FIRST PRODUCTIONS IN THE WORLD FOR
Hair! the Skin!! and the Teeth!!

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL

ually acknowledged to be the ONLY ARTICLE effectually *produce* and *restore* Hair, (in Whiskers, Mustachios, and Eyebrows,) it from falling off or turning grey, free it rf and dandruff, and render it delightfully , curly and glossy.

TION!—Numerous *pernicious* compounds erously *sold as* "*Macassar Oil*." To ou real article, see that the bottle is enclosed pper, (a steel engraving of exquisite work) on which are engraved "*ROWLAND'S SSAR OIL*," in two lines.

To further insure the genuine article, see words "*Rowland's Macassar Oil*" are en on the back of the envelope nearly 1,500 ontaining 29,028 letters.—WITHOUT THIS TURE OF NAME.

3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four 0s. 6d., and double that size 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS'
KALYDOR

elegant and fragrant preparation thoroughly ies all *Pimples, Spots, Blotches, Redness, Tan*, , and other defects of the skin; heals *Sores Stings of Insects*, and reduces inflammation. rts a youthful roseate hue to the most bilious xion, and renders the *Arms, Hands*, and transparently fair and delightfully soft and

invaluable as a renovating and refreshing during travelling, or exposure to the sun, or dry piercing winds, and after the heated here of crowded assemblies. Gentlemen d it peculiarly grateful after shaving to allay irritation of the skin.

s 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included.

ROWLANDS'
ODONTO,
PEARL DENTIFRICE,
FRAGRANT WHITE POWDER of Odoriferous Herbs. It eradicates Tartar and decayed spots he Teeth, preserves the enamel, to which it s a Pearl-like whiteness, and fixes the teeth in the gums. Being an Anti-scorbutic, it ates the scurvy from the Gums; strengthens, s, and renders them of a healthy red. It re- s unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which remain after fevers, taking medicine, &c. and *its sweetness and perfume* to the breath. ce 2s. 9d. per box, duty included.

Rowland's
ESSENCE OF TYRE,
Or, IMPERIAL DYE,
ges Red or Grey Hair, Whiskers, Eyebrows, to a beautiful Brown or Black.
ice 4s.; 7s. 6d.; 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle

Rowland's Alsana Extract,
mediately relieves the most violent *Tooth ache, ebites, and Swelled Face.*
ice 2s. 9d.; 4s 6d. and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

Observe! To protect the public from fraud, Hon. Commissioners of her Majesty's stamps e authorised the Proprietor's signature to be ixed on the Government stamp, thus—
Rowland & Son, 20, Hatton Garden,
ich is affixed to the Kalydor, Odonto, and Alsa. None of these are genuine without the stamp.

Beware of Imitations! composed of t most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and ch are frequently pressed upon the unwary. UNINE," and under the lure of being *cheap*. e sure to ask for "Rowland's Articles."

If Sold by Dr. W. Livingstone, *St. John, N. B.* and by every Perfumer and Chemist throughout civilized world. *June 9, 1843.*

W. G. LAWTON
s received per 'Belize,' 'Princess Victoria,' and 'Mars' from Liverpool:
00 PACKAGES, containing Printed COTTONS & Furnitures;
y, White, and Striped Cotton;
ticks, Linings, Ticks, and Dowlas;
hite and Colored COUNTERPANES;
hite, Grey and Colored Damask Table Cloths;
ens, Lawn, Diaper, Duck and Hollands;
nabrigs, Canvas and Huckaback;
ack, Colored and Fancy VELVETS;
large lot of Fancy TROUSERING, *Vestings* and Buttons;
tinet, Tweeds and Gambroons;
d, Yellow and White FLANNELS;
RLEANS, Saxony and Parisians;
rown, White and Fancy Drills;
inted JEANS and SATEENS;
andkerchiefs and Shawls,—of every kind;
emp, Venetian, Scotch and Kidderminster CARPETINGS;
air Carpeting, Rugs and Mats;
fso—A lot of FLOOR CLOTHS, in 5-8, 3 4, 4 4, 5-4, 6-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4.
hich, together with a lot of Sundries, are offered at the lowest Market prices for CASH ONLY. June 14.

To Retailers.
CONFECTIONARY of the best quality, and of every description, may be had at the *Hibernia Hotel*, in lots of five pounds weight and upwards at 1s. 9d. per pound. As every kind is made from o pure loaf sugar, the Public will find them far superior to those imported; as some unwholesome ffs are often used in colouring, the most simple herbs have been procured and used in those ma nufactured by him, for that purpose, and every care aken in the manufacturing to insure satisfaction. Please call and see.
JAMES NETHERY.
November 17.

Port and Madeira Wine, Cognac Brandy, Geneva, Corks, &c.
Ex 'Lady Caroline' from London:
2 PIPES superior PORT WINE;
1 pipe, 2 hhds., 4-gr. casks } "MADEIRA WINE."
20 hhds. Cognac BRANDY, (Martell's)
4 do. Pale do do.; 4 casks wine corks, &c.
15 hhds Pale GENEVA, (*Schiedam.*)
For sale by
Sept. 20. RANNEY, STURDEE, & CO.

CHEAP NAILS,
Cut Nails, Brads and Tacks, &c.,
OF PROVINCIAL MANUFACTURE.
ONE HUNDRED TONS CUT NAILS, ass'd. from 3dy. to 30dy.
Now on hand and are offered at the very low price of 2½d. per lb. by the Keg:
Cut, Finishing, and Floor BRADS of all sizes
Cut TACKS and BRADS—in 1M. papers;
—ALSO—
Cut *Iron* and *Zinc* Sheathing NAILS, of any size, furnished at short notice.
WM. H. SCOVIL.
March 1. *South Market Wharf.*

THE Subscriber has received per Brig *Infanta* from Jamaica 2 Cases very superior Arrow Root. JOHN G. SHARP, Chemist.
Sep. 6. *Corner of North Market Wharf.*

SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1844.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* Number 10.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Dowsey & 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.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H. W.
9	Saturday,	7 1 4 59	5 50	10 1
10	Sunday,	7 2 4 58	Sets	11
11	Monday,	7 3 4 57	5 54	11 5
12	Tuesday,	7 4 4 56	6 47	ev. 3
13	Wednesday,	7 5 4 55	7 57	1 2
14	Thursday,	7 6 4 54	9 9	2
15	Friday,	7 7 4 53	10 21	2 5

New Moon 10th day, 4h 57m morning.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince Wm. street.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

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. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Bunnington, 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 description 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.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

"PROTECTION"
Insurance Company of Hartford.
SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, *Agent.*

☞Notice.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of E. L. Jarvis & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. Jarvis, Esq. their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

☞NOTICE.☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of Thomas Sandall & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make payment to Thomas Sandall.

THOMAS SANDALL,
CATHARINE SANDALL.

St. John, August 3, 1844.

Coffee, Candles, Oil, &c.

The subscribers are now receiving from Boston by schr. Tom Cringle:—

TWENTY BAGS Government Java COFFEE,
10 brls. PEAS and BEANS;
20 Boxes Sperm CANDLES;
10 Barrels Winter Sperm OIL.
—FROM HALIFAX—
200 quintals large Shore CODFISH;
50 boxes Muscatel RAISINS.

Oct. 18, 1844. JARDINE & CO.

Linseed OIL.

TWELVE Casks Raw LINSEED OIL; 17 ditto Boiled ditto. Received per ship *Royalist* from Liverpool, for sale by
27th sept. J. R. CRANE.

Anchors Chains, Copper &c.

2 CHAIN CABLES, 1 1-4 inch.
2 Anchors, (wood stock.) 2 Patent PUMPS, A CAPSTAN; a few bars large COPPER. For sale low by
Aug. 2. J. De Wolfe Spurr.

Health for All!!!
PATRONIZED BY THE GREATEST NOBLES IN THE LAND.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland to Mrs. Ann Melish, (one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a present to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.

Melish,

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 substance. 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 declate themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, *viz*, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a second trial of the Mighty Powers of this astonishing Medicine. *Thousands 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,
Asthmas,	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 Doloureux,
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. R. 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.

May 3, 1844.

By the "Woodstock," from Liverpool.

3rd July, 1844.

BOAT, Board, and Horse NAILS, Block Revets, Pump TACKS, Tea Kettles, Waggon Boxes, Horse *TRACES*, square Shovels and Ditching spades.
Curled Hair, Hair Shathing, Patent skins, Shoe Thread, London GLUE.
Hinges, Locks, Wood Screws, Brushes, Iron Weights—3 only, Garden sheers; Lamp Hemispheres and Chimnies,
Carriage Lace, Coffin Mounting, Shot, Guns, and Pistols, spring Steel, Cast Steel—(Sanderson's), Putty.
Refined and Common IRON, and various other Merchandise.
July 3. G. T. WILEY.

Hare's
PATENT FLOOR CLOTH.

Received by the Oromocto, and for sale—

6 BOXES containing 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 wide FLOOR CLOTHS,—Handsome Patterns.

A Pattern Book is sent out from the Manufacturers of the above beautiful and necessary article of Household Furniture for persons wishing to order to suit Halls or Floors, to any size or dimension, *without seam.* Please apply to

JOHN KINNEAR,
Sands' brick building, Prince Wm. street.

August 2. 8i.

Lard Oil! Lard Oil!!

Just received by the *Flora* and *Active* from Boston on Consignment:—

25 BARRELS LARD OIL, in prime order wholesale and retail at reduced prices.
July 5. JOHN KINNEAR.

PIPES, PIPES.
Per "Canmore" from Glasgow,
236 GROSS best quality TOBACCO PIPES.
In Store,—2 casks of the best quality Scotch Snuff, which is offered wholesale and retail at unusually low prices.
September 6. ARCHIBALD HEGAN.

BELLS.

(From Bentley's Miscellany.)

Ye bells, your clang the thoughtless deem
A joyous and exciting sound;
To me ye but a mockery seem—
I hate ye with a hate profound!

I hear ye peal your merriest notes
For victory or for bridal day,
Straining amain your brazen throats
To bid a careless world be gay.

And then I view the blood-stain'd field,
The dead, the dying,—and I hear
The groans the fated wretches yield,
And mark the orphan's widow's tear;

Or think how little cause for joy,
Perchance, have those the Fates unite;
The worm, that sweetest flowers destroy,
Springs oft, O Hymen! from thy rite.

I hear ye call the throng to pray,
And sadly sigh for wretched man;
'Tis Sin he flies to cast away,
Or Folly draws with subtle chain.

Then comes the slow and doll'rous toll,
The voice which tells us death is near;
Dark horror low'rs upon the soul,
And all is anguish, gloom, and fear!

Night—everlasting night steals on:
We only view the gaping grave,
We only feel that life is done;
Be mute thou dread and gloomy slave!

Be mute for aye; your iron tongue,
Oh! may it never speak again,
Ne'er bid the bills its clang prolong,
Or fright from peace the silent pain.

Miscellany.

An Epicurian Disappointment.—The soldiers determined to eat Bruin's flesh; and as we had often heard of bear's hams being such delicacies, we thought we too would try him. Accordingly, a most noble sirloin was cut out in professional style by our friend the butcher, and handed over to our cook for the morrow's dinner; orders being given to him, however, at the same time, to have something else, in case of its not turning out quite as good as we anticipated. The soldiers had a fine feast the same day, and assured us, that it was delicious; and we certainly began to look forward to enjoy a treat.—The morrow came, and in our impatience to taste the rarity, we ordered dinner an hour earlier than usual; and, after talking about it all day, we at last heard the joyful announcement that it was ready. We sat down, and the sirloin, which we had already eaten in imagination half a dozen times, was brought in. It looked very well; but on taking the first mouthful, I looked at F——, he looked at T——, and he, without saying a word, seizing the long-expected delicacy, threw it out of the tent. The flavour was horrible: I never tasted anything so abominable in my life. It was fortunate that we had something else for dinner; for eating the bear's flesh was out of all question. We had, however, a hearty laugh at the way in which we had been taken in, and were greatly amused at a party of hungry parish dogs, which had collected round the smoking joint outside. Each in turn, seized it and attempted to carry it off; but each was forced immediately to drop it with a burnt mouth, snarling and fighting with the rest for a bite at the corners, and places where it was getting cool.—In the midst of their strife, a half-starved mangy-looking brute that had carefully kept aloof from the engagement, and maintained an armed neutrality by showing his teeth at every dog that came near, watching his opportunity, made a dash at the savoury bait, and, regardless of its being scalding hot, bolted off with his prize at a pace that gave his outwitted companions little chance of regaining it, although they all joined most hotly in pursuit.—*Greenwood's Narrative of the Campaign in Afghanistan.*

Personal Appearance of the Russians.—As regards personal appearance, the hideousness of the women, and the comparative comeliness of the men, have caused the latter to be considered as handsome by many travellers. Their dense hair, thick beard and mustaches, and white teeth; the loose drapery of their semi-Asiatic dress, are all apt somewhat to mislead us; but when we see these men as soldiers, cropped, shaven, and dressed in regimentals which show the figure, the illusion utterly vanishes; we find the face, that appeared handsome when hidden by tufts of hair, mean and inexpressive; the Herculean frames, when stripped of the sheep-skin, sink into disproportioned insignificance, and are always distorted by the great protuberance of the stomach, occasioned by the want of nutritious quality in their food, and the consequent quantity required. The Marquis de Custine is enthusiastic in his praise of the male beauty of the Muscovites; but it is evident that he has been misled, partly by the circumstances above mentioned, partly from having judged of the race by the servants and coachmen of noblemen, to whose appearance he often alludes—but these are no fair specimen, being chosen for their beauty out of thousands of serfs—and, lastly, from confounding with the pure Muscovites the people of the Ukraine, which is already Cossack. The most conclusive evidence on the subject of the personal appearance of the Russians is to be derived in St. Petersburgh, from the examination of the Imperial Guard—a selection from sixty millions. These are many thousands of men all up to the six-foot standard, and yet it would actually be difficult, when stripped of their padding, to find twenty men equal to the first promiscuous twenty in Queen Victoria's first or second Life Guards or Blues.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FAITH—A TALE.

Every town and city has its promenades, where the inhabitants or visitors make it 'their custom of an afternoon' to lounge. This is either specially provided, as in continental cities, by public gardens and esplanades, or else the people choose one of the streets wherein to make their daily peambulations. Regent street in London, Sackville street in Dublin, and Princes street in Edinburgh, have been selected by the respectable inhabitants for this purpose. It is in the last of these that the first scene of the little drama we are about to describe is laid.

One sunny afternoon in 183-, Princes street was unusually crowded. Never, perhaps, was there a more brilliant display of spring fashions than adorned the fair promenaders, who made the street gay with their presence. Here a mother was sedately chaperoning her fair daughters, glancing now and then to either side, well satisfied with the unusually elegant appearance of the damsels, now that the weather was fine enough to admit of abandoning winter costume. There an infantry officer from the castle loitered beside a couple of young ladies, bending his head towards the prettier, that the soft nothings it pleased him to utter might be heard with greater distinctness. Sisters leaned on the arms of brothers, fathers took care of daughters. At one moment a cavalry officer from Piershill dashed past on his hack, bowing as he rode to the various ladies whose acquaintance he had made at the assemblies or elsewhere. Open carriages, with tastefully attired occupants, drove slowly past; and, in short, the street appeared to contain what the newspapers call all the 'beauty and fashion' of Edinburgh.

Amidst the gaiety, there was one individual who did not partake of it. He had already paraded the pavement several times, and from the anxious scrutiny with which he reviewed every lady he met, it was manifest he sought amongst the crowd one particular star on whom all his thoughts was concentrated, and for whom all his sighs (and they were deep and frequent) were heaved. At length, as he neared the end of Castle street, the young lady he sought was seen to approach. She was not alone, which appeared to be a terrible disappointment to the expectant. Her mother was with her; and one glance told him that a certain question, the issue of which he looked forward to with the most intense eagerness, had been decided against him.—Eyes, the expression of which he had studied for months, had manifestly been weeping. He passed the two ladies, for he was too agitated to address them. With watchful gaze, however, he followed their steps, and once or twice was on the point of overtaking and speaking, but prudence checked him; for he felt that, should his worst fears be realised, his emotions would master him, and the result would be quite ridiculous in the public street. This forbearance was, after a time, rewarded. The ladies stopped for a minute, and having exchanged a few words with Mr. Panson (the young lady's father) whom they accidentally encountered, went into a music-shop. The lover instantly quickened his pace, passed the old gentleman without recognition, and followed the two ladies into the shop.

Having succeeded by a mighty effort to control his feelings, the intruder addressed Mrs. Panson and her daughter as one intimate with them. The elder lady returned his salution with some degree of coldness. Miss Panson turned pale, and trembled. They had come to try a piano, and walked into an inner room. Burton (that was the lover's name) followed them—a proceeding which evidently did not accord with the views of the mamma, for she frowned and inquired whether Mr. Burton had come to buy any music? He replied in the negative, but still hovered near them. The truth was he was anxious to speak a word to Maria Panson without if possible being overheard. After a time, they were for an instant hidden behind a cabinet piano; this was the moment; he seized it, and whispered 'Be at the ruins at eight.' The young lady made a motion of assent, and Burton almost immediately afterwards took his leave. As he turned to go, he encountered a third person, who had entered during his agitation quite unperceived—no other than Mr. Panson, who, on shaking hands, asked, 'Did you get my note?' Burton answered in the affirmative.

'Then I shall see you at six?'

'Punctually,' was the reply; and Burton left the shop.

It will now be necessary to change the scene, though not to a very great distance from where it was first laid. For the information of those who have never been in Edinburgh, it will be necessary to state that the space between Princes street and the castle rock is occupied with gardens, so that the St. from which they take their name has houses only on one side, the other being bounded by the railings of the garden. At the base of the steep ascent which leads from the gardens to the castle is a picturesque ruin, half-strouded in ivy, being the remains of an outwork covering a spring, from which the garrison in early times was supplied with water. Beside it is an alcove, made to look ruinous by the hand of art. This was the spot indicated to Miss Panson in the words which Burton uttered in the music-shop; and here, as the hour of eight approached, a young man, attired in an infantry uniform, was seen pacing up and down. Restlessness and disappointment, with violent grief, were depicted on his countenance and by his actions. For a moment he would pause in the middle of the gravelled walk, as if plunged in the most profound meditation. Then he continued his promenade with the haste of a man walking against time. For one moment he sat on the bench in the ruined rather than ruinous alcove, and the next he rose and striding to a point from which he could see one of the entrances to the gardens from Princess street, he strained his eyes in the twilight to seek the object of his sorrows. A spectator observing the restlessness of the young officer, would have imagined that he was either suffering under some terrible annoyance or that he was very much in love. The latter conjecture would have soon been verified; for presently two female figures made their appearance; one of whom on seeing him quickened her pace, so as to leave her companion behind. In an instant the lovers met!

It has been said that only light griefs are loquacious; 'deep sorrow hath no tongue.' Thus it seemed with these despairing lovers. Instinctively she had placed her arm in his, and they wandered far up the steep ascent beside the castle rock, ere the agitation of either had sufficiently subsided to allow of their breaking silence. The first words were uttered by the lady: indeed it may be observed, that on such occasions it is the lady who generally *does* speak first.

'All then, is over,' she exclaimed, 'and this is to be our last interview!'

'Such is the decree which has been pronounced,' replied Edward Burton. 'I kept the appointment with your father this evening. I cannot repeat to you what he said, for that would pain us both unnecessarily; but it was decisive. My pretensions to your hand at this or any future time are summarily rejected!'

Miss Maria Panson became so agitated on hearing this, that her lover found it necessary to place her in a garden seat near to which they had by this time wandered. Edward did all in his power to lessen her grief. He reminded her that though forbidden to engage themselves to each other, it was still in their power to maintain their attachment in the hope of better times. After a few years' foreign service, it might be his fortune to attain such promotion as to entitle him to claim her as his bride. 'Maria,' he said at length passionately, 'may I hope that you will continue constant to me?'

The young lady raised her head and looked steadfastly at her lover through her tears; she gently returned his grasp, and, in tones made tremulous by the struggles of some feeling wounded by the suspicion which the question implied, asked 'Could he doubt her?' Edward as if ashamed of undervaluing the constancy of a heart which he believed to be solely his own, entreated forgiveness, and made the warmest protestations of his own unfeigned attachment. At this moment the lovers were startled by the drums of the castle—a signal for seperation which Edward dared not disobey; for early the next morning the regiment in which he was an ensign, was to march and he was obliged to appear at a preliminary muster. There was no time for words—Edward drew from his pocket a coin nearly severed in half; one portion he presented to Maria, the other he retained. They quite broke it, each keeping a moiety; the meaning and impressiveness of which ceremony must be well known to those who are versed in ancient Scottish customs, and who have read Scott's pathetic novel 'The Bride of Lammermuir.' By a mighty effort Edward tore himself from his fair companion. As the soldier bent his slow and sorrowful steps towards the castle he paused for a moment, and drew from his breast a small packet with which Maria had on a previous occasion presented him. It contained a lock of her hair, and he kissed it fervently; and in imitation of the chivalry of old, he inly vowed that these tokens should cheer him in moments of despondency, and animate him in the hour of danger. With this high-souled resolve he passed the gate which opens on the esplanade, and hurried off to his quarters to prepare for duty.

Maria on her part, was found by her young companion weeping bitterly and scarcely able to support herself. With kind solicitude her friend helped her along, and strove with words of soothing and encouraging consolation, to blunt the sharpness of the grief she suffered. It was growing dark, and they quickened their pace. In the gloomiest part of the grounds, where the path is almost hidden by overhanging trees, they heard to their great alarm footsteps overtaking them. This induced them to double their speed; it was useless: the heavy tread of a man still gained upon them; and in another instant Maria heard her name pronounced in a tone of impatience, not unmixed with anger. On looking round she beheld her father!

The result was, that Maria's misery was increased tenfold, and that night was within ot doubt the most wretched she had ever spent, as her disordered and careworn appearance next morning fully indicated.

After breakfast Mr. Panson took his daughter kindly by the hand and led her into the study. Her heart beat violently, for she had a presentiment that Edward was to be the subject of their conversation. 'My dear Maria' he commenced, 'neither your mother and myself can see you in this state of affliction—in spite of the imprudence on your part which has led to it—without feeling deeply afflicted.—Let me reason with you a little on the engagement you would have entered into with Mr. Burton. Let me assure you it is from no caprice or hardness of disposition that I have so decisively negatived your mutual wishes. He is, I confess, a well conducted and, for aught I know to the contrary, an amiable young man; but his profession, as well as his want of fortune, are obstacles to any hopes of happiness as your husband. It was therefore my duty to reject him as a suitor. You, an only daughter, must have either followed him to India, and deprived your parents of your much cherished society, or have remained burthened with an engagement indulging in a fruitless hope that young Burton would carve his way to fortune with his sword, which is in those days the worst of all instruments for making money.' When her father adverted to the idea of her going abroad, and leaving him and her mother, Maria's tears fell fast, and she remembered that, amidst the strong feelings which had lately agitated her breast, she had never *definitely* thought of that event as forming a necessary consequence of her union with Edward.

'Besides,' continued the kind father, 'you are young, and the ardent feelings of youth are not always to be trusted. Burton has been your only lover; your affections have yet to be tested by the adulation and addresses of others. You may change!'

'Never!' interrupted the young lady with firmness.

'Make no rash vows, my dear; and I trust you have made none. Unknown to you I witnessed the parting scene in the gardens last night.' At this announcement Maria started and a crimson blush suddenly overspread her face. 'Nay, child, I have no wish to reproach your imprudence,' Mr. Panson added; 'you suffered enough already; for *at this time* I believe your grief, and the love which it springs from to be sincere. One thing, however, I must forbid; and that is correspondence; for understand that no latent hope of ever gaining my or your mother's consent to the match must linger within you. Remember not a letter must be sent to or received from Edward Burton; and this is the last time his name shall ever pass my lips.' Maria spent the rest of the day in her chamber, and it was months ere she recovered her wonted cheerfulness.

It is necessary to the due development of our story, that the reader's imagination should help us to pass over a space of twelve years. In that period many changes had taken place none more rapid and important in their consequences than the position of our Eastern empire. Amidst these Burton took a not inglorious part. He proved himself on several occasions a good and brave soldier, and his gallantry was rewarded with promotion, which he earned, however, not without some sacrifice of bodily health; and after having long endured the trying influence of Eastern climes he obtained his majority and leave of absence to return home. Amongst all the chances and changes which a dozen years had produced, the general appearance of Princes street, Edinburgh, was only altered by the display of a few additional shops, and the handsome front of a clubhouse which had recently been erected. The trees in the gardens had grown taller, and the ruins had received a few more strokes of the picturesque from the legitimate artist in that line—Father Time. Still the street itself was enlivened by gay company—elegantly attired ladies, military dangles from the castle and cavaliers from Piershill abounded as heretofore.

On a spring afternoon quite as sunny as that on which our story opened, a travelling carriage was drawn by four horses up to the door of Mackay's hotel. Its occupants were a gentleman whose complexion betokened a recent residence in a warm climate, and a lady, who, as she stepped from the carriage was remarked by the casual passers by who caught a glimpse of her face to possess great beauty. Travellers who go about in coaches and four are invariably indulged with the inn's best room, and accordingly the lady and gentleman were ushered into the best front drawing-room, the windows of which looked into the Princes Street Gardens.

'Dinner, sir?' inquired the waiter, bowing low enough to let his towel of office touch the ground.

'Decidedly!' replied the traveller with the unbenighting promptitude of a hungry man.

'For two, sir?'

'Of course and as soon as possible.'

'Meantime,' rejoined the lady, 'send up my servant.' The waiter bowed again, turned on his heel like a nutcracker, and left the room.

'Well, darling,' said the husband, 'here we are at last in my native city of Edinburgh. I shall almost dread to inquire after old friends; twelve years makes sad havoc amongst them.' He walked to the window, and looked at the passers-by for a short time. 'Yes—all new faces. Out of the hundreds of acquaintances I left behind me, there will scarcely be one to greet me on my return.'

'Yes one!' replied the wife placing his hand on her shoulder. 'Welcome, welcome, dearest Edward, back to the place of your birth; I love it for your sake.'

This affectionate speech was accompanied with a little endearment, which nearly overthew the husband's firmness; but it does not do for soldiers to be overcome so he answered quickly. 'You must love it for its own sake, Milly. It is a beautiful place. Look at those gardens; are they not refreshing to see in the heart of a crowded city?'

The lady admitted the slopes, the walks, and the bold rock shooting up perpendicularly from the earth. At last her eye wandered to the ruins and she inquired what they were. The gentleman was a little disconcerted; stammered; but at length managed to get out that he had not the slightest idea.

At this moment his eye caught the figure of an old friend between the trees. 'Ah!' he exclaimed 'there is Waterton; I am glad he is in town; he shall be amongst the first I will seek out. You will like him amazingly; he is an excellent fellow and so droll!

The dinner was soon despatched and plans arranged for the evening. The lady was to write letters to her friends in London, and the major (for to keep the reader no longer in suspense, the 'arrivals' were Major Burton and *his wife*!) intended to seek out Waterton. To carry out the first of her intention, Mrs. Burton rang for her writing-desk. Her maid answered the summons, but in a state of the utmost agitation. She trembled and taking up one corner of her apron for fear she should have occasion to cry, exclaimed, 'Please ma'am, I could almost hang myself with vexation; for, please ma'am I thought I put your desk into the rumble, and I did'nt.'

'Then it is left behind? How very provoking.'

'Oh, no matter!' said the major; 'tell Johnson to give you mine.' Whereupon the girl flew out of the room like a person who had escaped some appaling danger.

'There were things of consequence in my desk,' said Mrs. Burton; 'letters which I should not wish all the world to read.'

'Some of mine perhaps?' returned the major.—The lady assented. 'That is perplexing,' he continued; 'but never mind, you can use my desk for the present; here is the key.' The desk was bro't, Mrs. Burton began her task of letter-writing, and the husband sallied forth to discover the abiding places of a few of his old friends—Waterton amongst the rest.

When the lady had finished her first epistle, she could not find the wax; and while ransacking every part of the desk, all of a sudden out flew a little drawer. Though startled at first, she was much more startled afterwards; something was concealed in this mysterious little recess. With trembling hand she opened a small paper packet. It contained a lock of hair, and (destruction to her mental peace!) auburn hair—not the jet black lock she in a moment of romantic folly gave to her husband during his lovethood! But lest that should fail to make her wretched, there was another evidence of more than equivocal import. She had read the Bride of Lammermuir, and knew the full meaning and intent of that severed half sovereign! She had a rival! Some fair-haired Lucy Aston!

In the midst of her distress, Major Burton returned, bringing news that he had met Waterton, who promised to come in to take his negus, and be introduced to the bride. She received the information with greater indifference than pleased her husband. She looked pale and agitated. He asked her the cause. Mrs. Burton said nothing, but with dumb though effective eloquence displayed the lock of hair and the love-token. It was now the major's turn to turn pale and become agitated. For a time he could not reply; and when he made the attempt, muttered something about a former engagement, youthful folly, and the other excuse always uppermost on such occasions.

'Of course,' said the lady in a tone of pique, 'I can have no right to inquire into circumstances which happened before we met. But you have deceived me!'

'Deceived you, Millicent; I am incapable of——'

'Nay, do not sink deeper into falsehood. You *have* deceived me. When we formed our solemn engagement, I was made to believe that no former one existed.'

Major Burton stood a little abashed, and wisely thought that the best way was to own his fault, and to sue for forgiveness. This he did; but the lady appeared inexorable. 'Come, dearest,' he said beseechingly, 'be a little charitable. At all events, whatever feeling you may have to expend on the affair let me enlist it in favour of the unhappy girl to whom your irresistible attractions have made me false. I own that the hopeless misery she must have felt on hearing I had become the husband of another, has indeed rost me many a pang, and formed a bitter drop in the cup of happiness you, dear Millicent, have filled.' The major said this with so much emotion and earnestness, that his wife could scarcely help being affected. She demanded to know the whole of the circumstances,—He told her honestly and without reservation. He did not conceal the pledge of eternal fidelity he and Maria Panson had exchanged at the ruin in the garden—a pledge the token of which was now lying before them.

Next to love, pity is the strongest passion which warms the breast of woman; and if any resentment lurked in Millicent Burton's heart against her husband, it was now turned to pity for the wretchedness into which she was unwittingly the cause of plunging a confiding and perhaps amiable girl.—'For *her* sake,' she said, 'I cannot forgive you.—At least you might have written to break off the engagement before proposing to me.'