# SAINT JOHN OBSERVER.

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**THE OBSERVER,**

Published on Tuesdays, by D. A. Cameron, at his Office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, over the Store of Messrs. Flewelling & Reading.—Terms: 12s. 6d., per annum.

## MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

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

## Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Partnership hitherto carried on by the Subscribers, under the Firm of SMELLIE & ABERCROMBY, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Subscriber, James Smellie, is authorised to uplift and discharge all debts due to and by the Company.

JAMES SMELLIE,
R. W. ABERCROMBY.

St. John, N. B., April 30, 1853.

## NOTICE.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late XENOPHON COUGLE, Esquire, of Sussex Vale, King's County, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, within Three Calendar Months from this date; and all Persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

MARY COUGLE, *Administratrix.*

Sussex Vale, May 28, 1853.

## MARKET SQUARE,

MAY 3, 1853.

## J. & H. FOTHERBY

HAVE received per ships *Liberia* and *St. John*, and steamer *Admiral*, an extensive assortment of GOODS, suitable for the season, consisting of

Paisley, Cachmere and Barege Long and Square SHAWLS;
An elegant assortment of Dress Materials, in Bagadere, Embroidered and Fancy Bobes, Printed and Embr'dered MUSLINS, Cachmeres, Delaines, Lustres, &c.
A large assortment of BONNETS, in all the new styles, with a very beautiful assortment of *RIBBONS, PARASOLS,* &c.
Muslin Collars, Habits, Under Sleeves;
Printed Cottons, Grey and White do. Cotton Flannels, Satinetts, Ticks, Braces, Dimens, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

## April 16, 1853.

## Just arrived, per English Steamer.

120 DOZENS French KID GLOVES, comprising light and dark fancy colours—also, Black and White.

*Also, per Liberia, from Liverpool—*

3 bales WHITE COTTONS,
6 " CARPETING,
1 " RUGS; 1 bale Blankets,
4 cases DRESS GOODS.
1 case DAMASKS and FRINGES,
3 cases PRINTED COTTONS,
1 case FURNITURE PRINTS,
1 case WOOLLEN CLOTHS,
2 cases BONNETS; 1 case REGATTAS,
4 bales sundry SMALL WARES.

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## Per ship Saint John,

*From GLASGOW:*

A Large Assortment of CARPETS, with RUGS to match:
Long and Square SHAWLS;
Fancy Printed MUSLINS and DELAINES;
Earleston GINGHAMS;
LINENS, Damask and Huckabacs;
Gingham and Cotton Handkerchiefs
Cotton Reels, Linen Threads;
Plain and Figured MUSLINS;
Boys' HATS and Cloth CAPS.

*Also, per Steamer—*
A Variety of PARISIAN MANTLES.

April 26. W. G. LAWTON.

## First Spring Importations.

## J. & J. HEGAN

Have received per Packet Ship "MIDDLETON,"
CARPETINGS & HEARTH RUGS,
PRINTED DRUGGETS,
Moreens and Damasks,
SHEETINGS,
White and Striped SHIRTINGS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Tailors' Trimmings, &c.
*Prince William Street, 8th March, 1853.*

## NEW GOODS.

## JAMES BURRELL,

Corner of King & Germain-streets,

Has received per *St. John, Bellcarrigg, Miramichi,* and *Eastern City*, from Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and United States, a general assortment of Staple and Fancy

**DRY GOODS,**

CONMPRISING

LADIES' DRESS MATERIALS, in Cachmeres, Teba ROBES, Vemeras, DeLaines, Lustres, Circassian Cloths, Black and Coloured SATINS and Gros de Naps;
Printed Muslin *DRESSES*;
Paisley, Satin and Cachmere Long and Square SHAWLS;
BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinetts, Russel Cords, Moleskins, Vestings;
Grey and White COTTONS, Fancy and Twilled *SHIRTINGS*;
Tickings, Duck, Linens, Lawns, Hollands, Diapers, Towellings;
Printed Cottons, Cotton Warps; Harness, Filled Bordered Book Muslin;
Red and white FLANNELS, Muslins, Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS;
PARASOLS, Sewed Muslin Habit Shirts, Chemizettes and Collars;
Laces, Edgings and Insertions, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, Black Silk Lace;
GLOVES and HOSIERY in great variety, Fancy Neck Ties, and Bracelets;
Hair Nets and Plaits, Boys' Belts, Gents' Silk and Cotton Neck and Pocket Handkerchiefs;
SHIRTS, Shirt Fronts and Collars, Umbrellas, Whalebone Combs, Brushes.
Braces, Stays, Braids, Silk Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Puff Combs, Toilette Covers, Counterpanes, Small Wares, &c. &c.

☞ The Subscriber offers the above well selected Stock of GOODS to his numerous friends and the public generally, (and which on inspection will be found well worthy their attention) at the lowest prices for Cash.

JAMES BURRELL,
May 27. Corner of King and Germain Streets

APRIL, 1853.

## SPRING BONNETS.

*Received per steamer 'Canada,'*

FIVE HUNDRED BONNETS, comprising the latest fashion.

W. G. LAWTON.

## JAMES HARDY,

## KING STREET HOUSE,

WOULD call the attention of Customers, to his NEW STOCK, received by *Imperial, Speed,* and *Miramichi,* comprising all the new MATERIALS and *New Designs for the Season.*

A great variety of SHAWLS, in Cashmere, Cashmere de Cos, Barege, Tissue, Paisley, and German;
DRESS MATERIALS, in Muslin, Barege, Cashmere, Delaine, Bayadere and Swiss Robes, and Moire Antiques;
SILKS, SATINS, and PERSIANS; a large assortment of *BONNETS* and *RIBBONS*;
PRINTS, White and Grey COTTONS, Warps, *GLOVES* and *HOSIERY*;
Habit Shirts, Chemizettes, Collars, etc. The usual assortment in Trimmings and Small Wares.

All of which will be disposed off at the lowest popsible rates.

☞ Attention of Wholesale dealers particularly directed to the above.

St. John, May 31, 1853.

## London White Lead, Wine, &c.

Received ex Ship *Miramichi*, Wyles, master, from London,

5 TONS best London White LEAD;
28 boxes Belmont and Patent Sperm CANDLES, 25 lbs. each;
3 quarter casks Gold and Pale SHERRY, (very superior.)—Landing, for sale by

May 17. CUDLIP & SNIDER.

## The Road to Health.

## Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescot Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.*

To Professor Holloway,

Sir,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflamation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the *severity of the attack*, and the *speedy* cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

*Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walch.*

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing a New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE OHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

*From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.*

To Professor Holloway,

Sir,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means, comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed) HENRY COE.
North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

*Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales dated Feb. 25th, 1851.*

Sir—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George, was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any furthur efforts useless In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable releif. he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required.

(Signed) WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

*These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.*

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colics, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits-Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Reeumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Teroats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each box.

## *Eligible BUILDING LOT on Queen's Square.*

SUCH portion of a Building LOT on Sidney street, fronting on Queen's Square, as may be agreed upon, will be disposed of, subject to a small annual ground rent, with the usual covenants of renewal. This is one of the pleasantest and most healthy situations for the erection of a genteel residence in the city. The Lot has a front of 85 feet on Queen's Square, and 80 feet on St. Andrew's street, from which Street a right of way will be reserved along the rear of lot. No expense need be incurred for excavation. A preference will be given to a party who will erect a brick or stone building.—Apply to R. FOULIS, on the premises. June 21st.

## Willard's Butter Machines,

JUST RECEIVED—

25 WILLARD'S BUTTER MACHINES; they are highly recommended to Farmers and keepers of Dairies.—For sale by B. TILTON.

## ST. JOHN and LIVERPOOL Line of Packet Ships,

*Appointed to Sail from Liverpool as under.*

| Ships. | Capt's. | Tonnage. | To Sail |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Essex,* | T. Calvert, | 843, | 1st Aug. |
| *Imperial,* | R. G. Moran, | 1279, | 16th Aug. |
| *Eudocia,* | S. Vaughan, | 1015, | 1st Sept. |
| *Dundonald,* | J. Gillies, | 1372, | 16th do. |
| *Middleton,* | H. Nichols, | 996, | 1st Oct. |
| *Liberia,* | R. Card, | 885, | 1st Nov. |
| *John Barbour,* | J. Pritchard, | 990, | New ship |
| *Joseph Tarrett,* | J. Cruickshank, | 967, | Ditto. |
| *John Bannerman,* | ——— | 1000, | Ditto. |

These Ships are built he best materials, sail remarkably fast, are classed A 1 at Lloyds, and coppered, and will be dispatched punctually on the days appointed.

They are commanded by men of the greatest experience and nautical skill, and no expense or exertion will be spared to make this line efficient in every respect for the safe and speedy conveyance of Goods and Passengers.

The accommodations for passengers are superior, either in the Cabin, Poop or Steerage.

Orders for Shipment of Goods by this Line are respectfully solicited.

For Freight or Passage, apply in Liverpool to Messrs. Fernie, Brothers & Co., Orange Court, Castle Street, or here, to

July 26. J. & R. REED.

## SHIP STORES.

50 BARRELS MESS BEEF; 50 barrels Prime Pork, landing ex *Linnet*, from New York.

In Store.—10 tons OAKUM; 13 tons Cordage, assorted sizes; 5 *HAWSERS*, 5½ to 3 inch; 2 tons Manilla Ropes; 10 barrels Dried Apples; 10 tubs Butter; 50 crates Sheathing Felt; 10 hhds. SUGAR—all lately received.

Per ship *Middleton*—16 bales Canvas, from No. 1 to 6.—For sale by

July 26. GEORGE THOMAS.

## Literature, &c.

### NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
  Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
  In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
  That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
  Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for e'en the tiniest seed
  By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
  Where'er 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
  In some remote and desert place,
Or 'mid the crowded homes of toil
  Sheds usefulness and grace.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
  The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
  Are not extinct when mute;
The language of some household song,
  The perfume of some cherish'd flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
  To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
  Uttered, they are not all forgot,
They leave their influence on the mind,
  Pass on, but perish not.
As they are spoken, so they fall
  Upon the spirit spoken to,
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
  Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
  They have a power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
  To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
  Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh, that our deeds were fashion'd so.
  That they might bless alway!

### THE PROBATION.

The Vale of Taunton, Somerset, is celebrated for its charming residences, its time-honored families, its beautiful girls; and nowhere, some thirty years ago, were these attributes to be found in more felicitous combination than at Oak Hall, the seat of Archibald Merivale, Esq., major of yeomanry and deputy-lieutenant, throughout the wide arch-deaconry. This will be readily believed if I can contrive to give but a faintly-faithful sketch of the Merivale family, as, grouped around its head, one summer afternoon, they eagerly anticipated the contents of a letter, bearing the postmark, that had just arrived.

Mr. Merivale, who might be a trifle under fifty, was a well descended, sufficiently wealthy, country gentleman and magistrate, of active habits, and considerable keenness of intellect. His self estimate as to this latter quality was rather an exaggerated one; piquing himself, as he did, upon a profound knowledge of the world, and power of dealing successfully with it, in all its tricks, shifts, maskings, and devices; a stern, inflexible man, too, when he had once determined on any particular course of action; yet, withal, a thoroughly kind and affectionate husband and father, and considerate, as well as just, landlord and master. Mrs. Merivale, on the contrary, was one of the gentlest, most flexible of human beings, the fine impulses of whose womanly tenderness required, and yielded to, the masculine support and firmness of her husband. They had three children—daughters—at one time, of the respective ages of twenty, eighteen, and sixteen. Eleanor, the eldest, was a finely-formed person, with calm, brilliant, Diana-like features, and perfectly-shaped head, set magnificently upon the polished shoulders of a Juno. Agnes, the next in age, though nothing like so handsome as her superb sister, was a very attractive person; and her mild, kindly eyes, to my mind, possessed a fascination quite as effective as haughtier and more dazzling ones. Of Clara's beauty—scarcely disclosed as yet—I shall only say that its swiftly brightening dawn gave promise—more indeed than promise—that in its perfect development would be in a high degree combined and blended the varied charms and graces of both her sisters. This, to the general reader, may seem a highly-colored portraiture; while those who recognise and remember the family to whom I give the name of Merivale,—and there are many still living who will readily do so,—it will, I am quite sure, be pronounced to be but a faint and spiritless sketch of the three widely celebrated Graces of Oak Hall.

"This letter, girls," Mr. Merivale, at length giving way to their importunities, is saying—"This letter, girls; well, it is no doubt, as you say, from Francis Herbert; and stamped, I perceive, 'too late,' or it would have been here yesterday. Let me see—'highly delighted,'—'with the greatest pleasure.'—'have taken the liberty,' etcetera and so on. The upshot is, young ladies, that my ward, Francis Herbert, not only accepts mine and your mother's invitation to pass a month at Oak Hall, but brings his and our acquaintance young Sir Henry Willoughby. Eleanor, love, surely you have not taken to rouge thus early;—there—there, don't be angry; the color, I see, is quite a spontaneous and natural one. They will be here on—on Wednesday in time for dinner. Why, zounds! that is to-day. And as I am alive," continued Mr. Merivale, stepping quickly to the window, "here comes a post-chaise up the avenue. It is them, sure enough," he went on to say, after drawing up the blind. "Francis has his body half out of the chaise-window, eager, no doubt, to obtain the earliest possible glimpse of his respected guardian—don't you think so, Eleanor! Hey! what, all suddenly vanished! I understand: the exigencies of dress and dinner have set both dame and damsels flying. But here come these interesting visiters."

The young men whose unexpected arrival caused so much commotion at Oak Hall will require a few introductory words only. Mr. Francis Herbert, but recently of age, and a well-principled, amiable person, though of somewhat rash and impulsive temperament, was the possessor of a considerable estate in the neighborhood of Bath,—much improved during his long minority by the care of his guardian, Mr. Merivale,—as well as of a large amount of personal property. He was, in fact, an altogether *bon parti* in the estimation of careful and ambitious mothers—equally, perhaps, with Sir Henry Willoughby, of "the Grange," near Taunton, save as respects the title—an advantage counterbalanced in some degree by the circumstance of the dowager Lady Willoughby being still alive, in prime health, and entitled by her husband's will to fifteen hundred per annum, charged upon the son's inheritance. Sir Henry was three or four years older than Francis Herbert, and of a far more jocund, sanguine temper and disposition, which mood of mind was, however, toned down on the occasion of this visit by the fear that Herbert was as irretrievable in love with the divine Eleanor as he himself was. There were other differences between them. Francis Herbert was a ripe scholar, and had carried off the honors of a senior Wrangler at Cambridge University; Sir Henry, it was said, through carelessness and inattention,—for he had good natural talents,—had been plucked at Oxford. When I have further stated that although Francis Herbert was unquestionably good-looking, Sir Henry was, by general admission, much the handsomer man, I shall have written all that need, in this stage of my narrative, be premised of either of them.

The days passed pleasantly away with the young people; and long before the expiration of the month, to which the visit of the gentlemen was limited, it was perfectly clear that Sir Henry was desperately in earnest with regard to Eleanor, and that the stately beauty vouchsafed him as much encouragement as a well-bred, modest maiden might. This was far from disagreeable to either of the young lady's parents; but that which greatly puzzled Mr. Merivale was, that Francis Herbert appeared to be perfectly resigned, or indifferent, to the success of Sir Henry's suit. "A whimsical fellow this *ci-devant* ward of mine," he would often mentally exclaim. "A twelve-month ago, if I had not prevented him, he would have made Eleanor an offer in form; and now, I verily believe his weathercock fancy points to Clara! To Clara, positively,—a child in years, though, to be sure, somewhat womanly in appearance for her age. If it proves so—but it will be time enough to consider of a serious answer to such a proposal when it shall have been seriously made."

Two days before the expiration of the month Mr. Merivale was detained rather late by his magisterial duties at Taunton, and finding, when he reached home, important papers that required immediate examination, he withdrew to the library without previous communication with his family or visiters. About eleven o'clock the girls came, one by one, to wish papa good-night; but, pre-occupied as he was, neither the bright flush which mantled Eleanor's patrician features, nor the flurry and confusion of manner so unusual with her, arrested his attention. The girlish delight and importance visible in the sweet countenance of Agnes passed equally unnoticed. Not so the stone-pale, yet gleaming and excited aspect, and nervous agitation exhibited by Clara. He was effectually startled out of his magisterial meditations; and the thought arose more vividly than before in his mind, how changed and womanly she had become, in manner and expression, within the last two or three weeks. He was about to question her, but upon second thoughts refrained from doing so, kissed and bade her good night.

She hardly had been gone a minute when Mrs. Merivale came into the library. She, too, was excited,—tearful,—yet smiling through her tears. Sir Henry Willoughby, fortified by a letter from his mother, had formally proposed for the hand of Eleanor, and been conditionally accepted—that condition of course, being her parent's consent. "I would not have you disturbed," said Mrs. Merivale, "but I promised you should see his note this evening. Here it is, and also Lady Willoughby's very kind letter. There cannot, I think, be any doubt as to how we should decide?"

"None whatever, Emily. The girl has drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery."

"And well deserves to have done so, Archibald," replied the mother, with some quickness.

"No doubt—no doubt. She has my free consent and blessing. But there is another matter I am desirous to speak of. What can be the meaning of the agitation I observed in Clara just now?"

"I can hardly say: but I think Francis Herbert is in some way connected with it."

"I myself judged so; but have you no proof of this?"

"A slight one only. It seems that about dusk this evening, when the girls, with Sir Henry, and Herbert, were walking in the garden, Clara and Herbert became separated from the rest by a considerable distance. At last Eleanor bade Agnes seek them, as it was getting chilly, and time to withdraw in-doors. Agnes obeyed, and as she approached the end of the garden, heard Francis Herbert speaking in earnest, agitated tones; *what* he said she could not distinguish, but hurrying on she found that he was thus addressing Clara, who in tears and almost fainting, supported herself with difficulty against the fountain there. The moment Agnes came in view, Herbert ceased speaking, Clara dried her tears, took her sister's arm, and murmuring some indistinct excuse for the emotion she could not conceal, walked with her towards the house, slowly followed by Herbert. I thought it best to defer questioning her,—but what Agnes witnessed can have, it seems to me, but one interpretation."

"No doubt; and a very absurd text it is, however interpreted. We shall probably be more enlightened on the matter to-morrow. In the mean time, as Sir Henry is waiting to see me, we had better adjourn to the drawing-room at once."

The party assembled at breakfast on the following morning at Oak Hall appeared very ill at ease and anxious, always with the exception of Sir Henry Willoughby, who, spite of his well-bred efforts to subdue himself to the level of the common-place world about him, was evidently uplifted in imagination to the starry floor, and breathing the intoxicating atmosphere of the seventh heaven. His beautiful betrothed—spite of herself—looked charmingly conscious, and the fugitive color came and went upon her cheek with confusing distinctness and rapidity. Francis Herbert—pale, agitated, silent—would have seemed to be unobservant of anything around him, but for the frequent, half-abstracted glance he from time to time directed to the place which Clara—who had excused herself from appearing under the plea of headache—usually occupied, Mr. Merivale was unusually grave and reserved; his excellent lady irrepressibly fidgety and nervous: in fact, the only person present, with the exception of Sir Henry, who appeared at all self-possessed and at ease, was Agnes; and even her calm serenity was in some degree disturbed by the manifest discomposure of her relatives. The signal for leaving the table was joyfully welcomed by every one sitting at it, and the apartment was cleared in a twinkling. Mr. Herbert rode on horseback, and did not return till dinner had been some time over. When he entered the dining-room he found no one there but Mr. Merivale and Sir Henry, the latter of whom withdrew to the drawing-room and the ladies a minute or two afterwards.

Francis Herbert swallowed two or three glasses of wine in quick succession; and Mr. Merivale presently said, "You appear to be strangely agitated, Francis. May I ask the cause?

"No one has so good a right to do so, and to be truly answered," was the instant reply. "The plain truth is,—sir,—and I hardly knew it myself till yesterday evening,—that I respect, admire, what dull, unmeaning words are these," he added, breaking into sudden vehemence, and starting to his feet,—"that I love, worship, idolize, your youngest daughter, Clara!"

"Clara," echoed Mr. Merivale. Pooh! This is absurd. A man in years,—and I had hoped discretion,—love, worship, idolize a mere child!—for Clara is scarcely more."

"I knew you would say that," rejoined Herbert, with kindling fire. "I have said so to myself a hundred times during my visit here, as each day found me more hopelessly enthralled. That Clara is young in years, is true; but the graces of her mind and person have far outstripped slow-footed Time; and I live but on the hope that she may one day be my wife."

"You can expect but one reply from me, Francis Herbert, to an aspiration so absurdly premature," said Mr. Merivale, with grave, almost stern earnestness. "It is this——"

"One word more," eagerly interrupted the young man, "I do not ask—I could not dream of asking, an immediate decision, either of you or Clara. I will wait patiently a year—two—three years, if you will, for that. All I pray for is permission to be near her the while, that I may strive to win the priceless jewel of her love; not by the flattery of protesting words,—these I will never use,—but by the silent homage of a heart which time will prove is wholly and for ever hers?"

"This rhapsody concluded," said Mr. Merivale, 'you will perhaps have the kindness to listen to a few words of common sense. Your proposition—translated into ordinary language, amounts to this:—that having taken a violent fancy—it is really nothing else—for a young girl just as it were at the threshold of life, you wish to deprive her of the opportunity of hereafter forming an intelligent and independent estimate of yourself, in comparison with others, by hampering her, in the eyes of the world, with an implied engagement, to the fulfilment of which, should your present inclination endure,—which, after what has passed, I must be permitted to doubt,—she would find herself morally coerced, however repugnant to her the sacrifice in the supposed case might be."

"Mr. Merivale, you libel—insult me!"

"I have no intention to do either. I quite believe in the present sincerity of the young-mannish enthusiasm you have just displayed,—just as I believed a twelvemonth ago that you were in love with Eleanor——"

"I was self-deceived. It was esteem and admiration I felt for Eleanor—not this consuming love!"

"No doubt: and it is quite possible you are also *self-deceived* with regard to Clara! Tut—tut, young man, you may spare your exclamations; they will scarcely turn me from my purpose. However, I do not hesitate to say there is no one I would prefer as a son-in-law to you; and if, after a strict separation of certainly not less than two years——"

"Say separation for ever—you might as well," passionately interrupted Herbert: "not to see or communicate with each other for two years will be tantamount to that, I feel assured."

"Not if your mind holds; and Clara, who will then be only eighteen, is willing to accept you. My determination is at all events fixed and immoveable; and, after what is passed, I must request that the period of probation may commence at once—to-morrow."

All to no purpose was it that Herbert implored, entreated, begged, for even a modification of these hard conditions. Mr. Merivale was deaf to all his pleadings, and further insisted that he should give his word of honor not to correspond directly or indirectly, with Clara, till the expiration of the stipulated period. He did so at last; and the interview terminated by Mr. Merivale saying, "You will write to me, of course, as usual; but let it be an understanding that this subject is to be avoided. And this for two sufficient reasons. One, that if you change your mind, the penning of excuses for doing so would be unpleasant to yourself; the other, that, supposing you do *not* change your mind, I have a strong distaste for the rapturous literature with which, I have no doubt, you would liberally favor me with. And now, my dear boy, let us join the ladies."

At about noon the next day Francis Herbert left Oak Hall for France, *via* Southampton, but not till after he had obtained—thanks to Mr. Merivale's kind offices—a brief parting interview with Clara.

[To be concluded next week.]

### Metropolitan Character of New York.

That our city is truly the metropolis of America no one can doubt, if at all acquainted with its resources, and superiority in its magnificent hotels, naval marine, its fleet of ocean steamers, and its business, enterprise and energy. Here the highest talent and acquirement find ample scope, and the largest remuneration. Science, literature, art, the drama, law, divinity, surgery, medicine, parade their proudest names. We have at times proposed to introduce to our readers some of the names most distinguished in these several departments, many of whom, besides a local, have a world-wide renown, and whose reputation attracts thousands to be instructed, entertained and benefited. Among them is Dr. S. S. Fitch. This gentleman is one of a line of celebrated physicians. His grandfather, Dr. Ebenezer Fitch, renowned for his piety, learning and skill in surgery and medicine, was one of the surgeons of the Connecticut line during the revolutionary war. His father, Dr. Chauncey Fitch, was the first physician that settled in Plattsburg, in this State, and for the greater part of his life was one of the most successful physicians that ever practised medicine in America. In the great epidemic of 1813, an epidemic that swept away nearly ten per cent. of the population of the United States, he taught its easy and perfect cure, and among his numerous patients never lost a single case. Dr. S. S. Fitch is the third of the line, and was born in Plattsburg. He, after receiving an excellent academical and classical education, repaired to Philadelphia, at an early age, to complete his medical education. There he graduated in medicine, obtaining the highest honors of his class. He spent about ten years in Philidelphia, closely and carefully pursuing his studies, after which he visited all the States in this Union, and many of the Indian tribes. In 1836, he visited Europe, and during six years much of his time was spent in the hospitals of London, Paris and Italy. In 1842 he commenced delivering his celebrated lectures on the causes and cure of consumption and lung disease: on the loss of life—showing by obvious and easily understood rules. how human life may be extended to at least a hundred years. His lectures won all hearers by their truthfulness, common sense and utility. In 1846, Dr. Fitch visited this city, and published his lectures on these subjects, which met with wonderful success. They inspired confidence, joy, hope and courage among their readers, and circulated largely both in this country and Europe. These lectures have passed through over twenty editions, between one and two hundred thousand copies have been already sold. To invalids, as well as to those in the enjoyment of health, they prove a perfect guide; and those who early adopt their eachings, and follow them, cannot fall victims to that scourge of our climate—pulmonary consumption. In this city Dr. Fitch has been consulted by over forty thousands persons, of both sexes, for numerous and various diseases. He differs greatly from others in his view of a physician's duty, as he thinks every member of this important profession should prepare and administer his own medicines; that unless he does this, he cannot, though he may enjoy reputation, meet with the success he could attain by this means. He writes out an exact and careful account of every case that falls under his notice. These cases already exceed forty-five thousand, filling more than one hundred large volumes, all carefully written out. No record of such extent was ever made before by a private physician, and in this way he retains his experience and daily adds to it; and an examination of these volumes will that of all those who place themselves under his care, nineteen out of twenty are restored to health. Dr. Fitch is at home from morning till night, every day, except the Sabbath. His consultations, either at home or by letter, are always free, as no charge whatever is made for examining any case for rich or poor. The diseases he treats are consumption, asthma, bronchitis, throat disease, heart disease, dyspepsia, bowel troubles, piles, all female diseases, liver complaints, affections of the head, skin diseases, and all humours and impurities of the blood, scrofula, &c. &c. Mr. Fitch resides at 714 Broadway, where all invalids will find him a most skillful, sympathising and generous physician. We think our friends who call on him will find this a true history of one of our most respectable men.—*Sunday Courier.*

### Food of the Chinese.

They have domesticated the horse, the ox, the buffalo the dog, the cat, the pig, and all the other animals which have been domesticated in Europe, together with some creatures which we have failed. They eat, indiscriminately, almost every living creature which comes in their way; dogs, cats, hawks, owls, eagles and storks, are regularly marketable commodities; in default of which a dish of rats, field-mice or snakes, is not objected to. Cockroaches, and other insects and reptiles, are used for food and for medicine. Their taste for dog's flesh is quite a passion. Young pups—plump, succulent and tender—fetch good prices at the market stalls, where a supply is always to be found. A dish of puppies prepared by a skilful cook, is esteemed a dish fit for the gods.—At every grand banquet it makes its appearance as a hash or stew. A young Englishman attached to our Canton factory, dining one day with a wealthy Hong merchant, was determined to satisfy his curiosity in Chinese gastronomy by tasting all or most of the numerous dishes which were successively handed round. One dish pleased him so well that he ate nearly all that was put before him. On returning homeward, some of his companions asked him how he liked the dinner, and how such and such dishes; and then began to imitate the whining and barking of half a dozen puppies. The poor young man then understood for the first time that he had been eating dog, and was very angry and very sick at the stomach. Other Europeans, however, have been known to declare that they succeeded in conquering a prejudice, and that a six weeks old pup, properly fattened upon rice, and dressed *a la Chinoise*, was really a *bonne bouche.*—*Extracted from a new work on China.*

*Jet Bracelets for the Empress of France.*—Mr Greenbury, of Whitby, has just completed three sets of jet bracelets for the Empress Eugenie. One set is of 'the dolphin headed pattern," with the eyes of garnets, of a delicate pink; the others are hardy-looking wreaths of the oak branch, with a leaf and acorn, all of the highest workmanship which the article is capable of receiving. They are put together with the strong elastic cord, with which these kind of personal decorations are fitted.

In a Lesson in Parsing, the sentence, "Man courted in the capacity of bliss," the word courting came to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got on well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short, but the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and hung her head. "Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?" "Ye—ye—yes, sir." "Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? what does it agree with?" Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen said, "It agrees with all the girls, sir."

Whether people see any beauty in sunrise, depends a great deal on "surrounding circumstances." The poet, with a fat wallet, looks upon it as "the yellow ewer from which will pour a golden day."—The poor devil who carries a hod, on the contrary, sees in it the forerunner of a hard day's work, and a coup de soleil. With gentlemen of the latter persuasion, sunrise is not a popular institution, and never will be. It is hard being sentimental with fifty pounds of mortar on your back.—*Dutchman.*

Flowers.—Happy is the man that loves flowers! Happy even if it be adulterated with vanity and strife. For human passions nestle in flowers, too. Some have their zeal chiefly in horticultural competitions, or in the ambitions of floral shows; others love them as curiosities, and search for novelties, for "sports," and monstrosities. We have been led through costly collections by men whose chief pleasure seemed to be in the effect which their treasures produced on others, not on themselves. But there is choice in vanities and ostentations. A contest of roses is better than of horses. We had rather take a premium for the best tulip, dahlia, or ranunculus than for the best shot. Of all fools a floral fool deserves the eminence.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A Choice.—There is only one thing less profitable than sueing people, and that is going security for them.

There is a cedar tree growing in the mountains of Calaveras county, California, which, if each zone may be reckoned as the growth of one year, is about 2,520 years old.

A Pretty Woman, says some poetical individual, is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself up under a green veil, or any other abomination, than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

For Bronchitis it is said the following is an infallible remedy:—Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute it with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it.

Of the French Ladies it is said that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows who have lost their husbands practise attitudes of despair before a looking glass.

Different Views of the Same Things.—"Jim," said one fast man to another, "it is reported that you left the East on account of your belief an itinerant martyr."

"How's that?" replied Jim, flattered by the remark.

"Why, a police officer told me that you believed everything you saw belonged to you, and as the public didn't, you left."

A Damper.—A young man, residing within a mile of Bedford, lately volunteered his services to a young lady home from a party. On his way he cudgelled his brain for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain added, with much simplicity of manner, "Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, sir, that a *cow* should have a motherly appearance to a *calf!*" The beau was silent during the rest of the walk.