SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1846.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 16.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

is published every Friday afternoon, by DONANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

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

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; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Nov.		d.	Sun. s.	Mons d.	h.	m.
7	Saturday,	7	3 4 57	8 40	1	45
8	Sunday,	7	4 4 56	9 36	2	22
9	Monday,	7	5 4 55	10 33	3	4
10	Tuesday,	7	6 4 54	11 30	3	51
11	Wednesday,	7	7 4 53	Morn	4	42
12	Thursday,	7	9 4 51	0 27	5	51
13	Friday,	7	10 4 50	1 24	7	5

Third Quarter 10th day, 7h. 0m. morn.

Cabinet and Upholstery WAREHOUSE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his Friends and the Public, that he has taken the premises formerly occupied by the late Joshua Hughson, in Princess street, where he has fitted up a shop, together with a FURNITURE WAREROOM, and will be most happy to receive orders in his line, which will be executed at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

☞ Funerals carefully attended to, and charges moderate.

ROBERT KIMPSON.

WANTED—One good Cabinet Maker, to whom constant employment will be given.

R. K.

14th August, 1846.

Coffin Warerooms.

Second door North Trinity Church, Germain street, St. John, N. B.

THE subscriber would beg leave to acquaint the public, that he keeps constantly on hand MADE COFFINS, of every size and quality, which will be sold at very reduced prices, from what has been formerly charged in this City, and as the subscriber has spared no pains in getting up a well finished article, he hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ A Hearse may be obtained on application as above.

August 14. M. N. POWERS.

Pine and Spruce Scantling WANTED.

THE Subscriber wishes to contract for Two thousand tons of Pine and Two thousand tons of Spruce,

SCANTLING,

from fourteen to fifteen inches square, in lengths of twenty feet and upwards, to be delivered this Autumn or next spring. Parties wishing to contract for the whole or part of the above can obtain further particulars on application to

THOMAS CORAM.

Aug. 7. or J. C. LITTLEHALE, Carleton.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. begs to respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1846.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE Subscriber respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public generally that he has a few good HORSES and CARRIAGES, which he will let on very reasonable terms, at his stable in *Charlotte Street*, opposite V. C. Taver's Store. All lasting for business or pleasure dispensed with on the Sabbath, (except in cases of emergency.) No charge for Sunday to those wishing to spend that day with their friends out of the City, leaving on Saturday, and returning on Monday. The patronage of all who approve of the above, will be gratefully received.

GEORGE N. ROBINSON.

St. John, N. B., July 17 1846.

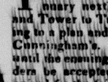
To Architects, &c.

TENDERS will be received until the 1st January next, for the erection of a new Front and Tower to Trinity Church, in this City, according to a plan and specification to be seen at Mr. J. Cunningham's. The work not to be commenced until the ensuing Spring. Should any of the Tenders be accepted, satisfactory security will be required for the faithful performance of the work.

WM. WRIGHT, } Committee of
J. M. ROBINSON, } Vestry

September 11.

The Steamer "New-Brunswick,"



WILL commence running on the opening of the River, on her usual days, leaving Indian Town on TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 10 o'clock, a. m., and on SATURDAY at 12, noon; and Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

ROBERT WYLIE.

April 3, 1846.

MUSIC.

JOSEPH PRICE, (late Musician in her Majesty's 33d Regt.) begs to acquaint the inhabitants of St. John, that he proposes giving instruction on the following instruments,—Ophicleide, Cornopean Clarionet, Key Bugle, Flute, Horn, and other wind instruments. Terms will be made liberal.

Gentlemen attended at their own residences if required.

☞ Reference to Carleton Mechanic's Band, whom he is at present instructing, and at the Chronicle Office.

Carleton, Aug 28, 1846.

GOODS.

Received per *Bristol*, from Liverpool;

TEA TRAYS and Tea Kettles, Curled HAIR, Hair Seating, Hair Sieves, Locks, Hammers, Gimlets, Screws, Hat Pins, Brads, Brass Shovels, Sadirons, Tailors' Irons, Chisels, Steelyards, Anvils, Bellows and Vices, Glass, Spectacles, Cut and Clout Nails, with various other HARDWARE. G. R. WILEY.

20th April. *Dock street and Market square.*

PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

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 (the 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 out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure at the Hospitals 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 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, at Guy's, who on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly at 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 tell me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* of facted 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 Stoney 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 most cheetoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns, and Coco bay.

Burns, scalds, childblains, chapped Hands and Lips, also Bunions 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.*

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.

CAPITAL £500,000 sterling.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Edward L. Jarvis, Esquire, Chairman.

Edward Allison, Esq. Wm. Wright, Esq.
John V. Thurgar, Esq. Robt. F. Hazen, Esq.

Solicitor—GEORGE WHEELER, Esquire.
Physician and Medical Examiner—WILLIAM BAYARD, Esquire, M. D.

This society continues to effect Assurance, on Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorships in this Province—and the public are invited to examine the distinguishing principles, the table of Rates, the distribution of Profits, and facilities afforded by the Loan Department of this society, before insuring elsewhere.

Premiums payable annually, semi-annually, or Quarterly. Pamphlets and every information as to Rates of Premium, &c. may be had on application to

W. J. STARR,
Manager and Agent,
St. John, May 29, 1846. Nelson street

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.

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 Elphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. R. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, *Secretary.*

The subscriber having been duly appointed an 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.

Miscellany.

SAMARIA.—It is most affecting to look round this scene of desolation, and to remember that this was the place where wicked Ahab built his house of Baal,—where cruel Jezebel ruled, and where Elijah and Elisha did their wonders. But above all, it fills the mind with solemn awe to read on the spot the words of God's prophets uttered 2500 years before: "I will make Samaria as a heap of of the field and as plantings of the vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof." Every clause reveals a new feature in the desolation of Samaria, differing in all its details from the desolation of Jerusalem, and every word has literally come to pass. We had found both on the summit, and on the southern valley, at every little interval heaps of ancient stones piled up, which had been gathered off the surface to clear it for cultivation. There can be no doubt that these stones once formed part of the temples, and palaces, and dwellings of Samaria, so that the word is fulfilled: "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field."

We had also seen how completely the hill has been cleared of all edifices, the stones gathered off it as in the clearing of a vineyard, the only columns that remain standing bare without their capitals; so that in all respects the hill is left like 'the plantings of a vineyard,'—either like the bare vine-shoot of a newly planted vineyard, or like the well cleared terraces where vines might be planted. Still further, we had seen that the ruins of the ancient city had not been left to moulder away on the hill where they were built, as is the case with other ancient cities, but had been cleared away to make room for the labours of the husbandmen. The place where the buildings or the city stood has been tilled, sown and reaped; and the buildings themselves rolled down over the brow of the hill. Of this, the heaps in the valley, the loose fragments in the rude dykes that run up the sides, and the broken columns on their way down into the valley, are witnesses; so that the destroyers of Samaria (whose very names are unknown) and the simple husbandmen have both, unwittingly been fulfilling God's word, "I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley." And last of all we had noticed that many of the stones in the valley were large and massy as if they had been foundation stones of a building, and that in many parts of the vast colonnade nothing more than the bases of the pillars remain. But especially we observed, that the ruined church had been built upon foundations of a far older date than the church itself, the stones being of great size, and bevelled in a manner similar to the stones of the temple wall at Jerusalem, and those of the mosque at Hebron, and those foundations were now quite exposed. So that the last clause of prophecy is fulfilled with the same awful minuteness: "I will discover the foundation thereof." Surely there is more than enough in the fulfilment of this fourfold prediction to condemn, if it does not convince, the Infidel.—*Narrative to the Mission of the Jews.*

SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED.—Stripped of all its fictitious ornaments, savage life though it has natural beauties, yet the darker shadows of its vice overcomes the lustre of its virtue; and though we may regret the individual loss, we cannot but rejoice in the universal advantage and progess. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer skin lodge of the red; the smoky steamer, as panting and rushing, she cuts through the lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their frames than the undulations of the swoyant canoe; the blackened clearing less grateful to the eye than the woodland glade; the dusty road than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love of which they are the harbinger—though but dimly discernible in the long perspective of years to come—it is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain from the means by which it is of necessity to be obtained, upon the mind which looks forward to it.—*Rev. C. Nicolay.*

AN EXECUTION AT DRESDEN.—The preparations for death now commenced. Bakoff, still unbound, took off himself, his coat and braces, and then sat down in the chair. He was now fastened by the breast, waist, legs, and feet, to the post behind the chair. His hands were then tied together in front; and lastly, his eyes were bound. The post, which rose as high as the neck of the criminal, served not only to make him fast, but also to guide the stroke of the executioner. The latter now took from beneath the cloak of his assistant the fatal sword, which had hitherto been concealed—the sword which the criminals were soon to feel, but never to behold. The weapon bore a great resemblance to a Roman sword of ancient times; and Roman swords, we learn, often performed similar tasks two thousand years ago and upwards. The finisher of the law now poised his weapon with both hands, bringing it close to the neck of the victim, to guide its intended aim. Then without any apparent effort, without strain or jerk, but with one quick, sweeping, continuous motion of his hands, the sword passed on unchecked, and the head fell on the floor of the scaffold. An Eton schoolboy at Montem does not more easily cut off a poppy's head. The headless trunk sat perfectly still, while the blood spirted aloft in two conduits. It was a sickening sight. The next operation was to remove the remains. The corpse was slided down a board at the back of the scaffold; the head was removed; and sand was strewed to conceal the blood from the eyes of the next victim of the law.

A PERSIAN'S VISIT TO AN ENGLISH COURT BALL.—I was also invited to her Majesty's ball in Buckingham Palace. The court was very full, and the rooms exceedingly warm. All the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and the nobility and gentry of England, in their different costumes, bowing and passing before her Majesty, exhibited a magnificent sight; but the rooms are not well adapted not sufficiently spacious. The drawing rooms of her Majesty, where all the ladies are presented, exhibit a great profusion of beauty, of rich dresses and jewels. The royal balls are beyond anything of the kind in the world. One who is fortunate as myself to be invited will see an assembly of noble ladies, charming countenances, and elegant robes covered with diamonds, joining in the dance which, although dazzling, yet becomes brighter and more beautiful when her Majesty and her royal consort, Prince Albert, take part in the dance. In so large a company the Queen appeared to me the most graceful in the dance, smiling and looking now and then graciously towards her royal husband. I kept my humble eyes unwearedly fixed on her Majesty and the Prince while they were dancing, and I read with inexpressible delight in their countenances that they have a deep attachment to each other.—Mohun Lal's Travels.

THE GENTLER SEX.—Dow, Jr. has recently published a sermon on "Fire, Water, Woman." We extract that portion relating to woman: "She is often the occasion of much trouble and mischief to man. For her he toils and slaves—for her he left paradise—for her he blows his brains out—for her he makes a confounded fool of himself in a variety of ways—Notwithstanding, woman is a blessing. Her influence over our rough hewn sex is as mild as the moon upon the tides, and twice as powerful. The moral fragrancy that surrounds her is as sweet as the odors that rise from a field of white clover, and her beauty makes her one of the most interesting of living ornaments that wears either legs or wings. I don't care whether you mention a bird of paradise, a butterfly, or a straddlebug."

MARRIAGE.—The marriage ceremony is the most interesting spectacle social life exhibits. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with the halo of happiness, appear together and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and calling heaven and earth to witness the sincerity of their vows, to think of the endearing connection, the important consequences, the final separation, the smiles that kindle to ecstacy at their union, must at length be quenched in the tears of the survivor; but whilst life continues they are to participate in the same joys, to endure the same sorrows, to rejoice and weep in unison. Be constant, man! be considerate, woman; and what can earth offer so pure as your friendship, so deep as your affection!!

HOW TO JUDGE CATTLE.—In all domestic animals, the skin or hide forms one of the best means by which to estimate their fattening properties. In handling of oxen, if the hide be found soft and silky to the touch, it affords a proof of tendency to take meat. A beast having a perfect touch will have a thick loose skin, floating as it were, on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the slightest pressure and springing back towards the finger like a piece of soft leather. Such a skin would be usually covered with an abundance of soft glossy hair, feeling like a bed of moss, and hence is ever termed a mossy skin.—But a thick set, hard, short hair always handles hard, and indicates a hard feeder.

POPULAR DELUSION.

It takes a keen observer to detect all the popular fallacies that are rife in the country. We, *en passant*, note a few of them:—

It is a popular delusion to believe that an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff every thing and every body that wants to use him.

It is a popular delusion to believe that the most certain road to fame is through the turnpike of politics.

It is a popular delusion to believe that a man's intellect is in a ratio with his assurance.

It is a popular delusion to believe that a man filters the natural foolishness from his mind by wearing gold rings on his fingers.

It is a popular delusion to believe that a tailor can live solely on his *cabbage*.

It is a popular delusion to believe that the most Christian like course which a clergyman can follow, is to slander and vilify those who differ with him on doctrinal points of faith.

It is a popular delusion to believe that Nature when she made a lovely woman meant, but omitted, to have finished her off with a brazile.

It is a popular delusion to believe that an ignorant and vulgar man, by being smuggled into one of the learned profession, becomes a scholar and a gentleman.

It is popular delusion to believe that the length of a man's speech is proof of its merit.

It is a popular delusion to believe that a man's merit, not his means, is the power that attracts friends to him.

It is a popular delusion to believe that it is more meritorious to squander money on fancied privations abroad than to relieve actual distress at home.

It is a popular delusion—but we here suspend our view of popular delusions for the present.

From Blackwoods Lady's Magazine.

THE TWO MAY MORNINGS

A TALE.

BY ROBIN TRYST. (*Continued.*)

On a warm afternoon in April, a gay party of idlers paraded the level walks of Covent Garden, then a favourite and fashionable resort. One of the individuals of the group, most worthy of notice, was a richly and tastefully attired gallant, whose tall symmetrical figure, and distinguished appearance, proclaimed to his friends and admirers the renowned—Beau Fielding. By the side of the beau walked a very beautiful girl, whose exquisitely arranged *toilette*, and languished air quickly made you comprehend that she laid equal claim to the title of "Belle." Her complexion was dazzling fair, but the delicate brilliancy of the roses which adorned her cheeks had something the effect of art. Her eyes were blue, her eyebrows superbly arched, and her nose, which formed a very pretty feature, inclined to the aquiline. The dimples which bountiful nature had bestowed were hidden, while their effect was counterfeited by several minute patches, placed at irregular distances around the corners of her lips; her hair was powdered, and raised high on her head—the different bows into which it was formed being bound and ornamented with orient pearls, and the whole was surmounted by a hat, coquettishly placed on her head, from which dropped a plume of snowy ostrich feathers. Her robe was of blue brocade, with a running pattern of *lis du sollice*, and confined on a bodice to the front of her right arm, was a small bouquet, of the finest and loveliest exotics.—A little in the rear of these two personages walked an elderly lady, who spoke very loud and fast, and who was addressed by a quaint looking old man on her right, as lady Dabbleworth. There was also a young lady who called Lady Dabbleworth mamma, and who was trying to get up a flirtation with a smooth faced young gentleman who seemed scarcely to have Bidden good-by to his teens. Such was the party which was now walking towards the piazza in Covent Garden.

"Now, by the brightest and bluest eyes about town, which are thine own, sweet flower," said Beau Fielding, addressing his fair companion in a most affected tone of gallantry, "this is the pleasantest walk I've had this many a day. The sky is so luminous, eh? The flowers opening to the sun, eh! Enchantment, 'pon my soul! Enchantment! And my old Lord Dinganow has contrived to engross Lady Dabbleworth; charming, isn't it? Well now, *my belle*, how silent you are!"

"Nay, Mr. Fielding," said the lady in a very soft sweet voice, I am not to blame; you have been yourself so amusing, that you have left me little to say."

"Eh! really? Well *apropos* of Dinganew, what do you think of her ladyship's dance?"

"It was agreeable, but too crowded."

"Too crowded. That was bad taste in her ladyship, but perhaps fair Miss Somerville," continued the beau, lowering his voice and looking earnestly at the lady, perhaps in all that crowd there was wanting the one whose heart could beat in sympathetic numbers with your own, and the possession of whose love could make your wholelife glide from the confines of time to the boundless realms of eternity, like a fairy dream. Was it so?" This was most intolerably personal, for the beau himself had been absent on the night in question. "Is the lady, glancing coldly at her admirer, said in a voice whose wonted harmony was disturbed by no emotion, I am not aware that there was any addition to the party I should have cared to make. There were many present whose absence I should not have deplored, but I believe none were absent whose presence I particularly desired."

"Fathoms," muttered Fielding between his teeth—but the angry adjuration which might else have reached Miss Somerville's ear, was not noticed by her, for she had caught the tones of a voice familiar—tones which were not slow to wake an echo in her heart. She turned hastily, but her eye sought in vain for him who had spoken; the voice that appeared to proceed from a small erection of wood, in which were served a various assortment of cates and plentiful supplies of tipcress, the favourite beverages of the times. The party having halted beneath this to reconnoitre for a moment, the gay groups passing and repassing, she caught each word of the well known voice distinctly, and though the admired belle of fashion was too well schooled in the great world to permit any emotion to appear, her pulse quickened sensibly when she heard the conversation had reference to herself.

And so that lady is Mistress Somerville—you're sure, asked the speaker, of one whose position equally hid him from the view of the fair eavesdropper; "well, I have never seen aught on earth so beautiful! No, not even——

"There is Sir Harry Sackville, as I live," cried the beau and his importune remark prevented Miss Somerville's hearing the conclusion of the sentence. "Ha! ha! a jeweled snuff-box to a clouded cane, now he doesn't forget that I pinked him in that affair last week. *Ma foi*, how shy he looks!"

Miss Somerville gave the irritated mention to her fan, and the Beau, deeply versed in the language of those feminine weapons, deemed it expedient to leave the lady to struggle through her insensible mood in silence. While he essayed to pique her jealousy by eyeing and passing commendatory remarks on the beauty of the ladies to those around. Miss Somerville again listened, but the voice whose tones she sought to distinguish, was now silent, and the party was soon after again in progress.

"Sackville again, cried the beau, ha, ha! he will not join us."

Miss Somerville curtseyed slightly, and at the same time bestowed one of her sweetest smiles upon Sir Harry; she had divined with ready tact, the mark at which the beau had aimed, in his extravagant praises of Lady Dabbleworth's daughter Mildcent and her coquettish nature pointed out the method of retaliation. The plot worked as she could wish; the magnetic influence of the smile drew the baronet immediately to her side.

"Now Sir Harry I will give you the glove for your thoughts just now," said the lady as he approached; I never before thought you could have been convicted of such a frantic sin as meditation, but your air at that moment has established your guilt beyond a doubt."

"For such a treasure as you offer, fair Mistress Somerville, said Sir Harry, I would accept your challenge were it far less agreeable for me to do so than it is. I thought that you too, looked pensive (so if you think it be a sin I care not, for I am borne out by your example,) but I thought also I had never seen you look more handsome, or wear a prettier air."

"Nay you flatter me, sir Harry said the coquette, leaning her head on one side and smiling archly, while her fan performed languishing evolutions; but tell me yet, for I shall not yield up my glove so cheaply; where do you get all your pretty speeches? They are so mightily like Mr. Fielding's. I am sure you must both learn out of the same book."

"I will tell you, rejoined Sir Harry, elated by this sly pun at his rival, though it also implicated himself; "mine flow spontaneously when warmed by the inspiring influence of your presence. Mr. Fielding will perhaps answer for himself.

"Faith!" said the beau, turning a withering look upon the fair Somerville, "I believe mine flow spontaneously at all times; or, at least the rustle of any hooped petticoat, or the flutter of any spangled fan, is all the inspiration they require.

"I thank you Mr. Fielding, said the young lady returning the blighting glance of the beau, with an extremely affable smile; I thank you, for, notwithstanding the enlargement of your ideas you have caused mine own particular hooped petticoat, and mine own exclusive spangled fan, to acquire great value in my eyes; for though all may exercise a very happy influence in inspiring you to eloquent speeches, I have known none capable of prompting such a *chef d'oeuvre* as the present. Do me the favour to clasp my bracelet. It might be the effect of the extremely beautiful hand and arm thus offered to his notice, or it might be only the return of his habitual and widely extended feeling of gallantry, which caused Beau Fielding, when he had clasped the jewelled circlet on Mistress Somerville's wrist, to raise her hand to his lips with a grace peculiar to himself, and to seek pardon and reconciliation of its owner. This was duly notified, but the lady hastily withdrew her hand, and an angry flush passed over her face. She seemed annoyed at the freedom of the beau, which she could not but be conscious, was more than aught else, the result of her own thoughtless levity. Looking around for something which might divert thoughts, which were really becoming sad, the glance of the belle at length rested on one who stood with his arms folded, watching her with fixed attention, and at no great distance.

"How strange, how passing strange," thought the fair Somerville to herself, "twice before I have marked him regarding me thus, yet he does not speak. He is shocked at my folly, at my light trifling. I have brought this misery upon myself."—And a blush forced itself through the artificial colouring of her cheek as she looked down under pretence of arranging her bouquet, but in reality to seek the cover of her fan.

"Mr. Gerald Forester," said a voice at her side; she started at the sound, but, feigning not to hear, determinately concealed her face till the traces of emotion should have left it. "Mr. Gerald Forester is extremely desirous of being presented to the fair Mistress Somerville," repeated an old gentleman, whom Miss Somerville, on recovering herself recognized as an acquaintance of Lady Dabbleworth. She raised her eyes searchingly to the face of the young man who was thus presented, but could read nought there save an expression of admiration which could not be concealed, though it was tempered by a greater degree of respectful homage than she commonly beheld in those around her. A deep sigh escaped her as she slowly withdrew her gaze, but, curtseying gracefully, she said, with a self possession which surprised herself:

"I am happy in making Mr. Forrester's acquaintance, and the more so that I perceive his migration from the country is but of recent date. Mr. Fielding, you talk to me only of court pageants and opera tunes; you quote Sedley, and, when you feel romantically disposed, descant on the beauties of stage scenery; now this gentleman will be able to tell me of bowling greens, and games of single sticks, of damsels racing in four sacks, and young fellows pitching the bar.—I like the variety vastly."

Though these words were the result of a latent feeling of pique, which, from some secret cause, found place in the breast of the fair speaker, they were uttered in a tone so playfully *piquant*, and accompanied by looks of such irresistible fascination that the young man felt more than ever charmed.

"I shall hold it one of the happiest circumstances of my life, said he, bowing with a slight degree of embarrassment, "to have been country bred, if that has given me the power and the pleasure of affording an entertainment."

"I see" thought the lady he has forgotten me! And, I—I,——memory is still faithful to torment me!"

"Very prettily spoken," she said aloud; "but if you improve so fast, I shall loose all your village reminiscences; sweet saints! what have you done with your hob nailed shoes? And where have your pepper and salt coat and bob wig vanished? I have been mightily deceived in you!" and the fair Somerville stepped back a pace, and ran her eye over the gay equipments of the young gallant.

"Nay, I appeal to von Mr. Fielding," said the coquette, hastily folding her fan and laying it on the arm of the beau, "and I not badly tiled!" Here has Mr. Forrester donned a lace coat and diamond buckles—thereby putting to flight all the poetical notions with which his first appearance inspired me."

"Nay, lily," said the beau, returning his jewelled snuff box to his pocket, and suspending within the range of her vision, a very white hand, garnished with the lace ruffles, and holding an embroidered handkerchief; "Nay, I faith lily flower, I think Mr. Forrester gives you little cause for complaint.—He has it is true, forsworn the hob nail and the bob-wig but he has retained as *varaude*, a certain air, strongly associated with rural sciences."

Gerald reddened to the temples, but not designing to make a reply, he addressed himself to Mistress Somerville.

"Surely I can furnish the reminiscences required said he with some appearance of confusion, which though it did not amount to awkwardness, was infinitely relished by the beau; surely I could furnish the reminiscences required, without the aid of a rustic dress?

"Hold there!"—said Miss Somerville, interrupting him; I cannot tell. I must apply to Mr. Fielding, who is learned in such matters. Pray, may I ask," she continued, turning to the beau, "if country pageants have the power of eloquence equally with fans and hooped petticoats?"

"I had hoped, returned Beau Fielding lowering his voice that my unpardonable breach of good manners had been forgotten.

"Ha, ha! It is a maxim with women to forgive, but not to *forget*," laughed the belle; but in a moment she seemed to recognize a deeper import in her words than she had at first intended, and glanced at Gerald Forester with a sigh. And now, Mr. Forrester, said she recovering in a moment her former air of raillery, "you must submit to be catechised. Inprimis; is the First of May not a season of mirth, homely rejoicing in the country? Is not the annual festivity of the May pole kept up with much spirit? Oh! I see I am right, some agreeable recollection of the occasion has just crossed your mind." It was remarkable that a lady of so much wit as Mistress Somerville, should be so singularly deficient in discernment, as this observation would make her appear: for never did a lover less the external evidence of an agreeable recollection than that of Gerald at this moment.

"You are perfectly right said he, struggling in vain to appear composed; "perfectly. It is—it is a day of feasting and dancing with all classes."

Exactly, rejoined the belle, who had marked him narrowly. "Exactly. But the festivity I believe has been somewhat shorn of its honours within the last few years? Now, six years ago—or five, or even four—can you call to mind being present at this pretty rustic merry-making four years ago?"

"Yes, no—" gasped Gerald. "Oh yes, I perfectly remember."

"Ha, ha! there is some Fair Delia in the case!