SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1850.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 14. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 20.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Devober & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

[The time of high water here given is for P. M.]

June		R.	Sun. s	Moon s	H	W.
1	Saturday,	4	21 7	35 —	—	2 57
2	Sunday	4	20 7	35 6	23	3 56
3	Monday,	4	20 7	36 0	51	5 6
4	Tuesday,	4	19 7	37 1	18	6 23
5	Wednesday,	4	19 7	37 1	45	7 29
6	Thursday,	4	18 7	38 2	13	8 19
7	Friday.	4	18 7	39 2	43	9 7

Last Quarter 3d day, 11h. 23m. after.

MINERVA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

84, King William street, Mansion house, London

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National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

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Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £51,000 sterling.

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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.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MULLISH, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by persevering in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

Time should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Bilious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil.
Dysentery	Stone an Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Douloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever
Headache,	cause, &c., &c.

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King St., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Bellefeile.

In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box

Received from Liverpool per Barque *Harriott*:—

10 TONS Boiler Plate IRON, assd sizes.
For sale by WM. CARVILL,

TRIAL FOR PRINTING THE BIBLE.

Florence, Jan. 21, 1850.—Last spring one of the first measures adopted by the Tuscan Government, just after its restoration by the aid of Austria was to stop the sale of the Holy Scriptures. A numerous edition of the New Testament, in Martin's version, which is a Catholic one, be it remembered, had issued from the presses of Benelli, under the direction of Captain Packenham, R. N. The clergy managed to bring about the seizure and sequestration of this edition. Captain Packenham desired that the affair should be before the tribunals and you shall now see the decision that he gives at Florence:—

"On Saturday, Jan. 19, the proceedings took place. The principal accusation was laid against Benelli, who was defended by the advocate, Mari. Captain Packenham and the binder of the first edition of 6,000 copies of Martin's, were heard as witnesses. The captain explained that, at the moment when incendiary writings were sold at Florence under the Provincial Government, it appeared to him that he should confer a benefit on Italy by causing the word of our Lord Jesus Christ to be printed; that under the former Constitutional Government he had sold it in the streets and in shops; that he had obtained many cases of Bibles from England, which had been regularly passed through the Custom-house on payment of duty; and that having submitted to all the formalities, he considered himself authorised to print the New Testament. He added that, after the counter-revolution, he presented himself to the Commission of the Government, and through it, to Sig. Capponi to whom he explained what he had undertaken, and asked him if he might still proceed. Sig. Capponi assured him that the Commission would not throw any difficulty in his way, and that he did not think the priests would interrupt the publication. Then, thinking that he should not recognise in Tuscany, any other Government than that of the Grand Duke, whom he was in no danger of displeasing, and that he had nothing to do with the priests, he prosecuted his enterprise.

"The Attorney-General said, the law on the liberty of the press made an exception as regards work treating *ex-professo* on religion, which must be admitted to censorship; that the titularies who compose the tribunal of censure for ecclesiastical works are nominated by the law; and that application, therefore, should have been made to them for authority to print. As that was not done, he proceeded to say, that the penalty prescribed by law ought to be enforced—a fine, of from fifty to one hundred and fifty scudi. He concluded by demanding that Benelli should be condemned to pay one hundred scudi, with expenses, and the loss of the copies consecrated.

"The advocated, Mari, made a defence that drew forth loud applause from the numerous auditory. 'The law of the press, said he, has a rule and an exception. The accuser demands the rule, and the accused the exception. He demands the exception so much the more confidently because the Bible *is not a book of man, but is the word of God; it does not treat ex-professo of religion*, because it is in itself this very religion. Therefore the legislator cannot subject it to a censorship, and no power sure could essay to modify it without falling into heresy. Besides, the law which established the Roman religion as the religion of the State, and which only tolerates two other forms of established worship, having granted to all Tuscans, of whatever religion all civil and military rights, cannot withhold the Bible from those Tuscans who profess the religion of the Bible; and, in order that they may possess the word of God, they must necessarily have the right of printing it. He argued that public right and jurisprudence do not suffer that conscience should be violated, and that, therefore, without exception of party or of sect, liberty of worship, and liberty of the press, were virtually granted by the law itself.' The sentence was then announced. Benelli is fined fifty scudi, and the confiscation of the Bible is exacted. Every one is persuaded that this decision has been dictated from a higher source, through the influence of the priests!"

Captain Packenham, on the very day of the trial, received an order to appear before a delegate of police. He was accused of having distributed tracts in the hospital. The captain answered that those tracts were printed in Florence, and consequently, with the authority of the censors. "That matters nothing to us, (was the reply:) you wanted to make proselytes. Will you please sign this paper, to declare that you will leave Tuscany within ten days? If not, you will be put out immediately by force" Our friend refused to sign, and the next morning, accompanied by the English Minister, he waited on the Minister of the Interior to protest against this manner of proceeding.—Meanwhile, the English are addressing a petition to their Minister, an appeal to London, that it will be carried into Parliament.—*Christian Times.*

HUNGER AND ITS EFFECTS.—Hunger is a much more powerful enemy to man than watchfulness, and kills him much sooner. It may be considered as a disorder that food removes and would quickly be fatal, without its proper antidote. In fact, it is so terrible to man, that to avoid it he even encounters certain death; and, rather than endure its tortures, he changes them for immediate destruction. However, by what I have been told, it is much more dreadful in its approaches, than in its continuance; and the pains of a famishing wretch decrease, as his strength diminishes. In the beginning the desire of food is dreadful indeed, as we know by experience, for there are few who have not, in some degree, felt its approaches. But, after the first or second day, its tortures become less terrible, and a total insensibility at length comes kindly in to the poor wretches assistance. I have talked with the captain of the ship, who was one of six that endured it in its extremities; and who was the only person that had not lost his senses, when they received accidental relief. He assured me, his pains at first were so great, that he was often tempted to eat a part of one of the men who died; and which the rest of the crew actually for some time lived upon; he said that during the continuance of his proxysms, he found his pains insupportable; and was desirous, at one time, of anticipating that death which he thought inevitable; but his pains, he said, gradually decreased, after the sixth day, (for they had water in the ship which kept them alive so long,) and then he was in a state rather of languor than desire; nor did he much wish for food, except when he saw others eating; and that for a while revived his appetite, though with diminished importunity. The latter part of the time, when his health was almost destroyed, a thousand strange images rose upon his mind, and every one of his senses began to bring him wrong information. The most fragrant perfumes appeared to him to have a fetid smell; and everything he looked at took a greenish hue, and sometimes a yellow. When he was presented with food by the ship's company that took him and his men up, four of whom died shortly after, he could not help looking upon it with loathing instead of desire; and it was not till after four days, that his stomach was brought to its natural tone, when the violence of his appetite returned with a sort of canine eagerness.

Thus dreadful are the effects of hunger; and yet when we come to assign the cause that produces them, we find the subject involved in doubt and intricacy. This longing eagerness, no doubt given for a very obvious purpose; that of replenishing the body, wasted by fatigue and perspiration.—Were not men stimulated by such a pressing monitor, they might be apt to pursue other amusements with a perseverance beyond their power; and forget the usual hours of refreshment to those more tempting ones of pleasure. But hunger makes a demand that will not be refused; and, indeed, the generality of mankind seldom await the call.

Hunger has been supposed by some to arise from the rubbing of the coats of the stomach against each other, without having any intervening substance to prevent their painful attrition. Others have imagined that its juices, wanting their necessary supply, turned acrid, or, as some say, pungent; and thus fret its internal coats, so as to produce a train of the most uneasy sensations. Boerhaave, who established his reputation in physic, by uniting the conjectures of all those that preceded him, ascribes hunger to the united effect of both these causes; and asserts, that the pungency of the gastric juices and the attrition of its coats against each other, cause those pains, which nothing but food can remove. These juices continuing still to be separated in the stomach, and every moment becoming more acrid, mixed with the blood, and infect the circulation; the circulation being thus contaminated, becomes weaker, and more contracted; and the whole nervous frame sympathizing, a hectic fever, and sometimes madness, is produced; in which state the faint wretch expires. In this manner, the man who dies of hunger may be said to be poisoned by the juices of his own body; and is destroyed less by the want of nourishment, than by the vitiated quantities of that which he had already taken.

HOW TO MAKE A SALAMANDER.—In *Silliman's American Journal of Science* is an interesting article on the possibility of handling melted metals. We extract an account of the experiments of Boutigny: "I divided or cut with my hank a jet of melted metal of five or six centimetres which escaped the tap; then I immediately plunged the other hand into a pot filled with incandescent metal which was frightful to look at. I involuntarily shuddered. Both hands came out of the ordeal victorious. And now, if anything astonishes me, it is that such experiments are not quite common. I shall of course be asked what precautions are necessary to preserve oneself from the disorganising action of the incandescent matter? I answer, none, only to have no fear, to make the experiment with confidence, to pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, over the metal in full fusion, otherwise if the experiment were performed with fear, or with too great rapidity, the repulsive force which exists in incandescent bodies might be overcome, and thus the contact with the skin be effected, which would undoubtedly remain in a state easy to understand. To form a conception of the danger there would be in passing the hand too rapidly into the metal in fusion, it will suffice to recollect that the resistence is proportionate to the square of the velocity, and in so compact a fluid as liquid iron the resistance increases certainly in a higher ratio.—The experiment succeeds especially when the skin is humid; and the involuntary dread which one feels at facing these masses of fire almost always puts the body into that state of moisture so necessary to success; but, by taking some precautions, one becomes veritably invulnerable. The following is what has succeeded best with me:—I rub my hands with soap, so as to give them a polished surface; then at the moment of making the experiment, I dip my hand into a cold solution of salamoniac saturated with sulphurous acid, or simply into water containing some salamoniac, and, in default of that, into fresh water."

MR. COBDEN ON THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.—In the course of a speech by Mr. Cobden, at a meeting of the borough of Marylebone, on Thursday, in favour of this exhibition, he made some remarks upon the difficulties which the commissioners had to contend with in carrying out this great exhibition, and urged, in forcible terms, the necessity for strenuous co-operation and liberal donations from all parties. He then referred to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, speaking of him, not as a prince, but as a working man. He would not flatter any one, but he hesitated not to say that his royal highness had done three times as much as any other man in the promotion of this object, whilst from this time until next year he would have more mental anxiety, daily labour, and perplexing toil than any working man. He would rather be Prince Albert, associated with this exhibition, than the Prince Eugene or Marlborough of history associated with the battle fields of victory.

EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE.—Considerable sensation has been caused in East Lothian by one of the Marquis of Dalhousie's principal tenants having sold off his live stock, and disappeared, leaving his noble landlord minus £1,000 in rent. On the agent hearing the report, he instantly hurried to the farm and on upbraiding the tenants wife with her husband's conduct, she replied. "*It was muckle better for the laird, who voted for free trade to lose his rent than for my guide man to lose his capital.*" This is a system of *deep draining* hitherto unknown in this celebrated agricultural country; but no one knows what is to be the end for wheat last Friday only averaged 33s. 7d in Haddington market.

THE PREACHER'S VOICE.—Many speak of preachers whether they are musical or not. I have heard some start on C, three sharps, or B flat, and chant the sermon, the audience asleep, and the preacher only awake. Yet some of the most eloquent preachers have had very unmusical voices, as Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, and others, Dr. M'Neile, if you hear him speak and not read, has a magnificent voice; but for depth, compass, power richness, and delicacy of intonation, perhaps the grandest was Edward Irving's. My hair has almost stood on end on hearing him repeat the 137th Psalm in the old Scotch version; and a celebrated actor declared that the richest musical treat in London was to go and hear Edward Irving repeat the Lord's prayer.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

THE MARRIAGE BLUNDER

[CONCLUDED]

"At the time of which I am speaking, the prettiest maiden of Adayes was Teresa Paccard, the daughter of a Frenchman, who had taken a wife of Spanish extraction, and settled in the village. Teresa inherited much of the vivacity of our nation, and was likewise somewhat accomplished; for her father had made her learn a tolerable stock of phrases in his native language, and often took her to visit the families of the French planters; and the good Baltazar had taught her to read. At the age of sixteen she was an orphan, without fortune, and but for the hospitality of her neighbours, without a home. Not far from the village lived a young Frenchman, who had emigrated thither from the broad airy plains of Avoyelles, some hundred miles down the Red River, where he had followed the occupation of a herdsman. He had grown weary of watching the immense droves of cattle and horses belonging to others, and having collected a little money, emigrated to the parish of Natchitoches, bought a few acres, and established himself in the more dignified position of proprietor, with his old father, in a rude cabin swarming with a family of healthy brothers and sisters. Richard Lemoine, then in his twentieth year, was one of the handsomest men of the province, notwithstanding his leathern doublet and small clothes, the dress of the prairies. He was of Norman extraction, fair haired, blue-eyed, ruddy in spite of the climate, broad shouldered, large limbed, with a pair of heavy Teutonic wrists, of a free port and frank speech, and such a horseman as even in this country of fine horsemen is seldom seen. He saw Teresa—"

"And fell in love, of course," said I, interrupting my host.

"And fell in love of course," resumed he; "and Teresa was not averse to his addresses. They first agreed to be married, and then the young lady consulted Baltazar Polo.

"'Yes, my daughter,' said he, 'with all my heart. The young man is not rich, to be sure—and you are poor—but you are both industrious and virtuous—you love each other I suppose, and I ought not to prevent you from being happy.

"About the same time another courtship, not quite so tender, perhaps, but more prudent and well-considered, was going on between a couple of maturer age and more easy circumstances. You cannot have forgotten the thrifty-looking plantation I showed you this morning, and the neat mansion, with the two young sycamores before its door. There lived, at the period of my story, and there had lived for eighteen years before, Madame Labedoyere, the widow of a rich planter, childless and just on the very verge of forty. She was a countrywoman of yours, an Anglo-American lady, whom Labedoyere found in one of your Atlantic cities, poor, proud, and pretty, and transplanted to the banks of the Red River to bear rule over himself and his household, while he contented himself with ruling his field negroes. The honest man, I believe, found her a little more inclined to govern than he had expected; but after a short struggle for his independence, in which he discovered that her temper was best when she was suffered to take her own way, he submitted with that grace so characteristic of our nation, to what he could not remedy, endured the married state with becoming resignation, and showed himself a most obedient and exemplary husband. Ten years passed away in wedlock, at the end of which my friend Labedoyere regained his liberty by departing for another world, where I trust he received the reward of his patience. Eight years longer his lady dwelt in solitary widowhood, as the sole inheritor of Labedoyere's large estates; and the features of the demure maiden had settled into those of the imperious matron—a full square face, dark strong eyebrows, and steady bold black eyes, while her once sylph-like figure had rounded into a dignified and comfortable corpulency, and her light youthful step had been exchanged for the stately and swimming gait of a duchess.

"This lady had consented to receive the addresses of a rich old Frenchman, who lived two or three miles distant from her house, and still further from the spot where the young Richard Lemoine had established himself with his old parents, and their numerous progeny. Monsieur Du Lac was a little old gentleman, of sixty years of age, an inveterate hypochondriac, and the most fretful and irritable being imaginable, with a bilious withered face, an under lip projecting so as to be the most conspicuous feature of his countenance, and the corners of his mouth drawn down with a perpetual grimace of discontent. No subject could be more unpromising for a woman of the disposition of Madame Labedoyere; but she was weary with having nobody but servants to govern; besides, she was a lady of spirit, and felt herself moved by the noble ambition of taming so intractable a creature as Monsieur Du Lac. She therefore began to treat him with extreme civility and deference, inquired, with the tenderest interest, the state of his health, sent him prescriptions for his maladies, and good things from her well-stored pantry, and whenever they met accosted him with her mildest words and softest accents, and chastised the usual terrors of her eye into a calibe sleepiness and languor of look. The plan succeeded; the old gentleman's heart was taken by surprise; he reflected how invaluable would be the attentions, the skill, and the sympathy of so kind a friend and so accomplished a nurse as Madame Labedovere, in the midst of his increasing infirmities; he studied a few phrases of gallantry, and offered her his hand, which, after a proper exhibition of coyness, hesitation, and deliberation, on a step so important to the lady's happiness, was accepted.

"Thus matters were arranged between the mature and between the youthful lovers; they were to be married, and to be happy, and honest Baltazar Polo, the favourite of both young and old for leagues around was to perform the marriage ceremony. The courtship of both couples had been in autumn, and now the chilly and frosty month of January was over, and the rains of February had set in, flooding the roads and swelling the streams to such a degree that nobody could think of a wedding until finer weather. The weary rains of February passed away also, and the sun of March looked out in the heavens. March is a fine month in our climate, whatever it may be in yours, Mr. Herbert; it brings bright pleasant days, and soft airs—now and then it is true, a startling thunder-shower; but then such a magnificence of young vegetation, such a glory of flowers over all the woods and the earth! You have not yet seen the spring in Louisiana, Mr. Herbert, and I assure you it is a sight worth a year's residence in the country.

"March, as I told you, had set in; the planters began to intrust to the ground the seeds of cotton and maize; fire-flies were seen to twinkle in the evening, and the dog-wood to spread its large white blossoms, and the crimson tufts of the red bud to burst their winter sheaths, and the azalea and yellow jessamine, and a thousand other brilliant flowers, which you shall see if you stay with us till spring, flaunted by the borders of the streams, and filled the forests with intense fragrance; and the prairies were purple with their earliest blossoms. Spring is the season of new plans and new hopes—the time for men and birds to build new habitations, and marry—the time for those who are declining to the grave with sickness and old age, to form plans for long years to come. I myself, amidst the freshness and youthfulness of nature, and the elasticity of the air of this season, white as my hair is, sometimes forget that I am old, and almost think I shall live for ever. Mons. Du Lac grew tenderer as the sun mounted higher, the air blew softer, the fields looked greener; he became impatient for the marriage day, and entreated the widow to defer their mutual happiness no longer.

"'Ah, my dear madam!' said the withered old gentleman, in a quaking falsetto voice, 'let us gather the flowers of existance before they are faded—let us enjoy the spring of life!' It was impossible for the gentle widow to resist such ardent solicitations, and she consented that the nuptial rites should be delayed no longer.

"Nearly at the same time that this tender scene was passing, Richard Lemoine also, in phrase less select, but by no means less impassioned, pressed the lovely Teresa, and not in vain to a speedy union. But was it already near the close of the carnival, and but two or three days intervened before the commencement of Lent, that long melancholy fast, in which, for the space of forty days, the Catholic Church forbids the happy ceremony of marriage. I have often thought, that if the observances of our church had been regulated with a particular view to the climate of Louisiana, the fast of Lent would have been put a month or two earlier in the calender; but I am no divine, and do not presume to give my profane opinion upon this delicate and sacred subject. Neither did the four lovers; but it was agreed by them all that they could not possibly wait until Lent was over, and the only alternative was to be married before it began.

"It the mean time it seemed as if all the inhabitants of the parish of Natchitoches, who had the misfortune to be single, had formed the resolution of entering into the state of wedlock before the carnival ended. They came flocking in couples of various nations, ages, and complexions, to the church of Adayes, to be married by the good Baltazar Polo; and that year was long afterwards remembered in the parish of Natchitoches, under the name of *Pan des noces*, the year of weddings.

"'Do you know, Richard,' said Teresa to her lover, on his proposing that the wedding ceremony should take place the next day, 'do you know that Father Polo has promised, on the day after to-morrow, which is the last of the carnival, to begin at 4 o'clock in the morning, and to marry at the same mass all who shall present themselves at the church of Adayes? It is so awkward to be married with everybody staring at one!—but if we are married in company with a dozen others, they cannot laugh at us, you know. Let it therefore be the day after to-morrow, dear Richard, and as early in the morning as you please, for the earlier we go to the church the darker it will be, and I should like, of all things, to be married in the dark.' Richard could not but assent to so reasonable a proposal, and departed to make his little arrangements at home for the reception of his bride.

"It is somewhat remarkable that Madame Labedoyere, notwithstanding she was as little liable to the charge of excessive timidity and superfluous coyness as any of her sex, should also have insisted on being married on the morning of the last day of the carnival. Her gallant and venerable suitor contended most tenderly and perseveringly against this proposal, urging the propriety of their being united in broad day-light with the decorums and ceremonies proper to the occasion; but he was forced to yield the point at last, as the lady declared that unless the marriage took place at the time she proposed, it must be delayed until after Lent; and to this alternative Mons. Du Lac was too gallant and impatient a lover to agree. I believe that madame was sensible of the queer figure her withered, weak-legged, and sour-visaged Adonis would make, as principal in a marriage ceremony, and was willing he should escape observation among the crowd of bridegrooms, whom she expected the last day of the carnival would bring to the church of Adayes.

"At length the day arrived. At half-past three in the morning, the sexton threw open the doors of the little log church, and awoke the village with a most furious and discordant peal on the cracked bells. The good Baltazar Polo appeared at the appointed hour, and the building began to fill with the candidates for matrimony and their relatives. Couple came flocking in after couple. Here you might see by the light of lanterns, which the negroes stood holding at the door, a young fellow in a short cloak and broad brimmed palmetto hat and feathers, with a face in which were mingled the features of Spain with those of the Aborigines, walking with an indifferent and listless air, and supporting a young woman, whose slender and more placid, though not less dark countenance, was half covered by the *manto*, or thick Spanish veil, which, however, was not drawn so closely over her forehead as to hide the cluster of natural blossoms she had gathered that morning and placed there. There you might see a simpering fair one, with a complexion somewhat too rosy for our climate, and a wreath of artificial flowers in her hair, stepping briskly into the church on pointed toe, leaning on the arm of her betrothed, whose liveliness of look and air needed not the help of his cocked hat and powdered locks, and long-skirted coat of sky blue, to tell that he was a Frenchman. In others you might remark a whimsical blending of costume, and a perplexing amalgamation of the features of different races, that denoted their mixed origin. Nearly all came protected with ample clothing against the inclemency of the weather, which, lately mild and serene, had changed during the course of the night to cold and damp, with a strong wind, driving across the sky vast masses of vapour, of a shadowy and indistinct outline.—Fourteen couples at length took their place in the nave of the church, in two opposite rows, with a sufficient space between them for the priest to to pass in performing the marriage ceremony. Behind those rows stood the friends and relations of the parties, waiting for the moment when the rite should be concluded, to conduct the brides to the houses of the bridegrooms. The interior of the church was dimly lighted by two wax tapers that stood on the altar. A storm was evidently rising without, the sky seemed to grow darker every moment as the day advanced, the wind swept in gusts round the building, and rushed in gusts through the open door, waving the flame of the tapers to and fro. As the fluctuating light played over the walls, it showed on one side of the altar a picture of our Lady of Grief, *La Virgen de los Dolores*, the very caricature of sorrow, and on the other a representation of the holy St. Anthony