SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1849.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 39.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Dovober & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

12s. 6d., in Advance;—$3 if not paid until the termination of the year:

But as the Proprietors intend to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those *who never pay*, they offer the following

Inducements for Clubbing,

by which means parties will be able to procure a valuable Family and Business Newspaper at a CHEAPER RATE than any heretofore offered in this Province. They propose to send

For $10 IN ADVANCE, 5 copies of the Chronicle, *to one address*, to any part of this or the Sister Provinces, for One Year;

For $20 in advance, 11 copies for One Year;

For $40 in advance, 24 copies for One Year;

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

All letters, orders, communications, &c., must be post paid, and addressed to

DURANT & CO.
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

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

May.		R.	Sun.	Moon	H	W.
26	Saturday,	4	24	7 29	11 42	2 19
27	Sunday	4	24	7 30	0 0	3 5
28	Monday,	4	23	7 31	0m20	3 52
29	Tuesday,	4	23	7 32	0 53	4 56
30	Wednesday,	4	22	7 33	1 23	6 12
31	Thursday,	4	22	7 34	1 52	7 31
1	Friday,	4	21	7 35	2m20	8 37

First Quarter, 28th, 6h. 57m. afternoon.

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.*

Minerva Life Assurance Office,
King William-street, London.

NO extra charge for residence in British North America, or sea risk to or from Great Britain.

All Assurances effected,—proposals for which are made to this Agency prior to the 1st January, 1849,—will acquire an additional year's standing at the Third Division of Profits, which will take place in June, 1852.

Tables of Rates of Premium and every other information can be obtained by application at the Office of RANNEY, STURDEE, & CO.
Dec. 25. Agents for New-Brunswick.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St. Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages, and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

Torryburn House,
RE-OPENED.
SEVEN MILES FROM THE CITY.

THE subscriber having leased the above establishment, begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has fitted and furnished it in a superior manner, and rendered it in every way comfortable and convenient for those who may favour him with a call.

Private families can be accommodated—and all who visit his house may rest assured that every attention will be paid to them.

Dec. 15. PETER DRAKE.

HAMMOND RIVER HOUSE.

THE Subscriber grateful for past patronage from the Travelling community, begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he has lately removed his establishment to the above House, 16 miles from this City, 1 mile North of Hammond River Bridge, where he is prepared to entertain Travellers at all times and seasons

DINNERS, &c. &c. got up at shortest notice.
Constantly on hand, a choice supply of WINES, &c. &c.
Comfortable and commodious Stabling attached to the Premises, careful hostlers always in attendance. WASHINGTON ALDEN.
February 2, 1849.

Wallsend and Smiths' Coal.

To arrive about the 10th May—

THE Cargo of the *John and Isabella*;
the Cargo of the brig *Spring*;
the Cargo of the brig *Beaver*;
consisting of superior Wallsend and Smiths' Coals from Newcastle, are now offered for sale, to arrive by JOHN KINNEAR.
April 20. *Prince Wm. Street.*

Farm for Sale.

SITUATED in the Parish of Lancaster, 5¼ miles from the city, consisting of 200 acres, 25 of which is cleared. The Post road to St. Andrew's runs through it, and fronts on the Bay of Fundy. There is a good House, Stable Outhouses, &c. on the premises, and an excellent Mill privilege. Enquire at the Chronicle Office, or to
March 9. W. SCOTT.

☞ The above Farm would be exchanged for Property in the City.

Pork, Tea, Beans, &c.

BY the "*L. O'C. Doyle*," from Boston:—82 Barrels First Quality BEANS; 25 brls Prime PORK; 20 Chests Congo Tea; 15 Hhds. Prime Molasses; 6 Bales CLOVES; 12 Willow Waggons; 9 Boxes Clothes Pins; 1 Bale ass'd Door Mats; 6 Children's NURSERY CHAIRS; 6 Dozen Hickory Axe Handles.
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
April 20. *Prince Wm. Street.*

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.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in CASH, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
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Fredericton: George Lee, junior, Esq.,
Hampton: Samuel Fisher, Esq.
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.
Manikton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.,
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: Alexander Campbell, Esq.,
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock; James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
FREDERICK R. STARR,
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

Tea, Coffee, &c.

Per Schr. Beverley from Boston.

22 CHESTS Fine Congo TEA,
10 bags COFFEE,
10 brls. Bright VARNISH,
5 brls. Spirits of TURPENTINE,
7 cheats caper Souchong TEA,
For sale by JOHN KINNEAR.
March 2. Prince Wm. street

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* Mrs. ANN MELLISH, (*one of his Tenants,*) *whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Pattern to the Proprietor of his Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

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

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

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

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

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miscellany.

THE OLD WRITING MASTER'S HEIRESS

'DRAW your hair-strokes lightly, Henri; less heavily on the down strokes, and round off your capitals bravely. There: very good!' 'Armand' you are not attentive to-day. I can tell you, little boy, your poor mamma, who works so hard to pay for your instruction, cannot afford to have you idling.' 'Now, Jacques, finish your copy and sign your name with a bold flourish at the end!' So did old Mpitre Caillot address his writing class, composed of three ruddy faced boys, whose coarse habiliments and rough hands showed that they belonged to the lower rank of life. The pupils were seated at a ricketty-looking desk, in the scantily-furnished upper room of a house situated in one of the meanest and most obscure suburbs of Paris. The master was a thin man, bent from age, but whose vivid glance, and sharp care-worn features seemed to tell that the vigor of his mind was unimpaired. While standing behind the boys and instructing them in the art of penmanship, he would sometimes pause and sigh, and look round at a very young girl who was busy at the earthern stove preparing bread soup for their dinner. She was a fair-haired, delicate looking creature, about fifteen, and small for that age; her little hands were scarcely able to lift the earthen pot, in which she put two slices of bread, an onion, a few sweet herbs, a bit of dripping, some pepper and salt, and then filled it with water. With an effort she placed it over the tiny fire in the stove, and watched and skimmed it as it gradually boiled. She then drew forward a small table, covered it with a coarse clean cloth, and neatly arranged on it two bowls, plates, knives and fork, together with a jug of water, and half a brown loaf. Having finished these arrangements she took some needlework, and seated herself near the stove. At length the hour of one sounded from a neighbouring church and the pupils of Maitre Caillot rose from their seats, and with a politeness which children in this country would do well to imitate, bowed respectfully to their teacher, and then to Mademoiselle Lousie, before they withdrew. The old man sighed as the last little grey blouse disappeared.—'Three francs a week,' he said, 'are all I can earn by teaching; and yet thou sweet, Lousie, I take as much pains with these little plebians as when I directed the hand of the king's son.'

M. Caillots lot had indeed been one of strange vicissitude. The office of writing master to the royal princes had been for a number of years hereditary to his family. His ancestor had instructed Louis the XIV, and his son, in due course, taught the dauphin; and so on in regular succession, until the disastrous events of the revolution, brought the good Louis the XVI. to the scaffold, and consigned his innocent little son to a lingering death. Then M. Caillot lost his office, and very nearly his life. He had saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his possessions, and lived in great poverty with his grand-daughter.—She was his only remaining relative, with the exception of an aged female cousin—Madame Therese—who lived at the other side of Paris, and whose circumstances were as indigent as his own. Lousie was an amiable, affectionate girl; she attended her grandfather, did the household business, and yet found time to earn a few sous by needlework, so as to add to the small pittance which M. Caillot gained by teaching writing to a few of their neighbours children. He was certainly very poor, and yet there was a circumstance which appeared to Lousie very mysterious. Her grandfather, when in a communicative mood, often spoke of treasure he possessed, and which she should inherit; and on one occasion he showed her a green tin box, carefully locked, which he said contained a precious possession, not available to him as he could never bring himself to part with it, but which would one day enrich her.—This box he always kept cautiously secreted at the head of his bed; and Lousie could not help sometimes wondering why grandpapa would not use his treasure, and prevent them suffering so much from poverty; yet fearing to annoy him, she never spoke to him on the subject, but quietly put her trust in God, humbly hoping that in his good time their circumstances might alter.

A change indeed came, but it was one that filled the tender heart of Lousie with sorrow. One day, about six months from the time when our narrative opens, M. Caillot complained of being very ill: a sort of numbness seized his limbs, and he had scarcely strength to reach his bed. Lousie immediately warmed water to bathe his feet, and begged the mistress of the house to fetch a doctor. While waiting his arrival, the old man said in a feeble voice, 'Lousie.'

'Well, dear grandpapa?'

'Death is approaching, my child. I feel I have not long to live; and but for leaving thee I should feel quite happy. I leave thee, my child, in the midst of a dangerous world, yet I feel assured the goodness of God will never forsake thee as long as thou continuest to keep His commandments. I have very little to give thee: the sale of the furniture will do little more than pay the rent; and my other possessions, with one exception, are of trifling value. Give me the tin box at the head of the bed. Lousie did so; and the old man put a small key of curious workmanship into her hand. 'Try, Lousie,' he said, 'to earn your livelihood by honest industry; but if your resources fail, then open this box, dispose of its contents, and they will bring you a sum of money. They are'——But here his voice failed, his breathing became labored, and pressing once more the hand of his beloved child, he expired just as the physician and landlady entered the room. The former seeing that all was over, immediately withdrew, and the latter busied herself about performing the last sad offices for the dead. As to poor Lousie, she was stupified with grief; and it was not until the funeral was over, and she found herself alone, that she was able to rouse herself, and consider her situation.

The door opened, and her landlady, Madame Duval entered. 'Well, Mademoiselle Lousie,' she said, 'I am come to ask you what you intend to do? Has your grandfather left any money?'

'No, madame, nothing but one five frank piece and a few sous. But perhaps you will have the kindness to put me in the way of disposing of the furniture, which will, I hope, pay your rent and the other expenses.'

'It will hardly do that,' said the landlady, casting a scornful glance around. 'And then, pray, how are you to live?'

'I can work neatly, madame, and I hope you will kindly allow me to remain with you, while I try to procure employment.'

Oh, if that's all you have to depend on,' cried the landlady, 'I promise you I cannot afford to keep you here. Why, child, in these hard times a young creature like you could not earn enough to keep you from starving, and then how am I to be paid for your lodging?'

'You need not fear, madame,' said Lousie a little proudly, 'that I shall be a burthen to you. Tho' dear grandpapa did not leave me money he told me he left me a treasure in this tin box; but I'm not to open it until I'm really in want.'

Oh, that alters the case,' said the woman. 'Of course, my dear Mademoiselle Lousie, I shall be most happy to have you here; indeed I was only jesting when I spoke of sending you away. But wont you open the box now? I'm sure you must be anxious to see what it contains.'

'No, madame,' said Lousie, firmly; 'I must obey grandpapa's wishes, and not open it unless I fail to earn a livelihood by work.'

'As you please, my dear child, as you please,' replied Madame Duval. But she thought to herself, 'She is an oddity like her old grandfather: I must humour her for the present, and keep her here so that I shall secure my part of the treasure.'

In pursuance of this plan the landlady lavished fond words and caresses on Lousie; she invited her to eat with herself, and took care to provide some little delicacy for dinner. She disposed of the furniture to the best advantage; and having satisfied all claims, presented Lousie with three francs—'See, my dear, how well it is for you to have an attached friend to manage your little affairs; if less carefully disposed of, your furniture would not have brought half that sum.'

Lousie was a gentle, well principled girl; but she was young, and the pernicious flattery and indulgence of her false friend soon produced an evil effect upon her mind. She indeed fell speedily into idle habits. She procured some work from a neighbouring shop, but the remuneration was very small; and she often thought as she held her needle with a listless hand—'How tiresome it is to work so long for a few sous: I really think I might open grandpapa's box and enjoy what he has left me!'

It happened one day that Lousie saw a very pretty bonnet in a milliner's window; it seemed as if it would exactly fit her, and she inquired the price. 'Fifteen francs,' the milliner said.—'Very cheap, indeed too cheap; but it would become mademoiselle so much, that she would let her have it at first cost.'

Lousie looked and hesitated. Her conscience whispered, 'You have not got the money; and even if you had, fifteen francs could be better spent than in gratifying vanity. 'But the bonnet is so pretty,' she thought again, 'and I can open grandpapa's box to-night, and then I shall be so rich, that fifteen francs will seem a trifle.' Conscience was silenced though not satisfied; and Lousie returned to the house of Madame Duval. They sat down to dinner; but the young girl felt so agitated that she could not eat.

'Madame,' she said at last, 'I think I will open the box to-night. You know I *have* tried to work, and could earn but little, and 'tis right that I should repay you for your kindness.'

At these words the landlady embraced her. 'Oh, my dear child,' she said, 'you know I love you so much, that I would gladly have you here without any payment. But come, where is the key? Let us look at your treasure.'

'Lousie produced the key, unlocked the box and raised the cover. Madame Duval thrust in her eager hand, and drew forth—what?—a bundle of manuscripts carefully tied up. They were evidently written by juvenile hands, and looked, indeed, like schoolboy's copy-books. The landlady and Lousie looked carefully through them, hoping they might contain bank notes, or some paper of value; but when nothing of the kind appeared, the rage of Madame Duval knew no bounds. She accused M. Caillot and his grand-daughter of being imposters, and even threatened the poor girl with being sent to prison.

Lousie was quite stunned by her misfortune, and could scarcely find words to implore the compassion of her cruel landlady. At length, having exhausted her anger in various abusive epithets, Madame Duval stripped the poor child of every thing she possessed, leaving her nothing but a few ragged garments to cover her, and then turned her out of doors, to seek a shelter where she could.

Night was fast approaching, and Lousie found herself in a dreadful situation: sent at such an hour to wander penniless and half naked through the streets of Paris. When Madame Duval was closing the door, Lousie ventured to ask her for the fatal tin box.

'No,' replied she, 'that may be worth a few sous, so I shall keep it; but if you wish for the trumpery papers in it, you may have them, as a precious *souvenir* of your thievish old grandfather.' So saying, the cruel woman threw her the carefully tied up manuscripts, and then shut the door.

The heart of Lousie was humbled; she felt no inclination to return railing for railing. 'I have deserved this misfortune,' she thought; it comes as the just punishment of my idle selfishness. May God protect me and enable me to do better in future.' After a short but fervent prayer, her mind felt calmed, and she bethought herself of the aged cousin of her grandfather, Madame Therese. 'I will go to her,' she said, 'and ask her to let me share her lodging; and perhaps, by working hard I may contribute to her support as well as my own.' Holding her grandfather's papers carefully in her hand, she set out. The humble lodgings of Madame Therese was situated in an obscure suburb, and Lousie had some difficulty in finding it out. At length a good-natured shoemaker, living in the same street, directed her to the door, and the young girl knocked gently.

'Come in,' said a feeble voice. Louise entered.

The room was small but very clean; a bed covered with a white quilt, occupied one corner, and a cupboard another; at the side was a small earthen stove, in which a few sticks were burning, and two or three chairs and a table completed the furniture of the apartment. Madam Therese was seated on a low stool near the stove, her dress, though humble was very clean, and her gray hair tightly drawn under a muslin cap, gave a venerable appearance to her wrinkled features.—She had been for many years so crippled by rheumatism, as to be unable to walk; but her hands being free from the disease, she she was constantly employed in knitting, and thus gained a scanty subsistence. Yet often in the cold dark days of winter the poor widow would have perisced but for the timely assistance of a few charitable neighbors, who, out of their own small supply, used to bring her little presents of soup, bread and firing. It was now four years since she had seen Louise, her infirmities and those of M. Caillot, having prevented their meeting; indeed so secluded was her life, that she did not even know of her cousin's death, and was therefore much surprised at seeing Louise, and hearing all she had to tell.

Encouraged by the maternal kindness with which she was received, the young girl made a full frank confession of her errors, and concluded by saying—'Now, dear madame, if you will allow me to share your room, I will try, with the blessings of God to be some comfort and assistance to you. I am young and strong, and indeed I will try to work hard.'

'You are welcome, my dear child,' replied Madame Therese; 'while God spares me, we will never part; indeed I feel assured that He has sent you to me, and that all our misfortunes, if borne with cheerful resignation, will prove for our real good.''

She then sat herself busily to prepare some bread soup, and when it was ready pressed Louise affectionately to partake of it. Afterwards she made her share her clean hard bread; and the young girl, happy to have found so truly good a friend, slumbered peaceably till morning.

When Louise awoke, she set herself to consider her present situation, and resolved to leave nothing undone that might contribute to her cousin's comfort. Accordingly, having dressed herself, she assisted Madam Therese in putting on her clothes, and then arranged the room neatly, while the old lady prepared breakfast.

'How handy and useful you are, my child.'

'Oh, aunt—will you allow me to call you aunt—I was always accustomed to attend dear grand papa, and shall be glad to do the same for you.'

Their light meal over, Louise asked her aunt, as she now called her, to look up in the cupboard her grandfather's manuscripts; for although she could see no intrinsic value in them, yet, as a memento of him, she prized them.

The old lady looked at them. 'I am a poor scholar,' she said; 'but certainly these papers appear to me like a schoolboy's scribbling. I cannot think why my poor cousin called them a treasure. However, for his sake we will put them up carefully, and I certainly feel indebted to them for bringing you to me.'

Madame Therese then lent Louise a cloak with which to cover her shabby garments, and directed her to a large haberdasher's shop where she might succeed in gaining employment.

It was situated in one of the busiest streets of Paris, and a number of gaily dressed people were purchasing at the counter when Louise entered.—Ready made shirts, blouses, and children's clothes were among the articles sold; and these Louise hoped to be employed in making. She advanced timidly towards the mistress of the establishment and said, 'If you please, madame, do you require a work-women?'

'Not at present,' was the reply; and poor Louise was turning away, when the woman added, 'if you can work well and on low terms, I may find something for you to do. Have you you any one to recommend you?

'Only my cousin with whom I live.'

'Who is she?'

'Her name is Madame Therese Caillot She lives in a room, No 27, Rue ——; but she cannot come out of doors, for she is disabled by rheumatism.'

The shop keeper laughed. 'A fine recommendation truly! You don't suppose, child, that in this establishment we trust our work out to persons who can give no better reference than you offer?

The tears stood in the young girl's eyes. 'Good morning madame,' she said humbly, and left the shop.

(*To be continued.*)

THE QUEEN'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Her Majesty is, undoubtedly, one of the most accomplished ladies in her dominions. She is the mistress of all the modern languages, in which she expresses herself with equal grace and fluency.—Her love of music developed itself at a very early age; she plays with great taste and expression on several instruments, and has inherited her royal grandfather, George the Third's predelection for the organ. She is said to evince a decided preference for Italian music, but she takes great delight in the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethovan and Mozart. Her voice is a remarkably sweet *mezzo soprano*, and her singing is not only scientifically good, but very pleasing. Her Majesty inherits her good musical talents, not only from the royal family from whom her descent is paternally derived, and also from her illustrious mother, who is herself a composer.

The Queen's talents for drawing are so remarkable, that one of her masters, before her accession the throne, when speaking of his royal pupil, of whose progress he was justly proud, said, "The Princess Victoria would have made the best female artist of the age if she had not been born to wear a crown."

Her Royal Highness told this gentleman that her pencil was a source of great delight to her; and that, when fatigued by severer studies, it was always a refreshment to her mind to devote an hour to drawing, an employment in which she would have willingly spent more of her time than any other.

So affable was this amiable princess in her deportment to her instructors, that she was beloved by them all. One of her drawing-masters ventured to make known to her Royal Highness that a lady whom he knew had expressed the most ardent desire to possess something sketched by her hand.

"Indeed," replied her Royal Highness, with a smile, "I wish it were in my power to gratify the wish of every one as easily," and dipping a pen in the standish as she spoke, she rapidly executed a free, graceful sketch of a horse's head, in that peculiar style called etching, and kindly presented it to Mr. Westall for his friend.

The lady was astonished at the beauty of the design and execution, but observed that no one would believe that it was really the work of the Princess Victoria, unless it were distinguished by the autograph of the illustrious artist.

When this remark was repeated to the Princess Victoria, she very good-humoredly completed the happiness of the fortunate possessor of this valued drawing, by adding her autograph.

Her Majesty writes a very fine hand—free, bold and legible—yet the character is perfectly feminine. She is also an excellent arithmetician and examines the most complex accounts with the ease of an experienced financier.

Soon after her accession to the throne, one of her Ministers submitted to the youthful sovereign's attention papers containing statements of a variety of matters connected with the financial department. Her Majesty took her pencil, and after rapidly summing up the figures, whose lengthened phalanxes might have appeared somewhat formidable to a more experienced calculator than a young lady scarcely nineteen, returned them with these words, uttered with her usual impressive dignity—"My lord, these accounts are, as I expected to find them, correct."

In her private expenditure her Majesty is both economical and generous. She has been more liberal in her gifts, and more magnificent in her hospitality than any other of her immediate predecessors; yet the privy purse is unembarrassed.—We have afforded in our previous detail, a solution of this apparent enigma: her Majesty is an excellent accountant.—[Miss Strickland's Queen Victoria.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FEIGNED DISEASE.—A few days since, a delicate little boy, about twelve years of age, was admitted into the Taunton and Somerset Hospital, in a deplorable state of palsy. He was helpless in all his limbs and on making efforts to stand and exert himself he became violently convulsed; but the most remarkable symptom attending his disease was an inability to swallow, the nourishment of his body appearing to be kept up by his retaining fluids in the mouth for considerable periods, small portions of which would insensibly find their way into his stomach. His intellects were perfect, and his turn of mind serious. He was reported to have laboured under these sufferings for nearly a year. All treatment had proved unavailing; indeed the Faculty were fairly puzzled by the anomalous character of his malady. A few days' residence in the hospital tended to confirm the account given of the various symptoms. The discovery of deception was thus made:—On Sunday, when all the patients from his ward (excepting himself) were attending divine service, he was observed; after stealthily seeing, as he supposed, that the coast was quite clear, to rise from his bed, and visit, in succession, the lockers of the other patients, levying from each a tithe of the provender they contained, which he despatched with astonishing celerity. On a slight alarm he was back to his bed like lightning. On being questioned relative to these eccentric movements, he denied them *in toto*; but, in explanation of the missing food and a female form, dressed in gay apparel, which he described, had visited the ward, and been to the lockers during the service, and, doubtless, she had made off with the provisions. He was equally ready in explaining away other strange events, and never at a loss for a plausible answer in the most difficult positions. His cure was rapidly effected on Monday morning, when his medical attendants gravely informed him, all previous remedies having proved ineffectual, one alone was left for them to employ; it certainly was a most painful one, producing excruciating agony, but it was a last resource, and never known to fail.—This was now prepared in his presence. His heart evidently began to fail him. As the time for applying the remedy approached he thought he could stand. On a still nearer approach, he did stand. Nearer still, he walked—then ran! And finally, in the presence of his wondering fellow patients, he ate a large piece of bread, and drunk off half-a-pint of tea. He convinces, little, if any sorrow and shame for his conduct, and obstinately refuses to confess what motive has actuated him in his career of deception.—*Globe.*

LORD GOUGH.—The following is a record of the services of this distinguished soldier:—Lord Gough, *G.C.B.* entered the army as Ensign 7th August 1794; he obtained his Lieutenancy, 11th October 1794; Company, 25th June, 1803; Major, 8th August 1805; Lieutenant-Colonel, 29th July 1809; Colonel, 12th August 1819; Major-General, 22d July 1830; Lieutenant-General, 24d November 1841; Colonel, 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, 15th March 1841. Lord Gough's promotion was remarkably rapid, and, as it appears, without purchasing any of the steps, for after fifteen years' service he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The year following his entrance into military life, he served at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope, and against the Dutch fleet in Saldanha Bay. He served subsequently in the West Indies, in the attack on Porto Rico, the brigand war in St. Lucia, and capture of Surinam. In 1809 he served in Peninsular war, and commanded the gallant 87th at the battles of Talavera, Barossa, Vittoria, and Nivelle, for which he received a cross. He also commanded the 87th at the defence of Cadiz and of Tarifa, where he was slightly wounded in the head. At the battle of Talavera, his horse was shot under him, and he was himself afterwards severely wounded in the side by a shell. For his conduct in this action, the Duke of Wellington subsequently recommended that his Lieutenant-Colonelcy should be antedated to the date of his despatch, thus making him the first officer who ever received Brevet rank for services performed in the field at the head of a regiment. At Barossa, his regiment captured the eagle of 8th French Regiment; and at Vittoria, they captured the baton of Marshal Jourdan. At Nivelle he was again severely wounded. He commanded the Land Force at Canton—for which he was made G.C.B., and during nearly the whole of the operations in China; for which service he was created Baronet. On the 29th Dec. 1843, with the right wing of the army of Gwalior, he defeated a Mahratta force at Maharajpore, and captured 56 guns. In 1845 and '46 the army under his personal command defeated the Sikh army at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, for which and previous services he was raised to the Peerage. Lord Gough is now 55 years in the service, nearly the whole of which were active, and is now about 70 years of age.

FUNERAL CHARGES.—It would appear that in many of the practices of social life, not less than in our political institutions, we are departing from the wisdom of our ancestors,—if we may judge from the contrast presented by the following bill of fare pertaining to the funeral of the great-grandfather of our townsman, Mr. George Croll, and the modern innovation of dispensing with all entertainments in the shape of eating and drinking upon such lugubrious occasions. The following particulars of the viands and liquids used at the funeral were copied by Mr. Croll, from the books of his grandfather, Mr. John Robertson, who resided at Milnathort, and who would appear to have preserved an account of the expenes attending his father's interment:—

12 Great Loaves,	£2	16	0
7 Pecks Flour,	5	12	0
Confections,	0	16	0
16 lbs. Butter,	4	16	0
20 lbs. Canglass Cheese,	2	0	0
24 lbs. of our house Cheese,	3	0	0
3 Firlots of Meal,	6	0	0
22 Gallons and 2 Pints Ale,	15	10	0
8 Pints Brandy	12	12	0
8 Pints Aquavitæ,	7	4	0
For the Coffin,	6	0	0
For the handles,	3	0	0
12 dozen of Pipes,	1	10	0
2 Pound of Tobacco,	1	0	0
3 Pound of Candles,	0	15	0
For the Mortcloth,	2	8	0
For the Bell,	0	2	0
	£75	1	0

—The above account is in Scotch money and Scotch measure. The *pint* was about half a gallon English measure, and the gallon eight times that quantity. It will therefore be seen that the "drinkables" had been pretty freely indulged in.—*Northern Warder.*

A Spanish proverb says, that the Jews ruin themselves at their passover, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their law suits.