THE Weekly Chronicle.

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

Vol. VI. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1842. No. 25.

THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

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

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental.) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

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.

FEB.		R. SUN.	S. SOON.	H. W.	
26	Saturday,	6 30	5 26	8 4	0 3
27	Sunday,	6 29	5 21	9 13	0 39
28	Monday,	6 28	5 23	10 22	1 14
1	Tuesday,	6 26	5 24	11 51	1 49
2	Wednesday,	6 25	5 25	*Morn*	2 31
3	Thursday,	6 23	5 27	0 56	3 16
4	Friday,	6 22	5 28	1 56	4 10

Last Quarter, 3d. 8h. 26m. evening.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: L. H. DeVeber.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Barnes, 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: W. O. Smith.

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: W. H Street, 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 flatuleney 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) Bunch Raisins;
30 Barrels ONIONS;
5 Bales COTTON BATTING;
5 Boxes Chocolate; 1 case Cinnamon.

Ex Martha Brae, 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.
Nov. 26. JOHN WINTERS.

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.

REAL SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

"There was a fallen angel, I have read,
For whom their tears the sister angels shed,
Because, although she ventured to rebel,
She was not minded like a child of hell.—
Such is my lot! And will it not be given
To grief like mine, that I may think of heav'n?
Behold how there the glorious creatures shine,
And all my soul to grief and hope resign."

Crabbe.

"We are waiting for you;—every thing is ready," said a merry voice, while a hand knocked loudly against the door of the principal dressing room in the Exeter Theatre. A young woman, who was sitting alone in the apartment, started up; "I will come instantly," she replied; but her heart began to beat violently—she pressed her hands to her bosom, as if to stop its throbbing, and stood awhile irresolute and forgetful. Her dress and hair were slightly disordered;—she could not wait to arrange them as with eager haste she passed on to the stage. The prompter spoke to her and the next moment she stood before the applauding and crowded audience, it was the benefit of this young actress; and Venice Preserved had been chosen by the Marchioness of R——— as the play for that evening. The actress woke from her distracting thoughts—the sound of applause broke upon her ear; and, as she courtesied to the throng, a deep and beautiful blush mounted even to her pallid temples. She began to speak, and every murmur died into stillness.—As the sweet tones of her tremulous voice rose into more distinct clearness, Helen forgot her own melancholy; all the soft tumults of a more than anticipated success blended with her deep and tender enthusiasm, and gave a charm like reality to the character she represented: she seemed, indeed, the young and sorrowful creature whom the poet has drawn, confiding, gentle, and loving, among lawless and licentious men; touched to the heart by their cold brutal violence, and yet complaining only with sorrow and surprise of the weakness of her wretched husband; reserving not a thought for her own sufferings, even till the powers of thought were gone, and life had become a broken and unconscious dream of vanished happiness and woe: Ah! even till that very unconsciousness had acted with resistless force upon her frame, and the broken heart had ceased not only to feel, but to throb—Who gazed upon Helen Gray, and felt not this? Tears and silence were the plaudits she received as the curtain fell.

The curtain rose again:—a light laugh was heard, and the laugh changed into a wild and sportive song. The timid gracefulness of her manner, and the melting tones of her voice, alone betrayed the same being who had been seen so lately in grief and madness. The freshness of health and joy was smiling in her countenance; flowers clung to the careless rings of her hair, and her steps had all the buoyancy of artless mirth. For some time this unceasing gaiety continued; once or twice Helen passed her hand across her brow: it seemed only to toss back the curls which fell in such rich profusion half over her laughing eyes.—But, at last, her delightful voice stopped:—she tottered dizzily to the side of the stage:—she extended her hands to cling for support to the scene; the actors hastened to her assistance—they lifted her from the floor on which she had fallen—the blood was gushing from her mouth—her eyelids were closed—her lovely arms hung down heavy and motionless as they bore her from the stage.

The performance ceased, and the stage was soon crowded with inquirers as to the state of the poor actress. She was not dead, but her life was declared to be in great danger; and she was carried, still insensible, to her lodging. Many talked about her; the next day her illness and the circumstances connected with it, were related at full length in the country papers.

There was at that time a young lady, one of many sisters, residing at Exeter; she had not been at the play on the night appointed for Helen Gray's benefit, but she heard, by chance, of its frightful termination:—Laura Wentworth did not hear of another's sorrows and forget them—she went to visit the sick actress. Laura walked through many long and dirty lanes in the outskirts of Exeter; after repeated inquiries she discovered the abode of the actress; the door of the house stood wide open; Laura entered the little shop, and a woman with languishing looks and dressed in old finery, came forward, with a quiet and simpering manner, requested to know her pleasure. When Laura had declared her errand the old lady's manner acquired an expression of sorrowful concern. "I am grieved to inform you," said she, "that my poor friend still continues in a state of alarming indisposition: she was a charming performer, and is altogether a most interesting personage; it distresses me to observe that she is without many of those little comforts which would afford considerable alleviation to her malady: it is, alas! quite out of my power to procure them for her." The mistress of the house, a plain-spoken, bustling woman, came out from a dark little hole, called a parlor, behind the shop; she told Laura in a few plain words what she really wished to hear, and Laura turned again to Mrs. Delmour, the old actress to whom she had first spoken, and gently requested to be led to the sick chamber. Laura followed her up a long flight of dark and dirty stairs, and entered with her a bed chamber at the top of the house. The room was nearly dark, for the shutters were closed, but the light streamed in through every crevice, as if struggling to enter and dispel the gloom. The old actress unfastened the shutter, and the full, beautiful sun-light burst at once into the room. Helen Gray had been asleep; but, half awakened by the dazzling blaze, she drew her arm slowly over her eyes, and turned away from it, sighing heavily.—Mrs. Delmour glided on tip-toe to the bed-side, and holding back the scanty curtain with her extended hand, bent down her head, and said, "Allow me to announce the presence of a lady who sincerely sympathizes with myself in your present indisposition." Helen Gray started up—she did not seem to notice the presence of Mrs. Delmour—but looking around with confused surprise, she perceived Laura Wentworth, and a blush passed faintly over her face. "Forgive me," she said, after a short pause, "I did not expect, I could not hope, to see such a visitor; I did not think there was any one who would like to visit a friendless and unknown creature like myself: no, not friendless either," she continued, turning with a sweet smile to the old actress; "you, my dear Mrs. Delmour, have ever been a kind and faithful friend to me." The romantic old lady took from her pocket a little tattered handkerchief, and raised it in rather an affected manner to wipe away real tears from her eyes. "I am come," said Laura, "not to intrude, but to assure you that I shall be very happy if I can be of any service to you. I will not remain longer with you to-day," she continued, observing that Helen Gray appeared restless and in pain; her colour was continually changing, and the hand on which she had raised herself, seemed scarcely able to sustain her weight; a slight frown (it was only the expression of pain) contracted her brow, and her eyes looked dim and heavy. "I will come again to-morrow," said Laura.—"Oh! thank you, thank you," she replied; "how kind you are." The frown cleared quite away from her forehead, and her eyes shone with delight. "Do, do come again to me: that is," she added timidly, "if I may ask such a favour." Laura departed, accompanied by the old actress to the bottom of the dark stair-case. Mrs. Delmour had been, some forty years before, the Prime Donna of a provincial troop of strolling players, and had then possessed a considerable share of beauty, the effect of which was diluted by as much stillness. She had studied, in her *own manner*, every dramatic production that she had learned to act, and languish, and glide away insensibly into old age, with the same happy consciousness of those charms which had, to every eye but her own, vanished from her form and features: she was still, in manner, and expression, and attitude, a sentimental heroine: indeed, her natural character (though, perhaps it might be asserted that she never possessed a mind of much character) had gradually acquired a surface of tender romance, which had become in time, not a surface, but the characteristic of her thoughts, words, and actions: Mrs. Delmour was, however, a truly kind-hearted and affectionate creature. She had been left a widow when very young, and, notwithstanding her silliness, had been remarkable for her virtuous and correct conduct. With a feeling of romantic attachment, she had continued faithful to the memory of her young and handsome husband, who was the constant theme of her conversation.—Mr. Delmour was brought forward on every occasion as a model for all husbands, and all gentlemen, and all actors. The old lady frequently pressed her thin lips to a little old-fashioned golden locket, containing the ill-executed miniature of a young man in the character of Romeo, who looked half scared, and whose features betrayed some slight indications of having been very different in the face of the original. This portrait was suspended round her neck by a faded pink ribband, and only taken from her bosom to be dimmed by a gentle tear, to be kissed with tender devotion, or to be gazed at with rapture, during some impassioned soliloquy. I can hardly forgive myself for thus describing, though in softened colours, the character of this kind but silly old lady; but it is impossible to speak of her without an irresistible emotion of the ridiculous. She really loved the forsaken Helen: and night after night, with uncomplaining and ceaseless affection, she had watched in the sick chamber, and studied every wish of her poor friend.

Before Laura returned home, she engaged a nurse to attend on the actress, and she called on a physician of much celebrity, who was a friend of her father's. She told him all that she knew about Helen Gray, and she left him much interested by her account, and promising to see and prescribe for the sick actress.

On the following day, Laura again set off to pay her visit of kindness. When she had almost arrived at the end of her walk, her notice was attracted by a female who walked before her, carrying a pot of foaming porter, and pattering quietly along in pattens; there were passing down a long alley, and Laura soon recognised Mrs. Delmour by her strange attire. A short mantle of threadbare velvet had slipped back off her shoulders: her left hand was busied in lifting up a sort of apology for a train, which, betrayed by its dingy hues, a much more intimate acquaintance with the ground: her head was adorned by a small beaver hat, set on sideways, over which stuck up a few straggling feathers, that seemed to have been worried out of little plumage they once possessed. The old actress was absorbed in the abstraction of some delightful reverie, and she was holding communion with the small portion of blue sky disclosed above the high walls of the alley: as she advanced, her feelings found utterance in song; her shrill little pipe of a voice rose in high and flourishing quavers, which were only interrupted by the ceaseless under-song of her clicking and clattering pattens: the song died away as she emerged from the silent passage into the street, populous with noisy misery, where Helen Gray resided. Mrs. Delmour and Laura entered the shop at the same time: the former placed the pot of Porter on the counter, and then courtesied lowly to Laura: she did not seem at all disconcerted as she exclaimed, "I have been procuring a cup of that refreshing beverage, London porter, for Mrs. Edwards, who was unable to leave her abode, owing to some little domestic occupations. Here madam," she added, presenting some half-pence to the mistress of the house, "is the change I have received for you.—And now, (she turned to Laura with a pensive smile,) permit me, madam, to announce your arrival to the dear invalid. May I request that you will pardon my absenting myself for a few seconds."—Laura followed Mrs. Edwards to the back parlour, and sat for some minutes half sickened by a warm smell of boiled pork and cabbage, which exhaled from the depths of some darker regions beyond, undiscoverable to her gaze.

Laura ascended with gladness to the healthier atmosphere of Helen's light and lofty chamber.—The young actress was sitting up in a large chair near the open window, enjoying the sweet freshness of a fine May morning. Laura saw, for the first time, how beautiful Helen Gray still was; her face and form were indeed well suited to represent the loveliest characters of the drama: the former bore a striking resemblance to a portrait which some of my readers may have seen—the picture of Laura Bianca, by Titian; there is an engraving of it which is styled, "La Maitresse du Titian." The original I saw at the Louvre; and till I beheld Helen Gray, I hardly believed there was a human face so lovely. The young actress had the same perfect contour of face and regularity of features, the same large lustrous eyes with their expression of tender earnestness, the same rich hair, simply parting on her forehead, with ripples of gold on its waves of darker auburn; the same small matchless mouth, all glowing with the deepest rose-hues. Helen was very pale; her figure bore no resemblance to the full and rounded proportions of the lovely portrait; illness had reduced her to a slightness almost incredible.

Laura perceived with surprise that all the movements of the young actress were graceful: the language in which she expressed her gratitude for the obligations she had received, was elegant, yet evidently unstudied; this might be partly owing to her having lived, since her childhood, in a world of fanciful, if not of poetical imagery, unknown to many born in a higher station than herself; but still there was about her that natural grace which cannot be acquired, and which sometimes distinguishes the most uneducated peasant girl.

While Helen was speaking, Mrs. Delmour glided about the room, arranging the little furniture it contained. A bell tinkled below; the old lady started slightly at the sound, and said, "Though nurse is absent at present, I will leave you in the society of this young lady, if I do not trespass on her valuable time. Assure me that I do not," and she to Laura, who readily assured her.—"Then," she said, "I will descend for a while to partake of the family repast." She waved her hand, courtesied to Laura, and tripped from the room to regale on the steaming pork and cabbage below.—A faint smile passed over Helen's countenance, as the door closed on the romantic old actress, and she said, "She is very kind, very good to me. I can never repay her kindness, but she wearies me a little sometimes. Poor thing! she is so very sentimental, so fond of using fine words even on the commonest occasions; and yet I should be very lonely without her!"

I love to sit alone at this window, and feel the fresh air from the meadows and hills beyond the town; there are many dull roofs beneath, but when I look out, they cannot detain the eye from those green meadows, and the broad, bright river rolling through them. My lodging is in a dismal street, but I can feel the warm sun in this chamber, and see the beautiful clear sky." Her eyes were meekly raised towards the sky, and her looks agreed with her words, as she said, "I have much to be thankful for: more, much more, than I could dare to hope for."

Laura looked from the window, and round the small white-washed chamber, and thought to herself, "how few would be contented in such a place!" The room had no ceiling but the roof, which seemed to have been newly plastered up wherever a crevice had let in the wind; the narrow fire place was without a grate; the bed, a few broken chairs, and an old deal table, seemed to be the only furniture of the room; and yet, it might have seemed more desolate; every thing was clean and arranged in the neatest order; a large white mug, full of fresh cowslips, stood on the clean window-sill, and a clumsy sort of box, suspended without the window, was half hidden by mignionette in luxuriant bloom. The flowers gave their fragrance to every breath of the soft wind, as it streamed into the chamber, and a few buzzing bees, rovers from some distant hive, murmured busily about the mignionette, or hung half tipsy with delight in the sun-lighted cells of the cowslips.—"I perceive," said Laura, "that you can extract delight from sources which are too simple for many even to discover. You remind me of those happy bees: they seem as contented with that bunch of gathered flowers as their associates no doubt are, who may be now rifling the sweets of the whole garden."—"I think God," replied Helen, I do find delight in these simple blessings; but oh! not all my delight. I have a deeper joy, without which, I could prize no other."

Laura hoped, was certain, she knew to what the actress alluded; she felt, that Helen must be about to speak on the subject which burned for utterance in her own heart.

The actress blushed very deeply, as she drew from the folds of her dress a small book, and said, without raising her eyes, "I am ashamed to hide it, but I do not dare to let my husband see this Bible: it was lent me by the mistress of the house. I have long loved to read the word of God, and I have now no treasure on earth, but this book, which in my youth I neglected and despised.—Would you believe it, madam," she continued, "I do not remember that I have ever entered a church: Alas! alas, it is too late now! I can sit at this window and see the sunbeams, when evening is coming on, hanging and blazing upon that beautiful church spire; but I shall never go there, till they carry my body to be buried." I am not often very calm.—I have begun to know myself at last:—this book tells me just what my own experience does, only it tells me much better; it shows me, in my heart, that which experience would have forgotten, or passed over. Sometimes the picture is too fearful, and I put down the book almost hopeless, but it is wrong to do so; for if I open it again, and go reading, I am sure to find comfort, I am sure to find some part which seems to have been written as if on purpose for me. I know that the Bible is the 'Book of happiness;' and yet,".... Helen paused,—she said no more, but seemed to be musing on deep and afflicting thoughts: a silence ensued, and then Laura said, "Would you like to see a clergyman? I have an excellent friend, who would, I am sure, come to you, at my request."

Helen rose up, weak and trembling as she was, from her chair, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "You have named almost the first wish of my heart. Will any clergyman come to me?"—"He will come, I my safely promise you he will," said Laura, gently leading the sick woman back to her chair. "Nay, I must leave you," she added, holding up her finger, as if to command obedience. "if you do not promise me to compose yourself, and to be very prudent and careful."—She was really alarmed at the agitation of joy which Helen discovered, who now sat very quietly, and smiled while she wiped away her tears. Laura placed her finger on her lips, and having read aloud a chapter in the Bible, said, as she clasped one of Helen's thin hands in her own, "I will now leave you; but you must only bid me farewell with this hand. I shall not cease to think of you, and chiefly where you will feel most pleased to know that I remember you, in my prayers.—May God bless you, and be gracious unto you!" Helen did not speak, but with the full expression of her beautiful and tearful eyes, and tenderly pressing the hand of her friend, she drew it first to her heart, and then to her lips.

As Laura descended the stairs, Mrs. Delmour requested her to enter a little chamber, at the door of which she stood waiting for her. "This is my apartment," she exclaimed, as she ushered her in. It was a narrow, dark, little room, containing an untidy-looking bed, a single chair, and a low chest of drawers, which served for a table. On the drawers stood a shattered looking-glass, and over its frame hung a row of flaxen curls, every ringlet of which was enshrined in a fragment of a play-bill. Laura turned away from exploring any farther, and sat down at the request of the old actress, on the only chair: while Mrs. Delmour reclined on a caravan trunk, among a heap of band-boxes, of many shapes and sizes. "I have taken the liberty, madam," said she to Laura, "to request your presence for a short interval of time, wishing to have some conversation with you concerning the dear invalid above; and to declare to you, that I feel more grateful for your attentive considerations to her, than if they were gratuitously conferred on myself. Her husband is a sad Lothario, a very libertine, believe me; and that dear, lovely, discreet female at once the ornament of the stage and of her sex, is a helpless victim to his insidious neglect. Pardon me, madam, but my feelings are roused when I speak on this engrossing subject: to think that he should thus have dared to 'crop this fair flower, rifle all its sweetness, then cast it like a loathsome weed away.' How different from my beloved and ever lamented Mr. Delmour! This, lady, is the counterpart resemblance of my departed Edwin." She took from her bosom the little miniature, and presented it to Laura. Perfectly well bred, the latter repressed her smiles, and looked as gravely as she could at the picture; but she was already too wearied to think of remaining longer as a listener to the indefatigable nonsense of Mrs. Delmour; she therefore politely took her departure, after having in vain attempted to lead back the conversation for any time to the history of Helen Gray.

(To be concluded next week.)

TIME.—Man is ever quarrelling with *Time*. *Time* flies too swiftly; or creeps too slowly. His distempered vision conjures up a dwarf or a giant; hence *Time* is too short, or *Time* is too long! Now, *Time* hangs heavy on his hands; yet for most things he cannot find *Time*! Though time-serving, he makes a lackey of *Time*; asking *Time* to pay his debts; *Time* to eat his dinner; *Time* for all things!

SABBATH DAYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Type of eternal rest—fair buds of Bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;
The next world's gladness ring'd forth in this—
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's full flight.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
As on his journies in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers:
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
A gleam of glory after six days showers!

A milkey way marked out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
The briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

Love of the Tiger for Human Flesh.—It was my lot to be stationed, for several years, in a remote part of our Indian possessions, adjoining the Mysore frontier, and in the immediate vicinity of the great chain of Western Ghauts. In the pathless thickets of their eternal forests, untroden by the foot of man, the tigress reared her young, and wandered, with her savage partner, into the smaller jungles of the plain, proving a scourge that drove every feeling of security from the humble dwellings of the wretched inhabitants. In such a country, inhabited by the poorest classes, living in small villages, surrounded by jungle, and forced to seek their subsistence amongst the tiger's haunts numerous casualties of course occurred, and I had frequently opportunities of studying the habits and witnessing the ravages of this formidable animal. Some idea may be formed of the havoc committed by tigers, when I mention, from returns made to the Government, that, *in one district, three hundred men and five thousand head of cattle were destroyed during three years.*

Whilst confined to the forest the tiger is comparatively harmless. Their, feeding principally on deer, he rarely encounters man, and when the solitary hunter does meet the grim tyrant of the woods, instinctive fear of the human race makes the striped monster avoid him. But, in the open country, he becomes dangerous. Pressed by hunger, he seeks his prey in the neighbourhood of villages, and carries off cattle before the herdsman's eyes. Still he rarely ventures to attack man, unless provoked, or urged to desperation. But under whatever circumstances human blood is once tasted, the spell of fear is for ever broken; the tiger's nature is changed; he deserts the jungle, and haunts the very doors of his victims. Cattle pass unheeded, but their driver is carried off; and from that time the tiger becomes a *man-eater*.

PARDONED.—Two brothers, Germans, belonging to the interior of the State, named Abraham and William Kremer, arrested by the U. S. authorities, in June, 1839, tried in the U. S. Circuit Court here, at the Oct. Sessions following, and sentenced by Judge Baldwin, on the 23d of December, of the same year, to *five years* imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, for mail robbing, were released from confinement on the 31st ult. There term of incarceration expired in December last, and they were retained in prison for costs, which they being unable to pay, President Tyler, upon the recommendation of Isaac Otis, Esq., U. S. Marshal, and Mr. Thompson, Warden of the prison, remitted, and directed the discharge of the prisoners, both of whom are young men, and have families.

We are told that the meeting of the brothers, who, though confined in the same prison, had never looked upon or heard from each other, was pathetic in the extreme; they rushed together, embraced, and wept bitterly, then descanted upon their situation, and resolved to "woo the angel virtue in the future."

There appears to be good always designed by Providence, for those who followed in the path of the Saviour of all men. The individuals above mentioned had, since their incarceration, became devotedly attached to their Bibles, and resolved upon an honest course through the remainder of their lives, relying upon their belief in Christianity for support.

Scarce had they passed the jaws of the prison, ere they met, by mere accident, a cousin, whom they had not heard from for many years, he having emigrated some years since to Indiana, where he has amassed considerable property, and had visited this city for medical advice, having sustained an injury in the head, which nearly cost him the loss of an eye. On learning, from the lips of the unfortunate brothers, their sad story, he determined to ascertain the truth, by applying to the keeper of the prison, the Marshal, and others all of whom corroborated the statement. Having satisfied himself of the good intentions of the young men, he at once offered to them two farms in the vicinity of his own in Indiana, and kindly furnished them with the means to embark with their families, at once, for their future home in the far west, and we doubt not but they will one day repay the kindness, and prove worthy the generosity shown towards them.—*Alexander's Messenger.*

ARTIFICIAL LAKES IN CEYLON.—The Candelay Lake is situated within thirty miles of Trincomalee, in an extensive and broad valley, around which the ground gradually ascends towards the distant hills that envelop it. In the centre of the valley, a long causeway, principally made of masses of rock, has been constructed to retain the waters that from every side pour into the space enclosed within the circumjacent hills and the artificial dam thus formed. During the rainy season, when the lake attains its greatest elevation, the area of ground over which the inundation extends, may be computed at fifteen square miles. This work of art, and others of nearly equally gigantic proportions in the island, sufficiently indicate that at some remote period Ceylon was a densely-populated country, and under a government sufficiently enlightened to appreciate, and firm to enforce the execution of an undertaking which, to men ignorant of mechanical powers, must have been an Herculean operation; for, such is the capricious nature of the mountain-streams in this Tropical island, where heavy rain frequently falls without intermission for many successive days, that no common barrier would suffice to resist the great and sudden pressure that must be sustained on such occasions. Aware of this peculiarity in the character of their rivers, the Cingalese built the retaining-wall that supports the waters of the lake of Candelay with such solidity and massiveness as to defy the utmost fury of the mountain-torrents. Nearly the whole of its extent is formed with vast hewn masses of rock, to move which by sheer physical force must have required the united labors of thousands.

Communications.

THE TIMBER TRADE.

MR. EDITOR,—It will be mere matter of form in the commencement of an article on that subject, written with a view to excite the spirited action of the wise and powerful—to draw your attention to the distress so universally diffused over this hitherto flourishing country.

Objects of pity and subjects for sympathy are not alone to be met with in the lanes and byeways of our city. Wretchedness and famine stalk in gaunt nakedness not alone in the back settlements and the young villages of our Province. There indeed has been seen as yet but the penumbra of the dark shadows yet to fall upon them, unless the prostration of full-blown hopes, the blank dismay that has stricken that portion of the community which must ever bear the first approach of ruin consequent upon stagnation of trade, shall be checked in its onward march, under favour of an all-wise Providence, by unity of action and wisdom of direction.

It is in vain to look alone for the causes of distress so wide spread and alarming, to the mismanagement and criminal extravagance of individuals, or to the dereliction of duty lately manifested in the execution of the sacred trust reposed in them, by Corporate bodies and public servants. These have all undoubtedly exercised severally their share of influence toward the general ruin. 'Tis in vain we seek to check the mighty torrent at its mouth, while the streamlets give their increase. The reformation of abuses, or the wise regulation of *internal* economy, evils in themselves, the result partially of external derangement, will be but as a drop saved in the bucket, while the flood by neglect has been suffered to escape.

It will be seen that while I do not undervalue the exertions of those whose duty and whose interest points out to them the necessity of internal reform; my object will be to arouse public attention to the danger with which we are menaced by the withdrawal of the duties on foreign Timber, by which our Trade with Great Britain has been hitherto protected. I am aware that distress is not confined to this, or to the colonies generally; but that Great Britain is at present labouring under calamities perhaps even more lamentable than our own; that her labouring classes exhibit deplorable pictures of overpopulation, from which the boldest strokes of statesmanship unless seconded by the zealous and patriotic liberality of the wealthy, must fail to effect complete relief. Yet while influenced by a proper regard for these, may we not consistently and without even resorting for justification of our conduct, to the accredited adage "*charity begins at home*" make some enquiries into the causes of these distresses, with a view to the furtherance of our own interests, and the retention of our own rights, by assigning effects to their proper causes, and by divesting reasons of undue weight in the halls of that legislature, by whose decision we must stand or fall. And how is this to be done? Certainly not by standing like the ostrich with our brains thrust into a corner and our whole body exposed to mischief. Certainly not waggoner-like, by foolishly entrusting our safety to Hercules, when a timely exercise of the faculties with which we have been endowed had been adequate to our safety. Certainly not by a mischievous reliance on the disinterested exertions of a few patriotic individuals in the Parliament of the Mother Country, whose influence however extensive, whose views however enlightened, and whose information however raised, must, amidst the multiplicity of objects ever crowding upon their attention, be *spiritless* in comparison with the restlessness of a *faction* drawn into the field by *self-interest* and backed by the approval of a clamorous and unreasoning multitude, whose credulity is too often worked upon successfully by the avaricious demagogue for his own aggrandisement and to their ruin.

My appearance before the public is not predicated upon a conception of my own competency to explore the labyrinth of accidental (I use the word in a philosophical sense) circumstances uniting to produce the state of affairs we have all in common, abundant cause to deplore; nor do I advance a claim to sufficient sagacity to apply the remedy to the Hydra when exposed; but having waited until that business which is "*every body's get nobody's*" should have found a "meddler," and having waited so long in vain, I have, under a full sense of my own inexperience and lack of the knowledge requisite to a full discussion of the subject, struck out a few arguments which will serve at least for propositions for more skilful debaters. Should they prove supportable, I shall have gained my end;—should they be superseded by more enlightened views on the same side, I shall be equally happy in having originated the discussion: but should they prove unavailing, I fear I shall have to witness a long night of adversity to our hardworking and enterprising citizens

That the distresses in Great Britain are owing to commercial embarrassment;—that that embarrassment is not the result of one but of *many* causes, such for instance as the recklessness and extravagance to an unprecedented extent, of foreign commercial connexions; to an almost entire withdrawal of confidence induced by the system of *repudiation* lately invented by the legislative *wisdom* of the States, is a truth too universally admitted to need present illustration. That those *duties* which the majority of North American Colonists regard as a necessary protection to their interests, is also fraught with oppression to millions of paupers who seek in vain for profitable employment in the land of their nativity, will be admitted by many even among ourselves, to this list of untoward circumstances, I have had occasion to remark. But to prove the fallacy of this latter proposition, I am convinced a few arguments will suffice.

It will not be necessary in order to effectuate my purpose, to deny that the duties on Baltic timber, amount annually to a large sum of money; for I think it may be shewn that,—even supposing the abolition of them would not give rise to the necessity of augmenting the public revenues by the imposition of additional taxes on *other* commodities, and thus replace the *pound* by 16 *ounces*, that the *whole* of this weight does not rest upon the people of Britain, *much less* upon the poorer portion of them; and that so much as does, is more than counterbalanced by the benefits resulting to them from the *prosperous condition* of the Colonies.

It is an axiom in legislation that the *Consumer bears the weight of taxation*. Now of how much of the timber made use of in Great Britain is the poor man the ultimate consumer? We will admit that the wood used in the construction of his dwelling, his farming utensils, his implements of industry, whether it be of home or foreign growth, is enhanced in value by the duties, and that consequently his scanty earnings are proportionally reduced by their procuration. But what it will be asked becomes of the remainder of the large supply annually shipped to England? Regretting that I am not possessed of practical experience or sufficient statistical data to answer this question fully, I think I may assume that a larger quantity of it is employed in the construction of *public works*. Are not then those works more expensive, and are not the people of England taxed additionally in consequence of the material being *dear*? I answer No! for so far as *that* portion of it *goes*, the *duty itself* pays the re-