THE

Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum :] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. VI. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1842. No. 42.

THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DONALD & CO., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

JUNE.		H. SUN.	S. MOON	H. W.	
25	Saturday,	4 33	7 27	9 11	0 5
26	Sunday,	4 33	7 27	9 33	0 42
27	Monday,	4 33	7 27	9 57	1 17
28	Tuesday,	4 33	7 27	10 18	1 54
29	Wednesday,	4 34	7 27	10 39	2 28
30	Thursday,	4 34	7 26	11 23	3 2
31	Friday,	4 34	7 26	11 54	4 16

Last Quarter, 30th, 9h. 41m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Geo. Swinney, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Charles Ward, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Hon. John Robertson.

NEW BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—(All communications by mail, must be post paid.)

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock.

☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

☞ NOTICE.

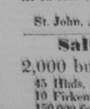
THE subscribers having this day entered into Co Partnership, the business heretofore carried on by L. H. Deveber will in future be conducted under the Firm of

L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

L. H. DEVEBER.
RICHARD SANDS DEVEBER.

St. John, 7th May, 1842.

Removal.



DAVID PATERSON has removed his **Boot & Shoe** Establishment from Prince Wm. street, to the Brick Building lately erected by John Johnston, Esq., west side of Dock street, three doors from the Market square. *May 6.*

Removal.

THE subscribers have removed their place of business from *Water street*, to the new Fire proof store, lately erected by them at the foot of *Union street*, on the property belonging to R. W. Crookshank, Esq.

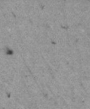
SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

April 29, 1842.

CROOKSHANK & WALKER have removed their Counting House to the same building.

April 29.

St. Andrews & Fredericton.



L. L. COPELAND begs to inform the Public that he is now under contract to convey H. M. Mail's between St. Andrews and Fredericton, and will convey passengers on said route with the utmost expedition. The Stage will leave the former place immediately after the arrival of the American mail on Wednesday's, and Fredericton on Friday's.—Fare 30s.

EXTRA conveyances furnished at all times, on application at the Hotel.

St. Andrews, April 29, 1842.

For Sale,

AT THE PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,

A POWERFUL LOW PRESSURE **STEAM ENGINE**, nearly finished, applicable either for Land or Marine purposes, to be had on reasonable terms, on early application to

THOMAS BARLOW & CO.

ON HAND—A variety of Cooking Stoves, Franklins, Ploughs, and Ship Castings. Mill, Ship, and Engine Work, with every description of Machinery made to order.

☞ Warehouse on the Mill Bridge, corner of Pond street. *Jan. 21.*

Steamer Nova-Scotia.

Arrangement for 1842.

HAS now commenced plying in the Bay of Fundy, as follows:—*Monday*—Leaving Saint John for Eastport, Saint Andrews, and Saint Stephen, at 7 a. m., and returning on Tuesday.—*Wednesday*—For Digby and Annapolis at 7 a. m., and returning on Thursday.

Will leave Saint John every *Thursday* evening for WINDSOR, two hours before high water, until further notice.

For further information please apply to the master on board, or at the Counting Room of

E. BARLOW & SONS.

St. John, April 22. *Dock street.*

Salt, Molasses, Pork.

2,000 bushels Liverpool SALT;
45 Hhds. Molasses; 150 barrels Pork;
10 Firkens Butter; 4 do. Lard;
150,000 feet bright Deals; 20 cords Lathwood;
10 M Ash STAVES.

The above articles will be sold cheap for approved payment. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

April 29th, 1842.

Cloth Manufactory.

THE subscriber informs the Public, that he carries on the business of making CLOTH, at Kingston, King's County. It being late last season before the machinery could be put in successful operation, in consequence of having to overcome many difficulties, he has in the meantime made the necessary alterations, and will now be enabled to do the work in a more expeditious and better style.

Wool that is sent clean washed and sorted, the prices are as follow:—For oiling, carding and spinning, 1s. 1d. per lb.; for warps, filling or stocking yarn, for carding, spinning and weaving, 1s. 6d. per yard, 5-4 wide—twilled 1d. more. For fulling, coloring, shearing and finishing all off, 1s. 2d. per yard.

To accommodate customers on the River St. John the subscriber has made arrangements for wool to be taken in at the following places, viz: Wm. Segee's, Fredericton, (Fredericton Hotel,) J. H. DeVeber, Gagetown; Robert Golding, opposite Long Island; at which places it will be put on board the steam boat and landed at Capt. S. Gorham's, whence it will be taken, manufactured according to order, and returned to their respective places.

Particular directions must be written and put inside the bundle, with a card outside, shewing the person's name and place of abode, that there may be no mistakes.

People's own make of cloth dressed at reduced prices: White cloth full'd at 5½d. per yard; full'd, colored and pressed, 11d.; full'd, colored, sheared and finished off, 1s. 2d. per yard: Women's wear pressed at 3½ per yard; Rolls carded at the usual prices. Persons wishing their cloth full'd stout will please send directions accordingly.

SEYMOUR PICKETT.

Kingston, K. C., 12th May, 1842.

N. B.—The subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the kind patronage he received from his friends last season, and trusts at this present to give them every satisfaction. [Obs. Sent 3w.]

Life Assurance.

Participation of Profits—Immediate Reduction of Premium—Complete Protection against all Liabilities.

The Minerva Life Assurance Company,

FOR THE ASSURANCE OF LIVES AND SURVIVORSHIPS,

AND FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF REVERSIONS AND ANNUITIES.

King William street, ension House, London.

Capital £1,000,000.

TRUSTEES.

Thos. Halifax, jun. Esq.; Claude Edw. Scott, Esq.
Francis Mills, Esq.; Jas. Walkinshaw, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

Francis Mills, Esq. *Chairman.* Jas. Walkinshaw, Esq. *Dep. Chairman.*
H. C. Bowles, Esq. Thos. Heath, Esq.
Thomas Brook, Esq. Isaac Lawrence, Esq.
Wm. Chippindale, Esq. Edwin Leaf, Esq.
Wm. M. Christie, Esq. m. Lyall, Esq.
Edw. J. Codd, Esq. Thomas Morgan, Esq.
Henry T. Danvers, Esq John Stewart, Esq.
Jas. G. Gordon, Esq. G. B. Whittaker, Esq.
John Harvey, Esq. T. J. Zormlin, Esq.

AUDITORS.

John Leach Bennett, Esq.: Robt. W. Eyles, Esq.
Wm. Scott, Esq.

PHYSICIAN—Dr. Tweedie, F. R. S., 30, Montague Place, Bedford Square.

SOLICITOR—John Saunders Bowden, Esq.

BANKERS—Messrs. Glyn, Halifax, Mills & Co.; Sir Claude Scott, Bart. & Co.

A general statement of the affairs of the company will be submitted every Five Years; and of the Profits ascertained to have accrued, *four fifths* will be apportioned among the assured by the Participating scale, for the whole term of life, or one or more years standing, in proportion to the premiums paid by each, and appropriated at the option of the assured, either in a present payment in cash, as a Reversionary bonus, payable when the Policy becomes a claim, or its value applied to the reduction of subsequent premiums. The Company's Policies will be purchased at a fair valuation, whenever the object for which they were effected be accomplished.

No Entrance money or Fees of an kind will be required by the company, nor any charge made for Policies beyond the cost of the Stamp.

☞ Every information relative to Insurance will be given by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Agents,
Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

February 18, 1842.

A CHRISTIAN FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIS FAMILY.

Illustrated with several hundred Engraving.

Important and interesting Work, just Published at No. 122, Nassau street, New-York.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY, or the Lives and Characters of the principal Personages recorded in the sacred Writings; practically adapted to the Instruction of Youth and Private Families: together with an Appendix, containing 30 Dissertations on the Evidences of Divine Revelation, from Timpson's Key to the Bible; being a complete summary of Biblical Knowledge, carefully condensed and compiled from Scott, Doddridge, Gill, Patrick, Adam, Pool, Clarke, Lowth, Horne, Wall, Stowe, Robinson, and other eminent writers on the scriptures—*By Robert Sears.*—Embellished with several hundred Engravings on Wood, illustrative of scripture scenes, manners, customs, &c.

☞ The above valuable and splendid Work is for sale at the store of *G. & E. SEARS*, King street, in this city. June 3.

Fresh GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS.

THE Subscriber respectfully begs to announce to his friends that he has received his Spring Supply of GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, embracing several new varieties of Cabbage and Turnip Seeds, also, the *New* ROYAL VICTORIA PEAS, &c. JOHN G. SHARP, Chemist.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

LONDON CANDLES, &c.

Landing ex barque Clarence from London.

50 BOXES wax wick Mould CANDLES, 30 do. dip 6s. 10s. and 12s.
2 do. brown and white Windsor SOAP,
1 do. Candle Ornaments,

For sale very cheap for cash, at the Tea Warehouse, Prince William street.

April 29. JAMES MALCOLM.

Miscellany.

FANNY LINCOLN,

OR,

THE VILLAGE AMANUENSIS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"INDEED Frank, it is time to end this nonsense. Ever since you have taken that foolish crotchet into your head, the house has been overrun. I wonder that you can find nothing better to do than writing letters for love-stricken clodhoppers, or silly housemaids."

'Quite a flourish of trumpets, sister mine,' Frank Beverly replied, laughing.

'No, jest Frank, I am in earnest. The fact is, people are beginning to talk about you!'

'And what do they say?'

'Why, they say—they say—'

'What do they say, Isabella?'

'Why, they say you must have but little to do.'

'The allegation I confess to be true, sister,' Frank said, assuming a mock serious countenance. 'But who, pray, are so much interested in me? Really, I ought to feel flattered.'

'It is nothing to jest about, Frank. Everybody is beginning to wonder at you. Florence Mitton told me this morning that you were the talk of the whole village.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, she did. And she says that many strange things are said about you.'

'Did you ask her what those strange things were, Isabella?'

'Yes, but she hesitated, and then declined telling me. You don't know how it worries me, brother. I do wish you would act a little more sensibly, and visit oftener in the respectable families of the village. You are inquired after wherever I go. Indeed, there is not a family within twenty miles round, with which you might not form a connection, if you would. I know half a dozen young ladies, handsome, rich, accomplished, the pick of the county, who would jump at the offer of your hand.'

'I am perfectly aware of that, sister.'

'Then, Mr. Vanity, why are you not up and doing, instead of making yourself a subject of ridicule for the neighbourhood. Surely, you do not think so highly of yourself as to decline the first connection for wealth and beauty in Greenlawn village.'

'And why not?'

'Frank!'

'Isabella!'

'Really, brother, I am afraid you are demented.'

'As people say that I am.'

'Do they say that, then?' the sister asked, while a cloud fell upon her face.

'O yes. But what of it? It does not make me crazy. Now, the fact is, sister, I have become so tired of the shallow-mindedness and insincerity of the elite of Greenlawn, that I have cut off the whole tribe; at least for a time. For the past two months, as you know, I have almost daily held confidential intercourse with the lower order of society in the village, as they are called; and in that time I have seen more integrity of purpose, more deep feeling, more tenderness of sentiment, than I have ever witnessed in my life. Truly, it is refreshing to hear human nature speaking out in its own impressive language, full of energy and truth! It may be rough at times, for want of conventional polish, but it is honest, for it comes from the heart.'

'Really, Frank, I do not know what to make of you.'

'You do not think me crazy, at least?'

'I do not know what to think. A man of your position in society, it seems to me, acts very strangely, when he lets himself down and consorts with plebeianism.'

'That is not a good word for an American lady to use, Isabella. This is not the country for patrician and plebeian distinctions. The *man* here is the noble. All else is but factitious, and not to be weighed against the man. In all classes, truth, integrity, and virtue, should make honour, and the want of these, dishonour. Come, sister, let the gold of your real character shine clear. Be true to yourself, to the spirit and impulse of this age and this country, to human nature!'

'How strangely you talk, Frank! But, hark! there is the bell again! Another of your elegant visitors, I suppose. Ah, me! I wish I could see the end of all this.'

'Fanny Lincoln wishes to see Mr. Francis,' said the old servant, opening the door of the room in which sat Frank Beverly and his sister.

'Tell Fanny to walk up into my study, and I will be there in a few moments.'

The servant withdrew, and Frank said, as he rose from the sofa where he had been sitting by the side of his sister.

'Who is Fanny Lincoln I wonder?'

'Why, she is the girl that old Mrs. Grand, the dairyman's wife, raised. I wonder what in the world she wants?'

'A letter written to her sweetheart, I suppose,' Frank said, laughing. 'I learn some strange things, sister, that you would like to know very much, for all your light estimation of the plebeians, as you call them. But, good morning; I must see what Fanny Lincoln wants.'

When Frank Beverly entered the room he called his study, he found there an apparition that he had little expected. In the centre of the floor stood a fair girl, just blushing into gentle womanhood; and she glanced up at him with a modest, yet not bashful union, as he entered, that had in it so much of innocence and truth, that the young man was instantly interested, and that not lightly, in his new visitor. He saw that her face was beautiful as to regularity of features and harmony of colour, but far more beautiful than any he had seen in its sweet expression, that blended so much of gentleness and truth of character, with maidenly grace and unassumed dignity.

'Fanny Lincoln, I believe?' Frank said, bowing with his best grace, and smiling at the same time, encouragingly.

'Yes, sir, that is my name,' replied the maiden, while the colour deepened upon her cheek. 'I have made bold,' she continued, 'to come and ask of you to write a letter for me, if it will not be too much trouble. They tell me in the village that you will write for any one who asks you.'

'Certainly I will, Fanny, and always with the greatest pleasure. But who do you wish me to write to for you? Some sweetheart of course!' he added, smiling.

'O no,' replied Fanny, blushing. 'I have no sweetheart; but I have a brother,' and her manner changed, 'from whom I was parted when but a child. We were orphans, and were separated early. He was carried away many hundred miles, and I have never seen him since. Of late I have thought of him much, and so constantly within a few days, that I have made bold to come and ask you to write to him a letter for me. I cannot write myself.'

There was a mingling of sadness and regret in her tone as she uttered the closing sentence.

'Do you know where your brother is, Fanny?' Frank Beverly asked, looking on his visitor with a feeling of lively interest.

'I know the name of the place to which he was taken, and I suppose he is there, still, if alive.'

'What shall I say to him?'

'O you know best. I want to let him know that I am living, and that I still remember him and love him, and that I want him to write to me.'

On this hint, Frank Beverly wrote the letter, in a neat and delicate hand, imitating as far as he could, that of a woman. After it was finished he read it to Fanny, and asked if that would answer.

'O Yes,' she said, 'it is just as I thought myself. You are very kind and good, sir,' and courtesying as she took the letter which he had folded and directed, she moved towards the door, still keeping her eyes upon the young man with a look of gratitude.

'You must let me see the answer when it comes, Fanny,' Frank said.

'I will bring it to you as soon as I get it, if it should come at all,' she replied, and dropping another courtesy, glided quickly from the room.

Two weeks passed without Frank Beverly again seeing Fanny; but every day he thought of her, and wondered if she would come again. He did not attempt to account for the interest he felt in the fair but humble stranger, contenting himself with feeling the interest, as he had a perfect right to do. He was sitting before his table engaged in writing one day, about the end of the period just named, when a gentle tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Fanny. She held in her hand a letter which she extended, while a glad smile lit up with new beauty her sweet expressive countenance.

'He is alive and well, and here is his answer,' she said—'Read it.'

Frank took the letter, and read it through with emotions of lively interest.

'Words are too inexpressive, my dear sister,' it said, 'to convey to you any idea of the delight your letter gave me. In our separation, so young, all recollection of the place to which you were taken was lost by me. In vain have I sought to find you out. But now you suddenly reveal yourself, with every evidence that you are an elegant and accomplished woman. How this evidence gladdens my heart! You have not been left to neglect and ignorance, I know, although you say nothing of your exact condition. The style, the characters, the language of your letter, tell me all this.

'When shall we see each other? Will you come to me, or must I come to you? Circumstances which I cannot control will prevent the latter for many months. Say then that you will come to me, dear sister. How my heart yearns towards you!'

* * * * * * *

After Frank Beverly had read the whole letter, which was a long one, and had handed it back to the maiden, who still stood near, he looked up into her face, and said,

'Do you wish an answer written to this?'

For a moment or two Fanny paused, thoughtfully, and then replied,

'I do. But——' and she hesitated, and looked perplexed, even distressed.

'But what, Fanny?' asked Frank, kindly.

'My brother,' replied the maiden, 'has been deceived by the letter which you wrote for me, into the belief that I could write; he, therefore, imagines that I am different from what I really am. I must not continue this false idea of myself; and it troubles me to have to tell him the truth.'

'But why need anything be said on the subject? I can write your letters for you, and he need know nothing of it.'

The calm, thoughtful expression of Fanny's countenance instantly changed, and looking Frank steadily in the face with something like offended dignity in her manner, she answered,

'I never wilfully deceived any one, sir; much less would I deceive my brother.'

'Admirable girl!' Frank mentally ejaculated, as he gazed upon her innocent face, now lit up with the impulse of truth roused in opposition to a false principle as it had been presented as a rule of action. 'How far superior art thou to the courtly dames who despise such truth of character as thine, as much as they despise thy humble birth and lowly condition.'

There was now a pause of many moments, during which Fanny stood near to the young man, her eyes cast upon the floor. At length he said, looking up into her face,

'Fanny, a thought occurs to me, which may relieve you from your present embarrassment. Say nothing to your brother, now, of your deficiency, but learn to write, and when you can write well, then tell him the whole story frankly!'

'There is no one to teach me, sir, and how can I learn?'

'Do you wish to learn?'

'O Yes! I have long wished to learn.'

'Are you willing to try?'

'Yes!'

'Then, if you will accept my services, I will be your teacher.'

Fanny looked at him with a bewildered air, not apprehending, on the instant, his whole meaning.

'Will you not let me teach you to write, Fanny?' he said, after the pause of a few moments.

'I wish to learn very much; but I cannot come here often; and besides, it would be giving you too much trouble.'

'O, the trouble will be nothing. To me it will be only pleasant recreation; and besides, I shall have the delight springing from the performance of a good action.'

'It would take me a long time to learn,' urged the maiden, 'and before my task was half accomplished my brother would probably be here, and then he would be sadly disappointed in me, and, I fear, cease to love me as much as he would were he to find me innocent in all my ignorance and deficiency.'

'When the affection is in anything, we soon come to perform it well. Your eager desire to learn to write, will do more for you than you dream of. Come, let me give you your first lesson now.'

Fanny hesitated a moment, and then, as directed, seated herself in Frank's chair at the table while he stood, writing master like, and commenced instructing his fair pupil.—He found that she already knew how to make all the letters, rudely enough it is true. And as she could read well, manuscript as well as letter press, there was nothing to do but to teach her to form the letters after correct models, and then to unite them skillfully. The first lesson occupied an hour, at the end of which time even Fanny was surprised and delighted at her own improvement. Her heart was in it, and where that is the case there is little difficulty in learning to do anything.

'Well, what do you think of that?' asked her teacher, as he held up her last trial at writing a whole sentence.

'I can hardly believe it,' she replied.

'You will learn fast enough, and in six weeks will be able to write your brother anything you please.'

'Do you think so?' Fanny said, looking the young man earnestly in the face.

'Do I *think* so, Fanny? Yes, I *know* so!'

'I am afraid that it will be asking too much, and yet my brother's letter is not answered,' the maiden said in a hesitating tone.

'True, true, Fanny! Come here to-morrow at this time, and the letter will be ready for you, and then you can take another lesson in writing.'

With a grateful inclination of the body, Fanny Lincoln withdrew, and left Frank Beverly in a somewhat mystified state of perception as to his own true internal thoughts and feelings.

'She is a sweet girl,' he said musingly: 'and would grace, with a little education, a far higher circle in society than that in which she now moves. Indeed, as she now is, I would not give her for a dozen of the gilded, artificial women whom it has been my lot to meet in society.'

[Conclusion next week.]

DARING EXPLOIT.

Two soldiers from amongst the Egyptian troops in Beyrout deserted to the Hastings line-of-battle ship, which, with the Edinburgh, was lying before the town. These men stated that a train had been connected with a large quantity of powder (about 200 barrels) in the sea-fort, and professed themselves so well acquainted with the circumstances as even to assist, if necessary, in cutting it off. An attempt to that effect, therefore, was at once determined, in order to frustrate the design of the enemy, whatever it might be. The motives of the Egyptians, in wishing to destroy such a large quantity of powder, are difficult to conjecture. It must either have been from fear that the powder would otherwise ultimately fall into the possession of the allies (no easy article with them, however!) or in the event of an attack being made upon the fort, which was to be expected, they might be enabled signally to effect its destruction and that of the attackers. This explanation is no less difficult than that of the design of their opponents in attempting to thwart the project. As regards the latter, one might almost suppose that extreme danger was the principal recommendation, combined with a desire of teaching the adversary that if he determined one thing, they would determine another. If he wished to destroy his own ammunition they would do it (for the destruction of the powder was determined even after the mine should be cut off) or, failing in the former, if he wished to explode a magazine under them, perhaps that day week, they would at least so far inconvenience him as to compel him to do it at the present moment. But to proceedings. Commander Worth and Lieutenant Schomberg started with three boats from the Hastings, and were further reinforced by two others, under Lieutenant Clarke and Hawker of the Edinburgh. The ships then opened fire, to engage the attention of the enemy. The Edinburgh's boats, with their guns in, lay off shore, covering Commander Worth's descent. The latter immediately landed under guidance of the deserters, when the train was readily found, and secured. Hardly had that manœuvre been effected, when the disconnected end was fired by the enemy. Breaking then into the fort, the party stowed away in the boats as many as possible of the powder-barrels, after which they commanded to throw the rest into the sea. The enemy, however, soon congregated in such numbers in the vicinity, that it became necessary to retire; which was effected in the most perfect order. In all, *thirty two* of the powder-cases were brought off, and about *eighty* destroyed. Three of the party were wounded, and one killed. Mr. Luscomb, a young gentleman of much promise, fell on that occasion.—*Hunter's Expedition to Syria.*

TAKING THE VEIL.—Yesterday morning a spectacle of very unfrequent occurrence in this country, took place at the Convent of "The Sisters of Mercy," situate near Hickman's Folly, Bermondsey.—The ceremony was for the initiation of two young ladies, one of whom had to receive the white veil, and the other the religious (or black) habit of the community. Before 11 o'clock, the hour appointed for the ceremony, the chapel attached to the convent was filled by a numerous congregation, the major portion of which consisted of ladies. As soon as the clock struck 11, the convent bell began to toll, which was the announcement of the entry of the procession into the chapel. The Very Rev. Dr. Griffiths, the titular bishop, who officiated, advanced to the altar, splendidly dressed in his sacerdotal robes: in his train were the Rev. Messrs. Fisk, Bowman, P. Butler, Harrahon, J. Coyle, Foley, Hearness, H. Leu, and an Arminian monk named Lazarien, together with a number of others of the Roman Catholic Clergy, &c., the choristers, bearers of incense, and others forming the procession. At a given signal the choir struck up the hymn to the Virgin "O Gloriosa." The sisters of the convent then entered in procession in the usual costume of nuns, each holding a lighted taper in her hand. The two novices, Miss Baxter and Miss Kellett, who are both young ladies of considerable fortunes, followed in order, led by the superioress, assisted by two of the sisters, (one of whom was Miss Agnew, niece of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart.: and the other Lady Barbara Eyre, daughter of the Earl of Newburgh. The religious names the latter ladies bear are sisters Mary and Clara.) The novices, Miss Baxter and Miss Kellett, were both elegantly dressed in white embroidered muslin, wearing chaplets of white roses as head dress, and each held a lighted wax taper in her right hand.—After they approached the altar, an exhortation was delivered by the Bishop, from St. Matthew, c. xix, v. 29:—"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." After the exhortation, the Bishop severally questioned them as to their own free will in taking the holy habit of religion, to which having assented, the novices retired to put off their secular dress, and shortly returned in the habits of the nuns. On returning, the hymn "Veni Creator" was sung by the choir, during which the two novices lay extended flat on their faces before the steps of the altar, where they remained in a motionless posture until the conclusion of the ceremony, when, after being assisted to rise, they each kissed the other sisters, and the procession left the chapel in the same order in which they entered and returned to the convent. During the delivery of a very affecting discourse by the titular bishop on their retirement from the world, the novices showed no signs of agitation; nor did their countenances betray any symptoms of reluctance, but, on the contrary, appeared to be lightened up with an expression of enthusiastic feeling.—*London Times.*

CURE FOR NERVOUS EXCITEMENT.—A friend once told me that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harrassed by the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if in the course of the day, any occasion led him to his bed-chamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless hours he had passed upon it. In this case it was recommended to him to endeavour, when he lay down at night, to fix his thoughts on something at the same time vast and simple—such as the wide expanse of the ocean, or the cloudless vault of heaven, that the little hurried and disturbing images that flitted before his mind might be charmed away, or hushed to rest by the calming influence of one absorbing thought. Though not at all a religious man at the time, the advice suggested to his mind, that if an object at once vast and simple was to be selected, none could serve the purpose so well as that of God. He resolved then to make the trial, and to think of Him.—The result exceeded his most sanguine hopes; in thinking of God, he fell asleep, night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became delightful; so much so, that he used to long for the usual hour of retiring, that he might fall asleep, as he termed it, in God.—What began as a mere physical operation, grew by imperceptible degrees, into a gracious influence. The same God who was his repose at night, was in all his thoughts by day. And at the same time this person spoke to me, God, as revealed in the Gospel of his son, "was all his salvation," so inscrutable are the ways by which God can "fetch home again his banished."—*Rev. Henry Woodward.*

Recipe for making Water and Fire Proof Roofs of Houses, Siding and all kinds of outside rough work.

To five gallons of water, add five quarts of rock (or common) salt, boil and skim, then take 6 quarts of unslacked lime, slack and soft it, put it into the hot brine, also 1lb. alum, ½lb. copperas ½lb. Pearl ash, the last to be added gradually, then add four quarts of fine sand or wood ashes, mix well and apply the composition hot with a painter's brush, having previously well cleaned the roof or siding to which it is to be applied: any colouring matter may be used to give it the shade required; two coats are sufficient. It is lasting as slate and proof against fire or water.

CLERICAL WIT.—Watty Morrison, a Scotch Clergyman, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occasion, a young officer scoffed at the idea of its requiring so much study to prepare a sermon as ministers usually pretended, and offered a bet, that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without the least preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The boasting officer was little inclined to employ his eloquence on that text; and the humorous Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scoffer. On another occasion, Mr. Morrison entreated an officer at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow who was sent to the halberds. The officer offered to grant him his request, if he would, in return, grant him the first favor he should ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this; and the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The Clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.—Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church." "Certainly," said the Major, "I expect all the ceremony." "Well then, Major, I begin by the usual question—you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the crowd as the officer threw the candidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh upon the infidel who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

THE GOUT.—There is probably no disease which has led to so much learned disquisition, from the time of Hippocrates to the present day. By some persons I may be censured for temerity; but having looked at the complaint for many years, uninfluenced by theories and speculations—having narrowly watched its visitations, progress, and end, in the personal sufferings of my own father—unswayed by reasonings on a wrong basis, wherein effects are treated as causes, and causes as effects—I have never been able to separate from my conviction the simple fact, that gout, under all its forms, is essentially the same thing, and invariably accompanied with a disordered state of the digestive organs. It is so far constitutional that its attacks are always favoured by a certain condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach, original or induced. All its premonitory symptoms are those of indigestion; and, however mild or aggravated, however various and multitudinous, incipient or confirmed, they still resolve themselves into one principle of action—the inflammatory: into one chief seat—the stomach; but they may differ in the manner in which they are developed as much as the faces of those differ in whom the disease is found. It is hopeless, and one might almost say useless, to attempt any other definition; and the success of the treatment founded upon this view will of itself amply bear out the position we have taken.—(From a Dissertation on the Gout, in Mr. Frankum's *Discourse on the Enlarged and Pendulous Stomach.*)

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.—The eye of the common house fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with 8,000 hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex—all acting as so many cornea—8,000 included within the space no larger than the head of a pin!—all hexagonal—all of the best possible form, to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief, if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of such men as Lewenhoeck, and others equally eminent.

A SOLDIER'S SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.—The prevalent here now paid us a visit. First my interpreter, then Domingo, and a renegade servant whom I had taken, were attacked by it, and lastly it came to my turn. However, I fully determined to make it countermarch as speedily as possible; and having no calomel at hand, I broke a looking glass and swallowed the whole of the quicksilver on the back. When the shivering fit came on, I took a glass of saltpetre; continuing the saltpetre for three or four days, and eating nothing. I *starved* it out. It however returned at intervals for near a month, but never lasted above a day; as, when I felt the chill which precedes it, I always had recourse to the saltpetre.—*Colonel Scott's Travels in Morocco.*

AN EFFECTUAL PREVENTIVE.—There exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during Divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale-house during Divine service on Sunday, or other holyday, may legally depart without paying."

EARLY RISING.—"Is your master up," asked an early visitor of the Marquis of Blandford's valet.—"Yes, sir," rejoined the valet with great innocence, "the butler and I carried him up about 3 o'clock."

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—"Why it's good to get drunk once in a while," said a rummer, "for it cleans a fellow out." "That's a fact, it does," replied a Washingtonian, "it cleans him out of house, home, money and friends." The rummer bolted.

WE'RE GOING THERE.—Young Temperance ladies at the north, now kiss young gentlemen's lips to see whether they have been tasting toddy. They do this of course from the very purest of motives.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A friend of ours lately kissed his wife's maid, and did'nt discover his error till the girl cried out "mistress is a coming."

THE WICKED WON'T PROSPER.—Samuel Ross, of Geneva, Wisconsin, who did'nt pay for his paper when he left for the East, is now in the Kingston, (U. C.) Penitentiary.—*B. S. Dem.*

I'll be with you in a *crack*, as the hailstone said to the skylight.

Do you run fast? Not exactly; but we've an old water butt that does uncommon.