SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THE FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1848.

Weekly Chronicle

Volume 12. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, Aeditroque." Number 27.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUGANT & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s 6d. if paid in advance.

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.

May.		r. Sun.	s. Sun.	s. Moon	n. w.
20	Saturday,	4 35	7 18	9 24	0 45
21	Sunday	4 35	7 18	10 12	1 19
22	Monday,	4 34	7 19	10 56	1 53
23	Tuesday,	4 33	7 20	11 36	2 29
24	Wednesday,	4 32	7 21	Morn	3 12
25	Thursday,	4 32	7 22	0 13	4 2
26	Friday,	4 31	7 23	0 48	4 56

Third Quarter 25th, 7h. 3m. evening.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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

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 Elizphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntingdon, 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.

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.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B
(Office Nelson street.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

Edward Allison, Esq.	William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq.	F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the assured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, modes of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

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Bathurst—Theophilus Deabrisay, Esq.
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FREDERICK R STARR.
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

Hams, Buckwheat, and Rice.

PER Kate, from Boston—9 Tierces RICE. 1 do smoked Hams; 43 bags Buckwheat MEAL.

Nov 11. T. HANFORD. *Johnston's Wharf*

HOLLANDS GENEVA.

JUST RECEIVED 12 Hhds. Finest PALE GENEVA.—For sale by

Dec. 21. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE BETWEEN **St. John and St. Andrews.**

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro' the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,

Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market.

GEORGE CRAIG.

September 3.

WATERPROOF BLACKING,

WHICH renders Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does not prevent the Leather from receiving a Good Polish, by any Blacking in ordinary use.

The subscriber has just received another supply of the above named article, the virtues of which have been tended by hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from dampness during the approaching season.

☞ Its price is only one shilling per Pot. Orders from all parts of the Province attended to

S. K. FOSTER,
Corner of King and Germain-sts

Nov. 5.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to.

St. John, 1st May, 1846.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuse DEALS, BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (deliverable either at the Mills or in the city)

WILLIAM CARVILL.

February 18. *Nelson street.*

Hides & Tea.

Ex brig *Widow* and schr. *Barsley* from New York and Boston—

669 PERNAMBUCO HIDES:
25 Chests No. 3 Stephen Lufman's fine Congo TEA; for sale by

March 10, 1848. H. G. KINNEAR

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 in 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 THE 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 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 may depend upon 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 6th 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, Stony 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 with a 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 Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, 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.

ROSAURA.

A THRILLING TALE OF MADRID.

ENBRACING HIGHLY INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND VII.

Fourteen years have elapsed since there dwelt in Madrid a certain student who went by the name of El Rojo, or the Red. Not by his acquaintances and intimates alone was he thus designated, but by all the various classes of idlers with whom the Spanish capital abounds; by the listless loiterers at the coffee-house doors, by the lounging gossips of the *Puerta del Sol*, and by the cloaked saunterers who, when the Siesta is over, pace the Calle Alcala, puffing their beloved Havanas, retailing the latest news, discussing the chances of a change of ministry, or the most recent or interesting scandalous anecdote current in that gallant metropolis. It would be wrong to infer, from his somewhat ambiguous appellation, that the student's skin had the copper line of Pawnee, or an Ojibbeg, or his hair the ruddy tint usually deemed detrimental and unbecoming. The name implied no sneer—it was given and taken as a compliment; and Federico was at least as proud of it as of the abundant golden curls to which he owed it, and that flowed in waving luxuriance down his graceful neck and over his well formed shoulders.

In cloudless climes, where the ardent sun embrowns the children of the soil, fair locks and eyes of azure are prized in proportion to their rarity—No wonder, then, that Federico found favour in the sight of the dark browned and inflammable Madrilenes. Many were the tender glances darted at him from beneath veil and mantilla, as he took his evening stroll upon the Prado; often, when he passed along the street, white and slender fingers protruded through half closed jealousies, dropped upon his handsome head a shower of fragrant jessim blossoms. Amongst the dames and damsels who thus signified their favour and partiality, not a few—so it is certified by the veracious authority whence we derive this history—dwelt in stately mansions, and went abroad in brave equipages, drawn by prancing steeds and comely mules, all glittering with trappings of silk and gold. These, it may be thought, condescended over much thus to notice an humble student. But the love bestowed daughters of Castile took little of rank and station; and Federico, by all personal endowments, well deserved the distinction he obtained. Poor hidalgo, though he was no count, or duke, or blue-blooded grandee, from Cadizor Corunna, bore himself better, or had more the mein of a well-born and thorough-bred *caballero*. None more gallantly wore the broad-leafed sombrero, none more gallantly draped the ample cloak; and all Spain might have been searched in vain to match the bright and joyous glance of the student's dark blue eye.—Excepting on the coast, and in certain districts where Mahomedan forefathers have bequeathed their Oriental physiognomy and tall slender frame to every lofty stature. Federico was from the flat and arid province of La Mancha, where, as in compensation for the unproductiveness of the parched soil, handsome men, and beautious women abound. Of the middle height, his figure was symmetrical, elastic, and muscular, formed for feats of agility and strength; his step was light but firm; his countenance manly—the expression of his regular and agreeable features denoted a passionate nature and lofty character. Like most of his countrymen, he was quickly roused but easy to appease. Generosity and forbearance were prominent amongst his good qualities and he had nobly displayed them in more than one encounter with antagonists, whose feebleness placed them at his mercy, and rendered them unworthy of his wrath. For in the use of arms, as in all manly exercises, Federico was an adept; and whether with Toledo blade, or *Majo's* knife, there were few men in Spain who would not have found in him a formidable and dangerous adversary.

Strange to tell of so young a man, and of a Spaniard, in one respect our student appeared passionless. He met the advance of his female admirers with the utmost coldness—seemed, indeed to avoid the society of the fair sex, threw love letters into the fire thrice and unanswered, neglected invitations, went to no rendezvous. Favors which other men would gladly have purchased with years of life, he disdainfully rejected. The wrinkled duennas, who under various pretexts brought him tender messages and tempting assignations, met, instead of the golden guerdon with which such Mercuries are usually rewarded, harsh rebuffs and cutting sarcasm at the hands of the stoic of two-and-twenty. And with so much scorn did this Manchegan Joseph repel on one occasion the amorous attentions of a lady of birth and station, that her indiscreet love was changed into bitter hate, and Federico narrowly escaped a dagger-stab and premature death. From that day, he was more inaccessible than ever not only to women, but to men. Gradually he withdrew from intercourse with his former associates, and was seldom seen in the streets or public places, but sat at home, buried amongst books and diligently studying with the intention, he was heard to declare, of going to Ciudad Real, and passing his examination as advocate in the royal courts. And thus little by little, it happened with Federico as it does with most persons who neglect and forget the world, the world forgot him. His old associates—joyous, light-hearted lads, revelling in the enjoyments and dissipation of the capital—voted him a spoilt sport and a pedant, and thought of him no more: friends, in the true sense of the word he had none; and so, after a very short time, the list of visitors to the gloomy old apartment in which the eccentric youth mused and studied was reduced to one man, and that a very odd one, but whom Federico loved, because he in some sort owed him his life.

The second hero of our tale was one of those strange characters to be met with in Spain only—Don. Geronimo Rogaro was a little wizened old creature, blind of an eye, and with a very ugly face whose life had been a series of extraordinary adventures and bustling incidents. He had served his country in the most opposite capacities. In 1808 he fought the French in the streets of Madrid; two years later he headed a guerrilla band in the wild passes of the Sierra Morena; another two years and he took the oath to the constitution of Cadiz, and was seen at Wellington's head quarters as colonel of the Spanish line, and delegate from the Cortes. In 1814, he changed his colors and was noted after the return of Ferdinand VII., as a staunch royalist. But variety was his motto; and the revolution of 1820 saw him in the ranks of the Liberals, to whom he continued faithful until the cause was ruined and hopeless. This was the signal, with this Talleyrand on a small scale, for another *volte caseca*, once more he turned his coat; and as an earnest of penitence for past offences opened to the Royalist troops the gates of a small Estramaduran fortress. Notwithstanding this act of tardy allegiance, he was thrown into prison at Madrid, and owed it entirely to the intercession and good offices of an old school fellow, the influential Father Cyrillo, that his neck was not brought into unpleasant contact with the iron hoop of the garrote. Either warned by this narrow escape, or because the comparatively tranquil state of Spain afford no scope for his restless activity, since 1823 the political Proteus had lived in retirement, evincing apparently all plots and intrigues; although he was frequently seen in the very highest circles of the capital, where his great experience, his conversational powers, and social qualities sufficiently accounted for the welcome he at all times met.

Returning late one night from a tertulia at the house of Ferdinand's prime minister, Don Geronimo had the clash of steel and sound of a scuffle and hurying on the spot, saw a young man defending himself against the attack of two bravos.—Forthwith Regato set himself to shout out words of command, as if he had a whole regiment at his back, and the ruffians thinking the patrol was upon them instantly took to flight. Federico was the person assailed; and although he boldly asserted, and doubtless fully believed, that left to himself, he would speedily have defeated his cowardly opponents, he was still not altogether sorry to be relieved from such odds by the old gentleman's timely aid and ingenious stratagem. This was the original his acquaintance with Regato. From that hour forward they visited each other, and soon Geronimo took particular pleasure in the society of the handsome youth, whose earnestness and vigor of mind, he said, were refreshing to contemplate in a country where the actions of most men made them resemble beasts and apes, rather than beings formed in the image of their Creator. The young student, for his part, found much to interest him in his new friend, the only person who ever varied the monotony of his solitude. He listened eagerly to Regato's discourse, as he alternately poured out his stores of knowledge and experience; and broke into a vein of keen and bitter sarcasm on the men, parties and circumstances of distracted and unhappy Spain. Federico enthusiastically loved his country, and his proud eye often filled with tears when he old man placed its former greatness in striking contrast with its present degradation. In spite of all the veerings and weathercock variations of his political life, Regato was at heart a Liberal. He set forth in glowing colors the evils and tyranny of Ferdinand's government, expatiated on the barbarous executions of Riego, Torrijos, and other martyrs to freedom's cause, and exposed the corruption and villainy of the men who retained their country in the bonds of slavery and fanaticism; until Federico's cheeks glowed, and heart beat quick with patriotic indignation, and he felt that he too, when the battle hour should strike, would joyfully draw his sword and lose his life for the liberation of the land he loved so well. At times the student would take down his guitar and sing, with closed doors and windows—for Ferdinand's spies were a quick-eared legion—the spirit-stirring Hymn of the constitution, or the wild Tragala—that Spanish Marseillez, to whose exciting notes rivers of blood have flowed. And then old Regato beat time with his hand, and his solitary eye gleamed like a ball of fire, while he mingled his hoarse and suppressed voice with the manly music.

Notwithstanding their vast difference of age and character, and although the one was but commencing, whilst the other had nearly run the up-hill race of life, the more these two men saw of each other the stronger grew their sympathy and friendship. Don Geronimo's visits to the student became more and more frequent, and often, forgetful or careless of the the time, they would sit talking too far into the night. It seemed a relief to Regato to disburden his heart and mind of their innermost secrets; and he rejoiced to have found a man to whose honor, truth, and secrecy, he felt he could safely intrust them. Federico repaid his confidence with one equally unlimited. He not only told his friend the history of his short life from infancy upwards, but he made him his father confessor, imbued him of the progress of his studies, confided to him his doubts and hopes, his religious creed and political aspirations, and even his connection with some of the secret orders and societies, of which, at that period, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, a multitude existed in Spain.

'And can it be, my young friend said Gerinomo one evening, when a brief pause succeeded to some of the fiery Federico's vehement political diatribes—'can it be, he said, fixing his penetrating eye upon the flushed and impassioned countenance of the student, 'that you have reached this age and never loved woman?'

'Pshaw,' replied the student, 'you have asked the question before, and I have answered it.'

'But 'tis incomprehensible, and out of nature,' cried the old Don. 'Why have you a heart in your bosom, blood in your veins, strong limbs, and bright eyes?'

'Was all that given me that I might love woman?' retorted Federico with a merry laugh.

'Certainly: what is life worth without love to sweeten it? Nothing, worse than nothing. It is that gentle sympathy of hearts, that strange fever of the soul, those sweet hopes and joyous transports, and tremors scarce less pleasing, that render life endurable, and reconcile man to the vileness of mortality. The nearest approach to paradise on earth, is found in the bright smiles that beam for us alone,—in gentle lips that murmur in our ears words of pure tenderness and unselfish affection."

'By the Virgin,' cried Federico, 'I am neither of wood nor stone. Yes, there are creatures of heavenly beauty whom I could love. But I am like the Moorish Prince of Grenada, who was too proud to eat common food, and fed on gold. The metal was over hard for his royal stomach, and so he starved.'

'Which means that what you could have, you don't like, and what you would like you can't get.'

'Possible, replied Federico, smiling. 'I strike high.'

'And why not? To dare is often to succeed—For the bold and the prudent, no aim is too lofty. But tell me more.

'Nonsense!' cried the student. 'I did but jest. It occurred to me that this very day I saw a lady whose fair face I shall not easily forget. She was richly dressed, and sat in an open carriage, drawn by magnificent horses.'

'What color was the carriage?'

'Brown, lined with purple velvet. The arms on the panels were supported by coronetted griffins; and on the luxurious cushions my goddess reclined, in a robe of rose colored satin. A black lace mantilla floated over her alabaster shoulders, further veiled by a cloud of glossy ebon hair; and her eyes, friend Geronimo—her beauteous eyes, were soft and heavenly as a spring day in the almond groves of Valencia.'

'You are poetical,' said Regato. 'A good sign. Federico, you are in love; but, by our Lady, you are audacious in your choice.'

'Do you know her?' eagerly exclaimed Federico.

'Did she appear to notice you?' inquired Geronimo, leaving the question unanswered.

'Paralysed by her exceeding beauty,' replied the student. 'I stood dumb and motionless in the carriage way, and was nearly run over. I sprang aside but just in time. She observed me, and smiled; I almost think she blushed. One thing I am sure of, she could not help seeing that her wonder in beauty had turned my head.'

'And that is all?' said Regato, slily.

'What more could there be?' cried the young lawyer, indignantly. 'Would you have such an angel throw flowers at me, or appoint a rend-zvous? When the carriage turned out of the streets towards the Prado, she looked back. Holy Mother of Sorrows! even at that distance, the sunshine of those eyes scorched my very heart!—But this is folly, sheer folly! Next week I go to Ciudad Real, and amongst dusty deeds and dry folios I shall soon forget her eyes and their owner.'

Senor Regato assumed a thoughtful countenance, took a large pinch of snuff, and lit a fresh cigar.—And three or four puffs, emitted through his nostrils with the delectation of a veteran smoker, he broke silence.

'You will not go to Ciudad Real.'

'And why not?' cried Federico.

'Because, if I am not greatly mistaken, you will remain here.'

'Strange if I do' laughed the student.

'Less so perhaps, than you imagine. Would you go if the rose coloured lady bid you stay? What if she sent a tender billet to the young woman-hater, and said, 'Come and love if you have the heart and courage of a man.' I think I see you then, though ten thousand devils barred the way.—Ciudad Real and the Royal courts would soon be forgotten.'

'Perhaps,' replied Federico. 'But you tantalize me with impossibilities.'

Don Geronimo put on his hat, took his young friend's hand and said with great gravity: 'Nothing is impossible. And as regards love, naught in this world can withstand it—no bolt, or lock, or bar, or tank, or power. Bear that in mind, and be of good courage, if you again fall in love with her of the rose-coloured robe. I should not wonder if you saw her this very night. Be happy whilst you may, whilst youth and beauty last. They quickly pass, and never return; and in love be adventurous and bold, like a true Spaniard and gallant gentleman. Daring wins the day.'

He departed. Federico remained alone. With a smile at his friend's advice, the young man sat down to study. But he soon started up and gazed like one in a dream at the massive volumes encumbering his table. He knew not how it happened, but the well-known letters of the alphabet seemed changed into inexplicable hieraglyphics. The simplest passages were wholly unintelligible; the paragraphs were all rose coloured; black locks and brilliant eyes twined and sparkled through the quaint arabesques and angular capitals that commenced each chapter of the code, confusing and dazzling his brain. At last he angrily slammed the parchment bound volume, muttered a curse on his own folly, then laughed aloud at the recollection of that comical old fellow, Geronimo Regato, and went to bed. There he found little rest. When he closed his eyes the slender form of the incognita glided before them. Her white hand, extended from beneath her mantilla, beckoned him to follow; nay, he felt the pressure of her tiny fingers, her warm breath upon his cheek, her velvet lips gently laid upon his. And when impatiented from his sleep, low voice that timidly uttered in [illegible] passed the night, and only towards daybreak did he sink into a sounder and more refreshing slumber. But when he arose, he found, to his consternation, that she who haunted his dreams was equally present to his waking imagination. The fascinating image of the beautiful stranger had established itself in his heart, and Fredrico felt that all efforts to dislodge it would be as fruitless as painful.

'If I believed in sorcery,' he soliloquised, 'I should think that old rogue Geronimo had cast a charm over me. He predicted that she would visit me this night: and truly she has done so, and here remains. Whether it be for the better I greatly doubt.

Musing on the fair apparition that thus pertinaciously intruded upon him, the young lawyer dressed himself. It was late, and to atone for lost time, he resolved to remain at home, and study hard the whole day. But somehow or other, exactly at the same hour as on the previous one he, found himself in the Calle Alcala; and scarcely was he there when the brown carriage and the splendid horses came rattling by. And there, upon the purple cushions, sat more beautiful than ever, the divinity who for the last twenty four hours had been polished so large a share of the love sick student's thoughts. He gazed at her with rapture, and involuntarily bowed his head, as a being not of the earth. She smiled: her look had something inquiring and mysterious; then as if accident, she placed her hand upon the edge of the carriage and let a flower fall. Almost before it reached the ground, Federico caught and concealed it in his bosom, as though it had been some precious jewel which all would seek to tear from him. It was an almond blossom, a symbol of love and hope. Like a criminal he hurried away, lest his prize should be reclaimed, when he suddenly found himself face to face with Geronimo, who gravely took off his hat and greeted his friend.

'How goes it?' said the old Don, his widowed eye twinkling significantly as he spoke. 'How have you slept? Did the lady visit you or not?'

'You saw her?' cried Federico imploringly.—'For heaven's sake her name?'

"Bah!" replied Geronimo; 'I saw nothing—But if it be she who sits in yonder carriage, beware young man! 'Tis dangerous jesting with giants, who can crush us like straws beneath their finger. Your life is in danger,' he continued in a whisper; 'forget this folly. There are plenty of handsome faces in the world. Throw away the silly flower that peeps from your bosom and be off to Ciudad Real, where scores of pretty girls await you.'

But the young man was in earnest; Federico detained him.

'Let me go' said Geronimo; 'I am in haste. I will call upon you presently and shall hear more.'

But notwithstanding his promise, and although Federico remained all day at home, impatiently expecting him, Geronimo came not. Never had the student been so out of temper. He bitterly reproached himself as a dreamer, a fool, an idiot; and yet there he remained, his eyes rivited on the almond blossom, which he had placed in water, and whose delicate cup, now fully open, emitted a delightful perfume. And as he gazed fancy played her wildest pranks with the enamoured youth. Small fairy like forms glided and danced between the dusty stamina of the graceful flower. At times, its leaves seemed partly to close, and from the contracted aperture, the lady of his thoughts smiled sweetly upon him. Then the welcome vision vanished, and was succeeded by stern frowning faces of men, armed from head to heel, who levelled daggers at his heart. (*To be continued.*)

MORAL IMPORTANCE OF A HOME.—Mr. Ashton forty years ago discovered the importance of a home, both in a moral and economic point of view: he erected round his factory small cottages with gardens attached; and he not only let these to his workmen on moderate terms, but encouraged them to save money for the purchase of the freehold. Very many have taken advantage of the offer, and now call their homes their own. One simple fact will not prove the efficacy of this system of enlightened benevolence: Mr. Ashton has been forty years at the head of one of the most extensive factories in the county of Lancaster, and during the period there has been only one turn-out of one week among the workmen. This systematic benevolence has produced nearly half a century of continuous good, because it was originally based on knowledge and the results of experience. The laborer and the operative must not be supposed capable of appreciating, in all cases, the general advantages of frugality; it is necessary to put before them some incentive, some desirable means of immediate investment, and there is nothing that so strongly excites the ambition of an Enlishman, as the desire of possessing a home. It is of some importance to add, that this benevolence will be found not less profitable to the rich than the poor. Mr. Shuttleworth, whose authority both as statistician and philanthropist is deservedly great, states that many operatives have become actual owners of their tenements on the Duke of Norfolk's property, and that this has not only raised the character of the operatives, but greatly improved the Duke's estate.—*Dr. Cooke.*

ECONOMY.—Economy is one of the chief duties of a State, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable, and independent; he who lives beyond it, becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, and contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal is harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations: National character, as well as national happiness, has from the begining of the world to the present day, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

THE KEY TO HAPPINESS.—A susceptibility to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of of manner and thought, constitute in the minds of its possessors the deepest undercurrent of life—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs (when it is) all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless, and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to go untended; the breath of indifference, or rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes: the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, unwavering attention to his and her comfort both abroad and at home, and above all, the careful preservation of those properties of conversation and manner which are sacred when before the world, and some of the secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

A BOOK FACTORY.—The Harpers, of New York, are, perhaps, the greatest manufacturers of books in the United States. Their establishment is quite a curiosity. One of the buildings is five stories high, with five windows in each story. Two other buildings join this on Cliff, and opposite on the same street are two buildings of vast size, in which the type setting and stereotyping are done. There are nineteen Adams and three Napier presses, worked by steam, which throw off 70 reams of paper per day—that is to say, 34,000 sheets—making 201,600 sheets per week, and 104,483,200 per year; which is equal to 100 octavo vols., of over 500 pages each, per day, 6000 per week, and 312,000 per year. We understand that during the last year the number of volumes, of all sizes, thrown off, was not less than 2,500,000. The fixtures in the bindery are valued at $13,000. Here 52 barrels of flour are used per year for paste; of glue, 45 barrels; 750 packages of gold leaf are used in the same period for lettering, ornamenting, &c. Here likewise, are used 700 pieces of muslin, of 40 square yards each, and 60,000 of pasteboard.—14,000 sheep are slain per annum to supply skins for the establishment. In immense vaults under the establishment are stored 800,000 pounds of stereotype plates. 800 pounds of metal are used weekly for casting, making 41,000 pounds per annum. In the composing rooms are from 80 to 90,000 pounds of type. The stock in trade is estimated at $2,000,000. They employ 400 persons, a little less than one quarter of whom are females.—About sixteen hundred persons are supposed to depend upon this establishment. The sum paid to persons employed is about $200,000 per annum. Messrs. Harpers and Brothers, have paid to authors immense sums of money. Stephens has received from them $50,000; Prescott, $20,000, and Dr. Authon, too, must have received a fortune at their hands.