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 applications 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, Dinems, Drills, Cotton Warps, &c., which are offered at the very lowest prices, wholesale and retail.

☞ The remainder of Stock daily expected.

NEW GOODS,
Per Seame "Cambria."

MORRISON & CO.

HAVE now ready for inspection, suited for the season, the LARGEST, MOST VARIED and MOST MAGNIFICENT STOCK of

SILKS, SATINS AND RIBBONS

Ever exhibited in this Province.

MORRISON & CO.,
April 5. PRINCE WM. STREET.

First Spring Importations.

J. & J. HEGAN

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

LONDON HOUSE,
Market Square, April 9, 1853.

Per Steamer "Niagara."

A FEW cases of SCOTCH GOODS containing Paisley, Cashmere, and French Barege LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
Persian and Silk Striped LAINES;
Brocade and Embroidered ROBES;
French Printed CAMBRICS;
Fancy Printed ORLEANS;
HABITS, Chemizettes, Collars, Sleeves, &c. &c.

T. W. DANIEL.

APRIL 9, 1853.

NEW GOODS.

Per Steamer "*Niagara*," from Liverpool:—
A FURTHER supply of BONNETS;
Bonnet RIBBONS;
Plain and Figured Rich SILKS;
SATINETTS, SATINS, SARSNETTS;
Rich black SILK LACES;
Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS;
COLLARS and HABIT SHIRTS;
GLOVES and HOSIERY;
SILK TRIMMINGS, BRAIDS, BUTTONS, TASSELS, &c. &c. &c.

W. G. LAWTON.

VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
KING STREET.

Saint John, 8th March, 1853.

First Spring Importations!
PER SHIP "MIDDLETON."
5,000 Straw Bonnets!
Newest Spring Shapes!!

J. DOHERTY & CO.

N. B.—*Further Supply per Steamer* "Cambria," *at Boston, together with RIBBONS, SHAWLS, PRINTS, and Fancy* DRESS GOODS, *to arrive per "Admiral" next trip.* J. D. & CO.

FINE GROUND GINGER.—One Ton of the above article, ground here for ourselves, and warranted pure.

June 14. FLEWWELLING & READING.

Ladies Boots and Shoes.

CASHMERE and PRUNELLA.—Received by the ship *Imperial*, and opening this day, a superior lot of Ladies, Misses, and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, manufactured expressly for us, which enables us to warrant them to be a superior article; Ladies Kid, Patent Leather, and Enamel'd Pump Slips, fancy Webs, &c. All o which will be sold *cheap.*

FAULKE & HENNIGAR,
May 17.—6t. *Germain Street, Rocky Hill.*

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,
COMPRISING

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, Edemgs 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

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.

June 7.—News.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caugh a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distressing, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible, I had often read your Advertisements, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without scam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Ruskcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scourbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penshurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast, for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breahouse, Lothian Road, Edinbro', dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time, to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Chiego-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Mosquetoes and Sand-Flies	Cancers	Tumours
	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Ulcers
		Wounds
Fistulas	Gout	Glandular Swellings
Lumbago	Piles	
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. THALEY, *Provincial Agent*, No. 15, King-street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. 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 Potts and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

Poetry.

LIFE'S HARVEST.

BY WM. EDWARD KNOWLES.

Ho, reaper of Life's Harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come!
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb!
Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching
And soon will come again.

Thy Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?—
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?
Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

And mount the crumbling watch-tower,
And herald on the truth;
Preach out the golden precepts,
To wild and wayward youth;
Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Literature, &c.

[From the New York "Albion."]

THE CRISIS OF MY EXISTENCE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I'm not a sentimental man now. I have passed that state of existence long since, as a man whose whiskers have got bushy, while the hair on his crown has got thin, and whose eyes are surrounded by little nascent crows' feet, decidedly ought to have done. I confess that I prefer a good dinner to the most enchanting of balls, claret to polkas, and a jolly bacchanalian ditty to the pretty small talk of the most dainty damsel that ever floated through a quadrille in ringlets and clear muslin.

"Horrid wretch!" I hear some lady reader exclaim, as she peruses this confession, and prepares to throw down the book in disgust. Stay one moment, fair lady, I beseech you, and you shall have a little genuine sentimental reminiscence of my "days of auld lang syne"—and then—then you may throw down the book if you please and call me a "horrid wretch" *if you can.*

What a pretty, little, gauzy, fairy-like creature was Angelica Staggers, when first I met her? The very recollection of her at this moment makes a faint vibration of my heart [illegible] *then* the sound of her name would startle me like the postman's rap at the street door. Bill Staggers (it isn't a pretty name, Staggers—but then, Angelica!) was a schoolfellow of mine. Schoolboys don't talk much about their sisters, because they get laughed at if they do; so that I knew little more than the bare fact that Staggers *had* a sister. In after years when we left school, and Staggers went into his father's counting-room in the city, and I into my father's office in Gray's Inn, the matter was different.

Staggers introduced me to his family. This consisted of his papa, a pompous old fellow who always wore a dress coat in the street as well as at home, and whose pendant watch-seals would certainly have drawn him under water if he had ever had the misfortune to tumble overboard from a Margate steamer; of mamma, who was a lady of vast dimensions, with the usual superfluity of colour in her cheeks and cap ribbons on her head; of a sister of Mr. Staggers, senior, who might have been agreeable if she had not given you the idea of being pinched everywhere—pinched in her waist, pinched in her nose, pinched in her mouth, and pinched in her views of things in general; and lastly of the daughter of the house—the divine Angelica herself.

How shall I describe Angelica as I first saw her one fine summer's day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, dressed in the most charming of muslin *negligee* dresses, reclining in a large easy chair, and embroidering on a frame a pair of worsted slippers for her papa? How shall I ever give an accurate picture of her beautiful, light, golden hair, that literally glittered in the rays of the sunshine that made their way through the half-drawn green venetian blinds of the window by which she sat, in the drawing-room of that delightful villa at Peckham that looked out on to the smoothly shaven lawn, with the large washing basin of a fish-pond on it, containing ever so many shillings' worth of gold and silver fish? I can't do it. I have let all my poetry run to seed, and I feel myself as incompetent to do justice to the charms of Angelica as a sign-painter would be to copy a Madonna of Raphael, or a street ballad screamer to sing the "stabat mater" of Rossini. I must give up the attempt: but cannot the reader help me out of the difficulty, by imagining something very fair, pink and white, very slight, very animated, and very ethereal-looking altogether? Of course he can;—then there is Angelica Staggers before his eyes directly.

From the moment I saw her I felt that my doom was fixed, and my heart *trans*-fixed. I admired, I loved, I adored her, and the very atmosphere that surrounded her (I don't mean the smell of roast duck that was steaming up from the kitchen) seemed to breathe of paradise. Accordingly, as a very natural consequence of this feeling of mine, I behaved very sheepishly—blushed and stammered, and tore off the buttons of my gloves, stuckmy legs into absurd positions from not knowing what the deuce to do with them, stumbled over an ottoman as I took my leave, and to save my own fall caught at a china card-tray and smashed it—effecting my retreat at length in a state of tremor sufficient to have brought on a nervous fever.

My friend Staggers quizzed me:—

"Why, Jones, I never saw you so quiet. I always thought you such a devil of a fellow among the ladies. You've lost your tongue to-day; what is it?

What is it! As if I were going to tell *him* what it was. Supposing I had told him that his sister was an angel, the fellow would have grinned and thought that I was mad. Men never do believe in the divinity of their sisters; they are almost as incredulous as husbands touching their wives. The last man in the world I would select as the confident of my love affairs would be the brother of my adored one. I should know that he would annoy me by the most anti-romantic anecdotes of his sister's childhood, and tease her to death by frightful stories of myself. And so I invented excuses about being "out of sorts" and that sort of thing to account for my unwonted taciturnity and embarrassment at this my first interview with Angelica Staggers.

I was soon a very frequent visitor at the Peckham Villa, and I had reason to suppose that I was a welcome one. The old gentleman was very civil; mamma was pressing in her invitations; the "maiden aunt" affable in the extreme; and Angelica always received me with a smile, that I valued at a higher price than California and Australia together could pay.

The Staggers family led a quiet life, with the exception of Bill, who haunted theatres and cider cellars, and harmonic meetings, and passed as disreputable an existence as a city clerk well could. I seldom met any one at the Peckham Villa but the family and occasionally a Signor Fidilini, who was Angelica's music and singing-master, and was sometimes invited to tea in the evening, that he might delight Papa-Staggers by playing and singing duets with Angelica. I can't say I liked his doing so myself, and always considered his double-bass growl spoiled the silvery notes of his pupil's voice; and then I had a great objection to seeing his jewelled fingers hopping about and jumping over Angelica's on the piano, in some of those musical firework pieces they played together. But he was a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, and remarkably respectful in his manner to Angelica, so that there could be no real cause for jealousy—but!—the word seemed quite absurd to use in such a case.

My father pronounced me the idlest clerk he ever had. I am not sure that he was quite wrong, but he little suspected the cause. While I ought to have been drawing abstracts of title, I was drawing fancy portraits of Angelica; while I should have been drawing brief-sheets, Angelica's form was engrossing my thoughts; instead of studying declarations at law, I was cogitating a declaration of my attachment. To plead well my own cause with herself and her father was the only sort of pleading I cared for; while the answer I might get to my suit was of ten thousand times more consequence in my eyes than all the answers in all the fusty old Chancery-suits in all the lawyers' offices in the world. As for reading, Moore and Byron supplied food to the mind that ought to have been intent on Coke and Blackstone. Apollo, God of Poetry, and Venus, deification of Love, answer truly!—is there a more wretched being, a more completely fish out of water individual than a lawyer's clerk in love?

After long and painful watching, I became convinced, in spite of a lover's fears, that Angelica was not insensible to my attachment. The little bouquets I bought for her at Covent Garden Market were received with a look that thrilled through my very soul. (I hope that is a proper expression, but my poetry having grown rusty, as I before mentioned, I am in some doubt about the matter.) There was, or I dreamt it, a gentle pressure of the hand as we met, and as we parted, that could *not* be accidental, and could *not* be that of mere friendship. There was a half timidity in the tone of her voice as she addressed me, different from the self-possession she displayed in conversation with others. In short, there were a thousand of those little signs, visible though indescribable, that Angelica Staggers knew that I loved her and was gratified by the fact.

Now most men would have thrown themselves at her feet and made their vows, in such a case; but I was doubtful whether that was the most safe course to pursue in order to secure the prize. It struck me that her father was just one of those crusty old gentlemen that look on a young fellow as little better than a pickpocket, who dares to gain a daughter's affections without first asking her papa's permission to do so. On the other hand, I was quite aware that other ladies don't like to be a[illegible] them[illegible]ves; there is two much of the Mahometan and of the Continental style in such a proceeding to please our free-born island lassies. Still, I might get over that difficulty by explaining how hopeless I believed it to be to secure her father's consent at all, unless I got it *first*. I was right; and so I resolved to have an interview with Mr. Staggers, and explain my sentiments.

Did any one of my readers ever drive in tandem two horses that had never been broken to harness? Did he ever let off a blunderbuss that had been loaded for ten years? Did he ever walk through long grass notoriously full of venomous snakes? Did he ever ride a broken-kneed horse over stoney ground? Did he ever take a cold shower-bath at Christmas? Did he ever propose the health of the ladies in the presence of the ladies themselves, and before he had at all "primed" himself? Did he ever walk across a narrow greasy plank placed across a chasm some hundreds of feet in depth? If he has done all or any of these feats, I can bear witness to the fact that he has had some experience of nervous work; but if he has never been back-parloured with a grave, pompous old father, of whom he is about to ask his daughter's hand, *then*, I say his experience of real, genuine, "nervous work" is but infantile after all. Making a declaration to the lady herself is nothing to it, though a little embarrassing too; but then you know that the fair one is in as much trepidation as yourself, and not watching you with a cold calculating eye, weighing your expressions, and drawing conclusions perhaps prejudicial to your reputation for sense or honesty. I declare that I would not go through that ordeal again for the wealth of the Antipodes (that's the last new phrase): and, between ourselves, that is the very reason why I remain to this day a ——; —but stop—I am anticipating.

I cannot give an account of my interview with Old Staggers, because half an hour after it was over, I had but a confused recollection of what took place at it. I only know that it haunted my dreams like a nightmare for nights after. I was eternally jumping up in my bed in a cold perspiration, with my hair half thrusting my night-cap off my head, in the midst of "explaining my intentions." However, a great point was gained—Mr. Staggers agreed to offer no opposition to the match, provided *my* father consented also.

"I shall call on him to-day, my young friend," he said; "so dine with us at Peckham at six, and you shall know the result. I don't *forbid* your going there earlier, if you feel inclined to do so."

This was handsome. I expressed my gratitude as well as I was able, and at once took a Peckham omnibus, and hastened to Angelica.

"Misses is out, sir; and so's Miss Staggers: but Miss Angelica's in the drawing-room, sir."

"Very well. I'll go there—you needn't show me up."

So saying, I sprang lightly up stairs, and was in the drawing-room in an instant. A sudden shriek—a short, quick, half-stifled one—met my ears as I entered, and I saw Signor Fidilini move his arm very hastily, as if it had been in far closer proximity to the waist of Angelica, who was at the piano, than I should have considered at all necessary in an ordinary music lesson.

"Oh dear, Mr. Jones! how you did startle me" cried Angelica, blushing terribly, as she rose to shake hands with me. "I didn't hear you coming at all, I assure you."

I didn't need that assurance, and I believe I said something of the sort.

"Mees Angelica so feared, dat I put out my arm to stop her fall off from the stool," said Fidilini; and he looked so perfectly truthful and embarrassed as he spoke, that my dreadful suspicion began to be allayed.

"I feel quite nervous at this present moment," said Angelica. "Indeed, Signor, you must not ask me to take any more music lessons to-day."

Signor Fidilini bowed gracefully his assent, and *I* cast a delighted look at Angelica; for was she not getting rid of that tiresome music-master for my sake? Fidilini packed up his german-sausage roll of music, and, bidding us good-day, bowed himself out of the room.

We were alone? We looked uncomfortable, and we felt so—I am sure of it in her case as well as my own.

"Angelica," I exclaimed.

She started and looked surprised.

"Angelica, I love you—you know it: but you do not know *how* deeply and *how* devotedly," &c. &c. &c. I suppose it is quite unnecessary for me to give the remainder of the declaration, because no one can be ignorant of the usual form of the words in these cases. It is as "stereotyped" as an Admiralty Secretary's letters—but I suppose it means a little more, or what a deal of fibbing lovers must be guilty of when they come to the grand scene of the domestic drama of "love!"

Angelica hung her head, and blushed, and panted. I felt sure she was mine, and I seized her hand and began to cover it with kisses, when she snatched it from me in such haste, that her diamond and pearl ring scratched my finger. I was amazed!

"Mr. Jones, I can listen no more. I assure you I *must* listen no more."

"Why so? Your father will not oppose my wishes for—"

"It is not *that*, sir: it is that I cannot reciprocate the attachment you profess for me."

"Oh! do not say so—do not—"

"If you have any generosity in your heart, Mr. Jones, you will cease this strain at once. You have mistaken my feelings altogether."

"It's that cursed Fidilini!" I cried in a rage, forgetting my good-breeding.

"I beg, sir, that you will not use such language in my presence, especially with reference to a gentleman for whom I entertain a feeling of—"

"Love I said, with a stupidly indignant laugh, and an attempt at an air of tragedy. "But I care not. I will shoot him in twenty-four hours, or he shall shoot me;" and I started to my feet with a thorough determination to call out Fidilini without an hours' delay.

"For heaven's sake don't speak so," cried Angelica. "There will be murder; I know he'll fight, and you might kill—"

"Thank you; I might kill *him*—yes: you don't seem to have any fears least he should kill *me*. However, he shall have a chance," and I strode towards the door.

"Stay," cried Angelica: and she seized my arm: "stay, you shall have my secret, and *then* I throw myself on your generosity. He is *my husband!*"

"Fidilini?—the devil!" I exclaimed.

"We are privately married," said Angelica, but for the present do not let—"

Here we were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Staggers, who entered the room, to our great discomfiture. Angelica, with an appealing look towards me, hurridly left the room.

If ever a poor wretch felt himself in an uncomfortable position, I did at that moment, and during the rest of that evening. Mr. Staggers brought home a city friend with him, obviously to avoid a *tete a tete* with me after dinner, but he took care to inform me, in a whisper, that his negociations with my father had failed. I dare say he was very much surprised at the cool indifference with which I received this piece of information, for he little knew how worthless were the consents of the papas in the present instance.

Of all the artful little hussies that ever lived, decidedly that girl is the most complete! thought I, as I watched the quiet and composed manner in which Angelica behaved during dinner, and the evening which followed. She played and sang as freely as ever, and even expressed her sorrow that Signor Fidilini was not present, that she might sing one of her papa's favourite duets. If he *had been* present, I believe I should have strangled the fellow against all resistance.

How I passed that night, I wont say, but I did not sleep.

Next morning I was at the office as usual, and really trying to work hard to keep my thoughts from dwelling on Angelica. About ten o'clock my father rushed into the room where I was seated at the desk, in company with Mr. Staggers.

"Villain!" cried Staggers to me.

"You young scoundrel!" screamed my father.

I was really alarmed, for I thought that both those respectable elderly gentlemen must have gone mad. I stared, in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Where's my daughter?" bawled Staggers.

"Answer, sir!" shouted my father, as I looked, if possible, still more surprised.

"I don't know," I replied.

"You lie, sir," cried Staggers.

"You are quibbling, sir," added my father; "we don't ask where she is at this very moment; you know *what* we mean."

"Is she married!" said Staggers: "answer that."

"Really, I—"

"Answer plainly, sir, and without shuffling" cried my father.

"I *believe* she is," I answered.

"Believe! why you young villain, when you *know* whether you have married her or not, how dare you talk about what you *believe*!"

"I *marry* her! *I'm* not married to her!" I cried, in surprise.

"What the——does all this mean?" exclaimed my father, losing all patience. "Miss Staggers has run off from her father's house—with *you*, it's suspected."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; "then I suppose I may tell the truth; no doubt she is gone with her husband, Fidilini."

Never shall I forget old Staggers' rage and surprise when he heard my simple story; nor his savage indignation when my father (thinking only of his own son being out of a mess) exclaimed:—

"I'm deuced glad of it."

I am going to the christening of Madame Fidilini's seventh child to-morrow. They like an old bachelor for a god-father sometimes because he has no other children than god-children to provide for. Grand-papa Staggers will be there, and so will grand-mama and grand-aunt; and the latter will be very attentive to me, but she's more pinched than ever, and looks like a dried herring in figure and complexion. I shall dine with old Staggers afterwards, and he has some superb claret, much better stuff than—well, never mind, I have done!

Victoria Regia in Flower.

Mr. Allen's splendid South American water lily, the queen of aquatic plants, and glory of the Amazon river, has produced its first flower, which opened partially, on Thursday afternoon and completely expanded yesterday afternoon. It is a beautiful and wonderful flower, the perfect consummation of the singular and extraordinary plant which bears it.

When the bud—which was very large—first burst, the outer petals expanded to the great diameter of 12 inches, from tip to tip! This was about 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon—for it is one of the many peculiarities of this plant that it has always unfolded its buds at that hour of the day. In colour, the petals were of a pure white—the general form and appearance of the flower partaking of those of the pond-lily and the magnolia. The inner petals remained closed until yesterday, concealing a host of smaller petals of a delicate pink color. During yesterday the flower was undergoing a change which results in an entire alteration of the petals from white to pink. The flower continues for about 48 hours, and is immediately succeeded by others. A second bud has appeared upon Mr. Allen's plant, and has reached the surface of the water, while a third is part way up. These flowers will be constantly appearing, for an indefinite time, at the rate of about one a week. And it is probable their size will increase, as that of the leaves has done. Indeed, the second bud is obviously larger than the first one was at the same stage.

But perhaps to most people, the leaves will present a more curious study than even the flowers. They are truly monstrous. There are four of them now in the tank, which has been enlarged to accommodate their ample and exquisite forms. Twenty-eight leaves have appeared thus far, and have been successively cut off and removed to make room for the new ones. The largest one now measures 66 inches. Only think of it—five feet and a half! Some of these immense leaves have been sent to Boston on exhibition. Every new leaf that appears henceforth will be accompanied by a flower.

This rare and curious exotic has been visited during the past few days by hundreds of persons whom Mr. Allen has generously allowed to enter the conservatory free of charge. Some visitors have been so heedless and inconsiderate as to handle the plant, to its injury. We trust that if any of our readers visit it they will remember that "hands off!" is the rule of propriety.—[Salem Observer.

Mrs. Grumble's Soliloquy.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here's Mr. Jones, been in my house these six months, and no more trouble to me than my gray kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his coats, cravats, loveletters, cigars, and patent leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of the floor, he is as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time. Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery instead of drop curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more nails and another shelf in her closet, and a bench to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking-glass, and a peagreen shade for her gas-burner. She would like breakfast later than your usual hour; tea ten minutes earlier; and the gong, which shocks her nerves *so*, altogether dispensed with. She can't drink coffee because it is exhilirating: broma is too insipid, and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa. 'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization. She can't digest a roast or a fried dish; she might *possibly* peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch. Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, or oil, or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk, or saleratus, she decidedly rejects. She is constantly washing out little duds of lace, collars, handkerchiefs, chemizettes, and stockings, which she festoons up to the front windows to dry; giving passers-by the impression that your house is occupied by a *blanchisseuse*; she jerks the bell-wire for an hour or more for relays of hot smoothing-irons, to put the finishing stroke to her operations. She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea; choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen fire has gone out and the servants are on a furlough. Oh! nobody knows, but those who've tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is to wind them up in the morning with a powerful cup of coffee, give them a *carte blanche* to smoke, and a night-key, and your work is done."—*Fanny Fern.*

ELOQUENT PARAGRAPH.—Hon. Edward Everett delivered an address recently before the New York Historical Society. His subject was "The History and Discovery and Colonization of America, and of Immigration to the United States." It is a fine production and abounds with striking passages, but the following in reference to the expedition of Columbus is peculiarly eloquent:—

"No chapter of romance equals the interest in this expedition. The most fascinating of the works of fiction which have issued from the modern press, have to my taste no attraction compared with the pages in which the first voyage of Columbus is described by Robertson, and still more by our own Irving and Prescott, the last two enjoying the advantage over the great Scottish historian of possessing the lately discovered journals and letters of Columbus himself. The departure from Palos, where a few years before he had begged a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his way-worn child; his final farewell to the Old World at the Canaries; his entrance upon the trade winds which then for the first time filled a European sail; the portentous variation of the needle, never before observed; the fearful course westward and westward, day after day and night after night, over the unknown ocean; the mutinous and ill-appeased crew; at length the tokens of land, the cloud-banks on the western horizon, the logs of drift-wood, the fresh shrub floating with its leaves and berries, the flocks of land-birds, the shoals of fish that inhabit shallow water, the indescribable smell of the shore, the mysterious presentiment that ever goes before a great event; and finally, on that ever memorable night of the 12th of October, 1492, the moving light seen by the sleepless eye of the great discoverer himself from the deck of the Santa Maria, and in the morning the real undoubted land, swelling up from the bosom of the deep, with its plains, and hills, and forests, and rocks, and streams, and strange new races of men—these are incidents in which the authentic history of the discovery of our continent excels tinsel, as the sun in the heavens outshines the flickering taper."

A BEAUTIFUL ACT.—One of the young ladies in the Franklin school, to whom had been awarded the honor of a Franklin medal, upon hearing, accidentally, the distinction that awaited her, immediately wrote a modest note to the committee, wherein she declined receiving the token, in favor of the highest on the list of disappointed expectants. So purely unselfish an act was appreciated by the committee, who presented her with a splendid bible, as a mark of their approbation. It is a pleasure to record so tender a consideration for the feelings of others, as displayed in this little act, and a parent might feel more proud of such a child, with her generous and sensitive soul, than if she were to receive the highest honors which the world could bestow. Her walk in life will be an angelic one, or there is no truth in early promise. —*Boston Post.*

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than that in one of Leigh Hunt's papers, in the Indicator: "It is a delicious movement, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed; and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over: the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy grounds."

HOLES AND DARNS.—Ned Shutter thus explained his reason for preferring to wear stockings with holes, to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premedited poverty."

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

THE RUSSIAN QUESTION.—There is no doubt that the reception given by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to 1st propositions from the Powers, was so favourable as to warrant an expectation that the question in dispute will be settled without further delay.