SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1846.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 12.

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—12s. 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.

June.		R. Sun.	s. Moon	H.	w.
20	Saturday,	4 27	7 33	2 14	8 50
21	Sunday,	4 27	7 33	2 55	9 58
22	Monday,	4 27	7 33	3 39	10 46
23	Tuesday,	4 27	7 33	Sets.	11 29
24	Wednesday,	4 27	7 33	8 7	Mor.
25	Thursday,	4 27	7 33	8 44	0 1.
26	Friday,	4 27	7 33	9 17	0 4.

New Moon 23d, 1h. 4m. evening.

Ætna Insurance Company.

"IN the event of a War, we should act in the same good faith towards claimants under our Policies, that we ever have; and if the Insured should prefer and require a Return of the unearned Premium, the Board have decided in such cases, that the Agent may refund *pro rata*."

The foregoing came to hand by last night's mail.

A. BALLOCH,
Agent for New-Brunswick.

St. John, 23d January, 1846.

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 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.

☞ 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.

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.

☞ *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 hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL C. SMILER,
Administrator.

St. John, Oct. 7, 1845.

The Steamer "New-Brunswick,"

WILL commence running on the opening of the River, on her usual days, leaving Indian Town on TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 10 o'clock, a. m., and on SATURDAY at 12, noon; and Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

ROBERT WYLIE.

April 3, 1846.

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.
CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.
EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.
Edward L. Jarvis, Esquire, Chairman,
Edward Allison, Esq. Wm. Wright, Esq.
John V. Thurgar, Esq. Robt. F. Hazen, Esq.
Solicitor—GEORGE WHEELER, Esquire.
Physician and Medical Examiner—WILLIAM BAYARD, Esquire, M. D.

This society continues to effect Assurance, on Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorships in this Province—and the public are invited to examine the distinguishing principles, the table of Rates, the distribution of Profits, and facilities afforded by the Loan Department of this society, before insuring elsewhere.

Premiums payable annually, semi-annually, or Quarterly. Pamphlets and every information as to Rates of Premium, &c. may be had on application to

W. J. STARR,
Manager and Agent,
St. John, May 29, 1846. Nelson street.

GEORGE WOODS,

MANUFACTURER of improved Waxed Wick MOULD CANDLES, *highly approved*, and warranted superior in brilliancy of light, and length of time in burning. No any Stearin, Marjorine, or other newly invented lard or oil, candles ever imparted.

Also—Dipt Candles, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 16 to the pound, at lower prices than can be had from any part of the world

The Trade supplied on accommodating terms, for approved payments.

May 8. *No 18, Dock street, St. John.*

Per the Britannia:

6 HHDS. Linseed OIL; 27 casks 6½ to 10 in. Spikes; 35 casks assorted Board Nails; 20 boxes D C TIN; 10 Ingots Block TIN; 274 slabs ZINC.

Also for sale—50 kegs London WHITE LEAD, 350 assorted Looking Glasses; 20 barrels Bright Varnish. JOHN KINNEAR,
April 17. Prince Wm. street.

Geneva, Pickles, Sauces, &c.

Now landing ex 'Maranham,' from London:—

20 HHDS. fine Pale Schiedam GENEVA; 6 cases *PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD, &c.*; 1 case Marking INK. For sale by

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
May 8. *Prince Wm. Street.*

French Paper Hangings.

THE subscriber has just received from PARIS, via New York, per *Helen Marr*, a beautiful assortment of PAPER HANGINGS, Borders, &c.

Also per brig *Albert Fearing*, from Philadelphia. 3 cases of Fine Glazed Paper Hangings.

JOHN LEITCH,
Melick's Brick Building, Market square.

Oct 24.

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. ☞ 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, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Carrey, 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.

REMOVAL.

DAVID PATERSON would acquaint his Customers and the Public that he has removed his BOOT and SHOE ESTABLISHMENT, to the Premises lately occupied by Messrs McCully & Carvel, Saddlers, next door to Mr. Thomas Sime,

North Side of King Street,

where he offers for sale a large assortment of Boots and Shoes at *very Low Prices:*

Gent's fine Boots,	13s 9d	and upwards,
Youth's do.	9s to 11s.	
Boy's do.	6s to 7s.	

Bootees & Shoes equally low, Childrens Shoes, &c.

Having lately visited New York and selected a very fine assortment of French, Calf, and Morocco SKINS suitable for Gent's Boots, together with sorts of *fashionable Lasts*,—he is prepared to make to measure Gent's Boots of above material, with *Steel Shanks*, 31s 3d per Pair, in point of style and quality shall not be excelled.

☞ N. B. the above are cash prices. May 22.

Summers & Hicks,
TEA Dealers and Grocers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Prince William street,—opposite Sands' Arcade.

Ex William Ward, from Liverpool—

6 CAROTEELS Zante CURRANTS;
2 cases soft shell and Jordon Almonds;
6 kegs Ground Ginger; 2 chests Florence OIL;
1 cask Cream Tartar and Tartaric Acid;
1 cask Carbonate Soda;
1 box Sim's Brown Windsor and Castile Soap;
6 kegs Thumb and Button BLUE;
1 cask Copal and Bright Varnish;
1 cask shell and soluble COCOA;
1 box Spanish Chocolate;
1 hhd. Table Salt;
French White Wine Vinegar:
2 hogsheads Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
40 dozen N. E. pattern Scythes.

Ex Bowyer Smith:—

2 bales Wrapping Paper;
1 do. Writing and Foolscap ditto;
20 barrels Pot BARLEY; 4 ditto Pearl ditto;
3 do. split Peas; 10 do. Ayrshire Oatmeal;
20 boxes Pipes. *May 15*

French and American
PAPER HANGINGS.

The subscriber has just received from France, via New York, per schooner Dolphin:—

A VERY large & beautiful assortment of French PAPER HANGINGS, with BORDERS to match.

ALSO—Just received per *Robert Rankin* from Boston, and *Albert Fearing* from Philadelphia:—A very fine assortment of American Paper Hangings, &c. &c. For sale very cheap.

JOHN LEITCH.
Melick's Brick Building, Market square.
17th april, 1846.

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
of Rich
French Paper Hangings.

Just received from France, via New York, per schooner Dolphin:

A VERY large and varied assortment of French PAPER HANGINGS, of the newest and most elegant Patterns; suitable for Dining and Drawing Rooms, Parlours, Chambers, Halls, Entries, &c. &c., with Borderings of all widths to match—For sale very cheap.

S. R. FOSTER.
17th april. *Foster's Corner, King street.*

LUMBER.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Lumber Yards, Nelson street, and Lower Cove Market Wharf:

500M. feet Clear and Seasoned Pine LUMBER.
500M. " second quality ditto,
200M. " third quality ditto.

All of which is gang-sawed, and was manufactured at the *Acadian Steam Saw Mills.*

ALWAYS ON HAND AND FOR SALE—Sawed Laths, Scantling, Refuse Deals, Boards, &c. &c.

JOHN W. CRAIG & CO.
Saint John, 11th March, 1846.

—Pro Bono Publico—

WM. B. BROOKS, has just received at his establishment, Foster's corner, a large supply of TOYS, PERFUMERY, &c., which will be sold Wholesale and Retail at lower prices than can be purchased elsewhere in the city. Call and see.

May 1.

BUTTER.

The subscriber has just received

40 FIRKINS best quality *BUTTER*, which will be found on inspection, to be superior to any in this Market.

ARCH. HEGAN.
April 24.

SHAWLS, &c. On Consignment.

Now landing ex 'Maranham,' from London:—

1 CASE ROYAL MAUDE SHAWLS; 1 do. Printed CACHMERE, Cachmere DRESSES; Checked Woollen Shawls; Printed Do. For sale by

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
May 8.

Fresh Seeds.

Received ex Robert Rankin, from Boston—

A SUPPLY of Garden and Flower **Seeds**—warranted the growth of 1845.

On hand—50 bushels TIMOTHY SEED, rais'd in New Brunswick; Red and White CLOVER.

For sale by W. O. SMITH.
17th april. *Market Square.*

HANFORD & SWEET,
(Late Thomas Hanford & Co.)
Auctioneers & Commission MERCHANTS.

HAVE removed two doors south of their Old Stand, to the New Brick Building recently erected by W. H. Street, Esq.

THOMAS HANFORD,
JAMES R. SWEET.
March 20.

15th May, 1846.

The subscriber has received per *Queen Pomara*, from Glasgow, and other arrivals, the following Goods:

120 BOXES Tobacco PIPES, assorted;
40 Chests TEAS;
50 hhds. bright Porto Rico SUGAR;
50 puncheons MOLASSES;
7 tons OAT MEAL, manufactured by Mr. William Morris, equal to any made in this Province, (if not superior.) With a great variety of other goods, all of which will be sold as cheap as any of the same kind in the market for satisfactory payments.

ARCH. HEGAN.

THE NEST AMONG THE GRAVES.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The clouds of sun went down
Upon a church yard scene,
And there a quiet nest I mark'd
Hid in an evergreen,
And wandering mid the hallowed mounds
With velvet verdure drest,
I paused where two sweet sisters lay
In death's unbroken rest.

There was a marble seat
Beside that couch of clay,
Where oft the mournful mother sat,
To pluck the weeds away,
And bless each infant bud,
And every blossom fair,
That breath'd a sigh of fragrance round
The idols of her care.

The unfledg'd birds had flown
Far from the nest away,
Yet still within the imprisoning tomb,
Those gentle sleepers lay:
But surely as those bright-wing'd birds
Forsook the sheltering tree,
And soar'd with joyous flight to heaven,
Such shall their rising be.

THE LONE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER,' 'THE ATTACHE,' ETC.

This morning I accompanied the Judge and Miss Stanford in their sleigh on an excursion into the country. The scene, though rather painful to the eyes, was indescribably brilliant and beautiful.—There had been during last night and part of yesterday a slight thaw, accompanied by a cold fine rain that froze the moment it fell into ice of the purest crystal. Every deciduous tree was covered with this glittering coating, and looked in the distance like an enormous though graceful bunch of feathers; while on a nearer approach it resembled, with its limbs now bending under the heavy weight of transparent incrustation, a dazzling chandelier. The open fields covered with a rough though hardened surface of snow, glistened in the sun as if thickly strewed with the largest diamonds; and every rail of the wooden fences in this general profusion of ornaments was decorated with a delicate fringe of pendent ice, that radiated like burnished silver.—The heavy and sombre spruce, loaded with snow, rejoiced in a green old age. Having its massy shape relieved by strong and numerous lights, it gained in grace what it lost in strength, and stood erect among its drooping neighbours, venerable but vigorous, the hoary forefather of the wood.

The tall and slender poplar and white birch, which here and there had sprung up in the new clearings from the roots of old trees, and outgrown their strength and proportions, bent their heads gracefully to the ground under their unusual burden, and formed fanciful arches, which the forest encircled with numerous wreaths of pearls. Every thing in the distance was covered with the purest white, while the colours of the nearest objects were as diversified as their forms.

The bark of the different trees as their limbs appeared through the transparent ice; and the rays of the sun as they fell upon them, invested them with all the hues of the prism. It was a scene as impossible to describe as to forget. To the natives it is not an unusual sight; for it generally occurs once a year, at least, and its effects are as well appreciated as its beauty. The farmer foresees and laments serious injury to his orchard, the woodman a pitiless pelting of ice as he piles his axe in the forest, the huntsman a barrier to his sport, and the traveller an omen of hard and severe weather; and yet such was the glory of the landscape, that every heart felt its magic and acknowledged the might and the beauty of this sudden transformation. It was the work of a night. The sun set with chilling showers. It rose in all its splendour to withdraw and to heighten by its presence the magnificence and brilliancy of the scene. We constantly recurred to this topic after our return, and again and again went to the window as the day declined to catch the last parting glimpse of the 'silver frost' before it dissolved from view under the gaze of the sun and vanished for ever. In the evening, winter and its scenery, its festivals and privations, its effects on the habits, feelings, and tastes of the people formed the subject of a long conversation, in which the Judge told me the following sad and interesting story:—

On one of the shore roads, as the highways near the Atlantic are called, in a distant part of the province, there is a lone house situated in the midst of one of the wildest and most barren tracts of the country in these colonies: on either sides are enormous bogs, stretching away in the distance for miles. Behind it is an undulating country of granite formation, covered with enormous masses of detached rock. In front is a lake in a deep and sunken hollow, so still, so cheerless and repulsive, that it looks like the pool of death. Beyond this a mountain wave of granite rises and shuts out the sea, which is not far distant. The place where the house stands is a small ridge of land in the form of a wedge, which formerly bore beech and birch trees; and not only had a tolerable soil, but was exempt from the incumbrance of loose stone. Beyond this ridge, however, all is barren. The surface is either naked rock or partially covered with moss, the wild strawberry, and the hardy white clover. Here and there a stunted birch or dwarf larch finds a scanty subsistence in the crevices of the rocks, or in coarse gravel formed by the disintegration that time and the alternations of heat and frost have produced in the granite. In the hollows, which resemble basins or stone reservoirs, a boggy substance has accumulated, that nurtures small groves of ill conditioned and half-fed fir, which seem to have grown prematurely old and grey before their time, being covered with white moss, which, climbing up their stems, hangs pendent from their limbs, like hoary locks. The larger bogs on the right and left are in part covered with a long coarse aquatic grass (which the moose and carraboo feed upon in winter, when the frost enables them to travel over these treacherous and dangerous places), and in part by the yellow waterlilies, the wild iris, and clusters of cranberry bushes. It is impossible to conceive anything more lonely and desolate than this place. Even in summer, when the grassy road is well defined, and vegetation has done its best to clothe the huge proportions of the landscape and conceal its poverty and deformity, when the glittering insects flutter by to withdraw your attention from their dark, stagnant, and unwholesome cradles, to their own beauty, and the wild bee as he journeys on whispers of his winter's store of honey, and the birds sing merrily that contentment is bliss; even then, excited by the novelty of the scene, and interested as you are in the little lone household of the desert, its total seclusion from the world and the whole human family overpowers and appals you. A crowd of ideas rushes into your mind faster than you can arrange and dispose of them. Surely you say, Here, at least, is innocence; and where there is innocence, there must be happiness. Where there is no tempter, there can be no victim. It is the 'still water' of life.—Here all is calm and quiet, while on either side is the rapid or the cataract. The passions can have no scope, the affections must occupy the whole ground. How can envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness find an entrance? There can be nothing to envy where the condition of all is alike, and where all that is garnered is a common stock.—There can be no hatred where there is no injury or no superiority; but they can love one another, for they are all in all to each other, and they can rise their fire for the poor wayfaring man, feed him, and send him on his journey rejoicing. They can hear from him of the homeless stranger, and bless God with thankful hearts that he has given them a home to dwell in. He may tell them tales of war, but they feel they are beyond its reach; and what is far better, learn that if poverty has its privations, it has also its own peculiar privileges and immunities.—Thoughts like these naturally force themselves upon you in such a scene. Your feelings are subdued and softened. You behold the family with interest and affection, but still you shrink at a full view of their situation, and involuntarily regard it with pity as a hopeless exile. You are a creature of habit; you cannot understand it; you feel you have social duties to perform; that grief is lessened when the burden is divided, and happiness increased when it is imparted. That man was not made to live alone; and that mutual wants, individual weakness, and common protection require that, though we live in families, our families must dwell in communities.

If such be feelings that a traveller entertains even in summer, how must he shudder when he regards this lone house in winter! I have seen many solitary habitations as well this, and some of them much farther removed from any neighbourhood, but never one so dreary and so desolate. Follow any new road into the wilderness, and you will find a family settled there miles and miles from any house. But imagination soon fills up the intervening space with a dense population, and you see them in the midst of a well cultivated country, and enjoying all the blessings of a civilised community. They are merely pioneers. They have taken up their station; the tide of emigration will speedily reach them and pass on. Go into that house, and you are at once struck with the difference of the two families. The former is still life and contentment; the latter is all hope, bustle and noisy happiness. The axe is at work on the forest that is ringing with its regular blows.—Merry voices are heard there, and the loud laugh echoes through the woods, for friends have come from the settlements, and ten acres of woods are to be cut down in one day. Sleighs are arriving with neighbours and relations, from whom they have lately parted; and at night there will be a festive assembly at a place which, until the year before, when the land was made and the house built, was in the heart of a howling wilderness. There is nothing about such a dwelling to make you think it desolate, although loneliness is its characteristic.—Converse with the forester, a fine, manly, native settler, and you find he has visions of a mill on his brook: he talks of keeping fifty head of horned cattle in a few years. As soon as his mill is finished, this log hut is to be superseded by a large framed house; and that miserable shed, as he calls his stable, is to give place to a spacious barn, seventy feet long and fifty feet wide. He is full of merriment, confidence, and hope. In the former place, a pious resignation, a placid contentment, hearts chastened and subdued into a patient endurance of toil, and a meek but firm reliance on the superintendence of a Divine Providence, form a strong contrast to the more animated and self relying forest family.

The wintry blast howls round their dwelling, like a remorseless and savage foe. Its hollow, mournful voice appals the heart with painful recollections of its overpowering strength; and the poor besieged family, as they encircle their little fire at night (drawn still closer together how by their mutual fears and affections,) offer up a silent prayer to the throne of grace, and implore the continued and merciful protection of Him who is always a father to the fatherless. At this season the road is covered, in common with the dreary desert, with deep snow. In the clear light of day an unclouded sun its direction may be ascertained by an experienced traveller, and by him alone; but straight, or in stormy weather, it is a vast and trackless field where the fatigued and bewildered stranger is doomed to inevitable death.

To afford shelter and assistance to the traveller, to furnish him with a guide, and speed him on his way, was the object which John Lent had in view in settling on the 'Ridge.' He was aided by the subscriptions and encouraged by personal assistance of those on either side of the desert who were interested in the road, or in the benevolence of the undertaking. A house and barn were erected with much labour and difficulty (for all the materials were brought from a great distance,) the Court of Sessions granted him a free tavern license, and the legislature of the province a small sum (ten pounds a year, in consideration of the importance of this house to the mail communication of that part of the province. The ridge contained about thirty acres of land. These were soon cleared and brought into cultivation, and produced his wintefs's store of hay, and yearly supply of wheat and vegetables. His sheep and cows wandered over the plains, and found in summer, in an extended range, sufficient food on the scattered and short but sweet herbage of white clover, and the leaves of the dwarf bushes. The bog supplied him with fuel and materials for cultivating his fields, while the proceeds of his little inn enabled him to obtain some of those articles of groceries that habit has rendered indispensable to the poorest people in this country. Such was the condition of his family. They derived a scanty but a certain provision from the sources I have described. Year followed year with little variation. Their occupations came and ceased with the seasons. Time passed silently away, and as there were few incidents of importance that interested them, its flight was unperceived and unmarked. The three eldest daughters had severally left home for service in the next town, which was a seaport, had married and quitted the country; and the family, at the time I am speaking of consisted of John Lent, his wife, and three little girls, the youngest of whom was seven years of age. When I arrived at the house last summer, Mrs. Lent did not at first recognise me.—Old Age has so completely covered my visage with his wrinkled and repulsive mask, that the features of manhood are effectually concealed from view.—It has removed my hair, deprived me of my teeth, obscured my eyes, and disfigured my cheeks with unseemly furrows.

These ravages of time, however, are wisely permitted or ordained, to prepare us to leave a world which we can no longer either serve or adorn. In proportion as we lose our personal attractions, man kind recede from us; and, at last, we mutually take leave of each other without a sigh or a tear of regret.

What years had gradually effected me, misfortune had suddenly and deeply engraven upon her. The young and cheerful woman whom I had known, was now a staid and care worn matron; the light and elastic step of youth had blanched under grief and anxiety. My voice first attracted her attention. She said she knew it, and was certain it was that of an old and kind friend, and entreated me not to think her ungrateful if she could not recall my name, for her poor head had been confused of late. On discovering who I was, she communicated to me a brief outline of her melancholy story, the details of which I subsequently heard from others at Shelburne.

During the previous winter her husband had set out on foot for the nearest town to procure some little necessities for the house, and intended to return the next day. The subsequent morning was fine, but the weather, as is often the case in this variable climate, suddenly changed. At noon it began to snow; towards evening the wind had risen to a gale, and clouds of sleet were sweeping over the desert with restless fury. Once or twice she went to the door and looked out, but withdrew immediately, nearly blinded and suffocated by the drifting storm. Her evening meal was prepared for her husband.—The table, with its snow white cover, stood ready for his reception. The savoury stew simmered on the hearth, and the potatoes gave out their steam in token of readiness, while the little earthen teapot and unleavened cake, the never failing appendages of a settler's meal were ready to cheer him on his return. 'Ah, here he is!' she said, as the outer door suddenly opened, followed by thick volumes of snow that nearly filled the little entry. 'No, that is the wind that has forced it open. He won't be here to night; we had better go to supper. He knew the coming storm, and remained in town. I often wonder how he can foretell the weather so well.' He knows when a thaw, or a frost, or a fall of snow, or a tempest is approaching hours beforehand. He was too wise to try the barren to day.'

His absence gave her no anxiety whatever; she had been familiar with the storms, and dreaded them only for others who were strangers and unwary.—He had often been away before, and there was nothing unusual in his not arriving now. It was a proof of his sagacity and not of his danger.

The gale continued unabated throughout the second day, and she neither expected him or prepared for his reception. The third day was calm and tranquil; the whirl wind had spent its fury, and having rolled up its wrathy pillows, sunk down and reposed into utter exhaustion. The snow birds came in numbers about the barn to feed on the hay seed of the stack yard, and the cattle were set at liberty to relax their stiffened limbs and to go in the spring in quest of water. The affrighted and half famished poultry issued from their hiding places, and clamorously demanded that attention that had been so long withheld, while the ill omened crow came at the well known signal to enforce his claim to a share of the food as a houseless and friendless stranger. The children, too, were released from their prison, and life and animation were again to be seen round the Lone House.

As the mother stood at the door and looked abroad upon the scene, a little spring bird, the first harbinger of that glad season, carolled merrily from the leafless apple tree at the side of the cottage.

'Thank God!' she said, 'winter is now nearly over, and its storms and trials; we have seldom more than one very heavy gale of wind after that little bird comes to sing us a song of spring. Your father will be home early to day.' And she sent the eldest girl to the snares set for catching wild rabbits. 'They will be abroad to day,' she said; 'see if there are any for his dinner.'

In a short time the child returned, with two of these little animals in her hand, and the table was again spread; but he came not. He would return, perhaps, she thought, in the evening, for when he did not arrive at noon he seldom reached home until sunset. But night came with its accustomed meal, and his place was still vacant. To-morrow would be post day: he had very properly waited, she said, to come with Alnslow. She was glad of it, for he was lame, the walking was heavy, and he had a pack to carry. Yes, they would both be here early in the day. Doubt, fear, or misgiving, never entered her mind. She had great confidence in his judgment; whatever he decided on was right, and it was prudent and much more agreeable to him to travel in company with the postman, who had all the news, and was a pleasant and obliging man.—The next day brought again and again merry faces to the door, to look over the dreary bog and catch the first glimpse of the sleigh.

At last a shout proclaimed its approach, and the whole group were assembled to see the little dark spot that was moving forward in the distance, and gradually enlarging into a distinct form. It was anxiously watched, but was slow in coming, as everything in this life is, that is impatiently waited for. [*To be concluded in our next.*]

ESTABLISHING THE SCIENCE.

BY EVERPOINT.

The persecutions of the Mesmerists will one day make a curious volume, for they will be written, of course. The disciples of Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, &c., have been exerted in their struggles and suffering, and those of Mesmer even more brightly will shine in martyrology. Seriously, the trials to which traveling Mesmerists are put to, are, at times, humiliating and painful enough, albeit, they afford infinite sport to the unbelievers. These travelling "Professors," or many of them, are charlatans thus far: that they pretend to treat *scientifically*, phenomena, the real nature of which, they are entirely ignorant of; and the study of which, they are, neither by education, habit, or aim, at all fitted for. They are charlatans, in that their superficial knowledge of mere *effects*, is simply made available in the shape of *exhibition*; and the success of the show being the first object they may be suspected, perhaps, in some cases, of a little "management." At the same time, the vulgar idea of general collusion, which prevails among those who will not, themselves, experiment, would be ridiculous if it were not pitiable.

De Bonneville had been electrifying Detroit by his more than *galvanic* effects upon the muscles of scores of his impressibles, when an enormous sized Wolverine, trying the thing himself, found that he was quite equal to the professor, in setting folks to sleep and "makin' on 'em cut up" afterwards, and, accordingly, in the *furor* of his discovery, off he went into the country to lecture and diffuse the new light which had been depended to him. His success was tremendous; town and village said there was "something in it," until his reputation, as in other cases, begat him enemies. The Wolverine Mesmerizer, after astonishing a "Hall" full, one evening, at some very "promising town," or other, and which bade fair, shortly to be "quite a place," returned to the tavern, to be arrested in the bar-room by a score of "first citizens," who had then and there congregated "jest to test the humbug any how?"

"Good evening, Perfesser," said one. "Won't you take a little of the *fluid*?" said another, and this being an evident hit in the way of a joke, the "anti-humbugs" proceeded to more serious business.

"Perfesser," said the principal speaker, a giant of a fellow—before whose proportions, even the huge Magnetizer looked small. "Perfesser," said he bring off the end of a plug, and turning it over in his jawg very leisurely, "a few on us here, hev jest concluded to hev you try an experiment, appointin' ourselves a reg'lar constituted committee to report?"

The Perfessor begged to appoint a more proper place and hour, &c., or, according to the apprehensions of the "crowd," evinced the expected desire to make "a clean back out."

"Perfesser" resumed the "big dog," "if we onderstand right, you call your Mesmerism a remedial agent, which means, I s'pose, that it cures things?"