

CATHERINE McINNES,

OR THE WRONG LETTER BOX.

Amusing incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter box of stores and offices in this vicinity, for that of the Post Office. We sometimes find three or four letters in our own letter box, intended for the mails. These we, of course, put on their way.

Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman, whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter in our box, and on taking it out, we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of the Post Office. It was directed to Thomas—, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent with some others to the Post Office, and gave the circumstance no farther thought.

Based a few months afterwards in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and finding such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle tap at the door of our private room, until it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labours to open to the applicant, 'tis in the one that knocked "come in," and continued our labours without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed. We were startled at length with a sweetly modulated voice, inquiring "is there a letter here for me?"

We at once raised our eyes, and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face with narrow nose and high, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice that belongs to the women of that Island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in a newspaper office, in reply to advertisements—so we had the young woman go to the front office and inquire of the clerks.

She had been there, and there was no one but a boy, who could not give the information.

So we inquired the name.

"Kitty McInnes; but perhaps it will be Catherine on the letter," said she, "as that is my name."

We looked on the letter rack in the front office, among the "A. B's," the "X. W's," the "P. Q's," &c. but saw none for Catherine.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be an answer.

"Advertisement!—to no advertisement—it would be in answer to my letter."

"And from whom did you expect a letter?"

The young woman looked much confused—but apparently suppressing the question pertinent, said Thomas—.

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the Post Office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter box to that of the Post Office.

"It has not written, then," said Catherine, in a low voice, evidently not intended for our ear.

"But—she may have written."

"Then where's the letter?" said she, looking up.

"At the Post Office, perhaps."

And we took Catherine by the hand and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the Post Office.

"You will ask at the window," said we; "but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter."

"Not for the world," said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual precision in directing Catherine to the Post Office, as quite half an hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change, and a letter from one of the clerks, and the impatience, shall we say of woman or of love, induced Catherine to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl. We would not have given a penny to be informed that Thomas was well, and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether Thomas would come, but the names of such persons rarely appear among the passengers of the Liverpool packet, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, "and two hundred in the steerage."

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when Thomas would arrive, but concluded that we

would see the name with that of Catherine in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look.

It was but a short time afterward that we did indeed see the name of Thomas in the papers.—He was one of the passengers in the ship cast away below New York, of whom nearly every soul perished, and Thomas among the rest.

We had never seen Thomas, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate, that we felt a severe shock at his annihilation.—and what must have been the feelings of Catherine, with her ardent, sanguine, light temperment? Loving deeply as she must have loved, and hoping ardently as she must have hoped, what must have been her feelings!

We passed a few weeks afterward to mark the young grass shooting, green and thick, in Ronaldson's grave yard, and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees that decorate that populous city of the dead, when a funeral, numerously attended, wound round the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of an Irish person—we knew by the numbers that attended, and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the livings, we saw engraved upon a simple plate,

CATHERINE McINNES,

The story was told. The small sum of money which Catherine had deposited in the saving fund to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her a decent burial.

THE MAN OF LEISURE AND A PRETTY GIRL.

The Man of Leisure called on Monday on Miss Emma Roberts, a pretty blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear-starching. Talk about the trials of men!—what have they to annoy them compared, with the miseries of clear-starching? Alas! how seldom clear-starching was gone on in the full tide of success, indulging in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye, as she drew out the edge of a helix, or chapped it with her small hands, and they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at his collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it?" thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of the morning robe on her bosom. Just then door bell sounded, and the Man of Leisure walked into the sitting room where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing irons, &c., had ensconced herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking in upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an at-home air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her stretched fingers, and saying "take a seat, sir," suspended her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold, and the ironed were oversteamed. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma rendered desperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardor; her clapping was feeble as the applause of an unpopular orator; she burnt her fingers, her face became flushed, and, by the time the Man of Leisure had sat out his hour, a gray hue and an indelible smutch disfigured Henry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Harry Bertram. It was not the influence of coquetry, but Emma rallied her powers, and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry, a modest youth, thrown somewhat into the shade by the veteran visitor, who outstayed him. Harry, who was not a man of leisure, could not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin had "dropped in" before him, and was twirling his watch key with his cold wandering eyes and the everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for whom? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shrine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and had good night abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man; but he was prepossessed, and the kind glance was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat, looking privileged, because he was a Man of Leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not limit his evening calls to an hour. Emma went to her bed room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror shewed such bright cheeks that it stopped her tears,

and she fell into a passion. She tied her night cap into a hard knot, and broke the string in a pet.

"Henry Bertram is a fool," said she "to let that stick of a man keep him from me; I wish I could change places with him," and sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot and heaved some deep sighs.

The Man of Leisure "jret called in" twice a week for three months. Report was busy; Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl, and was accepted. Emma's bright cheek faded, and her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer to be heard in its gay carol from stair to stair. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Dr. Inklin continued to "drop in," his heart was a little love touched, but then there was "time enough."—One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The Man of Leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away, and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her heart and smiled again, but she never married, nor ever destroyed a little flower that Harry Bertram gave her, when it was right for her to love and hoped. The Man of Leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

ANTHEMIES AND FEARS.

It is a difficult matter to account for the dislike that some persons have been known to entertain for those things which are pleasing to themselves, and generally admired by many as the instances upon record of such unaccountable antipathies.—So deeply rooted are these antipathies, that no exertion of the mind is ever capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jaquelein, who, though he stood undaunted in the field of slaughter, yet could never help trembling and turning pale, at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror. Charming as the rose is to most people, yet, we are told of several persons, such as Cardinals Cordona and Cardia, of a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbaragi, and of lady Henage, one of the maids of honour to Queen Elizabeth, who smoozed at the mere sight of this beautiful flower. There was once a family in Aquitaine that entertained so great an aversion to apples, that the mere sight of one set their noses a bleeding. The very least of particles of olive oil introduced into any dish, and however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt, that he was immediately seized with fainting fits. There are many animals, such as mice, rats, beetles, cats, &c., that have been objects of terror to many persons, but the dog is generally beloved as a faithful friend of man; yet, we are informed by Bartholus, that he knew a stout, hearty man, and one of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately shaking with apprehension, and being seized with convulsive trembling in his left arm, and in his hand. In a physical point of view, aversion to individuals of our own species, is of rare occurrence; and, however some men may detest the moral character of their fellow man, they do not object to his external appearance. A curious instance of such an antipathy is, however, mentioned by Weinittius.—A There was a person of a noble family, who was not able to bear that an old woman should look upon him; and being once drawn out by force from his supper, to look upon one such, that which was only intended for merriment, as to him, ended in death, for he fell down and died on the spot." The terrors felt by some persons at the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Thunder and lightning are often greatly dreaded. Augustus was so much alarmed at these meteors, that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then thought to be an excellent guard against lightning; and during a thunder-storm he sought refuge under ground, in vaults or cellars. According to Scutomus, Caligula, who laboured under similar fears, whenever it thundered, wrapped his head up in some covering—or, if he was in bed, leaped out of bed, and hid himself under it. A Bishop of Langras, Charles d'Escars, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar

eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved eventually fatal to him—for, when old and infirm, having fainted as usual, at the time of an eclipse, he was not able to recover, and expired.

PRaises.—Of all drams, the most noxious is praise. Be sparing of it, ye parents, as ye would be of the deadliest drug; withhold your children from it, as ye withhold them from the gates of sin. Whatever you enjoin, do it because it is right, enjoin it because it is the will of God; and always without reference of any sort to what men may say or think of it. Reference to the opinion of the world, and deference to the opinion of the world, and interference with it, and interference from it, and preference of it above all things, above every principle, and rule and law, human and divine; all this will come soon enough without your interference.—Catholic Telegraph.

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is per second.—Of a man walking, 4 feet. Of a good horse in harness, 12. Of a rein-deer in a sledge, on the ice, 26. Of an English race-horse, 43. Of a hare, 88. Of a good sailing-ship, 19. Of the wind, 82. Of sound, 1,038. Of a twenty-four pounder cannon-ball, 1,300. Of the air, which, so divided, returns into space, 1,300.

MEASURING OF DISTANCES IN HOLLAND.—In the villages of Holland among the peasants distance is computed by the smoking of their pipes; and they tell you that from village to village is about a pipe and a half, two pipes, half a pipe, &c.

The editor of the Baltimore Sun says he is determined to get married.—Ladies, beware!

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

WHEREAS WILLIAM COATES, of the City of Quebec, late First Teller, of the Branch of the Montreal Bank, established at Quebec, stands charged with feloniously stealing, in the month of February last, from the Office of the said Bank at Quebec, a large quantity of notes of the Montreal Bank, amounting in the whole to nearly Ten Thousand Pounds currency; and whereas the said William Coates hath been committed to the common jail of the District of Quebec, to take his trial for the said offence; and whereas the greater part of the said Notes so stolen, as aforesaid, has not been found or traced.—Notice is hereby given, that the above reward of

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS currency, will be paid to any person or persons who shall give information by which the whole of the said stolen property shall be recovered, and a proportionate part of the above Reward according to amount which may be so found and recovered, upon application to the undersigned at the office of the said Bank, in St. Peter Street, in the city of Quebec.

A. SIMPSON, Cashier.

MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINE NOTICE.

THE subscribers, general Agents for Morison's Pills, have appointed WILLIAM WHITAKER, Sub-Agent for the Upper Town, No. 27, St. John Street.

LEGGE & Co. That the public may be able to form some idea of Morison's Pills by their great consumption, the following calculation was made by Mr. WING, Clerk to the Stamp Office, Somerset House, in a period of six years, (part only of the time that Morison's Pills have been before the public,) the number of stamps delivered for that medicine amounted to three million, nine hundred, and one thousand.

The object in placing the foregoing before the public is to deduce therefrom the following powerful argument in favour of Mr. Morison's system, and to which the public attention is directed, namely, that it was only by trying an innocuous purgative medicine to such an extent that the truth of the Hygeian system could possibly have been established. It is clear that all the medical men in England, or the world, put together, have not tried a system of vegetable purgation to the extent and in manner prescribed by the Hygeians. How, therefore, can they (much less individually) know any thing about the extent of its properties.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, BY THOMAS J. DONOUGHUE, At the Office, No. 4, St. Antoine Street, leading to Hunt's Wharf.