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MINERVA
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64, King William street, Mansion house, London

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Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

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Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

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In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.
N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box

Miscellany.

St. Andrew-Square, Glasgow.—This comparatively modern, and once aristocratic square, is, in some places, showing considerable symptoms of dilapidation and neglect; and if not cared for, it is to be feared that as the respectables flee away westward, the hives, from Saltmarket, Wynds, and Havannah, may effect an entrance even here. When St Andrew's Church was commenced in 1739, the site formed part of the Green or open country, stretching away behind Saltmarket, to the east. The able Mungo Naismith, who did much in his day to beautify Glasgow, was the architect of the Church; but for what reason we cannot say, he did not finish it till 1756. With the exception of the spire, it is an exact copy of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, and always with exception of the Cathedral, is the most beautiful specimen of ecclesiastical architecture we have. A handsome square was gradually reared round the Church, and finally completed about 1787. Here and in Virginia-street, were domiciled the best and wealthiest in the city, and the dwellings, both for commodiousness, beauty, and ornament, were well worthy of our then city rank and fashion. Those residences on the east and south sides of the square, having their fine oriel windows looking towards the Green, were, we have been assured, in days before this quarter of the city became demoralised, perfect specimens of elegance and splendour. Liveried lackeys and gay equipages lent life and animation to the square in these days, and few could conceive that in a few short years this fashionable locality would afford accomodation as it now does to a Lying-in-Hospital, along with tobacconists, leather merchants, teachers, pawnbrokers, basket makers, tailors, straw hat makers, press mangle keepers, &c. About 40 years ago St. Andrew-square was in its heyday, both for gentility and business. The Royal Bank had then its office and manager's dwelling-house in the two tenements on the south-east corner of the square; and the two large square free-stones on which were placed the sentry boxes, for the soldiers, who, with loaded musket and bayonet, guarded the treasure within, still remain inserted in the pavement. In these days the late well-known Mr. John More was manager of the bank, and being a man of dignified presence, he represented the moneyed in a style which has not been equalled since. On Saturday and holidays a splendid equipage, with black servant in the rumble, drove up to the bank to convey the manager to his rural home, at Wellshot, which he had erected, and surrounded with vinery, flower garden, and romantic walks, and bowling green, at an expense of £17,000. *Sic transit*, &c. The late Mr. James Lockhart (father-in-law of the late Dr. Jeffrey), the most successful ironmonger Glasgow ever saw, and who raised an ample fortune in a small shop in Saltmarket, had his handsome dwelling-house in St. Andrew-square.—*Herald.*

The Beauties of Autumn.—Every person, perhaps, has a favorite season of the year—some preferring the summer, others the spring, others the winter, and others like myself, the golden Autumn. The zeal of our pleasure is heightened by an infusion of melancholy. Few things are melancholy than music—none so melancholy as love, which is, in fact, nothing but the consciousness of a desire never to be wholly gratified here below. Love is the yearning of the soul after the beautiful, which is but another expression for the infinite. Doubtless the fresh green, when the trees stand in genteel half-dress before the modest sun, is highly refreshing to the mind as well as to the eye. But autumn comes to us, decked in a thousand colours, painted partly by the hand of decay. It is beauty on the threshold of the tomb, rendered more beautiful and fascinating by the air breathing upon it from beyond. We fancy we never discovered all its loveliness till then. Death itself is marvellously beautiful in its eternal silence and composure; it hints the mystery it dares not speak; it seems to have closed its eyes, only that it may indulge in delicious dreams for ever. All realities seem nothing compared with the ideal creation which throngs upon the soul in death. An autumn is the threshold of death—mature, soft, balmy, like the thoughts of old age, illuminated by the light of heaven. For this reason I love the autumn, and appear to think and feel in it with the greatest ease and delight. It is like the diminutive mummy of an Egyptian feast, bidding us enjoy ourselves rapidly, before we depart hence and are no more seen.—*Tait's Magazine.*

An Aspiring Dog.—The following ludicrous incident occurred the other Sabbath in a parish church in this county: The day being very warm and sultry, it is deemed necessary to throw open the church doors for the admission of fresh air.—About the middle of the sermon, while the preacher was loudly declaiming in his usual impassioned style, the noise of his deep-toned voice seems to have reached the ears of a favourite but illbred cur which had been left in charge of the manse.—The dog, fearing from his master's impassioned manner of address thus he was meeting with foul play, dashed (by the by, his name is Dash), at the top of his speed to render assistance if necessary. The doors being open, the passage clear, and the stair to the pulpit of easy access, he quickly assented, and from his elevated position commenced such furious yelling as threatened for a moment to cast the oratorical powers of preacher into the shade. Vain were the attempts of the session-clerk and beadle to remove him either by threats or by flattery. Dash maintained his position, keeping these officials at defiance. The beadle at last seized one of the kirk-ladles, and resolved to give proof of his courage by applying it unceremoniously to the cranium of Dash; but Dash showed his teeth, and the man of graves prudently retired, leaving him in undisputed possession of the rostrum. Dash, having now fought his way to the pulpit, like many others, instantly demanded admission, which his master readily granted. Both commenced haranguing in their respective styles at the highest pitch of their voices. For some time the contest for superiority was maintained on both sides with equal pertinacity. In vain did the preacher raise his voice to a skirl; Dash, determined not to be done, waxed louder and louder still, and the Babel-like confusion of tongues was too much for the risible powers of the congregation who were now thrown into convulsions, for grey-haired men and staid matrons could no longer maintain their gravity. The preacher at last gave into his more uproarious colleague, and, walking with him out of the pulpit, conducted him to the door and gave him in charge of the church officer.—[Perthshire Advertiser.

A Personal Compliment.—"Your whiskers remind me very much of old General Taylor," said a gentleman the other day to a young fop, who was cultivating a very unpromising and sandy crop of hair on the face. "Why so?" eagerly asked the ambitious youngster, with a gratified tone and air. "Because they are *rough and ready.*"

THE TRADESMAN'S BOAST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"How cruelly it wrings a broken heart
To see a mirth in any thing it loves." *Willis*

The hour had long since passed when it was customary for the trades people of London to close their places of traffic and seek convivality, bread, or the more sober pleasures of an evening fireside. But in the heart of the most populous trading district, one warehouse, that of a rich mercer, stood open and was brightly illuminated, for the wealthy owner had his residence in the upper stories of the building. The entrance was through his stall, and on the night our story commences he was in high revel with his friends and neighbors, for it was the anniversary of his wedding, and of his wife's birth day. Every where through the long and narrow windows lights gleamed forth, sounds of music now and then gushed over the street when the outer door was opened, and a little knot of uninvited neighbors standing opposite, and looking wistfully up at the windows, could almost hear the tinkling of wine cups and the merry laughter that reigned within.

'By our lady, this neighbor of yours should be doing a thriving business if his coffers can stand all the cost,' exclaimed a dapper little man, who was recognised as a cheese-monger from the wharves—'but you trades people of the city always contrive to fill the punch which ever rose is uppermost.

'True,' replied a thin faced worker in iron, who came up that moment, 'as our neighbor across the way can well testify. There is no estimating the gold cloth, the velvet of three ply and heavy satins that he has taken up to the tower with his own hands when Queen Margaret flaunted the red rose in its wells, and now that King Edward has his own, and mounts the white in his bonnet, our neighbor yonder puts a new coat of gilding on the crown over the door of his stall, dons his best broom, goes up to court, and so the young queen appoints him her mercer, though every one hereabouts knows that he is a rank Lancastrian as ever measured off an ell of cloth.

'Perhaps his wares are of a better quality,' said a sweet silvery voice at the speaker's elbow, for a group of four or five men was passing at the moment, and the foremost a man of small stature, muffled in a cloak, had paused as if interested in the conversation, while his companions went on to a neighboring corner, where they halted and seemed waiting for him to overtake them.

'No sir,' exclaimed the little mercer, reaching forth his hand to grasp the speaker's cloak in his eagerness. The stranger stepped back to elude the familiarity, but not till the garment gathered carefully over his bosom had been somewhat disarranged. 'Not so, not so, here are my friends,' he continued, appealing eagerly to his companions, 'born and bred within a stone's throw of my own threshold. Every one of them can tell you that there is neither stuffs, velvet, nor cloth of gold like those in my stall, though I may not perch a crown of gilt over the doorstead. It is rank impudence—rank impudence! What else could have carried him directly into the presence of two queens, while I have spent half my substance in efforts to get a poor petition against one of them?'

'Nay, I doubt not the excellence of your wares' said the stranger, evidently somewhat amused with the pompous egotism of his new acquaintance.—'But how is it that your neighbor yonder thrives so much better at court? Impudence, as you say, does much, but it hardly gives a man royal favour without something to back it?'

'Ah, he has a fair, and cherry lipped wife!' exclaimed one of the group.

'And a daughter with eyes that makes a man's heart soften as he looks into them—these are qualities that win favour at King Edward's court. Poor Henry of Lancaster who lies pining in the tower thought little of such gear.'

The stranger turned sharply on the speaker, and even in the imperfect light those around felt the gleam of his eyes, but if he intended to speak the mercer did not give him time.

'Nay, nay, as for the beauty of Barker's wife hesbrew me if I could ever see it. My old dame at home yonder weighs a full stone the heaviest.—As for his daughter, it were rank folly and slander against our good king to say that her pale face could win preferment for her father. Why, did we not send our own Margaret up to the tower, fired like a born lady in a bodice of maroon colored velvet, with a skirt of deep blue Flemish cloth, edged with silver lace? Yet she who has cheeks like roses, could not win her way through the grates!'

'Perhaps they saw too much of the Lancaster rose in her cheeks, and so took pretty Margaret for a traitor and sent her home,' said the cheese-monger jeeringly. 'I wonder you could send my pretty gossip among the king's guard, they are roystering fellows one and all.'

'I—how could I help it?' replied the mercer hastily, 'it was the only way to keep her mother from going.'

'A wise choice—a wise choice!' exclaimed two or three voices, while a general laugh ran through the group. 'When our city dames go up to the court they sometimes forget to come back again.'

'It was not thus in good King Henry's time,' muttered one of the group, shaking his head.—Again the stranger glanced at him keenly.

'You should have said in King Margaret's time, for was she not king and queen both?' he said.

'At any rate she was the friend of us trades people. Poor lady, it was a sorry time for England when she was driven from its shores.'

The stranger drew in his breath with a sharp respiration but made no reply, while the mercer caught his free spoken companion, by the arm.

'Neighbor, neighbor, this is too bold talk for the open street,' he said, 'and strangers by.'

'Nay, I am no eaves-dropper,' said the stranger, 'no spy to repeat the words that are let fall thus in careless fashion, and perchance I may love the reigning family no better than yourself.'

'Nay, as to that,' chimed in the mercer, 'I for one have been with the Yorkists, though they seem more willing to protect their enemies than reward their friends. Have I not talked myself hoarse in their cause? Have I not railed at her exiled highness, Queen Margaret, till my throat was dry as an empty ale can? And yet King Edward has his own, and there stands the crown of gilt over yon door, exactly as it did when the Lancaster rose bloomed reddest. It is enough to make an honest man turn traitor!'

'Ah, if your loyalty could but be made known to the queen,' chimed in one of his neighbours, with affected sympathy. 'If pretty Margaret had not been refused before she reached the royal presence——'

'There it is,' broke in the mercer. 'If I could but get my petition presented, there is that in it which would make her highness ready to tear the robe from her pretty shoulders.'

'Indeed, what is that?' inquired the stranger in the same silvery voice which fell upon the ear with a sort of fascination.

'Step this way, step this way,' said the mercer, all in a tremor, and brimful of an envious and gossiping spirit; 'you seem to be a man of rare comprehension, so my secret will be safe with you. You have heard of Shore, the goldsmith?'

'What—he whose wife is——'

'Hush—hush—speak lower—no one in this region dares say what she is now. But you are right. It is the same—the very same.'

'Well,' exclaimed the stranger in a low voice, but evidently taking a deeper interest in what before only seemed to amuse him.

'Well, this mercer has a wife, they mentioned her but now, though for the matter of beauty, Catherine, my own dame, you understand, is worth——'

'Nay, nay, friend, I doubt not the rare perfections of your dame. But what has she to do with Shore's wife?'

'She, my Catherine—it is well she heard you not—oh, she is a woman of rare prudence. It would do your heart good to hear her rail against this cursed usury. Why it was but yester even.'

The stranger interrupted him, still with the same calm tone.

'Nay, friend, no one doubts that your dame is everything that is prudent, elegant and comely. But what has this to do with your petition or the queen's mercer?'

'There it is, why, his wife is sister to Shore. Think you if the queen were informed of this it would not shake yonder gilt thing from Barker's door? Would she ever order so much as a pair of gloves from him again?'

The stranger laughed, a low, sweet toned laugh that had not the slightest possible touch of sarcasm in it. The mercer who was expecting some more serious result to his important revelations, drew a step back.

'Why do you laugh?' he questioned suspiciously, leaning forward, and striving to peer into the stranger's face, which, however, the darkness prevented. 'Why do you laugh?'

'Nay, I did but smile at your idea that Elizabeth Woodville—our generous queen I intend to say—might cross her humour in the color of a breast knot because ——.

Here the stranger broke off abruptly, and seemed to drop into a reverie, which lasted a full half minute, during which the poor mercer stood with open mouth and distended eyes, striving to gain a second glimpse of his features, for they had drawn a few paces nearer the illuminated house, and as the door was open to admit some guests, a ray of light fell directly on the stranger. It was gone in an instant, but not till the practical eye of the mercer had detected that the cloak disarranged by his own rude hand, was of the richest Genoa velvet, and had almost been blinded by the fire of a diamond star that flashed out from beneath it.

'Well, so you would supplant your master of the revels, said the stranger at length in his former gentle tone, for he was quite unconscious of the revelations that flesh of light had made, 'and if this were bro ght about what service could you render in exchange for the boon?'

'What service m my lo'—that is, fair sir, what service?' cried the little man all in horror of excitement. 'Her gracious majesty, the queen, should have such rich stuff to blazon her beauty withal, such laces, such——'

'Tush man! I spoke not of such gear, court favors are bestowed for other services than these, there is one which I doubt not you could render.'

'Name it, noble sir, name the poor help by which Simon Mount may aid the lowest servant of the king, and so it but loosen down yon gilt thing and place it over his own door, see if he prove backward in the doing!'

'You are acquainted well in this city.'

'Nay, for that—why I not born within a stone's throw of my warehouse, was it not in this street that I served apprenticeship, was I not wedded here—why the neighborhood has grown up, as it were, under his own eye; there is neither nobleman or mechanic within half a mile that I could not call by his christian name.'

'True, true; now hark ye Simon Mount, the king has need of such man in the city here, men who keep close tongues and open eyes. It is said that there is disaffection among the artizans and trades people hereabouts, that many of them incline more to the Lancaster than to the York. Nay, it is even asserted that some of your worthy compeers are excited to the verge of insurrection since the Jane Shore, the jeweler's wife, has found favor in the eyes of the king.'

'It is likely, very likely, now I bethink me, there has been a stir upon the wharves, but the loyalty of Simon Mount is too well known; the churls dare not whisper their treason in his hearing but here among the trades people there has been nothing but revel and good-fellowship. Shore is a popular man among his neighbors and one would think they sought to console him for the loss of his cast-away, with mirth and feasting!'

'May not this merriment be a cover of disaffection. It would not be the first time that treason has been hatched in the wine cup,' suggested the stranger.

'Ah, truly there is wisdom in this, and John Barker is brother-in law to Shore. It is the third time his house has been lighted up within a fortnight and neither Simon Mount nor his dame invited. But their loyalty is too well known.'

'You might be there, however,' said the stranger. 'These old houses have nooks and hiding places. It were no difficult feat to glide in after some of the guests, and listen to what passes, especially in the king's service and for your advancement.'

'It shall be done, no man shall ever have it to say that Simon Mount shrunk from his duty on the king's behalf. I will go home and whisper a word of my errand to dame Catherine.'

'Be vigilent, discreet, and above all, *silent*, not even to your dame must this be mentioned,' said the stranger impressively, but without raising his voice.

'But dame Catherine, you know her not, she is a paragon of discretion, she——'

'Cannot babble of that she knows nothing,' said the stranger quietly interrupting him, 'therefore be silent.'

'But dame Catherine,' persisted the little mercer, wretched at the thought of doing anything without the full council and sanction of his larger and stronger half.

Again the stranger interrupted him, and his voice, though subdued was stern——

'The man for whom you undertake this, desires no woman in his council: be silent or another can be found to perform his wishes and take the recompense.'

'I am dumb. Even Catherine shall not win a word from my lips.'

'It is well; gather all the information you can regarding the true sentiments of these people touching the reigning house, and hark ye, note well the faces of all that you meet in you dwelling.'

'Truly, that were no difficult matter, since they are all known to me from childhood.'

'There may be strangers, if one unknown face presents itself, mark every feature well, all hopes of preferment may depend on vigilance in this matter. See, yonder goes a figure, some guest, I dare be sworn, creeping softly under the shadow of the house. Now is your time to gain admission! Go at once, gather what intelligence you can and bring it—let me think—ay, bring it to Baynard castle.'

'Why, that is easy, but who shall I inquire for? What security have I that some varlet belonging to her highness the Duchess of York, may not spurn me from the portal?'

'True, I had forgotten. Ask for Heyford, master of the horse to the Duchess of Gloucester.—Means shall be found to notify him of your coming?'

'But,' persisted the mercer, resolved, if possible to get some clue of the person he was conversing with, 'will he know the condition, has he power at court to ensure the reward you promise?'

'Content ye man, bring the desired information and your reward is certain as if the king had promised it.'

With these words the stranger gathered the cloak about him, and turned away hastily towards the men who were still waiting his approach at a little distance.

The knot of people stationed since nightfall opposite Barker's dwelling had dispersed, and when the mercer left his singular companion there was but one individual in the street, and that was the person who had been pointed out as just visible in the darkness, as he moved slowly toward the festive dwelling.

Heavily, and with solemn step, as if he were approaching a funeral house instead a house of feasting, moved this lone man. His head was bent and he even passed the door several paces, so deep was the gloomy mood in which his whole being was sunk. As he turned to retrace his steps, the light from a window fell upon his person.

'It is Shore, himself,' exclaimed the mercer, 'this is fortunate!' and darting across the street, the little man crept after the tall figure which we have described, as it moved towards the door of Barker's warehouse.

The unhappy man paused at the threshold; the sound of ringing laughter of music and song, struck upon his heart like mockery of its sadness; his lip quivered and lifting his hand he brushed a tear away. 'The last time, oh yes, it is just a year since, her voice was the sweetest and most joyous; her form the loveliest, her heart the purest—now!' The words that had been uttered under his breath, were crushed back by a quick and stern impression from the lip; his hand was upon the knocker and he dropped the heavy mass of iron with a crash that echoed through the whole neighborhood. The door was opened after a brief pause and Shore entered the warehouse. It was but dimly lighted, serving for the time, only as a passage to the dwelling, one while the tardy guest asked some questions in a low voice, of the servant, our friend the mercer crept softly through the door and slunk behind a tale of Flemish goods that lay conveniently near.

After consulting a few moments with the servant Shore mounted the stairs with a slow and reluctant step. There was a small room which opened from the landing in which the guests had deposited their outer garments. He turned into this room, and placing himself upon a settee, waited patiently during some ten or fifteen minutes. There was something truly lonely and sorrowful in his appearance as he sat alone in the dim light. He was scarcely a middle aged man yet, but the gloss of his raven hair was broken with silver threads, the snow-white temples were hollow, and his high broad forehead seemed frozen into marble, so rigidly was it set in its expression of suffering. Once or twice, as a burst of merriment swept in from the next room, an almost imperceptible quiver stirred his finely chiselled mouth, and though no tears were in his eyes they grew touchingly sorrowful, and a dim shadow came over them like mist upon an opaque jewel.

At laught some one approached the door, which was softly opened, and a fine rosy-cheeked and dark-eyed woman entered, amid a burst of music and merriment which swept in after her from the supper. There was something in the blooming cheek of this woman in the cherry colored ribbands that tied the blue boddice over her fine bust, and the gay hues of her whole attire that contrasted painfully with the sorrowful being who sat waiting her approach in the dimly lighted ante-room. She seemed to feel this constrast, for the color faded from her face, and she closed the door hastily, as if ashamed of the broad light and gleeful noises that seemed following her like a troop of riotous spirits in the presence of that heart-stricken old man.

Shore arose as she approached, made a faint effort to smile, and held out his hand.

She took his hand, held it for an instant, then some reaction came over her quick feelings and bursting into tears she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

'Oh, William, dear William, how can we be happy while you suffer thus?'

Shore drew her to his heart and pressed his lips on her smooth forehead.

'Nay Bessie, I should not have made you weep to-night—when have you seen a sorrowful birthday before?' he said in a voice that was broken, but sweet with tender emotions.

'I cannot help it,' said the impulsive and kind-hearted woman—'the sight of you is enough to set one weeping—than to think of the last year and this—to think——'

'Hush, Bessie—hush, my good sister, do not mention her, I cannot bear it.'

Shore had been a strong man, but sorrow had bent his shoulders low. He shook in every limb, and his lips grew white with the apprehension of hearing his wretched wife mentioned.

'My poor, poor brother!' exclaimed the kind woman, gazing at him through the tears that still suffused her eyes. 'What can I do, what can we, any of us do to comfort you?'

Again the mournful smile struggled on Shore's lips.

'Nothing, my good sister, but leave me as you have always done, and indulge my wayward fancies without allowing them to fret your kind nature. See, I have brought you a little birth-day gift,' he took a tiny box from his bosom, and opening it revealed a ring set with a single diamond of considerable value, which he placed on one of the plump and rosy hands which were held forth to receive the gift.

'Oh, it is so beautiful, how it sparkles,' she exclaimed, waving her hand to and fro before the only lamp in the room. 'It is like a great drop of water twinkling in the sunshine.'

For the moment, admiration of her brother's gift made the excitable dame forgetful of his terrible sorrows. But this pleasant oblivion was but transient. The first feminine triumph over, and she turned her eyes upon him with an expression of