The Weekly Observer.

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THE OBSERVER,

Published on Tuesday, by Donald A. Cameron, at his Office in Water Street, South West corner of the Market Square.—Terms: 15s. per annum, half in advance.

☞ The postage on all Letters (except those containing money, or from Agents.) must be pre-paid, or they will not be attended to.

IN CHANCERY, New-Brunswick.

Between—Charles Simonds, Plaintiff; *and* Thomas Calvert, Richard Calvert, John Hawes, and Calista, his wife, James Lakeman, and Lucinda, his wife, Abbey Lakeman, and Robert Britain, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD, by Public Auction, on MONDAY the twenty-second day of February next, between the hours of eleven of the clock in the forenoon and one of the clock in the afternoon, by the undersigned, at his Office in the Commercial Bank Building, in the City of Saint John, (which office will then be open to the public for the purpose of such Sale,) under and pursuant to a Decree of the said Court of Chancery, made in this cause on Tuesday the sixth day of October, instant—"All those three several "lots, pieces and parcels of LAND, situate, lying and being "in the City of Saint John, fronting on Dock Street, and "containing together a front on the said street of eighty-"one feet and six inches, or thereabouts, one of the said "lots, pieces and parcels of Land being the same that was "conveyed to the said Richard Calvert, by George Whit-"tekir and Mary his wife, by their Deed bearing date the "thirtieth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thou-"sand eight hundred and twenty, and registered on "the fifth day of May following, in Book U. pages 375, "376 and 377, of Records of Deeds, &c. for the City and "County of Saint John, another of the said Lots being the "same which was conveyed to the said Richard Calvert "by George Harding and Jane his wife, by their Deed "bearing date the third day of May, in the year of our "Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and "Registered on the same day in Book P. No. 2, pages "295 and 296 of Records of Deeds, &c., and the other of "the said Lots being the same that was recently conveyed "to the said Richard Calvert by the aforesaid George "Whittekir and Mary his wife, by their Deed bearing date "the twenty-fourth day of August, in the year one thou-"sand eight hundred and forty, and also Registered as "aforesaid, in Book Y. No. 2, pages 455 and 456, on the "thirty-first day of the same month, as will more fully ap-"pear by reference to the aforesaid Deeds and Records, "the said three lots, pieces and parcels of Land being "bounded on the south-east by Lands at present owned "by William Hammond, on the north-west by Lands own-"ed by the said George Whittekir, and lately under lease "to George Younger, and in front by a line ten feet distant "from Dock Street and parallel thereto, being the line "which was established by the Commissioners appointed "under the authority of an Act of the General Assembly. "'To authorize the widening and enlarging certain Streets "'in the City of Saint John, and the laying out of other "'streets therein.'"—Together with all BUILDINGS and Improvements thereon.—The whole to be sold in one lot. *Terms of Sale.*—Ten per Cent. deposit on the day of sale, to be forfeited if the purchase be not completed, and the remainder on the delivery of the Deed at the said office, on Monday the eighth day of March next, between the hours of eleven A.M. and one P.M.

Dated the second day of November, A D. 1846.

ROBERT F. HAZEN.
Master in Chancery.

Further particulars may be had on application to the Master, or to J. M. Robinson, *Plaintiff's Solicitor.*

GAS, GAS, GAS.

November 24, 1846.

C. & W. H. ADAMS have received per ships Kestrel and Lucius Carey—

An Assortment of Bronzed and Bright Argand Burners;
Jet Sockets, with superior Union Jet Burners, with and without Glass Holders;
19 Bags BOAT NAILS,
22 " Horse and Ox NAILS,
2 Crates Japanned COAL SCOOPS,
4½ Dozen *Lowson's Pattern* FOX TRAPS,
Grocers' COFFEE MILLS; Brushes, assorted; Iron Squares; Brass Cocks; Hooks and Staples
Palace Motion Mortice Locks, &c. &c.

S. K. FOSTER'S Shoe Stores,

Corner of King and Germain Streets.

NEW BOOTS AND SHOES

Just received from London and Liverpool:—

LADIES' Cloth, Cashmere and Prunella BOOTS of every quality, from the very best to the cheapest sort that may be required;
Ladies' SNOW BOOTS of every description;
Do. WALKING SHOES in great variety;
Do. Satin, Silk, Kid, Patent, Enamelled, Seal, Chamois, Carpet, French and Common *House* SHOES of every sort;
Girls', Youths', Boys' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES of every sort and quality that may be required;
An extensive and elegant variety of Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES of every description, for dress, half dress and ordinary wear.
For sale Wholesale and Retail—Cheap.
☞ *Further supplies daily expected.*
Oct. 20. S. K. FOSTER.

WM. A. ROBERTSON,

Tailor, &c., Dock Street,

WOULD inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has removed to his Store in Dock-street, lately occupied by Messrs. T. & J. C. Hatheway,—where he has on hand an assortment of the best Superfine CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Fashionable VESTINGS, &c., which he will make up to order, in the first style of workmanship, at short notice.

St. John, May 26, 1846.

S. M'LEOD, Tailor,

A few doors below the Saint John Hotel,

KING STREET,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his thanks to his friends and the public, for the kind patronage hitherto extended to him, and would inform them that he now keeps on hand an assortment of GOODS in his line, suitable for the season, with TRIMMINGS to match, which he will make up to order on very liberal terms.

St. John, June 23, 1846.

TEAS per "Henrietta."

30 CHESTS superior Congou—'Canton,' No. 1; 10 chests E. I. C. Souchong; 25 boxes fine Souchong, 25 lbs. ea.—for family use; 14 do. Caper Souchong, 14lbs.: 22 chests Bohea,

On hand of previous importations—

14 half-chests Twankay, 6 ditto Young Hyson,
5 ditto Twankay Hyson, 5 ditto Orange Pekoe.

Nov. 10. ALLISON & SPURR.

THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.—The *Theological Essays*, by the Rev. Mr. Wishart, will, from the 1st January, make their appearance on the 1st and 15th of every month.

No. 3 is now ready for delivery to Subscribers at the Victoria Book Store. Dec. 15.

Liverpool, 1st May, 1846.
23, *Sefton Street.*

THE Business hitherto carried on by Ashcroft, Mackay & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent.

We, the undersigned, have this day entered into Co-Partnership, under the Firm of A. F. & D. Mackay, as Wood Brokers and Measurers, and solicit a continuance of past favors.

A. F. MACKAY,
6; D. MACKAY.

"Tempus imperator rerum."

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscriber has just received and has for sale, an extensive and varied Assortment of Gold and Silver WATCHES of every description, fitted up in the most approved style; also, a quantity of rich and fashionable JEWELLERY, Silver PLATE, Nautical Instruments, &c.—which, together with a large Stock on hand, are offered for sale low for Cash, or approved Paper at three or six months.

He would take this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends for the liberal support that he has received during the last fourteen years in business, as well as to inform them that having visited London last winter, and Boston and New-York this summer, he has entered into new arrangements, by which he will be regularly supplied with every description of WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, and all other Goods in his line, which will be sold lower than at any other establishment in this City.

Having purchased, when last in London, a splendid Astronomical CLOCK, and one of Dent's DIPLIEDESCOPES, and other Apparatus suitable for correcting and rating Marine Chronometers and completing and adjusting Nautical Instruments, and having expended a large sum to make his establishment efficient and accommodating to the Public; he would now cherish the hope of receiving a continuance of that patronage and support which the nature of this enterprize would warrant him to expect. He is aware of the opposition that the plain honest trader sometimes meets with from unprincipled and designing men; but the same principle which has guided him through evil report and good report, will govern him in his future efforts to serve the Public and himself conjointly.

☞ Chronometers and every description of Watches and Clocks, Jewellery, &c. repaired on moderate terms. JAMES AGNEW,
Watchmaker, &c. King-street

N. B.—Shipmasters are respectfully invited to an examination of the above-named CLOCK and Apparatus for rating Chronometers; and their patronage and support are solicited.

Four good Chronometers for sale cheap, by
Oct 20.—3m.] J. A.

Receiving ex 'Themis,' at

TISDALE'S HARDWARE STORE,

No. 1, South Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

10 PAIR Smith's BELLOWS:
6 Anvils; 1 hamper VICES;
1 cask Hand and Sledge HAMMERS,
20 boxes Tin Plates, IC. DC.;
290 TEA-KETTLES,
3 tons Pots, Bakepans, Griddles, Spiders and Frying PANS;
5 bundles long handled Frying Pans;
24 pair FIRE DOGS,
1 case *Hoole & Co's.* MILL SAWS, 5½ to 7 feet;
1 case do. Circular Saws, 18 to 28 inch,
1 do. Cross-cut, Hand, Tenon, Buck and other SAWS;
2 cases *Thompson's* AUGURS, ⅜ to 2½ inch,
1 cask London GLUE,
Heel and Toe Bills, Cut and Wrought NAILS,
Horse and Ox Nails, Copper Boat Nails,
Tacks and Counter-Sunk Nails,
Short Link CHAIN, ¼ to ⅝ inch,
1 cask Horse Traces and Ox Chains,
2 cases GUNS, 1 cask Lead Pipe, Block Tin, Spelter,
1 case Coffin Mounting, Chair Web and Hair Seating;
1 case Jack, Trying and Smoothing PLANES,
1 cask well assorted CUTLERY;
1 do. HORSE SHOES,
1 do. Horse Bells, Locks, 2-foot Rules, &c.
9 cases containing a general assortment of Hinges, Screws, Latches, Rivets, Squares, Gimlets, Bed Screws, Knitting Pins, Steelyards, Coach Wrenches, Pod Augurs, Fire and Anvil Irons, Wire Rat Traps, Castors, Compasses, Timber Scribes, Chisel Irons, Awls, Saw Needles and Palms, Counter and Stand Scales, Dog Collars, Candlesticks, Iron Weights, Sad Irons, Chest Locks and Handles, Fox Traps; Shoe, Paint, Horse and Scrub BRUSHES, Whip Thongs, Mattress Needles, Jews' Harps, Curry Combs, Heel Balls, Caulking Irons, Augur Bits, Oil Stones, Pins, Axes, Faucets, Stock and Dies, &c.
1 crate Iron and Copper Coal Scoops,
1 case Mill, Cross-cut, Bit and other FILES,
1 case Cast STEEL, for Axes,
1 cask Block Bushes; 1 bale Shoe Thread,
12 doz. Barn Shovels; 1 cask Miners' do.;
Plough Plating, Plough Moulds, and Round IRON, ass'd.
—ON HAND—
PAINTS, OIL, PUTTY, GLASS, &c.
C. F. F. F. and Canister GUNPOWDER.
Rowland's MILL SAWS, &c., together with a general assortment of HARDWARE, which are offered at exceedingly low rates for Cash.
October 6. W. TISDALE & SON.

IRON.

November 21, 1846.

C. & W. H. ADAMS have received per the "Edinburgh" from Liverpool—
1173 Bars Refined IRON,
224 Bundles ¼, ⅜, 7-16 & ½ round & square do. and Plough Plating, from ⅝ to 4 inch;
1237 Bars Common IRON,
35 Bundles ⅝ and ½ inch do.
Comprising a good Assortment with their Stock on hand.

Hosiery, Umbrellas, &c.

Just received from London, for Sale at S. K. FOSTER'S SHOE STORES:

LADIES' Silk, Cotton, Lambs Wool, Merino Worsted, Angola and other HOSIERY;
Misses' HOSIERY of various descriptions:
Children's and Infants' HOSIERY and SOCKS, in almost endless variety;
Ladies' Jute and Coloured KID GLOVES:
Gentlemen's Cassimere, Cashmere, Kid and Woollen GLOVES:
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Carpet Travelling BAGS:
Silk and Gingham UMBRELLAS, with cane, whalebone and steel ribs. For sale cheap.
Oct. 20. S. K. FOSTER.

NEW FALL GOODS.

HORSFALL & SHERATON

Have received per *Themis* from Liverpool, and *Commodore* from London,—

BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres and Doeskins
Gala Plaids and Wool CLOAKINGS,
Orleans, Coburgs, Saxonies, Alpacas and Merinos, plain and Printed;
SHAWLS and SCARFS,
Cottons, Plain and Printed.
FLANNELS, Kerseys and Blankets,
Striped Shirtings and Regattas,
Ticks, Osnaburghs, and Ginghams,
Venetian Blind Cottons,
FURS.—Sets of Rich Stone Martin, Fitch, Squirrel, and Musquash,
3-4, 4-4, 6-4, 8-4, 10-4 OIL CLOTHS, for Floors,
Scotch and Brussels CARPETS, with RUGS to match,
Woollen and Cotton Druggets,
Small Wares, &c. &c. &c.
Prince Wm. Street, 13th Oct. 1846.—4i.

Refined Sugars, and Indigo.

Landed ex "*Gowrie*," from London:—

4 HHDS. Crushed LOAF SUGARS;
4 do. Loaf Sugar, 10 lb. Loaves;
1 Chest Madras INDIGO.—For sale by
J. MACFARLANE,
October 13. [Her & Cour.] *Market-Square.*

THE GARLAND.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him,
And ransomed spirits, sighing,
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From the Cross to Glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears:
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave to Earth their fears.
Death like an angel seemeth—
"We welcome thee," they cry:
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die.

MORNING SONG.

Sweet sounds of morning mingle—
The pattering of the rain,
The bell'd sheep's broken tingle,
The sparrow's humble strain,
The sky-lark's proud endeavour
The clouds of heaven among,
The music of the river,—
Oh blend him all in song.

Sweet sights of nature gather
In one delicious dream,—
The hill, the glen, the heather,
The streamlet and the stream:
Woods whence the wild-fowl sallies,
The flower-concealing glade,
The green, the grassy valleys,
That seem for angels made!

Snatch, snatch them in their fleetness,
The charm will soon be gone;
Enjoy them in their sweetness,
For bitterness comes on.
Time, soon by death attended,
Will darken every brow;
And every strain be ended,
As mine is ended now. [*Dr. Bowring.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

A FRAGMENT OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his usurpation was Sir George Cochrane, a prominent actor in Argyle's rebellion.

For ages a destructive doom seemed to hang over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all that united their fortunes to the cause of the chieftain. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, bold and desperate was his resistance: but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailor only awaited the arrival of his death warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and relatives had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes and of his house, even Grizelle, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deep gloom over the grating of his prison house, and he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like streams of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes bright and tearless, but their brightness told of sorrow—sorrow—sorrow too deep to be wiped away, and her raven tresses parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as the two entered.

"My child, my own Grizelle!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father, my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and dashed away the tears that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailor, as he turned away and left them for a few minutes together.

"Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added Sir John, while he held her to his breast and imprinted a kiss upon her brow; "I feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death itself; but thou art come, and the last blessings of the wretched father—"

"Nay, father, forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy *last* blessings! not thy *last*—my father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," he returned. "Would to Heaven I could comfort thee, my own! But there is no hope; within three days and thou and all my little ones will be ——"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his lips.

"Three days," repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but pressing his hand, "three days, then there is hope, my father shall live! Is not my grandfather with the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizelle," returned he, "be not deceived, there is no hope: already the king has sealed the order of my execution and the messenger of death is on his way."

"Yet my father shall not—*shall not die!*" she repeated emphatically, clasping her hands together. Heaven sped a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed, and turning to him, said calmly, "we part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, and gazed anxiously upon her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father! not now; but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy *last* blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck. In a few minutes the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the bridge at Berwick, from the North, and proceeding along Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelrie on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "main guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition; being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where at a somewhat earlier period, James the VI. of Scotland, had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter upon the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a close jerkin, fastened around his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak of equally plain materials.—He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, and sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross over the bridge.

In a few minutes he was over upon the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of furze, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. Slowly he toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raved with the wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its angry and doleful echoes over the heath. Still the stranger hurried onward, until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some crab and bramble bushes by the way side.

Nearly an hour passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard madly splashing through the water along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly the horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the stranger stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount or die!" said the stranger sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily upon his face, and for several minutes remained senseless.

The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail to the north, and flinging it on his shoulders, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction over the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had yet passed and Sir John Cochrane had lived. The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Donald, with the king's confessor, might be successful.

Grizelle now became his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the prisoner became more bitter than the first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercessions of his father had been unsuccessful, and the second time the bigoted, haughty monarch had signed the warrant of his death, and in little more than a day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" responded Grizelle, with wild vehemence; "but yet my father shall not die."

Again the rider had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him the doom of Sir John Cochrane. He spurred his horse to the utmost speed, he looked before, behind, and around him, and in the right hand he held a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, which was only sufficient to render desolation dimly visible, and it gave a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning an angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash in its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing violently, he was driven from his saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was on his breast, who, bending over him and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thy arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him, and without venturing a reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave the horse with me, and leave thy mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose and proceeded towards Berwick trembling, and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly over the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waiting only for the arrival of the mail, and the second death warrant to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had been robbed. For fourteen days the life of the prisoner had been prolonged.

He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and said:

"It is said the hand of heaven is in this."

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days had not passed when the prison door flew open, and the Earl of Donald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been successful, and after twice signing the death warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had so often failed in its place of destination, the king had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house, his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy; but Grizelle, who, during the imprisonment had suffered more than them all, was absent. They were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious Providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience.—Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered; he was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered. "When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced at them—started, and became pale—they were his own death warrants!

"My deliverer!" he exclaimed, "how shall I thank thee: how repay the saver of my life?—My father, my children, thank him for me."

The Earl grasped the hand of the stranger, the children embraced his knees. He pressed his hands to his face and burst into tears.

"By what name, eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizelle Cochrane fell on the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child—my savior—my own Grizelle!"

It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may add that Grizelle Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stewart, of Allebank, Berwickshire, and grandmother to Coutts, the celebrated banker.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.—'Twas a small room in the mansion of the lordly Galilean, bending over the couch on which lay her only daughter, stood a weeping mother. And well might she grieve as she looked upon the features of this her only daughter, bringing to remembrance all her various beauties. She had watched over her from infancy, training her youthful mind in knowledge, and observing it as it daily grew more and more beautiful, marking the lofty aspirations which filled it, until she thought her almost too lively for earth and fitting only for the company of angels. And as she arrived at the more perfect beauty of advancing years, the cord of affection twined around their hearts grew stronger, as link after link was added until it became a perfect chain.—How the mother's heart was filled with joy as she looked upon her loveliness, and formed plans for her future happiness; but soon she found that her thoughts were but airy castles, the imaginings of a vain fancy, for soon death's ever spreading arrow marked her as its fitting victim; and now there she lay in her perfect beauty, the subject of that relentless king. Ay, it were fitting to mourn for one so lovely, and what wonder that the mother wept thus in the strong agony of grief, refusing to be comforted, heeding not the sound of approaching footsteps, as He, whose mission was to heal the sick and raise the dead, entered and stood beside her, "She is not dead but sleepeth;" —how sweetly fell the heavenly tones of consolation upon that stricken mother's heart, kindling within the dying spark of Hope.

But no, it cannot be,—that eye that lately beamed with joy and love, why seeks it shelter beneath the veiling lid, those ruby lips, why utter they no sound? once it was not so, words of hope and love were ever breathing from them, charming the listener with the soft bewitching sound, and that brow where worth and beauty had set their brightest diadem, is now crowned with the icy seal of death. Ah, yes, she sleeps indeed, but 'tis the long, long sleep of death. And can it be! must she, my idol, she in whom was centred all my love, must I resign her to the embrace of the cold, cold earth, may I never again see her features lighten up with beauty's glance, and feel the soft touch of those coral lips? Ah yes, I must give her up, 'tis hard to sunder thus affection's golden cord, yet still, oh God, thy will be done.

Again that heavenly teacher speaks: "She is not dead but sleepeth; and approaching near the bed side, he took her by the hand, breathing into her ear the words of life. The maiden rose, again the flush of health enkindles on her cheek, the crimson flood again shoots through those purple channels, "like Spring's blue streamlet o'er the lingering snow," and in those eyes the light of life, and joy, and love, again is seen, chasing away the darkness that but late enshrouded her features, as young morning's beam dispels the shades of night, and on that brow of snowy whiteness, loveliness again resumes her seat, flinging away the icy crown of death.

Oh, twere sweet to gaze upon her now, so like herself she seemed! and as she poured forth her liquid voice in prayer to him who gave her life again, and caused her to pass a second time through the gates of death on her return to earth, the mother felt such joy as ne'er had filled her heart before, and as those lips again met her's she felt that never should she feel such heavenly delight again, and embracing her, she poured forth blessings on Him who thus had given back to her her earthly idol, after causing her to feel the pang of separation, and "who had made the bed of death none other than the couch of sweet repose."

WINTER EVENINGS.

We commend the following excellent remarks which we clip from the *Weekly Symbol*, to the attention of our readers. They are particularly applicable to the present season.

"Among the changes which autumn brings with it, there's one which we always hail with delight—the return of *long evenings*. In summer, there seems scarcely to be an interval between day and mid-night; and though a summer evening, what there is of it, is very fine for a short stroll over the dewy fields of the country; or a city promenade in the regions of soda and ice cream, it can hardly be held of great value for any other pursuit. Give us the good long evenings of December and January—no matter how cold and stormy—and if we can have a blazing fire, a supply of choice books and papers, and the company of friends and kindred spirits, we envy no man's happiness. Home, always prized, now seems doubly dear, and all the cares and toils of the day are amply rewarded by the joys of the evening fire-side. Happy the man who has a home at this season of the year; thrice happy he who *loves* it.

'Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout, or play,
Whilst far from passion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From the—my own Fireside!'

Young Men, take care of your evenings. Learn to value your leisure hours too highly to squander them in the streets, or to waste them all in the pursuit of mere amusements. They may be worth to you more than gold or silver, if properly improved.

Now is the season to commence a course of useful reading or study; and an hour or two each evening, thus devoted to mental improvement, continued for a year to come, will effect a result which you now hardly anticipate. But you say you are not a 'genius'—you have no uncommon talent. No matter for that. Geniuses are as scarce as the fabled phœnix—but one visits the earth at a time; and as to extraordinary talents, there is not half so much of it in the world as many imagine. If you have common sense, that is enough; go ahead and increase your mental furniture and make yourself a well-informed man. Every young man ought to aspire to this; and this is all we ask."

SYMPATHY.—It is sweet to turn from the chilling and heartless world—the world that so often misjudges our motives—to seek in some sympathizing heart for consolation—to find congenial souls that can understand and appreciate the feelings which actuate us.

In sorrow, how consoling is the blessed voice of sympathy. In our greatest trials it lightens our burdens—making smoother our pathway before us, and pouring a healing balm into our wounded hearts, and our lesser afflictions are forgotten in its presence.

Blessings upon those kind souls who go through life with a cheerful glance, and kind words for the desponding—who are ever ready to extend the hand of friendship, and whisper words of consolation to those who fall out by the way. Though they may sometimes be deceived, yet they have faith in humanity; they believe no one is so degraded, but he has some germ of in-dwelling goodness, that the warm sunshine of kind sympathy may yet call forth the sweet, though perhaps wild flowers of truth and happiness.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1847.

The English papers announce the publication of this comic almanac, which contains a good deal of fun and usefulness. We make one extract, which is called "Hints for the attainment of Health, Wealth and Happiness," by a Scotch attendant at Exeter Hall:—

"You must get up at five o'clock in the morning and take a long walk before breakfast.

"Your breakfast must be very simple. A little bread and water, nothing else.

"You must never take a glass of wine or a glass of grog, or a glass of beer. You must drink nothing but water—a little toast in it will do no harm, but you are better without it.

"You should walk one hour before breakfast, and one hour after: two hours before dinner, another hour after; an hour before supper, one hour after; and two hours in the middle of the day. No man should walk less than eight hours every day—ten, however, is the proper number. Riding on horseback is very bad, but riding in a carriage or omnibus still worse. Legs were made for walking.

"Luncheons and suppers are superfluous.—Two meals a day are quite enough.

"Your bed should be a deal board, and your pillow as hard. A bag of split peas is not bad.

"You must never stop out late at night. You must never go to a theatre or an evening party. You should go to bed before ten.

"All warm things are injurious. Avoid soups, curries, teas, fricasees, hashes, and rise superior to a good stew. Eschew all pies, puddings, and custards, and rigidly set your face against trifles. Eat no fruit unless you wish to be ill.

"You must never allow yourself to be annoyed. For this purpose you must never lend a shilling, or trust to chances. You had better not believe any body, and then you will not be disappointed.

"Above all, you must never become security for a friend in distress, or accept a bill under any circumstances.

"Never take any medicine. Nature is the best phy ician, and one which does not require being p id.

"Cultivate a love for cold water. Wash half a dozen times a day; drink at every pump you meet, and learn to sleep in wet sheets.

"Considering all things, it is decidedly best not to marry. A wife would only interfere with the above rules, and prevent your becoming a rich, happy old man; whereas, by attending most strictly to them, and never enjoying yourself, or spending a penny more than you want, and especially refraining from every kind of drink, and abhorring tobacco as you would a Parr's Life Pill, you would most probably live to the age of 120; having attained every happiness you could wish or expect, and will die not only immensely rich, but—on your tombstone—"universally regretted."

A Romance.—A colonel of dragoons is on friendly relations with a family in the neighbourhood of his quarters. In the interchange of civilities, an orderly is often employed. The orderly being a fine looking soldier, finds favour in the eyes of the fair daughter of the house, as he gallops up to the door each day. Stolen glances are exchanged. The young lady now herself brings down the answers to the notes, messages, &c. Little conversations ensue—the conversations lead to interviews—interviews to confessions and vows to elopement and marriage. The colonel is astonished—the parents storm—and the orderly-corporal is deprived of his "stripes" for prolonged absence. Denouncement—The orderly appears in his real character; he is the son of a gentleman of high respectability in England; the young couple will be possessed of a competency—a commission is to be procured for the soldier husband—parents are reconciled—all parties are pleased—and true love is rewarded! Our readers will wonder why we have been giving these extracts from the note book of some writer of vaudeville or comedietta; but unless we are misinformed, the play has been recently acted in real life—the scene Edinburgh; and the time October, 1846.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

The Domestic Circle.—We conceive of no more Heaven-like circle than is embraced within the limits of a virtuous and happy family. There is nothing beneath the skies more ennobling to human nature than such a household—where mildness and virtue, kindness and love, industry and peace, go hand in hand together. Where a contented and cheerful spirit chases away the gloom of the world, and Religion, with her sweet lessons of philosophy, softens and purifies the heart. Where the head of the family is recognised and respected as such—and the greatest happiness within the circle is derived from his approving smile. Where the low, sweet voice of Woman is seldom heard but in accents, of gentleness and love, and the name of Mother is never uttered unassociated with some endearing epithet!—Such a family can only be collected together under the influence of a happy marriage—a union of hearts as well as hands—a tie consecrated by pure and chaste affection—an engagement formed on earth, but sanctioned in heaven. On such a union, the Angels who dwell in the bright abodes of the blest, must downward turn their spiritual eyes, and while they gaze with looks of interest and love, delight in and rejoice over the same.—*Portland Tribune.*

How Mr. Jones Failed.—Some men fail as frequently, that it may almost be said of them, they do "nothing else." We wish they would all follow the example of Mr. Jones.

There once lived, in the city of Boston, a certain Mr. Jones. This same Mr. Jones was an eccentric man—very much so; and among his many other peculiarities was that of failing in business once in every two years. Some people now-a-days have the same extraordinary habit. Mr. Jones always paid his creditors fifty per cent.—no more nor no less than fifty per cent. A very dignified and pompous man was Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones failed again—made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when his assignee said to him—

"Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent."

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, in a very dignified manner, "you must make it fifty, sir. *I always* pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir."

"It can't be done," said the assignee.

"It *shall* be done," said Mr. Jones, elevating his right hand.

"We have not enough property in our hands to do it," said the assignee.

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, declare fifty per cent.—*I always* pay fifty per cent., and, sir, if you have not sufficient property in your hands to pay fifty per cent., I, sir, will pay the balance *out of my own pocket!*"—*Boston paper.*

A Frenchman who had been several years confined for debt in the Fleet prison, found himself so much at home within its walls and was withall so harmless and inoffensive a character, that the gaoler occasionally permitted him to recreate himself by spending his evenings abroad, without any apprehension of the forfeiture to his verbal engagement; his little earnings, as a jack-of-all trades, enabled him to form several pot-house connections, and these led him by degrees to be less and less punctual in his return at the appointed hour of nine. "I tell you what, Mounseer," at length said the gaoler to him, "you are a good fellow, but I fear you have lately got into bad company; so I tell you once for all, that if you don't keep better hours, I shall be under the neccessity of looking you out altogether."