THE Weekly Chronicle

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

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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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.	H. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
2 Saturday,	6 13	5 47	6 23
3 Sunday,	6 14	5 46	6 55
4 Monday,	6 15	5 45	7 38
5 Tuesday,	6 17	5 43	8 29
6 Wednesday,	6 18	5 42	9 33
7 Thursday,	6 19	5 41	10 44
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3	8		
4	15		
5	35		
7	4		

Last Quarter, 7th, 4h. 27m. eve.

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: L. H. Deveber, 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: T. Merritt, Esq.

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: Wm. Walker, 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 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.

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.

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 Wilmington TAR and PITCH; fresh ground OATMEAL; 10 Hhds. Bright SUGAR; Hhds. of Molasses.

May 7, 1841. CRANE & M'GRATH.

Notice.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store SAINT' 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.

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 Brls. Rum Colouring by

W. H. STREET.

Sept. 10—2t.

Miscellany.

THE FISHERMAN'S TALE.

There is a village in Scotland called Gourloch, situated on the shore of a fine bay, about three or four miles from the town of Delingburn, and inhabited mostly by fishermen, who let part of their houses in the summer months to people who resort thither for the purpose of bathing.

Perhaps no other part of Scotland, or of the British islands, presents so much richness and variety of scenery. From the summit of a hill of very precipitous ascent, a little way to the east of the village, the view is particularly fine, embracing an extent of country unusual in such situations, where the intervention of mountains commonly shuts in the landscape too abruptly.

When descending one day, during my visit to the west country, from this commanding spot, I sat down, wearied with the exertion, on a huge isolated rock, near the narrow path by which alone the hill is accessible. Presently, an elderly man, of a grave aspect, and a maratime appearance, winding slowly up the hill, came and sat down near me on the rock. I guessed him to be one of the better class of fishermen from the village, who had purchased, with the toil of his youth and manhood, a little breathing-time to look about him in the evening of his days, ere the coming of the night. After the usual salutations we fell into discourse together, and after a pause in the conversation, he remarked, as I thought in somewhat a disjointed manner, 'is it not strange, sir, the thoughts that sometimes come into the brain of man, sleeping or waking,—like a breath of wind that blows across his bosom, coming he knows not whence, and going he knows not whither,—and yet, unlike the wind that ruffles not the skin it touches, they leave behind them an impression and a feeling; are as things and authentic, and may become the springs of human action, and mingle in the thread of human destiny? I was thinking at this moment of something which has sat, for many days past, like a millstone on my mind; and I will tell it to you with pleasure.'

So I edged myself closer to him on the stone that I might hear the better; and without more preamble the Scottish fisherman began his story, as neatly as I remember, in the following words:

'About six months ago, a wedding took place in our village, and a more comely and better looked-on couple never came together. Mr. Douglas, though the son of a poor man, had been an officer in the army, an ensign, I'm thinking; and when his regiment was disbanded, he came here to live on his half-pay, and whatever little else he might have. Jeanie Stuart at the time was staying with an uncle, one of our folk, her parents having been taken away from her; and made up for her board as far as she could, by going in the summer season to sew in the families that came out then like flocks from the holes and corners of the great towns, to wash themselves in the caller sea. So gentle she was, and so calm in her deportment, and so fair to look on withal, that even these nobility of the loom and the sugar-hogshead thought it no dishonor to have her among them: and unknowingly as it were, they treated her just as if she had been of the same human mould with themselves.

'Well, they soon got acquainted, our Jeanie and Mr. Douglas, and the end of it was, they were married. They lived in a house there, just beyond the point that you may see forms the opposite angle of the bay, not far from a place called Kempuck-stane, and Mr. Douglas just employed himself like any the rest of us—in fishing, and daundering about, and mending his nets, and such like. Jeanie was now a happy woman, for she had aye a mind above the commonality; and I am bold to say, thought her stay long enough among those would-be gentry, where she sat many a wearisome day, and would fain have retired from their foolishness into the strength and greenness of her own soul.

'But now she had a companion and an equal and indeed a superior; for Mr. Douglas had seen the world, and could wile away the time in discoursing of the feelies he had seen and heard tell of in foreign lands, among strange people and unknown tongues. And Jeanie listened, and thought her husband the first of mankind. She clung to him as the honeysuckle clings to the tree; his pleasure was her pleasure—his sorrow was her sorrow—and his bare word was her law. One day, about two weeks ago, she appeared dull and dispirited, and complained of the headache; on which Mr. Douglas advised her to go to bed, and rest herself awhile, which she said she would do; and having some business in the village, he went out. On coming back, however, in the forenoon, he found her in the same spot, leaning her head on her hand; but she told him she was better, and that it was nothing at all. He then began to get his nets ready, saying he was going out with some lads of the village to the deep sea fishing, and would be back the next day.

"She looked at him long and strangely, as if wondering at what he was doing, and understanding not any thing that was going on. But finally when he came to kiss her, and bid her good bye, she threw her arms round him, and when he would have gone, she held him fast, and her bosom heaved as if her heart would break, but still she said nothing.

'Stay with me to day!' she said at last, 'depart not this night—just this one night—it is not much to ask—and to morrow I will not be your hinderance a moment.'

'But Mr. Douglas was vexed at such folly, and she could answer nothing better to his questions than that a thought had come into her head, and she could not help it. So he was resolved to go, and he kissed her, and threw his nets on his shoulder, and went away. For some minutes after, Jeanie stood just in the same spot, looking at the door where he had gone out, and then began to tremble all over like the leaf of a tree; at length, coming to herself with a start, she knelt down on both knees, and throwing back her hair over her forehead, turned her face up towards heaven, and prayed with a loud voice to the Almighty, 'that she might still have her husband in her arms that night.' For some moments she remained motionless and silent, in the same attitude, till at length a sort of brightness, resembling a calm smile, passed over her countenance, like a gleam of sunshine on the smooth sea, and bending her head low and reverently, she rose up. She then went as usual about her household affairs, and appeared not any thing discomposed, but as tranquil and happy as if nothing had happened.

'Now the weather was fine and calm in the morning, but towards the afternoon it came on to blow—and indeed the air had been so sultry all day that the old sea-farers might easily tell there would be a racket of the elements before long. As the wind, however, had been rather contrary, it was supposed that the boats could not have got far enough out to be in the mischief, but would put back when they saw the signs in the sky. But in mean time the wind increased, towards night it blew as hard a gale as we have seen in these parts for a long time; the ships out there at the tail of the bank, were driven from their moorings, and two of them stranded on their beam ends, on the other side; every stick and stitch on the sea made for any port they could find; and as night came on in darkness and thunder, it was a scene that might cow even the hearts that had been bro't up on the water, as if it was their proper element, and been familiar with the voice of the tempest from their young days. There was a sad lamenting and murmuring then among the women folk,—especially them that were kith or kin to the lads on the sea; and they went to one another's houses in the midst of the storm and the rain, and put in their pale faces through the darkness, as if searching for hope and comfort, and drawing nearer to one another like a flock of frightened sheep, in their fellowship of grief and fear. But there was one who stirred not from her home, and who felt no terror at the shrieking of the night storm and sought for no comfort in the countenance of man—and that was the wife of Mr. Douglas. She sometimes indeed listened to the howling of the sea, that came by fits on her ear like the voice of the water-kelpie, and starting, would lay down her work for a moment; but then she remembered the prayer she had prayed to Him who holds the reins of the tempest in his hands, and who says to the roaring waters, 'Be still,' and they are still—and of the glorious balm she had felt to sink into her heart at that moment of high and holy communion, even like the dew of heaven on a parched land. So her soul was comforted, and she said to herself, 'God is not a man that he should lie,' and she rested on his assurance as on a rock, and laughed to scorn the trembling of her woman's bosom—for why?—the anchor of her hope was in heaven and what earthly storm was so mighty as to remove it? Then she got up and put the room in order, and placed her husband's shoes to air at the fire side; and stirred up the fuel, and drew in the arm-chair for her weary and storm-beaten mariner. Then would she listen at the door, and look out into the night for his coming, but could hear no sound, save the voice of the waters and the footsteps of the tempest as he rushed along the deep.—She then went in again, and walked to and fro in the room with a restless step, but an unblanched cheek. At last the neighbours came to her house, knowing that her husband was one of them that had gone out that day, and told her that they were going to walk down to the Clough, even in the mirk hour, to try if they could not hear some news of the boats. So she went with them, and we walked altogether along the road, it might be twenty or thirty of us; but it was remarked that though she came not hurriedly nor in fear, yet she had not even thrown her cloak on her shoulders to defend her from the night air, but came forth with her head uncovered, and in her usual raiment of white, like a bride to the altar. And as we passed along, it must have been a strange sight to see so many pale faces, by the red glare of the torches they carried, and to hear so many human wailings filling up the pauses of the storm; but at the head of our melancholy procession there was a calm heart and a firm step, and they were Jeanie's. Sometimes, indeed, she would look back, as some cry of womanish foreboding from behind would sink on her ear and [illegible] crowd into her mind; and once she was heard to mutter—if her prayer had but saved her husband to bring some other innocent victim on the mysterious altar of wrath! and she stopped for a moment, as if in anguish at the wild imagination.

But now as we drew nearer the rocks where the lighthouse is built, sounds were heard distinctly on the shore, and we waved the torches in the air, and give a great shout which was answered by kent voices—for they were some of our own people, and our journey was at an end. A number of us then went on before, and groped our way among the rocks, as well as we could for the darkness; but a woful tale met our ear; for one of the boats had been shattered to pieces, while endeavoring to land there,—and when we went down, they were just dragging the body of a comrad, stiff and stark, from the sea.—When the women behind heard it, there was a terrible cry of dismay, for no one knew but it might have been her own brother or son; and some who held torches dropped them for fear, and trembling to have the terrors of their heart confirmed. There was one, however, who stood calm and unmoved by the side of the dead body. She spoke some words of holy comfort to the women, and they were silent at her voice. She then stepped lightly forward, and took a torch from the trembling hand that held it, and bent down with it beside the corpse. As the light fell one moment on her own fair face it showed no signs of womanish feeling at the sight and touch of mortality; a bright and lovely bloom glowed on her cheek, and a heavenly lustre burned in her eye: and as she knelt there, her long dark hair floating far on the storm, there was that in her look which drew the gaze even of that terrified group from the object of their doubt and dread. The next moment the light streamed on the face of the dead—the torch dropped from her hand—and she fell on the body of her husband.

Her prayer was granted. She held her husband in her arms that night, and although no struggles of parting life were heard or seen, she died on his breast.

EXPEDITION UP THE EUPHRATES.—Some few of our readers may be aware that a vessel belonging to a leading firm of this town was sent to sea under sealed instructions, about eighteen months ago, having on board two iron steamboats, and other cargo of a similar and unusual description. The destination of the vessel, as now appears, was the Persian Gulf, the steamers having been constructed by order of the East-India Company to act as a flotilla for ascertaining the navigability of the river Euphrates. The expedition has been highly successful, having traversed the course of the stream 1100 miles from its mouth, an achievement never before accomplished, and fully establishing the superiority of modern skill and science over the ruder resources of the ancients. We have been favored with the following extracts from a private letter written by Mr. Floyd, the surgeon of the flotilla, to a personal friend, Mr. Samuel Potter of this town, and brought by the last overland conveyance. They will, we think, be found well worthy of perusal by those who take an interest in scientific operations, and in the remarkable countries to which they relate. The letter is dated "Belis, June 6":—

"I have traveled over the greater part of Mesopotamia, got licked and plundered. I have traced the expedition of the 10,000 Greeks under Cyrus the Younger, and identified many of the cities in their route. I am now near Aleppo with the flotilla, having completed the ascent of the river Euphrates, without doubt one of the noblest rivers of Asia; here, at a distance of 1100 miles from its *embouchure* in the Persian Gulf, it is four hundred yards broad, and very deep. When a boast for England, upon whose flag the sun never sets, that the British ensign now floats in the breeze in the very centre of the land of the crusades and of the Courtenays, one of whose castles, 'Jiaber,' said to be founded by Alexander the Great, towers majestically over our heads.

"The 31st of May, 1841, was the happy day which crowned our efforts with success, and the distant Taurus soon re-echoed the royal salute which we fired on the occasion.

"In a former letter I think I gave you a slight description of the Tigris river and the surrounding country. The Euphrates differs little from the Tigris up to Hilla, a Turkish Arab town, built near the site of ancient Babylon, except that its banks are much better cultivated, and in some places the date tree (the palma dactiliferus) adds to the picturesque meanderings of the river; while in others a mosque, with its lackered dome rising from a grove of willows, is a pleasing variety from the monotony of the surrounding district. Winding its way through the ruins of fallen Babylon, the river passes Persiaiom, then the field of Cunaxa, where Cyrus fell and the ten thousand commenced their ever-memorable retreat. Then comes Umbar, once the seat of a Christian bishop; then Charmand, some ruins opposite the Pylor of Zenophon; and then Hit, (is Is of Scripture, and famed for its fountains of bitumen and naphtha, which are in such abundance that they spread themselves over the earth. The river now is enclosed within a valley of high rocks, which extends from its source to below Hit. They are composed of gypsum, sandstone, and conglomerates with mica and felspar. The ancient Anatho, where Julian lost part of his fleet, is the next place of importance; then comes Eari, the river Chabour of Ezekiel, Al Deir, the Thapsac of scripture, and the ancient port of Palmyra; and lastly, the ruined castles of Raccaba, Tenobia, Racca, and Jisaber, all situated upon isolated rocks, commanding the passes of the river. These fortresses, from their differing entirely from all others of a like nature in this country, and from the Roman arch prevailing, appear to me to have been the frontier posts of that empire against the Parthians. The natives have a tradition that they were built by the English during the Crusades, and it is not improbable but that they were occupied by the enthusiastic followers of Courtenay, while he reigned at Orfa.

'Besides the towns which I have enumerated, there are several islands, many of which are well wooded; amongst them I may mention Juba, Haditha, and Aloose, strongly fortified, having each 500 inhabitants, and beautifully situated in the valley of the Euphrates, between Hit and Anna.

"This climate is delightful, and produces all the varieties of European fruit, besides many of the tropical ones lower down the river. Here is the only obstacle to the navigation of this river. It consists in the remains of the water-wheels used for irrigation. In the short space of one hundred and thirty miles were found nearly three hundred of these wheels, about one third of which are in operation at the present day. They consist of large parapet walls built into the stream, directing the current of the river to the wheels, which are the most clumsy pieces of mechanism, made of branches of trees, and having slung round them one hundred and fifty clay vessels to raise the water in. The wheels are forty feet in diameter, placed at the end of an aqueduct raised upon well-built Gothic arches. They are the nearest approach to perpetual motion that I have seen, and it is surprising the quantity of water which they raise to the surface. They cause a current of six or seven knots, with a fall of two or three feet where they are, so that the rise of the river is difficult and somewhat dangerous; but as it is, we have surmounted all; I should rather say, the genius and skill of Messrs. J. Laird and Macgregor, who furnished the boats and engines have overcome obstacles which baffled the well-disciplined legions of Trajan and Julian, when they went to besiege Ctesiphon, and failed to drag their fleets against the stream on account of the current.

"The Tigris to Mousul, the site of the ancient Nineveh, and the Euphrates to Baulus—I might say to the heart of the Taurus, (for we may go thither)—is now proved navigable. May British enterprize drive from this field the barbarians who now occupy it, and may civilization, flying on the wings of commerce, carry with it the blessings of the gospel salvation! Yes, here is a fine field for the missionary and the merchant. To the former it opens up the Christians of a thousand hills—the Armenians, the Chaldeans, the Nestorians, the Maronites, the disciples of St. John, the worshippers of the Devil (who inhabit the Tinjarhills,) and the Arabs; but the time for the conversion of the latter I fear has not yet come. To the merchant it offers a market for the cotton of Manchester, the cutlery of Birmingham, and all sorts of trinketry; in return, they might get the splendid wool of Arabia, far superior to anything I ever saw at home; the Cashmere wool, which is brought to Bagdad; gall-nuts, the gum sandrac, myrrh, the balsams from the south and pearls, diamonds, and turquoises from Persia; all which might be conveyed by steam up the Euphrates to Belis, and hence to the Mediterranean, a four days' journey.

"So much for the commercial advantages to be derived from the opening of the Euphrates; let us now look to the political. A communication is kept up with our Indian possessions independent of that of Egypt—a great advantage in our late broil with that power; India is reached in a much shorter time than that by the Red Sea; the mission in Persia is brought much nearer, and the means exist of throwing an Indian army either into the heart of Persia or Syria in the space of a few weeks.—[*Liverpool Times.*]

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A most extraordinary case of somnambulism occurred in Hereford (Eng.) a short time ago. We can vouch for the facts as we are about to relate them, as they transpired within our own cognizance and all the parties are personally known to us.—On Friday morning, at half past five o'clock, a resident in Widemarsh-street was awakened by the violent ringing of his door bell; not hearing any servant answer a second ring, he rang his bell for a man servant, which, however, was not answered. He then jumped out of bed, and pulling aside the window blind, saw what he believed to be his own horse sadled and bridled in the street, and bold by a strange man, habited as a labourer. Marvelling what could have brought his horse so unexpectedly to his door at so early an hour, he left his chamber, and at the bottom of the stairs called aloud to the man servant. One of the female domestics replied that he had gone down at five o'clock with the intention of going on the horse to Withington to see a cow which he was to look at for his master. The master then returned to his bed room, threw up the window, and, on inquiring the man's business, the reply was "Your man, sir, has been thrown from his horse in the meadow; I was just going by and saw him on the ground, his foot hanging in the stirrup, his face cut and bleeding, and the horse standing quietly by. I fear he is much hurt. I led him to my house near the turnpike, and there he is now. My wife has lighted a fire, for he is sitting in a chair shivering with cold, and cannot speak." The master immediately requested the messenger to lead the horse back and turn him into the meadow again and stated that assistance would be forthwith sent. A surgeon and one of the domestics were quickly in attendance. The man was found exactly in the state described. The surgeon carefully examined the body, and happily found that no bone was broken, and no other perceptible injury than the wounds on the face. He was then led home, apparently insensible, only answering to every question put to him, "I don't know." He was conducted to his bed room, undressed, and put to bed; his eyes all the time wide open, but fixed, and the pupils being much dilated. At nine o'clock he awoke, and the question he asked, occasioned by his feeling his cheek sore and bleeding, and observed his clothes not in the position he had placed them over night, was "Where am I? What's the matter?" He positively had not, and he has not up to the present moment, the slightest recollection of a single circumstance that had occurred from the moment he dropped to sleep on the previous night, to the moment he awoke at nine o'clock in the morning! We may state that it was his intention the previous night to go to Withington, and for this purpose he had put 6d. in his pocket to pay the gates; but he had not, and has not now, the least remembrance of rising, dressing himself, knocking at the girl's door, unlocking and unbolting the front door, walking down the street to the meadow, unlocking the gate, catching the horse, sadling and bridling it, falling off, being picked up, led to the man's house, being examined by the surgeon, led home, and put to bed!—of all these events he is perfectly oblivious. We may add that he is a steady sober person; and we pledge ourselves for the truth of the case as we have related it.—*Hereford Times.*

[*From the Cork Constitution.*]

LINES ON OPIE'S BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF THE BLIND BEGGAR AND HIS DOG, AT MR. MARSH'S ROOMS, SOUTH MALL.

Is there one heart enshrined so well
In cold insensibility,
That it hath never felt the spell
Of an expressive eye?
So stony, that it hath not felt
That silent language of the mind
Into its aspirations melt,
Like music on the wind?
'Tis not the lip alone can speak,
Nor even the soft and changeful cheek;
A world of eloquence may lie
In the calm lustre of an eye.

But gaze upon this pictured scene,
And mark the aged beggar's face,
So sorrowful, yet so serene—
So full of touching grace,
Thought is upon the furrowed brow—
Yet not the quick and busy thought
That in the fresh and early glow
Of youth, midst action wrought.
He hath the quiet look of Age
Upon a patient pilgrimage;
He moveth on, subdued and mild,
And passive as a little child.

The "windows of the soul" are sealed,
Seared by some fatal withering blight;
Nor joy, nor sorrow, is revealed
Through their eternal night.
Submissively he plods his way,
By hill, or field, or murmuring stream,
Knowing the change from night to day
But by the sun's warm beam.
Not so the mute untiring guide,
For ever cleaving to his side,
And leading him unerringly
Amidst the rushy passers by.

Who that hath felt the wondrous might
The *human* eye doth oft possess,
Can look upon *this* orb of light
And deem its magic less?
The hand that those blind eyes could shroud
Hath life and light in its control,
And must that creature have endowed
With something of a soul.
And as the weary man he leads,
That eye his master's cause still pleads,
Who could refuse the silent prayer,
So eloquently pictured there?

BEAUTIES OF AGRICULTURE.—Of all human occupations, agriculture is not only the most essential to man's existence, but also the most conducive to his health, his innocence, and his happiness. Surrounded by the beauties of earth, and, as it were, under the very eye of heaven, he naturally imbibes a more genial temperament both of body and mind, than those confined in the murky atmosphere of cities, amidst the din and bustle of the workshop, or the higgling and chicanery of dishonest barter, with its attendant cares and devouring excitements.—Agriculture is moreover the most profitable occupation, as regards the whole community; for being the basis of all other occupations, its prosperity alone can yield the means of reproduction and prosperity to all the rest. The agriculturist produces and re-produces not only the food consumed by all employed upon the land, during the processes both of cultivation and vegetation, but also the food of every other description of person, whatever his occupation in society. Without a sufficient supply of food, and of the raw materials of clothing, such as wool, flax, hides, &c., which agriculture alone yields—without this sufficient supply during the period of re-production, all manufactures and commerce would stand still, as well as agriculture itself. Considered, then, merely as a means to an end—and narrowing that end as the political economists do, to the mere production of wealth, with scarcely any reference to its distribution and enjoyment—agriculture is the first and most important of all industrial pursuits.—*Bronterre.*

ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE IN BELGIUM.—A considerable sensation was recently excited in Brussels, in consequence of the sudden elopement of the daughter of one of the members of the Chamber of Peers and of the Belgian government with a Belgian of high family and agreeable manners. The young lady, who is described as being exceedingly beautiful and accomplished, in her 19th year, and one of the richest heiresses in Belgium, it being reported that upon her arriving at age she would become possessed of no less a sum than 32,000*l.* per annum (English money.) The young lady became acquainted with her abductor through the medium of her maid, and secret corespondence had been carried on for months prior to the elopement, which took place about a month since, the parties coming to England direct by an Antwerp steam-ship. The father of the young lady soon discovered his daughter's flight, and, learning the route taken, he proceeded direct to England. Being most intimately acquainted with M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, he lost no time in applying to him for assistance. That functionary immediately despatched his *attache* to the police commissioners' office to request their assistance, and next morning obtained the consent of the Home Secretary to allow of the service of the metropolitan police being made use of in discovering the retreat of the lovers. Two of the inspectors of the A division, Messrs. Hughes and Partridge, were employed in the affair; and, and after a great deal of trouble and exertion, Inspector Hughes succeeded in tracing the fugitives to the Saracen's Head, Snow-hill, the first inn they had stopped at on their arrival in London. From thence they were traced to different hotels and lodging houses in the West-end, at some of which apartments had only been nominally taken with the intention of blinding those in pursuit of them. At last the party was found located in a lodging-house in Albany-street, Regent's-Park. The inspector, in the course of his enquiries ascertained that the bans had been put up at no less than six churches; and on the day subsequent to the lady's capture she would have been married at a Lutheran chapel in the neighbourhood of Bedford-square, of which a Belgian is the clergyman. Inspector Hughes, having discovered the retreat of the lady, lost no time communicating with her parent, who accompanied him to a public-house opposite, from the windows of which they could watch the motions of the inmates. In a short time the lady's maid showed herself at the window, and she was instantly recognised by the young lady's father. After waiting a considerable time longer, the gentleman who had eloped with the lady left the house, and immediately that he was out of sight the father made his appearance before his astonished daughter, whom he took with all possible speed to the residence of the Belgian minister. On the same evening (Saturday last) a post-chaise was ordered, and the father, daughter, maid, and the inspector proceeded to Dover which place the latter person did not leave till Sunday afternoon, having seen the young lady and the father safe on board a Calais packet. The names of the parties figuring in the above have been kept a profound secret. It is said the gentleman who brought the lady from Brussels recently held a station of some eminence in the Belgian government.

WEATHER GUIDE.—THE WIND.—The earth is surrounded to the extent of sixty miles with a breathing atmosphere, on which all nature mutually depend for life. This aerial ocean revolves with our earth round the sun, is very susceptible of motion, and some parts of it constantly in restless commotion. These commotions are called winds and are principally caused by heat from the rays of the sun, which heat rarifying the air, causes it to ascend; and the vacuum thus formed is filled up with a colder air from the north and south. The following remarks illustrate the changes in the weather, as resulting from the position of the wind. When the north wind first clears the air expect a fine day. When the wind turns to the N. E., without rain for two days, and does not return to the S. with rain, it is likely to be fair eight or nine days. If the N. wind turn out of the S. to the N. E. with rain, and continue there two days without rain, expect fair weather for two or three months. If the wind be N. E. during the former part of summer, the weather will probably continue dry. When it rains with an E. wind, it will probably continue twenty-four hours. Heavy rains generally begin with the wind blowing E., then gradually veers round to the S.: nor does the rain cease till the wind has got W., or a little to the N. W. It thunders more when the wind blows from the S., and less when it blows from the E., in hot weather. If it rain from the S. with a high wind for two or three hours, and the wind then fall, continuing still to rain, it will not abate for twelve hours. When the wind is S. W., during summer or autumn, and the air cold for the season, much rain may be expected. When the wind turns from the S. to S. W., after having been variable for some time, it will continue in that quarter, very likely, several weeks. The wind being W. N. W. indicates a change of weather, and frequently produces a "weather dog," which is a sign of much rain. The strongest winds turn from S. to N. and by W., and mostly bring fair weather.

A REGION ON FIRE.—The road lay along the ridge of the mountain. On our right we looked down the perpendicular side to a plain, two thousand feet below us; and in front, on another part of the same plain, were the lake and the town of Aguchapa. Instead of going direct to the town, we turned round the foot of the mountain, and came into a field smoking with hot springs. The ground was incrusted with sulphur, and dried and baked by subterraneon fires. In some places were large orifices, from which steam rushed out violently and with noise, and in others large pools or lakes, one of them a hundred and fifty feet in circumference, of dark brown water, boiling with monstrous bubbles three or four feet high, which Homer might have made the head-waters of Acheron. All around for a great extent, the earth was in a state of combustion, burning our boots and frightening the horses, and we were obliged to be careful to keep the horses from falling through. At some distance was a stream of sulphur-water, which we followed up to a broad basin, made a dam with stones and bushes, and had a most refreshing warm bath.—*Stephens's Central America.*

HORRIBLE SITUATION.—A young man, employed at a colliery about ten or eleven miles south of Edinburgh, happened, on a particular morning some time ago, to over-sleep himself, and, on his arrival at the pit mouth found that his fellow workmen had already descended,—and as the *gin rope* which had conveyed them to the bottom was again at the top, he put his foot into the iron swivel attached to it, and directed a countryman waiting for a cart-load of coals to lower him. He had scarcely commenced his descent, however, when the idea suddenly occurred to him that there was something wrong with the tackle, and clutching with his hands to the wooden platform which half-way covers and overhangs the pit, he was instantly disengaged from the rope, and hung suspended by the hands over the dark and horrid abyss which yawned beneath him. It happened in the dark of a winter morning, and the carter to whom he had intrusted the task of lowering him, saw distinctly, by the light of a fire burning within a few feet of the pit, the fearful situation of the lad, heard his terrific shriek for help, and ran forward to relieve him. On reaching the black and horrid margin, however, he was suddenly overcome with fear, and stood for several seconds paralyzed and terror-stricken, without the power even to call for assistance. Providentially, the master of the coal pit was about a hundred yards off when he heard the shriek of agony from the lad, and flying to his assistance, arrived in time to hear him say, in a low and faint voice, "catch me, my hands are slipping;" when, seizing him by the wrists, he drew him with difficulty to the platform, where he instantly fainted; the poor frightened fool of a carter all the while looking on in an agony of speechless terror, and without the power to move. Who can calculate the mental suffering of the poor lad while he clung to the platform, feeling his fingers gradually losing their grasp, till he sunk in a fainting fit after being placed in safety.—*Edinburgh Obs.*

A RECIPE FOR THE RHEUMATISM.—Thirty drops of hartshorn, two large table spoonfuls of the salad oil: mix these together in an eight-ounce phial, fill the bottle with spring water, sweeten it with the best loaf sugar. Take two table spoonfuls of the mixture the first thing in the morning and the last at night: and take it till you find the disorder removed.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—The sons of the rich so often die poor—and the sons of the poor so often die rich, that it has grown into a proverb, and yet how many parents are constantly pursuing the same course. They are labouring and toiling to accumulate wealth for their children, and at the same time raising them up in habits of indolence, and extravagance. This is a great mistake. Their sons will scatter their property much sooner than they can gather it together. Let them have their heads well stored with useful knowledge; and then their hearts with sound and virtuous principles, and their sons will ordinarily take care of themselves. However affluent may be his circumstances yet every parent inflicts upon his son a lasting injury who does not train him up to habits of virtue industry and economy. Riches, it is true, "hide a multitude of sins," but it is a great mistake to suppose that they are all that are necessary for happiness and respectability even in this life.—*Protestant and Herald.*