SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1847.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume II. "Nec Regit, Nec Populus, sed Utroque." Number 50.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

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TERMS—5s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the name 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; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Aug.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H.	W.
14	Saturday,	4 5 6	53 8	36	1 39
15	Sunday,	4 7 6	52 9	7	2 2
16	Monday,	4 8 6	51 9	35	2 31
17	Tuesday,	5 9 6	29 10	3	3 9
18	Wednesday,	5 10 6	58 10	47	3 44
19	Thursday,	5 12 6	47 11	26	4 28
20	Friday,	5 13 6	46 morn		5 26

First Quarter 19th, 6h. 22m. morning.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 Sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B. (Office Nelson street.)

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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one of five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society. A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies. Travelling limits and extra premiums (based on mature data.

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Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

This "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society,*" offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR, } Agents.
St. John, Dec. 24, 1846. Nelson street.

THE HARTFORD **Fire Insurance Company,** OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntington, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward. ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

Minerva Life Assurance Company. King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO. *Agents for New Brunswick.*

Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

TORRYBURN HOUSE, Seven Miles from St. John.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the Public that he has fitted up the Building on the Premises lately purchased by him, on the road to Kingston, known as Black's Farm, seven miles from the city, as a

HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT,

where parties and families can be furnished with *Private Apartments and Refreshements,* and have every attention paid to their comfort and convenience.

May 7. JOHN BROWN.

Notice.

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of SAYMOUR PICKETT, Esq., late of Golden Vale, Kingston, King's County, Cloth Manufacturer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscriber, (at Mr. James Arrow's, King street) within Six Months from the date hereof; and all Persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to call and make immediate settlement. L. P. PICKETT, *Administratrix.*

St. John, N. B., April 3, 1847.

Wholesale Confectioner and Lozenge Manufacturer.

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

Mr. A. Mackenna, *Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.*

OFFICE up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.

June 12, 1846.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS received, and is now opening, an extensive assortment of SUMMER CLOTHING, which, with a variety of BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doe and Buckskins, Tweeds, Vestings, and a general assortment of everything in his line, he is determined to sell as low as any person in the trade. [June 25.] JOHN BOWES.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

SUGAR, PORK, &c.

Ex Martha Greenow, from Halifax:

43 HHDS bright Porto Rico SUGAR;
95 barrels Mess PORK;
65 Bbls. Nova scotia ditto;
35 do. do. BEEF;
57 boxes 8x10 GLASS; 20 quintals POLLOCK;
200 prime HAMS—For sale low from the vessel.

June 11. HANFORD & SWEET.

Joseph Summers, WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER *King Street—opposite the St. John Hotel.*

[Just received per Thompson from the Clyde:

58 BAGS Halifax PIPES;
20 Bbls. Scotch BARLEY;
For Sale low for Cash.

CITY STOVE STORE, 14,—Dock Street.—14.

RECEIVED at the above Establishment, per schooner *Three Sisters* and *Meridian*, a further supply consisting of—

COOKING STOVES, various new patterns,
FRANKLINS, do. ditto;
AIR TIGHT STOVES, new
for Wood and Coal, suitable for Halls, Parlours stores, offices, &c.
A FINISHED STOVES for ships' Cabins and Forecastles.

On Hand—A variety of bedroom Franklins with place for Kettle; Stoves of different kinds; Register Grates; Oven Mouths; Andirons, &c. &c.—Sheet Iron Stoves, stove Pipe, Tin and Hollow Ware.

Daily expected:—Ships' Cambooses and other stoves in great variety.

☞ All articles in Copper, Tin, sheet iron, lead, &c. made and repaired at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

Nov 27. W. WESTLOTORN.

SUGAR, &C.

Received this day per schr. *Victoria* from Halifax

36 HHDS. PORTO RICO SUGAR;
65 brls. do do (first quality,
11 bags COFFEE, 3 tons LOGWOOD.

For sale by May 7. J. R. CRANE.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

WM. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an outdoor patient of the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor.

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips, also Ringworm and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

BY H. F. GRATTAN.

CHAPTER I.

'*Sir*, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure my Lady's tongue."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

'Do you hear me, Sir Methusalah Rust?'

No answer.

'I have been talking to you for the last half hour sir!'

'Bless me, I thought it was much longer.'

'I know your ways, sir perfectly; you are getting tired of me. I am properly served! I had no business to marry you—twelve months ago I was my own mistress.'

'I know it, my lady, and now you want to be mine.'

'I was a free woman, then.'

'And I merely knew the *name* of slavery.'

'Slavery! Upon my word, Sir Methusalah, you improve!'

'I wish the virtue was infectious; I should be delighted to see my whole family innoculated with the same disposition.'

"Sir Methusalah, your insuendos are unpardonable—since our wedding day you have become a miserably altered man.'

'Couldn't you favor me with an H. before the *altered*?'

'I could, indeed, if you had your deserts. I am your wife, sir.'

'If that's one of them I willingly dispense with the rest.'

'Sir Methusalah! In one word—do you intend to pass the season in London or not?'

'Not.'

'What do you mean by replying in that abrupt and extraordinary manner, sir?'

'You wished an answer in one word—I gave it to oblige but there's no pleasing you.'

'Very good! Very good, indeed, sir! I know what you are aiming at; you want to make me lose my temper!'

'I wish you could, and let my worst enemy find it. I'd ask no more terrible revenge!'

'Do you suppose I married you for this, sir?'

'No.'

'For what then?'

'To convince me that money could not ensure happiness, and that ten thousand a year very frequently buys ten thousand times more plagues than pleasure.'

'Indeed!—vastly fine! But I won't endure this much longer, sir! What a fool have I been! Had I married Mr. Honeysuckle I should have had—'

'To carry out your florticultural cognomen, and trust to a fig leaf for your attire.'

'Sir Methusalah, I look upon that as a profane observation; it is a scriptural allusion unbecoming a decent Christian; but never mind, sir! I have a cousin who will see me righted—who will demand satisfaction from you, sir, for insults not a correct in the Light Dragoons. The—the—I forget the number of his regiment.'

'I don't, my lady, the seventh. I bought him his commission; but certainly not with the pleasant anticipation of becoming his target.'

'That remark is decidedly mean; you are always throwing that trifling purchase in my teeth.'

"Give it a taste of your tongue, my lady, and it will never again come within a mile of them."

"Sir Methuselah, I have read of Job, and I trust I know what is due to you and myself—it is therefore, with extreme pain I now fulfil an imperative, but unpleasant duty. Sir, I should sullly my character with the vile sin of hypocrisy did I not most unequivocally assert I considered you a brute.'

'My lady Rust, among many other grievous deficiencies, the result of a neglected education, and perhaps defected natural capabilities, I have observed, with surprise and regret, your total ignorance of natural history; may I suggest to you, to avoid any farther display of your weakness, the necessity of studying BUFFON—you will find it in the library a careful perusal of the pages will convince you of the entire impropriety of the application of the term you have just honoured me with, and now, good morning my lady."

'Good morning, my torment.'

CHAPTER II.

The conversation recorded above, passed between a gentleman, on the autumnal side of fifty, but still possessed of a hale person and distinguished bearing, and spite of a taste of the vixen in her kindling eye, and rather more than a taste of it in her nimble tongue, a remarkably pretty woman of about five and twenty.

Lady Methusalah Rust exchanged her maiden for her present name, more at the insugation of her friends than from the warm promptings of her own heart.

The disparity of years between the parties was in her prudent mother's opinion, amply compensated by the very handsome fortune possessed by Sir Methusalah Rust. If he was old, so was his baronetcy; so were the title deeds of his estate, the timber upon it, and even the very wine in his cellar.

He had it in his power to dower a wife elegibly, and provide for scampish young sons and cousins, to the tenth generation.

Besides all this Sir Methusalah was emphatically a 'scholar and a gentleman,' possessing the esteem of his equals, and love and respect of his tenants and dependants.

The proverb, which is rather forcible language hints at the probability of persons of precarious means, suddenly indulging in equestrian exercises, ending their career in very exceptionable society, so daily and hourly borne out with various modifications. Lady Methusalah Rust was one of its illustrations; the possession of wealth to an amount she never expected, rendered her recklessly extravagant, and the expenses other first season in town had been so profuse that Sir Methusalah resolved upon a sojourn at his country seat, and consequent retrenchment—an arrangement by no means in accordance with the taste or wishes of his dashing and ambitious young wife.

No stone was left unturned to induce him to alter his determination; caresses, promises, of prudence, entreaties and finally peevish complaints and unceasing worrying had been tried in vain; their only effect was to produce a corresponding degree of ill temper, and at times actual ill nature in the bosoms of the husband and wife; the one frequently twitting the other with disparity of years, and receiving for answer provoking allusions to former poverty; all the excellent qualities on either side were overlooked, and they were fast paving the way to future disquiet, mutual disgust and unhappiness.

Sir Methusalah begin to look upon his former fondness as folly, and Lady Rust usurped all the blessings of her really eligible situation in the absurd fancy, that wealth, title, attention, affection and position were bad exchanges for former privations and freedom, and if the truth must be told, each looked upon the other, not as a helpmate and friend, but rather as a clog and incumbrance. My lady, at times wondering how she should look in weeds, and almost fearing Sir Methusalah would be unpleasant enough to emulate his ancient name-sake; while that worthy more than once cast his eyes on the hatchment exhibited over the portals of a widowed squire, and thought such an emblem on his own mansion betokening the same bereavement, would scarcely break his heart.

CHAPTER III.

Sir Methusalah Rust's establishment was an extensive one, kept up after the manner of the fine old Englishmen. His domestics, like a good landlord, were a host in themselves, but those whose interest are connected with the present sketch were only three, viz:—John Thomas, the butler; Con Sweeney, the groom; and pretty plump Patty Pride, my lady's own ladies maid.

John Thomas was a thorough-bred Englishman, and most unadulterated cockney. London, with John Thomas was the world; those born within the sound of Bowbells, the selected silver-spoon-mouth portions of society; those denied that privilege, profitable persons, indeed. John Thomas was a very sausage of prejudices; small portions of every national liking, or antipathy, must have been chopped up, blended together, and thurst, even to the toe of nursing, into the external cuticle of John Thomas.

John Thomas believed there was such a place as Hireland, or as, in his lofiest moods, he termed it *Bernia*, thereby nullifying by omission, the gratuitous expenditure of the misapplied H; and he labored under a delusion—we regret to say, not altogether confined to John Thomas—that the British Government supported the Hirish, who were only fit for excavators and scavengers, from motives of the purest philanthropy.

John Thomas farther imagined the natural produce of the country was turf, potatoes, and poteen, and the pastimes of the people burning barns, murdering landlords, and taking an annual tithe of Protestant persons with bludgeons and blunder busses, instead of allowing *them* to take their scriptural dues.

So much as a general outline of John Thomas' public opinions; as an individual demonstration of his more private feelings, we will briefly say, John Thomas loved pretty, plump Patty Pride, and, as some how or other Hirishmen with him, were always interlopers, he fancied Con Sweeney kept up the national character, or rather want of it, by doing the same, and therefore, far as he could hate, John Thomas hated Con. Sweeny.

We say as far as he *could*, because, despite his prejudices, John Thomas had a magnificent corner in his heart, which, like a rainbow, that offspring of a shower would come stillborn, if unsmiled on by the genial sun, wanted but a seasonable opportunity to develope itself in all its glory.

In person, John Thomas was a model for, not Apollo's Belvidere, but apropos, butlers. He lived well, and his stout proportions, ponderous calves, and rubicund nose, like honest witnesses as they were unequivocally testified to the fact.

His habiliments were of the extra super double milled black satney, manufactured into a broad-tailed coat, relieved by a curiously white vest, and small drab, or kiln indispensibles secured by five uncrinkled sable silk stockings.

So much for John Thomas.

His Irish rival, Con Sweeney—Con being a rash diminutive condensation for Cornelius—was a dare-devil boy, of some four or five and twenty, with dark curling hair, saucy blue eyes—a somewhat wide and laughter loving mouth, garnished with a row of as white ivories as ever furnished the opening in the head of a Galway lad.

Like all his countrymen, he was passionately fond of horses; a steeple chase was his *nil ultra* of amusement, and cleaning a regular rasper his sum of enjoyment; and many were the bright glances and sweet smiles bestowed upon Con Sweeney, when mounted upon one of his masters thoroughbreds, but no smile or glance had half the charm for the good-looking Irishman, as the smiles and glances of pretty, plump Patty Pride; in fact, to use his own words, he was bothered intirely by his love for the colleen.

Patty Pride was black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and, although plump, marvellously well-shaped—

"Brisk as a bee and light as a fairy—"

tripping about on her feet like a conceited young fawn, and singing as gaily and as sweetly at her work as the hazel eyed robin.

It has been remarked by a gentleman of the name of Shakspeare, most libellously misrepresented by a wooden headed effigy outside the Park Theatre, that

"The course of true love never did run smooth.'

Our tale will prove no exception to this rule, the main cause of which—shame upon her for it, was pretty plump Patty Pride's, addiction to coquetry.

She knew John Thomas liked her, and she knew Con Sweeney loved her, and she knew, by reason of certain legal restrictions, she could not conveniently marry both of them; therefore, she knew, or ought to have known, the most proper thing she could do was to make her election; and there was the difficulty that puzzled Patty Pride's brain.

The more she urged the matter with herself, the more she doubted.

The pros and cons were sorely conflicting.

John Thomas had the best place but Con Sweeney had the best face.

Con Sweeney would dance like an age, but John Thomas had money in the bank!

John Thomas might be steward, but Con Sweeney was thirty years younger.

Con Sweeney could sing like a lark, and made love like—like—like—pshaw; why am I hunting for a simile, when we can simply it—like an Irishman—but John Thomas hinted as a marriage—a silk gown and public house.

Under these conflicting circumstances, Patty Pride went on doubting, and the arrow of love was converted into a shaft of discord; all the soft and feathery portion being offered by her gallants to Patty Pride, while the barb was alternately handed from the heart of John Thomas to that of Con Sweeney, as either fancied his rival obtained some mark of attention which ought to have been bestowed upon himself.

Thus precisely similar effects—though from different causes—were visible in upper and lower portions of the establishment, declaiming affections in the drawing rooms producing the same uneasiness in Sir Methusalah and Lady Rust, that incipient love in the servant's hall crushed John Thomas and Con Sweeney and pretty, plump Patty Pride.

CHAPTER IV.

"Open your ears, for which of you shall stop the vent of hearing.
When loud rumour speaks?"
Shak. 2d part "King Henry IV."

"Can you not read it? is it not fair writ."
"King John."

Will our readers be kind enough to call to mind the parting of Sir Methusalah and lady Rust; described in the conclusion of our opening chapter? Each the victim of ill temper and each brooding over fancied wrongs and insults

Sir Methusalah sought his library, my lady the drawing room. Temper! temper! what an all-powerful tormentor art thou? Under thy pernicious influence, the white and delicately modelled hand, which swept the sweetest toned harp in the kingdom, though tutored and admired by Boehes, produced nothing but

"Harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."

The magnificent Broadwood, was deprived of its harmony; the lovely lines of Moore converted into simple common place; the luxuries and elegancies of life, distorted into trammels and annoyances, and a really high souled and kind-hearted woman transformed into a torment to herself, and a plague to those around her.

We will leave my lady gazing listlessly out upon the beautiful lawn in a state of metaphysical wonderment as to what on earth she was born for and follow Sir Methusalah to the library.

Seated in his luxurious easy chair, after having given vent to some volcanic mutterings and dissatisfied grumblings, we find him poring over a large black letter volume of ancient legends.

By degrees the lines of anger pass from his face, and an expression of deep interest invests his features. See! he has raised his head from the book—an hour has passed, and the legend is concluded. Hark! he speaks!

"P-shaw! stuff! nonsense! It cannot be; I won't believe it! Yet, it certainly appears well attested. Strange! This very night! There then can be no harm in making the experiment. I'm determined—I'll watch!"

And now Sir Methusalah has put on his hat, and strolls forth in the direction of the village church.

My lady Rust, tired of her own bad company, has entered the library; how listlessly she turns over the splendid volumes. She leaves the cases and approaches the table; her eyes fall on the quaint old black letter tome: in a few seconds they seemed rivetted upon its open pages, and with difficulty she manages to decipher the obsolete characters and reads aloud—

"YE LEGENDE OF SAINTE MARKE,"

which for the benefit of our fair readers, we render as follows:—

"Then wend your way to the church yard drear,
But speed not with dread, and speed not with fear;
Bear ye no taper, no lamp, no torch
To guide your steps to the mouldering porch,
For the sheeted ghosts will be watching there,
And the dead men's lights will flicker and glare,
With pale blue flames through the midnight air.
Sigh not, weep not, scarce breathe aloud,
And touch not a corpse nor touch not a shroud,
But solemnly pass by the ghastly crowd,
Cross thyself twice, neither less nor more,
And fix thy eyes on the chancel's door,
But speak not as thou dost prize thy soul,
And when the midnight hour shall toll
The DOOMED shall pass by the self same grave,
Ere the year is out they shall surely fall;
And thus ye may know
Who will moulder low,
In their earthly home, if ye list and will;
For such is the power as all believe,
Of a vigil kept on Saint Marke his Eve!"

There are certainly strange cords in the human heart,

[illegible] pathy has more [illegible]
of fact doctrines suppose; there are, indeed
More things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamtpt of in your philosophy!

A few hours precedent, the reading of the ghostly old legend would have excited in the mind of lady Rust no emotion stronger than a smile at its extravagance, or sneer at its absurdity; now the words sank deeply in her heart.

Again and again was the page perused, till every syllable was grafted on her memory and strange thoughts flitted across her excited imagination.

There is a latent love of the mysterious and supernatural planted in every human bosom.

The schoolboy hurries with quick, beating pulse and paling cheek past the last resting place of the quiet dead; the sturdy peasant half shudders at the melancholy whoop of the ill-omened owl, the tough hearted mariner with indescribable awe upon the bright-eyed petrel, the supposed receptacle of his drowned messmates's soul; the iron nerved soldier counts with instinctive dread, the ominous ticking of the death-watch, and the deep read scholar, despite his learned theories of cause and effects, has been compelled to confess an uneasy belief in supernatural appearances.

Lady Rust was no exception to this general rule; yet lady Rust exclaimed half aloud, impossible! without at all believing in the exclamation.

A few moments were passed in solemn thought; the result was a resolution to test the truth of the saintly guarded place.

Curiosity, with all its insatiate craving, was aroused; as well might another Pandora attempt to resist its promptings to open another box, or an extra Mistress Bluebeard defy its subtle sophistries as to the necessity for a survey of the fatal and forbidden chamber; it was as of yore omnipotent; and Lady Rust determined to obey its dictates

Perhaps she might see—but we scorn to betray her ladyship's thoughts.

(To be concluded next week.)

MIASMA OVER CITIES.—The Registrar General of London, seems to think that over all densely populated cities, there hangs an atmosphere totally different from that of the country. To the human animal its effects are only incidentally perceptible, because its deleterious influences act but slowly on his health; but on smaller animals it sometimes works like a subtle poison. Thus, a bird brought in from the country rarely survives more than six or nine months, unless sent back again for a space into purer air. Of the existence of this miasmatic atmosphere over London, the English Registrar General speaks in the following terms in a late report:—There is, in fact, a poison floating in the air of London, which causes death. It is not a gas, but a sort of atmosphere of floating particles, undergoing incessant tranformations, probably inodorous and invisible. This diseased mist, arising from the breath of two millions of people, from open sewers and cesspools, graves and slaughter houses, is continually kept up, and undergoing changes; in one season it is pervaded by cholera, in another by influenza; at one time it bears small pox, measles, scarlatina, and whooping cough amongst young children; at another it carries fever on its wings.—Like an angel of death it has hovered for centuries over London. But it may be driven away by legislation."

MRS. CHUTLE'S OPINION OF SMOKING.—Do throw away that filthy cigar. What do you say? —*There's nothing you like better.* I know there isn't; you leave every body and every thing for it, and that's the very reason I wish you to throw it away. It's very well for men with their strong constitutions to put up with the nasty stink, but how do you think ladies can endure the foul gas which infects your breath and person, and even clothes.—What? *Its aromatic!* fish! I'd rather have you smell like a butcher, of mutton fat; or like a cobbler, of wax; or like a tanner, of bark; or even like a chimney sweeper, of soot; than of that stinking, sottish, stupifying tobacco. What? *You only smoke one a day.* 'Tis false I tell you, utterly false: you forget three cut of four. Tobacco costs every extravagant young fool who smokes cigars at least a shilling a day, and amounts before his youngest children is 21, to more than would pay for all his children's schooling. Don't tell me, *it's all as I tell you,* there's more paid in England for tobacco than there is for education. No wonder we are the worst educated and the most sottish people in the world. If I could have my way, no woman should ever smile on a smoker.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.—The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly:—You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors—nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should any thing peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashion or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points—and no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished—but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed lady.

MEDIOCRITY.—I know a set of men, of the cold, respectable class, who never did a vicious thing, and never had a generous inspiration; who never wronged a man of a penny; who are never out of spirits, and never in them, who are never sick, and never in ruddy flushing health; who never cry, and never shriek out a heart-felt burst of uproarious laughter; men in whose minds there are no "engineering difficulties," the rails of whose soul are laid upon a spiritless flat; who never break down, and never fly off at a curve; but who from one terminus to the other—the pap bowl to the bottle of funeral port—keep up a continuous jig jog jogging, very slow and very sure—very stale, but, in worldly gear, very profitable.—*A. B. Roach.*

A RICH JOKE occurred recently in Portland, Me. A lady of that place expecting a large company to tea, sent for a quantity of cream of tartar, to raise her biscuit. By mistake tartar emetic was got—The biscuits were beautifully light, and the guests ate heartily, one lady exclaiming, there "never was anything so nice." The meal was hardly over, when the emetic began to work, and gentlemen and ladies, fell to vomiting with might and main.—The cause of the vomite was soon discovered, and the party signed a "total abstinence from hot biscuit" pledge, for six months.

A JEREMY DIDDLER IN LIMBO.—The Albany, N. Y., Statesman says:—A man, named Bancroft, recently opened a sort of universal intelligence and general agency office in the Delevan House, and by his parade of showy signs, extensive advertising and great pretensions, attained notoriety and credit in short order. Among other miracles he covenanted to perform was to secure young men out of employment, situations worth $1000 and upwards per annum, upon the payment by them, "invariably in advance," of a premium of $10. This "took" remarkably well, and B. became a man of note and functions in a single day. And he was by no means slow in the improvement of all chances that fell in his way; he provided himself with a hundred dollar gold watch, fashionable adornment for his outer man, and various other articles of luxury and necessity, *all upon credit.* But he went a step too far. When he saw the bubble about to burst he took home with him two pairs of pantaloons from a tailor, to be "booked" for the pair that should fit him, and promising to return the other.—All things being in readiness, he quietly left the city for the city's good—the only good thing he did among us—and left behind him many an anxious heart pecuniarily interested in his whereabouts.—The bird had flown, the agency was closed, and creditors were amazingly enlightened. But Bancroft's luck deserted him in the hour of need—Officer Mark, who is keen of scent, was put on trail, and after a careful search and a brisk chase ferreted him out in the city of Lowell, Mass, and brought him back to this city. He has made restoration of the watch and other valuable articles obtained on credit, and now stands fully committed for trial on the serious charge of larceny."—[Are there not some Jeremy's about St. John?]

The late learned Dr W——, having married a lady of the name of *Experience*, who was very full on being asked, some time after the event, how he liked the married state, replied 'that he found, by *long Experience*, that it was not good for a man to be alone.'

DRESSES PROPHETIC.—A certain spinster once dreamed of finding a goldfinch's nest, with seven young finches in it. In the course of time, this vision was accomplished. She married a Mr. Finch, and became the mother of seven small children. The present Earl of Winchelsea is lineally from one of these meetings, and bears his name.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman.—"Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.