For Month 10 see after May 5th

THE Weekly Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE,

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All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

March.	R. Sun. s.	Moon,	H. w.
5 Saturday,	6 24 5 39	2 55	5 19
6 Sunday,	6 19 5 41	3 35	6 36
7 Monday,	6 18 5 42	4 13	7 54
8 Tuesday,	6 17 5 43	5 39	8 58
9 Wednesday,	6 15 5 45	5 5	9 46
10 Thursday,	6 14 5 46	5 25	10 26
11 Friday,	6 12 5 48	Sets.	11 1

New Moon, 12th, 1h. 32m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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

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 : Charles Ward.

Bank of British North America.—(St. 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.]

Saving's 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.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Winterbon's ANTI-BILIOUS SOLUTION.

THIS Invaluable Medicine has only within a few years been offered to the Public, the Proprietor having used it in his private practice for many years, and has experienced the most wonderful success by its use in the undermentioned diseases.

In a few moments after taking it the patient is entirely relieved of the most painful heartburn, or pain occasioned by a superabundant quantity of bile in the stomach and bowels. Though the effects of the Anti-Bilious Solution are so instantaneous, they are not the less permanent: it strengthens the stomach, improves the appetite, removes all acidity and bile from the stomach and bowels, raises the spirits, and strengthens and invigorates the whole constitution.

The most delicate and feeble invalid labouring under Dyspepsia will by continuing the use of the Anti-Bilious Solution for a few weeks, experience its most happy effects in being restored to the enjoyment of perfect health.

Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Langour, Coldness of the Extremities, Morbid Acidity in the stomach and bowels, headache, drowsiness, habitual costiveness, and general debility, bilious complaints of every description, diarrhœa, vomiting, sour stomach, wind and flatulency of the stomach and bowels, jaundice heartburn, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, and red gravel, Asthma and Coughs in old Persons.—For these and many other complaints the proprietor has experienced the greatest benefit in his general practice, and can confidently assert that others may experience the same result by merely attending to the directions in taking this Medicine.

The subscriber has received a supply of the above for sale at the late Circulating Library Germain Street.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

November 5th.

Raisins, Onions, &c.

Landing ex schr. Margaret Traynor, from Boston :

40 DOZEN CORN BROOMS, 20 dozen Painted Pails; 10 do. Hickory Axe Handles, 10 do Manilla Clothes Lines,
100 Boxes (halves and quarters) Dunch Raisins;
30 Barrels ONIONS;
5 Bales COTTON BATTING;
5 Boxes Chocolate; 1 case Cinnamon.

Ex Martha Bree, from Halifax :

10 Casks Pale SEAL OIL,
20 Boxes London Sperm Candles.

☞ The subscribers are happy to announce, that they have saved the greater part of their stock of fine Pekoe flavoured CONGO, which has given so much satisfaction.

JARDINE & CO.

Corner of Prince Wm. and Church streets.

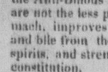
Dec. 3.

Salt Rheum, &c.

DRUMMOND'S Salt Rheum Ointment, the most effectual remedy for Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Tetter, Ring Worm, Itch, and every kind of Cutaneous Eruption.

For sale by Messrs. Peters & Tilley, and Mr. J. Sears, King street; Mr. D. Aymar, corner of Princess and Germain streets; and Mr. John Cook, Carleton. January 21.

Mail Stage to Fredericton.



THE subscribers have commenced running a STAGE three times a week to Fredericton, leaving St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and Fredericton on the alternate days.

☞ Books will be kept at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and at Mr. Segee's, Fredericton.

JAMES HEWITT,
JOHN WINTERS.

Nov. 26.

CANDLES.—80 Boxes London Mould Candles, 6's, wax wicks, in 60 and 30 lb. Boxes; 30 Boxes Dipt Candles, and a small quantity very superior Starch. For sale by

SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

Oct. 1

Miscellany.

REAL SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

(Concluded.)

Laura learnt, from the mistress of the house, that the husband of the sick actress was a profligate unfeeling wretch, who had lived upon the talents of his wife, till her exertions had preyed upon, and at last destroyed, her health. Helen had been obliged to leave her comfortable lodgings just as her health failed. She removed to an obscure chamber, and no one went to visit her but the kind-hearted Mrs. Delmour, who had even removed her own little packages to the same house, that she might be near, and attend the young and dying actress.

When Laura returned home, she found Doctor Wellard there, who had been unable to call on her before. His first words were, "I never beheld so lovely, or so interesting a creature! I wish it were in my power to save her; but, poor thing! I fear there is no hope. I almost wish she could be put out of her misery at once, for her sufferings may be long and severe. She may live yet many weeks."—"Oh, do not regret it, sir," she replied; "she may have time to wean her mind from this world."—"I know not if she is aware of her danger," said he. Laura knew that she was.—She was now fully determined to lose no time in requesting Mr. Curzon, the clergyman she had mentioned, to visit Helen Gray. He gladly consented to do so; and when Laura entered the room of her sick friend, on the following day, Mr. Curzon was just taking his leave. Helen appeared to have been weeping. "I am rather fatigued this evening," she said: "I cannot say what I should wish to you. Shall I be intruding on your kindness, if I ask you to read, and then to leave me? A heavy burden is nearly lifted from my heart. The day after to-morrw, if I am spared so long, I shall rejoice to see you; I cannot tell you just now why I make this odd request: I fear I should be too exhausted to-morrow. It will be more prudent for me not to see you till the day following."

The following day was, indeed, a time of trial to poor Helen. Mr. Curzon, after having conversed with her, perceived that some untold anxiety constantly weighed upon her mind, and he told her what he thought. She confessed that his conjectures were right, but seemed rather to avoid the subject. He had too little curiosity, and too much delicacy, to ask her to confess any thing to him; but he earnestly entreated her to discover every secret of her heart, in humble prayer, to her Heavenly Father. After he had read to her, and prayed with her, he was about to depart, surprised and delighted with the clear knowledge she possessed of spiritual things: a knowledge that showed that her heart was really touched and affected, and that the book of God was no longer a sealed book to her. He was about to depart, when he heard her soft voice, meekly imploring him to return for a short time, "God has given me strength to speak to you now," she said: "I was too weak in purpose before. There is a secret which lies like lead upon my heart, which must be told before I can die in peace.—My husband, sir, is not very kind to me; but, although he neglects me, I am sorry to say any thing against him: I am the most improper person to do so: although he does neglect me, he has a high opinion of his wife; he believes that I am virtuous: he has the most perfect confidence in me. I need not tell you more," she continued, hanging down her head, and speaking in a voice half choaked with repressed feeling; "I need not tell you more than this: he has been deceived in me—his seemingly virtuous wife has been false to the vows she plighted to him before God." Helen dropped her head upon her folded arms, and sobbed aloud.

When she had recovered herself, she said, "I have told you my guilty secret, sir; the worst seems over, for I feel strength now to tell my husband.—Might I request you to come and pray with me to-morrow evening? By that time I shall have seen my husband; he has promised to come here to-morrow at three o'clock." Mr. Curzon had at first been inclined to dissuade her from this confession to a brutal and profligate wretch, who had himself violated every duty of a husband. He thought of her declining health, and feared lest the trial should prove too great for her; he said something on the subject, but Helen was determined: she told him that she felt as if power would be given her. He therefore agreed to her request; and, as I before mentioned, departed as Laura entered the room. At a few minutes before three, on the following day, Mr. Curzon came again to the sick actress. "I would wish, he said, "to be present when you see your husband; I know something of his character: I will take care not to offend him, but I hope you will permit me to remain." Helen looked up rather fearfully, to the old clergyman, and replied, "You are the best judge, sir; I will do as you wish." It was long after three o'clock when the husband appeared. Helen turned very pale, as he carelessly touched her hand. "Who is this with you? he inquired in a loud whisper, looking round on Mr. Curzon with a bold and scrutinizing glance. The old gentleman instantly replied to his whisper, surveying him with a calm, but earnest look; "My name is Curzon, and I am a clergyman. I heard that your wife was a dying woman, and I came to read the Bible to her, and to pray with her." The man grumbled out a few indistinct words, and fixed on his wife a sullen scowl, which seemed to threaten that his displeasure should be more plainly declared at a future time. "Husband," said Helen, quite calmly, in a feeble voice, "I understand you; but allow me to go to my grave in peace: I shall not be long here, and I cannot consent to trifle any longer with my soul. I must think of God; and therefore I do not now fear to speak of *Him* to you. Husband, husband!" she continued, perceiving that the savage expression of his countenance remained unchanged, "let me be heard for once? You will think of this unkindness when I am dead, and be then sorry.—What have we both been without religion?"—The man sat down in sullen, careless silence. "Now, I will speak," said she, looking up with her face deadly pale: "Richard,"—the man did not seem to notice her—"in the presence of this gentleman, hear me speak. I have sent for you, to tell you what has been too long concealed! You have thought me a virtuous wife, I know you have; in all your unkindness, you have had a full confidence of all my innocence. I confess that I have deceived you, that I am a guilty creature!" It is a lie," said the man, indignantly, startled into attention by her words. The blood rushed into his face, and he struck his hand almost furiously on the table: "It is a lie, Helen, and no one shall dare to tell me otherwise." Poor Helen sunk back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, colouring so deeply, that her cheeks and forehead deepened into crimson, when opposed to her pale fingers. "My dear Richard," she continued, in a faltering voice, leaning forward and looking earnestly in his face; "before God, and as a dying woman, I declare that I am; no, not am, I hope I *am not* now; it was many years ago. I have been " " " Do not ask any particulars; but forgive me before I die."

The man met the earnest gaze of his wife, it seemed, very sternly at first; he heard every word she uttered, and still sat with his eyes fixed on her, and then on vacancy. Helen moved slowly from her chair; she approached her husband, her knee trembled beneath her, as she placed her hand on his, and said meekly and entreatingly, "Will you forgive such a creature?" His chest began to heave violently, a storm seemed convulsing his frame, it was the storm of passionate grief; he could not control it; the large tears gushed into his eyes; the bold and profligate sinner wept.

Helen did not move, her hands were clasped on her knee, her face had fallen on her bosom. They feared that she was insensible; she was any thing but insensible, her whole soul was wrapt in a transport of prayer; her husband lifted her up, and placed her tenderly in her chair. He sat down near her, still weeping, and holding her hand. Oh! how different did she look from a guilty creature! how pure and how touching was the expression of her countenance! the fair lids veiling her soft blue eyes, from which the tears quietly trickled over her pale cheeks; her lips moving in prayer. "My love, my dear injured wife," said her husband—the very man, whose appearance had seemed to declare that he was lost to every sense and feeling; "it is I who should ask forgiveness. If you are a sinner, what am I? You have my forgiveness freely. Can you ever forgive me?"—As I hope God, for Christ's sake, will forgive me?" she replied. "I cannot bear it any longer," said the man; "I will come to you again soon, I must go for a short time."—"Richard!" she said. The man stopped: Helen did not speak, but she looked toward the Bible which lay open upon the table. "I know what you would tell me," said he; "that book has taught you to act thus; I can never forget it."—"It is the book of life," exclaimed Helen. The man came back from the door, he placed his hand upon the Bible, and then looked at Mr. Curzon. "Take it, it is yours," said the old clergyman? "and may God's blessing be with it.—Richard Gray took up the book. —The door closed on him.

Laura was prevented keeping her appointment with Helen Gray, by the sudden illness of her own mother. From Mr. Curzon she learnt however, the particulars of the several interviews with the actress and her husband. A week had elapsed when Laura was called down from her mother's bedside to a person, who anxiously desired to see her. On entering the library, she found Mrs. Delmour pacing the room, and holding to her nose a bottle of salts: the old lady quickened her steps when she perceived Laura, and stood before the latter ere she had closed the door.—"The dear sufferer," she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "is very ill: she is, I fear, dying: the last hours of her earthly pilgrimage are near at hand: even now, I think, they have commenced: the venerable Mr. Curzon has just left her, after having administered the sacrament. She has expressed many times her wish to see you, and I thought I could not do better than come to you."—"I thank you very much," replied Laura; "I should be really grieved if I were not to see her again before death. I will ask one of my sisters to attend my mother during my absence, and I will go with you directly."—Laura had been the constant attendant of her mother, and she was much exhausted by watching, and by mental anxiety: during her mother's illness she had taken no regular repose, and as she went to the death-bed of the young actress, she dreaded to think how soon she might stand beside the death-bed of her own dear mother. As she passed along the streets the dim soft gloom of twilight made her feel more melancholy, and the freshening breeze, which was felt by others as a delightful change from the heat of the day, made her shiver with cold. She sighed as she met frequent parties of happy persons (they all seemed happy to her,) returning from their evening walks in the neighbouring country. Some of them were laughing loudly, others carried in their hands large nosegays, and branches of hawthorn in full blossom, which scented the cool air as they passed along.

The House in which Helen Gray lodged had never seemed so dismal as on that evening. The shop and staircase felt oppressively hot with confined air. When Laura had reached the chamber of Helen, her melancholy feelings left her, for her whole attention was called to the scene of death before her, and *that* was too absorbing to allow any uncertain sorrows to disturb her mind. The dying woman was forbidden to speak, and Mrs. Delmour pointed to a sheet of paper and a pencil which lay beside her.—The darkness of twilight had cleared away into the calm splendour of a bright moonlight night: the moonbeams streamed into the chamber through the open window, and the candle's light looked dim. Helen sat in a large chair before the window; in the full radiance of the moonshine, her face appeared of a deathy paleness, and her white garments glistened with dazzling lustre; she looked like one already dead, and beautiful in death. Laura supposed that she was asleep—she raised her eyes, and held out her hand to her friend: that hand was icy cold, and moist with the damps of death: but tenderly it returned the pressure of her friend's. The prayer-book, in which Helen had accompanied Mr. Curzon during his performance of the sacrament service, still lay open on the table: she leaned forward, drew the candle nearer, and turning over a few leaves, gave the book to Laura: her finger pointed to the commendatory prayer, for a dying person at the point of departure; and she looked up, with a smile on her face, to Laura, who perfectly understood the wish expressed in her countenance. They knelt down, and Laura then first perceived a person who had been sitting also in silence in a dark corner of the chamber—he was the husband of Helen Gray. They knelt down; Helen endeavoured to rise, but was unable to do so: supported by the nurse, she sat upright in her chair, with her hands clasped together, till Laura had finished praying. Then Helen sunk back again, and remained in silent thought, with her eyes fixed on her kind friend for some minutes: again a smile beamed over her face, her lips unclosed; but she seemed immediately to recollect, that she was forbidden to speak, and quietly extended her hand to write, but she could not guide the pencil properly: Laura endeavoured to assist her, but the pencil fell from her fingers, and she said, "I cannot see. Thank God, I have seen you, my dear friend—now the light of the candle looks dim, now all is darkness: death must be very near me." Her eye-lids closed; she fell back, and Laura feared she was dead: but again she raised her hands, and held them out towards the place where her husband had been sitting; he came to her, and throwing himself on the ground before her, pressed them repeatedly to his lips. Just then Laura heard, as Helen drew her breath, a faint rattling mingled with the sound of her breathing: she had seemed for some minutes to breathe with difficulty. Helen sunk down from her chair; they thought that she was falling—she was not falling, she was striving to kneel, and, supported in their arms, she did kneel—she lifted up her open hands, and, with trembling lips, she slowly uttered out the words: "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him for they know his voice." She could not speak afterwards—her head sunk on Laura's shoulder—Laura could feel the breath of the dying woman blowing upon her neck; more and more faintly came that cold damp breath, and with it was heard again the convulsive rattle. Laura could scarcely sustain the weight of the dying woman: a faint and sickening shudder seemed to creep through her own frame: again the cold breath blew upon her neck, and Laura half shrank away from it. She struggled with her weakness, and bent down affectionately over the pale face which lay upon her bosom; the tears streamed from her eyes—they dropt upon Helen's face, but Helen knew it not—the heavy head sunk lower and lower on her friend's bosom—Helen Gray was dead.

For awhile, Laura sat motionless, and lost to all that passed around her, in earnest and holy thought. She recollected where she was, and rose, with a deep-drawn sigh, to depart. The nurse stopped her before she had reached the door. Laura scarcely heard what was said to her, but followed the woman to the side of the bed. There lay the body of Helen, looking more beautiful than Laura had ever seen her. The flush of quiet sleep seemed to lend its tender colouring to the cheek: smiles, like those which play upon the lips of innocent children, dreaming of their mother's love; such smiles were on the lips which Laura kissed, as silently as if she feared to disturb the sleeper. "God forever bless you!" exclaimed a voice, as she left the room: she looked around, and beheld the kind and faithful Mrs. Delmour raising her tearful face from the bed, beside which she had been kneeling. The countenance of another person met her sight, fixed in one intense and rigid expression on the corpse—on all that now remained to him of his once beautiful and intellectual wife.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.

SCOTCHMEN IN LONDON.

Scotchmen are to be found in London, as everywhere else, but not in that proportion you would be led to expect from the immensity of the place. The practical shrewdness and intuitive plain sense with which natives of that country are so bountifully endowed, and which have become so interwoven with the national character, that one overlooks the advantage of their admirable system of education, and imagines that the scotchmen are born with a sharp eye to business, enables them to see, that unless they have a connection established, the capitalists of London are too heavy metal to contend with. Accordingly, you see very few Scotchmen in proportion to other adventurers hanging loose upon society in London: in this particular he differs materially from the Irishman, who when he quits London thinks he quits life. The Scotchman regards London with a view to bettering his condition or making his fortune; the Irishman regards it as a pleasant place to live in, and his ambition is satisfied if he earn a living, because a living is success to him who cannot get a living at home.

Sandy, however, is a long-headed fellow and looks a great way beyond the end of his nose; he knows his sound, worldly, hard-handed habits will gain him a living anywhere, but that does not satisfy him; his dreams by night, for he is wide awake in the day, transport him to some sweet little vale among the braes of Baldwhidder, where he was reared, and where he means to return a nabob, like Jemmy MacPherson, and buy up the whole territory: his desire is to aggrandize Scotland in his own person, and therefore looks out upon the wide world as the field for the accomplishment of his purpose, in, different whether his fate consigns him to the Arctic or Antarctic Pole. No man is better calculated to rub along than your Scot; of a hardy race, inured to labour, and no way fastidious in his living, he is sure to fall upon his legs, wherever you fling him. But it is to his education he owes everything; he it at his own door, under the keen eye and watchful care of educated parents: and when we say educated, let it not be understood to mean pedantical humbuges, inflated with Horation metres, or stuffed up to the gorge with catalectic dithyrambic-iambic anapæsts, which, we are given to understand, are the nicknames of crippled syllables that hop up and down the classical world like beggars upon crutches, but men who have studied the philosophy of history in the heroic struggles of their fathers for independence, political and religious; who have acquired proverbial habits of industry in forcing a niggardly soil against nature to be productive, and whose rules of life, conduct, and conversation must be the best, since drawn from the pages of that blessed Book given by God to man for his guide and instructor in his pilgrimage from this world to the world to come. The independence of their country, secured by the indomitable men in whose eyes slavery was the worst of deaths, and death in resisting tyranny but the beginning of a better life, has given the sons of Scotland a moral elevation, which is their first and best letter of recommendation. Their mode of life, equally removed from squalid poverty which knows no hope, but luxury which enervates while it refines, adapts him for wrestling with the world, whether abroad or at home, while his system of early education is that best calculated to attain independence, and to teach him to enjoy with moderation and sobriety the blessings independence can bestow. The Scot is never ashamed for a moment of his country: nay, we will go further, and say that we have never known a Scot indifferent to, or forgetful of his country: he has a pride in his accent, his physical characteristics, and the garb of Old Gaul. The bagpipe sounds in his ear like the voice of a clansman, and his penny is always ready for the brother Scot who extricates, from elbow strictured bag, every variety of intonation from grunt to squeak, mellowed into tenderness by the luxuriance of the ever rambling drone. If you are skilled in the mysteries of tartan, you need hardly enquire his name; for in vest, trousers, cap, neck-kerchief, you will be sure to decipher whether he is a Mackintosh, a Macfarlane, or a Murray. He dresses plainly, but with neatness, and always according to his means and station; he affects gaiters, and is fond of enveloping in weather-defying galligaskinds the nether extremities of his visible man. Remembering his primeval attachment to the kilt, we always quote this peculiarity as one of the most striking examples of the strong propensity of human nature to run into opposite extremes. Grave and sober in his general deportment, he is fidgety and touchey in the extreme upon every question, whether great or small affecting the honour, character, and conduct of the greatest or meanest of his countrymen, in which he sees involved the honour and character of the country; if you wish to throw him into a nervous fever, you have only to observe, that from the *Paster Fido* Allan Ramsay may have derived the idea of the "Gentle Shepherd," or, if he be a Highlander, to hint a suspicion affecting the authenticity of Ossian. He is accused of loving Scotland better than truth, and this, which was intended as a calumny, is one of the highest compliments we can pay him; the manual of his youth, the companion of his manhood, and the consolation of his age, has recorded for him the punishment of the son who displayed the nakedness of his father; he regards his country as he does his parent, and would as soon suffer imputation upon the one as upon the other. He lives rarely by his wit, for he knows that wit, like service, is no inheritance; still more rarely by his wits; for in addition to the objections of his bringing up, he is well aware that honest enterprise and continuous industry pay better in the long run. He has humour, but it is dry, and for that reason probably, he is fond of moistening his humour with whiskey toddy; whisky toddy, however, potent as it is, cannot overcome his habitual gravity: if he forgets himself so far as to get drunk, he gets drunk, soberly and with discretion.

As we have said, his spirit of nationality is evidenced alike in great and little things. Although living at the utmost ends of the town, he will toddle through, wet or dry, to attend public worship at the National Scots Church in Regent Square or Swallow Street; he will "cry tails" with three for a bottle of Edingburgh ale, and walk seven miles to drink it at the "Three Thistles." If you talk of cookery, he silences you at once with sheepshead broth and haggis they who hear him upon those appetizing dainties, have no no need of dinner.

His views being directed mainly to commercial pursuits, you will find him lodging somewhere in the city, at the house of a countryman of course: but, as we have before said, you seldom find him the habitute of taverns or coffee houses, for if he does not find a ready market in London for his services, he speedily transfers his services elsewhere. For almost every situation of active and business life he is well qualified; but there are pursuits which he monopolises, and makes exclusively his own. He is the gardner and practical agriculturist of the eastern and the western hemisphere; he carries the art of production over the globe, and leaves a comparatively niggard soil to fertilize lands more fertile by nature than his own. He is the sheep-farmer of the boundless pastures of Australia; in Canada the pioneer of civilization: he is the confectioner of the three kingdoms, and in London we are mainly indebted to him for our daily bread.

Make Home Happy.—It is a duty devolving upon every member of a family to endeavour to make all belonging to it happy. This may with a very little pleasant exertion be done. Every one contributes something towards improving the grounds belonging to their house. If the house is old and uncomfortable, let each exert himself to render it better and more pleasant. If it is good and pleasant, let each strive still further to adorn it. Let flowering shrubs and trees be planted, and vines and woodbines be trailed around the windows and doors; add interesting volumes to the family library; little articles of furnitnre to replace those which are fast wearing out; wait upon, and anticipate the wants of each; and ever have a pleasant smile for all and each.

Make home happy! Parents ought to teach this lesson in the nursery, and by the fire-side: give it the weight of their precept and example. If they would, ours would be happy and more virtuous country. Drunkenness, profanity, and other disgusting vices, would die away, they could not live in the influence of a lovely and refined home.

Does any one think, I am poor and have to work hard to get enough to sustain life, and cannot find time to spend in making our house more attractive. Think again! Is there not some time every day which you spend in idleness, or smoking, or mere listlessness, which might be spent about your homes? "Flowers are God's smiles," said Wilberforce, and they are as beautiful beside the cottage as the palace, and may be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the one as well as the other. There are but few homes in our country which might not be made more beautiful and attractive, not to strangers only but to inmates. Let every one study then and work, to make whatever place they may be in, so attractive that the hearts of the absent ones shall go back to it as the Dove did to the ark of Noah.

The only Man known to London.—Thousands and tens of thousands of individuals are known in London, but it is curious enough that there is only one man now in existence known to London: to the city, the west end, Marylebone, Southwark, every point in short, of the metropolitan compass.—Much of the notoriety the illustrious individual in question owes to his glory and much also to his nose: nor would he, perhaps, with all his victories have ever been enabled to achieve this signal conquest over the indifference of universal London, if his features were not in some sort the heralds of his fame. When this distinguished person appears out of doors, there is a general commotion: people forgetting their business or pleasure, run after him like little boys trotting at the heels of a showman: "Hats off" is the word wherever he makes his way; carriages stop without orders, that the ladies, coachmen, and John may have a stare: equestrians wheel about and follow his footsteps: "There he goes," you'll hear the people say; but nobody asks who goes there for to every body he is as well known as the Monument. When he goes down to the House, crowds assemble to await his coming away.—How he looks, is the general topic of discourse, and he is the only person in London or the world, who for twenty-five years, has occupied the same large portion of the public eye without fatiguing the sight or escaping the memory without diminution or decay of a respect as universal as extraordinary.—Need we say that there must be more than philosophy in this? When we said that the illustrious person in question is as well known as the Monument, we forget for a moment that he is a monument himself, a living moving trophy of the might and majesty of England, of her bravery and glory. We do not name him: to name him were to detract from that universal fame that accompanies his footsteps: let it be enough that every one knows and no one can mistake him. He is the single solitary exception to the rule we have laid down, that no living man is large enough to fill the universal eye as so vast a body as London.—["The only man known in London," is, of course the Duke of Wellington.]

Portuguese Ferocity.—The sanguinary nature of the Portuguese during the whole period of the war was notorious. When crossed or excited, nothing but the shedding of blood could allay their passions. It was always with the greatest difficulty that we could preserve our French prisoners from being butchered by them, even in cool blood.—They would hang upon the rear of a detachment of prisoners, like so many carrion birds, waiting every opportunity to satiate their love of vengeance; and it required all the vigilance and firmness of our troops to keep them in check. It was well known that even our men fell in stepping between them and the French whom they had marked out as victims.—*Costello's Adventures of a Soldier.*

Singular Story.—The following story was in circulation at Paris during the last of November.—It is said that the parties are of the highest respectability and that the secret of their names is known only to a very few:

A foreign gentleman and his wife were in the habit of dining almost daily at a fashionable restaurant in the Palais Royal. After a time the waiters began to miss articles of plate; not observing at first, but afterwards remarking that it was the silver forks alone, and not the spoons or other things, which disappeared. Their suspicion at length fell on the two foreigners, and were communicated to the master of the establishment. He rejected the idea, from the respectable appearance of the parties, who always dined sumptuously and paid liberally. As the waiters persisted in their notions, the restaurateur directed them to serve plate with a peculiar mark for the table of the suspected parties. This was done twice, and twice a fork was missing. On the latter occasion he directed one of the waiters to follow the guests and ascertain their abode and character. They were found to be Americans, living in splendid furnished apartments at 1000 francs a month, and were reported by the concierge to be people of wealth and honour, paying all their accounts with the utmost regularity. This being communicated to the restaurateur, he went to the parties, and in reserved terms claimed a fork, which had a short time before been abstracted. The husband, who alone spoke French, was highly indignant, declared that he had filled some of the highest offices in his own country, and that he and all his family were above suspicion. The restaurateur persisted, declared that he had positive proofs, and if it what was abstracted was not given up to him, he would apply to the police. On this the gentleman held a conversation with his wife, which became warm, and at length ended in her producing the fork, which she had still wrapped up in her shawl. On receiving it, the restaurateur informed the American that this was not all, for similar articles, to the value of 1900 francs, had been abstracted, and he was convinced by the same hands. The grieved and astounded gentleman immediately paid this sum, earnestly requesting the restaurateur to assure him whether it was all that he had lost. This he did, and then retired, expressing his vexation at the untoward incident, and his conviction that it arose solely from se unhappy monomania—the gentleman in his turn, thanking the latter for the delicacy of his conduct. A few days afterwards the foreigners left Paris, and returned to their own country. It has since been ascertained that the lady destroyed the articles severally almost immediately after she had taken them.

The Daguerreotypean Instrument of Police.—It never entered the head probably of Mr. Daguerre, when perfecting the process of causing the sun-beams to play the limner, that his beautiful application science would become a resource for the repression of crime. Such, however, is the fact; and now the French police, when any suspicious person or known criminal is arrested, cause him to be daguerreotyped, and his likeness is appended to the register, so that if, after he is set at liberty, he shall again be implicated in any offence, his likeness being exhibited to the various police agents, the detection becomes more easy. The rogues, however, have found this out, and now, when subjected to the process of daguerreotyping, make such hideous grimaces as entirely to alter the usual expression of their countenances.

A Brief History of China.—China is an empire of Asia, the most populous and ancient in the world, being 1,320 miles long and 1,030 wide. Population from 300,000,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Pekin, with 1,000,000 inhabitants; Nankin 1,000,000, and Canton 1,100,000. China produces tea, 50,000,000 pounds of which are annually exported from Canton, the only place which foreigners are allowed to visit. Silk, cotton, rice, gold, silver, and all the necessaries of life are found in China. The arts and manufactures in many branches are in high perfection, but stationery, as improvements are now prohibited. The government is a despotic monarchy. Revenue 200,000,000; army 800,000 men. The religion is similar to Budhism the chief god being Foh. The chinese inculcate the morals of Coutucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C. The great wall and canal of China are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The foreign commerce of China amounts to $35,000,000 or $40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called 'Hong merchants.' Foreigners are allowed to live at certain stations or factories, below Canton. The Chief trade is with England. The first American ship reached China in 1784; now the annual average of United States ships visiting Canton is 32. The revenue derived from foreign commerce by the Emperor varies from $4,000,000 to 9,000,000. According to Mr. Dunt, opium smuggled into China, to the injury of the people, amounted to $20,000,000 annually for several years past, much of which was paid in specie, which found its way to London. The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 characters of letters. The Chinese are eminent for agriculture, and once every year the Emperor ploughs a piece of land himself in presence of the people.

[From the London Morning Post.]

CHURCH EXTENSION IN ENGLAND.

The feasibility of a very large measure of Church extension, without calling on Parliament to provide the funds, is a point of the very highest national importance. In a preceding notice of the lately-published tract of the Rev. W. Palmer, we stated that his plan of extension contemplated the addition to the clergy of England of 1,000 new incumbents and 4,000 curates and deacons. He supposes that this might be accomplished in twenty years without drawing upon the public funds of the country.

First, with regard to the incumbencies. There is a clause in the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, empowering patrons to apply a portion of the richly endowed benefices in their gift to the augmentation of smaller livings also in their patronage. This, it is supposed, will lead to the endowment of many new benefices, for private liberality will furnish small incomes, which will be augmented in the mode which the clause in the above mentioned Act of Parliament suggests. Besides this, there are many richly endowed parishes with but small populations, and power might be given to the bishop of the diocese, with consent of the patrons, to unite these small but rich parishes to new parishes in more populous districts, and thus provide a good income for the joint incumbency, which would afford a curate to be maintained for one of them, or perhaps curates for both, in addition to the incumbent. And, again, there are very large and populous parishes, with large incomes, which might be divided into parishes of a more convenient size, with an appropriate income for each.

Mr. Palmer deems it probable that by such means as these, under some modification, the gradual endowment of 1,000 new benefices, or upwards, might be provided.

Next there is the provision for 4,000 curates and deacons to be provided. If 2,000 of each be contemplated, with a stipend of one hundred pounds a year for each curate, and seventy-five pounds a-year for each deacon, the sum necessary would be 350,-0000, a year.

For the providing of this fund Mr. Palmer suggests two measures, neither of which would draw upon the public funds of the country.

The first is the revival of collections in all the churches during Divine Service on Sunday. This practice prevailed in the primitive Church, and in Ireland it is the universal custom at this day; the sums collected being distributed to the poor. In many of the Churches in Ireland from £3 to £4 are collected every Sunday, and Mr. Palmer thinks that much more might be collected in so rich a country as England, especially if proper exhortations were addressed to the people by the clergy upon the subject.

Many persons may think that this would amount to a kind of charity sermon every Sunday in the year. But they who are acquainted with the practice in Ireland, could soon explain that this is not the case. From each individual so little is expected that the contribution is not felt, while the aggregate comes to an important sum. Mr. Gresley takes the loftiest and holiest view of this matter, arguing that a weekly devoting of a certain portion of each man's gains to the service of God would be a wholesome