THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Weekly Almanack.

MARCH.	R. SUN.	S. MOON.	H. W.
12 Saturday,	6 11	5 49	6 36 11 33
13 Sunday,	6 10	5 51	7 45 0 5
14 Monday,	6 8	5 52	8 45 0 35
15 Tuesday,	6 7	5 53	9 46 1 10
16 Wednesday,	6 5	5 55	11 3 1 43
17 Thursday,	6 4	5 56	morn 2 19
18 Friday,	6 3	5 57	0 21 3 2

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: Hon. H. Johnston.

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: John Wishart.

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.

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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.

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.

Mail Stage between Saint John and Fredericton.

THREE TIMES A WEEK.

THE subscribers beg respectfully to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have commenced running a STAGE between this City and Fredericton, via the Nerepis Road, leaving Saint John on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings at 6 o'clock; and Fredericton on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at the same hour.

Passengers can register their names in the books, which are kept at the Saint John Hotel, St. John, and at Jackson's Hotel, Fredericton; at either of which places any further information will be given.

☞ All baggage at the risk of the owners, and no credit allowed.

JAMES BRADLEY,
JAMES GREEN.

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 Prince and Germain streets; and Mr. John Cook, Carleton. January 21.

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, Languor, 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.

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

Oct. 1 SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

Miscellany.

[From the London Morning Post.]

MEMOIRS OF SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.

Francis Chantrey was born on the 7th of April, 1782, at Norton, a small village on the borders of Derbyshire, where his father and his father's father had been for many years possessed of a small property. He was an only child, and his father died when he was eight years old. What his education was beyond what the school at Norton supplied, we have been able to ascertain. His mother married again, and young Chantrey, tired of the pursuits of husbandry, had his genius accidentally awakened to its own particular pursuit by the sight of a carver and gilder's shop in Sheffield, where some figures were exhibited in the window. The man's name was Ramsay, and Chantrey entered into an engagement with him.

With Ramsay he continued nearly three years, during which time his leisure hours were devoted to a more noble pursuit than making ornaments for furniture or moulds for picture frames. He gradually became a sculptor: he purchased clay, hired a small room in Sheffield, and wrought far into morning at his own art. It is said that Ramsay discouraged him in his private studies, which, if true, savours more of the master than the man of taste. Certain it is that Chantrey, confident in his own genius, purchased up from Ramsay the remainder of his engagement, and in April, 1802, was in London—a young sculptor, diligent in his study and in pursuit of employment. Let us notice, here, that there is, among the treasure in the house of the poet of "Memory" and "Columbus," a table with the ornaments by Chantrey; it was recognised, the story goes, by the great sculptor when dining one day at the house of the poet. "Who made that table?" said Chantrey. The poet named the maker. "No, no!" said Chantrey "he did not make it, but I did; I was in his employment; I wrought those ornaments." Mr. Rogers directs the visitor's attention to the table in the MS. catalogue of its curiosities.

It is no easy task in London, where men elbow one another for existence, to jump at once into reputation and employment—and Chantrey found the truth of this. He painted miniatures for a short time; two from his hand are still in existence, and then he took to canvass and portraiture. As yet he had received no lessons in drawing, as yet he was altogether self-taught. The Royal Academy was then, as now, open to all students who had got beyond the infancy of art, and Chantrey entered the Academy, and learned, as he says in a paper before us, to draw and model there. His portrait by himself, and in oil, at this time hangs over the fireplace of his friend and servant, Mr. Allan Cunningham. It is clever and unconstrained, and much in the manner of Opie. All who knew him at the time speak of its being excessively like.

His first exhibited work on the walls of the Royal Academy was in 1804, when he sent for exhibition a "Portrait of D. Wale, Esq." He was then residing at No. 7, Chapel-street, West, Mayfair. In 1805 he was living at 22, Vine-street, Piccadilly, and exhibited at the Academy, in the year, three busts—one of a Gentleman; one of W. Young, M. D., F.L.S.; and one of the Rev. J. Wilkinson, late vicar of Sheffield. In 1806 he lived in Charles-st., St. James's, and exhibited a bust of Bigland, the essayist. In 1808, when at 24, Curzon-street, Mayfair, he exhibited a bust of Satan, still in his studio; and in 1809 he received his first order, one from Mr. Alexander, the architect, for four colossal busts of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, for the Trinity House and for the Greenwich Naval Asylum. In 1809 he married at Twickenham Church, his cousin, Miss Mary Ann Wale, the present Lady Chantrey. He now removed to Eccleston-street, Pimlico, a place he never left, and with his marriage commenced at once his happiness and his fame. In 1810 he executed a posthumous bust of Mr. Pitt for the Trinity House. But the year 1811 was the year in which his genius broke out, and in which he commenced his career of fame and fortune. He had six busts in that year's exhibition: 1, Horne Tooke; 2, Sir Francis Burdett; 3, J. R. Smith; 4, Benjamin West, P.R.A.; 5, Admiral Duckworth, 6, William Baker, Esq. Those of Horne Tooke and Raphael Smith are among the best of his busts. With the Tooke, Nollekens expressed his great delight. He lifted it from the floor—set it before him—moved his head to, and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for exhibition, and said, "There's a fine, a very fine *busto*; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts and put this one in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, the same excellent judge would say, in his own persuasive manner, "Go to Chantrey, he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you; I always recommend him." He did recommend him, and sat to Chantrey for his own bust. In the year 1811 he became, moreover the successful candidate for a statue of George III. for the city of London. He had nearly lost it, however, by a very singular occurrence, for when the design had been approved of by the common council, a member observed that the successful artist was a painter, and therefore incapable of executing the work of a sculptor!" "You hear this, young man," said Sir William Curtis; "what say you—are you a painter or a sculptor?" "I *live* by sculpture," was the reply, and the statute now in Guildhall was entrusted to his hands. A man, it is clear, though a Michael Angelo, may have too many occupations. This was his first statue, and it is at once easy and dignified. To give a catalogue of his works from this period is to give a history of his life. In 1812 he exhibited busts of Johnes, of Hafod, of Curren, of Stothard, and of Northcote. In 1813 a bust of Cline and six others. In 1814 busts of the King and Professor Playfair. In 1815 a bust of James Watt. In 1816 busts of the Marquess of Anglesey, Sir Everard Home, and Sir Joseph Banks. In 1817 then newly made an Associate of the Royal Academy, "the Sleeping Children" (the monument now in Lichfield, Cathedral) and busts of Nollekens, Sir James Clarke, Bone, the enamelist, Bird, the painter, and Hookham Frere.

There is not a more exquisite group in the whole range of modern sculpture than Chantrey's Two Children at Lichfield. The sisters lie asleep in each other's arms, in the most unconstrained and graceful repose. The snowdrops which the youngest had plucked are undropped from her hand, and both are images of artless beauty, and innocent unaffected grace. Such was the press to see these children in the exhibition that there was no getting near them; mothers, with tears in their eyes, lingered and went away, and returned, while Canova's now far-famed figures of Hebe and Terpsichore stood almost unnoticed by their side. The Royal Academy, with tardy justice, at length admitted him of their number, and in 1818 Chantrey was an Esquire and an R. A.

Orders now crowded in upon him as they were never known to crowd before upon a British sculptor. To busts and portrait statues, more than he could well execute, were added orders for poetic figures, left to his own selection, from the Prince Regent, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Egremont, Lord Yarborough, Lord Dartmouth, and Jesse Watts Russell. But he still adhered to busts and portrait statues, and left poetic figures to hours of leisure, never, alas! to come to him. In 1818 he exhibited a bust of John Rennie, the engineer, one of his most admirable heads, and that exquisite little statue at Woburn of Lady Louisa Russell, the present Marchioness of Abercorn. The child stands on tiptoe, with a face of the most exquisite and arch expression, proud with delight of the dove which she fondles in her bosom. All who have been at Woburn will recollect this little figure; but the trays of the Italian boys have given it a wider, and only its deserved celebrity.

In 1819 he exhibited his sitting figure of Dr. Anderson for Madras, perhaps the very best of all his statues, and a bust of Mr. Canning for Mr. Bolton, of Liverpool. The same year, in company with Stothard, the painter, he extended his acquaintance with ancient and Italian art beyond the treasures of the Louvre and the spoils of Napoleon.

On his return from the Continent he modelled four of his very finest busts, viz., those of Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Phillips, the painter, Mr. Wordsworth, and Sir Walter Scott—the Wordsworth for Sir George Beaumont, the Sir Walter Scott for his own gratification, and from sincere respect for the worth and genius of Sir Walter. Chantrey never excelled this bust—it is his very best—the best, perhaps, in either ancient or modern art. The man and the genius of the man are both there. It appears that he had sought at first like Lawrence for a poetic expression, and had modelled the head as looking upwards gravely and solemnly. "This," he said to Mr. Allan Cunningham, when Scott had left after his second sitting, "this will never do—I shall never be able to please myself with a perfectly serene expression. I must try his conversational look—take him when about to break out into some sly, funny old story. As he said this, he took a string, cut off the head of the bust put it into its present position, and produced by a few happy touches that bust which alone preserves for posterity the cast of Scott's expression—the most fondly remembered by all who ever mingled in his domestic circle.

The history of this admirable bust is contained in the following very interesting letter:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR R. PEEL, BART.

"*Belgrave-place, Jan.* 26, 1838.

"Dear Sir Robert—I have much pleasure in complying with your request to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the bust of Sir Walter Scott, which you have done me the honor to place in your collection at Drayton Manor.

"My admiration of Scott, as a poet and a man, induced me in the year 1820 to ask him to sit to me for his bust, the only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favour from any one. He agreed, and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sittings, and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you that on one occasion he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust produced from these sittings was moulded, and about 45 cast were disposed of among the poet's most ardent admirers. This was all I had to do with the plaster casts. The bust was pirated by Italians, and England and Scotland, and even the colonies, were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts to the extent of thousands, in spite of the terror of an Act of Parliament.

"I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Aysley-house, in 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Sir Walter Scott that I ever executed in marble.

"I now come to your bust of Scott. In the year 1828 I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heir-loom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio. To this proposal he acceded, and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back:—'This bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1820, by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet, as a token of esteem, in 1828.'

"In the months of May and June, in the same year, 1828 Sir Walter fulfilled his promise, and I finished, from his face, the marble bust now at Drayton Manor—a better sanctuary than my studio—else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age more than eight years deeper.

"I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about the bust, except that there need be no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded. I have the honor to be, dear Sir, your very sincere and faithful servant.

"F. CHANTREY."

In 1822 he exhibited his bust of George IV.; in 1824 his bust of the Duke of Wellington, his first statue of Watt, and the statue of Dr. Cyril Jackson, erected in Oxford; in 1826, his statues of Grattan and Washington, the one for Dublin the other for Boston; in 1827, his statue for Sir Joseph Banks, now in the British Museum; in 1828, his bust of Sir William Curtis; in 1829 his statue of Sir Edward H. East, for Calcutta; his parting of Hector and Andromache, and his Penelope with the bow of Ulysses, now at Woburn, and his bust of the Marquess of Stafford, now in the British Institution; in 1830, his bust of Sir J. Soane, and his Hebea blessing two Hindoo girls, now at Madras; in 1831, his busts of William IV. and the Duke of Sussex; in 1832, his statue of Canning, for the Town-hall, Liverpool; in 1833, his statue of Mountstuart Elphinstone, for Bombay; in 1837, his statue of Sir John Malcolm, for Westminster Abbey; his statue of Dr. Dalton, for Manchester, and his busts of Southey, the poet (for John Murray,) Mrs. Somerville (for the Royal Academy,) and Professor Wilson, of Oxford (for Calcutta); in 1840, his busts of the Queen and Sir Charles Clarke, his statue of Roscoe, for Liverpool, and of Northcote, for Exeter; in 1841 (the last he lived to honour and adorn,) his statues of the Bishop of Norwich and the Bishop of Lichfield, for their respective cathedrals.

This is nothing more than a catalogue of his works exhibited within the walls of the Royal Academy, to which we have to add his statues of Francis Horner, James Watt, and Sir Stamford Raffles, in Westminster Abbey; of General Gillespie and Heber, in St. Paul's; of Spencer Perceval, at Northampton; of Miss Johnes, at Hafod; of Mr. Wildman, at Chilham Castle, near Canterbury; of President Blair and Lord Melville, in Edinburgh; of Mrs. Jordon, for the late King; of Sir Charles Forbes, for Bombay; besides a bust of Sir Robert Peel, an excellent likeness; and a bust, the last he lived to execute, of Lord Melbourne, for the Queen.

This is a list, and a very incomplete one, of his marble progeny. Of his statues in bronze there are those of George IV. at Brighton and in Edinburgh; of Pitt in Edinburgh and in Hanover-square, London; of Sir Thomas Munroe on horseback at Madras; of George IV. on horseback, for wherever her Majesty's Ministers may choose to place it; and an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, for the city of London. This last, though incomplete, is, we are happy to say, left in that advanced state by its great artist that a common foundryman may give it all the finish that it wants. We wish that we could say the same of the two statues on one bench of those noble brothers by birth and genius, Lords Eldon and Stowell; or of the statue of Dr. Goodall, for Eton, or the Marquess of Wellesley, for the India House. But Chantrey had wrought enough for fame and for fortune, and it is now useless to regret that he did not live to commemorate more worthies in marble.

When the Marquess Camden was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, his friend Chantrey was made D.C.L., and received from William IV. the honor of knighthood. A baronetcy was offered him, but refused, on the grounds that he had no one to succeed him in the honor. This was in 1836; he was then ailing, more corpulent than usual, and less inclined to active exertion. The seeds of disease grew gradually space, and it required no medical eye to discover that Sir Francis Chantrey, in every month of his existence, was making three months' progress to the grave, and that our great sculptor would never reach to the three-score years and ten of scriptural allowed life. In spite of disease and bodily inactivity, he, at times, worked with all his usual spirit and nicety of touch; and the elated eye and clay-worked mouth gave token to his friends that there was some chance of his restoration to health. But Chantrey had roused himself up to this; for he never sank into a lethargy of hope, and his friends were deceived.

With the details of his last short and fatal illness, the public have been but newly acquainted. He was buried in a vault of his own making over his mother's grave in the churchyard of his native Norton. He had always an affection for his native place, liberally relieved the poor of the neighbourhood, and had but lately founded a school for the education of the poorer boys.

It is not always that a man is mindful of the source from whence he derived his fortune, or is willing even after death, to lend a helping hand to assist others to a career as fortunate as his own.—Nollekens left his long scraped together £200,000 to two gentlemen far from necessitous and nearly strangers to him, while Chantry has left the bulk of his fortune for the sole encouragement of native art. We know not the terms of the will, but we believe it is left, not for sculpture, but for competition pictures. The public will be pleased to hear that Sir Francis is said not to have been unmindful of the rare, long, and valuable services of Mr. Allan Cunningham, for eight-and-twenty years the foreman of his works, in whom he found many qualities not often united, and who contributed in many ways, if not to raise, at least to extend the reputation of his master.

Sir Francis Chantrey was about five feet seven inches high, of a stout make, and one of the most active and vigorous men of his time, but latterly inclined to corpulence. His head and face were very fine, his mouth exquisitely chisselled; Lord Byron's not finer nor more expressive: his eyes round and lustrous; one useless for vision, but in no way apparently different from its fellow. He had been bald from an early age. His voice was agreeable, his conversation humorous and sarcastic by turns, and always animated. He had mixed much with the world, and, unlike the Hermit of Parnell, has profited by experience than by books. He had been much of a reader in his youth, and had that happy and rare art of learning from conversation what others sought for in books and in study. His knowledge was, therefore, very general, and there was scarce a topic at table but what he could speak, and very ably upon. His fame, his manner, and his matter, always commanded attention. Then how delightful were his dinner parties, not for the viands only, though they were always of the choicest description, but for his own sake, for he talked much, and made a stranger's diffidence rub off by touching on subjects he knew were agreeable to him. Then, too, his conversation was not addressed to one or two on his immediate right or left, but was aimed at the whole table; and if one would talk he could always listen. Doctor Johnson would have loved his table, and would have been reminded of the dinners at Sir Joshua's and at his friend Eilly's in the Poultry.

No man, not even Izaak Walton or Charles Cotton, was fonder of fishing than Sir Francis Chantrey. There is not a book published within the last 20 years about the rod and the gun, for he was also a first-rate shot, but contains some allusion to his excellence in those arts. At Holkham, in Norfork, the splendid seat of Sir Francis and Lady Chantrey's kind friends, Lord and Lady Leicester, he has commemorated in marble his most successful achievement with his gun, when two woodcocks were killed by him in the preserves of Holkoam, at one shot, and in what is called a *shy* season. The very feathers seemed to flutter in the marble.—Grinling Gibbons never did anything better. The inscription is by Lord Brougham, and in Greek.—We give an English one, offered in humor by a friend. It is not, however by Lord Brougham, but, as the old poet says, "by another hand":—

The snowey hills of Norway bred us,
The silver springs of Holkham fed us.
A sculptor, as we winged our way,
Held out his gun and made us clay;
But sorrowing for us as we fell,
To marble turned us by a spell.
Princes and peers flocked in a bevy,
And said how glorious done in gravy
Geologists looked marvelling on
But, feeling, cried, "By ——, a stone!"
How blest our fate o'er men and mice,
Heaven made us once and Chantry twice.

Of his love for fishing we recollect at this moment a story in point. When one whose divine notes still linger in the ears of all who ever heard her Madame Malibran visited the studio of Sir Francis, she complimented the great sculptor on the happiness which he could not but feel in being surrounded by a marble off-spring of his own creation, by so many fine figures that seemed to possess every thing but that "promethean touch" which can only represent, not give, "I had rather," said the great sculptor with a shrug and a snuff, "I'd rather be a fishing." Sir Francis was a second Sir Joshua in his love for snuff.

Another of his stories that he was fond of telling occurred at a dinner at Holkham, when one of the Royal family was present, and when the conversation turned on the doctrines of the Arminians and Socinians. "Pray, Sir Francis, which are you, an Arminia or a Socinians?" said his royal Highness, "O?" was Chantrey's composed reply, "O! I'm a Derbyshire man." Others might be told, but we have perhaps given enough.

Conclude, however, we cannot without retiring to the solemn sight his body presented in its winding-sheet on the night of the inquest. In an exquisite little gallery, built for him by Sir John Soane, who always was good when his limits were cramped, lay the body of the great sculptor—his eyes closed, his face calm, but with an expression serene and solemn even in death. Above were wax-lights burning clearly, and all around a collection of the finest casts from the antique. The Laocoon was at his head, the Venus and Apollo on his right and left, and around the room the Hissus and the Theseus, and other of the glories of Greece, with one or two of Canova's own casts. This was no get up for the occasion—no manufactured propriety; but nothing could be more appropriate, or more suggestive of thoughts suitable for so solemn an occasion.

THE RUINED CHURCH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Beneath thy roof, no eager throng
List to Salvation's word,
It only echoes to the song
Of the wild forest bird;
Around thy doors a mournful wreath
Of shrouded ivy falls,
And flowers a fleeting fragrance breathe,
Amid thy crumbling walls.

I never grieve at the decline
Of palaces and towers,
Where dames and knights were wont to shine
In gay and festal hours;
The waving plumes, the gems of pride,
The dance, the banquet rare—
These o'er my fancy lightly glide,
But do not linger there.

Yet when thy ruined walls I view,
How easy it appears
Each peaceful image to renew
Of long departed years!
Thy silvery bells are heard around,
As once they used to be,
Filling the soft air with the sound
Of Sabbath melody.

The villagers pursue their way
Along the primrose glade,
The lisping child, the patriarch gray,
The matron and the maid—
They enter at the open door,
They meekly take their place,
And God's assistance they implore
To bless the words of grace.

Long years have passed—that rustic train
Now lie in Death's cold thrall,
And few, or none, perchance, remain
To sorrow for thy fall;
Yet are the truths of little worth,
They heard and treasured here?
No, no—they raised their souls from earth,
To reach a holier sphere.

And I am wrong to gaze in gloom
Upon thy dull decay,
Knowing thou art no common dome
To fade with time away;
And though to thee it be not given
Through future years to last,
The spirits of the just in heaven
Bear witness of thy past.

French Rewards for Talents and Virtue.—One of the most interesting exhibitions of Paris lately took place, viz: the distribution of prizes accorded by the Academie Francaise for the most useful literary works, and the best instances of moral actions during the past year. An interesting detail was first read by the secretary, relative to the nature of the literary productions which were to be rewarded, by announcing that the prize for poetry (fifteen hundred francs) on the given theme "The influence of Christian Civilization in the East," had been gained by M. Alfred des Essarts, who would read his poem to the audience. The young author was then led up to the president, from whom he received a rich gold medal; and, amidst warm plaudits from the members, he read aloud his manuscript. Of the eight prizes for works most useful to morality, six were to female writers, who, as the secretary gallantly said, had united elegance with power, and purity with industry. When the literary rewards were terminated, the prizes for virtuous actions were detailed by the director, M. de Jony, who is so well known in England by his "Hermit of the Chausses D'Antin," published many years ago. A sum of 10.000 (£400) was given among four persons for praiseworthy acts: the first prize of 3000f. to a poor washerwoman, who, although she had 7 children of her own, had adopted eight orphans fifteen years ago, and had maintained them through many the struggles and difficulties ever since. Another prize was to an officer who had saved the life of a child from a burning house, which no one else would enter; and, after his first escape, hearing a female voice from the second floor exclaiming.—"Oh, save my daughter!" regardless of the fearful danger, the young man rushed up the ladder, and found his difficulties increased by the mother and daughter having fainted; however, by almost superhuman exertion, he saved both, at the expense of severe personal injury to himself. A further sum of 10.000f. was given in smaller portions, for instances of virtue and domestic good conduct in humble life.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

The following passage is extracted from the late Thanksgiving sermon of Rev. Mr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H.

'Ours, it is to be feared, is an irreverent age and land. The number of those who neither fear God nor regard man, is greatly multiplied. The whole providentially arranged system of things seems to be reversed.—and if there is any one motto, which might be inscribed on the surface of society as it now is, or as modern innovaters and radicals would have it, it would be this—'The elder shall serve the younger.' Youth no longer hangs upon the counsels of age and experience, or deigns to ask of the former times,—but the less one knows of the past, the surer and wiser guide for the future is he esteemed by many. Men often talk of the past, as if God had never worked, virtue never lifted a finger, and wisdom never given a true response, until now. We hear much concerning the *dead past*, and are bidden to let it *bury its dead*. Oh how soon, if our children are no wiser than ourselves, will they talking the same unmeaning cant about our boasted present.

ACTION OF HYDROCYANIC ACID &c. UPON THE EYE.

To the Editor of the London *Sun*.

Sir,—Be so good as give insertion to the following hints on the effects of hydrocianic acid in your valuable Journal:

It is a well known fact that the eyes of those who have been destroyed by hydrocyanic acid, for a length of time after death, show none of the usual symptoms of dimness; on the contrary the eye is clear, and the pupil much dilated. This satisfied me that the acid exerted a specific action on the eye, which might be made available, as a medical agent, for relieving many of the diseases to which that organ is so subject.

My first experiment was undertaken in 1837, with the diluted acid, by dipping a sponge into it, and rubbing it on the forehead for the space of a few minutes, which gave the skin a very red appearance; but the patient experienced not the least sense of heat, and the pupil was slightly dilated.—I continued to use this with very beneficial effects in incipient cataract, opacities of the cornea, inflammation, amaurosis, iritis, &c. Of late I have substituted the vapour of the concentrated acid to the eye with much more decided effect, and without the slightest danger. The plan I generally adopt is to put into an ounce phial a drachm of the acid, and hold it in close contact with the eye, the eyelid being open, for the space of about half a minute, or until such time as the patient feels a little warmth, or the person holding the phial sees the pupil greatly dilated and the vessels of the eye injected with blood, which is the invariable effect of the application of the acid. The patient is not sensible of pain from this peculiar state being induced, which appears to me to result from the powerfully sedative influence of the acid, thereby showing that two opposite powers, to wit, stimulating and sedative, are exerted at the same time, and thereby the uneasiness arising generally from a stimulant alone is prevented. Its great power in removing those diseases chiefly arises from the two powers being so blended, and thus enabling the eye to bear a sufficient stimulating action without injury. The person who holds the acid to the eye should be careful not to allow the patient to smell it.

The essential oil of bitter almonds I use for the same diseases. I put two drachms of water to two drachms of the oil in an ounce phial, and hold it in the same way to the eye as the acid but its effects are not precisely alike. The feeling induced by the oil is soothing, and generally relieves all sense of pain, even of tic dolourcux, without sensibly dilating the pupil, or causing much redness of the eye. I find very useful in taking away the heat occasioned by the hydrocyanic acid.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. TURNBULL, M. D.

48, Russell-square, Sept. 23, 1841.

The Shortness and Uncertainty of Time.—Consider that the period allowed for securing the salvation of the soul is short, and will soon come to an end. This can in no case be extended beyond the limits of human life. But life is short, even when protracted to its utmost term. 'The days of the years of our life are threescore years and ten, or if by reason of strength they be fourscore years; yet these are soon cut off, and we fly away.' Men, however, die not by seniority; and but few, comparitively, are permitted to arrive at old age. Many are cut down in the morning and meridian of life, and no man can boast of to-morrow, or tell what an hour can bring forth. In a few days the harbingers of death may appear, and disease, by its ordinary progress, in a short time conduct the individual to the tomb. The case is so common and familiar, that the death of those, who but a few weeks ago were in the bloom of life and in the vigor of health, excites no great alarm, at least produces no permanent impression on the mind of surviving friends.

Death regards not the convenience or wishes of men; nor will he wait till you are prepared to obey his summons. You flatter yourself with the prospects of many future years of comfort. So did multitudes at the commencement of the year which has been lately concluded, whom it has consigned to their long home. And the year on which you have now entered may be pregnant to you with the issue of eternity. While your friends at the beginning of the ensuing year shall participate, as you have often done, in the festivities which usually accompany the return of the season, that anniversary may find you a tenant of the narrow house, an inhabitant of the world of spirits. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is no work nor device nor knowlenge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.' 'This day I am deliberating whether I shall believe or reject the gospel of the Son of God, whether I shall embrace or disregard the great salvation; whether I will have God or the world for my portion; heaven or hell for my eternal home:—But if I decide not instantly, and make not the choice which duty and interest combine to dictate, the day is at hand when the period of deliberation shall be past, and my doom unalterably sealed for ever.—*Dr. Campbell.*

CHARACTER OF WOMEN.—There is almost always something of nature's own gentility in women, except indeed when they get together and fall a gigging. It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough, masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires, Heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps—we do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the best advantage of society and tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will grow into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is a sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives a delicacy to thought, and tact to manner.—But sentiment with men is generally acquired, offering of the intellectual quality, not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

THE WAY TO TERRIFY.—Prince Belloselsky possessed to an eminent degree the talent of telling a ghost story. At a large party one evening, the ladies drew their chairs around him, and exclaimed, "Do, Prince, terrify us a little." Upon this the Prince ordered the lights to be extinguished, with the exception of one, which was left burning in an adjoining appartment, the door of which remained ajar. The narrator commenced his tale, which turned, as might be expected, upon the apparation of a horrid phantom, advancing slowly, in the midst of darkness visible to a person in bed. For the last ten minutes the Prince had kept his hand extended on a marble table; his voice assumed a sepulchral tone. All at once, he applied his icy hand upon the bare arm of his hostess, who uttered a piercing scream. The terrified auditors rushed into the other room, and in their confusion extinguished the solitary light. The sudden darkness redoubled their panic. At last the servants made their appearance with flambeaux; and the Prince, who began to be alarmed at the success of his experiment, succeeded with some difficulty in calming the apprehensions of his fair audience. "Ladies," said he, "tis all your own fault; you requested me to terrify you a little, and I like to make myself agreeable."

CHINESE STREETS.—Some of the streets through which I passed were rather broad, and all were paved with loose flag not cemented together. The different trades appeared to have their particular streets; the dyers were in one part of the town, the braziers in another and so on. Some of the shops were very well set off, and all quite open to the street. The houses were mostly built of wood, and the names and occupation of the owners were painted up and down the door-posts in yellow and other colours, some being gilded, which gave the streets a gay appearance. Here and there was an opening, where a joshouse stood; the pillars and other parts of the front were gaudily painted and ornamented, and on the roof were placed several images.—*Imprisonment in China.*

Economical Food for Horses.—Nine pounds of bread, made of oatmeal and bean flour, will afford more nourishment to horses than a bushel of oats of good quality. A French farmer in Haimaut feeds his horses during the winter a mixture of boiled potatoes and chopped straw, giving each horse daily two feeds, about fourteen pounds of potatoes, which food agrees with the horses, and is much relished by them.

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders they had committed."

A false friend is like the shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes when it is cloudy.

The young unmarried ladies are very much opposed to the Bankrupt Bill, because they say it prevents an *attachment*.

POOR COPY