SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1845.

THE Weekly Chronicle

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 1.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & 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.

Sept.		H. Sun.	s. Moon	H. W.
6 Saturday,	- -	5 37	6 23	8 49 1 35
7 Sunday,	- -	5 39	6 21	9 33 2 19
8 Monday,	- -	5 40	6 20	10 24 2 57
9 Tuesday,	- -	5 41	6 19	11 25 3 51
10 Wednesday,	- -	5 43	6 17	morn 5 10
11 Thursday,	- -	5 44	6 16	0 32 6 35
12 Friday,	- -	5 46	6 15	1 43 8 9

First Quarter 9th, 2h 33m. morning.

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 to 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.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna 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.

"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.*

Carding Machines.

THE Subscribers offer for sale at their Establishment, Sackville, (Westmorland, N. B.) three sets of Woollen *CARDING MACHINES*, complete, which will be sold low.—The Cards are of English manufacture, from Leeds, and machinery warranted to make good work and to give general satisfaction.—Address to

J. MORICE & SON,
Sackville, Westmorland, N. B.

N. B.—Reference may be made to Messrs. Hervis & Allen, or John Bryden, St. John. Dec. 13.

Globe Assurance Company.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the first Instalment of Ten per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Company has been paid in, and that the Directors of the Company are now prepared to make Insurance on Vessels, Cargoes and Freights.

May 9. JOHN DUNCAN, *President.*

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE subscribers have entered into Co-partnership, and their business will henceforth be conducted under the Firm of **Samuel Reynolds & Son.**

SAMUEL REYNOLDS,
WILLIAM A. REYNOLDS.

Indian Town, N. B. Feb 22, 1845.

☞ All arrangements entered into, and all balances due by me and to me, either in Notes of Hand or Accounts, will be received and paid by the above Firm. SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

Indian Town, N. B. Feb. 22, 1845.

Zinc, Tin Plate, Oil, &c.

By the St. Andrews and Severn from Liverpool:—

100 BOXES best I C Tin Plates,
488 bags SHOT, assorted sizes,
1 ton ZINC, 7 hhds. Boiled Linseed OIL.

For sale at low prices, by

JOHN KINNEAR,

July 4. *Prince William Street.*

To Carriage Builders—*in particular*—

A Good assortment of SCREW BOLTS, with round, cheese and countersunk heads 2 to 7 inches, 5/16 and 3/8 iron, suitable for Coach building, heavy Gate Hinges, &c. are just opened at the store of MARSH, late DRURY.

July 25. Prince Wm. street.

PAILS and BUCKETS,

Sole Agency, No. 20, South Wharf.

BY Wholesale Only, at prices less than can be imported, and equal in quality to the best American Pails. COLIN E CROSS.

June 20. 6mo.

More Paper Hangings.

Just received per steamer Herald from Boston:—

3000 PIECES of cheap Room Papers, for sale at very low prices. JOHN LEITCH,

May 2. *Prince Wm. street.*

Spring Importations.

Per Corsair from Liverpool, Mayflower and Lady Caroline from London—

10 HHDS. Boiled and Raw Linseed OIL
1 ton PUTTY,
2 tons Brandram's No. 1 WHITE LEAD,
25,000 best GOLD LEAF; 3 casks London Glue,
2 cases indigo; 1 ton Copperas; 1 do. Alum,
1 ton Washing Soda; 1 do. Soda Ash,
4 casks Blue Vitriol; 2 do. Roll Brimstone,
2 casks sulphur; 6 kegs Saltpetre,
2 bbls. Cream of Tartar, 1 do. Carbonate of soda;
10 do. Epsom salts; 2 do. Senna,
1 chest Gum Arabic; 1 do. Gum shellac,
10 barrels Root Ginger; 2 do. Ground ditto,
10 bags Black Pepper; 1 do. Pimento,
1 bag White Pepper,
17 cases assorted Pickles and sauces;
4 cases Sardines,
4 cases Scotch Orange Marmalade;
6 cases Finest Florence salad Oil,
1 cask superior French Vinegar,
3 cases Perfumery, Combs, &c.
1 case hair, nail, tooth and flesh Brushes,
1 case shoe, scrubbing and black lead Brushes,
5 cases Patent Medicines, surgical Instruments,
Patent or common Trusses, Bandages, Jeffrey's Respirators or safeguard for the lungs.
Patent Electrical Flesh Rubbers and Gloves,

JOHN G. SHARP,
Corner North Market Wharf.

May 23.

CURE FOR ALL!!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Extraordinary Cure of a Case

ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's where sir BARNSBY COOPER and other medical officers of the establishment had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half-a-sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive it would be without your arm. I can only compare this Cure to a charm!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the City of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.

Before me, JOHN PIRIE Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stoney and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles; the Pills, in all the above cases ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected within much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of moschettoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns, and Coco bay.

Burns, Scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

The Pills are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In nervous affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.—*Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King street, St. John, N. B.*

Iron, Tin, Slates, & Oaklum.

Landing ex Wakefield, and for sale by the subscriber:

10 TONS Swedish IRON, assorted,
200 bundles Round Iron—best refined, ¼ to ¾ inch; 50 do. Blister STEEL;
60 do SHEET IRON, assorted, No. 16 to 26;
15 pairs Forge BELLOWS, from 26 to 34 in.;
100 boxes TIN, assorted; 20 M. FIRE BRICK;
5 tons OAKUM;
30 tons Queen Ton SLATES;
10 M. Countess do.;
100 tons Swith COAL.

August 8. WILLIAM CARVILL.

Miscellany.

THE LOST NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

It was the last day of the year—the last dress of Lady Fitzalbert's costly mourning had just been finished, and the working girls of one of the largest millinery establishments in London were dismissed to seek their distant homes at three o'clock on a December morning. The frost was clear and keen, and the wind which swept through the now silent and deserted streets, sent a chill to the hearts of that worn out company, as on they passed by many a noble mansion, and many an ample warehouse. None spoke, for they had talked themselves out in the workroom; none looked up, though the London sky was for once without a cloud, and the stars were shining there as they shone when London was a forest. But heart, and brain, and eye, had been exhausted by two days of continued labour, and they thought of nothing but hurrying home to sleep. One after another parted from the group with a murmured good night as they reached their respective dwellings, till at last none was left but Lucy Lever, whose home happened to be the most distant of all.

Lucy was a young and beautiful girl of eighteen, whose bright blue eyes, golden hair, and fair transparent complexion, might have graced a prouder station. She was the daughter of a poor country tradesman, who had some years before removed to London with his family, in hopes of bettering their fortunes, but died soon after of one of those fatal epidemics which so often visit the poorer habitations of our large towns. The mother had struggled on, through poverty and toil, to have her eldest girl instructed in needlework, and her parents and younger daughters; but a severe attack of rheumatism, which at length became chronic, had totally unfitted her for her laborious employment as a washerwoman, and the whole burthen of the family support fell upon Lucy, whose small earnings were *barely* sufficient to keep them from absolute want.

They had one friend in London, the sister of Lucy's mother, who was married to a small shopkeeper, accounted rich among his class; but, like too many of the rich in every class, possessed of a griping and covetous disposition. They had no family, and the man's affections turned so much on saving, that it was only by stealth his wife could afford any little assistance to the pinched and poverty-stricken household of her sister. This, however, she did at times, particularly to Lucy; for the childless woman was much attached to her beautiful neice, and had lately given her the present of a crown to buy what she liked best as a New Year's Gift.

Lucy had not seen so much money to call her own for many a day, as the pressing wants of the family required every penny as soon as it was earned.—The crown was therefore carried home, and shown in triumph to her mother, who agreed it would be very useful, but advised Lucy to take it in her pocket to the workroom, that the girls might see she could have money about her as well as other people. She had done so: and now, cold and weary as she was, the young girl could not help taking out her prize to look at it, and thinking how much it would buy to beguile the way. Ah! blessed power in the heart of youth, to draw streams of joy and comfort from the first mossy rock it can find in the desert of life! Time may have bright things in store for those who outlive the early darkness of their destiny, but never can bring back the dews of that clouded morning or the greenness of those blighted springs.

Lucy Lever was but a poor dressmaker's girl; yet she found more pleasure in contemplating that crown than many a monarch can gain from his, as she thought how, after purchasing a cheap shawl for her mother, and pinafores a piece to the little girls, something might be saved to buy a watch ribbon, or peradventure a pocket handkerchief for William Seymour, a young man of her own station, who had given her a pair of gloves last New-Year's day. They had been long acquainted and report said there was a promise between them; but William had a mother and little sisters to support as well as Lucy, and marriage could not be thought of till better days.

Lucy paused, and put up her crown, for she had now reached the narrow, close, and steep staircase which led to their single room. She knew her mother would be waiting for her and hastily mounted the steps, but started as the light of an opposite street lamp, which shone into the narrow entrance, fell full on the face and features of a woman, who rose at the moment from her very feet. She was young as Lucy herself, but much taller, and strikingly handsome, though her face was ghastly pale; and there was in the large dark eyes an expression of great inward suffering; but it seemed past. Lucy was much struck with her appearance, and her wretched clothing for such a night. It consisted of nothing but a soiled muslin cap, an old worn out calico gown, and shoes for which the lowest pawnbroker would not give a penny.

'Why do you stand looking at me, girl,' demanded the stranger in a low and husky voice, but with a manner commanding and stern. 'Have you never seen a woman in poverty before? But perhaps,' she added in a milder tone, 'you also wish for a seat on the steps?'

'Oh no,' said Lucy; 'I am going home.'

'You have a home, then,' rejoined the woman quickly: 'and so had I once, but never will again.'

'Yes,' said Lucy, alarmed at what she considered symptoms of insanity. 'We live here, and I am a dressmaker's girl.'

'I was a merchant's daughter' said the woman, 'I had a father and mother, ay, and sisters too.'

'And why are you so poor and lonely now?' said Lucy, who, in spite of her weariness, felt interested in the desolate condition and singular conversation of the stranger.

'I have fallen from my first estate, girl. I loved and trusted, and was betrayed, and now all is past. I have lost one place in life, and sought for another in vain. But two choices still remain to me, and I am sitting here to deliberate which I shall take.'

'And what are they?' earnestly enquired Lucy.

'The Thames or the streets, girl,' said the woman sullenly, as she once more took her seat on the cold and frosty stones.

Lucy's heart grew sick within her. 'Oh, don't think of' the like,' said she. 'Remember the precepts you must have been taught in better days.—Would you destroy yourself both in this world and the next?'

'There is no other choice, girl, I am starving.—For the last week I have sought employment in vain. I have pledged every article on which I could raise anything; and my long black hair, that was braided for many a ball, I have cut it off and sold it for bread. Oh, well may the miser value money,' continued the stranger with energy; 'for half the price of one of the handkerchiefs I used to have, would now save me from destruction.'

Lucy stood still, for she could not go. She feared what her mother would say, if she ventured to ask the stranger in under such circumstances; but she could not leave the desolate woman there.

'Girl,' said the stranger, after a minute's pause, 'you are the first that has cast a friendly look on me, and will you now, for the sake of charity, if you have it, lend me a few shillings, or one even one—for one would save me?'

Lucy hesitated. She knew that the dressmaker owed her one-and-sixpence, which she could not get that night, because her mistress had no change. She felt her aunt's New-Year's gift in her pocket; but how could she part with it? Oh, if it were morning, for it would be impossible to get change at that hour; but where would the woman be in the morning?

'Lend it to me if you can,' continued the stranger; for Lucy's hand was already in her pocket. 'I will pay you, if ever it is in my power, a thousand fold.'

Lucy thought of her mother and little sisters, and then of her aunt, and what she might say; but the woman's dark imploring eye was upon her, and without another word, she took out the treasured coin, dropped it into her lap, and darted up the steps, like one pursued by an enemy. Reader, in the days of the old world's faith, when charity was said to be the key of heaven, that single act might have purchased a passport through many one and secured the right of entrance for ever. But Lucy had no such thoughts. When she cast her bread upon those troubled waters, it was with no expectation of finding it again either in time or eternity.—She gave freely from her own heart's impulse and fled for fear of thanks. When Lucy reached her mother's door she found it closed, but not fastened, and entered without noise. Her two little sisters slept on their low bed in the corner; but they moaned and trembled at times through their sleep, for the cold was too great for their scanty covering. The mother sat still by the hearth, where now only a few embers were flickering. Before her was a table, with a turned down candle, and some humble preparation for Lucy's supper; but worn out with watching, the poor woman had dropped the little girl intrusted to her care in needlework, and her head upon the table, and had fallen fast asleep.

'Oh, mother dear, its late,' said Lucy, gently waking her.

'It is, child; but why did you stay so long? I thought you would never come. But there's some coal here still, and I'll get something warm for you in a minute.'

'Oh, never mind, mother. I'm very sleepy and will go to bed. But you know,' continued Lucy, 'Lady Fitzalbert wanted her mourning to appear in to morrow; and as she did not know which of the dresses she should choose to wear, we had to finish them all.'

'Then, if I were a great lady, I would pay poor girls something over for a hurry.'

'Ay, mother, but there's many a thing great ladies ought to do that they wont,' said Lucy,' as she laid aside the last of her garments; and in a few minutes more the overwrought girl and her mother were both fast asleep.

'It is well you have not got to go to work to day, Lucy,' said her mother, as the family assembled round their humble breakfast table at a rather advanced hour in the morning. 'But we have very little bread,' continued she. 'Did you get the one-and-sixpence, dear, you were speaking of?'

'No mother,' said Lucy; Mrs. Simson had no change last night.'

'If you would change that crown your aunt gave you, we might take the price of a loaf out of it and make it up again,' said her mother.

'Oh yes, Lucy,' cried the two little girls, speaking together, 'and tell us what you will buy, with it, for to morrow's the day, you know.'

This was a great trial to Lucy. She knew not what to say; for her mother was looking to her for the price of a loaf, and she feared to tell her what had been done with the crown. 'I'll go myself, mother,' said she, taking down her well-worn cloak and bonnet. 'Eat you and the children what is in the house till I come back; it wont be long; and be sure, I'll not come without a loaf.'

Lucy was down the stairs before her mother could reply, and lost no time in hastening to the dressmaker's, from whom she hoped to obtain at least as much as would supply the present necessity.

'You're just come in time,' said Miss Lacy the forewoman, in answer to Lucy's good morning; 'for we have got a very large order, and I was about to send for you.'

'Thank you ma'am,' said Lucy (who, as may have been observed, was one of the living out girls, as those are called who take their meals at home); 'thank you ma'am; but I have no breakfast yet.'

'No breakfast yet,' said Miss Lacy, who thought herself privileged to make what remarks she pleased on inferiors. 'Bless me, what an idle set you must have at home.'

'My mother's neither idle nor lazy,' said Lucy, while her cheek crimsoned. The last word inadvertently used by her, was particularly obnoxious to the forewoman, because a thoughtless young lady, whose dress was not finished in time, once in the hearing of the girls, applied it to her instead of her own name, which in sound it much resembled.

'No lady cares about you or your mother, miss,' said the queen of the workroom, while her eye flashed fire; but since you are clever enough to be part this morning, what is your business here?'

'Why do you stand looking at me, girl,' demanded the stranger in a low and husky voice, but with a manner commanding and stern. 'Have you never seen a woman in poverty before? But perhaps,' she added in a milder tone, 'you also wish for a seat on the steps?'

'Oh no,' said Lucy; 'I am going home.'

'You have a home, than,' rejoined the woman quickly; 'and so had I once, but never will again.'

'Yes,' said Lucy, alarmed at what she considered symptoms of insanity. 'We live here, and I am a dressmaker's girl.'

'I was a merchant's daughter' said the woman, 'I had a father and mother, ay, and sisters too.'

'And why are you so poor and lonely now?' said Lucy, who, in spite of her weariness, felt interested in the desolate condition and singular conversation of the stranger.

'I have fallen from my first estate, girl. I loved and trusted, and was betrayed, and now all is past. I have lost one place in life, and sought for another in vain. But two choices still remain to me, and I am sitting here to deliberate which I shall take.'

'And what are they?' earnestly enquired Lucy.

'The Thames or the streets, girl,' said the woman sullenly, as she once more took her seat on the cold and frosty stones.

Lucy's heart grew sick within her. 'Oh, don't think of' the like,' said she. 'Remember the precepts you must have been taught in better days.—Would you destroy yourself both in this world and the next?'

'There is no other choice, girl, I am starving.—For the last week I have sought employment in vain. I have pledged every article on which I could raise anything; and my long black hair, that was braided for many a ball, I have cut it off and sold it for bread. Oh, well may the miser value money,' continued the stranger with energy; 'for half the price of one of the handkerchiefs I used to have, would now save me from destruction.'

Lucy stood still, for she could not go. She feared what her mother would say, if she ventured to ask the stranger in under such circumstances; but she could not leave the desolate woman there.

'Girl,' said the stranger, after a minute's pause, 'you are the first that has cast a friendly look on me, and will you now, for the sake of charity, if you have it, lend me a few shillings, or one even one—for one would save me?'

Lucy hesitated. She knew that the dressmaker owed her one-and-sixpence, which she could not get that night, because her mistress had no change. She felt her aunt's New-Year's gift in her pocket; but how could she part with it? Oh, if it were morning, for it would be impossible to get change at that hour; but where would the woman be in the morning?

'Lend it to me if you can,' continued the stranger; for Lucy's hand was already in her pocket. 'I will pay you, if ever it is in my power, a thousand fold.'

Lucy thought of her mother and little sisters, and then of her aunt, and what she might say; but the woman's dark imploring eye was upon her, and without another word, she took out the treasured coin, dropped it into her lap, and darted up the steps, like one pursued by an enemy. Reader, in the days of the old world's faith, when charity was said to be the key of heaven, that single act might have purchased a passport through many one and secured the right of entrance for ever. But Lucy had no such thoughts. When she cast her bread upon those troubled waters, it was with no expectation of finding it again either in time or eternity.—She gave freely from her own heart's impulse and fled for fear of thanks. When Lucy reached her mother's door she found it closed, but not fastened, and entered without noise. Her two little sisters slept on their low bed in the corner; but they moaned and trembled at times through their sleep, for the cold was too great for their scanty covering. The mother sat still by the hearth, where now only a few embers were flickering. Before her was a table, with a turned down candle, and some humble preparation for Lucy's supper; but worn out with watching, the poor woman had dropped the little girl intrusted to her care in needlework, and her head upon the table, and had fallen fast asleep.

'Oh, mother dear, its late,' said Lucy, gently waking her.

'It is, child; but why did you stay so long? I thought you would never come. But there's some coal here still, and I'll get something warm for you in a minute.'

'Oh, never mind, mother. I'm very sleepy and will go to bed. But you know,' continued Lucy, 'Lady Fitzalbert wanted her mourning to appear in to morrow; and as she did not know which of the dresses she should choose to wear, we had to finish them all.'

'Then, if I were a great lady, I would pay poor girls something over for a hurry.'

'Ay, mother, but there's many a thing great ladies ought to do that they wont,' said Lucy,' as she laid aside the last of her garments; and in a few minutes more the overwrought girl and her mother were both fast asleep.

'It is well you have not got to go to work to day, Lucy,' said her mother, as the family assembled round their humble breakfast table at a rather advanced hour in the morning. 'But we have very little bread,' continued she. 'Did you get the one-and-sixpence, dear, you were speaking of?'

'No mother,' said Lucy; Mrs. Simson had no change last night.'

'If you would change that crown your aunt gave you, we might take the price of a loaf out of it and make it up again,' said her mother.

'Oh yes, Lucy,' cried the two little girls, speaking together, 'and tell us what you will buy, with it, for to morrow's the day, you know.'

This was a great trial to Lucy. She knew not what to say; for her mother was looking to her for the price of a loaf, and she feared to tell her what had been done with the crown. 'I'll go myself, mother,' said she, taking down her well-worn cloak and bonnet. 'Eat you and the children what is in the house till I come back; it wont be long; and be sure, I'll not come without a loaf.'

Lucy was down the stairs before her mother could reply, and lost no time in hastening to the dressmaker's, from whom she hoped to obtain at least as much as would supply the present necessity.

'You're just come in time,' said Miss Lacy the forewoman, in answer to Lucy's good morning; 'for we have got a very large order, and I was about to send for you.'

'Thank you ma'am,' said Lucy (who, as may have been observed, was one of the living out girls, as those are called who take their meals at home); 'thank you ma'am; but I have no breakfast yet.'

'No breakfast yet,' said Miss Lacy, who thought herself privileged to make what remarks she pleased on inferiors. 'Bless me, what an idle set you must have at home.'

'My mother's neither idle nor lazy,' said Lucy, while her cheek crimsoned. The last word inadvertently used by her, was particularly obnoxious to the forewoman, because a thoughtless young lady, whose dress was not finished in time, once in the hearing of the girls, applied it to her instead of her own name, which in sound it much resembled.

'No lady cares about you or your mother, miss,' said the queen of the workroom, while her eye flashed fire; but since you are clever enough to be part this morning, what is your business here?'

Lucy was young, and though a dressmaker's girl, her spirit was still unbroken; and not knowing how she had offended Miss Lacy, she could not help feeling angry at what she considered unprovoked insolence. She therefore answered rather proudly that she did not come to quarrel with Miss Lacy, but to inquire if it were convenient for Mrs. Simson to give her the trifle she had earned, adding that she would not trouble her but to supply the necessities of the family. The latter part of her speech was unheard by any but the girls in the workroom, for Miss Lacy had flounced out in a great passion, returning in a few minutes, she gave Lucy the money saying, 'There's all Mrs. Simson owes you, and you need not come here again, for she does not like impertinent people.'

Poor Lucy felt that any remonstrance would be in vain. Though insulted, and probably misrepresented to her employer, she had no redress, and therefore taking the paltry recompense of many a weary hour, which was now the only dependence of the family, she went forth to traverse the crowded streets of London in search of employment. Her heart would indeed have found relief in pouring out its painful feelings to her mother; but fearing the old woman's thoughts might again revert to the lost crown, she determined if possible, not to go home without at least the prospect of another situation. The promised loaf, and all that remained of the money, were accordingly sent home by an acquaintance who was going that way, and Lucy requested her to tell her mother she had something to do, and would not get home till the evening.

(Conclusion next week.)

INGENIOUS FRAUD.—A foreigner rather "shabby genteel," called at the shop of a tailor in the Metropolis, and asked him to make a waistcoat for him, observing that although his appearance was against him, he had a prospect of doing well by the exercise of his musical talents; the waistcoat was made and the man of the needle was equally charmed with the musical and vivacious chat of his foreign friend. One day the tailor called to leave the waistcoat, his violin, and asked permission to leave it, suggesting that no person would be much the worse for it. The request was granted, and the musician left the house without violating any law, or human or

it was worth sixty guineas. The next day a young man, genteely dressed, came to order some clothes, and seeing the violin took it up; the tailor begged he would be careful, as the instrument was worth sixty guineas, and belonged to a foreign gentleman. This appeared to excite the young man's attention; he drew the bow across the strings; it was, indeed, excellent. Did Mr. M—— think that the foreigner would part with it? Mr. M—— thought that the owner was not "over wealthy in the purse," and that he might be tempted. "Well," observed the customer, if you can induce him, you shall have for yourself all that you can get the violin for under fifty pounds." The next day the foreigner again appeared, when the tailor very modestly offered thirty pounds for it. "Dirty pounds," said the owner, "vy, it be well worth sixty!" However, a negociation was opened, and it was at length agreed (as the owner was poor) that thirty pounds and a suit of clothes should be the price of the fiddle, and accordingly the case and the clothes were consigned over to the Frenchman, to the no small gratification of the tailor, who hugged himself for his talents at driving a bargain. The purchaser of the precious violin promised to call on the following day but did not keep his appointment, but probably some engagement intervened; another went and another, but still the purchaser did not darken the door. It was rather odd, and the tailor felt rather fidgetty. Well there was a music shop just by; so he would step there and ask what the instrument was worth, keeping the price, however, a secret. The musical chief did not seem at much loss to estimate the value.—"Why," said he, "it may be worth *ten shillings.*"

We all talk of the ass as the most stupid of the browsers of the field; yet if any one shuts up a donkey in the same enclosure with half a dozen horses of the finest blood, and the party escaped, it is probably the poor donkey that has led the way. It is he alone that penetrates the secret of the bolt or latch. Often have we stood at the other side of a hedge, contemplating a whole troop of blood mares and their offspring, patiently waiting while the donkey was snuffing over a piece of work, to do which all felt themselves incompetent.

Important to Bachelors.—In the comedy of *Time Works Wonders*, Douglas Jerrold says—"Women are all alike. When they're maids, they're mild as milk. Once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you."

An old lady who was apt to be troubled with dreams, and superstitious withal, informed the person of the parish that on a night previous she dreamt she saw her grandfather, who had been dead for ten years. The clergyman asked what she had been eating? 'Oh, only half a mince-pie!' 'Well,' says he, 'if you had devoured the other half, you might probably have seen your grandmother too.'

If we could look into the hearts of every apparently happy circle of smiling faces, we should perhaps, be surprised to find in all some secret grief! To find that beneath the smiling exterior, there lay concealed in all some sorrows or cares which mingled with their happiness, and prevented it from being, what to the superficial observer it appeared, what it never is on earth—perfect. There are smiling faces and beaming looks, and glad toned voices; and there is, indeed, happiness, but it cannot be perfect.

The cloud of disappointment, with some minds, effects more good than perpetual sunshine through life. He who distegards the burst of the former is preferable to him who languidly basks beneath the latter. The leaf that is occasionally refreshed by a shower is more flourishing than that withered by the sun's rays.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labour is a burthen to him who has no motives for performing it.

Outward Show.—A false assumption of consequence by means of an expenditure which cannot be afforded, if followed by degradation; for the world is too sharp-sighted not to detect false pretensions and show which cannot be prudently supported.

CELEBRATION OF THE 12TH OF JULY IN ULSTER.

The following discourse was delivered by the Rev. H. Hodson, before upwards of 50,000 well dressed, orderly, and loyal men, assembled in the district of Belfast to celebrate the 12th of July.

The rev. gentleman selected for his text the following passage of scripture:—

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths"—Prov. iii. 6.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS.—You have requested me to address you on the present occasion—I feel myself honoured by the confidence you thus repose in me, and cheerfully comply. I believe that, in doing so, I compromise neither my christian principle nor my ministerial character. I regard this as a special opportunity vouchsafed me by the Providence of God, of speaking a word for my Lord and Master: for the glory of his name, and the good of those whose welfare I have deeply, yea, very deeply at heart: and I trust that the Lord, whom I serve, may now be my helper—may supply me with a word of seasonable exhortation, and apply the same with power by His Holy Spirit to your hearts.—You might have chosen many more able, more eloquent, more experienced, to discharge the delicate duty now devolving upon me, but none could you have selected more anxious for your temporal and eternal interests. Such as I have, and such as I am, I am at your service. Before I proceed further, I must earnestly request that there shall be no noisy demonstration of applause amongst you. This favour, I feel it necessary to ask, chiefly, because we are not assembled within the wall dedicated by men to the service of God; yet are we here in His presence, to praise and magnify His name; and what demo more noble—what Gothic arch more magnificent—what walls of human architecture more glorious, than those that the everlasting God hath reared around us? Remember, then, we are in the solemn act of worship; take heed that you listen to me, not as a platform orator, but as the messenger of Heaven, and, in due reverence for the Word of Life, observe a total silence.

First, then, let me offer a few remarks concerning processions in general, and this procession in particular. I rejoice, my friends, that you can meet together, as in the olden time, to walk and enjoy [illegible] without violating any law, or human or like to a certain number of your fellow countrymen; but, are we unconditionally and entirely to concede every thing which gives offence, without enquiring if offence is based upon reasonable grounds? If so, not only will we doff two beautiful colours to which we have a very old and constitutional affection, and to which others have a very new and unconstitutional dislike, but we shall be called upon to concede other and more important matters. Under this rule of concession we will be called upon to concede the free use of Holy Scripture, because *that* is offensive to one class: the Deity of Christ, because *that* is offensive to another class: justification by faith in the blood of Jesus, because *that* is offensive to a third; and so, our Christianity, denuded away by concession after concession, would soon become an unmeaning creed indeed—a kind of Deistic Universalism; a religion tolerant of every error—little more extended than that of a Cicero—not so pure as that of a Confucius. No! it is not by unlimited concession to human prejudice, that the cause of Christ is to be advanced upon earth, and the welfare of our fellow man promoted. Not thus did the Gospel clear its course into the heart of a heathen world under the apostolic ministry;—oh! what bigots were those Apostles, as some men count bigotry!—No heathen idol spared; not one all demolished beneath their Apostolic feet!—No heathen prejudice considered; all consumed by their Apostolic doctrine! Brethren, concession, to be Christian and right, should be limited by the boundaries of christian principle, and restrained by the precepts of Holy Writ. When prejudice is antagonist to principle, the Christian soldier must draw his sword—not the blade of steel, but the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

This, then, is matter of just complaint, that the unreasonable—unconstitutional prejudices of others are conceded to, while our most reasonable and constitutional prejudices are unconsidered and unconceded to; and this—not in the mere matter of orange and blue; of waving a flag and wearing a ribband—and in matters where slight is offered, and injury done, alike to the individual will and to the national conscience.

As I look back upon the public head before me, I call to mind (by way of comparison) a circumstance which came within my notice a short time since.—In Dublin, on the Lord's day, going to the sanctuary of God, I saw a tumultuous multitude advancing towards me—flag and banner floated o'er them; drum and fife were at their head, and shrill music grated on our ears—this a Christian city! In astonishment, I asked what it meant; it was a *temperance band!*—temperance!—a libel on that holy word;—we Protestants walk not such wise!—we meet not after such fashion!—we count not temperance a keeping the law in one point, and breaking it in nine—we believe it to be divine savour passing from the doctrine of Jesus upon the whole course of a man's conduct. We walk, but do we trample under foot the sacred Sabbath of God—we walk, but we insult not our fellow countrymen by our sober and peaceful processions—we meet, but not with instruments of death in hand to take possession of a quiet village, and spread consternation among the inhabitants thereof—we meet not in mock pomp of royal state, with crown and sceptre, robe and throne, to alienate the loyal affections of her Majesty's subjects by setting "Shebs" up on high among the people. *We meet for no such purpose as these, we meet for no purpose whatsoever. We walk to take our walk and enjoy our Walk.* We meet to worship our God and to hear His Word, and if our enemies or our friends are so foolish—so unreasonable as to take offence, we are not to blame. We intend no offence, let them take none.

It has been asserted in public print that no sober-minded man of the community is in favour of such processions. I deny this. I see around me many men of wealth and influence, of intelligence, and, above all, of piety. I have met and spoken with many, and have not heard such a sentiment from *any.* Now, though I occupy a very prominent position on this occasion—though I love those two colors that I see in such gorgeous profusion before me—though I believe your proceedings to be perfectly innocent, I have had no hand in calling you together, and am here only in the capacity of a minister to preach the Gospel to you, as I must do to every one who asks. Perhaps, had the letter of our august and venerated patron, the Earl of Roden, made its appearance at an earlier date, this meeting had not been held. The meeting I should like to see, is the marching of an orderly peasantry to the church of their fathers, with the love of God in their hearts, and the word of God in their hands, but how is this to be effected? It is easy to say, "leave your colours and your ribbands at home, what profit of these things?"—but this will not avail without something more: we want the co-operation and influence of our landed gentry. It is not by mere letters or advertisements that such processions are to be stopped. Hear me, ye Protestant nobles and gentry, merchants and clergy of this still Protestant land!—if you desire these banners to be laid low, you must exhibit, in your public and private life, the principles which they denote: you must maintain an uncompromising, upright, honest path of public duty; you must manifest an unflinching adherance to the Scriptural, Protestant principles of the constitution. Stand by these men of sound integrity, a glory and an honour to any country—the sole remaining hope of this! Then, perchance, their colours shall be left at home: then will I undertake to promise, in the name of this assembled multitude due reverence for your advice, and weight for your word.

Let me now, in the second place, say a few words concerning an error very prevalent in our day, viz: —that "religion has nothing to do with politics."—According to my theory, religion has to do with all things; nor is it otherwise the religion of Christ