

## Family Circle

(From the Christian World.)

## MARGARET TORRINGTON:

OR, THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

By the Author of "Violet Vaughan," "Sir Julian's Wife," "St. Cecilia," &amp;c.

"He has brought them unto their desired haven."—PSALM cxi. 30.

(Continued.)

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

When Cecilia was gone, I looked from my window to see what I could see: it was the first time in my life, within the limits of remembrance, that I had not gazed forth on the wide expanse of sea, and sky, and cloud; and I felt somewhat curious to know what a thoroughly inland prospect could be like; and, being on a high hill, I almost persuaded myself that I should be able to discern afar off something which might be the glimmering sea-life!

But, lo! there lay at my feet—positively at my feet—so close that I fancied I could jump into the midst of the chimney-tops, and red-tiled roofs, the ancient city of Bristol! Yes; there it lay in a hole, just under the steep hill on whose eyrie-like heights was perched the domicile of the Rev. Mr. Churchman. I could see the lamps in a certain square, that in the dim, uncertain light looked not a little like a vault in some huge catacomb; and even the streets of the sleeping city showed drearily enough in the solemn starlight that had succeeded to the murky gloom of the day and of the evening. And when at last I lay down, and, despite my sadness, and the stranger feeling of being in quite unknown latitudes, fell fast asleep, and luxuriated in the sweet, sound slumbers of youth and health, I dreamed of driving through those dark, tomb-like streets and squares in the stage coach which had brought me from St. Eldred's, and being everywhere stopped by flights of stairs such as Cecilia had informed me occurred on the steep hills near at hand, which were the direct footways from the city.

When I awoke it was morning, and the sun was struggling through the blinds; and, hastening to the window, as was my custom, I looked down indeed upon the whole city of Bristol, and upon the suburbs and hills beyond. It was a sea of mist on which I gazed, and out of it rose shapely masses of roof and gable, like hulls of disabled vessels, and far and wide were scattered towers and steeples—the latter sometimes in little clumps, two or three together—reminding me somewhat of the masts of shipping in St. Eldred's Harbour. I had scarcely dressed when Cecilia tapped at my door. She came in blooming like a rose, and her raven hair, which she had made a pretence of smoothing into braids, as I had seen it the night before, was allowed to curl a little, as if it were rebellious, and must be humored to a certain point, and it was confined with a cherry-coloured ribbon. Till she came in and brightened up the room with her radiant bloom and gay-tinted snood, I had not noticed how very ugly it looked in all its uniformity of neutral tint.

"You are rested, I am sure," said Cecilia, as she seated herself on a square drab ottoman in the recess formed by the wide, drab-curtained window. "I am so sorry you are going on to-day. I wish there would come an earthquake and make a chasm in the Westbury-road, or, I wish an avalanche would come down from the Wick-Leigh Hills, and make the coach-way impassable for a week to come. You cannot think how dreadfully dull I am here—both my sisters married, and my brothers dispersed about the habitable globe! I am not good, that makes me very good, and I am not good, that makes me feel differently about things, I suppose. And yet, do you know, I sometimes fancy I am not altogether wrong, Miss Torrington. If God had never made any flowers now, and if He had made the sky, and the sunset cloud, and the grass, and the hills, all drab or slate-colour, then I might have believed that neutral tints and religion were inseparably connected. I am sure I don't want to be irreligious—I think an irreligious woman is a dreadful creature; but I cannot, and I never shall, feel that I am a more miserable sinner than other people because I like rose colour, and emerald green, and violet shades, and even amber and deep crimson, if suitably relieved or contrasted. How do you like the bit of cerise in my hair? I do buy a bit of bright ribbon now and then; for I have money of my own that my grandmother left me."

I was so surprised at this long exordium that I hesitated to reply. Miss Churchman hastened to express a hope that I did not love dowdiness, or think it good to abjure pretences. "I'll never trust a face again," she continued, impulsively. "If you are not a fair creature I may never could get that straight. I love light, and cool, and beauty; oh! if I had only a blouse of my own, what a fairy palace I would make of it! Tell me, you don't think pink is a worldly colour, do you?"

"A worldly colour?" I said, quite bewildered with her rapid speech, her energetic tone, and these entirely new ideas. It had never occurred to me that one colour might be more pious than another. I replied, "No; I should think it is a good colour, since God has made so many roses."

"What a charming notion! the very argument I wanted. And really there are no drab flowers; even heliotropes and mignonette have clear, decided hues of their own. Of course, I do not wish to be dressed entirely in pink, or green, or any other colour; but I should like pink ribbons on my bonnet, and a rose-coloured skirt. I dare say you think me very silly; but I do like pretty, delicate colours, and I cannot help it."

"And may you not have pink ribbons on your bonnet or in your border?"

"No. The set we belong to have voted pink a sinful colour. It is a part of our religion to wear neutral tints, and to refrain from any adornment of our houses. I might as well have been a Quaker. Mamma is shocked at me because I will have a little bit of rose or scarlet this dreary weather; she says, if I cannot be content with sober, Christian colours, I may wear dark blue, which it seems is not quite orthodox in a young person. But blue does not suit me, so mamma and I have little battles; of course, you know she is not my own mamma."

I was really very glad to hear it; for, to me, who had lost so recently the precious relationship of daughter, it seemed well-nigh sacrilegious to speak of one's mother, even were she arbitrary and unwise. I replied that I had not known it.

"What a wretch you must have thought me!" exclaimed Cecilia. "No; my own mamma was a darling, and she loved everything that was sweet and beautiful. She died when I was quite a little child; but I remember her very well—a graceful delicate creature, with soft, dark curls and hazel-like eyes; and she generally wore white dresses; and I remember that she often wore flowers in her hair. She gradually faded away, and there came a dreadful time when people told me I had no mamma—a time when the house was dark, and I had a black frock, and papa was shut up in his study, and no one dared to go and speak to him. Then, in a little while—it is so long ago now—it was a little white—my dear mamma came; and the drawing-room curtains, that used to be of the loveliest blue, were put away, and drab furniture, and carpets, and dresses became the order of the day. We have gone on in our drabness ever since; but I never could be moulded into the proper, highly-satisfactory little girl my new mamma expected to make me."

## MARKETS.

Revised every Wednesday, for the Visitor.

## COUNTRY MARKET.

Butter, in drs., 10 lb.	80 10 to 00 19
Hall, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Beef, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Boys, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Calves, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Chickens, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Corn, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Eggs, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Geese, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Hens, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Hides, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Hay, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Mutton, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Lamb, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Onion, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Potatoes, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Turnips, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Wheat, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Yield, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25
Wool, 10 lb.	0 24 to 00 25

## MARKET SLIP.

Apples, per bushel	85 00 to 4 00
Potatoes, per bushel	0 25 to 0 40
Onion, do.	0 25 to 0 40
Butter, do.	0 25 to 0 40
Eggs, per dozen	0 15 to 0 18
Pollock, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Haddock, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Salmon, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Flour, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Corn Meal, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Oatmeal, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Sugar, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Tea, do.	0 15 to 0 18
Molasses, do.	0 15 to 0 18

## READ THIS!

GREAT SALE OF CLOTHING. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, &c., at the North American Clothing Store, 19, north side—King Street. H. HUNTER, having completed his Fall and Winter Stock, has now ready and offers for sale, the largest and best got up stock of CLOTHING in the Province, being cut and made up under his immediate supervision, from materials imported direct by himself from the best houses in Europe.

R. H. HUNTER, having determined on effecting an entire clearance of his stock during the present season, has commenced selling at very low prices, even some at low prices as cannot be competed with by any in the trade; he, therefore, respectfully solicits a call from intending purchasers previous to their purchasing elsewhere, that they may judge for themselves. The stock comprises READY-MADE CLOTHING, in Overcoats, Reefing Jackets, Under Coats, Vests and Pants, in endless variety. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS—consisting of L. Wool, Merino, Cotton and Flannel Underwear and Drawers; Crisp Flannel Shirts; White Dress and Fancy Shirts; Linen and Paper Collars; Neckties, Ties and Handkerchiefs; Gloves, Umbrellas, &c. Ladies' Ready-Made Clothing—plain and reversible; Leggings and Caps. Trunks, Valises, and Travelling Cases. A splendid assortment of CLOTHING on hand, from which Gentlemen may select to their orders, can select, and have their garments made up in the best and most fashionable style, at the shortest notice.

STAMER "JAVAT," HALIFAX—Horsfall & Sheraton are receiving by above steamer—Ladies Black French Kid Gloves; Ladies Colored Duchesse French Kid Gloves; Ladies and Gents Kid Mitts, in Silk and Lamb Lined; Black, White, and Colored Feathers. HURFALL & SHERATON.

## A COMMON SENSE VIEW

## OF THE MODE IN WHICH

## Hostetter's

## STOMACH BITTERS

## ACT UPON THE

## HUMAN SYSTEM.

## THIS is an age of inquiry. People want to know the

## GREAT PROTECTIVE AND INVIGORANT

## is concerned, it is proposed to gratify them

## All the physicians admit that the greatest difficulty they

## in the disease the medicine that will counteract and seal the

## to use a common expression, it goes to the seat of the

## the system, taking with it what is wanted there. The essence

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