THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] "*Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque.*" [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

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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.

Weekly Almanack.

OCT.	R. SUN.	S. SUN.	S. MOON	H. W.
9 Saturday,	6 23	5 38	0 2	8 20
10 Sunday,	6 24	5 37	1 21	9 16
11 Monday,	6 25	5 36	2 36	10 4
12 Tuesday,	6 27	5 35	3 58	10 47
13 Wednesday,	6 28	5 33	5 13	11 23
14 Thursday,	6 29	5 31	sets.	Morn
15 Friday,	6 30	5 30	5 36	0 2

New Moon 14th, 11h. 44m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Mr. D. J. M'Laughlin.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Removal.

THE Subscriber has removed his Business to the Wooden Building lately erected on Robertson's Wharf, (heretofore known as Donaldson's Wharf,) where he will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, and Ship Chandlery, of every description.

May 7. WM. ROBERTSON.

Notice.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store SANDS' Arcade, formerly occupied by Faulkner & Wheeler, where he will keep on hand a choice selection of the best *Wines, Liquors, &c. &c.* Also, *Pastry, Sandwiches, &c.*, may be had at all times by those friends who will favour him with a call.

May 14. A. COLLINS.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sancton & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
May 1, 1841. A. G. CROOKSHANK.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of DEWOLF & BENT, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.

WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.

Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

ON CONSIGNMENT,

By late arrivals from London, Liverpool and Glasgow:

100 BUNDLES best London Oakum, 160 coils Cordage, 1¼ to 7½ Shrouding
50 coils Manilla, 1¼ to 4 inch,
50 coils 2, 3, and 4 yarn Spunyarn,
200 bolts Navy CANVAS,
450 cases Crown Window Glass,
100 casks Anti-corosive Paints,
240 kegs White Lead, &c.; 17 casks Blacking,
47 chests Howqua's Fine Congou Tea,
50 cases Pickles, Sauces, Jams, Jellies, Bottled Fruits, &c.; 100 barrels Roman Cement,
20 cases Patent Medicines and Windsor Soap,
4 cases Padlocks,—For sale by

June 11. W. P. RANNEY.

Loaf Sugar! Loaf Sugar!!

LANDING ex ship *Agnes Ann*, from Greenock, 15 Hhds. Refined SUGAR;

In Store.—12 Tierces do. do. Families who wish a supply for preserving fruit are invited to call, as it will be sold cheap for cash by

July 30. JAS. MALCOLM.

White Lead, Oil, &c.

FOR SALE by the subscribers at their Store in Ward-street—A quantity of No. 1 & 2 White LEAD, Yellow, Red and Green PAINT; boiled & Raw Linseed OIL, in small packages; PUTTY in small casks and bladders; Barrels COAL TAR; Barrels Winnington TAR and PITCH; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright SUGAR; Hhds. of Molasses.

May 7 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

RUM, SUGAR, &c.

JUST received and for sale at lowest market prices: 20 Puns. Fine flavored RUM, of extra strength; 15 Hhds. choice Porto Rico SUGAR, 5 Bbls. Rum Colouring by

Sept. 10—2t. W. H. STREET.

Miscellany.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WORLD OF LONDON.

Our early impressions of London were of that gorgeousness of golden glitter and blaze of precious stones pervading the Arabian Tales; nor would we then dream that hunger, houselessness, or toil, had place in our imagined terrestrial paradise. On our first crossing Finchley Common, and gaining the summit of that abrupt declivity upon which Highgate arch-way now stands, whence the first obscure and smoke dimmed prospect of the mighty Babylon is obtained by those journeying from the north, we well remember the straining of the eyes, and craning of the neck, and mounting among the luggage upon the roof to catch the murky volume of the endless town extended wide below.—Nor do we forget the laugh raised at the expense of our simplicity, by the waggish guard demanding a sovereign-toll for our first appearance in sight of London, assuring us that his prerogative entitled him to that sum from every new comer, and which in our then verdant condition, we were *green* enough to believe.

But it is not only the stranger who is full of imaginings of the universal splendor and luxury of London; many unobserving residents, whose speculation is confined to the great articles of communication between one end of town and another, or the realms of fashion at the West End, are of the same opinion, that poverty, which they do not see, they cannot believe exists; and as the contemplation of distress is not at any time very pleasing, few will be at the trouble to make expeditions for the discovery of the abiding places of human misery. The truth is, poverty and wretchedness are more bashful in London than elsewhere—hiding themselves from the sight of prosperous and abundance, they nestle in nooks and corners—

'Where no contiguous palace rears its head;
To mock the meanness of their humble shed.'

And as the world of wealth and fashion boast their neighbourhood so do the worlds of misery congregate in theirs. If there is a court end, there is also a beggar's end of the town; there is wretchedness genteel and ungenteel, paltpers fashionable and unfashionable.

Nothing of this do you meet with in the leading arteries of the metropolis. You may walk from the Bank to Hyde Peak Corner, with money in your hand, and not encounter a single object of charity; all exhibits the pride of successful industry, and the ostentation of superfluous wealth. In such a city, you would hardly believe that human beings should be compelled to pick up from dunghills the refuse vegetables of the markets, to wash and offer them for sale; and yet the obscure court wherein we reside, resounds with the cries of those who have obtained their baskets of vegetables in this way at second hand; nay, we have ourselves seen the poor creatures culling their vegetables in this fashion!

It would scarcely be creditable that, in splendid London, women are subjected to various kinds of severe and repulsive toil, that if such things were related of Turks or Hottentots, we should set them down as so many proofs of inherent barbarism among the people where such usages had place.—For example, the porterage of meat at the wholesale markets, at Newgate and Leadenhall, is performed by women, many of them old. You will see these wretched creatures stagger under the weight of a side of beef, having an entire sheep upon their heads, conveying their burdens to the butchers' carts, drawn up in the vicinity of the market.—Surely this is man's work; and if women are driven by hard necessity to such masculine toil, it must argue something rotten in the state of that society where such extreme necessity is suffered to exist. Another melancholy and revolting spectacle is, that of women and of children of all ages, up to the middle in the vast laystalls, wherein are collected the removed filth of the metropolis, riddling and sifting those mountains of dust, as it is technically called, are composed, begrimmed with irremovable skins of dirt, and looking more like damned souls from some infernal prison-house, than creatures who are heirs to an eternal heritage of heaven!

It is really wonderful to see how life is sustained by a great amount of our overcrowded population. Go to Stratton Ground in Westminster, to Tottenham Court Road, or along Whitechapel, places where a prescriptive right seems to exist to expose, in the open air, the wares of humble traffickers, on a Saturday in winter when the snow is on the ground, or falling about your ears, and see the crowds of shivering creatures standing by their little stock in trade, to be converted, if they are fortunate, into the means of staying off starvation for the morrow. There, for example, stands a poor woman, her tray of oranges and apples supported against her limbs by a strap of leather, passing over her shoulders; a rushlight flickers in the midst of her fruity store; at either side, sucking their little fingers to beguile the cold, are two half clad children, bending eager eyes on the passing crowd, as it imploring them to buy; the aspect of mother and children is that of creatures habituated to hunger, hardship, and grief. Near to these stands a blind old man, a framework hung before his breast, whence depend stay laces, braces, pencil cases, and such trifling articles; his sightless orbs, as they roll to and fro in their sockets, are his advocates; he trusts implicitly to the honor and good feeling of his customers in his little transactions, for who would rob the blind? Further on is a poor widow, whose means of livelihood is an inverted umbrella filled with penny prints; one glance will tell you she has seen better days, and her little merchandize, tastefully assorted, indicates no vulgar mind. At the steps of a door sits a poor woman nursing, a babyat her breast; when you inquire her grief, she extends in her hands a few boxes of lucifer matches, and informs you she has been striving all day, and has sold nothing.

The sallow-faced manufacturer from the country, who came up to London in the vain attempt to procure work, with his wife and children, are drawn up in the kennel, silently imploring alms; a ragged soldier of the late Spanish legion, with a wooden leg, and pewter crosses of San Fernando, offers forty songs for a halfpenny, a little boy hardly able to crawl, screams fifty radishes a half penny; here are stalls covered with pieces of stale flat fish; there, murdered grimalkins are offered for sale, under the savory incognito of mutton-pies; in another place, the skin of the animal, stripped while yet alive, is hawked about by the wife or the daughter of the piecman. Meat, fish, flesh, and fowl, condemned by the proper authorities of the several markets, are here exposed to every state of putridity, and what is more extraordinary, find abundance of consumers. Truly if the spectator of these, the obverse sides of life, does not feel a lively sense of thankfulness to the Great Being who has vouchsafed to him abundance, we earnestly recommend him to turn Turk in default of a better religion! Can any one, with a heart the size of a nutmeg, contemplate without pain the pitiable condition of these poor wretches, who make out life from hand to mouth, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and perpetually baited by the myrmidons of law, whose recreation seems to be in hunting these children of misfortune from humble misery to crime.

Of positive and decided impressions the first and strongest the stranger wandering through London feels, is the idea of illimitability. It is to him not only a world, but a world without an end, spreading its gigantic arms on every side.—It seizes upon surrounding villages, expels the rural deities from their ancient seats, and aims at universal empire of bricks and mortar. It is an eternity of town, without beginning and without end—an ocean filling the mind of the bewildered wanderer with the idea of amplitude, infinitesimally extended. Let the adventurous traveller take his station in the heart of the city, and thence set out on a voyage of discovery to the end, if there is such a thing, of this great American sea serpent of a town. Miles upon miles of narrow, dingy streets, crammed to repletion with waggons, threatening to crush him between their ponderous wheels and the contiguous wall, indicate the city, whose enormous wealth and splendor are to the ignorant eye but poorly evidenced by dingy warehouses, dark alleys, and retired counting houses, where the office lamp for ever burns an eternal fire before the shrine of Mammon. Yet here is the heart's core of the vast mass—here is neither time nor inclination, space nor opportunity, for exhibition or show of wealth—here, as in the breast of the royal Dane, is 'that within that passeth show;' and the wayfarer would, without a guide, puzzle himself in vain to discover the dusky den whence a Rothschild stretches forth a saving hand to tottering monarchs, or reassures the extinguished credit of bankrupt governments. It is truly astounding to us of the vulgar, who are in the habit of associating great business with great bustle, to contemplate the whereabouts of the city firms, whose credit and whose influence affect, one way or another, the commercial interests of the universal world. Here, indeed, may you behold commerce in all the immensity and glory, without any of the tinsel or gingerbread, of empire, here confidence and credit sit upon thrones of adamantine rock, smiling upon trickster statesmen and penniless Chancellors of Exchequers; here, as from a fountain, the stream of enterprise inundates all lands, fertilizing as it flows, and returning only to flow forth and fertilize again.

Mighty city! thy warehouses groan beneath the weight of the accumulated products of the ends of the earth; thy mercantile navy, numberless as the birds of ocean, flies on errands of peace from pole to pole; thy capitalists wield at will the destinies of distant nations; and thy merchant princes grasp with the right hand and the left the extremities of either Ind.

There is no place for trumpery ostentation, or the vain display of dissipated wealth. The governor of the Bank of England and a junior clerk carry with them a chop to an humble tavern, and partake of the mid day meal with equal humility; a director of the East India House and a draper's assistant eat their biscuit and take their glass of sherry at the bar; the owner of a hundred ships and the mate of a trader exchange the news of the day over the table of a dingy coffee house of a dusky alley off Cornhill.

Taking his way down one of the main arteries of the metropolis, the great aorta, for example, that pours the full tide of human existence through Fleet street and the Strand, the splendor, less real than that he has left behind, but more apparent, breaks upon his astonished view. The shops of the goldsmith piled from floor to roof with the richest treasures of their art; the shawl shops, through whose christal front you catch the gorgeousness of the commodities within; the emporiums of works of art and *rerita*, where lessons of taste may be had for looking; the vast repositories of learning, appealing eloquently to the eye of the mind; these, and a thousand evidences of diffusive wealth, oppress for a while and bewilder the mind by their immensity, and almost lead us to the belief that all the wealth and splendor of the world must be gathered here for a show. How much more would our astonishment increase, if we knew the history of any one of those shops disputing our attention. The fortunes that have been amassed within for a succession of generations—the fortunes that are now being amassed in them by some, and the handsome competence they afford to all—the taxes they pay to the municipality and to the revenue—the incomes they afford in ground rents, profit rents, beneficial interests, and partnerships to numbers—the livelihoods derived from them by tradesmen, clerks, assistants, down to the porters who take off the shutters, and the man who sweeps the crossing—not to speak of the myriads who, all over the world, earn their bread and support their families by manufacturing the thousand and one works of art and industry that are there, within the limits of an hour's walk, exhibited to every passing stranger, who can or cannot buy. Truly we are not to blame in speaking of this city as a world, when we consider that their shops, spitted together in rows like so many larks, and edging each other off the pavement, are estates each to its owner, and may be compared, for the purposes of illustration, to a vast extent of territory, giving subsistence and employment to numbers of our fellow creatures.

We are at Charing Cross; we have left behind the regions of the great merchants of the shopocrats, and we now timidly adventure upon the courtly regions of the consumers and customers. What a change! Here pride seems to reign triumphant;—coroneted carriages abound; the butterflies of fashion are abroad; ostentatious wealth and non-productive industry rule the destinies of this extremity of our world. Anon, in the heart of a mighty thoroughfare, where every foot of ground is worth its weight in gold, we skirt a dead wall, a penitentiary doubtless, or a prison. No, the massive gate falls back upon its ponderous hinges, and while a gorgeous equipage rolls forth, reveals for an instant a spacious court yard ornamented with statues and vases, a sumptuous palace occupying the background. We would look at the revealed splendors for a moment, but the portly Cerberus forbids,—darting an indignant glance at the inquisitive stranger, he hastens to close the massive portal in our teeth.

Talk of the Grand Turk, forsooth, and his seraglio! talk of the exclusion of a place to the impenetrability of the Faubourg St. Germain! an assault upon the privacy of any one of them is child's play compared with the forlorn hope of penetrating the exclusive seclusion of the magnates of London fashionable life.

The space occupied by some of the town palaces of our great nobility, would, if let as building ground, yield more than the revenue of a German potentate; a slip of wharfage cut off from the foot of the garden of one of these, produces at this moment upwards of eight thousand pounds a year, and the garden alone would let for sixteen or eighteen thousand more. Perhaps nothing can convey a better idea of the illimitable revenues of some of the great aristocracy, than the fact that they can afford, at this immense sacrifice, the indulgence of city parks around their city palaces.

The traveller is now leaving the neighbourhoods of commerce; as he goes on for a little while, the vicinity of shops and private dwellings continues; but soon the former give up the unequal contest, and our stranger finds himself in what is conventionally understood as a genteel neighbourhood.

A mile or two farther on, grass plots and holly bushes, growing from tubs, come into fashion; box pots, well stored with mignionette, musk, stone crop, geraniums, polianthuses, decorate the windows, and the self deluded *voyageur* fondly believes that he must now, at least, approximate to the end of the town.

Alas! the end of his journey is further than the journey he has already made; the vast wilderness of London out of town is before him, and as the shades of evening fall, the suburban butchers 'let on' their gas, he find himself somewhere about the end of Kensington and the beginning of Turnham Green, where, foot-sore and weary, he gives it up as a bad job, and returns to the city, satisfied that this vast metropolis is really and truly a world without end.

The vastness of suburban London distinguishes that city eminently from the continental cities. A mile beyond Paris you are in a wilderness of sand hills, gypsum quarries, sterile rocks and wind mills. Beyond the walls of Rome there is literally an immense expanse of desert; whereas London, if we may borrow a bull, surrounds itself, suburb clinging to suburb, like onions fifty on a rope.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAMLET.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

Streamlet of beauty! pure child of the heath,
The bells of the wild-flowers twine o'er thee a wreath;
And bow to the kiss of the bland mountain sigh,
To gem their sweet forms with the tears of thine eye,
Then resting their heads, sweet odors they fling,
Far, far o'er the vale, on the young zephyr's wing.

Thou art lone in thy loveliness, maiden of dew!
Thy touch is the heath—wide o'er thee the blue—
Yet happily thou, on thy free course dost flow,
With a sweet lucid smile in the sun's golden glow,
Like some beautiful babe, all joyous in mirth,
Ere stain'd with the guile of this sin-blighted earth.

The lark is thy mate—his blithe matin lay
He pours over thy breast at the blue peep of day—
As, shaking his plumes from the dew-tears of night,
He mounts to the regions of joy giving light;
And thou, beauteous streamlet, soft music doth lend,
As thy waters are kissing their flower-studded strand.

The gold bosomed bee with his moor bugle horn,
To seek the heath's blossoms in summer doth come,
And oft on thy banks the butterfly sips
His dew, luscious draught, from thy honey-bell's lips,
And the wild duck in plumage of purple and gold,
Sails over thy bosom in happiness bold.

When the night veils the earth, and the gems of God's throne,
Are gleaming in glory, thou art not alone;
On the banks sport the fairies, of mountain and moor,
And the night bird to echo doth melody pour;
And the dew as it falls, thy pure bosom to kiss,
Gives a sigh like the sound of some angel of bliss!

"THY WILL BE DONE."

The voice of warning peeps through life's fold hourly almost with a fearful peal! Do we heed it? It comes upon us, it speaks to us amid pleasure and selfish pursuit and heated contests, and eagar strivings to guide, to save. Do we obey it? Alas! too often is that voice heard only as a passing wind that sweeps by us! And yet there breathes not the being who does not long to follow it, who does not feel as if he must obey it, who does not resolve to be guided by it. Let it be so. For none of us can there be hope or happiness unless we do it—unless like the true penitent we can say, "Thy will be done!" The following picture is no fiction, and thoughtless youth, and sober age, may gaze upon it and earn something of the sterner realities of life and know, too, the only means by which its hard trialsmay be met, or its seducing lures overcome.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

A mother was kneeling in the soft light of the dyingday, by the side of her suffering babe; the deep lowbreathed accents of the father went up in supplication, as if to the very ear of the Eternal, "O! Thou who didst weep at the grave of Lazarus, nd dost note every pulsation of the human heartlook down in thy compassion on our helpless child. O! save him for thy mercy's sake! Whatever dou thou withholdest, give us the life of our swee babe."

"Amen," responded the trembling voice of the heartstricken mother, as she wiped away the cold sweat from his pale forehead. "O! William I cannot give him up," she added, "he is so lovely, and yet he is our only one; surely your petition will be granted."

The unconscious infant lay motionless in its cradle, a little bosom heaved with the faint breath of life; its tiny fingers were half hid beneath his golden hair, while the sweet smile that played around its fevered lips, seemed to respond to the whispering oangels, as if they were already welcoming the freedspirit to the land of light. The father and mother gazed upon it with an intensity that none but aparent's heart can feel. Gradually the smile relaxd—the hand fell down upon its bosom—the throbing of the heart became more tranquil—a moisture diffused itself over the skin, and a sweet sleepfell upon it, clothing it as with a mantle.

Long and quietly it slumbered; and when the eye opned and lip moved, its cherub face seemed irradited with unearthly intelligence and purity.—Day fter day, and night after night the father and mother watched their boy; as he was slowly restored tohealth and activity. God spared him and he grewup in loveliness, the pride of his parents. Pestience stalked abroad. Death laid low the youtg and the beautiful. Still their child, as if by sometalismanic spell, was preserved, and the fond mother thanked God in her heart, that he had lived to cofort her.

* * * * *

Time passed on. Again the mother bent over him a blighted, blasted being. The cherub smile of infantine innocence had taken place to the intensity of remorse, and the sternness of despair. The sir boy had grown to manhood. He had gone forth into the world. He had mingled with the giddy throng that pursue the syren of Pleasure till they had too late that with her, joy is but a name and hope a phantom; that she leads to sorrow and death. Her contaminating withering influence overmastered him, and he went onward till the poisonous mildew of guilt settled on his soul, and wasid his existence.

"Let me curse God and die," said the wretched sufferer.

"O! that thou hadst died in the calmness and sweetness of thy childhood," murmured the self accuse mother.

Again the father knelt by the bed side of his son, and its voice once more went up in prayer. "Whatsoever thou givest or withholdest enable us to say sincerely," "*Thy Will be Done.*"

"Amen," clearly articulated the mother and the Angel of Death took the spirit of the hopeless to the tar of God.—*Register.*

PEACE.—*La Presse* states that the society for the Propagation of Christian Morality has announced a premium for the best essay on the following subject:—"To propose the best means of obtaining the blessing of an universal and permanent peace. To demonstrate that every war is not only a violence committed against every sentiment of humanity, but that it is completely opposed to the real prosperity of nations and to the happiness of man, considered in his physical, moral, and intellectual attributes. That it is, moreover, entirely, in contradiction with the spirit and precepts of Christianity. To indicate, likewise, the best means of conciliating the differences between nations, and to establish an universal peace without having recourse to arms." "The essays to be forwarded to the secretary of the society before the 1st of December next. "The prize, 1,000f. will be awarded on the 1st of January next. A gold medal will be awarded to the author who shall obtain an *accessit*. The essay must consist of at least 200 pages printed in octavo."

ABOUT BORROWING.

There are different species of borrowers, just as there are differently sized and coloured kine in the same herd.

1. There is your really very much obliged borrower. He asks as if he were, indeed, asking a favor; appears truly thankful for your kindness. It is really a pleasure to lend to such a man. It does one good to see how happy and grateful he feels on being accommodated. And in such cases the pleasure is enhanced by the hopeful prospect there is of seeing the loaned article again in due time.

2. But here is your not-to-be-denied borrower. "I will take your chaise this afternoon if you please." "You *will take* it then?" "Not so, exactly; but I very much need the loan." There is more of the demand than the request. He *must* have it, and his tone is much more near that of the possessor than the borrower. He seems to come *claiming* a right, rather than asking a favor. There is one comfort in lending to such a man; it will evince a very commendable degree of self-possession and self denial, if it is done with cordial cheerfulness.

3. There is the perpetual borrower. He lives by it. Seven out of ten of the articles of common life are wanting on his premises, and he makes good the gap when need presses, by a mission to the nearest neighbor. He will borrow any thing. He is not nice about it. He will borrow the new book before *you* have opened it. He will do the same by the newspaper before you have shaken out its folds. He will borrow your horse, and borrow your grain to feed him with, and *your* boy to harness him; and to cap the climax, he will borrow you—if he can—to bring the borrowed articles back again.

4. Lastly. Here comes the man to whom you must lend, literally "hoping for nothing again." You may as well make over and quit-claim at once what you lend, and take your final farewell of it. If it get into his hands it is GONE, as certainly as if you saw the sea swallow it up. If you could bid *him* farewell at the same time you did the loaned article, and be as sure of never seeing him again, as you are of never seeing that, you might thankfully submit to the loss. But you need not hope for this.

But if borrowers are willing to have the Scriptures shed light on this subject, we joyfully refer them to the interesting incident mentioned in 2. Kings, 6th chapter. As one of the servants of the prophet Elisha was "felling a beam, the axe-head fell into the water; and he cried and said, Alas, Master! for it was borrowed."

There was anxiety about that borrowed axe. Think of that, oh ye borrowers. The loss was felt as peculiarly great because it was borrowed. And the prophet himself became deeply interested in the matter. Miraculous power was exerted to recover the lost article, and secure the lender his own. What a care good men of those days had for those who had befriended them with a loan! Good men of ours might very honorably imbibe their spirit in this matter. We wish every borrower, on his way home with his loane, would repeat the fifth verse of the above named chapter.

Reader, suppose every borrowed article under your roof night, at this moment, have the power of utterance, and in a clear and loud voice exclaim, "*Let me go home!*" Would there be perfect silence in your dwelling? Would there be no uproar in the book case? None in the depositories of household utensils? None among the farming tools? Nothing to "peep and mutter" from garret to cellar? Nothing but a most comforting silence from the centre to circumference of all your premises?

We think that if every borrowed article could declare its owner's name with living voice, some of the dwellings in this land would become little Babels, and were each such article to march off without ceremony to its own home, there would be sad chasms in the catalogue of some people's possessions.

Not a few borrowers have taken so kind and *persevering* care of articles loaned, that memory runneth not concerning the borrowing at all, and it becomes never a question or a suspicion that said articles are not in the hands of the rightful owner!

Only a word more. Ye borrowers! Be modest. Be thankful. Take a denial meekly. If you see a gloomy November sky in the countenance of him you besiege, yet let the joyous sunshine of July be seen in yours. Summer suns do wonders in raising the temperature. But do be merciful to what you borrow. Keep in mind the young prophet's anxiety about the borrowed axe. Give the lender the joy of your promptitude in regard to time, and honesty as to the equity of the exchange. "Make not the Ephah small and the Shekel great." If he casts a sorrowful farewell glance at the article loaned, as though he were to see it no more, see what a prompt and joyful disappointment you can minister upon him.

Ye lenders! Capitulate cheerfully. If you wait to have the castle stormed, you will be less likely to recover your goods. If every precious motive compels you at any time to say "nay!" do not say it roughly, but with winning mildness. It would be dreadful to have a constant and faithful borrower driven from your doors by an unlucky scowl. If the billows of provocation rise high, never say any thing fiercer than the quiet appeal of the Quaker. "Friend, I should like to have thee return my wheel-barrow, which thou hast broken, so that when I have had it mended, I can enjoy the privilege of lending it to thee again!"—*Boston Recorder.*

The mysterious murder of Mary C. Rogers, still excites the public mind in New-York. We copy the following latest particulars that throw any light on the atrocious act:

THE CASE OF MARY ROGERS AND THE PLACE OF THE MURDER.—The late investigations and discoveries in relation to the murder of this unfortunate girl have settled two important points. First, the place where she was last seen alive; secondly, the place where she was murdered.

The former is the little wooden tavern close at the foot of Weehawken Hill, formerly known as "Nick Moore's House." This tavern, on a Sunday in fine weather is visited by numbers of ladies and gentlemen from New-York, who usually come there in parties of two and four: no lady ever coming without a gentleman to accompany her. At this house the visiters usually stay for half an hour, to rest and refresh themselves with wine, lemonade, cold cats, &c. before they ascend the Weehawken Hill, or stroll along the lower road towards Bull's Ferry, or Hamilton's Monument, at the Duelling Ground.

Half way between the Elysian Fields and Nick Moore's House there is a small wooden shanty, on the mud bank, where liquor is sold, and where almost every Sunday, crowds of rowdies, armed with sticks, arrive in boats, (which they can moor close up to the house) drink, swear, fight, and sally forth towards the Weehawken Hill, frequently insulting and beating all they meet on their way, besides eating and drinking wherever they can, and then, by reason of their numbers and their weapons refusing to pay for anything.

In the afternoon on the fatal Sunday on which Mary Rogers was murdered, she was seen to arrive at Hoboken, at 3 o'clock, by the ferry boat. Adam ——, the stage driver for Mr. Van Buskirk, and another young man, saw her and recognized her as she left the boat, and made a remark to that effect at the time. She was then in company with a dark complexioned young man; and, as they left the ferry, they took the road to Weekawken. Adam, the stage driver, also saw the body when found near the Sybil's Cave, and recognized it at once—so that there should seem to be no mistake about this.

On the same Sunday afternoon—the day of the murder—Mrs. Loss, (a fine, intelligent, good looking lady, about thirty years of age, and of German descent,) who now keeps the tavern formerly kept by Nick Moore, states that among many others who came to her house, was a young lady about the age and exact appearance of Mary Rogers, and dressed precisely as Mary Rogers was said to have been dressed. This young lady reached her house about 4 o'clock, in company with a dark complexioned young man. Mrs. L. took several glasses of liquor into the parlor, where the company (five or six ladies and as many gentlemen) were sitting; Miss Rogers was sitting on the settee—the young gentleman rose to hand her a glass of liquor, when she said "I'll take lemonade." Soon after this she took the arm of the young man and walked out towards the hill, bowing to Mrs. L. as she went out. Mrs. L. was induced to notice her dress (a light peculiarly striped one) particularly, and observed to her eldest boy "that's a very pretty young lady, and has got a dress on exactly like your aunt had, when she last came here before she died."

This was the last that Mrs. Loss ever saw of the unfortunate Mary Rogers. And now, to be correct in the order of time, we may here state that, on that Sunday afternoon, there was a much larger number of fire rowdies, butcher boys, soap-locks, and all sorts of riotous miscreants over at Weehawken, and almost all of them armed with sticks. A great many came in row boats to the rum hole on the mud bank; and two boats in particular, (one with six and the other with nine desperadoes in them,) landed their contents at the little wharf on Mr. King's property, not far from Ludlow's place. These scoundrels came up to the little shanty by the road side, next to Nick Moore's house, and there called for drink, seized all the cakes, &c. and ate them—refused to pay anything, and threatened to beat every body that interfered with them. All these had clubs.—They then went toward the hill, and remained prowling about till after dark, when the two boats in question left in a great hurry.

The poor girl, Mary Rogers, it is said by those who assert they saw her, went up the Weehawken Hill; strolled nearly a mile beyond the hotel on the top, in company with the young man already mentioned. The rain came on, and she took shelter in a small house or tavern near the roadside. Here also a parcel of the rowdies came, drank, and were very insolent. Mary and her companion, detained by the rain, did not leave the house till near or after dark, when they descended the hill; and when near the foot of it another shower came on; it is believed they then took shelter under some bushes in the side of the hill, between the two roads; and there it is also believed both were murdered, and the poor girl violated.

In confirmation of this, Mrs. Loss says, that she sent her little boy, Oscar, soon after dark, to drive a bull down the lower road to Ludlow's. Some time after he left she heard what she calls a frightful screaming as of a young girl in great distress, partly choked, and calling for assistance, and sounded like "oh! oh! God!" &c., uttered in great agony. So loud were the screams that her other son heard them down in the cellar. She thought the bull had tossed her boy, and rushed out in terror, calling his name down the road to Ludlow's. As soon as she called out, there was a noise as of struggling, and a stifled suffering scream, and then all was still. She reached Ludlow's, passing the very scene of the murder, found her boy safe, and returned to the house. And as there had been several noisy fights that day, she thought no more of the screaming.

Time passed on, until the 25th of last month. On that day her boys were out collecting Sassafras bark, and chanced to penetrate the small thicket, between the two roads on the side of the hill where the murder was committed. Here there are three or four very large stones, forming a kind of seat, with back and footstool to it. The boughs and briar bushes are twined thickly around it, and there is not room scarcely to stand upright in it. In fact, it is a place fit for such a murder, and one from which the unfortunate girl could not have escaped without violation, if ever she was forced into it. On the upper stone lay a white garment. The little boy exclaimed—"Halloo! here's somebody has left their shirt."—The big boy picked it up, and found it was a woman's petticoat. On the second stone lay the identical silk scarf (all crumpled up as if torn off forcibly) which was worn by the young lady who was at Mrs. Loss's house, and which has been identified as Mary Rodgers's scarf. The petticoat had been darned in a hurry, and has been identified. In a little hollow between the seat stone and a trunk of a small tree, day Mary Rogers's parasol and pocket handkerchief, marked with her name. A little further off lay her gloves turned inside out, as if they had been forcibly drawn from her hands in a hurry. And on one of the briar bushes hung two pieces of her dress, which had evidently been torn out as she was dragged through this horrid place; one piece of the dress was so doubled as to have a thorn once times through it.—The place around was stamped about, and the branches were broken, and roots bruised and mashed, all betokening that it had been the scene of a very violent struggle. The marks of a high heeled boot were very plain; and it appeared from the position of the articles, as if the unfortunate girl had been there horribly violated by several rowdies, and ultimately strangled. The spot is not far from the river—the access to the water easy—and the rails between it and the river were all found taken down, as if the bodies of Mary Rogers and the young man had both been carried thence from the scene of the murder.

All the articles found were taken great care of by Mrs. Loss, who took the earliest opportunity of delivering them up to the Mayor of this city, and acquainting him with all the details of the case.

Such are some of the strong features of the late movements in relation to this extraordinary murder.

The rose hath its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

There is nothing, however absurd or wicked, which will want an advocate or an argument to support it.

POOR COPY