will not tell her!" she cried, while struggling sobs impeded her speech; no, no, pity demands it, and I pray for it—let her live in the hope of life! Say, good sir, for heaven's sake, that you will conceal it from her, and from all others—none shall know it from me—I will die rather than divulge it. She will thus be happy to the end. She requires no preparation—she is spotless—pure as the child unborn; and as she has lived, so shall she die!"

"It is not my intention to communicate it to her," replied I.

"Ah! thanks, thanks, good sir," she replied, in the same impassioned voice; "Bless you—bless you!"

"But this ignorance, Miss Milford," said I "prevents the settlement of a patient's worldly affairs."

"If that settlement in the case of my aunt," replied she, fervently, and turning up her eyes to heaven, "is to be purchased by one moment of pain to her, let Augustus Germain take all."

"Extraordinary sentiment," muttered I—"extraordinary being!" I left her to her grief, and proceeded to the attorney's house. He was at home, and promised to wait on Mrs. Germain that day. He called afterwards and told me that she will would be ready next evening at seven, when I was requested to attend to witness it, along with him. I attended accordingly. The lady was in her usual state of spirits. She sat up on the couch arrayed in a superb undress. Miss Milford was not present. I observed her in her own room, as I passed, with Stanford sitting by her, holding one of her hands. The attorney, and one of his clerks, and myself were the only persons present besides the invalid.

"I am dying to hear a will, Mr. Jenkins," said the patient laughing. "I don't think I ever heard one in my life; for my husband's settlement was a contract of marriage, and I fear there is some difference between the two papers."

Mr. Jenkins read the settlement.

"Will you not allow me a glass of wine, doctor," resumed the invalid in the same strain. "It may steady my hand. I declare I am as nervous as a young bride."

I poured out a glass of her old burgundy, and gave it to her.

"Here is to my own health first!" said she—"for you know, I am an invalid; and, secondly, here is to you all, and may you never be worse than I am until you come to die."

She took up the pen and began to write her name. I looked over her shoulder. She had written Margaret Germ—and the pen was quivering in her hand. She uttered a scream, and fell back—a corpse. In an instant, Louisa and Stanford rushed into the room.

"Is she dead?" cried the attorney. "The will is not signed. It wants three letters. It is useless."

"She is gone," replied I, "for ever."

"Louisa threw herself upon the body of her aunt. Stanford looked on like a statue of marble. The scene was heart-rending; for the devoted girl clung with such force to the dead body, that it was difficult I could get her detached. The loss of the £20,000 was to her nothing. She did not even hear—at least she understood not the writer, when he cried out the will wanted three letters and was void. Her whole soul was occupied with the engrossing idea that her aunt was dead; yet so painful was the thought, that she could not bear to hear the truth, and cried with a loud voice on the dead body to answer her with one word of consolation. All this time, Stanford fixed his eye on the fragment of the name to the will. The three letters were worth a fortune.

"Heavens!" I heard him mutter—"is it so?—Are my fears realized, and in this dreadful form?—Hope on the very brink of being realized, swallowed by the full demon of despair!"

Louisa was carried out senseless, and Stanford rushed out of the room like a maniac. The dead body was spread out; the will was rolled up in a scroll; the writer went away; and I sought home with eyes filled with tears.

I afterwards learned that the brother came in as heir. Louisa was, indeed, a beggar; but Stanford married her. They are yet poor, and may remain so for life.

THE TWO MAIL CARRIERS.—Two large operators in the mail carrying business, once fell in company, each having a perfect monopoly of the business in his own district, when the following dialogue took place:—

JOHN BULL.—Hillo, Jack, you're dropping your newspapers.

JONATHAN.—Fum, they aint worth mindin, old Johnny. There wa'nt but half a dozen of 'em, and them was paid for, 3 cents, in advance. I don't lose nothin, no how.

J. B.—Oh! you don't! Well, how much does you make carrying them hempty bags?

J.—Make! I don't make nothin no how. It costs me clean half a million a year, out of pocket. But then it's cheap at that, for you see when I want a bit of an office or so, all them ere fellows what opens and distributes my letters, stands ready to vote for me so I make it up in tariffs and revenues.

J. B.—You do, do you! Ha! ha!! There's up to the tricks they accuse me of. But you see the low sort of people about me, such as they call the masses—and half of them never writ a letter in their lives—made such a bellowing about cheap postage, I was obliged to put down the price to a penny a letter, and carry the newspapers for nothing.

J.—Phew! Phew! They didn't tho'?

J. B.—Yes they did, and it isn't so bad neither. I makes a clean profit of $4,000,000 a year, which isn't so bad to an old fellier like me, that has a power of interest to pay. And then it makes them masses as happy as larks. Them as can't write makes pot hooks, and sends little bits of calico and keepsakes, and locks of 'air, just to correspond like, with their distant friends.

J.—You don't say so! I ax less for carryin' letters than its worth, but the 'tarnal critters in my diggins won't send a letter in my bags if they can possibly find a neighbor goin' the same road, and I have been obliged to sue 'em for writin' letters on the newspapers, and all sorts of shabby tricks, and put a fine of a cent and a half extra postage on all the transient newspapers, and now I can hardly get as many letters as I carry bags.

J. B.—Ha! ha! You're not so cute there, old Yankee, as you might be. Shouting out letters at 5 and 10 cents, isn't the way to make the best living. What could you afford to carry a letter for from one end of your district to the other, if you had as many as you wanted to carry?

J.—Why, for a cent or half a cent, may be.

J. B.—Then why don't you try it, hand see if you 'ave to see people hany longer for making marks on newspapers?

J.—Fum!, old codger, I'll calkylate a little on that. Puff! Puff! Pu——!"—*Chronotype.*

MEN OF BUSINESS.—There are great varieties of character and disposition among men of business, as well as a great variety of natural and acquired talent; yet all may be men of good business habits. Some men are quick, bustling, restless—always on the fidget—rash and precipitate, and in consequence always getting into false and dangerous positions. Others are slow cautious, suspicious, hesitating and in constant fear and anxiety as to the effects and probabilities of their acts. Some are dull, heavy, slow of preception, yet circumspect and judicious; others are quick of comprehension, energetic and decided. It is impossible to say, what description of character is most to be recommended, or approved, because it is often found that men of a particular character will succeed to admiration to a position for which our previous knowledge would lead us to consider them unfit; while others whom we should have deemed the very best adapted to certain situations, are found to be singularly unsuccessful and unfortunate in them. That aptitude which men exhibit for different departments of business, is what they either possess naturally, or what they have acquired by a regular course of training. The reason why one man succeeds better than another in a particular situation, is, no doubt, in plain language, that he is better fitted for it; not that he is a better man of business, for in point of fact there may be a very great difference in the degree of their business qualifications, and even in the rectitude and integrity of their respective characters—but simply because his qualifications and disposition are of the discription best suited for that particular place. A man with talents and qualifications eminently adapted to discharge the duties of a business will not succeed in one place, just because his character does not sufficiently harmonize with that of others by whom he is surrounded or necessarily brought into contact; but another man of inferior talents will succeed to admiration, and the reason is just because his ideas and disposition are more in unison with those around him. Still, the general requisites of a man of business, the possession of business habits, however these individual cases may vary in quality and degree, are indispensible to qualify every man to enter upon, and succeed in, the pursuits of business.

A LOVE SCENE.—Paris is the place for romantic adventures. One night some months ago, a young officer of a cavalry regiment was returning to his lodgings late at night when he saw on one of the bridges a young woman of considerable beauty, half clad in the mean attire of a workwoman, preparing to plunge into the river. He seized her and threatened to take her to the station house. She supplicated however so earnestly to be let alone that the officer consented to release her, first however exacting a solemn promise that she would not repeat the attempt. She hurried away, but the young soldier deemed it right to follow her. Luckily it was that he did so, for no sooner did she believe herself free from observation, than the unhappy girl plunged into the river. The officer was close upon her and with some difficulty, and not without danger, succeeded in dragging her to land. This time he insisted upon accompanying her home. With extreme reluctance the would be suicide led him to a most miserable lodging in the most wretched part of the town. Knocking at the door, an old woman appeared, to whom the officer related what had happened. "Ah! madam," said she, "it was for that then, you borrowed my clothes," and then went on to relate that the pretended unknown, was no other than the daughter of a nobleman of the highest rank, and that she had that night come to borrow the clothes in which she now appeared, in order as she said to avoid discovery in a love adventure. In proof of the truth of the story, the old woman pointed to the young lady's dress which she had left on assuming her coarse attire. This naturally excited the young man's curiosity to the highest pitch. He insisted on accompanying her to her father, to whom he related all that had taken place. Warm thanks were of course heaped upon him, and he was invited to the house at which he subsequently became a constant visitor. An intimacy sprung up between him and the young lady, which ripened into affection, and the affection resulted in a marriage, celebrated a few days ago. This tale is true, strange as it may appear. It has of course created an immense sensation in the upper circles of Parisian society; and at present it is said that all young unmarried ladies are bent on attempting to commit suicide at midnight, in the hope of being saved by some handsome young officer of the hussars. It is so romantic, and whatever is romantic has immense popularity in Paris.

THE INCULCATION OF COURAGE IN WOMEN.—There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for woman as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible woman in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake that hardness must go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigour of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have a little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Anne Bullen, a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see it is grand for these delicately bred, high nurtured, helpless personages, to meet death with a silence and a confidence like his own. But there would be a similar dignity in women's bearing small terrors with fortitude—There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, shevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like. Women are preeminently in steady endurance of the some suffering; they need not be far behind men in a becoming courage to meet that which is sudden and sharp. The dangers and the troubles, too which we may venture to say they now start at unreasonably, are many of them mere creatures of imagination—such as, in their way, disturb high-minded animals brought up to see too little, and therefore frightened at any leaf blown across the road. We may be quite sure, that without losing any of the most delicate and refined of feminine graces, women may be taught not to give way to unreasonable fears, which should belong no more to the fragile than to the robust.—*Friends in Council.*

FLOWERS.—When summer's delightful season arrives, there is nothing more grateful than a profusion of flowers around and within our dwellings. The humblest apartments ornamented with these beautiful productions of nature have in our view a more delightful effect than the proudest saloons with gilded ceilings and hangings of Genoa velvet; the richness of the latter indeed, would be heightened and their elegance increased by the judicious introduction of flowers and foliage into them. The odours of flowers, the cool appearance of the dark green leaves of some species and the beautiful tints and varied forms of others are singularly grateful to the sight and refreshing at the same time. Vases of Etruscan mould containing plaints of the commonest kind offer those lines of beauty which the eye delights in following; and variform leaves hanging festooned over them and shading them if they be of a light colour with soft grateful hue, add much to their pleasing effect. These decorations are simple and cheap.

EXPEDIENCY.—Expediency is a contemptible, an insolent, and impious bar to keep right from its due. Away with it! Man is never full benefitted by it, and his Creator unequivocally forbids it. The God of truth utterly denounces it, and drives it to the bottom of the pit! Were our own son to seek and to win the affections of a modest girl that scrubbed our floor, or swept our carpet, he should marry her and bring her to our table! We could not turn her out, without a heart. We should cherish and make much of her. There is no compromise in a question of honour, and honour is the claim of a peasant's daughter as well as that of a peer!—*Sheridan Knowles.*

There are 300 medical practitioners in London, who have no medical license whatever.

LABOUR AND BEAUTY.—At a meeting of the members of the Sheffield Athenæum, held last week, Lord Morpeth made the following application of the marriage of Vulcan and Venus:—"Those of you who have the opportunity of consulting the old legends and classical mythology, are aware that among the fancied deities with which they peopled their world one more especially was regarded as the god of labour and of handicraft, Vulcan by name, who was always represented as employed in huge smithies and workshops, hammering at heavy anvils, blowing huge bellows, heating vast furnaces, and begrimed with soot and dirt. Well, ladies and gentlemen, for this hard-working and swarthy-looking divinity they wished to pick out a wife. (Loud laughter.) And they did not select for him a mere drab—a person taken from the scullery or kitchen dresser—but they chose for him Venus, the goddess of love and beauty. Now, ladies and gentlemen pick out for me the moral of this tale, for I believe that nothing ever was invented—certainly nothing by the polished and brilliant imagination of the Grecian intellect—which has not its meaning and its moral. What is the special meaning of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus—of the hard-working artificer with his laughter loving queen—of labour with beauty? What is it, ladies and gentlemen, but this, that even in a busy hive of industry and toil like this—even here upon a spot which is in many respects no inapt representation of the fabled workshop of Vulcan—even here amid the clang of anvils, the noise of furnaces, and the sputtering of forges—even here, amid stunning sounds and sooty blackness, the mind—the untrammelled mind—may go forth, may pierce the dim atmosphere which is poised around us, may wing its way to the freer air and purer light which are beyond, and may ally itself with all that is most fair, genial, and lovely in creation. (Applause.) So, gentlemen, I say, your labour, your downright, hard, swarthy labour, may make itself the companion, and helpmate, and the husband of beauty. I dare say, and have reason to believe from the inspection which I am able even now to command, and I have no doubt a more intimate acquaintance with your wives, sisters, and daughters, would enable me to prove that I was not wrong in my illustration. But above this beauty, I say your labour may ally itself with intellectual beauty—the beauty connected with the play of fancy, with the achievements of art, with the creations of genius—beauty, such as painting fixes upon the flowing canvas, such as the sculptor embodies in the breathing marble—such as architecture developes in her stately and harmonious proportions, such as music clothes with the enchantments of sound. It is to the perception and cultivation of the beautiful in these departments that your schools of design, your concerts, and many of the lectures which you hear from able and gifted men, may be most agreeably subservient; and I strongly advise you, and I advise the members of this Mechanics' Institution, and I strongly advise its well-wishers and promoters, to show a discriminating and generous support of these tasteful and harmonising pursuits. Above all, I advise you to cultivate a love of reading, which makes you, in itself, almost independent of any other aids and appliances, and puts, with very moderate help, the whole domain of philosophy, history, and poetry, within your individual command. (Applause.) Why, gentlemen, a man is almost above the world who possesses two books. I do not mean to put the two books which I am about to comment on upon the same level—far from it; nor am I wishing to intimate to you that two books are sufficient for your study and perusal. (Hear, hear.) I am only mentioning them as representatives of what is most excellent, though different in kind. I say that a man may almost be said to be above the world who possesses his Bible and his Shakspeare—(applause)—his Shakspeare for his leisure, his Bible for all times."

WARNING TO BACHELORS.—A worthy couple, who reside in the neighbourhood of Bishop Auckland, are accustomed to share between them the somewhat onerous duty of collecting at night their numerous offspring. As soon as the clock tolls the hour of repose, out the good man sallies, up the highways and byeways, in quest of his erratic progeny.—The task of his wife is to receive them at home, to reckon them and marshal them to roost. On a recent occasion, on his return home, after what he had supposed a successful expedition, the poor man was met at the door by his better half, who thus reported progress:—"It is o' no use; thou mun cut again; for I've been to reckon the bairns, and there's now but thirteen in bed."

Feargus O'Conner, addressing the members of the Land Company, in the *Northern Star*, signs himself "Ever your faithful friend and *bailiff* F. O'C."