SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

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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, Cashmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of DRESS MATERIALS, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy ROBES, 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, Dimms, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

NEW GOODS,
Per Steame "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.

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.

PERFUMERY.

THE Subscriber has just received a fresh supply of Lubin's celebrated PERFUMES, consisting in part of "Jockey Club," "Boquet de Caroline," "Eau de Adelaide," "Patchouly," &c. &c., all of which are *warranted genuine.*—Also, a small assortment of PERFUME and CONFECTIONARY BOXES, suitable for Christmas Presents.

THOMAS M. REED,
Head of North Wharf.

FINE GROUND GINGER.—One Ton of the above article, ground here for ourselves, and warranted pure.

June 11. FLEWWELLING & READING.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES BURRELL,
Corner of King & Germain-streets,

Has received per *St. John, Belleerrigg, 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, Veneras, 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 Watps; 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 Plain, 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 19 my wife (who is now 61) caught 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 Albs, Builder of Gas Works, of Rashcliffe, 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 scorbutic 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, 15 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 throughout 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 Brechouse, 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 Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

Poetry.

EVENING SOLACE.

BY C. BELL.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken, if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in noisy riot fly,
While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,
The memory of the Past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in the evening silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,
The tale of others' sufferings seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for that time to be,
When through the mist of years receding;
Its woes but live in reverie.

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shade and loneliness,
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress—
Only a deeper impulse given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

Literature, &c.

[From the "American Union."]

A LEAF FROM LIFE;
OR WHY
AUNT HESTER WAS AN OLD MAID.

BY MISS MARY W. JANVRIN.

"Well girls," said aunt Hester to a group of us, who sat around the old lady's hearth, one cold winter's night—"Well, girls, I'll tell you the story to-night then. Kate and Alice, and you too, Mary, go and sit there in the corner, on the lounge, for I can't bear to see you looking at me so earnestly when I'm talking; and Jenny dear, stir the fire a little, and give Tabby the warm corner. Poor Tabby!" and the old lady stooped and fondly patted the great gray cat which lay purring at her feet.

Aunt Hester lived in the little brown cottage at the foot of the hill; its walls all overrun with honey-suckle and morning-glories; with a gay flower-garden in front, in the summer time, and two tall populars shading the roof.

The floor was always nicely swept, scoured and sanded—the little round table was as white as the floor—the pewter on the dresser shone like silver, the old clock in the corner ticked and ticked with a steady monotone, and in keeping with all this neatness which reigned within, was the tall prim figure of the old lady, who sat bolt upright in the arm-chair before the hearth.

Every body liked aunt Hester. All the village matrons went to her for advice. If the "butter would n't come," she knew precisely the fault and the remedy—if a nice herb cheese was to be pressed, aunt Hester's opinion was asked and given—if a child had the croup or the measles, nobody but aunt Hester could bring "healing balm," and nurse and tend the little sufferer until health was restored again.

And the girls too. I verily believe aunt Hester was the *confidante* of half the love matters in all Willow-dale.

Was a match made, she knew it, and predicted just how it would "turn out," had a young maiden quarrelled with her lover, aunt Hester was sure to find it out and by some means effect a reconciliation. All loved her, and were never in greater glee or more joyous spirits than when the old lady made a tea-party or gave a quilting, when we drank tea from little old fashioned china tea-cups—and did ample justice to the smoking "drop cakes" and rich golden custards. Aunt Hester's custards! how she prided herself on her skill in cookery! Those custards—they were the wonder and envy of all the good village dames: no one could equal them.

And then when the afternoon's task was done, and the quilt rolled up; the tea-table cleared away—the hearth swept up, and Tabby purring in her favorite corner—then were brought up from the cellar a large dish of golden russets or cherry checked baldwins and placed before the glowing fire to warm—then, perhaps two or three village beaux dropped in, when ensued a game of forfeits, or "hunt the slipper;" and then, when wearied out we sat down to rest, aunt Hester would pass the refreshing apples, and tell us some strange old story of the remembrances of her younger days.

That winter's night we sat around the hearth; and Jenny Lee—a playful witch, and a great favorite of the old lady's, said,

"Now do be good, aunt Hester, and tell us why you never got married."

Aunt Hester's wrinkled face flushed for a moment, and she passed her withered hand over her dim grey eyes.

We trembled for Jenny; for, though we many a time had wished the old lady would tell us the story, yet none had ever dared ask her.

But the teasing Jenny was not to be put off, so she said again,

"Come, aunty, do tell us girls all about it, and about the good times you had when you were a young girl."

Aunt Hester sat a few moments in silence, and then spoke:

"Well, girls, I'll tell you why I'm a poor, lonely old maid, though nobody ever heard me before. To tell the truth, I don't like to talk much about those days.

"You would n't think, girls, that old aunt Hester was once young and handsome. But the time was—a good many years ago—that no girl in Willow-dale had brighter eyes or rosier cheeks, or blacker curls than I. And in all the country round, nobody could make lighter bread or better butter and cheese, or spin so many rolls in a day. But now, I'm old and feeble, and my skin is wrinkled and my hair is gray. Ah girls, Time withers the fairest cheek and dims the brightest eye" and the old lady ceased, overcome by her emotions.

For a few minutes we all sat in silence, and then Jenny, impatient for the story, exclaimed,

"But aunty, you promised to tell us about your *lovers*."

The old lady looked up and sadly smiled. Wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and snapping her knitting needles at the commencement of a new round, she began:

"My father owned a snug farm—my mother was an industrious woman, and I was an only child. Until I was sixteen years old, I went to the town school, excepting when my mother wanted me to help her at home. But that was not very often, for she was right smart herself, and thinking a good deal of education, would have me kept at school nearly all the time.

"When I was sixteen, I left going to school, and began to help at home. I spun and wove linen, and helped in the dairy, till, what with so much to do, I got no time to look over my books."

"But *the beaux?* You never 'll get to *them*!" said Jenny—herself the veriest flirt in existence—for whom a story had no charm if, in it, none of the masculines figured.

"When the winter of my sixteenth year came round," continued aunt Hester, "I went to the singing school. All the young folks about went, but I had to tease and coax mother and father a good while before they would give their consent.

"The singing school was held Wednesday and Saturday evenings in the school house at the village, and cold winter nights too; so we had to muffle up well in cloaks and hoods and tippets. And then, sometimes there would come a snow-storm, and the drifts would be over the fences when some of the neighbor's sons would harness up their double-sleighs and carry all the girls, so we had both the ride and the singing.

"The singing master was a young man from a town twenty miles distant, who went to college, but had come up to our village to teach in vacations."

"Ah, now I know the whole story!" shouted Jenny, starting up and clapping her hands. Don't you see, girls? The singing master fell in love with aunt Hester, and aunt Hester with the singing master—and—and—"

"What *else?* you don't seem to see *very* far—for you're puzzled already!" said Kate Allen mischievously, enjoying Jenny's confusion. "You'd better let aunt Hester tell her *own* story, I think?"

Jenny sat down with a pout on her cherry lips; and the old lady, with a smile, continued:

"Well, as I have said, Walter Martin—that was his name—came to our village to spend the vacation. His singing school was large—and before he had been in town three weeks, nearly all the girls had invited him to tea. By and by mother consented, and it came *my* turn. Mother baked her nicest pumpkin-pies and best drop cakes—and I was all in a flutter for the day to come.

"Was he *handsome*, aunt Hester?" inquired Alice.

"Yes," was the reply; "he was tall, with beautiful black eyes and hair, white teeth, and a pleasant smile. I don't know as *all* thought him so handsome as *I* did; but the girls were all bewitched with his singing.

"He came and took tea with us, and in the evening the neighbors came in, and we had a sing. How quick that evening passed! The old clock struck ten; it seemed but a few minutes since he had come. When he went, father and mother invited him to call often. He looked at me; but if I did not *seek*, he must have read *in my eyes* that I seconded the invitation.

"Well, the winter passed away—so quickly that it seemed not a dream. We had sleigh rides and parties and sings, and at all these, Walter Martin was the leader—first and foremost, with his sparkling eyes and pleasant smile.

"I lived nearly a mile from the school-house, and but two of the girls came my way—Susan Emerson and Jane Foster. We were coming out one night and Susan and her brother James were close beside me, when all at once some one touched my arm. I looked up, and the singing master stood beside me.

"'May I walk home with you to-night, Hester?' he said—he never had called me *Hester* before—and he drew my arm within his.

"I trembled a little, and clinging to Susan, said—

"'Susan is with me.'

"'And Miss Emerson, too,' he said, with a smile; 'for, if I mistake not, James will be glad to offer company Miss Foster.'

"Susan was a wild, laughing girl, and she only exclaimed, gaily, as she took his arm—

"'Thank you, Mr. Martin; but ain't you afraid of losing *your dignity*, if you walk home with your scholars?'

"'O, I would n't care if I *did* lose it in the eyes of *some!*' and he glanced down towards me with a smile.

"'Miss Emerson, for instance,' I said boldly, determined she should not understand him, for she was such a torment she would have plagued my life out, I was sure; but the master said no more.

"Susan lived about half way between the school house and my home, and we soon left her there. She had talked and laughed all the way, while I hardly said a word. I could not talk, only to answer some questions addressed to me. How I wished that *I* could laugh and joke as well as she! but in vain.

"Well," continued aunt Hester, "Susan reached home, and left us, shouting—

"'A pleasant walk to you, but don't get into the snow-drifts! Good night!' and we walked on.

"It was a bitter cold night, and the loose snow was blowing about, for there had been a snow-storm the night before.

"'I am afraid you will take cold; and if so, the *singing* will prove but a poor recompense,' said the master, drawing my arm closer to his side.

"'No, I guess there is no danger,' I said, at length; for the fact was, my head had ached all day, and mother had tried to persuade me to stay at home that night, but I *would* go, and I was determined to brave it out.

"'I noticed that your cheeks were very red all the evening, and I thought perhaps you had a head ache. I should be sorry to hear you were sick,' he said, tenderly.

"I made no reply, but began to talk about something else until I reached home.

"He lingered a little at the door, and then turned back with a low, soft 'good night,' on his lips.

"As I entered the kitchen, mother cried from the bed-room—

"'Hester, go and warm your feet before you go to bed,' but I did not feel cold, I was all in a glow, and so I took a candle and went up stairs.

"The master had said my cheeks looked red; I kept thinking of it; and then I thought how often my gaze had fallen beneath his that evening. I felt almost *sure* he loved me, and with happy and confused thoughts I went to bed.

"The next morning I awoke with my head aching violently, my throat swollen and sore, and my tongue parched and hot. I was too sick to go down stairs. Presently mother came up: the moment she looked at me she was frightened, and ran for father. He came up and put his hand on my burning forehead; I cried aloud with pain, for my head seemed bursting.

"'She has got a fever; I must go for the doctor,' he said; and in half an hour Dr. Willis stood in my chamber.

"I remember of hearing him say, 'Violent cold—lungs sore—head hot—a fever,' and then I heard no more.

"Three weeks after he said I was out of danger, but it was not until spring that I left my room.

"One day after I got down stairs—it was the first of April, I believe—we heard a loud rap at the door; mother went, and I heard her say, 'Mr. Martin!' and then, in answer to some inquiries, 'yes, she's better—got down stairs—walk in.'

"How I trembled; I was pale a minute before, but the color must have come to my cheeks, for as the singing-master came and shook my hand, he said 'Ah, Hester, I'm glad to see the red cheeks again.'

"During the time that I lay on my sick bed, while slowly recovering, I had daily and hourly wondered if the singing-school was done, and one day when Susan Emerson came in to see me, I asked her.

"'Yes, the school's done, and the master's gone. O, dear, I'm sorry, for we did have *such nice times!* You've lost a good deal while you've been sick,' was her reply.

"Then my heart ached, for I loved Walter Martin, and had *once* felt almost sure that he did me; but he had *gone* away, and must have *forgotten* me. Mother had not told me that he had called nearly every day to inquire after me, and I did not know that the illness and death of his father had called him away; but I felt happy and almost well again when he stood before me.

"He did not stay long, or talk much with me, for I was still weak; but when he rose to go, he said he should call *often* while in town, for he must go back to college in another week. I must have started and turned pale—for he looked earnestly at me, and shook my hand, and said—

"'And I hope that the roses will bloom on your cheeks, before then.'

"He came often; and at length the night before the day of his departure came, and with it brought him to our house. I had grown much better—was almost well again.

"That night, when we parted, he placed a ring upon my finger, and bade me wear it for *his sake*;" and here aunt Hester stopped.

"Girls, *you* know," she at length continued, for in those brief moments the old lady had lived over again her early days of happiness, and her eyes sparkled with the light of olden love recollections, and her voice grew soft and melodious—"girls—Alice, Jenny, *you* are young, and know the happiness of being beloved. You know how joyful the life of poor old aunt Hester must have been *then!* There are no such days now—I am old, and desolate, and lonely. Never again can I be young and be loved as then;" and her voice trembled with choking tears.

All was silent. Not a word was spoken. Even the thoughtless Jenny was subdued and still, for with all her levity and gaiety she possessed a *true woman's heart*, throbbing with love and tenderness. All was still, and no sound was heard in aunt Hester's little kitchen, save the ticking of the old clock in the corner, and the purring of Tabby on the hearth.

At length she continued. "We parted—Walter to leave for his books again, on the morrow, and I to live a new life in my quiet home. How happily the months passed until I saw him again. My parents had sanctioned my choice—all was bright before me. But again he left. A *letter* came; he was well, and making rapid progress in his studies. A few months more, and they would be completed; and then he would shortly come to claim me. An uncle had died, leaving him property, with which he would buy a fine farm, and live there, with *love* and *me*, the life he wished to live—of quiet contentment and happiness.

"Another letter came. In a week he was to be with me. Everything was ready—the wedding-dress was made—I had spun the finest wool and woven the finest, whitest linen—the farm was bought and stocked—all ready.

"One night we heard a rap. I sprang to the door—and met—*not Walter*, but a *stranger*. I heard a few words—*terrible* words, which seemed to burn into my brain. But oh God! *why* do I linger? I *cannot* talk of it. I have never spoken of those days *before*, nor can I more now!" and aunt Hester buried her face in her hands.

The cat on the hearth purred still, and the old clock ticked louder than ever, but aunt Hester had no caress for her favorite, nor heeded the minutes as they flew by. Her heart was wandering away to the days of her girlhood, in the well remembered past.

All the girls sat in silence, respecting the sad thoughts of the old lady too well to interrupt them. Presently Tabby rose and walking to her mistress' side, rubbed her head caressingly against aunt Hester's hand; and just at that moment, the old clock struck nine.

Aunt Hester started from her reverie, and the girls rose to go.

"Tell us, only tell us, aunt Hester—*did he die?*" said Jenny, in a low voice, as she bent her sweet young face down to the aged woman's grey-haired brow.

"Yes dear; my Walter *was dead!* He had been thrown from his horse and *instantly killed*."

And then, in a voice choking with emotion, tenderly folding Jenny to her heart and kissing her, she fervently exclaimed—

"God keep *you*, my darling from *such* sorrow. Sixty years have passed since then; others there were who asked me to share their hearts and homes, but I *could not*. The memory of my first and only love has made aunt Hester an Old Maid."

Choosing Husbands.

"When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her?"

A very clever correspondent has sent the editor of an exchange, a letter containing this query, and she makes out her case very ably. She says:

"I have been married many years; the match was considered to be a very good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. Why, my dear Mr. Editor, I loved my husband when I married him, because he had by unwearied assiduity, succeeded in gaining my affections; but had 'choice' been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I can but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonis; he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister; a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing, and flirting, left me in the lurch! Either of them would have been my 'choice' had I so chosen; but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

There is both sound sense and truth in this; but is it not better that men should chose than that they should be chosen? And is not our correspondent probably much happier with her present husband, shooting jacket, pipe and dog included, than she would have been with either the fashionable clergyman or the clever barrister? Men are proverbially inconstant; and, after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children begin to be felt, and when (the most trying time of all,) the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children, unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness.

A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage; and even if indifferent before, no well disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on her side, are a bond of union, and though she may appear, for them, to neglect some of those little attentions which men seem naturally to expect, it is only because the child is the more helpless being of the two, and the true woman always takes the side of those who are the most feeble. It is a strange but melancholy fact that when young girls fancy themselves in love, they are seldom if ever happy, if they marry the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases, they find the husband they have chosen quite a different person as an individual, from the imaginary object he appeared as a lover.

The imagination of most girls is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible perfections are assembled together in the young girl's mind to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society, is generally invested by her with the halo of these thoughts, and she fancies herself violently in love without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder, then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished, never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to a man she detests, because she fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand, the man who, with every pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl, becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relatives on both sides share in the same feelings—"what would she have?" they cry—"she married for love and for the consequences."

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases, generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dissipated, and the truth, in all its hard and stern reality, comes forth from the veil that has been thrown around it, both parties feel indignant at the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of those accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and then, if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

The Little Quakeress.

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time in New England. It so fell out that a young couple became very much smitten with each other—as young people do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dared not disobey—that is to say, she dared not disobey openly. She "met him by the moonlight," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment like a worm in the bud prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out:

"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases."

And then what did Mary! Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and unusual an apparition, as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly up to him and took both his hands in hers.

"John," said she, "father says I may have thee."

And John got directly up from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.—*Brattleboro' Eagle.*

"ALL FOR THE BEST."—Dr. Johnston used to say that the habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "for every bad there might be worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, he exclaimed, "God be praised," that "it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

THE SILVER SHOVEL.—The silver shovel recently used in the ceremony of breaking ground for the Mountain Lake Water Company, at San Francisco, was banded with gold, and cost a thousand dollars. The same shovel was afterwards employed at the banquet in shovelling into the plates of the ladies present generous quantities of fine large strawberries from a half bushel measure which was filled with this delicious fruit, gathered in the vicinity.

The Cabinet.

From the N. O. Picayune.

The Death of Children.

The consolations of sympathy and the condolence of friendship can but partially reach, much less heal, the heart-wounds of a mother bereaved of her offspring. No human affections cling with such tenacity to the object of their embrace as the love of a mother to the person and memory of her children. Time, which distills the dews of oblivion upon so many of the afflictions and troubles of life, fails to bring the relief of forgetfulness. The world with its pleasures and abstractions, resigns the offices of consolation and confesses its inadequacy to mitigate the severities of such a trial. All that is left her who is doomed to drink this cup is to turn to religion and seek in revelation the only comfort that can be hoped for. In the death of children there is much consolation in the thought that there is a blissful immortality, and that, for themselves, it is infinitely better to depart and be with Christ.

These thoughts were suggested by the death of a little Belle, a sweet child of less than two years of age. Whilst her parents feared and expected the death of an older child, a son, she was taken. Ministering angels carried her away to their bright home and left her invalid brother behind. "The last was first, and the first shall be last." But two others had gone before, and now in triune harmony they lift together anthems of praise with all the heavenly choir.

How inscrutable are the ways of God! especially to the bereaved! How difficult for such to read the severe lessons of an afflictive providence? But these have a meaning, nevertheless. They rebuke our worldliness and persuade to heavenly mindedness. That mother's heart was not crushed for naught. In it God has a gracious design; and in taking away her heart-blossoms and planting them in glory, inducements were multiplied for the earnest persecution of Christian discipleship, "for where the treasure is there will the heart be also." The departed dear ones shall not return to the parents, but they, if moved to faith and love, shall go to them.

Sorrowing and tearful mother, reflect that ere long Heaven shall gather thee and them within its bosom, where God shall wipe all tears away.

"No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

Now sorrow fills thy heart, and earth is to thee a vale of tears.

"But now the express waves above
Thy pure and spotless breast,
And that bright form of life and love
Is wrapt in silent rest.

"But yet of hope a distant gleam
Recalls me from despair,
And tells that we may meet again,
My lost, loved, precious Belle!"

Rise early, live soberly, and apply thyself with industry.