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AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:

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

But as the Proprietor intends to discontinue, as far as practicable, the *Credit system*, and stop the practice of making *good subscribers* contribute for those who *never pay*, he offers 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. He proposes 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;

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And! IN ADVANCE, and to *one address*.

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Mutual Insurance Company,

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Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel—Post Office Building,
State Street, BOSTON,
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. STUCKTON,
Attorney & Barrister at Law,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF ROSEWOOD, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN STATUARY, PLASTER, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
may 1 DUKE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gas Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MESSRS. GAMBLE'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

We Have Obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCHIEDER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, we have to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

6½ octaves Front, Mahogany Piccolo,	£50 0 0
Rosewood do. do. Piccolo,	55 0 0
Elegant do.	45 0 0
Cottage,	42 0 0
Semi Cabinet,	45 10 0
Full Cabinet,	50 0 0
Elegant, with French front, cane legs, and circular bottom,	65 0 0

The whole of the above instruments are 6 1-2 Octaves to A above.

N. B.—All instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Expert assistance of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

Soap and Candles.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE
Constantly on hand.

JOHN BROWN, begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to supply them with the above articles.

Portrait Painting Rooms.

☞ All orders for the Studio of Mr. William McFarlane, Messrs. Lawrence and Hayward, Prince William Street, or the Factory in Carleton Street, will be punctually attended to.

JOHN BROWN.
St. John, June 18.

New-Brunswick
STEAM, SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND FACTORY.—*Harding Street, St. John.*

HAVING put up the best Machinery that can be procured for the manufacture of Doors, Sashes, Inside and outside Blinds, Window Frames, Mouldings, and other kinds of Wood Work. I am prepared to furnish to any extent the best and cheapest article ever offered to the people of this Province.

May 9. JOHN E. TURNBULL.

Bibles and Testaments.—9 Cases containing a general assortment, in prices varying from 3d. to 25s., received by the *Lisbon*, and for sale at the Bible Depository.

July 1. L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

JAMES LOFTUS,
TAILOR AND DRAPER.

Begs to inform his friends that he has taken the shop in King street, well known as "*Vernon's Corner*," where they will find a choice and well selected stock of

BEST SAXONY BROAD CLOTHS,
DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, ALBERT CLOTHS,
SUMMER CLOTHS, FANCY TROUSERINGS,
SATIN, SILK, WOVE QUILTINGS,
WHITE MARSELLS, AND FANCY VESTINGS,

Of the finest quality, which he will be happy to make up for them in his usual superior style, on terms as reasonable as can be obtained at and other Establishment in the City.

TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE:

J. L. would respectfully intimate that having for years been employed in the Cutting Department of HARVEY'S *Celebrated Military Establishment*, in Pall Mall, London, he can with confidence undertake to give perfect satisfaction to all who may entrust their orders to his care. Those who wish a well-fitting garment made of good materials, in a substantial English manner, may depend upon being faithfully served.

TO THE OFFICERS OF H. M. ARMY.

J. L. would beg to state, that having had much practice in the above Establishment, and having a thorough knowledge of the practical part of *UNIFORM CUTTING*, he is prepared to execute in a superior style, all orders with which he may be entrusted. Officers wishing *correct measurement* to transmit to their Military Tailors in London, can be accommodated at this place.

Nicholes' Paletots made in the best London style. May 16, 1851.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,

varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.

M. FITZGERALD.

St. John, April 29, 1853.

N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED!—MORALS GUARDED! *Good Pupils only Retained!! The Incorrigible Expelled!!!*—This School contains three departments—the INFANT, the COMMERCIAL and the MATHEMATICAL. The Infant department, conducted by a female, accommodates pupils of both sexes, from 3 to 6 years of age, in Spelling, Reading, Mental Arthmetic, and Natural History, at 7s. 6d per quarter. The Commercial Department, conducted by two teachers, receives pupils leaving the Infant Department, and furnishes to them a through instruction from Spelling up to Common and Mental ARITHMETIC—the elements of Mathematics, Geography with the use of the Globes, English Grammer, &c., together with Reading and Writing, at fees from 10s to 20s per quarter.—The Mathematical Department, conducted by two teachers, comprises Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Book Keeping, use of the Globes, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c., the Reading Writing, and Speaking of the FRENCH LANGUAGE, and Classics, at fees from 25s to 50s per quarter.

S. D. MILLER, A. M.,
May 16 tf *Manager.*

JOHN HARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate, viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish, challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTURES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c., &c., all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.

The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.

Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention, if left at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.

April 22. North Market Wharf.

M. N. POWERS, UNDERTAKER, &C.
Fourth Door North Trinity Church, Germain St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

KEEPS constantly on hand, COFFINS of all description which he will furnish at Prices that will defy competition.

A HEARSE always on hand—Palls, &c. furnished.

P. S.—CABINET FURNITURE, Mattrasses, Curtains, Carpets, &c., made to order, on as good terms as any other Establishment in this city.

English and American Fashions, 1853.

THE Subscribers have received the Spring Style Hat Blocks and in their employ both London and New York Workmen, are now busily engaged in making up SPRING STYLE HATS to suit all parties, whether they may prefer English or American Fashions.

The "Office House" being about to be torn down, we shall, on the 1st May next remove the whole of our business to the Store, No. 12, NORTH SIDE KING STREET, previous to which we are desirous to reduce the Stock on hand. Parties favoring us with a call will, therefore, be furnished at reduced prices.

☞ Our present Stock consists of HATS and CAPS, of every description.

C. D. EVERETT & SON,
12, *North Side King Street, and East Side Market Square*
Feb 18.

FRESH LADING.

600 BOXES WINDOW GLASS;
5 bbls. Crushed SUGAR;
2 1-2 tons Brandram's WHITE LEAD;
15 bbls. Linseed OIL;
2 bbls. Miniature Bottles of INK;
1 barrel Nutmegs, 1 barrel Cream of Tartar;
5 casks SALTPETRE.

Also daily expected—

One thousand boxes more of Window GLASS, including all sizes, from 6x8 to 40x50.

JOHN KINNEAR.
May 27, 1853. Prince Wm. Street.

Poetry

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY T. H. READ.

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill,
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still!
To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark!
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise to cheer me
From the ground.
And the lone bird comes, I hear it,
In the fall and windy pine,
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine!
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me—
Even me!

Now the moon has floated to me;
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging boat-like, as 'twould woe me
Far away!
And the stars bend from the azure;
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky:
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me—
Even me!

Now when comes the tide of even,
Like a solemn river slow,
Gentle eyes skin to heaven
On me glow;
Loving eyes that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart of hearts;
But I sigh—a thing of glory
Soon departs.
Yet when Mary stars above me,
I must think that there will be
One star more in heaven to love me—
Even me!

Miscellany.

WILLIAM BLAKE;
OR,
'TIS BUT A TRIFLE.

BY GEORGE BLOOD.

"'Tis strange!" exclaimed William Blake, as he arose, weary and unrefreshed from his couch, "how it haunts me! 'Tis but a *trifle!*" He threw back the shutter, and looked out about the beauties of the early morn. The light as it streamed full upon his face, caused him to start involuntarily while the blush which mantled his forehead spoke of a sudden emotion within.

And had the young man done, which had disturbed his usual serenity of mind?—what was it that had broken his slumbers, and caused him to display so evident a feeling of shame? He called the thing which troubled him a *trifle*. Ah! William Blake, wert thou not offering a plea to conscience? If thou hadst committed a wrong deed—if comparatively it may be called a trifle—even though it should appear as "light as air," still will it rest with its dark shadow upon thy soul; still will it press thee with its intolerable weight; still will it haunt thee with its image and disturb thy repose.

William Blake was a young man, who had just reached his majority. No wealth had greated him on his entrance into life—no brilliant prospects gilded the future. Fortune smiled not upon his brow, and rank knew him not in his obscurity. Still he possessed a treasure, a rich legacy, which had been bequeathed to him by the piety and affection of a beloved mother. His mind had been stored with the teachings of a pure and elevated morality. He had been taught that wisdom was better than riches, and that true happiness can only be found in the paths of recitude and virtue. Every pain had been taken, every care exercised by his anxious parents to implant in his youthful mind those sterling principles which alone can abode the trials and vicissitudes of life, and preserve us from the perils which constantly threaten our ruin.

At the age of sixteen, he had left his quiet home on the banks of the Hudson, for the din and bustle of that great commercial emporium, New York. Sad, indeed, and painful, was the parting of the mother and son. He whom she had cherished in tenderness, loved and counselled in youth; he in whom all her happiness, and in a measure her support, depended, (for she was now a widow), was about to leave the abode of peace and contentment, to quit—perhaps for ever—the home of his childhood—the fond parent who had nurtured him, and launched out on the tempestous ocean of life. Mrs. Blake was keenly alive to the dangers which he would be liable to encounter; she knew the stratagems and allurements which were used to destroy the innocent and unwary; she trembled to think of the temptations which he would find strewed in his path, she wept when she thought of her lonely and cheerless condition when her only child should be withdrawn from her side, to mingle in the business of the world. Yet, with all these feelings, so peculiar to a mother, she was consoled with the pleasing consciousness that she had discharged her duty to William, that she had instructed him in every principle of virtue, and that his mind had been ennobled, elevated, and expanded by the precious seeds which had been sown. She prayed that her efforts might not prove void and fruitless, and trusted that the lessons she had inculcated would form a moral armour impervious to every assault.—Though the influence of a friend of his late father, William Blake obtained a situation as a clerk in a dry good store, and soon became engaged in the active business of trade.

The proprietor of the establisment, Mr. John Woodruff, was a generous and warm-hearted man, who, pleased with the appearance and manners of young Blake, no less than with his upright deportment, and the untiring industry which he displayed in the service of Mr. Woodruff, to the period when we introduced him to the notice of the reader. During this long intervail, he had kept steadily and undeviatingly on in his accustomed course.—His character was irreproachable. Not even the whispering of envy had attempted to sully the purity of his soul. Composed of such materials, impelled by such principle, and guided by the unerring dictates of truth, he appeared preeminently formed to fulfil his duty in whatever sphere he might by chance be placed, whether as a citizen esteemed for his integrity and worth, or as a man in authority, noted for his unceasing exertions in behalf of the public good.

William, during his long residence in the city, had made many friends, by whom he was much esteemed, but there was an intimacy which he had contracted with whom he deeply and fondly cherished, who requires to be particularly mentioned. I his valued associate was Mary Denham, the daughter of his father's friend, to whose kindness he had been indebted for the situation which he held in Mr. Woodruff's establishment. Being a frequent visiter at Mr. Denham's whither he resorted, both for advice and the pleasure of society, he could not fail of becoming acquainted either with the personal graces of Mary, or the still more lovely virtues of her mind. This intimacy, increasing and strengthening at every succeeding visit, ultimately gave way to a deeper and more tender sentiment, and finally, on William's twenty-first birth-day, he made a formal declaration of his passion—for they had long been united in heart—and was accepted. Mr. Denham, long aware of the attachment which subsisted beteen his daughter and William, was fully prepared for the expected result, and confirmed the happiness of Mary, by giving his approval and expressing the pleasure which he experienced in contemplating their union.

Mary Denham, although a dowerless bride, was enriched with every noble quality. Educated in the strictest principles of virtue, she had kindled into a "purer fay serene" by her constant intercouse with William. Not that she had received from him those perfections and graces which adorned her person, but her admiration of the character of her lover had unconsciously refined and elevated her own.

Mr. Denham was, what is called, "in comfortable circumstances." He had a large family to provide for, with an income little more than sufficient. He could not therefore be expected to bestow any pecuniary gift upon the youthful pair. William, though fully sensible of this fact, was not disheartened at his opening prospects, but felt that he possessed an inestimable treasure in the fair girl that he had won. He had, by strict economy, saved a considerable amount from his earnings, and with these comparatively small means, a heart full of love, hope, and energy, he was resolved to consummate his happiness by wedding Mary, and then try his fortune in the world. The day had been fixed for the important ceremony—that day which love in its eagerness anticipates.

Reader! hast thou ever on a bright summer's morn, when the odor of flowers is wafted to the senses, when the sunbeams glitter like jewels upon the waveless sea, when birds of dazzling plumage peal forth their orisons from every grove, when an indescribable sweetness and innocence appear to rest upon all things around; while thus gazing upon the grandeur and beauty of Nature, while thy fancy, excited by the scene, is busily gathering materials wherswith to frame a dream of the loveliness of Paradise, hast thou turned thine eye from Earth to Heaven and while looking upon that intensely blue sky, clear pure and tranquil, hast thou been startled by perceiving a small black cloud (like the genius of evil) hanging upon the verge of the horizon!—if thou have, thou hast doubtless wondered why it should intrude its dark, forbidding visage upon a scene so fair! 'Tis thus, strange and unaccountable though it be that sin enters abruptly the heaven of innocence, and shadows the loveliness of virtue.

"John, dear!" exclaimed a finely-shaped, showy, but petulant-looking woman, arraying herself before a large mirror, which graced, with its glittering surface and still more glittering frame, the cream colored wall of a fashionably furnished apartment in a very respectable looking house in Third street. "John, dear! you'll not forget, will you?" And as the half audible monosylluble "No!" was conveyed from the mouth of her worthy spouse, through the hall, and its faint echo smothered by the slam-bang of the door, she looked in the glass and said, in a peevish tone—

"Dear me, what strange creatures these men are!—they think of nothing but their dollars and cents. Well, I hope Henry will not take pattern in this respect from his father. I'm resolved to make him a gentleman, and then will despise these vulgar pursuits. My son measure tape, will he? No, shan't he! Not for all the Woodruffs in the world—and so Mr. John Woodruff, that is my firm resolve. It may be very fit employment for young Methodist Blake, whose solemn gravity one would think would scare away customers; but my son is destined to fill a higher sphere. Dear me, does'nt it fit lovely!—if I could only have got the lace! Ah! that would have been the finish, and I'll not give him an hour's peace till he brings it. Well, I must away to Miss Hill's, and show her how nice my dress sets." And the vain, petulant woman disappeared through the door.

"Miss Hill!" exclaimed a loud clear voice, as its possessor entered a millinery establishment in the Bowery, "let me express to you my gratitude for the high satisfaction which your work has given me. Just see how admirably it fits."

The person thus addressed made a low courtesy to the compliment, and proceeded to contemplate with the eye of an artist the production of her consumate skill.

"Madam," rejoined she, modestly, after a short inspection, "you flatter me."

"How!" said Mrs. Woodruff, "is not the work excellent? the waist well cut the bosom exquisite? the drappery graceful? the skirt majestic? the set beautiful? and the *tout ensemble* ravishing?"

"But nearly all these qualities are chiefly owing to the shape and proportions of the wearer," replied the milliner, smilling.

"Do you think so?" said the lady, with a look of unfeigned satisfaction. "*Ah, Mademoiselle, rouse me flatter trop.*" (She sometimes enunciated a phrase of French because it was "*so fashionable.*")

Miss Hill could scarcely restrain from laughing.

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Woodruff, "if I have been unintelligible, I pride myself much upon my French; it is a divine language, and is spoken by the *ton*. As for English it's abominable—a harsh, barbarous dialect, only fit to be used by the vulgar; how in the world can it be tolerated by the refined and polite?"

"And do you speak French incompany?" enquired Miss Hill, amused with the vanity of her guest.

"At every opportunity," replied the lady, in a stately tone; "that is to say, when my husband is out of hearing, for he's a thorough American, and dislikes what he calls foreign trumpery! But bless me! I declare!" continued Mrs. Woodruff, chaning her tone—"what a splendid piece of lace!" And taking a card from the counter, she unwound a yard or two of the rich fabric, and held it up to her admiring gaze.

"Yes, 'tis very pretty," observed Miss Hill. "I suspect it is designed to decorate a wedding-dress."

Mrs. Woodruff heard not the latter part of this remark, so busily was she engaged in inspecting the article. Taking a small slip of something from her bosom, she looked at it for an instant, and uttered a low acclamation of surprise. "Is it possible?" said she, mentally; "the very same, I declare; bless me, how singular!"

"You appear to have conceived a strong fancy for the lace," said Miss Hill, wondering how such a trifle could so absorb the lady's attention.

"I have something very strange to tell you," remarked Mrs. Woodruff, withdrawing her eyes for a moment from the object of her curiosity; "very strange, indeed, I assure you; but, first, can you tell me where such a beautiful article can be purchased?"

"As to where you could obtain that particular pattern," replied the milliner, "I could not inform you."

"Then you did not buy it yourself?"

"No, it was left here by a person who wished it put upon this dress," said Miss Hill, taking the article named from her table, and displaying it to the lady.

"What beautiful muslin," said Mrs. Woodruff, passing it through her hands; "and so it is to be trimed with this lace! how fine it will look!"

Miss Hill nodded assent.

"I hope you will not think me impertinent," continued the lady, "if I should ask you who this dress is intended for? Really the person displays great taste."

"With pleasure, Madam, I would satisfy your inquiry, were it in my power; but all I can tell you who this dress is, that the muslin and lace, and even the measure, was left here by a young man of the name of Blake, who requested me to make it up for him in the neatest style, and said he would call for it when finished. I suspect it's a wedding dress."

Mrs. Woodruff could scarce conceal her emotion. She first grew white, and then turned scarlet, and began to flourish her handkerchief before her face.

"Black, did you say was his name?" asked the lady, in a tone of affected indifference.

"*Blake*, Madam, I think he said Blake," replied the milliner; "but since you appear interested in the person, I think I can find his address." And opening a small drawer, she took out a card and presented it to Mrs. Woodruff.

The eye of the lady glanced quickly at the characters. It was the name of William Blake which she beheld incribed upon the surface.

"*Tis he!*" exclaimed she, mentally; "a wedding-dress, did you say, Miss Hill?"

"I only think so," replied the milliner, becoming weary of this catechistical infliction; "I do not trouble myself about other peoples business."

Mrs. Woodruff puckered up her mouth and frowned; but smothering her displeasure, she said, in a bland tone—

"You are doubtless surprised, Miss prised, Miss Hill, at the interest which I have appeared to take in matters which you might suppose I had no concern; but as you have answered my enquiries, I shall now explain to you the reason of my surprise on beholding the lace. You perhaps are aware, Miss Hill, that my husband keeps a Dry Good establishment in Pearl street, and that he deals occasionally in haberdashery, or small wares. I seldom or never visit his place of business, but it so happened that last week Mrs. Arlington called upon me in her carriage, and insisted that I should go with her down town, as she wished to make some calls. By a strange fatality, the driver took us by a circuitous route to Whitehall, and was unlucky enough to pass by my husband's establishment. Ashamed at our situation for what lady ever visits such a whilpool of bustle, such an ocean of boxes and bales?—that I was about expressing my indignation at the driver's conduct to Mrs. Arlington, when the coach stopped, and we were set down before Mr. Woodruff's store. "Come," said my companion, 'we have ample time, let us go in here and look at the goods; your husband, too, will be glad to see you; besides, I want to change a little money.' And before I could answer, being frightened out of speech as well as out of all sense of propiety, I suffered myself to be handed out of the coach, and then handed into my husband's presence. To be brief I was afterwards glad that I made the visit; for I beheld so much that was beautiful, so many fine silks and satins that I felt perfectly delighted. Among other things, I saw some splendid lace, and cut off a small slip from one of the choicest pieces, which I intended to keep as a pattern, as I thought it likely I should require some for this dress, which you were then making. That I have wanted it since I last saw it, I'm miserable enough to know; but judged to my surprise, Miss Hill, when visiting you this morning, to find here the very identical description of lace, which I have lately been troubling Mr. Woodruff to bring me from his store! Is it not a strange coincidence? See!" continued the lady, taking from her bosom a small fragment of lace—"see! is it not the very counter part? is not the resemblance complete?"

"The texture and pattern are certainly alike," said Miss Hill, with a smile; "but I see nothing in that to excite supriise. I grant that the article is superb, and the pattern neat, yet doubtless you could find any quantity of it in the market."

"If there be," said Mrs. Woodruff, "It has escaped my vigilance, for I have been searching for it these two days—but dear me! half-past eleven, I declare!" continued she, displaying with much ostentation a gold-cased time-piece; "pardon me for detaining you upon matters so trivial," and gathering up her "majestic skirt," she made a stately inclination and departed.

To be Concluded next week.

DR. JOHNSON.—Johson is better known to us than any other man in history. Every lang about his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his rolling walk, his blinking eye—the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for rob-sauce and veal-pie—with plums; his shewing unshakable third tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up orange peel, his morning slumbers, his mutinous dispatches, his mutterings, his groanings, his puffings; his vigorous, acute, and sarcastic eloquence; his vehemence, his hatred of tea, his fits of tempestuous rage, are all familiar to us. [Macaulay.

A snob one day seeing an Irishman examining a horseshoe which he had found on the road, says to him: "Offeilo! don't you know what that is?"—"Well, it's what I'm trying to think." "Why, it's a horseshoe, you fool." "Oh, what a thing it is to hev the larning. Here I've been this hole hour thrying to tell if it was a mare's or not."

DERRIANA;

HISTORY OF THE SEIGE OF LONDONDERRY, AND DEFENCE OF ENNISKILLEN.
IN 1688 AND 1689.
BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM, M. A.
Continued.

On the twenty-fourth Colonel Gustavus Hamilton called a council of war at Coleraine, and represented to the officers that a want of ammunition had rendered it necessary for them to retire into Derry, which they were about to do, when some squadrons of the enemy's horse appearing before the town, they repaired with their whole force to the ramparts, from which a few shots repulsed the enemy. Lundy had been in Coleraine the preceding day, whither he had gone to give his advice and assistance, the tendency of which soon proved to be the facilitating of a general surrender to King James's army. On the twenty-fifth, while the men of Derry were in active preparation to resist the impending storm, a fire broke out at an early hour in the morning in an out-house near the magazine, which causing a suspicion of treachery, the whole garrison got under arms, manned the ramparts, and remained there several hours in expectation of the enemy. On the same day intelligence arriving at Enniskillen of the arrival of Captain Hamilton in Derry with a great store of ammunition and arms, the Governor sent Nicholas Westley, Esq., and the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, Rector of Kilskerry, with a guard of twenty-four men to that city, with letters to Hamilton and Lundy, for a supply of arms and ammunition.—Captain Hamilton was desirous to comply with the request, but Lundy showed the cloven foot in the coldness with which he received the messengers, and in refusing to give a single musquet complete. He, however, consented with reluctance that they should get sixty musquet barrels, without stock or lock, which had lain useless for a long time in the stores, and out of five hundred barrels of gunpowder then in the magazine, he gave them but five. These were safely conveyed to Enniskillen, to which no further supply of arms or ammunition was sent during the arduous contest that ensued, but the brave defenders of that town supplied themselves by disarming their enemies, until Major-General Kirk sent them a relief.

Early in the month of March, the Rev. George Walker, Rector of the Parishes of Donoughmore and Erigal Keroge, in the County of Tyrone, who had raised a regiment in and about Durgannon, for the protection of that part of the country, rode into Derry, and settled a correspondence with Colonel Lundy, whom few or none suspected of treachery at that time, and whose character for experience in warfare and zeal for the Protestant religion stood very high. On the return of Mr. Hamilton of Kilskerry from Londonderry to Enniskillen, he met Mr. Walker at Lifford, where a token passed between them, which proved afterwards of great use during the siege.

During the first five or six weeks of the siege, Mr. Hamilton says, the Irish army did not much scruple to let both men and women pass between Derry and Enniskillen, by which means a constant communication was kept up between these places, but afterwards, as might be expected, they would suffer none to enter into the blockaded city, by which means all intercourse with other places was completely cut off.

About eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh of March, General Hamilton appeared with his whole army before the ramparts of Londonderry. He advanced within fifty yards of the works, under the shelter of some hedges and ditches, on the blind gate side and near the church. The mill sheltered them within forty yards of the bastion. They raised two batteries, one of which played on the draw-bridge and the blind gate, a shot from which broke the chain of the bridge, which Captain Archibald M'Culloch, with great hazard of his life, fastened again while the enemy were firing very rapidly at him. The other battery did but little damage, killing only one man, knocking down some chimnies, and making a few breaches in the church roof. Captain Hugh McGill killed their gunner with a musket shot. From the beginning of this month to the end of September, the weather proved extremely wet, both in England and Ireland, the rivers were frequently overflowing their banks, and fevers and dysentery very generally prevailed. At four o'clock in the afternoon of this day a considerable quantity of snow fell suddenly about Londonderry, and in about an hour afterwards General Hamilton and his troops retired in great confusion from the formidable position which they had taken. The heaps of timber and earth which had been used in blocking up the gates on their approach, could not be removed with sufficient speed to enable the besieged to make a prompt pursuit, but many of them leaped from the walls, and seized several of the retreating enemy, with some fire arms, commissions, clothes, and tents. Among the prisoners taken on this occasion, there was one Courtney, who had deserted to the enemy in the course of that day. The loss on the side of the defenders of the town, was three men killed, a small number to lose considering the continued fire to which they had been for some hours exposed; that of the Irish was uncertain, because they carried off their dead, and not deeming it prudent to spare time to bury them, they put them into a house, according to the report of the country people, and burned them to ashes. Thus ended the first day's enterprise against the maiden city, and it was an epitome of the whole siege. On the succeeding day the foraging parties advanced from the city within two miles of the enemy's camp, and brought in some cattle and other necessaries. On the twenty-ninth, Sir Arthur Rawdon's regiment was ordered to march to Moneymore, Colonel Skeffington's to Dellaghy and Dawson's bridge, and the passes on the Bann above Portglenone, and Colonel Cannings to Magherafelt. These arrangements were made in consequence of accounts being received of the advance of Colonel O'Neill towards Coleraine with two thousand men. O'Neill, who was son to the ferocious Sir Phelim, had resided in Derry for some years before this time, and the approach of a military man so well acquainted with the passes through the country as he was, added much to the alarm caused by the report of a reinforcement coming to Hamilton's army. The pass between the Counties of Londonderry and Antrim, at Toome, was entrusted to Colonel Hewston, within four or five miles of which, at the new Ferry, Major Michelburn was ordered to take his station. Colonel Edmonston, commonly called the Laird of Duntreth, was ordered to secure and defend the pass of Portglenone. Sir John McGill's regiment was sent to Kilren, where care had been taken to sink most of the boats and cots on the Bann. Sir Tristram Beresford's regiment, with Colonel Francis Hamilton's, and several detachments to the number of three thousand men, were left to defend Coleraine. The Protestants at Faughan, under the command of Captain Blair, beat back some of the Irish who had crossed the river there. On the approach of the Protestant troops to Moneymore, in which there was a strong garrison of horse and foot, belonging to the Castlereagh family, the Irish quitted it, leaving behind them great quantities of provisions, which were very acceptable to Arthur Rawdon. He sent a supply of them to Colonel Hamilton, who had just written to him from Portglenone, that his men were almost starved with hunger there. Late on the morning of Friday, the fifth of April, the Arthur were to Portglenone, and found all was there in confusion and in the hands of the Irish, that they were on the eve of a very great and signal defeat, and he had drawn off a considerable part of the besieged. The enemy was however, very active, and there was a continual fire long on both sides. The rest of the enemy went, early the next day, and that place of Portglenone, in possession of Hamilton, and on his side of the town, was set on fire by well directed bullets, which drove them all in precipitate haste.

At two o'clock on the morning of the seventh, a serious come to the Protestant army at Coleraine, that Lord Galway, Colonel Gordon O'Neill, and