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DONALD A. CAMERON.
Office in Prince William-street, near the Market square, over the Marine Assurance Office.
Terms—15s. per annum, exclusive of postage, half in advance.

Weekly Almanack.

Oct.—1839.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
30 Wednesday	6 34	5 54	Morn.	6 6
31 Thursday	6 36	5 52	0 47	7 17
1 Friday	6 38	5 50	1 52	8 17
2 Saturday	6 39	4 49	2 55	9 5
3 Sunday	6 40	4 48	3 56	9 44
4 Monday	6 41	4 47	4 58	10 21
5 Tuesday	6 42	4 46	6 1	10 53

New Moon 6th, 3h. 32m. morn.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
Thomas Leavitt, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be left at the Bank before three o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount Days.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK
Henry Gilbert, Esq., President.
Discount Days .. .. *Tuesdays* and *Fridays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Bills or Notes for Discount, must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
saint john branch.
R. H. Liston, Esquire, Manager.
Discount Days .. .. *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.
Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.
Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before three o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 11 to 1 o'clock.
John M. Wilmot, Esquire, President.
Committee for September:
R. F. Hazen, John Hammond, Daniel Anderson.
☞ All Communications by Mail, must be post paid.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 10 to 3 o'clock.
James Kirk, Esquire, President.
☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing

Bank of British North America.

NOTICE is hereby given, that in accordance with an arrangement concluded between the Directors of this Bank and those of the Colonial Bank, this Branch is now authorised to grant Drafts on the Branches of the Colonial Bank.—

Jamaica, { Kingston, Montego Bay, Falmouth, Savannah-la-mar.

Barbados, Demerara, Trinidad,
Antigua, Dominica, Grenada,
Saint Lucia, Saint Kitts, Saint Vincent,
Tobago, Berbice, Saint Thomas.
Porto Rico, Saint Croix.

For sums of sterling money, payable in the currency of the Colony on which they are granted at the current Bank rate of Exchange for Bills on London at 60 days' sight.

ROBERT H. LISTON, Manager.
St. John, N. B., 11th August, 1838.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
Marine Assurance Company,
(Incorporated by Act of the Legislature;)
CAPITAL, £50,000,
With power to increase to £100,000.

THE above Company having been organized, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, will be ready to commence taking Risks on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, on and after Monday next, the 26th instant, on the most favorable terms.

JAMES KIRK, President.
St. John, 20th June, 1837.

☞NOTICE.

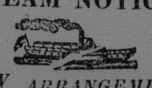
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late DANIEL SCOTT, of this City, Tailor, deceased, are required to hand in their claims for adjustment, and all persons indebted are desired to make payment without delay.

ANN SCOTT, *Executrix.*
GEORGE HARDING, *Executor.*
Saint John, May 28, 1839.

H. & P. McCULLOUGH

HAVE removed their stock of Goods to the store on the corner of King and Germain streets, formerly occupied as the Post Office, and invite the attention of the public to their extensive assortment of *Silks, Woollens, Cottons, Linens, Made Clothes*, &c., all at reduced prices.
St. John, August 27.

STEAM NOTICE.



☞*NEW ARRANGEMENT.*☜
The Steamer Nova-Scotia

WILL, on and after Monday, 10th instant, run to Eastport, St. Andrews, and St. Stephens, returning on Tuesday.
Tuesday Evening—To Windsor, leaving St. John two hours before high water, returning on Wednesday.
Friday—For Digby and Annapolis, returning on Saturday.
For further particulars apply to Captain Reed, or at the office of
4th June. E. BARLOW & SONS.

IRON, IRON, IRON.

250 TONS of Single and Double Refined IRON, of almost every description and size usually required, in store and for sale by
J. & H. KINNEAR.
Sept. 10.—6w

TEA WAREHOUSE.

JAMES MALCOLM offers for sale at his establishment in Prince William Street:
175 Chests fine Congo TEA; 35 do. Blackish Leaf ditto; 15 do. Souchong do.; 15 do. Hyson; 10 do. Twankay and Young Hyson; 35 do. Bohea, in Congo packages; with an extensive assortment of raw and refined SUGARS, Mocha and Java COFFEE, FRUIT, SPICES, &c.
The qualities of the above Goods are all warranted to be what they are represented.
☞ The very superior quality of J. M.'s ground Coffee is now generally admitted, and all or any of the above may be had wholesale or retail at his usual low prices. Sept. 24.

TIMBER.

1000 TONS Sapling Red PINE,
600 do. Tobique White Pine, 17½ inches average,
400 do. Restook do. 19½ in. average.
For sale by Ratchford & Brothers.
17*th September*.

PORK! PORK!!

Now landing from the schooner *Esperance*, from Quebec:
350 BRLS. Prime PORK, which will be sold very low while landing.
Sept. 7. WM. HAMMOND.

The Garland.

I'm Growing Old.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The earth still wears its youthful bloom,
I mark no change upon its face;
The flowers yet shed their sweet perfume,
And pleasure dwells in every place.
As years roll on they leave no stain
Nor blot on Nature's fairest page;
The garniture of her domain
Escapes the gathering rust of age.
But no! I cannot thus be free,
Time will not deal so well with me.

I'm growing old—I'm growing old!
A pale autumnal wreath I wear;
It hath no blossoms to unfold—
No former buds of joy appear:
Imperious memory hath at length
Become distrustful of her powers,
While Fancy still retains her strength
To roam among her native bowers;
And Hope, though plucked of many a plume,
Yet spreads her pinions o'er the tomb.

Flora an annual garland weaves,
And fields and groves look young once more;
For me each year brings faded leaves,
More dried and withered than before,
As sicks the orb of day from noon,
So sides my sun of life away:
The hand that pens this truth must soon
Lie crumbling in its kindred clay,
With this frail heart that will not beat
Beneath the tread of mourner's feet!

I'll leave my harp where first 'twas found,
On fair New England's pilgrim shore;
And here, upon my native ground,
I fain would rest when life is o'er.
These strings I have not tuned to fame—
Their notes alone have given me bliss!
For who would toil to earn a name
In such a trifling world as this!
Oh, with the body may it die,
Sooner than fade beyond the sky!

Miscellaneous.

Three Scenes in the Life of Mary de Medicis.

PART I.—THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

Lyons, one of the most commercial towns in France, was filled with the enthusiasm likely to affect a people on the first reception of one who presented herself as their Queen, and the wife of their beloved Henri Quatre. The whole of the journey of Mary de Medicis, since she had left Florence, had presented a scene of gorgeous display, and even more than regal magnificence. This lady, who was held to possess all all her family taste for splendour, appeared to emulate the memorable voyage of Cleopatra down the Cydnus, for she embarked from Leghorn in a galley exquisitely gilt, and adorned with costly paintings by Italian and foreign artists. Sixteen vessels of the same description accompanied her, and the whole procession—for such it may be termed—realized the conception of a young and lovely woman travelling to become the head of the most polished court, and the Queen of the most admired monarch in Europe. For a week she remained at Lyons, in expectation of the sovereign's arrival, keeping the good Lyonese in a fever of magnificence by her continual display.

On the 9th of December, 1600, at the hour of supper, surrounded by her attendants, sate a lady, "beautiful exceedingly;" tall, and exquisitely formed, and of a commanding yet winning presence. She sate with a grace and dignity worthy her noble descent—need we say that this Lady was Mary de Medicis, the chief personage in our history, and the principal actress in many a melancholy scene besides.

Suddenly, at the end of the spacious room, was heard a bustle. Mary, who was in hourly expectation of Henri, looked anxiously around;—the murmur increased—at last it shaped itself into words—"The king—the king!" was whispered—"Room for his Majesty of France!" Henri, who had only just arrived, had given orders that he was not to be recognized; but finding them disobeyed, he quietly disengaged himself from the throng; and had it not been for a sweet confusion which overspread her countenance, it might not have been known that Mary had caught a glimpse of his fine form as it retired, or heard him say, with the light and merry tone for which he is remarkable, "Faith, gentlemen, I did not think it was so difficult *not* to be a king."

"Rise, rise, dearest lady," exclaimed Henri, and he lifted her gently to her seat. For a time he gazed upon her almost enraptured. 'You are beautiful,' he at length exclaimed, as he seemed to be drinking in her exquisite loveliness: 'beautiful, even as your painted resemblance, and that seemed more than mortal!'

The blush which suffused Mary's cheek intimated that she had not been an uninterested spectator of the circumstance; and, remaining but a short time amongst her guests, she withdrew to her chamber as soon as etiquette would allow.

Here, after dismissing her attendants, she mused on the picture which Henri had presented to her through his Minister, M. de Frontenac; and while absorbed in contemplating the features of him to whom she had resigned all, she was aroused by a light step behind her. Some one was looking over her shoulder; she felt the warm and glowing breath pass her cheek, and a voice, mild but manly, said—

'Will Mary of Medicis pardon Henri of France for so flattering a copy of a poor original?'

Mary turned quickly round, and, rising, threw herself at the feet of her monarch-husband.

'Your Majesty upholds the reputation of your land for compliments.'

'If truth be flattery,' was the gallant monarch's reply, 'I do indeed flatter. But say, how like you our good city of Lyons? Do you not now miss the golden sky and the gorgeous scenery of your own sunny land?'

'Were you not here, Sire, perchance it might be so,' replied the Queen; 'but your kingdom is now my kingdom, and your subjects my subjects, and I will love and cherish them for your sake.'

'Yet have we some glorious sights even for an Italian eye,'—returned the King. 'We boast our matchless Louvre, and our busy Paris, with its rich treasure of devoted hearts; and our royal forest of Fontainbleau, where we will teach you to hunt—another Diana to bewitch our eyes!'

'Let us hope we have many a happy day before us,' said Mary, entranced with the devotion indicated.

'But,' continued Henri, 'if our hand be less lovely than that of my sweet Florentine, at least our people are not less loving, and the idol of Henri's heart shall be the idol of the heart of Henri's people.'

'And,' replied Mary, 'how gay will be the scene when the chivalry of France strive for the meed of renown, from the hands of their Italian Queen.'

'True,' replied Henri, enthusiastically, as he thought with pride on the long list of valiant hearts that presented themselves to his imagination; 'we have brave knights and true—chevaliers *sans peur et sans reproche*, who will proudly lift a lance for the wife of their monarch; and Sully, too—you must like my Sully, the most straightforward of ministers and the most honest of men. You must like dear de Rosny.'

'I shall ever like him,' was the tender reply, 'for he first caused you to seek so poor a bride as Mary de Medicis.'

'Ah, sweetest!' said the enraptured Monarch, 'you were born for France—you compliment already with the wit of a French courtier, and the grace of an Italian lady.'

'I have read, sire, that they who love never flatter.'

'At least,' replied the King, 'believe that I love. And now permit me to retire to seek refreshment more substantial even than that which comes from the lips of so fair a lady; for I have ridden hard to-day to see my Queen, to whom I look for pardon for a short absence. We shall meet again ere long.'

And thus met for the first time the gallant Henri Quatre and the fair Mary de Medicis. Who could dream the fate in store for these young and joyous spirits!

PART II.—THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

Three years have elapsed, three short years, since the meeting of the bridegroom and his bride; but they have been replete with interest. The love which we have seen enveloped in words of kindness, had departed; and jealousy was established where love once had been. He who had vowed eternal constancy to Mary, had returned to his former intercourse with the Marchioness de Vernueil, who, hated by the Queen, sought, in return, every opportunity to annoy her.

Thus placed between two fires, the situation of Henri was anything but pleasant.

'My dear Sully,' he exclaimed, on one occasion, when distracted with the contending interests, 'I am half mad—what with the Queen on one side and Henriette on the other, by heaven! I would as soon be the meanest of their subjects as their king.'

'And what Sire, can I do?' was the calm response of Sully, who discouraged his intimacy with the Marchioness.

'See one or both of them,—tell Henriette that I have done with her—I love her, Sully, still; I own that I yet love her, but night and morning am I beset by the Queen to dismiss her, and I cannot any longer refuse.'

At this moment a messenger arrived from the Queen, requesting an audience of his Majesty. When Mary entered it was sufficiently evident that something had occurred to ruffle her. Scarcely glancing even at Henri, she exclaimed—'Monsieur de Rosny, as a noble and a gentleman, I appeal to you—am I forever to submit to the impertinence of a subject—must I tolerate that woman in my Court who claims to be the lawful wife of Henri—I, who am the wife of his bosom—the mother of his child!—answer me—must I bear this crying iniquity?'

Scarcely understanding her, Sully exclaimed—'Claims to be the King's wife! What means your Majesty?'

'Ask your king—and if he deny my wrong, I will confute him publicly before the people. I will appeal to all honourable men'—and the incensed beauty paced up and down the royal apartment.

With characteristic *insouciance*, Henri lifted his shoulders with a half-melancholy glance at Sully, but spoke not.

'Behold,' continued Mary, 'this paper, the copy of one the Marchioness, his mistress, now holds, given to her the very time he sought my hand, and promising marriage to his vile minion!

'Dear Mary,' interposed the monarch.

'All ties of affection are disregarded. My love is made a mockery; my name, no doubt, a sport to amuse his hours of dissipation.'

'By heaven you wrong me.'

'How do I know that? What can I expect from him who at the moment of professing an ardent attachment to me was shamelessly wooing her whose name shall not pollute my lips!'

'This is too much, Madam, exclaimed Henri.

'What,' pursued the enraged Queen, who lost all moderation, 'What can I expect from him who came to meet his youthful bride, warm from the embraces of a mistress!'

'I pray your Majesty,' said Sully, 'be calm.'

'Calm! With all the outraged feelings of a woman, how can I be calm! I, whose birth should have commanded respect, whose sex claimed it, am made the jest of a wanton court.'

'Nay, Madam, not so——'

'I, whose dowry,' she pursued, 'was worthy even a de Medici; whose person, now disregarded, was sought by many;—I, who once loved you Henri——'

'Once, Mary!' said Henri, moved by this latter touch of feeling.

'Aye, once; but that is passed by. You have dishonoured me; and for the sake of my child—*our* child, Henri, I demand that the original of that deed be delivered to me.'

The pride of Henri rose at the imperious tone assumed by his Queen; and motioning to Sully to withdraw, he stood sternly regarding her. But Mary, whose heart was charged with a mixture of grief and indignation, no sooner saw Sully depart, than she burst into an agony of tears. Reproaches would only have hardened the resolution of the King, but tears overcame him; and approaching her, he said—

'Dear Mary, do not weep.'

'If tears of blood could bring back your pure love and your first earnest affection,' was her reply, 'I would drain my very heart to shed them.'

'Be tranquil; all that I can do, I will. If possible it shall be delivered to you, at least,' he added, 'I will ask it of her.'

'Ah! Henri, if she loved you as I do, you would not have to repeat your wish.'

The task which Henri had undertaken was by no means a trifling one. Thoroughly tired of her royal lover, the Marchioness de Vernueil determined to keep his promise as some check upon him.

'Of my own free will,' she said angrily, 'I will not return it, and you cannot force me.'

'Of what service is it to you?' asked the king, when the first burst of passion, excited by his demand, had passed away.

'I will keep it,' was the indignant answer, 'to prove that you are without honour, as you are without faith and——'

'Be a proof, too,' interposed Henri, 'that *you* are without gratitude. Who forgave you and your relatives their plot against my life? Who annulled the sentence of death passed against your brothers? Who has heaped upon you more than royal favours? Yet you refuse me this trifling request.' And, irritated by the failure of his endeavours, he turned away from her in anger, which unfortunately, however, was but momentary.

Nothing could exceed the rage of the Queen at not receiving the paper, on which she had set her whole soul. In vain her husband represented the impossibility of wresting it from the Marchioness. Her reproaches grew so fast and furious, that the infuriated monarch after declaring to Sully that 'she gave him no peace,' sought once more in the caresses of Madame de Verneuil, to forget the reproaches levelled at him by his Queen.

PART III.—THE LAST CONSPIRACY.

The blood of Henri had been drained by the dagger of an assassin, and the vicissitudes subsequently known by Mary had been great. Hated by her son, despised no less than hated by his minister Richelieu, her estates were sequestered, her person imprisoned, and her life had only been saved by an anonymous note from Anne of Austria, who warned her of her peril if she remained in Compiegne. And now, in an old and even decayed mansion in Cologne, and which bore no outward signs that there resided one who had been great, lay the mother of the reigning monarch of France, and the widow of the murdered Henri. Here she, who founded Hospitals and endowed charities—she who had brought a princely dower to her husband—lay in indigence, withering under the influence of disease, yet not subdued in spirit, and even now was engaged in one of her numerous plots, by which she hoped to overthrow Richelieu's power, and re-establish her ascendancy over the King. Turning her eyes restlessly to the door, as though expecting some one, she lay murmuring—

"And this perchance is to be my end;—I, who once had such glorious prospects—I, who was the admired of Princes, the controller of nobles; and yet if but this one, this last great effort—for last I feel it is—be not successful; if HE" and she gnashed her teeth in impotent rage, 'that curse to God, and country, and King—that arch fiend, Richelieu—but fall, I shall die in peace! Has no one come?' she demanded impatiently; 'no messenger? No—no; the poor and sick, and infirm must wait, though waiting is torture. Oh, God! for one hour of the bounding steps of youth, what would I not suffer! Ha! what noise is that?—Now, Sir, your news,' she exclaimed, as a messenger quickly entered her chamber. 'Nay, kneel not; I am no sovereign now. Quick—quick! Lives Richelieu still?'

'He does.'

'Then has the evil one not forsaken his servant.'

'All Madam is discovered. The King is incensed—the Cardinal, yet more firmly established in power, vows implacable vengeance.'

'And they who risked all for us,' asked Mary anxiously, 'how fare they.'

'The axe, the gibbet, and the scaffold will be their portion.'

'Tis ever thus: they who are faithful fall; while the worthless are left to cumber the ground. But how did'st thou escape from the hands of this merciless man—this Richelieu?'

'Through the Cardinal's mercy.'

'The Cardinal's mercy!' repeated his hearer contemptuously. 'And what price did'st thou pay?'

'A message to your Majesty was given me by Richelieu.'

'Speak on Sir; I fear not to hear it.'

'Say unto her who sought my life,' was the message of his Eminence, 'their plot has failed, and that Cardinal Richelieu yet lives, to see Mary de Medicis die by the hands of the headsman.'

'It is false—false—proud man! The hand of a mightier than thou art is on me, even now. Bear, for love of me, but one more message; and, supported by such of her attendants as yet were true to her, she rose in her bed. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that in the hour of her dissolution, amid racking pain, and with hot and fevered lips—Mary, his mistress—rejoices to die; for it proves him false—false!' and her head sunk again on the pillow, exhausted with her emotions. Yet a few days and she was no more!—*Court Gazette.*

THE DEAD BRIDE.

From Snow's Rhine.

It was a wild wintry night, in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Then, as now, the once impregnable castle of Dattenburg was a shattered ruin—the abode of evil spirits in the popular belief, and the terror of the surrounding country. On this night, while the wind roared like thunder, and the raging river answered it with a stormy diapason still louder, a young knight, Kurd Von Stein, who pursued his road from Hammerstein to Unkel, was belated on the way, and wandering far out of the direct path along the river shore, went astray among the mountains. While struggling with the blinding rain, and bearing up bravely against the wild blast, which assailed him with a wondrous fury, he saw a faint light in the far distance. Towards this light he immediately directed his steps. After much labor and considerable difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the ruins of the castle of Dattenburgh; but it was then all unknown to him that such was the spot in which he had sought a refuge. In an upper chamber of the great tower, burned the light which had guided him thither. He had some trouble to discover an entrance to the castle-yard, and more than once he fell over the huge blocks of basalt which lay scattered about in confused masses, as though cast there at random by some convulsion of nature; but he at length succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and finally found himself in the principal court of the castle. He was alone, and there were no signs of life in his vicinity, except it might be the snort or tramp of his tired steed, or the throbbing of his own heart, from the toilsome ascent.—Long grass grew through the interstices of the pavement; the walls of the edifice were roofless, the windows without frames; desolation seemed to have made the place her dwelling. He shouted for assistance, he called aloud on the warders to come to his aid, he hallooed lustily for the domestics, but no one replied to him; he was only answered by a faint echo, nearly drowned in the rushing of the wind, and the noise of the raging waters of the swollen river without. No other resource being left him, and having no alternative but to wait on himself, he fastened his horse to a half prostrate pillar, and groped his way to the foot of the great tower, from whence gleamed the light which allured him thither. The door of the building stood half open, and he entered it without hesitation. Ascending the narrow and crooked stairs, he struck sharply at every door he passed, for the purpose of rousing the inmates; but in vain: no signs of life were made manifest to his senses in any part of the ruinous pile. At length he attained the topmost story. As he stood on the narrow landing-place, a flood of soft, mellow light poured on him from an adjoining chamber. He looked into the apartment whence it proceeded, and there he beheld a lady sitting at a table, with her head leaning pensively on her hand. She was apparently absorbed in deep thought. This fair dame was young, and very beautiful; but the vitality of her youth seemed to have been blighted by care or disappointment; her cheek was wan and hollow; and her eyes dim, and sunk, and lustreless. So wrapt did she seem to be in meditation, that the entrance of the young knight was quite unperceived by her, until he stood fully revealed in her presence, and proceeded to pray pardon for his involuntary intrusion on her privacy.

"I have been belated, fair ladye," he spake; "and I have lost my way in the storm. May I hope that it will not be a trespass on your hospitality to give me shelter until its fury shall cease, or until the night passeth over?"

The ladye nodded her head assentively; but made no other reply. The young knight, however, received it for an answer in the affirmative. She then rose from the table, and placing a chair for the stranger beside her own, motioned him to sit. He did so. Not a word escaped her lips although he was loud in his expressions of grateful acknowledgement. The table was loaded with the richest viands; game, and poultry of many kinds, were in abundance, and wine of various vintages were not a-wanting, but the youth knew not whence or how they came there, as he could perceive none of these things on his entrance into the chamber. The lady beckoned him to partake of the banquet; still, however, she said no word that he could hear, though her lips moved slightly, as she spoke inaudibly, or spoke to herself. He needed not much pressing, for he was very sharp set with hunger and fatigue: and he fell to, most heartily, with the keen appetite of four-and-twenty hours, whetted by a long, cold day's fast, and immense physical exertion. It was not until his hunger was well nigh appeased, that he discovered a singular omission in the *material* of the feast,—an omission the more singular, as the articles in themselves were the most simple and valueless of all that stood before him;—bread and salt were not to be found on that well-furnished board. He could not guess what was the cause of it, and he did not well know what to think of the omission; but his heart somehow misgave him as to the reason, for now that he no longer felt the cravings of appetite, he had leisure to speculate on what he saw. Coupling this singular circumstance with the still more singular one of the maiden's silence and total solitude, he could not help feeling, involuntarily, some little degree of dread. The age was a superstitious one; and brave men, who would have faced a host of their own fellow-creatures single-handed, thought it no shame to confess their fear of ghosts, and to quail before fiends, and foul spirits. He made no comment, however, on the circumstance, but adopted the only means of comfort within his reach—copious drafts of a peculiarly generous wine. As he proceeded to drain off beaker after beaker of the delicious beverage, his fears began rapidly to dissipate; all the while, the beautiful countenance of the maiden seemed to brighten, and her eye to grow full again with pleasure, as she perceived his spirits rise in the intoxicating process. His soul soon scorned all suspicions; his heart began to grow too big for his bosom; he was all magnanimity, and felt not a little of sensual passion. He had "screwed his courage to the sticking place." Pleasure was now distinctly visible in his fair companion's countenance.

"Loveliest of maidens," said he, looking on her with maudlin tenderness; "you are the daughter of this house?"

She nodded her head in reply, and smiled a gracious smile; but still he could hear no word from her lips.

"And who be your parents?" inquired he again, after a short pause.

Again she nodded, smiling still sweeter than before, and pointing to a couple of portraits which hung against the wall of the chamber, just opposite where he and she were seated together.

Kurd Von Stein looked at the portraits first, and then he looked at the maiden. There could be no mistake in the matter; the family likeness was too distinct.

"Are they alive?" he asked, once more addressing her.

She only shook her head sorrowfully.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" he queried.

"I am the last of my race," replied she, in a voice soft as the whisper of the summer breeze, and sweet as the sound of an Eolian harp, on which the breath of a balmy eve is blowing.

The one great difficulty was now surmounted. This soft speech satisfied the young and ardent knight that he should not have a dumb bride, if fortune pleased to favour his suit with the maiden. Enraptured with her grace and beauty, animated by her smiles, and heated by the copious libations in which she had silently encouraged him, he fell desperately in love; and long before the midnight hour had arrived, he had resolved to make her an offer of his hand—his heart she already had in her safe keeping. He was poor in worldly possession, though rich in youth and health, and a very handsome form; and with a touch of worldliness almost incompatible with the purity of his intended passion, he deemed that he could make no better selection than the daughter of a noble house, who could afford to give such good cheer, and keep so excellent a cellar of wines. The desolate court-yard, with the long, rank grass waving over the pavement—the solitary chambers, tenantless, windowless, roofless—and the ruinous, unwatched outer walls of the castle, so faithfully imaging decay, were all forgetten in the fervour of his affection and the delirium induced by drink.

"Fairest of fair ones," stammered he, falling on one knee at her feet, after the most approved fashion of the period; "loveliest of lovely creatures, may I ask if you are free to wed?"

A nod and a smile were his answer. He had at the moment attained the summit of his happiness.

"Wilt thou be mine!—my bride!—my own!—most peerless princess?" he uttered impassionedly.

The maiden's face flushed with pleasure. She nodded her head again, smiled more graciously than ever woman smiled on him before. Rising quickly from her seat, she hastened to an antique cabinet which stood in a corner of the room, and as quickly returned. In one hand she held forth a gold ring of of the oldest fashion, in the other, a withered wreath rosemary leaves. With not a moment's delay she intertwined the faded garland in her long black locks, then proceeding towards the door of the chamber, she beckoned the knight to follow. A feeling of doubt, not unaccompanied with some degree of dread, flashed on the mind of the Drunkard; but it was instantly dispelled by the fumes of the wine, and the sweet smile of the maiden. He followed her in silence to the castle chapel. At the gate of the sacred edifice they were joined by two persons whom he had not seen before. He looked on the strangers with some surprise, and to his sudden horror he saw that they were the originals of the two pictures which stood in his lady's chamber—her father and mother, who by her gesture, in answer to his inquiry respecting them, he had been given to understand were long since dead. Again he hesitated, and for a moment the idea of retreat crossed his mind; but it was only for a moment—retreat was now impossible. With the maiden before him, the black walls on each side of him, and the old couple behind him, bringing up the rear of the procession, he was, as it were, completely blocked in, and found himself irretrievably in their power. They all entered the chapel together; it was lighted up as on the eve of some high and holy festival; yet the youth could not discover whence came that strong illumination, for neither torch nor lamp was to be seen within its precincts, and the black sky was only visible above its ruined roof. They approached the altar; everything seemed to have been prepared in anticipation of the nuptials. In the centre of the aisle stood the proud monument of a bishop, one of the noble family of the castle, who had been dead and buried there upwards of a century; on the black marble, surmounting it, lay his recumbent figure in bronze, large as life, clothed in full pontificals—the crosier in his hand, the mitre on his head.

As the bridal procession traversed the aisle, in the order in which they had entered the chapel, the maiden, who was still in advance of the party, touched the figure with her fore finger, and then pointed mysteriously to the altar. In a moment more—fearful to relate—the bronze bishop rose majestically from his marble couch, and followed them within the railed enclosure. The knight gazed on the scene with dread and dismay—his heart completely sunk within him—for the influence of the wine had departed, and that of love lingered only a brief space after it. As he looked on every side to find a way to escape from the fiendish thraldom in which he felt himself held, his eye rested on the face of the bronze bishop. Oh, horror upon horror!—the eyes of the figure glowed like red-hot metal in a fiery furnace, and his breath seemed surcharged with all the odors of hell. The maiden, too, seemed no longer the same being as she who had so shortly before fascinated his soul; her smile had become almost demoniac, and her eyes, similar to those of the spirit-prelate, sparkled like *ignes fatui*. The only unchanged aspects in the group were those of the old couple, the father and mother of the intended bride; but their immutability of appearance was not less fearful than the alteration in that of the two others. They stood there pale and still, like corses in their shrouds—their stony eyes giving no sign of life or motion during the entire proceeding—their rigid traits never relaxing for a moment from the still cold serenity of death.

"Kurd Von Stein!" spake a hollow voice, as though it issued from the depths of the earth.

The knight started, and shook like an aspen in the breeze of the evening. It was the bronze bishop who called him by his name.

"Kurd Von Stein!" repeated the same voice, in a tone still more hollow, "do you take the maiden before you, Bertha von Dattenburg, as your wedded wife?"

The voice of the youth quavered like the dying notes of an organ, when he essayed to make reply: he could not for the life of him utter a sound, such was his terror and trepidation.

"Kurd von Stein!" again asked the fiend in the form of a bishop, "do you consent to take Bertha von Dattenburg, this maiden as your ——"

At this instant, the crow of a cock from the near village of Leubsdorf was borne upwards on the gale, and the deep sound of the midnight bell of the convent of St. Helena boomed heavily over the waters from the opposite side of the river.

"God have mercy on me!" were the only words the young knight could utter, when he was prostrated to the earth by the rush of a whirlwind which swept through the chapel. Bishop, bride, father and mother, all were gone in a moment. He saw no more.

When sensation returned, he perceived that a beautiful summer morning had far advanced on its way towards noon; and he found that he had spent the night under the shelter of a fallen fragment of the old walls, extended on the grass which covered the court yard of the castle. His faithful steed stood beside him, neighing loudly, as though impatient for his waking.

Was it a dream?—a Drunkard's dream?

Last evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, there was observed in this city a perfect lunar rainbow. The moon was shining brightly in the East, and her beams, reflected from the falling rain-drops of a shower in the West, formed a large and perfect arch, in which we could distinctly make out two of the prismatic colors—the red and green—and at times, when the light from the moon was clearest, the violet also, but more faintly. At first only a segment of the arch was visible in the south West, but as the shower passed Northwardly this segment was gradually prolonged, until at last the entire arch existed in all its beauty—remaining visible for several minutes.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Eloquence.—The Ohio Republican gives the following extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana legislature, on a bill to encourage the killing of wolves, which, in sublimity, has seldom been surpassed:—"Mr. Speaker, the wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embrace of Morpheus, and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty, whole litters of pigs are destroyed!"

Cure for the Whooping Cough.—A teaspoon full of castor oil to a table spoon full of molasses; a teaspoon full of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

Letters.—77,500,000 chargeable letters are annually transmitted by post throughout the United Kingdom.