SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

Established in 1818. SAINT JOHN, N. B.: TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1853. New Series.----Vol. I. No. 6.

THE OBSERVER,

Published on TUESDAYS, by D. A. CAMERON, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—TERMS: 12s. 6d., per annum.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

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

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.

St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sussex Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARY COUGLE, *Administratrix.*

Sussex Vale, May 28, 1853.

MARKET SQUARE,
MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of

Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy BORES, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, CACHMERES, Delaines, Lustres, &c.
A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS, PARASOLS*, &c.
Muslin COLLARS, Habits, Under Sleeves;
Printed COTTONS, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Dimems, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.

Saint John, 8th March, 1853.

First Spring Importations!

PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."

5,000 Straw Bonnets!

Newest Spring Shapes!!

J. DOHERTY & CO.

N. B.—*Further Supply per Steamer "Cambria," at Boston, together with RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, and Fancy* DRESS GOODS, *to arrive per "Admiral" next trip.* J. D. & CO.

NEW GOODS,
Per Seame "Cambria."

MORRISON & CO.

HAVE now ready for inspection, suited for the season, the LARGEST, MOST VARIED and MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK of

SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS

Ever exhibited in this PROVINCE.

MORRISON & CO.,
April 5. PRINCE WM. STREET.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"

CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,
PRINTED DRUGGETS,
Moreens and Damasks,
SHEETINGS,
White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

LONDON HOUSE,
Market Square, April 9, 1853.

Per Steamer "Niagara."

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;
Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;
French Printed CAMBRICS;
Fancy Printed ORLEANS;
HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.

T. W. DANIEL.

APRIL 9, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "*Niagara*," from Liverpool:—

A FURTHER supply of BONNETS;
Bonnet RIBBONS;
Plain and Figured Rich SILKS;
SATINETTS, SATINS, SARSNETTS;
Rich black SILK LACES;
Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS;
COLLARS and HABIT SHIRTS;
GLOVES and HOSIERY;
SILK TRIMMINGS, BRAIDS, BUTTONS, TASSELS, &c. &c. &c.

W. G. LAWTON.

Ladies Boots and Shoes.

CASHMERE and PRUNELLA.—Received by the ship *Imperial*, and opening this day, a superior lot of Ladies, Misses, and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, manufactured expressly for us, which enables us to warrant them to be a superior article; Ladies Kid, Patent Leather, and Enamel'd Pump Slips, fancy Webs, &c. All o which will be sold *cheap.*

FAULKE & HENNIGAR,
May 17.—6i. *Germain Street, Rocky Hill.*

Haying Tools.

A FURTHER supply of Forks, Sneaths and Rakes, landing from schr. "Cuba."

july 12 FLEWELLING & READING.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,
Corner of King & Germain-streets,

Has received per *St. John, Bellcarrigg, Miramichi*, and *Eastern City*, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,
COMPRISING

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachmeres, Teba ROBES, Vemeras, DeLaines, Lustres, Circassian Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps;
Printed Muslin *DRESSES*;
Paisley, Satin and Cachmere Long and Square SHAWLS;
BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinetts, Russel Cords, Moleskins, VESTINGS;
Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled *SHIRTINGS*;
Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, TOWELLINGS;
Printed COTTONS, Cotton Warps; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin;
Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS;
PARASOLS, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemizettes and Collars;
Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Lace;
GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Bracelets;
Hair Nets and Plaits, Boys' Belts, Gents' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs;
SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Whalebone Combs, Brushes.
Braces, Stays, Braids, Silk Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Puff Combs, Toilette Covers, Counterpanes, Small Wares, &c. &c.

☞ The Subscriber offers the above well selected Stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, (and which on inspection will be found well worthy their attention) at the lowest prices for Cash.

JAMES BURRELL,
May 27. Corner of King and Germain Streets

Willard's Butter Machines,

JUST RECEIVED—

25 WILLARD'S BUTTER MACHINES; they are highly recommended to Farmers and keepers of Dairies.—For sale by B. TILTON.

June 7.—News.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caugh a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible, I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scourbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation througeout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breakhouse, Lothian Road, Edinbro', dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Chiego-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Moschetoes and Sand-Flies	Cancers	Tumours
	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Ulcers
		Wounds
Fistulas	Gout	Glandular Swellings
Lumbago	Piles	
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King-street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Potts and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

Poetry.

LINES.

Harsh words are like the hail, which beats
The herbage to the ground:
Kind words are like the gentle rain,
Which scatters freshness round.

As polished steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung;
So does a child when words profane
Drop from a parents tongue.

The rust eats in, and oft we find
That naught which we can do,
To cleanse the metal or the mind,
The brightness will renew.

Literature, &c.

[From Gody's Ladys' Book.]

THE BRAIDER.

BY ELLEN GRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

"FASTER, faster, Hadley! Spur on your horse, or we shall not reach M—— before the shower comes up. Hark how it thunders! and see the lightning darting round the top of that distant mountain."

"Tis useless, Henry, to urge on these tired beasts; for we cannot reach the village in time to escape the rain. We must look around for some tree to protect us, and wait under its branches till the storm passes over."

But the fields on each side of the road were smooth and closely trimmed; every oak, elm, and maple had been carefully felled; the roadside, too, was "shaven and shorn:" in place of spreading trees and shrubs, stood a substantial stone wall.

"Let us ride on a little way," said Henry Stevens, the first speaker; "there must be a farmhouse not far distant, where we may be sure of a hearty welcome; and, to tell the honest truth, I should not feel safe near a tree in such a heavy thundershower as this promises to be."

It was a calm, sultry afternoon in midsummer. Not a breath moved on the face of the earth; cattle lolled in the shade, too listless to crop the leafy herbage near them; birds had flown to their nests; no soft rustling of the forest leaves broke on the ear; all nature seemed hushed and still, as if waiting for the storm.

The travellers, urging on their weary animals, rode perhaps fifteen minutes, when the road, sweeping round the base of a gentle hill, brought them directly in front of one of those picturesque cottages so frequently seen in the New England States. The convolvulus, woodbine, and honeysuckle nearly covered the front, and climbed in luxuriance on the low roof. A large apple-tree, laden with a profusion of small, green fruit, spread its shading wings over half the house. The yard was filled with rose-bushes, shrubs, and a great variety of flowers common to New Hampshire. A hedge of lilac-bushes grew on the western side of the cottage, whose clustering blossoms must have burdened the spring air with their fragrance; but they had parted with their nodding plumes long before this, and now served only to shelter the white dwelling from the glare of the afternoon sun. An orchard of fruit-trees, and well-filled vegetable garden met the eye in the rear of the house, with fields of tall grass sweeping back to a densely wooded forest.

The young men had involuntarily slackened their pace to glance at this vine-covered cottage; but the pattering of rain-drops, and a heavy peal of thunder, warned them to seek immediate shelter. Reining their horses to a woodshed, which extended between the house and barn, they were met by an old woman carrying a basket of chips and pieces of wood on her arm, followed by a brood of half-grown chickens at her heels, eagerly watching for some precious crumbs. She wore a dress of dark-blue calico, an apron striped with blue and white, a gingham handkerchief over her shoulders, and a cap of dotted muslin with a border of lace white as snow. Her countenance wore an expression of keenness and energy, as though life had been a struggle with her, while a look of kindness and somewhat sad expression in her clear, grey eye, told that her heart could feel for others, and had felt sorrows of its own.

Wondering to herself who such stylish-looking chaps could be, she advanced to meet them, with a nod and a courtesy taught by no dancing-master of modern times, and commenced conversation with as much cordiality as though she had known them for years.

"Pretty smart shower, ain't it?" said she, her speech savoring in no slight degree of Yankee peculiarities. "Well, I do say, how the rain pours down! Jist bring yer hosses into this 'ere shed, or ye 'll git them 'ere saddles wet as sop. It's putty lucky ye happened to get here 'fore the wust of the storm come on. Why, them's the tavern-keeper's hosses at the village. I guess ye don't live in these parts; ben to Red Hill, like enough; lots of folks du go there. My poor husband, that's now dead and gone, used to own that 'ere grey hoss, when it was a leetle colt."

"Doubtless, then, he knew his old quarters," said Hadley, "for he turned up to the shed without my drawing the rein."

"Like enough, for many's the time I've gin him water and provender at this very post. I allers loved to see dumb creeturs eat, and Sophy, my granddarter, used to jump on his back and ride down to the 'great oak' when she wa'n't more 'n seven year old, for Grey was gentle as a lamb."

A smile played round Hadley's lips, as he thought of the incorrigible slowness of the superannuated beast. His best days were over, and there seemed to be quite as much of the snail as the lamb in his composition. The matron stroked the horse's face with a sigh, as she thought of old times, and led the way into the house. Passing through a long, dark kitchen, they came to the apartment used for a sitting-room, which looked out upon the front yard, and from the side window the village road could be seen winding round hills, through forests, to the busy little town. Having seated her guests in the "east room," as it was called, she begged them to make themselves at home, excusing herself, "as she'd been baking that afternoon, and hadn't put things to rights yet."

It was the first time Charles Hadley had ever found himself in an old-fashioned farm-house, and he could hardly suppress his merriment as he looked round at the odd furniture in the room. The son of a Boston merchant, light-hearted, generous, social, fond of home and city life, he had never fancied trips to the country, till persuaded by Stevens to accompany him on the present excursion. They had visited the White Mountains, and returned on their way home as far as the lake, the beautiful Winnipiseogee, which sleeps among the hills of New Hampshire like "the smile of the Great Spirit." After loitering several days along its shores, angling for the speckled trout that play among its limpid waters, they determined to visit Red Hill, a few miles' ride from the village where they stopped. Starting very early in the morning, they expected to return in a few hours; but, beguiled by the extreme beauty of the views that met their gaze at every point, they remained till quite late in the afternoon. It was on their return that the shower surprised them, when about a mile from the village.

Henry Stevens, though a native of Boston, had been fitted for his profession at an institution situated among the most lovely scenery of the Granite State, and had learned to admire the simplicity and intelligence of its mountain population. There was nothing new to him in the furniture, both ornamental and useful, that embellished the room, for he had seen similar in his school-days, and knew that among the sons and daughters of these thriving farmers the highest attainments and most enterprising spirit were often found.

An old-fashioned looking-glass hung between the front windows; four or five peacock feathers rose from behind it, reaching nearly to the ceiling. Two profile views, cut out of paper and placed over black silk, with gilt frames, hung under the glass; they had evidently been taken years before, yet in one the decided features of their hostess could be easily recognized; the other was intended for her worthy spouse, and hung close beside it.

The fireplace was filled with fresh pine boughs, ornamented with scarlet and black cloth cut in stars, diamonds, and other fantastic shapes, which seemed to grow mysteriously from the ends of the bending branches. A few books, shells, and a work-box lay on the mantle-piece; a China vase stood in the centre, filled with chrysanthemums, lady's delights, sweet peas, spicy pinks of every color, branches of feathery asparagus, long leaves of striped grass interwoven tastefully together. An immense mat of braided rags covered the middle of the floor, which seemed to be the parent of half a dozen small ones that lay scattered about, wherever feet were most likely to tread. A few pictures hung on the walls; an old-fashioned clock, reaching from floor to ceiling, ticked solemnly from one corner. A settee, covered with chintz, and four or five chairs, whose backs gave a visible definition to the word *perpendicular*, stood about the room. A friendly sweetbrier threw its branches in at one corner of the open windows, and on the sill lay a bunch of half-withered violets and geranium leaves, with a copy of the "Lady of the Lake." There was a chair close by, and upon a table near it stood a palm-leaf hat half braided, with its multitude of long strands spreading out in every direction, while a couple of trim new hats, finished and ready for wear, were stowed under the table.

In the mean time, things were "put to rights" in the kitchen, and the good dame, wishing the young men to fare none the worse for their detention, proceeded forthwith to set the table, it being already five o'clock, the common hour for the evening meal. Snowy linen, spun and woven by her own hands, was brought from the drawers; the "China set" came forth from the cupboard, where it had rested since the last company was there. Sophy, the granddaughter, was called from her room to assist. Sophy, the truant, who, notwithstanding the many lectures on industry and the necessity of money-making she had received, had left her work half finished, and was busy poring over some book, without asking the grandmother's leave. This was no uncommon occurrence, and a sad trial it was to the well-meaning woman, who had been so intent, the first part of her life, on saving money, that now it had become part of her nature.

"Come, Sophy," said she, too much engaged to reprove at all; "come, child, and help me. There's two sich smart city chaps down stairs," for she had contrived already to find out where they lived, where they had been, and where they were going, "and bring my best cap and apron from the drawer, and come down right away and help me."

Sophy did as desired; and soon the tea was smoking on the table, with a plentiful supply of bread, gingerbread, pies, biscuit, butter, cheese, and preserved strawberries. The travellers, with appetites sharpened by their ride, were not sorry to see a substantial meal set before them, and did ample justice to the repast.

The hostess proved very communicative, and poured into Hadley's ear, as he sat by her, the full particulars of all her domestic affairs. She had lived on that very farm, she said, "for near forty years, ever since she had married her poor, dear husband; they had cleared it of timber; and, with saving here a little and there a little, in course of time had built that house. Of four children, only one reached the age of manhood, and he was a most wonderful smart man," she said, "took to his book from his cradle, as a body might say; and beat all the great boys to school ciphering, afore he was ten years old. His father, poor man, was terribly proud of him, and sent him to the 'Cademy, where he larnt a heap o' things. He never seemed to take to farmin', so, when he was old enough, Dr. Philips, who thought a site of him, wanted him to go and study physic. After awhile, he got acquainted with a young woman who come up to the 'Cademy to school from Boston. Well, my poor boy liked her, and she liked him; but she was an orphan, and her brother, who was a terrible proud man, wouldn't hear a word about their being married. At last he got so angry 'cause she still wanted to marry a backwoodsman, though Walter was a handsome boy, and his larnin' better'n most young men's, that he started off travelling, and never writ to his sister for a long time. Walter had a good chance, and was doing well, and Sophy felt so lonely-like, that they got married, and sich a happy couple ye never see. She was one of the sweetest little creeturs that ever lived, but knew no more about work than a baby; she never had seen a bit of butter or cheese made, nor a cow milked. But she never had 'casion to do anything, for Walter made her live like a queen. She was so pretty, too, just fit for a body to look at, full of life, singing like a bird from morning till night, and trying to make everybody happy. But the poor dear didn't live long after her child was born; it seems to me like yesterday; but Sophy will be fourteen next April, so it 'll be fourteen years come March since she died." Not only did the old lady favor Hadley with this recital; but imagining these details as interesting to every one as they were to herself, she related the account of her husband's and son's sickness and death; how she had taken care of her granddaughter, and seen to the farm ever since she'd been left a widow. She was getting on pretty well now, she said, and was going to send Sophy to school as soon as she could braid hats enough to buy her some new clothes.

But how was Stevens employed all this time? Listening to the artless talk of a sweet little wild flower he had found among New Hampshire hills; and, so much interested, he had quite forgotten Hadley. Sophy was rather tall for a child of her years; her rich, dark hair lay in waves over a finely formed head; health tinged her complexion with a delicate bloom; and her deep, blue eyes danced and sparkled as she recounted to Stevens all her rustic pleasures. She was an untutored child of nature, yet possessing every attractive grace.

On returning to the "east room," Hadley gazed out at the sky, and was glad to find that the clouds were breaking away, for he was heartily tired of the loquacity of their hostess, and longed to return to M——.

"Come, Sophy, finish your hat; you've ben two days about it now, and you must finish the half dozen next week," said the old woman, who thought she had wasted quite time enough.

Sophy did as commanded, reluctantly took up the work, which seemed unusually distasteful, and soon her busy fingers made music with the rustling strands.

The hats which she had already finished were not destined to adorn the head of any country swain. The travellers insisted on buying them, and paying double the common price, which highly gratified the old lady, who felt quite sorry she had not more to dispose of. The rain had ceased, and Hadley was already impatient to depart; he went to the shed, accompanied by the talkative matron, who seemed to fancy him more than his quiet companion.

"Are you never lonely here?" asked Stevens of the young girl, as he lingered behind.

"I never have been," she replied; "'tis so pleasant in the woods and by the lake, with my dogs and books to keep me company."

Stevens drew a copy of Lalla Rookh from his pocket, begged her to accept it, as she was so fond of reading, bade her adieu, and, joining his friend, was soon on his way to M——. Sophy opened the small volume, saw "Henry Stevens, Boston, 18—," written on the fly-leaf, gazed from the window on the receding figures till they disappeared from sight, then, placing the precious volume in her pocket, proceeded with her braiding with a zeal that her grandmother highly applauded. But, deaf to her praises and congratulations on the good bargain they had made, Sophy's fingers flew busily round till the evening shadows came stealing on the earth.

CHAPTER II.

BUT Sophy was soon awakened from her dreams and reveries by the illness of her grandmother. Exposure and fatigue brought on a violent fever, which her constitution, weakened by hardship in her early life, was not sufficiently vigorous to sustain. Her young granddaughter watched by the sick bed with unwearied attention, yet no care or skill could save her from the fate of all mortals.

'Tis seldom that those of riper years grieve with the complete abandonment that characterizes the sorrows of youth. The cares and duties of life imperatively claim attention, and wean the heart unconsciously from its sadness. But those of a more tender and unexperienced age dwell on any severe affliction with emotions so unrestrained that they often endure intense agony. Sophy's warm heart was filled with the keenest anguish as she saw her, whom she loved so well, consigned to the earth, and felt all the bitterness of the orphan's lot as the remains of her only known relation were placed beside those who already slept in the quiet churchyard.

How desolate the old farm-house looked! The trees and flowers, so lately blooming in beauty, had felt the withering touch of the autumn winds! All nature spoke gloom and sadness to the young mourner's heart! But, though bereft of natural protectors, she was not destitute of friends who loved and cared for her. The village clergyman and his wife, who had grown gray in good works, took the orphan to the quiet parsonage. She was not long in learning to love them, and striving to forget her own sorrows in efforts to please the childless couple; but friends can never supply the place of kindred to the heart, and many times, during the long winter months, did she find herself wondering if her uncle would ever write to her. The minister had written, informing him of her situation; but it was more than probable the letter would never find him, or that he would never think of her again, if it was received.

Her natural spirits and vivacity returned when the winter passed away and spring shed its sunny smiles on the earth. She could once more roam over the fields with Rover, and gather the first May flowers and violets that bloomed on the mossy banks and knolls. The old farm had been rented to an eterprising young farmer, and scarce a day passed that Sophy did not visit her old home, which again looked cheerful and bright, as the young vines began to put forth their tender leaves. Returning from there one lovely afternoon, laden with the first blossoms of the lilacs, she had bounded into the little sitting-room, eager to exhibit her prize, when, seeing a stranger, she started back with a blush; but the minister, gently taking her hand, led her to the stranger and told her this was Mr. Seabury, her uncle, who had come to take her away from them, to be a father and friend to her.

"This, then, is my uncle," thought Sophy, and her heart went out in love to him at once. She could not help receiving him warmly, and talking to him, for he was her mother's brother. And he seemed to love to hear her voice, to trace her mother's features in her face, gazing at her with such a sad, tender expression that Sophy felt that she should be so happy with him.

He was a tall thin man, with a sallow complexion, black eyes and hair, apparently about fifty years of age, though ill health might have made him look older than he really was. He had never been wanting in a certain kind of love for Sophy's mother; but he was an only son, and spoiled in childhood.

His inclinations in boyhood had seldom been crossed; the excessive pride, which was inherent in his nature, had been fostered rather than checked by his fond parents. In his father's eyes he was perfect, and never could do wrong; so that when, in his twelfth year, his little sister appeared in the family, he had learned to feel that his will was law, that his wishes and opinions ought to be regarded by every one. He loved his little sister; but she, a delicate child, seemed always to shrink from the imperious ways of the boy. When she was about thirteen, they were left orphans. But there was little sympathy and confidence between them. He felt that he was her guardian and protector; the gentle guide, adviser and sympathiser he knew not how to be. When his pride was wounded by her wishing to marry a man destitute of fame or fortune, he was completely incensed against her, and, in a fit of headstrong passion, left his house for foreign parts. After wandering about for some time, he engaged in business in the West Indies, and increased a fortune already ample. But the climate made fearful inroads on his constitution. Sickness and reflection subdued his fiery nature, and brought out the noble and generous qualities of his heart. He felt a desire to visit his native city, to learn the fate of those he had esteemed. On arriving there he found the clergyman's letter, and hastened to claim the child, to act a father's part towards her, and to supply in some measure the place of one whom he had treated with unkindness.

Though Sophy felt sad at the thought of leaving her old home and her many kind friends, her active fancy was not long picturing the joys of her new home, the pleasure of being near her uncle, of waiting on him and trying to wean him from his mournful thoughts. But one day was given her to prepare for her departure; her simple wardrobe was soon packed; all her favorite haunts and old friends were taken leave of in tears. The bright morning came, and Sophy was whirled away from her native town. She gazed sadly at the tall hills as they receded from view, and wondered when she should see them again.

It was Mr. Seabury's intention to place his niece as soon as possible at some good school not far from there, where she might finish her education. Arrangements were accordingly made, and, in a few weeks, she became a pupil in a flourishing school. Her native talents and close attention to her studies soon gained her the highest praise. Not only was she admired for her talents and attainments, but she gained the love of all by her amiability and goodness. At the end of four years, she left the instutution, a beautiful and accomplished young lady. The following year was spent in travelling through the United States. No place famous for its historical associations, its beauty, or singularity, was left unseen. Watering-places, cities, fashionable resorts, all were visited, and in every place the rich Mr. Seabury and his lovely niece were objects of interest and attention. Throngs of the gay, wealthy, and distinguished flocked around the beautiful Miss Greenough, to pay her homage. Well might her uncle be proud of her, who had already made a life seem pleasant which, some years before, he thought scarcely endurable.

In the following autumn, the travellers returned to Boston, and were soon domesticated in an elegant mansion in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. Our heroine found herself surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life; admired and courted by a large circle of friends. Yet her memory still wanders back to her home among the hills, to the old house where she spent so many happy hours in childhood. Often she thinks of the intellectual young stranger, the purchaser of her hat; then reads, for the hundredth time, the little volume he gave her. Among the many who have paid homage at her shrine, not one is remembered with half the interest which the giver of that book inspired in her heart.

[*Concluded next week.*]

The Wife's Last Letter.

The following touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally marked with her tears, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen.

There are, doubtless, many to whom this affecting missive will recall some blest associations of a wife's love and an early happy home. Many who have left behind them homes where happiness and health made their abode, but who will return to desolate hearths to weep over the graves of the loved and lost:—

"When this shall meet your eye, dear G——, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away for ever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet dear G——, it is so.

"Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone into the dark valley. 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and leaning upon His arm, 'I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you.

"I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayers. But it is not to be so—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom. And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed in death; and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world where partings are unknown.

"Well do I know the spot, dear G——, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of gold, each perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot—and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows on your Mary's grave. I know you will go often all alone, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you there, and whisper through the waving branches, 'I am not lost, but gone before.'"

THE RAT.

No other animal is placed in circumstances which tend so continually to sharpen its wits as the rat; nor does any other appear to be of any more improvable nature. He is of a most intelligent family; being related to the beaver. And in civilized countries he is not a wild creature, for he follows the progress of civilization and adopts his own habits of life to it, so as to avail himself of its benefits.

Wheresoever man goes, rat follows or accompanies him. Town or country are equally agreeable to him. He enters upon your house as a tenant at will, (his own, not yours,) works out for himself a covered way in your walls, ascends by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger apartments, takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an entresol for himself. There he has his parties, and his revels and his gallopades, (merry ones they are), when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of rat land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbors, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney piece or under your hearth stone; retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odor of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing that the spot so appropriated will henceforth be used either as a common cemetery or a family vault. In this respect, as in many others, nearer approaches are made to us by inferior creatures than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

The adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some distant port; rat goes with it. Great Britain plants a colony at Botany Bay, Van Dieman's Land, or at the Swan River; rat takes the opportunity of colonizing also. Ships are sent upon a voyage of discovery, rat embarks as a volunteer. He doubled the stormy Cape with Diaz, arrived at Malabar in the first European vessel with Gena, discovered the New World with Columbus, and took possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigated the globe with Magellan, and with Drake, and with Cook.

Bed Clothes.

Three fourths of the bed covering of our people consists, of what are miscalled "comfortables," viz: two calico cloths, with glazed cotton wadding laid between and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth, while it allows escape to the rest. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analagous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste, and lack of morning appetite betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and "my dear, this is execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much of the rosy health of poor children is due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents; and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber!

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets. The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearest in health. "Comfortables" are uncomfortable and unhealthy.—Cotton, if it could be made equally porous and kept so, we should prefer to wool. The same for daily under-clothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath exit, and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired.—So shall you have pleasant dreams at night, and in the morning cheerful rising, sweet breath and good appetite! These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a houseful of bright and rosy cheeked memorials of rich and fruitful affection.—*Philadelphia Register.*