The Weekly Observer.

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The Weekly Observer.

Published on TUESDAY, by DONALD A. CAMERON at his Office, corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewwelling & Reading.—TERMS: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"

CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,

PRINTED DRUGGETS,

Moreens and Damasks,

SHEETINGS,

White and Stiped SHIRTINGS

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.

Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.

GILCHRIST & INCHES

ARE NOW OPENING AT THE

GOLDEN FLEECE,

Prince William Street,

PART OF THEIR

Spring and Summer Stock,

Received per Packet Ship *Liberia.*

St. John, April 19, 1853.

LONDON HOUSE,

Market Square, April 9, 1853.

Per Steamer "Niagara."

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege

LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.

Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;
Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;
French Printed CAMBRICS;
Fancy Printed ORLEANS;
HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.

T. W. DANIEL.

APRIL 9, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

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

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

W. G. LAWTON.

VICTORIA HOUSE,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

AND

BRITISH HOUSE,

KING STREET.

Saint John, 8th March, 1853.

First Spring Importations!

PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."

5,000 Straw Bonnets!

Newest Spring Shapes!!

J. DOHERTY & CO.

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

Paris Fashions.

MESSRS. LOCKHART & CO. have pleasure to announce to their patrons, that part of their

NW SPRING STOCK

has arrived per Steamer "*NIAGARA,*" direct from PARIS, personally selected by Mr. Lockhart.

Gents' Parisian Satin Velvet HATS;
" best French KID GLOVES;
" " " STOCKS;
" " " Muslin, Satin, and Silk OPERA TIES;
" " " Silk Pocket & Neck Hdkfs;
" " " SHIRTS and COLLARS;
" " " BRACES;
Ladies' French, Leghorn and Straw BONNETS;
" " Moral Antique PARASOLS;
" " Bonnet and plain RIBBONS;
" " Colored KID GLOVES;
" " Dress Silks and Taffetas;
Children's HATS—with a variety of other articles of Parisian manufacture—

THIS DAY OPEN, and ready for Inspection and Sale.

LOCKHART & CO.,

April 9.—Si. No. 17, King-street.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE,

Market Square, April 23, 1853.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Just opened, ex Steamers *Niagara* and *America,*

A RICH assortment of Jewellery, in great variety—English Silver Spoons, Forks, &c.; Silver Fancy Articles, Silver Brooches, Shawl Pins, Bracelets, Card Cases, Bouquet Holders, Paper Knives, Cake ditto; Knife, Fork and Spoon, in Cases, &c. &c.

Ex *Liberia*—20 packages Hardware, consisting of Ivory Handle Table Cutlery, in complete sets, and in dozens: Knives only, and Carvers to match; Buck Horn ditto, ditto; Pocket Cutlery, Combs, Razor Strops, Hair Brushes, &c. &c.

Shortly expected, ex *Bellcarrig, Speed* and *Imperial*—100 packages assorted Fancy Goods, Saws, Tools, Files, General Hardware, Cuttery, Block Tin Goods, Gas Fittings, Electro and Albata Plate, rich Plated Goods, with a large supply of English Lever Watches, &c. &c.

Particulars in future advertisements.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to select from our stock, the assortment being large and varied, and the prices exceedingly low.

ROBINSON & THOMPSON,

April 26. Proprietors.

MARKET SQUARE,

MAY 3, 1853.

J. & H. FOTHERBY

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

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

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

NEW GOODS,

Per Seame "Cambria."

MORRISON & CO.

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

SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS

Ever exhibited in this Province.

MORRISON & CO.,

April 5. PRINCE WM. STREET.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

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

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.

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

Poetry, &c.

CLEON AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy.
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigor I:
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care environed,
Cleon fears to die:
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me for ever,
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

[COMMUNICATED.]

From the New-York Recorder.

The late Dr. James Cameron.

AT the request of a number of our subscribers, we insert the following tribute to the memory of the late Dr. James Cameron, of this city, delivered before the "Fellows of the New York Medical Society," and a large circle of relatives, by the Rev. JOHN THOMSON, pastor of the Presbyterian church, corner of Grand and Mercer streets, of which the deceased was a member.

"To-day is so like the yesterday that is past, that we are scarcely conscious of its departure; and were it not for the changes and revolutions that occur in surrounding society we would fail to realize, under each closing day, that one more hath been added to the days that are past, and one more subtracted from those that remain to us. There is scarcely any thing to which man is so self-blinded as the steady progress of time; and of no other truth has man vouchsafed to him more frequent or more affecting admonitions. He cannot open his eyes to the light of a new day; he cannot close them in slumber when the shadows of evening are gathering around him; he cannot look forth upon the open fields, nor walk the crowded thoroughfares of our city, without being reminded that "all flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field." We know that time is short—we know not how short.

Yet it is not a profitable nor desirable philosophy that would seek to familiarize us with death around us, that it might blind us to the certainty of our own. It is not more true that others die, than it is that we too shall die. Whatever be the station that we now occupy, the duties that we now fulfil, or the ties that connect us in closest fellowship with our kindred, a day is coming when the station we now occupy shall be occupied by another, and when another shall fulfil the duties now devolving upon us, and when the ties of nearest relationship shall be broken up and destroyed. Careless and stupid as are men's minds in general as to these familiar truisms, there is only the more need that, on occasions like that on which we are now assembled, they should be the more faithfully and earnestly reminded of them, to the end that they may be led to serious reflection as to what they are, and where they are, and whither they are going.

How sunk and degraded soever mind may be, it hath the vision of a happy home in that point in the future to which, even in death, its anticipations are directed, and that home to which a growing immortality looks forward is invariably regarded as being free from the evil that oppresses it here. No nation, no people, no class, and no family have yet been found who are willing to give place in their minds to the idea of annihilation. It seems too horrible, for even the most degraded imagination to conceive. The great God that made us—fearfully and wonderfully made us—hath given us a strong and uncomquerable yearning after immortality. The appetency of the soul refuses to be satisfied with all that the world can afford it. Give it wealth, give it honor, give it rank and renown, and still there will be a vacuum which nothing earthly can fill up. Lay a conquered world at the feet of Alexander, and still his insatiate spirit, the conqueror's inner man, will sigh for another world to conquer. So with man's immortality; it holds the whole world as a vain possession, the mere shadow of more substantial things, and for these it pants as for things congenial to its own nature, and in perfect harmony with its highest anticipations.

The desire for immortality within man, the gospel meets from without. It does not allay nor annihilate it, but it sanctifies and strengthens it, and points its right direction. It shows that that in death which even good men fear, and dread, and tremble at, is the fruit of man's offence against his Maker. It shows from all this a way of escape; and to such as are willing to make choice of this way, and to walk in it, it declares death to be but a sleep, a rest, yet not an endless one. It points to the house of many missions; and to these as inhabited by all such as have died in the Lord Jesus. To believers in the gospel of the gracious God, death is but a messenger, and its message to each from the Lord of these mansions is, "Come up hither."

We are met this day, my friends, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who was but recently one of us, but who, in the mysterious, but righteous ways of Providence, hath been taken away from among us; and it is most meet that on such an occasion as this we take away with us such lessons as the dispensation may be fitted to impart. From any fulsome eulogy of the departed, he, were he present, would be the first to dissent; to pronounce him to have been free from failings and infirmities, were to libel his humanity; and unduly to extol his virtues, were to degrade myself and my calling in the estimation of those that hear me.

As to his public life, in connection with a highly honorable and responsible profession, he was better known to you than to me. But if the respect shown by his fellows to his memory is to be hailed as an expression of the estimation in which they held him while one of themselves, then I feel warranted in saying, that a great man hath fallen. If to this I may add the affectionate regard which wherever he attended officially, was paid to his counsel and advice, and the less public but not less precious testimonial to the worth and excellence of the man that may be found in the grateful hearts of the poor and needy, whom he befriended with his substance, as well as relieved by his medical skill; and if, further, I may add another testimonial—which, with whatever levity it may be received by men that cannot or will not admit the possible co-existence of great medical skill and deep and decided piety, in one and the same man, is yet not the less precious to right-thinking and well balanced minds, viz., that in the exercise of his gifts as a physician of the body, he was never slow to administer the cordials of the gospel to sorrowing minds—then I feel warranted in saying that a good man hath been taken away from amongst us. It is even so. In many a heart of many a family did our departed father make a lodging-place both for his name and memory, and that not less by his pious admonition and words of comfort, than by forth-putting of his medical skill. In a word, let me add, that they who have been accustomed to find in him, not only the physician, but the steady and considerate friend, have learned also to place no confidence in the man—whatever be the measure of his professional engagements—who does not repose his confidence in God.

Of his piety and consistency as a member of the Church of Christ, I can speak from personal knowledge, and therefore with more satisfaction, for I have known him in health, when hypocrisy might have gained him friends, and when the compromise of his religious convictions, might have weakened the hostility of opponents; and I have known him in the hour of acutest suffering, when death would have been welcomed as the best of friends; and I have received the last sign of recognition which ere his departure he was enabled to give; and in none of these situations have I found his faith to falter, or his hope in Christ to give way. I have never been a witness of greater suffering so long protracted, nor have I ever witnessed under suffering greater or more constant patience exhibited. He has left to his surviving household, and relatives, and friends, a precious legacy indeed: he has left them the certain knowledge that, when the long day of his last sufferings began, he had not to begin to seek the Lord; for ere that day he had found Christ, having been found of him. And more; he has left them his experience of that most precious promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and that written in characters which, while reason lives, shall never be effaced from their memories.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." God has written it, and no skill and no prescription can reverse the decree: "All flesh is grass; and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth;" not the grass only, but also the flower, the worth, the rank, the aristocracy of nature, all are involved in the common lot. Yet, how ineffably sublime the spectacle of a dying Christian, a flower in Christ's garden! That sun that hath risen amid dark, portentous clouds, is ever fairest when its setting hour has come; and the gathering of the night gloom is but the lifting up of the shadow of mortality, that the emancipated spirit may flee away and be at rest. Our departed friend and father is now deaf to human utterances, but he is where he *would* be, with God, and ever praising him. They that loved him most dearly would not now desire his recall: he hath gone before us, be it ours to follow. Sorrowing widow, be thou comforted: your earthly head is taken from you. Be Jesus all thy head now, for he ever liveth; and his loving-kindness he will never take from the Christian wife, whose Husband and Judge he ever is. Mourning child, be comforted. "Be God thy Father now, all thy Father; for he hath engaged to be the Father of the fatherless, as well as the widow's Judge.

Ye that feel that the circle of your friendships is fast narrowing around you, as one friend now, and now another, are taken away, deal honestly by yourselves and honorably by your God; choose the *Living One* as your friend, for in his friendship he sticketh closer than a brother. Give him free access to all your hearts, and be assured that, though all earthly ties should be broken, "yea, though the mountains depart, and the hills be removed, yet my kindness shall not depart from you, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on you."

In the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick, Doctor CAMERON was not unknown: there are those to whom his generosity and pure friendship have been extended, and there are hearts which beat in earnest sympathy with those of his bereaved widow and daughter. For symphicity of manners, gentlemanly demeanor, piety, and sincerity in well doing, it may be doubted it his superior could be found. His time was spent in doing good—healing the sick, giving consolation to the afflicted, and in relieving the wants of the indigent. The poor may truly say, we have lost a friend! the Christian may truly say, I have lost a kind brother! the sick may truly say, we have lost a comforter! and the Medical Profession may truly say, a worthy member has departed!! Doctor Cameron was born at Cragie, Kinross-shire, Scotland, in October, 1775, of upright and industrious parents, who were held in high estimation in the neighbourhood, but with limited pecuniary means, so that the son was obliged to procure a livelihood for himself, and by his talents, industry, and frugality at length arrived at a very eminent station in the Medical profession—with the honor of being a self-made man. After surmounting the languages and Mathematics, he commenced the study of Medicine under Doctor Duncan, in 1811, and in 1818 received his credentials. Practising in Edinburgh three years, he crossed the Atlantic and settled in the city of New York, where he continued the practice of Medicine until his death, (Dec. 12, 1851,) with the exception of a short visit to his native shore when nearly worn out by toil, pain and sickness at intervals for many years, in hopes of partially regaining his own health. Doctor Cameron was for over thirty years an exemplary member of the Associated Presbyterian Church, Grand Street, and died in the faith of that Gospel which he professed through life.

Amherst, Nova-Scotia, May 31, 1853.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG VOYAGERS: OR PILOTED BY PROVIDENCE.

"Come, Anne, come Jenny—sisters. Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly nice sail this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain, like my father, and show you how he sails that great packet ship across the ocean. Come, girls, get in—Anne, you shall be my mate, and little Jenny shall be cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair-haired, rosy-cheeked boy, with bright, laughing, blue eyes, about ten years old, who, during his address, was busily engaged in rigging the mast and sails to a ship's launch, which was made fast to the beach in one of those secluded, picturesque little coves, or inlets, with which the south shore of Long Island between Fire Island and Rockaway is so plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little girls of eight and six years, beautiful as angels, and so exactly like their brother in every feature, that they seemed as perfect copies—all but the long, sunny ringlets—of his exquisite face.

Anne, the eldest girl, bounded lightly into the boat at her brother's first invitation, and began assisting him about the sail. But little Jenny—who was tugging along a great basket filled with pies, sweet cakes and fruits, which they had brought from a beautiful cottage not far off, for a little picnic dinner—hesitated and held back in silence, till her brother urged her again to get into the boat, when she began to argue with him thus:

"O, Willie, don't let us go into the boat to-day! There is so much wind, and we might be—"

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be affraid," interrupted the young captain, impatiently. "It is the pleasantest day we've had in a month; and it's so late in the fall, that if we don't go to-day, I'm sure we shall not get another chance this year. Come, Jenny, don't be frightened—jump in."

"O, I'm not at all afraid, brother." And, child as she was, little Jenny's cheeks glowed, for a few moments, with a deeper vermilion tint, at the implied question of her courage by her brother. "I am not in the least afraid, Willie. But you know, mother has often told us that we must not go in the boat when it blows hard; all I'm afraid of is disobeying her."

"Then you may come into the boat without fear, sister; for mother told me I might sail this afternoon, not five minutes before we left the house."

"Yes, I know that, Willie; but that was two hours ago, when it was almost calm. It blows a great deal harder now, and I am sure, mother would not like us to go away from the shore in the boat when there is such a high wind."

"O, nonsense, Jenny; I have been all about the cove when it blew a great deal harder than this. Mother, you know, says I am the best sailor along the coast, and just as well able to judge when the weather is fit to go on a cruise as she is. Come, sister, we can't get drowned, for the water is so shallow now at ebb tide, and with this west wind, that we could wade anywhere about the cove."

Thus persuaded, Jenny passed her basket to her brother, and then clambering into the boat herself, she took a seat beside Anne, in the stern sheets, and soon the launch was underweigh.

She was a great, heavy, clumsy boat—as all of her class usually are—with a single lug sail of heavy canvass; altogether illy calculated for a pleasure craft. But little Willie Walton managed her with consummate skill for so young a commander, and they had made several stretches across the cove, when, as they were passing the inlet that opened out seawards, Anne's eyes rested upon the bright, blue waves of the Atlantic far off beyond the discolored water along the coast, and clapping her hands with a sudden ecstacy of infantile joy, she exclaimed:

"O, Willie, Willie! Let us go out there and sail on that beautiful blue ocean! Wont it be grand? So much prettier than this little, dirty cove, with the bare sand banks all about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and, gazing out into the offing, his bright eyes lit up with the enthusiasm caught from his sister's words, and instantly replied:

"We'll go out there, and have a glorious sail—just like the great ships and steamboats that we see go by."

"O, don't go out there, brother!" interrupted little Jenny, her cheek growing pale as the delicate lily. "Don't go, Willie! Mother will be angry with us."

"Mother will be no such thing, Jenny. She will be proud of us, to think we have been out on the big ocean all alone. I can very easily come back with the flood tide that'll soon be setting in." And, without further argument, the reckless boy put his helm up, eased off the sheet, and away out through the inlet to across the line of blue water outside, went the launch, hurried along before the strong breeze, which, added to the strength of the last quarter ebb, bore her away at a speed that soon sunk the yellow sand ridge to a mere line along the margin of the wide ocean, and the white cottages with the Venetian blinds into toy houses dotted with bright green specks. The colored water—which appeared from the cove only like a narrow strip dividing the white surf from the deep azure of the ocean beyond—expanded into a broad belt of several miles in width. But with the fine breeze and strong outset of the tide, the boat sped on; while the novelty of their position, and the natural excitement produced by it, cause the time and space to fly past unheeded by the young voyagers, and a sudden dread came upon them as, having gained the blue water, they looked back towards the shore and saw hills, fields, houses and orchards all blending, growing indistinct, and fading away in the dim distance. There was a sense of lonely, utter helplessness suddenly shadowing their bright visions; and there was a world of pathos in little Jenny's sweet, low voice, as she laid her hand gently upon her brother's arm, and looking up into his eyes, whispered:

"O, Willie, let us go home. Mother would feel very bad, if she knew we had come away out here."

Willie bent down his head and kissed his sister's pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go home, Jenny. I was naughty to come off so far from the land. But don't cry, sister. I am very sorry. Don't blame me—I couldn't help it: I do love the sea so much."

"No, we wont blame you, Willie, only let us hurry back; for see, yonder is a terrible black cloud coming up in the west, and I am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was interrupted by a groan of anguish from her brother, whose eye, for the first time, had been directed towards a bank of dark, murky clouds heaving up in the western board, by his sister's remark; and at the very instant that his vision first rested upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant, zigzag lightning rose quivering along its upper edge, and a few moments later, there came to their ears the low, muttered roar of far off thunder.

The young captain had hauled his little vessel by the wind, but the clumsy thing lay broad off under her ill fitted sail. Besides, the wind, which she had scarcely felt while running off before it, had now increased so much that she heeled over till there was great danger of her capsizing, to prevent which, Willie, assisted by his two sisters, set about reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and again the boat was steered as close as she would go, which at best was little better than eight points, so that with her great lee way, Willie soon found that, in spite of his utmost skill, his craft was drifting rapidly out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the embattled legions of black storm clouds; louder came the fearful thunder crashes; more vivid gleamed the red lightning's flash; wilder the shrieking gale swept by, howling and screaming dread notes of terror to the young voyagers. The water—which in with the land was quite smooth—began to heave up in huge, foam-crested waves, here and there all around them, curling over and breaking all feather-white in long lines of snowy, hissing spray. Great round drops of rain came pattering down in the water, and pelting on the thwarts and gunwales of the boat with a sharp, clicking noise that smote startingly dismal on the ears of the three little ocean wanderers.

Young as he was, Willie retained in his mind much of what he had heard his father relate at various times, in regard to the management of a ship in a gale; and the knowledge which he had thus gained in theory, now stood him in good stead. He had heard of keeping a ship before it in a squall, and of scudding in a gale—and the dull sailing, clumsy boat was his ship. The theory which he had learned, he proceeded to put into practice; and when the first mad gust of the yelling tornado fell upon the launch, she was going off dead before the wind—otherwise her sail would have been blown away, or she would have been swamped in an instant. As it was, she went flashing on through the wild storm and screaming surges, scudding away, right out into the mighty wilderness of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still the war of elements went on in all its terrible fury; and still the brave, little fellow stood there at the helm, bare-headed, his cap blown away, his clothes dripping with water, and steady to his purpose, steered his tiny bark on and away before the fierce, howling blast. Once only he faltered, and that was when the launch quivered for a moment on the crest of a mighty surge, and then went reeling and plunging, standing almost on end, down into the hissing vortex of the liquid ravine. Then a single quick cry of horror escaped the boy's lips; but the next moment, Jenny crept up to his side, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and spoke in a low, soothing tone, that almost instantly called back his confidence, and elicited from his lips a cry of admiration for his sister's heroism.

"Don't be frightened, dear Willie," spoke the little angel. "Mother says that God watches over people that live on the sea. And don't you remember, brother, how often our dear mother has told us that Jesus loved little children? If God watches over us, and Jesus loves us, we shall be safe. So don't be afraid."

Night—dark, wild and gloomy night, came down upon the world of waters, and still the terrible tornado raged in all its horrors of wind, lightning, rain and thunder: and there, in their frail, open boat, we will leave the hapless young voyagers speeding on and away right out into the very heart of the vast Atlantic. We will bid them adieu, and glance back to the home—to their fond mother, rendered desolate in heart by the dread calamity that has fallen upon her in the loss of her children.

At the moment when the children first embarked, Mrs. Walton had glanced out towards the cove, and for a few minutes she watched them with all a mother's fond pride, as she saw them sailing to and fro on the quiet waters of the bay; and then some visitors called, and she forgot her children till just as the storm came down, when a neighbor came rushing in with the heart-rending intelligence that the launch had been seen only a few minutes previously, several miles out to sea.

The first terrible shock almost killed her; but soon rallying all her woman's energy and mother's love, she rushed forth from her home, and regardless of the furious storm, aroused her neighbors, and besought them with all the eloquence called up by the deep anguish of her riven heart, to lend their aid in the recovery of their lost darlings.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or Falkner's Island, and to venture out to sea in such a storm with such small craft as were kept along the shore, were worse than madness; and so immediate dispatches were sent to New York, not only to the owners of the ship commanded by Capt. Walton, but to the pilots, and within an hour after the news reached the city, two of the stanchest pilot boats, manned by extra picked crews of gallant souls, were underweigh, and speeding on their swift-winged course in search of the ocean lost children.

Mrs. Walton herself hastened to the city, to urge with her presence and influence, more prompt action; but the two vessels had been gone an hour when she arrived, and so she repaired to the house of Mr. Alwin, the owner of the ship her husband commanded, to await the return of those who had so nobly gone forth in that mad storm in search of her three darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fevered anxiety, hoping in the very teeth of despair, we, too, will go forth in the wild, yelling gale, to look upon a most sublime ocean picture.

It was an hour after midnight—dark as the deepest, gloomiest cells of an inquisitorial dungeon, save when the vivid lightning's flash lit up the Chinese blackness with a glare rivaling that of the brightest noon-day sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, lay hove to a noble ship, inward bound, in one of the most terrific gales that ever swept along the northern coast of America. The gale had set in an hour before sundown, and ever since dark the ship had been hove to under the shortest possible canvass, heading up west southwest, with the gale coming in violent squalls out at the northwest.

"Do you think there is any danger to us or the ship, captain?" inquired one of three passengers, who stood near the commander of the ship, partly sheltered from the storm by the projecting roof of the round house.

"Not the least, Mr. Kinsley. You are as safe here as you would be at your own house in New York. She is a brave new ship, and I have had no opportunity of giving her a fair trial in bad weather, but I am [illegible] in her. In fact, I never saw a vessel behave herself quite so well in a decided hurricane. It's a terrible night, however, and God help those who may chance to be out in it such a night as this!" For the last hour I have been thinking of my wife and children. My wife will not sleep a wink to-night. She never can in a storm like this when I am from home. I was cast away once on the Long Island shore, not half a mile from home, in just such a gale, only it was at southeast. I would give a hundred dollars this moment to be at home, only for my wife's sake. But we must—my God, what is that?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit up the surrounding space, and as the darkness shut in again, a faint, but clear and distinct—"Ship A-hoy!" uttered either by a female or a child, came down on the blast from directly to windward.

A moment after the hail was repeated, and another flash of lightning revealed a boat driving square down before the gale, and almost under the ship's quarter. Ere one could count five, the shrill, quivering cry came up from the boat, as it shot past the ship not three fathoms clear of her rudder.

"Merciful heaven! There are three children in that boat!" yelled Mr. Kinsley, who, with the captain, was peering down over the taffrail as the boat flew past.

"Put your helm hard up, my man," said the captain, in a voice as calm as man's voice could be; and then calling the chief and third mates, who were both on deck, he informed them of the fact that a small open boat, with three children in it, had just gone past, and then gave his orders:

"Mr. Casey, please go out on the flying jib boom end and keep a lookout for the boat; and mind, Mr. Casey, if we come up with it, you can, lay the ship so as to bring the boat close aboard on the larboard side—*larboard,* remember, Mr. Casey. Don't, for your life, make a mistake. Go forward now, sir, and if we save those children, five hundred dollars shall be your reward."

Then turning to the chief mate, he continued:

"Mr. Winsor, you will brace the yards all square, which, without making any more sail, will send the ship through the water something faster than the boat is going. Having done this, rig six single whips—two on each lower yards—on the *larboard* side. Place the blocks far enough out for the falls to drop about a fathom clear of the ship, and then reeve off good stun'-sail gear, bringing both ends in on deck, with a running bowline in one part, and the other led along for a fall, stationing three good fellows at each. In the meantime, I will get the ship steady before the wind, and—Frank, my man, you keep her so. Don't let her yaw an inch! Steer her as if your very soul depended on it; and within an hour after the ship reaches New York, you shall have a hundred dollars.

"And now, Mr. Kinsley, will you please call up the second mate, and all the gentlemen passengers? I want to stand by the whips in order to assist the sailors if necessary. We must save those children, and do it, too, without the boat coming in contact with the ship, as that would be instant destruction to it and them in such a sea."

"All ready, the whips, sir!" came from the mate, and the next moment the third mate's voice rang out from the jib-boom end: "Boat right ahead! Steady, as you go!"

"Now then, my lads, who'll into these running bowlines with me and stand by to pick up the children?" anxiously inquired the captain.

"I, and I," "I," "I," "I," came from a dozen ready sailors, in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I only want [illegible] I go in one of the bowlines my[illegible]"

The selections were soon made, and there they stood in the fore, main and mizzen chains—the commander and five noble fellows—with the bowlines under their arms ready to risk their lives to save the three children.

"Steady! Stand by, now! Here they come! Look out!" screams the officer from the jib-boom, and a moment later, the dim outlines of a boat loomed up by the lee cat-head. Another moment of breathless suspense, and the boat was abreast of the fore-chains.

"Stand by the for'ard whips! Look out there in the main chains! Veer away, men! *Now, Harry, now!*" and down went the captain and his companion into the boat.

A breath later and the shout came ringing up, "Look out main and mizzen chains! Sway away on deck!" and up by the run came the two men, each grasping a child in his arms.

"Main chains, there!. In God's name, have you got her?" screamed the captain, rushing aft with the boy he had saved still in his arms.

"Ay, ay, sir! All right!" answered a brave fellow, clambering on deck, with little Jenny grasped tight by her clothes.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, clasping the captain about the neck. "Father!" "Father!" echoed back two treble voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee! Saved—saved—saved!" and Capt. Lester Walton sunk fainting to the deck. He knew the children were his own from the moment they passed the ship's stern, and his indomitable self-control had borne him up till they were rescued; when the reaction came, and he sunk down insensible.

At an hour before sunset on the following day, the ship was at her berth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and her loved children there, in the cabin of her husband's ship, is too sacred a picture to be profaned by a mere pen-and-ink copy.

JACKSON'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.—The Richmond Enquirer says:—A lady in the West has been kind enough to send us a copy of Andrew Jackson's epitaph on his wife. It is known to have been his own composition, yet although it has been read by hundreds on her tomb in Tennessee, it has never appeared in print before. This singular inscription reads thus:—"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unoccetending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched, a comforter; to the prosperous, an ornament. Her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

Ye who have been remiss in duty, who have not cared when a brother erred and perished, awaken to new life, and be not slack in the performance of duty. It is not too late—scores may yet be saved by your judicious efforts, by your counsels, your tears, your affectionate words and open hands. A kiss is better than a blow. Kindness is a moral lever, judiciously used, which will move the world, and raise it to light, and joy.—*Am. Christian Advocate.*

THE MOTHER OF THE SULTAN died of suppuration of the knee joint following an attack of acute rheumatism; her age was about fifty. She has always been known as a most amiable woman, and was greatly beloved by her son. She was originally a Circassian slave.

A gentleman, unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she was grieving her from morning to night. "An happy girl," said the master, "I wish I could give her a warning, too."

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—*Seume.*