Moffat's
BLE LIFE PILLS
AND
NIX BITTERS.
NTS BETTER EVIDENCE!—
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ed:
y C. Hunt, New Windsor, Orange
—A dreadful tumour destroyed near-
his face, nose and jaw. Experien-
from the use of Life Medicines, and
e months was entirely cured. [Case
e wood engraving in a new pamphlet.]
Daulten, Aberdeen, Ohio—rheu-
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for Worms in children and found
n remedy.
Ames—cured of a most inveterate
yspepsia, and general debility.
Adams—Windsor, Ohio—rheuma-
er affections, and general nervous
en confined seven years—was raised
y taking one box of pills and a bottle
st extraordinary cure: she is now a
d robust woman; attested by her
l Adams.
. Badger, wife of Joseph Badger;
o above; result the same.
s. Purcell, sen'r. 84 years of age—
8 years with swellings in his legs,
red by taking 42 pills in 3 weeks.
Thomas, daughter of Eli Thomas;
nptoms of consumption; cured in
her sister cured of a severe attack of
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amin J. Tucker; severe case of Fe-
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orders, fits, headaches, weaknesses
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ly, and all kinds of hysteric com
adually removed by their use. In
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safe and powerful, and as a purifier
ey have not their equal in the world.
al particulars of the above medicines
Good Samaritan," a copy of which
he medicine; a copy can always be
e different Agents who have the me-
rman, and Spanish directions can be
plication at the office, 375 Broadway.
d letters will receive immediate at-
nd sold by William B. Moffat, 375
w-York. A liberal deduction made
urchase to sell again.
Life Medicines may also be had of
cipal druggists in every town thro'
l States and the Canadas. Ask for
Pills and Phenix Bitters; and be sure
ie of John Moffat's signature is upon
ch bottle of Bitters or box of Pills.
ng are the Agents for Moffat's *Life*
nix Bitters:—
ters & Tilley, Saint John; John
on; James F. Gale, Fredericton;
t, Norton; Baxter Smith, do.; Jus-
ampton; Wm. Pyewell, Kingston;
agle, Sussex; James Sproule, do.;
on, Dorchester; John H. Ryan, Mill
x; George Pitfield, Salisbury; John
ckville; Thomas Prince, Moncton;
n. Hopewell; Allen Chipman, Am-
homas Turner, St. Andrews; Saml.
Bellisle; W. T. Baird, Woodstock;
ll, Gagetown; John Tooker, Yar-
James Crowley, Digby, N. S.; Thos.
onderry, N. S.
JOHN ELLIOTT,
Agent for New-Brunswick at the
ate *Circulating Library*, Germain st.

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, NOVEMBER 12, 1841. No. 11.

THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DERBANT & 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.

Nov.		R. Sun.	S. Moon.	H. W
13 Saturday,	- -	6 5	5 55 sets.	morn
14 Sunday,	"	6 6	5 54 5 20	0 24
15 Monday,	"	7 7	5 53 6 23	1 10
16 Tuesday,	"	7 8	4 52 7 21	1 45
17 Wednesday,	"	7 9	4 51 8 25	2 29
18 Thursday,	"	7 10	4 50 9 29	3 12
19 Friday,	"	7 11	4 49 10 31	3 57

New Moon, 13th, 0h. 49m. 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: N. Merritt, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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: D. J. M'Laughlin, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint 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: James Kirk, Esq.

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.]

SAVINGS 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.—Jas. Kirk, Esq President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Notice.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced business in the second store SANDS' Arcade, formerly occupied by Faulkner & Wheeler, where he will keep on hand a choice selection of the best *Wines, Liquors, &c. &c.* Also, *Pastry, Sandwiches, &c.*, may be had at all times by those friends who will favour him with a call.

May 14. A. COLLINS.

The Subscribers

BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have commenced business as Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, under the Firm of

Sanction & Crookshank.

and trust their assiduity and attention, joined to their intimate knowledge of business, will merit a share of public patronage.

GEO. P. SANCTON,
A. G. CROOKSHANK.

May 1, 1841.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the subscribers, under the Firm of DEWOLF & BENT, has been this day dissolved. All debts owing to the late Firm, are to be paid to William H. Dewolf, by whom the business will in future be carried on.

WILLIAM H. DEWOLF,
WM. F. BENT.

Amherst, N. S., 12th May, 1841.

P. L. Simmonds,

British and Foreign Newspaper and Advertising Agent.

TAKES leave to inform his friends and the Editors of Newspapers in general, that he has removed his Newspaper Office and Colonial Reading Rooms to No. 346, Strand, London, where he solicits a continuance of their favours. Orders and Advertisements for the English papers, and for foreign Journals attended to. Every Colonial paper filed for reference. *London, July 1, 1841.*

New-York, January, 1841.

MR. WILLIAM HOWARD is appointed my Agent for St. John, N. B. and the adjacent country, to receive subscriptions and money therefor, for the "*NEW WORLD*," Newspaper, published in New-York; and also for the "*EVERGREEN*," a Monthly Magazine, published by

J. WINCHESTER *Publisher.*
253, Ann street.

☞Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Wm. Howard, North Wharf, at $2½ per copy, exclusive of Postage. *Feb. 12.*

One Penny Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on Wednesday last, an indented Apprentice named *Patrick McKenn.* All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice will be proceeded against as the Law directs. E. FAIRWEATHER.

August 6, 1841.

Absconded,

FROM this Office, on the 16th instant, an Indented Apprentice named *James Doak.* All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice, will be proceeded against as the law directs.

Chronicle Office, April 17, 1840.

TO LET—*immediate possession given:*

A Shop in King Street, and two suits of apartments, in the vicinity of the same; Apply at the office of this paper.

August 27

TO LET, until 1st day of May, 1842—THE store formerly occupied by the subscribers, situated in Ward street. For particulars apply at their store in Nelson street.

THOMAS PEARSON CRANE,
JOHN M'GRATH.

Aug 27.

Miscellany.

MANŒUVRING:

OR, FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Is that the doctor's gig, Mary? Quick, arrange these pillows, and throw that rose-colored shawl on the arm of the sofa—not there, you stupid creature; fling it carelessly so that it may reflect its faint glow upon my cheek."

The speaker was a delicate and pretty woman, who, in the dim light of a judiciously shaded apartment, seemed to have scarcely numbered her five-and twentieth summer, though the broad glare of daylight might have discovered the fact that some ten additional years could be counted among her past possessions. Reclining on a couch, supported by lace-bordered pillows, with the folds of her white dress so disposed as to display the symmetry of her figure, while one small and delicately slippered foot was allowed to peep out as if by accident, she really looked exceedingly interesting. Hastily conceiving the novel she had been reading, and assuming the languid air of habitual suffering, she awaited the entrance of the doctor, whose footsteps were already heard upon the stairs. As he approached she raised her eyes timidly to his face, then pressed that veined and fringed quivering of the lids, which a Juno-eyed woman can so well perform, and finally dropped the long lashes over her dark blue eyes as modestly as a maiden of fifteen. It was, in reality, a very pretty piece of acting, and such the doctor seemed to consider it, for he stood calmly beside her, and not until all these little manœuvres had been effected, did he attempt to feel her pulse, or to inquire into her state of health.

"Ah, doctor, you are very good to come so promptly," said the patient. "I have had such a wretched night, that I could no longer dispense with your advice. You must come and see me every day, my dear sir. Your presence does me almost as much good as your prescriptions."

The doctor bowed gravely. "You flatter me, madam, perhaps your fears induce you to magnify your own danger as much as you do my skill."

"No, doctor, I feel that my hold upon life is exceedingly frail; a disease like mine may prove fatal at any moment."

"What do you suppose your disease to be, madam?"

"Ah, you want to inspire me with hope by your question, but your kind artifice cannot deceive me, doctor. You are doubtless aware that I have an affection of the heart?"

"An affection of the spleen, rather," thought the doctor, as he gravely replied—"I am not aware of the existence of any symptoms which can warrant you in forming such an opinion."

"Alas, my dear sir, the symptoms cannot be mistaken—palpitations of the heart, frequent fits of tremulousness, constantly recurring attacks of nervous agitation; lowness of spirits, and loss of appetite, are certainly tokens of ill health."

"Yet these symptoms might be attributed to many other causes besides the serious one you have mentioned. Change of air, exercise, constant occupation both of mind and body, would probably remove all the ailments which alarm you."

"I wish I could think so, but alas!

"'Who can minister to a mind diseased,
Or pluck from memory a rooted sorrow?'"

The doctor was busily engaged in counting the lady's pulse, and did not choose to hear her pathetic remark.

"You have a very good pulse," said he, "depend upon it, you are only a little nervous."

"Allow me to ask you one question, Doctor Selwyn; do you not think that a physician, in whose hands we place our health, and who is responsible for the priceless gift of existence, should be made fully acquainted with the state of his patient?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, arching his heavy brows as he spoke.

"Then you must permit me to encroach upon your valuable time for a few minutes, for the history of my disease is the history of myself. I will not dwell on the details of my early life, with those you are already acquainted, since you cannot have forgotten the beautiful scenes of woodlands where we were so long companions in youth. Alas! it were better for us if we could cease to remember early scenes and early friendships." The widow sighed add cast down her eyes, a tear was glittering on the fringed lids as she raised them to the doctor's face, but no answering emotion met her timid glance. He had taken out his snuff-box, and was, at that moment, helping himself to an enormous pinch, so that he lost the fine effect of a tearful blue eye. Mrs. Merton continued—

"You are probably aware of the persuasion which my parents used to induce me to wed Mr. Merton. He was a man whose character I will not attempt to depict—the grave has closed over his faults, and it is not for me to sit in judgment upon his memory. Suffice it to say, that he possessed no feeling or sentiment congenial with my own. Sordid, avaricious, narrow-minded, and jealous, he could neither understand nor appreciate the character of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature, who, in the fullness of her heart, suffered herself to be persuaded into a union with age and ugliness and wealth.

The doctor gave a loud hem! and took a second pinch of snuff. Mrs. Merton sipped some *eau sucre* from a Venice glass which stood on an *ormolu* table beside her, and continued—

"During the ten years of my married life, I suffered the most cruel of all martyrdoms, for it was the martyrdom of the spirit. Mr. Merton never ill treated me in the usual sense of the term, he allowed me to indulge to a certain extent in the pleasures of society, and surrounded me with what are called the comforts of life, but alas! for the poison that mingled its deadly draught with every cup of enjoyment he would provide no antidote. Unity of feeling and reciprocal affection were wanting, and without these what are all the richest treasures of earth? The pretty widow paused for a moment, and pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her eyes, while the doctor fidgetted on his chair, and let his cane fall rather heavily upon the floor. She was not slow to perceive these evidences of agitation in the eccentric bachelor, and fancying she had made an impression, she hastened to conclude.

"Would you be at loss, my dear doctor, to conceive how such a state of feeling should produce disease of the heart? The mind acts fearfully upon the physical frame, and the continual bickerings, the constant disquiet, the total absence of sympathy, which I suffered, threw me into a nervous agitation which has now led to habitual illness. I have now given you as exact a statement of my disease as I now dare trust myself to describe. If I have concealed from you *one sorrow*, the heaviest and most heart-rending of all—a sorrow which has weighed upon me from the days of my earliest womanhood, and added its unutterable bitterness to my wretched lot—if I have hidden from you *one* secret recess in my heart—you will, I trust, forgive me—that deep cell of memory must never be revealed to mortal eyes—and *least of all to yours.*"

Completely overcome by her emotion, the widow buried her face in the pillows while she extended one fair hand to the imperturbable doctor, but whether to have the pulse counted or the fingers pressed, we cannot undertake to determine. Dr. Selwyn, however, never forgot his business—he grasped the wrist instead of the soft rosy palm, and thrusting his box into his pocket, he rose to leave the trembling patient.

"Your present agitation convinces me, madam," said he, that you are a little nervous; allow me to recommend a few drops of *sal volatile* in a glass of water. I will call again to-morrow, since you desire it, and this afternoon I will send you an asafœtida pill, which you will be so good as to take upon going to bed."

With these words the doctor bowed and withdrew, but as he descended the richly carpeted stairs, there was a lurking smile on his usually grave countenance, while an arch expression of merry music glittered in his dark eyes.

"An assafœtida pill!" exclaimed Mrs. Merton, starting up from her graceful attitude of grief, as the hall door closed behind the doctor; "an assafœtida pill indeed! upon my word Harry Selwyn has become a perfect brute. Well, well; patience must do what one stroke cannot accomplish. He loved me in the days of his early youth, and I do not despair of winning him yet. Oh, if *forethought* were only as wise a counsellor as *afterthought*, how many errors we should avoid in this world. Who would have dreamed that Harry Selwyn, the playmate of my childhood, the awkward college boy who made love to me so fervently and yet so pedantically, would ever become the favourite of a fashionable coterie. Fifteen years have passed away since we were romantic lovers—alas! for the flight of time—yet it seems to me but yesterday since I wandered with him around the lovely scenes of his native woodlands. I wonder if he ever felt resentment towards me for the sudden disruption of our intimacy—it is true, we were not betrothed, but every thing that love could dictate save the final vow which binds heart to heart for life had been uttered; and this only remained unspoken because Harry was too poor to wed. Ah, me! my soul used to vibrate to his voice, as it never has done since to any joy or sorrow in existence.

"'No more—no more—oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew.'

"The pure fancies of girlhood have been long since forgotten, amid the glittering gauds of worldly vanity. I chose my own course, and if my path has been one of thorns, it has at least led me to the hill-top which I sought. I sacrificed the best years of my life for gold, and now my gold and my still fair face shall win back the lover of my youth. I will yet bear the honoured name of him whom men delight to praise, and now, though my youth be past for ever, I will slake, from the long-sealed fountains of affection, the thirst which has been to me a life-long pang."

While the widow remained thus buried in that pleasant sort of reverie which blends pensive recollection with bright anticipation, the doctor was driving rapidly through the crowded streets, making amends by increased speed for the time which had been wasted on the fair victim of sensibility. He possessed too much acuteness not to perceive her designs upon him, and the recollection of past scenes only seemed to add a tinge of bitterness to the contempt which they excited. At that period of life when the passions of early manhood blend themselves with the pure fresh feelings of the boy, he had renewed a childish intimacy with the beautiful girl, and had yielded up his whole soul to the impulses of a first affection. But he was no match for his lady-love in worldly wisdom. *His* life had been spent in study of books—*hers* in the acquisition of the "*arts of design*," as taught in a fashionable boarding school. She had entered society with every disposition to become an accomplished coquette, and the enthusiastic collegian was an excellent subject for her first attempt. Whether owing to her inexperience of the delicate science, or to his noble qualities of character, we cannot say, but she certainly committed the great mistake of allowing her affections to become somewhat involved. It was the triumph of nature over art, but as she never again, in the whole course of her life, was guilty of a similar error, the most zealous votaries of worldliness may excuse this single instance of deviation into the path of truth. Beautiful and vain, she had determined to run a brilliant career in the circles of fashion, and she well knew that the vista which ambition opened before her could not be terminated by "love in a cottage." For more than a year, she made the young student her sport and tool, practising upon him the arts which she afterwards exercised on a wide field, and learning, from her influence over his true heart, the extent of woman's power. Then—when her hour of vain triumph came—she turned coldly from all his love, and plunged into the gayeties of society, without one sensation of remorse for the crushed and blighted feelings over which she had trampled in her course. After exhausting the enjoyment which she found in the admiration of the butterflies of fashion, she accepted the richest of her suitors, and took up her abode in one of the gayest of our Atlantic cities. There she became distinguished for ostentatious display, while it was whispered that her neglect and indifference embittered her husband's life, and drove him to intemperance as a resource from domestic comfort.

His death finally released her from the responsibility of those duties which she had so carelessly performed, and she found herself a widow with greater joy than she had looked upon herself as a bride. She obtained, by recourse to law, the dowry which his will had denied her, and removing to another city, she determined to carve out a new path to notoriety. To her surprise, she found her old lover established in wealth and fame, and the idea of gratifying her early affection, together with her present ambition, soon suggested itself. With all her wealth, there was one charmed circle into which the widow could find no entrance; "the exclusives"—those ephemera who having but a day to exist, bask in the sunshine of fashion as gaily as possible—remembered that Mr. Merton, her late husband, had commenced life as a Chatham street pawnbroker, and therefore she must not be admitted to the society of the *elite*, who had been all their lives trying to forget their honest mechanic progenitors. Dr. Selwyn, however, the lineal descendant of one of the original patentees of the land, possessed of a moderate fortune, fine talents, skill in his profession, musical taste, considerable eccentricity, and being withal a *bachelor*, found ready access into all circles. The B——'s and the C——'s, who looked with contempt on Mrs. Merton's emblazoned carriage and liveried footmen, delighted to engage Dr. Selwyn at their parties, and the most aristocratic of our republican damsels was proud of receiving a bow from the courtly physician. These things first awakened Mrs Merton's recollection of long forgotten "*love passages.*" She consulted her mirror, and she did not see any thing to make her despair, but she did not seem to be aware of the fact, that it is easier to awaken a new flame than to rekindle an extinguished one. The charms which, in their rich maturity, might have won many a boyish heart, were powerless when directed against a case hardened bachelor on whom rested the experience of some forty years. Yet, unconscious of the difficulty she should encounter, she determined to attack him with such a variety of weapons that some one among them must take effect. As a physician, she prepared for him the artifice of failing health and undoubting dependence on his skill—as a "*ci-devant jeune homme*," she offered the fascinations of extreme deference and attention—the most subtle of all flatteries to those who are falling into "the sear and yellow leaf,"—as the man of sensibility she exhibited to him delicately shadowed pictures of past enjoyments, and dimly traced visions of future happiness—and to the lonely bachelor, whose celibacy her vanity attributed to his early disappointment, she meant to lift the veil which shrouded her heart of hearts, and disclose to him a glimpse of secretly cherished affection which had outlived time and chance and even marriage.

The inimitable Dickens tells us that "there are two sorts of people who despise the world, those who feel that the world does not appreciate them, and those who receive the homage of society while conscious of their own worthlessness." The worthy Doctor belonged decidedly to the former class, for, although wealth and honor had fallen to his lot, he knew that they had been bestowed by accident rather than by a sense of justice in society. He remembered his early struggles with poverty and neglect, and he knew that he owed his rise less to the talents than to the lucky chance which enabled him to rescue from a disgraceful death a member of a rich and fashionable family. His knowledge of their secret secured him their patronage, and such was the foundation of his future fortune. He was aware, too, that, even now, he was estimated rather because he was "*the fashion*," than on account of his really noble qualities, and therefore it was that he concealed his warm feelings beneath the veil of cold politeness, and garbed his originality of mind in the rude attire of eccentricity. But his early disappointment had given a coloring to his whole life, for it had taught him a lesson of distrust which he never forgot. Whatever might be his faith in man, he had none in the truth of woman. He looked upon the whole sex but as so many puppets in a raree show, moved by the secret springs of avarice or interest—set up to be admired for a while and then sold to the highest bidder.

The Doctor pondered long over the palpable affection of the widow, and with an inward chuckle, anticipated the final disappointment of her plans; but he determined to humor her whim, and, while he kept himself quite free, to observe her skilful manœuvres. He was still full of such thoughts when he entered one of those abodes of poverty, to which his charity led him much more frequently than he allowed the world to know. A young girl who had broken her health by the arduous labors of the needle, and was now on the brink of the grave, with a pulmonary attack, was the object of his present attention. She was only a poor sempstress; the mother for whom she had long toiled, had recently died, and there was none left to feel interest in the dying girl. She was neither gifted nor beautiful—she gave him neither golden fee nor sweet looks, and yet the Doctor felt her gratitude a full reward for his daily visit to the poor patient. He was musing upon the strange events of fortune and character which his profession enabled him to study, and as he ascended the creaking stairs, he could not but contrast the luxurious apartment he had just left, with the bare floor and uncurtained bed which now met his view. He no longer found his patient alone, however. A female whose loose wrapper concealed her figure, while a chintz cap shaded her features, was her companion, and engaged in administering some nourishment as he entered. She immediately disappeared, however, behind a screen which stood across the room, and he gave no further thought to the matter except to congratulate his patient upon having found a friend to attend her. A faint flush crossed the cheek of the pale girl as he took a seat beside her and uttered the words of soothing kindness. He felt that the hour had come when the physician's saddest and severest duty was to be performed, and he did not shrink from the task. Gently but firmly he acquainted her with her true condition, and warned her, that though the dart of death might remain suspended for many days, yet she must fall beneath it ere another moon had waxed and waned. He quieted her agitated feelings, awakened her mind to higher thoughts, and while he strove to detach her hopes from earth, he endeavored to fix them upon the rock of ages. He reasoned with her, he sympathized with her, he opened the pages of the sacred Scriptures, and read with thrilling pathos the lofty promises, the winning persuasions of the Book of Faith. Who would have believed that he, who thus smoothed the pillow of disease and death, for the child of poverty, was the same being who among the prosperous and happy, appeared so cold, so unimpassioned, so almost heartless. He little knew that one of the very beings whom he so much condemned, now listened to his words with breathless wonder and interest.

Clara Leslie, though not beautiful, was pretty enough and rich enough to have shone as a belle in society, had not her independent spirit and nature elevated her beyond the paltry distinction. Her undeviating rectitude, her frank truthfulness of character, and her superiority of mind, had made her rather feared than loved in the circles to which she belonged; so that though she had reached her eight-and-twentieth year, she was still Miss Leslie. Even her bankstock and improved real estate could not embolden a man of fashion to seek the incumbrance of so much plain speaking integrity and clear headedness in a wife, while Clara, never having seen any one with whom she would have felt willing to pass her life, was quite content to find herself verging on "*old maidism*." She was called eccentric because she dressed plainly, kept no carriage, and never danced; and having obtained the reputation upon such slight grounds, she took advantage of it to pursue her own course, without regarding the gossip of a coterie. She had conceived a great dislike to Doctor Selwyn, because she believed him to be acting a part foreign to his character, though what that character really was, she was unable to discover. His blandness could not blind her to his recent contempt of the sex, and on several occasions when some of his courtly compliments had contained a lurking sarcasm, he had been made to feel the sting of woman's wit from the lips of Miss Leslie. Of course he had but little liking for her, and although she interested him by the blunt honesty with which she uttered her opinions, yet, probably, had each been asked to depict the character of the other, the portrait would have been anything but flattering. Yet in one respect a great similarity existed between them. Clara Leslie was a creature of the most benevolent feelings, and the haunts of misery re-echoed to her footsteps far more frequently than did the halls of mirth. She did not pour her alms into the shallow and widely diffused stream of *associated charities*, but she visited in person the abode of want, and saw with her own eyes what was needed by the sick, the destitute and the sorrowing. She supplied *just what was required, just at the proper time.* She provided not only for the physical but also for the moral necessities of the poor, for she well knew that food, and clothes, and fuel, were often valueless unless proffered by the kind voice of sympathy. This was the person, who, shrouded from recognition by her coarse garb and the dimly lighted room, had taken her station by the bedside of the humble sempstress, and ministered to her wants until a proper nurse could be procured. This was she who had listened to the pure precepts of religion and the tender soothings of kindness, from the lips of the fashionable doctor.

Weeks passed away, while Doctor Selwyn, occupied in his usual round of duties, paid his daily visits to the fair widow and to the dying sempstress. The widow grew no better; her "affection of the heart" seemed to threaten a final result to somebody, but whether to the patient or the physician, remained yet to be decided. In the meantime the young girl gradually declined, until life was but as the glimmer of a wasted lamp—then, and not till then, when the worn and wearied spirit of the suffering invalid rendered her so nervous and irritable, that only the constant presence of her kind benefactress could quiet her restless excitement—did Doctor Selwyn first learn that the patient and devoted nurse of the poor sufferer, was the eccentric, the sarcastic, the haughty Clara Leslie.

"My dear doctor, why did you not come last night? I really was afraid I should not live to see the light of another day. Did you not receive my note?" said Mrs. Morton, faintly, as Doctor Selwyn entered the room.

"What is the matter, madam, has any unfavourable change taken place since yesterday morning?"

"Alas! I fear so. I have been dreadfully excited. Old Mrs. Sowerby came to me yesterday afternoon, and some of her ill-natured gossip agitated me to such an excess, that I have scarcely slept.—The palpitation of my heart is frightfully increased, and I have not been able to overcome my faintness long enough to dress."

The doctor looked at the lady's lace cap, curled locks and ruffled morning dress, and silently felt her pulse.

Mrs. Morton continued—"I wish that woman would not come here with her ridiculous stories—will you believe, doctor, she told me you were actually going to be married to that queer old maid, Clara Leslie! It was too preposterous for belief, but the mere surprise excited me to a degree almost fatal to my poor nerves. Do allow me, my dear sir, to contradict the report on your own authority."

"You have my authority, madam, for stating that I do not *anticipate* any such union," said Doctor Selwyn, quietly.

"I knew it—I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton quite forgetting her faintness as she rose to an upright position. "Oh, doctor, if you only knew how easily I am excited on a subject which—which—lies so near my heart—if you could but know what I felt when I heard that you were about to waste the rich treasure of your affections upon that cold-hearted creature. Forgive me—I know not what I say. Heavens! you look agitated," (the doctor was trying to repress a smile,) "have I betrayed my long-hidden feelings? Oh, forgive me—forget what I have said—alas! I am fearfully bewildered!"

All this was said with the prettiest air of excitement in the world; the upturning of her soft and tearful eye—the clasping of her small hands—the heaving of her agitated bosom—even the slightest dishevelment of her long tresses, all added grace and beauty to the picture, for Mrs. Morton knew just at what moment to stop, and never allowed *elegant sensibility* to run into the excess of *vulgar emotion.* Tears are apt to make the nose red, and therefore Mrs. Morton's weeping was confined to a gentle suffusion of the large blue eye, while her gentle sighs never degenerated into plebian sobs.—Burying her face into her cambric handkerchief, she appeared quite overcome with her feelings.

"Do not suffer yourself to be thus agitated, my dear madam," said the doctor, gravely, while a mischievous smile lurked on his lips, "be assured I shall not misinterpret the feelings which lead you to be so much interested in my welfare. I came this morning with the intention of making a communication on the subject, which will set all idle reports at rest forever."

Mrs. Morton started and looked timidly in his face.

"He is going to offer himself," thought she, as she suffered her hand to fall *accidentally* upon his arm.

The doctor rose, and taking the lady's unresisting hand, said—"You have not only my authority, dear madam, for contradicting the report of my being *engaged*, but I will also give you a full and sufficient reason for its falsity—I was last evening, *actually married* to the lady in question. Miss Leslie is now Mrs. Selwyn, and as the carriage which is to bear us to Woodlands is now waiting my return, allow me to offer you—*my adieus!*"—*Ladies Companion.*

AUTUMN.

Bright flowers are sinking,
Streamlets are shrinking,
Now the wide forest is withered and sere;
Light clouds are flying,
Soft winds are sighing,
We will be thoughtful for autumn is near.

Blossoms we cherished,
Have withered and perished,
Scenes which we smiled on are yellow and drear;
Feelings of sadness,
O'ershadow our gladness,
And make the mind thoughtful for autumn is near.

Thus all that is fairest,
And sweetest and rarest,
Must shortly be severed, and call for a tear;
Then let each emotion,
Be warm with devotion,
And we will be thoughtful, for autumn is near.

PRESENT STATE OF THE SAMARITANS.—Since the days of Pocock this sect has gradually dwindled away, and will probably soon become extinct. We gladly therefore copy a few particulars which characterise the dying embers of a race to which such frequent reference is made in the Gospels:—"The Samaritans are now reduced to a very small community; their being only thirty men who pay taxes, and few, if any, who are exempt; so that their whole number cannot be reckoned at over one hundred and fifty souls. One of them is in affluent circumstances; and having been for a long time chief secretary of the Muteselim of Nabulus, became one of the most important and powerful men of the province. He had recently been superseded in his influence with the governor by a Copt; and now held only the second place. He was called el-Abd es-Samary. The rest of the Samaritans are not remarkable either for their wealth or poverty. The physognomy of those we saw was not Jewish; nor indeed did we remark in it any peculiar character, as distinguished from that of other natives of the country. They keep their Saturday as their Sabbath with great strictness, allowing no labour nor trading, nor even cooking or lighting a fire, but resting from their labour the whole day. On Friday evening they pray in their houses; and on Saturday have public prayers in their synagogue on the great festivals, and on the new moon; but not every day. The law is read in public, not every Sabbath day, but only upon the same festival. Four times a year they go up to Mount Gerizem (Jebel et-Tur) in solemn procession to worship; and then they begin reading the law as they set off, and finish it above.—These seasons are—The feast of the Passover, when they pitch their tent upon the mountain all night, and sacrifice seven lambs at sunset; the day of Pentecost; the feast of Tabernacles, when they sojourn here in booths built of branches of the arbutus; and lastly, the great day of Atonement in autumn. They still maintain their ancient hatred against the Jews; accuse them of departing from the law in not sacrificing the Passover, and in various other points, as well as of corrupting the ancient text: and scrupulously avoid all connexion with them. If of old 'the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans,' the latter at the present day reciprocate the feeling; and neither eat nor drink, nor marry, nor associate with the Jews, but only trade with them."—*Robinson's Biblical Researches in Palestine.*

MOUNT SINAI.—While the monks were here employed in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the almost inaccessible peak of es-Sufsafeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstance of the Scriptural history. This cliff is some five hundred feet above the basin, and the distance to the summit is more than half a mile. We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course, but found the rock so smooth and precipitous that, after some falls and a few exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course. From the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the northern precipice and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which give to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament. The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Rahah lay spread out beneath our feet with the adjacent Wadys and mountains; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with an opening hardly from er-Rahah, presented an area which serves only to double that of the plain.—Our conviction was strengthened that here or on some of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain-brow where alone the lightnings and the thick clouds would be visible, and the voice of the trump be heard, when the "Lord came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." We give ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read with a feeling that will never be forgotten the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator.—*Ibid.*

SCENE OF BATTLE.—The attack was made with all that reckless desperation which indicated that on success or failure the fortunes of a doubtful day were staked. Every arm was used; cavalry appeared waiting an opportunity to act; infantry burst into the lower village in heavy masses; and, while the French artillery poured a storm of shot upon the houses and enclosures, the enemy advanced with imposing steadiness, although their passage led through a street chooked with the dead and dying, who had already perished in vain but reiterated attempts. The British regiments, far overmatched in numbers, were gradually forced back upon the heights and chapel, after sustaining a heavy loss, two companies of the 79th having been taken, and Colonel Cameron slain. But beyond the upper village no effort of the enemy could drive its gallant defenders. In vain the French were frequ