SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1846.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 43.

THE CHRONICLE

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

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

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; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.		R. Sun.	S. Mooth.	H. W.	
27	Saturday,	4 27	7 33	9 47	1 25
28	Sunday,	4 27	7 33	10 15	1 59
29	Monday,	4 28	7 33	10 43	2 33
30	Tuesday,	4 28	7 32	11 10	3 10
1	Wednesday,	4 28	7 32	11 38	3 47
2	Thursday,	4 29	7 31	Morn	4 31
3	Friday,	4 29	7 31	6 9	5 21

First Quarter, 2d day, 6h. 46m. morn.

Etna Insurance Company.

"IN the event of a War, we should act in the same good faith towards claimants under our Policies, that we ever have; and if the Insured should prefer and require a Return of the unearned Premium, the Board have decided in such cases, that the Agent may refund *pro rata*."

The foregoing came to hand by last night's mail.

A. BALLOCH,
Agent for New-Brunswick.

St. John, 23d January, 1846.

THE HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

"PROTECTION"
Insurance Company of Hartford,
SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Etna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

Minerva Life Assurance Company,
King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New-Brunswick.

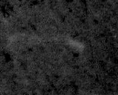
Medical referee, JOHN PADDOCK, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

☞ *NOTICE.*

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late CYNTHIA SMILER, (Widow,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

SAMUEL C. SMILER,
St. John, Oct. 7, 1845. *Administrator.*

The Steamer "New-Brunswick,"



WILL commence running on the opening of the River, on her usual days, leaving Indian Town on TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 10 o'clock, a. m., and on SATURDAY at 12 noon; and Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

ROBERT WYLIE.
April 3, 1846.

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.
CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.
EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.
Edward L. Jarvis, Esquire, Chairman.
Edward Allison, Esq. Wm. Wright, Esq.
John V. Thurgar, Esq. Robt. F. Hazen, Esq.
Solicitor—GEORGE WHEELER, Esquire.
Physician and Medical Examiner—WILLIAM BAYARD, Esquire, M. D.

This society continues to effect Assurance, on Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorships in this Province—and the public are invited to examine the distinguishing principles, the table of Rates, the distribution of Profits, and facilities afforded by the Loan Department of this society, before insuring elsewhere.

Premiums payable annually, semi-annually, or Quarterly. Pamphlets and every information as to Rates of Premium, &c. may be had on application to

W. J. STARR,
Manager and Agent,
St. John, May 29, 1846. Nelson street.

GEORGE WOODS,

MANUFACTURER of Improved Wax-Wick MOULD CANDLES, *highly approved*, and warranted superior in brilliancy of light, and length of time in burning, to any Stearin, Marjorine, or other newly invented lard or oil, candles ever imported.

Also—Dipt Candles, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 16 to the pound, at lower prices than can be had from any part of the world.

The Trade supplied on accommodating terms, for approved payments.

May 8. *No. 18, Dock street, St. John.*

Per the Britannia:

6 HHDS. Linseed OIL; 27 casks 6d to 10 in. Spikes; 35 casks assorted Board Nails; 20 boxes D C TIN; 10 ingots Block TIN; 274 slabs ZINC.

Also for sale—50 kegs London WHITE LEAD, 350 assorted Looking Glasses; 20 barrels Bright Varnish. JOHN KINNEAR,
April 17. Prince Wm. street.

Geneva, Pickles, Sauces, &c.

Now landing ex 'Maranham,' from London:—

20 HHDS. fine Pale Schiedam GENEVA; 6 cases PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD, &c.; 1 case Marking INK. For sale by

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
May 8. *Prince Wm. Street.*

French Paper Hangings.

THE subscriber has just received from Paris, via New York, per *Helen Marr*, a beautiful assortment of FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS, Borders, &c.

Also per brig *Albert Fearing*, from Philadelphia, 3 cases of Fine Glazed Paper Hangings.

JOHN LEITCH.
Melick's Brick Building, Market square.
Oct 24.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* Mrs. ANN MELISH, *(one of his Tenants.) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Dipsthy,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James P. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O R. Smye, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

May 3, 1844.

REMOVAL.

DAVID PATERSON would acquaint his Customers and the Public that he has removed his BOOT and SHOE ESTABLISHMENT, to the Premises lately occupied by Messrs McCully & Carrel, Saddlers, next door to Mr. *Thomas Sime.*

North Side of King Street,

where he offers for sale a large assortment of Boots and Shoes at very Low Prices:

Gent's fine Boots,	13s 9d and upwards,
Youth's do.	9s to 11s.
Boy's do.	6s to 7s.

Bootees & Shoes equally low, Children's Shoes, &c.

Having lately visited New York and selected a very fine assortment of French, Calf, and Morocco SKINS suitable for Gent's Boots, together with sets of *fashionable Lasts*,—he is prepared to make to measure Gent's Boots of above material, with *Steel Shanks*, 31s 3d per Pair, in point of style and quality shall not be excelled.

☞ N. B. the above are *cash* prices. May 22.

Summers & Hicks,
TEA Dealers and Grocers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Prince William street,—opposite Sands' Arcade.

Ex William Ward, from Liverpool—

6 CAROTEELS Zante CURRANTS;
2 cases soft shell and Jordon Almonds;
6 kegs Ground Ginger; 2 chests Florence OIL;
1 cask Cream Tartar and Tartaric Acid;
1 cask Carbonate Soda;
1 box Sim's Brown Windsor and Castile Soap;
6 kegs Thumb and Button BLUE;
1 cask Copal and Bright Varnish;
1 cask shell and soluble COCOA;
1 box Spanish Chocolate; 1 hhd. Table Salt;
French White Wine Vinegar;
2 hogsheads Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL;
40 dozen N. E. pattern Scythes.

Ex Thomas Smith:—

2 bales Wrapping Paper;
1 do. Writing and 1 Foolscap ditto;
20 barrels Pot BARLEY; 4 ditto Pearl ditto;
3 do. split Peas; 10 do. Ayrshire Oatmeal;
20 boxes Pipes. *May 15*

French and American
PAPER HANGINGS.

The subscriber has just received from France, via New York, per schooner Dolphin—

A VERY large & beautiful assortment of French PAPER HANGINGS, with BORDERS to match.

ALSO—Just received per *Robert Rankin* from Boston, and *Albert Fearing* from Philadelphia:—A very fine assortment of American Paper Hangings, &c. &c. For sale very cheap.

JOHN LEITCH.
Melick's Brick Building, Market square.
17th april, 1846.

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
of Rich
French Paper Hangings.

Just received from France, via New York, per schooner Dolphin:

A VERY large and varied assortment of French PAPER HANGINGS, of the newest and most elegant Patterns, suitable for Dining and Drawing Rooms, Parlours, Chambers, Halls, Entries, &c. &c., with Borderings of all widths to match—For sale very cheap. S. K. FOSTER.
17th april. *Foster's Corner, King street.*

LUMBER.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Lumber Yards, Nelson street, and Lower Cove Market Wharf:

500M. feet Clear and Seasoned Pine LUMBER,
500M. " second quality ditto,
300M. " third quality ditto,

All of which is gang-sawed, and was manufactured at the *Acadian Steam Saw Mills.*

ALWAYS ON HAND AND FOR SALE—Sawed Laths, Scantling, Refuse Deals, Boards, &c. &c.

JOHN W. CRAIG & CO.
St. John, 11th March, 1846.

—Pro Bono Publico—

WM. F. BROOKS, has just received at his establishment, Tower's Corner, a large supply of TOYS, PERFUMERY, &c., which will be sold Wholesale and Retail at lower prices than can be purchased elsewhere in the city. Call and see.

May 1.

BUTTER.

The subscriber has just received

40 FIRKINS best quality **BUTTER**, which will be found on inspection, to be superior to any in this Market.

April 24. ARCH. HEGAN.

SHAWLS, &c. On Consignment.

Now landing ex 'Maranham,' from London:—

1 CASE ROYAL MAUDE SHAWLS 1 do. Printed CACHMERE, Cachmere DRESSES; Checked Woollen Shawls; Printed Do.

For sale by

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
May 8.

Fresh Seeds.

Received ex Robert Rankin, from Boston—

A SUPPLY of Garden and Flower Seeds—warranted the growth of 1845.

On hand—50 bushels TIMOTHY SEED, raised in New Brunswick; Red and White CLOVER.

For sale by W. O. SMITH.
17th april. *Market Square.*

HANFORD & SWEET,
(Late Thomas Hanford & Co.)
Auctioneers & Commission MERCHANTS.

HAVE removed two doors south of their Old Stand, to the New Brick Building recently erected by W. H. Street, Esq.

THOMAS HANFORD,
March 20. JAMES R. SWEET.

15th May, 1846.

The subscriber has received per *Queen Pomare*, from Glasgow, and other arrivals, the following Goods:

120 BOXES Tobacco PIPES, assorted;
40 Chests TEAS;
40 hhds. bright Porto Rico SUGAR;
50 puncheons MOLASSES;
7 tons OAT MEAL, manufactured by Mr. William Morris, equal to any made in this Province, (if not superior.) With a great variety of other goods, all of which will be sold as cheap as any of the same kind in the market for satisfactory payments.

ARCH. HEGAN.

Miscellany.

THE LONE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER,' 'THE ATTACHE,' ETC.

(Concluded.)

The arrival of the postman was an important event at this little habitation. He was a part of that world on either side of them, of which they had heard and formed vague conceptions, but which they had never seen. Their father's return, too, was an affair of great interest. He did not very frequently leave home; and when he did, he always brought back some little present to the mother or her children from some kind friend persons, whom their attentions and peculiar situation and character had converted from strangers into friends. They were little events, to be sure; but these little incidents constitute "the short and simple annals of the poor." They are all that occur to diversify the monotony of their secluded life. The postman came, but he had no companion. He drove his sleigh to the opposite side of the road, where the barn stood, and leaving it there, he proceeded to the house. He was met by Mrs. Lent, who shook him cordially by the hand, and said that she expected her husband with him, but supposed he was not ready to come.

The dinner, however, was now waiting, and she pressed him to go in and partake with the family of their humble meal.

'Have you seen John?'

The truth had now to be told, which Ainslow did in the kindest and most considerate manner. After preparing her mind for the reception of very bad news, he proceeded to inform her that as he crossed the wooden bridge at the black brook in the bog, he observed John Lent sitting on the floor, with his back resting again the rail, a stiffened and frozen corpse. He had evidently been overpowered by the storm, which coming from the eastward blew full in his face, depriving him at once of his breath and his strength; and having sat down exhausted to rest his wearied limbs, he had sunk in that fatal sleep, in which the soul, without a struggle or a sigh, passes into another and a better world. He added, that he had taken him up in his arms, and lifted him into the sleigh, where he now was; and that he had covered him with a rug, and driven to the barn, that she might not be too suddenly shocked by the awful sight of the dead body; and concluded with those consolatory remarks which, though unheard or unheeded, are usually addressed to those who are smitten down by sudden affliction. Before he had finished his narrative a loud, long continued, and piercing cry of distress arose from the sleigh that thrilled the whole group, and brought them instantly to the door. The poor man's faithful and affectionate dog had discovered his master, and the strong instinct of the animal revealed to him at once that he would never more hear that voice of kindness and fellowship that had cheered him from day to day, or receive his food from that hand which had always been extended to feed or to fondle him. The postman then drove the sleigh to the door, lifted out the lifeless body, which had been frozen in its sitting attitude, and placing it in the same position on a large chest in the corner of the strangers' room, rested its back against the wall. It looked like a man not dead, but sleeping. He then withdrew the family into their sitting room, and having placed some oats in a bucket before his horse, who ate them as he stood in his harness, he occupied a few remaining minutes of his time in endeavouring as the best could to console with all comfort the poor widow and her helpless family. He was astonished at her fortitude. Her agony, it was evident, was almost insupportable, but she gave no vent and unavailing lamentations. He was not the first, as he will be by no means the last, to admire this quality of the female mind when roused by great events to deep thought and cool and deliberate action.—Weak, timid, and powerless as woman is, in the minor troubles and trials of life, when real danger and great afflictions are to be encountered, she rises superior to fear, calls in the aid of a judgement always good when confidently relied on, and a moral courage surpassing that of man, because its foundations are not built on the delusive laws of honour, but deeply laid in conscious innocence, in a strong sense of the obligations of duty, and a pious and firm reliance on the might and goodness of God.—Thus supported and strengthened, she sustains burdens disproportioned to her sex, and successfully resists afflictions that overpower the vigour, and appal the courage of man.

The poor widow heard him calmly and patiently, though words seemed to fail her when thanking him for his kindness. This portentous silence, however, deceived him. There are calamities too heavy to be borne, and misfortune may overpower by surprise, that could be successfully resisted if their advent were known. Although the blow did not prostrate the miserable woman, it stunned her into insensibility. Thought and memory seemed suspended. Incapable of action herself, she was passive in the hands of children. She had but one confused and indistinct idea that remained. She thought that her husband was at home and asleep in the adjoining room, but his long slumber and unbroken silence did not alarm her. When her meals were prepared by her daughter, she would look round and say, 'call your father—tell him we wait for him;' or at night she would look into his room and admonish him it was prudent to wake up and go to bed, or he would take cold. The poor children gazed at her, wondered and shed tears. Helpless, unprotected, and alone in the world, their little hearts failed them; and the inquiry had often occurred to their minds, what is to become of us? Death, that sat embodied on one human form in that house, and had laid his cold, benumbing hand on another, whom he appeared to have marked for his victim, seemed ready to devour them all. Silence first disclosed to them their solitude, and solitude their danger.

On the third evening they clustered as usual round their mother's chair and prayed; but she was unable to join them. She looked at them, but did not seem to comprehend them. They then tried, with faltering lips and tearful eyes, a verse of a hymn, one that she had always been fond of; but two voices were now wanting, and they were alarmed at the feeble and plaintive sound of their own. The chord of the widow's heart vibrated at the sound of the music, and she looked about her, as one awaking from slumber. Thought, feeling and sensibility returned; the fountains of her affections opened, and a flood of tears mingled with those of her children. She inquired of them the day of the week, and whether any person had been at the house since the postman left it, wrung her hands in agony at the thoughts of the length of her stupor, and having affectionately kissed and blessed her little ones, went to bed to weep unseen, and pour out her griefs and her petitions undisturbed to Him who has graciously promised His protection to the widow and the orphan.

In the morning she rose more composed, but sadly changed. Years had revolved in that night, and left their tracks and furrows on her faded cheek; and the depth, and strength, and acuteness of her mental sufferings, had rendered her hair as white as the snow wreath that death had folded round her husband as a winding sheet. The struggle had been violent, but successful. She was afflicted, but not destitute. She was sensible of her situation, and willing to submit with humble resignation; aware of her duties, and ready to undertake them. She stood between the living and the dead. A fearful debt was to be discharged to the one, subsistence and comfort were due to the other. She commenced the morning with prayer from a church formulary that had been given her by a travelling missionary, and then went about her usual duties. As she sat by her fireside in the evening she revolved in her mind the new sphere in which she was placed. As any doubt or difficulty suggested itself, her loss became more and more apparent. How was her husband to be buried? The ground was frozen to the depth of three feet, and she was unable to dig a grave. She dare not go to the next neighbour's, a distance of seven miles, for she did not know the way; and she, too, might be lost. She must wait for the postman, he would arrive in three days, and would assist her. If not, God would send relief when least expected. Every thing, however, about her—every thing she had to do, and every thing she required, mixed itself in some way with recollections of him she mourned, and reminded her of some habit, word, or act of his. Even the weather now made her shudder. The storm, like a giant refreshed with sleep, arose again in all its might, and swept across the desert, with such unbroken force that the snow appeared more like a moving mass of drift and distinct and separate flakes. It was just such an evening as when her husband perished.—She shuddered and drew her children near to her on the hearth. They had alway loved each other, but their affection was greatly increased now, for they knew that death was a reality. They had seen it and felt its effects. It had lessened their number once, it could do so again. They had been told they were mortal, and now they knew it. It was an awful disclosure to them, and yet what was death? It was not annihilation for the body remained.—That which had inhabited and animated it was incorporeal, and had departed unseen. It was that unknown, invisible and mysterious spirit, they had unconsciously loved, for the corpse shocked and terrified them. They had been instructed that there was a soul that survived the body, but they could not comprehend it. They now saw and shuddered at the difference between the living and the dead.—It was palpable, but still it was not intelligible.—Poor little innocents! it was their first practical lesson in morality, and it was engraved on their aching hearts too deeply ever to be forgotten. Their affection became now more intense and far more tender, for solicitude had blended with it and softened it. Their little circle was stronger for having its circumference reduced; it could bear more pressure than before, if the burden were unhappily increased.

The time for rest had now approached, and the widow was weak and unwell. The thought of her unburied husband oppressed her. The presence of death, too, in the house, for so long a time, was a heavy load for her nerves; and unable to sustain her feelings and her reflections any longer, she retired to her evening prayers with her little family, and added to the prescribed form a short and simple petition of her own. Her voice was almost inaudible, amid the din and roar of the tempest, to those around her; but it penetrated far above the elements and reached the throne of mercy to which it was addressed. Relieved, refreshed, and strengthened by this devoted exercise, they gathered again around the hearth ere the fire was secured for the night, and were engaged in some little consultation about the daily duties that were to be assigned to each, when they were aroused by a loud and violent knocking at the door. The mother arose and opened it, with a palpitating heart. Three strangers, wild looking, haggard men, entreated admittance for God's sake, for they were famished, and nearly chilled to death with the cold. What a contrast for that hitherto quiet and noiseless household! There were three men stamping on the floor, shaking off the snow from their clothes, beating their hands together, throwing down their packs, talking loudly, and all speaking at once—all calling for food, all demanding more fire, and all rejoicing in their shelter and safety. The children huddled together in affright in the corner of the room, and poor mother trimmed her lamp, rebuilt her fire, and trembled as she reflected that she was alone and unprotected. Who are these men, she asked herself? Houseless in the storm, her heart replied 'Would to Heaven there had been such a shelter for my poor John Lent! We need not fear, for God and our poverty are our protection.' She told them they were in the house of death—that her husband lay dead, and, for want of assistance, unburied in the next room, but all such a place, that all, of course, would not be but very little.

She then advised them to keep at a distance from the fire, and having ascertained they were not frost bitten, set about getting them some refreshment.—While at work she had heard all they had to say to each other, and with quickness of observation peculiar to the natives of this country soon perceived they were not equals—that one of them spoke with a voice of authority; and that another called him, Sir; and the third only answered when he was spoken to, and that all three were sailors. They had a fearful tale of trouble and of death, to which frequent allusion was made. They were the captain, mate, and steward of a ship that had been wrecked that day on the coast beyond the hilly land in front of the cottage, and were the sole survivors of ten, who, on that morning, were pursuing their course on the ocean in perfect confidence and safety. A hearty meal was hastily prepared, and more hastily despatched. Liquor was then asked for; she trembled and obeyed. She was a lone woman, it was a dangerous thing, and she hesitated; but a moment's reflection suggested to her that it was impossible that they could either forget their loss or her own.

A fresh difficulty now occured, to understand which it is necessary to describe the house. The chimney stood in the middle of the building, opposite the front door, which opened into a small entry. On the right was the family sitting room or kitchen, where they were now assembled, off which were two bedrooms. On the left, three rooms were similarly arranged, and devoted to the accommodation of strangers. In the apartment corresponding to the one they were in was the frozen body of her husband resting on a chest, in a sitting attitude, as I have before described, into which she had not ventured since she had recovered from her stupor. She was perplexed and distressed, but at last having stated to the captain her difficulty, he at once ordered the steward to go and make the requisite arrangements.

The master and mate having been thus provided for the night, some blankets were given to the steward, who slept on the hearth, before the kitchen fire. In the morning the latter was sent to dig a grave for poor John Lent, while the other two, having procured the requisite tools, made him a coffin, into which he was placed with great difficulty, from the rigidity of his limbs. The little pony was then harnessed to the sledge, and the body was followed by the family and their guests to its last resting place. The beautiful burial service of the church was read over the deceased by the captain, amid the heartfelt sobs of the widow, the loud lamentations of the children, and the generous tears of the sailors. The scene was one that was deeply felt by all present. There was a community of suffering, a similarity of situation, and a sympathy among them all, that for the time made them forget they were strangers and feel towards each other like members of one family. The mariners had twice narrowly escaped death themselves; first, from shipwreck, and then from the intensity of the weather; while seven of their comrades had been swept into eternity before their eyes. The widow is losing John Lent, appeared to have lost every thing—her friend, her support, her companion, and protector; the husband of her heart, the father of her children. If their losses were similar, their mutual sorrows were similar also. She had offered them food, shelter and a home. They had aided her in a most trying moment with their personal assistance, and comforted her with their sympathy and kindness. The next morning her guests visited the sea shore, in order to ascertain whether any portion of the cargo of their vessel could be saved. When they arrived at the scene of their disaster they found that the vessel was gone; she had either fallen off from the precipitous cliff upon which she had been thrown by the violence of the sea, or been withdrawn by the reflux of the mountain waves, and had sunk into the deep water, where her masts could now just be discerned under its clear and untroubled surface. The cabin, which had been built on the deck, had been broken to pieces, and fragments of it were to be seen scattered about on the snow.—Some few barrels and boxes from the steward's pantry had been thrown on shore, containing stores of various kind, and also the captain's hammock and bedding. These were divided into two small lots of equal weight, and constituted two small sleigh loads, for the travelling was too heavy to permit them all to be carried at once. The captain presented them, together with a purse of ten sovereigns, to the poor widow, as a token of his gratitude for her kindness and sympathy for his distress. She was also recommended to examine the shore from time to time after violent gales of wind, as may loose articles would no doubt hereafter float to the surface; and these, by a written authority, he empowered her to apply to her own use.

On the succeeding morning the postman returned with his mail, and furnished a conveyance for the steward. The captain and mate followed under his guidance, with Mrs. Lent's little pony and sledge, which were to be returned the following mid day by Ainslow. They now took an affectionate leave of each other, with mutual thanks and benedictions, and the widow and her family were again left to their sorrows and their labours. From that day she said an unseen hand had upheld her, fed her, and protected her, and that hand was the hand of the good and merciful God of the widow and the orphan. There were times, she added, when the wounds of the heart would burst open and bleed afresh; but she had been told the affections required that relief, and that nature had wisely provided it, to prevent a worse issue. She informed me that she often saw her husband of late. When sitting by her solitary lamp, after her children had fallen asleep, she frequently perceived him looking in at the window upon her. She would sometimes rise and go there, with a view of conversing with him, but he always withdrew, as if he was not permitted to have an interview with her. She said she was not afraid to meet him; why should she be? He who had loved her in life would not harm her in death. As soon as she returned to her seat, he would again resume his place at the window, and watch over her for hours together.—She had mentioned the circumstance to the clergyman, who charged her to keep her secret, and especially from her children, whose young and weak nerves it might terrify. He had endeavoured to persuade her it was the reflection of her own face in the glass; and it was a natural effect, and by no means an unusual occurrence. But no one, she added, knew so well as those who saw with their own eyes. It was difficult, perhaps, for others who had not been so favoured and protected to believe it, but it was, nevertheless, strictly true; and it was a great comfort to her to think that his care and his love existed for her beyond the grave. She said many people had advised her to leave that place, as too insecure and inconvenient for a helpless woman; but God had never failed them. She had never known want or been visited by illness, while she and her children had been fed in the wilderness like the chosen people of the Lord. He had raised her up a host of friends, whose hearts he had touched with kindness for her, and whose hands he had used as the instruments of his mercy and bounty.—It would be ungrateful and distrustful in her to leave a place he had selected for her, and he might perhaps turn away his countenance in anger, and abandon her in her old age to poverty and want. And besides, she said, there is my old man; his visits now are dearer to me than ever; he was once my companion—he is now my guardian angel. I cannot and I will not forsake him while I live, and when it is God's will that I depart hence, I hope to be laid beside him, who, alive or dead, has never suffered this poor dwelling to be to me a 'LONE HOUSE.'

INCONSISTENCIES IN OPINIONS.—Among the perplexing problems, which the intricacies of the human mind present to our reflection, few are so difficult of solution as the strange inconsistencies, the palpable contradictions, so frequently observable in the opinions of the most competent reasoners, and in the conduct of the most upright men. We find individuals not only acting in a direct contravention of their known opinions—that is a condition and a consequence of human frailty—but entirely unconscious of the want of conformity between their practice and their principles. We find men of the most logical understandings holding and avowing at the same moment, and with equal sincerity, doctrines no logic can reconcile—yet wholly unaware of the incongruity. We find others pursuing a course of conduct obviously incompatible with their notions of integrity and honor—yet we know them to be incapable of intentional violations of either. It is difficult to say how these inconsistencies are to be explained or reconciled; but the knowledge of their existence in the most excellent men (and in all likelihood, therefore in ourselves also) should teach us a large indulgence for the most startling incongruities, and habitual charity in the judgments we form of the moral character of others; by convincing us that what seems to us dishonesty, is in reality often a mere consequence of mental imperfection; and that the want of integrity so frequently apparent in both the dealings and the reasoning of man, in the faults rather of the head than of the heart. The secret turnings and windings of unconscious self-deception are inconceivably numerous and subtile. The strength of mind to avoid or break through all self sophistry, has been bestowed upon a few or none; and we believe it would be impossible to point to a single individual, with the clearest intellect and the most honest heart, who has not, at some period or other, held in connection opinions wholly incompatible and mutually destructive.—*Westminster Review.*

HEATHEN NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIBERS.—A Sandwich Island paper states that for a whole year it had but one delinquent subscriber! Will some of our subscribers just compare their remission in this respect with the promptness of the heathen?

The produce of coal in Europe amounts annually on a rough calculation, to 120,000 Forms, or £12,000,000 sterling.