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The rosy light of eve had faded into the dark rich blue of midnight, when Madeline's Clair parted from her lover, and yet their meeting was to be but short, for to-morrow's dawn was to rise on their bridal day. Many a vision of happiness glowing in the purple light of love spread its fairy vistas before their imagination, but alas! for human foresight—that hour was their last of joy for many a weary day.

Madeline St. Clair was an orphan, her parents died when she could do little more than help their names—she had no living relations and Father Aubaine, the good priest of Chaumont, took the friendless girl to his home and adopted her as his own; every village loved and took the little orphan, and the welfare of "*notre petite Madeline*," or La Mademoiselle of Chaumont, was dear to them as if it had been their own.

the welfare of "notre petite Madeline," or La
Ligione of Chamois, was dear to them as

“a pretty,” for she was now fifteen; the French girl of fifteen is the same being as the English one of twenty. She had long been deep-

and fondly in love and loved with all the
 the fervent affection and holy truth which allows
 the bright dream of early youth. Alphonse
 de Perri, who had won the heart of Madeline,
 as a young peasant of the village. Alphonse
 possessed little of this world's wealth—for
 the labour of his hands was all his widow
 mother had to look forward to for the support
 of her declining years; but nature had been
 lavish in her gifts to him, his person was per-
 fect in manly beauty, and his head and heart
 swayed with feeling and sensibility far be-
 yond his sphere. A noble intellect watched
 Madeline and Alphonse's progress, and found,
 in their "bridal" days, a new regard to
 "a jour de fête" in the village
 about a month previous to the wedding
 day, the Count de Chamont, the owner of
 the estate of Chamont, had arrived at his
 "chateau," with his young bride. During
 the best period of the revolution, the
 Count was too young to be minded and his
 estates were untouched. Since his marriage
 had mingled in the war he had not
 spent his time in all the gay frivolities of
 the capital, but he became most accom-
 plished "toute" of the age; yet his vic-
 es were more the result of circumstances than
 of any natural depravity, for the Count truly
 possessed a warm and generous heart, and a
 noble spirit far removed above the actions be-
 coming to glory in. Early thrown on the
 world without restraint or a judicious adviser,
 with abundant wealth, and without sufficient
 strength of mind to withstand temptation

fell into the whirlpool of dissipation and life of excitement led him deeper into the giddy stream till he saw Rosalie St. Aubin, and then the hidden gleams of virtue began to draw on his heart—his love for her was a vision from another world—it was all goodness and truth, such as he had never before experienced in his love for woman, it took more of idolatry than of human passion. The gallant Count de Clairville was not likely to be an unsuccessful suitor, and his gentle Rosalie trembled as she gave her heart where she had already placed her heart. The ready wit of the Count, the grace and beauty of Madeline attracted him, when she walked in the procession of the village came to welcome the young Countess—every art of flattery was tried to win her, but she was purity and dignity of unsuspicious innocence in Madeline that dominated the power of even the Count de Clairville; he had to give up his attempts when opportunity presented itself which gave him opportunity to marry her. The night before Madeline's bridal, a party of soldiers had arrived

in the village to collect conscripts for the army. The Count saw their commandant, and his request Alphonse de Berni was first on her list of those who were to be torn from their peaceful homes. Next morning she stood forth in brightness, being the usual steep of Chamois with all sorts of living gold, and the glittering dew-drops reflecting lustre in their fiery tints. The light breeze stirred a vapour haze from the hills behind it, as if it were a cloud incense floating to the sky, so richly was the air laden with perfume. The musk-rose, mingled its scents with the jasmine, and the same breath which waved the orange flower, sighed o'er the hoary nigamette and kissed the leaves of the delicate acacia. Early as it was, Madeline sat at her window in her bridal attire—it was simple, but suited well the immutable taste and grace of a French woman. A wreath of bright blinets, the bridal coronal of France, glistened with her dark tresses. She wore no diamonds, but her eyes would have dimmed their brilliance, and the richest textures of the looms of Genoa, could not have added to the graceful contour of her form or the exquisite loveliness of her face. Around her stood her young companions, glad with mirth and with the fier, light-fugh of the unbroken heart, and with the bounding footstep that at once seemed ready to glide into the mazes of the gay quadrille. Never in Madeline's short life had she felt so happy—never had she looked so beautiful.

Some hours passed away—the dewdrops were exhaled from the balmy flowers—the sun was rising high in the blue heavens, and the village yet smiled in his beams; but a change had fallen on some of its dwellers.—On the same spot where she had stood in the night of morn, lay the pale form of M. delme, a few of the m. ideas yet haggard by her, and in silent sorrow tried to recall her to sensibility; her head reclined on the bosom of the village priest as he wept over her like an infant. Alphonse had come to lead his bride to the altar, and on the very threshold of the sacred porch, the rude soldiers rushed between them and he was torn from her side. The conscription list was read—he pressed her once more wildly and hurriedly to his heart. A shriek of woe arose from the bystanders—Alphonse and four others of the village youths were borne away by the “gen. de armes,” and M. delme fainted in the arms of Father Aubois, but soon she recovered to a sense of her grievance. Some hope was given to the mother of Alphonse, that application to the Count de Claurien might procure the release of her son; but this hope, too, was un-fulfilled, and she died, she and M. delme admitted to the presence of the Count—when the fervid eloquence of hers told her husband and prayed him to procure the return of Alphonse, not to herself alone, but to his widowed mother, whose life was centered in her son. The Count heard her in silence, and when she had finished, said he would grant her request, but on certain conditions. He well knew that no interest could obtain the release of a conscript from the army of government, but to say so, suited him not.

Madeline fully enquired what these cousins were. The Count took her hand, and few low words were breathed in her ear—as if that the sinless heart should ever have brightness dimmed by a knowledge of the world's dark business. The words she had said transfixed her to the earth, and in spite she stood with "eyes upraised and lips set like monument of Grecian art;" then, calling her thought, she fled from the room, taking the arm of the old woman hurriedly from the *chaise*, and, regardless of her repeated enquiries, she spoke not till reached home, and then her tears quivering in hopeless sorrow told too truly how her vision had sped.

The Count de Clairville, in whom the transitions from vice to virtue were sudden, regretted the reality of his conduct—his consequent sin against him, for the misery he had caused. The horror-stricken look of Madeline drew more for his reformation than his love for the fair Rosalie, or all the precepts which the sage has taught, and he inwardly strove to make a speedy reparation for his sins towards her. Such were his thoughts, when a deep sigh sounded through the apartment, he raised the curtain of a recessed window, and on the crimson couch in the punishment by the Countess Rosalie. Fixed death-like were the features of her face; he heard the words the Count had spoken to her life, and they chilled the warm blood of young heart. The golden age, which he had raised on the air of her soul, was led to pieces by their sound, and life was darkened to her forever.

Was this ere she revived from that deep sleep, and when she did, the rose of health faded from her cheek, and her dark eyes gazed out as it was wont. She spoke not for fear caused it to be so, but said it was *as if* from the calm blue like of Chamonix, since she loved so much. The Count saw too well the cause, and strove with reason, he hurried her away and returned to the bright summer passed, and no more was heard of the consort of Chamonix.

father Aubrey was dead, and when the autumn rains were falling, Madame, watching the death-bed of the mother of Alphonse, died, and the day of her burial a soldier, passing the village, spread a rumour that Alphonse the Hermit had been wounded in battle, and was now in Paris. Madame's fancy instantly painted him on the couch of sickness, with a wish to cheer his hour of pain or wipe the drops from his aching brow. Her own was immediately made up to haste to him, and immediately let her set out. The seventh day she reached the longed-for wilderness of Paris; care-worn and weary with her toilsome journey, she mingled with the mighty throng which filled the spacious streets. She had come to direct or guide her where to find Alphonse, and towards evening, fatigued in body and bewildered in mind, she leaned against the stooped pedestal of a statue in one of the squares for support, when her attention was attracted by the passing of a splendid carriage drawn by six magnificent horses. Among the velvet cushions reclined a lady of beautiful and interesting appearance. A young officer of the French army rode slowly by her side; his right arm was supported in a sling, the other which held the reins of his gentle Arabian, rested on the side of her chariot, and the small white hand of the lady was laid upon it. She was listening with earnest attention to his conversation, and a sweet smile played round her lovely mouth. As they passed, the gentleman raised his head, and the dark expressive eyes of Alphonse de Berri met her wondering gaze—but he saw her not, and again he turned to the fair occupant of the carriage.

"They move on unknowing of the aching eyes which followed them, and soon were lost among the lofty domes and stately dwellings of the city. So soon as her life had been, many who had fallen to the lot of Madeline, but now she felt that " grief beyond all other trials when late first leaves the young heart desolate, without that only tie, for which it loved to live or feared to die." Alphonse was dead, and nothing now remained for the forsaken orphan but to seek a refuge in the grave.

The night came on, and she was driven forth, and she stood by the pillar; frightened, she fled from them, and wondered she knew not whither, till she paused before a new erected on the banks of the Seine the cold marble in full calm on the polished marble of its walls as it stood bright and pure among the dark pines. Madeline, accustomed to the simplicity of her native clime, laid her hand upon the door—by the chance it had been left unfastened, and opened to her touch. She entered and stood there its sacred precincts; long wailed upon her yet burning on the altar, over which she saw a splendid painting by Corrègio, repre-

chancel the legend of St. Rosalie, to whom the chapel was dedicated. The warm light of the seraphic features of the Saint, to increase again peace of the painter had imparted a look of such holy peace and purification, that no thought of earth could find in them was *o g z d* on the calm blue of the heaven-raised eyes and blessed smile which reached the lips of the imaged face. Madeline approached the altar and bowed her knee in prayer; she arose, and an object which before she had not observed, attracted her attention. Before her stood a corpse, exhibiting the features of a woman. Madeline did not tremble, yet she could not help shivering at being alone in the silent chamber of death; and what had she to fear. *o* The nearest blessing would have been to have a forest from the world like those around it.

So something flashed across her mind at the face of the dead she not unknown to her; she stood nearer—it was the Countess Clairville, who died three days before, and had been laid before the shrine of her saint before the dark portals of the tomb were to close upon her forever. Madeline as she gazed on the calm, placid face, and fair cheek, from which the finger was laid not yet effaced the lines where youth lingered. Long, long did she look at the still repose of the corpse, when the door opened behind the chapel told the hour of midnight. She started, and a feeling of shiver over her; a glow would sigh through the statue, and the light of the tapers flickered in the blast. She looked again at the corpse, and then she hurried to see the shrouded raised from the bier, and the eyes fixed on hers. So very the figure rose, and blood-clashed hands before her. Madeline did not move—not a deep sigh—the breast of the Countess, and a pulse of blood of sea still from her eyes. The

which bound Madeline was broken—she saw she stood not before the dead, but before a living woman, whose intense interest in her had sunk on the steps of the altar—her delicate look, the covering from her face, and wrapped it around her—a few moments which remained in a cup of life, having been used at the funeral—her face given her; she felt much revived, and on Madeline's arm she hastened to the chapel and proceeded to her house, and was the first saint. The coffin reflected and the door was opened by an angel—

er : at the sight of his lady, he fell with a cry even to the ground,—they passed on, and the Countess led the way to her own apartments, where Madame left her and went to search of her husband. But early at the Count de Guiseville repented of his conduct, while he watched by the sleeping form of Rosine. She had become convinced of his amendment and for his sake again wished to live. Her health began to recover, when suddenly at the time when hope was brightest she apparently died. The Count had entailed his wealth on different channels, and Madame he had assigned a suitable dowry, and he was anxious for his daughter he had done so, intending himself to retire to a monastery and there end his days. The mortuaries as to witness the interment of the Countess, and he was on his way to the chapel to look once more on that loved face when Madame met him. He followed her, and Rosine—the living Rosalie, was pre-ent once more to be born.

the countess had always been subject to fainting fits and had been thought dead when, laboring under suspended action of the involuntary muscles, "Hélène Meline's arrow not driven at her to seek a shelter in the lonely chapel, the death might have been real, but 'till a fadl' cometh forth good."

Meline remained at the mission of the Count de Clerville, the cherished friend of her master and mistress. The gift which the Count intended he now presented to her,—the time was when her heart would have burned with delight at the thought of Alphonse sharing it with her, but now it lay unheeded before her. Some days after Madame was the same carriage and the horseman who came before had posted her stop at the entrance of the "Château de Clerville;" lightly Alphonse sprang from his horse—the carriage door opened, and the lady leaning in, her arm ascended the marble steps and entered,—"Où?" said M. Meline, "où?" "It is not to be spared me!" She turned from the window and wept bitterly; another instant passed—the door was opened, and Madame was clasped in the fond embraces of her own Alphonse. A few words explained—once in the field of battle a bomb fell at Alphonse's feet, another instant and the guilty spirit might have been quenched, but the soldier caught him from behind and dragged him to the earth; the fatal missile burst and contents sprang forth, bearing down them in their course—the Emperor was saluted, but his dearest had received a severe wound in the arm. The young soldier was Alphonse de Clerville; he was made a Colonel on the spot, present in the Tulleries to recover of his wound, when Joséphine herself became his nurse. She was the lady whom M. Meline had seen, and the tale Alphonse was telling, was the story of his love for her.

month after, the place of Versailles was
illuminated—music rang from the bal-
conies and the dance was held in the lofty
salon—on it was the bride-light of M. de
St. Clair, the Comte de Clairville gave
to the bride, Napoleon himself fastened
diamond bracelets on her graceful arm, and
the peasant maiden of Chamonix with her con-
fident lover, shone the brightest ornaments of
the royal court of the Empress Josephine.

POETRY.
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
BY CHAS. JEFFREYS.

ork! the joyous peal is mingling
With the cannon's welcome roar,
Hush! the sounds of myriad voices
Echo on from shore to shore.
Now the Mather's heart is bounding
Now the Mather's joy we share.
How fond the hopes—the wishes
Millions breathe for England's heir

ir to Briton's proud dominions,
 If the Throne should e'er be thine,
 On thy Mother's best example—
 Learn what graces brightest shine—
 Be her, seek to sway the millions—
 Love alone commands the Free—
 Shall thou be best in ruling,
 So shall we be best in thee.

Slave Ship Selma destroyed by Fire.—
Lawlin of the Atlanta, arrived last evening from Sierra Leone, reports that on the night the whale ship Selma was burned near Cape d' Verd Islands. The capt in crew had arrived at Sierra Leone, and to take passage in the brig Wasp, bound for New York. — *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

St. Louis Argus of Nov. 30th says:—
 A passenger in the Cal. Wood we received
 a copy of the Jeffersonian of Saturday the
 11th of Nov. containing an account of the

ire, of the State Prison. The loss to the State will amount to about \$8,000—to individuals about \$10,000.

Defalcation.—A Mr. Sinclair, one of the officers of the Mechanics Banking Association, of New York, was discovered on Friday last to be a defaulter to the institution to the amount of \$1,633 or \$1,733 by overdrafts of his account, and was dismissed from the bank, and the other banks notified of the act.

It is now said that the losses of the Boston Banks, by the practice of burning checks, and which were not, will amount to nearly \$10,000. The suffering Banks are the Suffolk; Boston, Eagle, Globe and Traders. Mr. T. further said that the checks of George M. Foster, late of W. Uman, to the amount of more than \$30,000, are among the worthless papers. — A. A. N. N.

Lordie's Slings—The P-risian stay, advertised in Miss C-lder in this d-y's p-per, is a very curious curiosity of its kind, as far as cause is concerned. It is not practically acquainted with the wearing of such an article, and is highly worthy of the patronage of the ladies. Unlike the ordinary stays, there are no seams in the P-risian manufacture, no imitations of pieces to approximate to the varying shapes of the wearer's; but being formed of one piece and so constructed as to fit close, as well as to expand when required, is a comfort to the body must be far superior to those in ordinary use. It will well reward a visit to Miss C-lder's to inspect the variety, neatness, and excellent workmanship of that lady's stock. —*Glasgow Constitutional.*

Friction of the Skin.—If the authority of ancient men is requisite to induce that which man's sense ought to dictate, the opinion that distinguished member of the medical profession, W. Lawrence, Esq. F. R. S., and the President of the College of Surgeons on Surgery, &c., at Bartholin's new hospital, will give is the weight. He says he has learned the subject, out of the following lecture, 134:—"Persons who keep horses apply means to rub and comb their two or three times a day, and take a little in working of the good government of their count; but as persons are prejudiced in regard to their backs. When we consider the extensive office of this capillary network, and the important office it performs to the animal body, we may easily perceive how an impairment of its functions must produce a corresponding effect upon the whole body.— for the purpose of restoring the function of the skin, our means have been employed, as stated with the hand, the use of the flesh-brush, &c.; but there has been a more recent production. I mean gleses made of horse hair, which by their action on the surface of the skin, increases the flow of blood in the capillaries, and thus equalising the general circulation, and thereby facilitating the removal of all morbid matter, the result of inflammation, increases the secretory and excretory powers, invigorates the appetite, and in persons of a scrofulous nature, performs the part of exercise. In short, I think them of great benefit to those afflicted by keeping the skin in a healthy, and of essential service in promoting health in invalids."

NEW SERIES,
IMPROVEMENT AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE
ALBION.

In the first publication in the ensuing year, shall not only much improve the general contents of this paper, but enlarge it to the extent of four additional pages or twelve columns. This will at once afford us the opportunity to take a much wider range in the subjects on which we generally treat, and likewise enable us to carry into effect certain improvements. We trust that this new edition of the *Albion* worthy the support it renders so extensively, will be duly appreciated. The additional quantity of matter composed, together with the enlargement of the paper, at various times taken place heretofore, will make the *Albion* nearly double the size of earlier numbers. And this we are willing to do, in order to give our readers the opportunity to obtain the most complete and valuable paper for the money.

in the plan of the new set of de-
signs, as to increase the quantities in those
which exist; thus whilst we add to the num-
ber of elegant knifcs, we extend our supply
of plain ones, increase the duties of the
Parliamentary debate, and our selection of what
virtues and vices, we shall also find a
place to reports of useful public lectures,
sermons on arts and sciences, and the pro-
cesses of industry; consider it as our
policy, &c., so as to make the paper, as
far as may be, a mirror of the age, and to com-
municate to our readers a kind of epitome of the
in which we live. It is our wish fully
to oppose with the Age, and not to allow
of its great enemies to oppose us; we
therefore select by the opportunity of
in our exertions for permanent im-

and beautiful pair of type, and the work
is executed with its usual excellence in

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