

The Standard.

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

VOLUME 9

NUMBER 25

Price 15s. in Town]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1842:

[17s. 6d. sent by Mail.

RICE.

is hereby given that no other than the Subscriber, if Trust for the benefit of his entitled to receive or claim the following premises in 6, and 7, respectively, in 1, 2, and 3, in block letter it is now known as Watt's Wharf, with the Buildings, also Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 in block letter 1, all in the Town of St. Andrews. That Miss Watt has no legal or equitable claim to the same is null and void, and that the said Watt is the owner of the same. Dated this 14th

THOMAS WATT,
CAMPBELL, his Attorney.

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CEDE PRICES!

selling off his large and old of FALL and WINTER at lower prices than here the market. The goods sorted, and of the best quality.

diff green and claret Broad
dresses do, blue, black and
black, Satinette, Mole-skin,
—30 pieces of white and red
silk and Swansdown do—
Kerseys do—2 bales Blank-
et to 4—Counterpane and
of different colors—64 pieces
to 3 1/2, grade bleached white
pieces of Orleans and Saxonia
d patterns, Orleans de l'Orleans
—250 pieces of prints suit-
—lustrous cotton, checked
and fine and lining cotton,
Regatta—table covers blue
id brown cloths do—Ladies
kerchiefs, silk Handkerchiefs
and brown do—woollen &
—cotton Warps white &
dots and Shirts, carpet & kid
—moccasin walking Shoes—
erlin do—Lambrequin House,
o, Bobbinets and Laces, Ja-
Muslins, Bishopstons and
Bobbinets, Quilts and
and silk Hats, fur and flesh
id cloths and covered bags,
ready made clothing, 50 pairs
n quantities, frock coats and
suits, gaiters, socks, red and
variety of other articles in the

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visors large and small, of an
tors, pocket and pen knives,
in, lake pens and covers, Bat-
er shovels and trowels, cut-
hoe and scrubbing brushes.

OCERIES.

id white Soap,
and do
and Liverpool ditto,
now d and dist Candies,
refined Loaf Sugar, from 4 to
family use,
id Tea,
and Coffee,
Cakes, Cinnamon, Pepper, All-
and Salsaparilla,
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Black Lead,
nouns, Lamp Oil,
and Glass 7 1/2 to 10 1/2,
id acid corn meal, pots & fish.

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are requested to call and ex-
amine and save expense.

C. BRADLEY.

February, 1842

ANCY STORE.

L SUPPLY.
especially inform the Ladies
of Saint Andrews that she
a variety of GOOD, con-
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and Family Goods

as, and at the Lowest Prices
general selection of

OCERIES.

so of on Reasonable Terms.

M. SHERLOCK.

—44—

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HARP & PREMISES lately
has Kist, Esq. Enquire of

S. WATT,
Att'y for Thomas Watt.

THE

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W. Smith.

at Saint Andrews, N. B.

ERMS.

livered in town or called for

forwarded by mail.

issued until arrears are paid

TISEMENTS.

to written orders, or continued

no written directions

lines, and under,

over 12 lines 3d per line,

12 lines 1d per line.

year or may be agreed on

individuals who have no ac-

to be paid for in advance

&c. struck off at the shortest

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DUTY.

AN INTERESTING TALE.

(Continued)

Thus it was that she had arrived in America, and under these feelings and circumstances had her letter and journal been despatched from New-Orleans to Delancy. We have seen the circumstances in which they found him, and noticed the result. Mr. Selmer arrived and waited on Isabella. The magnificence by which she was surrounded at first surprised him, for like most women Mrs. Delancy had a taste for splendor, and as a means to gratify it were amply in her power, she took a pride in preparing every thing for the reception of her husband in the highest style of refinement and luxury. She scarcely welcomed Mr. Selmer in her eagerness to meet Delancy, who she supposed would be with his guardian; and a shade passed over her radiant countenance upon perceiving he was not present. We will draw a veil over the scene that followed. Insignificance, luxury, but surely no ten could portray the emotions which rose in the bosom of a wife like Isabella, under the events which it was the painful duty of Mr. Selmer to reveal!

Wounded affection—mortified self-love—and insulted confidence—betrayed trust, and crushed hopes wrung her heart; and the dreams of happiness which had never wandered from their centre, but played in all their varied contrivances around the sun from which they derived the light and warmth which gave them being—must now vanish forever. After the years of cherished fondness—the hours of fearful, prayerful agony, in which she had thought of him—the months of ardent expectation and the days of suspense she had endured, was this the result? To find herself forgotten—her image supplanted—her very name given to another—and that by him to whom she had devoted her whole soul—her high faculties, and deep affections.

For weeks Isabella lay upon the bed of sickness—a brain fever prostrating her whole system, rendered life itself long doubtful. Mr. Selmer watched beside her, and his feeling heart mourned over the desolation of spirit betrayed by the sufferer—and the ravings of her delirium. But a good constitution and able medical skill, enabled her to surmount the disease. The first feeble words of recovered consciousness were addressed to Mr. Selmer, in a request that her child should not be taken from her.

Mr. Selmer was shocked;—he saw that her strong mind was beginning to realize her situation, and already to arrange plans for the future. He tried to evade the question, but she clung to it with the pertinacity of an invalid. "Promise me that I shall keep my child," she persisted, with greater energy—and he promised that the law should not be enforced if she determined not to return to her husband.

"Never! never!" and the energy with which she pronounced the emphatic words, while it exhausted her little remaining strength, convinced Mr. Selmer that the determination was final.

In a few days she began steadily but decidedly to recover, and it seemed that her plans were all clear before her for she requested Mr. Selmer would spend the mornings with her, as she wished for the last time to speak upon a subject that must never again be referred to. A copy of the Bible was on the stand beside her, as though the calmness of her manner, and firmness of her tone, had been derived from a frequent study of its holy pages, and familiarity with its truths, which alone can strengthen in the hour of weakness, and console in the moment of affliction. She stated that upon mature reflection she had resolved to return immediately to Natchez—that her child having been borne there, her history would be known to all, and none could misjudge her. She requested her friend would procure for her a commodious mansion, and told him she had already, while in France, purchased furniture, &c. on a scale of magnificence seldom equaled, and which she begged he would see arranged. Mr. Selmer here interrupted her.

"If you will not live with your husband, Isabella, why not get a divorce or retire into a convent?"

Her eye flashed one of its proudest beams upon the old man, as she answered haughtily: "Divorce! Mr. Selmer! how dare you ask of me so idle a ceremony? Can man by his laws, or his conventional usages, set at naught a sacrament of God's holy church? Is not the command binding as it is positive—'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder'?" She paused, and Mr. Selmer answered firmly.

"The church for weighty reasons sometimes permits a separation between husband and wife, but never allows either party to marry while the other is alive. In this she follows the command of Christ enforced by the apostle St. Paul."

Isabella immediately opened the Bible at the 7th chapter to the Corinthians, (1st epis-

tle, 10th verse,) and read—"but to them that are married—not I—but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband." "Otra-geous as my feelings have been," she said, "this alternative cannot be expected from me. And I have no vocation for a convent, even if it were possible for one in my position to gain admittance; but you must be aware that to take the vows in a religious order, the consent of both parties is required. However, sir, as I have said, I have no vocation for the duties of such a life; and would neither insult my Maker by offering him a victim of disappointment and misery, nor the pure and heavenly-minded community among whom you would advise me to wear out the residue of my days, by carrying my wretchedness among them. No, dear Mr. Selmer, my duties are of a different class, and paramount is the duty to my daughter; for her, and to her I must endeavor to render the poor boon of existence a blessing; for this my every energy will be exerted. I also love my child to myself; my walk through life must continue as it has ever been—blameless. And surely society has its claims upon my wealth as upon my time. No, sir, my views of life may differ from those of many persons, but I see high and holy duties binding me to the world; and there, amid its turmoils, its splendors, and its toils, will I endeavor to shape my future course, bearing within me a conscience void of offence to God and man, and trying to forget or conceal the sorrows of my heart!"

Again she paused, and Mr. Selmer gazed with admiration, he could not conceal upon one so young, so noble, so firmly resolved boldly to meet the difficulties of her situation, and with a pure and holy self-confidence calmly to conquer them. Her eyes were raised to Heaven, with an expression of faith and high resolve, more touching to him than all the brilliancy which was so common to them. After awhile she said—

"You will give me the protection of residing with me, my dear sir, I am sure you will," and she looked beseechingly upon him. "I will!" he replied, as he overcame with conflicting emotions, he left the room. We will pass over a couple of months, and resume when these plans have been carried into execution, and Mrs. Delancy was established in a superb residence in Natchez. The romance of her situation, added to her known riches and high bearing, soon brought around her all that was estimable in fashion, while her liberal patronage of the arts—her fine appreciation of talent—her admiration of genius and taste in literature, rendered her house the resort of every thing elegant, refined or valuable. Her cultivated mind, bland manners, sumptuous entertainments, and well-known benevolence, made her deservedly popular among all ranks in the community. No duty was neglected; devoting all her love and much of her time to her daughter, she more steadily upon her path—a bright particular star, the admiration of all, wearing the mild aspect of resignation, if not contentment, ever on her face. None could have suspected that sorrow had ever darkened that brow, or disappointment tormented that heart. Mr. Selmer alone saw that a change had fallen upon her character, and read in the impassioned love she bore her child, the earnest desire to render herself all in all to the lovely Eva.

Delancy and her self had never met even by accident, although Isabella avoided no place of resort where she might have seen him; but he had feared for her and for himself, and scarcely moved beyond his own door, except when business or duty called him abroad. Adele, with all the striking delicacy of a sensitive heart, had retired from the world, and become a member of that beautiful illustration of Christian mercy, known as 'The Sisters of Charity.' Her gentle spirit and humble virtues fitted her in all respects for the vocation she had selected; and many a wretched sufferer had cause to bless the young sister who so kindly tended at his bed of sickness, and instructed him in the consolations of religion.

Years rolled by. Delancy had hoped that time would in some shape alter and improve his condition—but alas! if he expected ever to be recalled by Isabella, he knew little of the heart of woman. Had his offense been any other than it was, love would have palliated and pardoned the transgression. But to find another image where her own had been—to know that the words of love which he had breathed to her, had been poured, perhaps, with the same passionate earnestness into the ears of another—the lip, so often in the fulness of confidence pressed upon her brow, had given its fervor to another's cheek—the bosom upon which she had rested every care and found relief, had pillowed another head—Oh! it was not in the nature of a woman like Isabella to forgive what in her nightly-torment feelings appeared almost a sacrilege. She mourned her husband as if he had been dead; but never could he be anything to her, in his life again. And so he lay—discovered; but the strong desire to behold his child, and once more gaze upon

the features of his wife, now took possession of his mind. And when he learned that she would with Eva attend a concert that was to be given at one of the theatres, he resolved also to be among the audience.

The evening arrived. Mrs. Delancy's box was one of the most conspicuous in the theatre. The company was large; but quietly seated in the parquette was Delancy—seeing nothing—hearing nothing; and keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the box his wife was to occupy. Isabella came late; she was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Selmer, and held Eva by the hand; for a moment the group stood in that position until the door of the box was opened, and Delancy had a full view of them. He rose upon his feet, and stood like one entranced, gazing upon them. When they were seated, Eva let her handkerchief fall; in an instant Delancy rushed forward, and catching it in his bosom, left the house. So quickly had the scene passed, that Isabella had not perceived her husband, though, when on her return home, Eva deserted to her the conduct of the strange man who had run away with her handkerchief, her heart told her too truly who it must have been.

"And they might have been mine," exclaimed the wretched man, as he flew into the street. "Oh! how bitterly am I punished for my involuntary error—but I can bear it no more; I must quit Natchez, and find an asylum somewhere for my grief."

And when he returned to his solitary home, his resolve was taken; he determined to give up his occupations and travel. He resolved to visit the Holy Land, and see all those places mentioned in Scripture, and sanctified by the sufferings of a Saviour, and the trials of the Saints; and to devote himself to acts of virtue and piety; and to seek those consolations in religion which could alone enable him to support the sorrows of his situation. Having thus resolved, he felt calmer than he had done for years before.

It was a fine autumnal evening—the shadows of twilight yet tinged over the earth; but within the mansion of Mrs. Delancy a blaze of light poured down from the various and magnificently wrought candelabra over the rich carpet and gorgeous draperies, and shed a glow of sunlight radiance upon the superb paintings and splendid statuary that decorated the drawing-room. Eva was reclining half asleep upon a crimson couch; and on a luxurious looking ottoman by her side, sat Isabella, arrayed with more than usual care, and glittering with gems of rare devices and costly setting. She was expecting a select party of the most favored of her acquaintances, and bestowed some attention to effect, that their visit might be rendered in every way agreeable. A servant entered, showing in a visitor. Mrs. Delancy rose, and started on beholding a Sister of Charity, but instantly welcomed her with the gentle urbanity which distinguished her manners. Appeals of her benevolence were so common that nothing but the tenderness of the hour rendered this visit remarkable—yet as the Sister declined the courtesy of a seat, Isabella was attracted by the sweet tones of the voice which answered her. Her next question of "What can I do for you?" was prompted as much by the idea that there was agitation in the being before her, as by feelings of benevolence.

"My purse," she continued, "is always at the service of the unfortunate; and for other griefs—finding the Sister still silent—fear not to speak to me, for suffering has taught me sympathy."

Still the Sister spoke not; and it would have been a fine subject for a painter to have portrayed the two figures as they stood together in that temple of luxury. The tall person of the Sister, shrouded in her loose and shapeless black robe, her head covered by its small black bonnet, shading, not concealing the dazzling whiteness of her brow; her deep blue eyes, and almost childlike features, and the small white hand whose taper finger could just be seen beneath the large sleeve that enveloped it—offered a striking contrast to the rich velvet dress whose graceful folds fell around the faultless form of Isabella, as if an artist had arranged it for effect, her hands sparkling with jewels, and her whole appearance bearing evidence of her position and peculiar tastes. Again Mrs. Delancy addressed her visitor, inquiring gently.

"What is your errand with me?" "Mercy, lady, mercy! I belong to an order in which mercy assumes many forms, but never have I seen her in one more lovely than yours. Oh, listen to her voice, nor let me plead to you in vain, and she sank upon her knees at the feet of Isabella, still speaking rapidly—"I am going far from this part of the country—I will never revisit it; but I could not leave you without one whom I dare not name—Lady, there was no sin, for he ceased not to love you, even though we believed that you were dead."

"Adele!" said Isabella, raising her from the floor. "It is too late! Delancy has left America. But for you, I have no feeling save that of affection. Poor Adele, you have been a bitter lot."

"No! I am happy in my present state—far happier than I ever was before," she said emphatically; and Isabella pressed her to her heart as if she had been her own young sister.

Their interview was not long protracted. Adele clasped Eva in one fond embrace—and again presented Isabella to her bosom, she went forth upon her mission of charity to a distant land.

After this night Isabella's feelings assumed a new character. She never spoke of her interview with the Sister of Charity, but her pride of heart seemed to be subdued itself before the power of Religion, to whose requisition she began to give up more of her time; and when tidings reached her of the death of Adele from a contagious fever, contracted by her attendance at the bedside of a hospital patient, she felt how far more faultless and happy had been the unpretending life of the gentle Sister, than her own prouder and more dazzling career.

Eva had now grown almost into womanhood and Mr. Selmer full of years, was gradually sinking into that last resting place of the good—a peaceful grave. Isabella had reached her thirty-second year, and the proud spirit of her youth was tranquilized, for the passionate energy of her character had been controlled by suffering and a true religious faith. Still lovely, she had lost much of the brilliancy of her young years; but there was a chastened sweetness in her smile that told of hopes beyond the grave.

One day, while at church, her observation was attracted by an elderly looking man, whose attention to the services elicited her respect; but as her mind soon fixed itself upon her own duty, and prayers commenced, she thought of him no more until that evening, when told that a stranger desired to see her, when she recognized in the person who entered her sitting room, the subject of her morning's speculation. He was apparently about forty years of age, sunburnt and care worn, and came, he said, from a distant land, to deliver into the hands of Mrs. Delancy a chain and locket, which she had once bestowed on a friend of his. Isabella trembled with emotion at the sound of his deep toned voice; but when he took from his bosom the well remembered handkerchief which Eva had dropped at the theatre and unclasped the locket from his neck, which she had given to her husband so many years before, her heart told her it was Delancy himself; and unable longer to contain her emotions, she flung herself into his arms, exclaiming,

"My husband! My own dear husband! will you receive me again to your affections?"

From the Charleston Mercury.

Something for Printers.—We are moved by pure benevolence to call the attention of our brothers of the press to a neat, cheap and useful invention of Mr. S. K. Williams, our "chief Engineer." It is a machine for taking proofs, so imperfect and so ruinous to the documents been abolished, and a small press substituted. We have now for some time been using Mr. Williams' invention, and can pronounce it a complete triumph of art. It consists simply of a stand, grooved on the edges, with an upright frame running in the grooves and holding an elastic roller, which, passing over the galley or form gives an impression, in the same way as the power press. A very simple contrivance elevates and depresses the roller to take in the form, &c. The advantages of this machine are divers, to wit:

1. The taking of the proof is perfectly easy.

2. It requires no more ink for the impression than the press, and the proof sheets are as clean as a well printed paper—an advantage that proof readers will understand.

3. It saves the great destruction of type by the common method of hammering out proof.

4. It is small and light, and can be put out of the way when not wanted.

5. It will cost only from twelve to twenty dollars, while the cheapest proof-press will cost \$50—will not last longer, and is not half so convenient.

This machine can be enlarged to any size, and may, therefore be as useful to Job printers, as to newspapers. In adapting it to forms, the wooden stand would be dispensed with, substituting a grooved frame like a chase for the roller to work on—the form resting on the stone table.

As we said, we have fully tested the merits of this invention, & recommend it for the good we know of it. The publisher of the Mercury has no interest whatever in it, other than a desire to extend the benefits of a cheap and useful improvement among his brothers of the press.

Any orders for the machine should be addressed to Mr. S. K. Williams, Mercury Office.

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Lagunes Defunct.—A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness, was addressed by the President.—"Prisoner, you have heard the Prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in your defence?" "Nothing, please your honor, but I am a drunkard."

Why is a young lover popping the question, like a tailor running a hot goose over a coat of clothes? We knew you'd guess it. Because he is pressing a suit.—N. O. Pic.

Azores.—These beautiful islands, situated nearly midway between Europe and America, seem to be blessed with the most equable and delightful climate of any part of the globe. During the past winter the thermometer in St. Michaels has been pretty uniformly between 66° and 62°; on the 31st of March it stood at 64°. No gales have occurred and but few and moderate showers. The orange crop has been large, upwards of 80,000 boxes having been exported. The West India steamers touch at these islands semi-monthly, and a superb vessel of upwards of 200 tons has been built by the company which takes the mail and passengers to St. Michaels. The hot springs and cold mineral waters of this island, unequalled by any in the world, are now much resorted to. In rheumatic affections, dyspepsia, and various other diseases, their beneficial effects are very remarkable. The island of St. Michaels also enjoys other advantages over Madeira, from its good roads and the opportunity of the inland availing himself of horse and carriage exercise. Ill-timed use, intercourse with this beautiful and salubrious spot has been limited, from the difficulty of obtaining passage in comfortable vessels. This being now removed, invalids and those in search of a mild climate and picturesque scenery, are fast availing themselves of the new facilities, and many have already left Madeira for the Azores. Full information respecting these islands can be derived from the late work of the Messrs. Bullar. The Harbinger, a safe and commodious vessel, with excellent accommodations, runs from Boston to Fayal with almost the regularity of a steamer. The passage from Fayal to St. Michaels, in the company's vessel, is usually performed in about 24 hours. The voyage out is seldom over 14 days. An hotel has been opened in Fayal and another in St. Michaels.

Philosophic Courtship.—Sir Isaac Newton was pursued by one of his friends to marry; he excused himself by saying he had no time to court a wife; his friends said they would assist by sending to his apartment a woman of worth. He thanked them for their offer, and promised to receive a visit from her. His friends applied to the woman, and requested her to dispense with the usual ceremonies of courtship and wait on the philosopher, to which she consented.—When she came to his apartment and produced her letter of recommendation, he received her politely, filled and fired his pipe, sat down by her side, took hold of her hand, and conversed upon the subject. Before they had bro't the points to a close, some questions about the magnitude and dimensions of the heavenly bodies struck his mind with such force, that he forgot what he was about, he turned his eyes up to heaven, took the pipe with his left hand out of his mouth, and being lost in study, without design, took the lady's hand which he held in his own; and with one of her fingers crowded the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, held it there so long that her heart as well as her finger took fire, and she in a huff sprung and went off, leaving the philosopher to finish his study alone.

A lady tripping down our streets the other day most gracefully, and balancing her neck a la mode, found to her inexpressible confusion, that all her hair was dropping from her head. Turning round she saw two or three false curls, a bundle of puff, &c. prostrate in the mud. "Law me!" she cried out to a gentleman in the rear, blushing up to the eyes, "what's that? My conscience! it isn't false hair. I declare, only think what ridiculous fashions folks are getting into!"—and off she whirled, leaving her poor deserted locks to wallow in the mire.

Costly Silk.—Silk, as open valued at its weight in gold, the Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused the Empress a silk robe, because it was so costly. Modern dandies need not be told that when James Gih, King of Scotland, came to assume the English crown, silk stockings were so scarce that he petitioned to an Earl, to loan him a pair to wear before the English Ambassador, adding, "For ye sure would not that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers."

"Take Care of the Minutes."—A recent American paper narrates the following instance of the "improvement of time."—"A train of cars ran off the track at Norwich, Connecticut, a few years ago, which occasioned some delay. During the interim a lady and gentleman jumped out of the cars, went to the nearest justice, and were married. They returned in time for the cars, and resumed their journey."

George III. and Hans Task.—Do you play cards? I engaged George III. of Bonn Task. "Please your Majesty," was the reply, "a reply, however, not likely to be pleasing to His Majesty." "I am so little acquainted with the court cards, as not to know a king from a queen."

Why is a young lover popping the question, like a tailor running a hot goose over a coat of clothes? We knew you'd guess it. Because he is pressing a suit.—N. O. Pic.