The Saint John Observer.

D. A. CAMERON, PROPRIETOR. A Family Paper, devoted to News, Literature, Miscellaneous and General Intelligence. OFFICE, CORNER OF PRINCE WM. AND CHURCH STS.

Terms, $2 50 per annum. SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1855. New Series.----Vol. III. No. 16.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Building and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary*

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON Fire and Life Insurance Company,

Established in 1836.

Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

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AUGUST & SEPTEMBER FASHIONS---1855.

The Subscribers have just received:

1 CASE, containing a splendid assortment of LADIES' FANCY DRESS GOODS, which will be found on inspection different from any thing yet exhibited in this market, having been expressly ordered from a first rate firm in London, who have recommended them as the NEW STYLE for August and September *Fashions*, 1855.

J & J. HEGAN,
Aug. 22. Prince Wm. Street.

CANADA STOVES.

The Subscriber has just received ex *Larne*:—

70	20 in.	*CANADA STOVES;*	
	60 24 "	"	"
	30 27 "	"	"
	50 30 "	"	"
	15 39 "	"	"
	5 27 "	Double "	"
	5 30 "	" "	"

Which will be sold Low.
Aug. 22.—1m. E. STEPHEN.

Beef, Pork, and Bread.

Landing from New York:—

30 BRLS. Choice PORK;
30 do. Mess BEEF;
130 do. Navy BREAD;

—TO ARRIVE—

100 brls. Superfine FLOUR;
50 do. do. do.;

—IN STORE—

2 tons Manilla ROPE;
2 do. CORDAGE, Spun Yarn;
200 bolts CANVAS.—For sale by
Aug. 22. GEORGE THOMAS.

FLOUR and PORK.

Ex "RICHMOND," from New-York:—

100 BRLS. extra Superfine FLOUR:
20 do. (City Inspection) Mess PORK;
10 tierces RICE.—Will be sold low for ompt pay, by
Aug. 22. THOMAS HANFORD.

"WILLARD'S PATENT" BUTTER MACHINES.

The Subscribers have received:—

OF the celebrated Butter making MACHINES, of various sizes, and at reduced prices. J. JARDINE & CO.
ohn, Aug. 22. 1855.

HOUSE COALS.

per Ship "LAMPEDO," to arrive—

CHALDS. best House COALS—
(same as last Winter.) Persons in otter speak in time.
22. GEO. THOMAS.

Wrought Nails and Spikes.

155 KEGS Wrought *NAILS*, 3 by to 30dy;
30 do. Wrought *SPIKES*, 3 to 5 inch—ex Imperial, for sale low.
Aug. 22. W. TISDALE & SON.

BROWN'S Patent Chain Cable Stoppers—Of all sizes, constantly on hand, and for sale at the Inventor's prices, by
Aug. 22. W. TISDALE & SON.

PHILADELPHIA CORN MEAL.—Landing, ex "Redington,"—200 brls. CORN MEAL, —For sale low while landing.
Aug. 29 THOS HANFORD.

Steam Boat and Railroad!

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

PORTLAND and BOSTON.

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK!
MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.

The new, fast and spacious Steamers
ADE AIDE, Capt. Winchester,
AND
EASTERN CITY, Capt Field.

will on and after MONDAY, the 27th August inst., make

TWO TRIPS PER WEEK;

leaving Saint John every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for *EASTPORT, PORTLAND*, and *BOSTON*, connecting with the Cars at Portland for Montreal and Quebec, and from Portland to Boston, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Michigan, Chicago, St. Louis, and all the principal places West, by the great Western route.

RETURNING,

Will leave T Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 9 o'clock, and PORTLAND the same evenings, at 5 o'clock, or on arrival of the 12 o'clock Train from Boston.

Passengers can obtain through Tickets at the office of the Boston and Maine or Eastern Railroad, at the same Fare as by the boats from Boston.

These are the only new Steamers on this route, combining all the modern improvements in regard to strength, speed, and safety, and are built sufficiently strong to take all the Freight that offers, without injury to the Boats, or to the comfort of the Passengers, and do not require *continued puffing* to maintain their reputation as the Best and Fastest Boats on the route.

The new and fast Steamer QUEEN will connect with the above Boats at Eastport, for St. Andrew's, Robbinstown and Calais.

State Rooms secured at the office of
L. H. WATERHOUSE, AGENT,
August 22. *South Market Wharf*

Saint John Daguerreotype Rooms.

BARLOW'S CORNER, KING STREET.

NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

Likenesses taken on Glass.

THE Proprietors of the ST. JOHN DUA GERREOTYPE ROOMS, would respect fully intimate to the public, that being desirous of availing himself with the latest improvements in the *Art*, he has at a great expense, procured the services of an Artist from Boston, who has been in the employ of the inventor of the Photographic system; and is now prepared to make these beautiful and never changing Pictures at his Rooms, *Barlow's Corner, King Street.*

The Photographic or Ambotype is taken upon plate glass, over which is placed a corresponding glass, the two being united by an indestructable gum, enabling the Likeness to retain its brilliancy for ages, it will not corrode at sea, or change in any climate; is beautiful in tone, bold and clear in effect, and can be seen in any light. Pictures can be taken by this process of any size, and are well adapted to set in frames, thus combining the useful and ornamental.

The Ambotype is universally admired by all who see it, and is rapidly taking the place of the Duagerreotypes wherever they are made.

The Ambotypes is patented in the United States, England and France.

The public are requested to call and see specimens, and judge for themselves.

THOS. H. ELLISON.
Aug. 8.—1m. Daugerreotypist Artist

Portrait of His Lordship Bishop Connolly.

THE Subscribers, having made arrangements with an eminent artist of Paris, to prepare from an excellant Daguerrotype a LIKENESS of his Lordship Bishop Connolly, have the pleasure of informing their customers that they have just received by the Royal Mail Steamer *Canada*, via Boston, a few copies each of PLAIN, TINTED and COLOURED HEADS of His Lordship, executed in the best style of French Lithographic Art, which been pronounced by all who have seen tnem, to be most excellent likenesses.

As but a limited number of impressions can be obtained from the plate, an early application is necessary to secure a copy of this fine print.
August 8, 1855. POTTER & CO.

New Prints, Splendid Engravings, &c.

POTTER & CO. beg to inform their customers and the public generally, that they have just opened, at their Shop in Germain-street, a splendid lot of new PRINTS and ENGRAVINGS, among which will be found some of the best Prints published in Europe. They would particularly call attention to a few fine Pictures in the new style of Chromo-Lithography, comprising fac-similies of the works of the most celebrated masters of English Landscape Painting, together with a number of smaller subjects, perfect gems of art. The public are respectfully invited to call and spend a pleasant half-hour in examining these beautiful pictures.

☞ The trade supplied at less than New York wholesale prices. *Germain Street,*
August 8. *a few doors South of King-street.*

Vinegar, Champagne, &c.

Landing this day, at North Wharf, ex *Narcisses*, from Charante direct—

75 BASKETS very superior CHAMPAGNE, in pint and quart bottles;
12 hhds. and 25 qr. casks pure WHITE WINE VINEGAR;
A few hhds. pale and dark Hennessy's BRANDY —vintage 1850 and 1851,—For sale by
Aug. 8. WM. THOMSON.

PRUNES and WALNUTS.

The subscribers have received direct from France:

96 JARS and 60 boxes PRUNES;
10 bales WALNUTS.
From Boston—10 barrels Prime RICE.
Aug. 15. JARDINE & CO.

Gang Saws and Circulars.

150 HOOLE, Staniforth & Co.'s Gang SAWS, and an assortment of Welch & Griffith's Circulars—just received.
Aug. 29. W. H. ADAMS.

Poetry.

OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of the winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze:
O visions bright! O blessed hours!
Where are their living raptures now
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim embers, rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
With their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of human life and destiny.

When spring's delightsom moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West;
They bore the woodlark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all, as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forhead twines,
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe:
Then pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time, and Death, and Care!
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

Literature.

From the Boston Travellar.

MONSIEUR LE MAIRE.

In this country of ours, it is not always easy for the suitor to get his mistress's consent to marry him; even when that is obtained, mammas and papas will foolishly interfere; and, in short, a thousand things may occur to prove the truth of the saying, that the course of true love never does run smooth. But once it comes fairly to *marriage, the difficulty* is at an end. Everything then is as easy as lying. To get married in England is a very simple affair indeed, for there are several ways of tying the knot-matrimonial, in order to meet the requirements of every taste, and the condition of every pocket. In the first place, a man may be married at his parish-church, by his parish-priest, and by his parish clerk, either by license or after due publication of banns on three successive Sundays, after the form and fashion of his forefathers; secondly, he may be married in any chapel or meeting-house belonging to persons of any religious persuasion whatsoever, provided it be duly registered for the purpose; and lastly, he may dispense with the religious ceremonial altogether—he may decline awaiting himself of the assistant of either priest, or minister, and be married democratically at a registrar's office. In that part of the United Kindom called Scotland, he may be married by a blacksmith, or anybody else; and in fact, so easy is the affair there, that it is more difficult to tell what does not constitute a marriage in Scotland than what does. In any case, there is not the least difficulty in getting the work speedily and efficiently performed; parsons, ministers, registrar's, and blacksmith's, being ready enough at all times to earn their fees; and the law in this case at least, cannot be said to insist on vexatious and needless formalities. It throws no difficulties in the way which can try the patience of the most ordent lover, or risk the scaring away of the shyest of old bachelors.

It is not so, however, in France. There, if the law of marriage had been framed by the most rabid of the Malthusian philosophers, for the express purpose of deterring their countrymen from assuming the bonds and obligations of wedlock, it could not have more effectually answered the purpose. The number of certificates of birth, death, age, the consent of parents, if absent, &c., which must be produced before one can get married in France, is perfectly bewildered. It would really seem that the lawyers, when discussing this part of their code, were laboring under a monomaniacal dread of bigamy. They have made it a matter of considerable difficulty to get married once; and as to having more than one wife at one and the same time a la Turque, the thing in France must be impossible. Even when both parties are French bred and born, and great delay and expense must often be submitted to before the requirements of the law can be observed; but when one party is French, and the other a foreigner, the difficulty is increased fourfold, and becomes, in the case of a stupid mayor—and mayors are occasionally stupid in France as well as in England—almost insurmountable. Now this was my own predicament. An Englishman marrying one of his own countrywomen in France, may be married in the chapel of the British embassy, and so avoid meddling with the French law altogether; but it not so if he would marry a Frenchwoman. In that case, he must be married according to the law of France, which, recognising marriage as a cival contract only, ordains that such contract must be entered into before the municipal authorities of the districts in which one of the contracting parties resides, or rather in which he or she has resided long enough to have required a domicile—the domicile as regards marriage being established by six month's continued residence in one commune. In short, a foreigner can only be married in France to a French subject, according to French law—that is, before the civil offices, generally the mayor of the commune. In England, from the Lord Mayor of London downwards to the most insignificant first magistrate of the most infinitesimal borough corporote, mayors have little to do besides presiding over the gatherings together, either for jollity of pallaver, of their fellow-citizens; but in France, Monsieur le Maire is a vastly more notable personage: he is a government functionary, and chief-priest in the temple of Hymen.

For my own part, neither parental objections nor avuncular threatenings clouded my courtships. I was undisturbed alike by the cares attended on the disposition of wealth, and the anxieties inseparable from poverty. I had made choice of a wife; no one had a word to say against it; and we had nothing to do but to be married as soon as we pleased. It was at this point, however, that all our difficulties commenced.

Paris has twelve mayors—one for each of the twelve arrondissements into which the city is divided—and marriages must be celebrated before the mayor of the arrondissement in which one of the parties is domiciled. When, therefore, both lady and gentleman are resident in the capital, there is generally choice between two mayors; but as it happened that my domicile was in the same arrondissement as that of my intended wife, we had no choice but to be married by Monsieur le Maire of the third arrondissement; and that officer being both very stupid and very tenacious of his opinion, we were actually compelled to have recourse to the law before he could be made to perform his office.

The individual who filled the post of mayor of the third arrondissement of Paris at that period, was a retired lawyer, an ex-notaire, or avoue, or avocat, or something of that kind—just such a man as with us retires from his business or profession when he has secured a competency, and gets himself put on the county bench, in order to add a little dignity to the *otium* he promises himself for the remainder of his days. In person, Monsieur le Maire was tall, thin, and what the French call *cry*, in manner, precise, somewhat pompous, and cold. Add to this, that he had an overwhelming idea of his own merit, and was naugh prejudiced against everything English; and it was easy to see that he would prove a very troublesome fellow to deal with, particularly if required to do anything out of the common rotine of his office. I was not long in verifying the correctness of this my first impression, and that, too, although I had taken the precaution to get an introduction to the great man from a mutual acquaintance. He *was* a troublesome fellow to deal with, as the sequel will abundantly show.

'Monsieur le Maire,' said I on my first interview with him, with my very best bow, and in my very best French, with the Anglo-Parisian accent—'Monsieur le Maire, I am about to espouse a French lady, who is domiciled in the arrondissement which enjoys the advantage of being presided over by you; an advantage in which I have availed myself of the kindness of our obliging friend to enable me to enquire of you personally what formalities it will be requisite for me to observe in the matter. I am quite aware that the French law of marriage is very strict in the case of one of the contracting parties being a foreigner, but I feel sure (and here I made another of my very best bows) that I could not do better than apply to monsieur for advice and direction.'

'Monsieur,' replied the mayor in his stately way, but with great politeness, tickled, as I had hoped, by the flattery administered in my opening speech—'as you are a foreigner, a British subject, and Mademoiselle *votre future* is a French woman we shall require several pieces (certificates), which can only be obtained in your own country. I fear, therefore, that we shall be the cause of some expence, and what monsieur will probably disrelish far more—delay:' and here Monsieur le Maire facetiously turned out his hands, shrugged up his shoulders, dropped the corners of his mouth, and raised his brows, in true Gallic fashion.

'The expense is of little moment, but delay will be inconvenient,' I stammered out with a faint attempt at a smile—for the delay of a month to a man about making a love-match, appears almost like an adjournment *sine die*.

'Monsieur is not married—therefore no legal impediments to the step he is about to take?'

'Married!' I cried, laughing, in spite of any vexation at the threatened delay, at the gravity with which the question was put. 'I do not contemplate bigamy, Monsieur le Maire, and I am not aware of the existence of any legal impediment whatever. Pray proceed.'

'Ne vous fachez pas, monsieur. We must proceed with due caution, and, indeed, with more than our usual care, since monsieur is a foreigner.'

'Well, well, monsieur, I can easily prove that I am a single man; and, moreover, if you desire, it, that I was never married in my life. What next?'

'Is monsieur majeur (of age)?'

'I'm four-and-twenty in December.' It was now June.

'Then you are not of age. You are minor quant au marriage (a minor as regards marriage). You cannot marry until you are twenty-five without consent of your parents. Are your parents living?'

'My mother, yes. My father died more than twenty years since.'

'That, monsieur, must be proved by a certificate of death; and I must also have that of his birth.'

'Why,' I asked, 'of his birth?' For, owing to peculiar circumstances, I knew that such a certificate could not easily be procured. 'A certificate of his death would seem to me to be all that can be required. If he be dead and I prove that he is so, I should think that even the law, if curious on the point, might take for granted that he had been born!'

The sneer was irrepressible, but the indulgence in it was attended with disastrous consequences. I had made the formal old lawyer my enemy, and he proceeded more solemnly than ever:

'Monsieur is evidently not aware of the gravity of the circumstances. It is important that every precaution should be taken, and that we should keep strictly en regle. I am to protect the interests of my countrywomen, and I shall certainly insist on the production of the piece I have mentioned. It by no means follows that I am to yield a point because monsieur cannot see the necessity of it.' Having delivered himself of this reproof, he resumed his interrogatory:

'Does Madame votre mere intend to be present at your marriage?'

'She does not.'

'Eh bien! monsieur,' said the mayor briskly, as if delighted at being able to give me this extra trouble, 'since you are a minor as regards marriage, I must have the written consent of Madame votre mere, properly attested by British authorities.'

'By what authorities?' I asked.

'Where does madame reside?—where is her domicile?'

'She resides chiefly in London.

'Eh bien! the consent of madame must be attested by the Lor' Mayor de Londres?'

'The what?' said I, laughing heartily—'the what?'

'By the Lor' Mayor—the Lor' Mayor de Londres.'

'Surely, Monsieur le Maire, you are joking. The Lord Mayor of London has nothing whatever to do with marriages. His lordship would laugh at me if I were to apply to him on such a subject. Besides, even a magistrate before whom my mother could make a declaration of her consent, the Lord Mayor is not the proper officer to apply to, inasmuch as he has no jurisdiction in that quarter of the capital in which she resides. You are asking me, therefore, to do what is impossible. I cannot comply with your request.'

'Then, monsieur,' said the mayor with the most provoking coolness, 'on ne vous mariera pas (we will not marry you).'

'Not marry me! Am I, then, to understand that no Englishman who is under five-and-twenty years of age can be married in France without the consent of his parents, certified by the Lord Mayor of London?'

'Just so, monsieur, if the parents reside in London. The Lor' Mayor'——

'The Lord Mayor,' I interrupted warmly, has nothing to do with it. Mayor in England are not like mayors in France. They are——

'Monsieur, I know my duty. A mayor is a mayor. I perfectly understand the nature of the functions appertaining to my important office. Had I not done so, the government of his majesty would not have confided to my care one of the arrondissements of the capital. Besides, some years since I passed a week or more in London, and during that time I made your national institutions a serious study. Of course, I did not know the Lor' Mayor de Londres; and, therefore, unless I have the consent of madame, certified by him, on ne vous mariera pas.'

'Very well, monsieur,' said I with a sigh, feeling quite unable to combat the logic I had just heard—'very well: I must endeavor to satisfy you. Pray, go on.'

'In what diocese were you domiciled when last in England?' asked the mayor with the tone and manner of a judge or advocate examining a witness.

'In the diocese of London.'

'Which, I believe, is in the province of Canterbury.'

'It is,' I replied, wondering what could come next.

'Must not the banns of marriage in England be published on three successive Sundays at the parish-church of one of the parties?'

'Not if the marriage be by license.'

'Eh, bien!' cried the mayor with a look of triumph: 'since monsieur cannot have a license here a Paris, and since his banns cannot be published la bas a Londres, he must procure a certificate to the effect that banns may, under certain circumstances, be dispensed with, from Mile. l'Archevesque de Canterbury.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed I, Cirly losing my temper at the iteration of this other matter, to which I wanted to see no permission to be married—'Nonsense! The archbishop of Canterbury has nothing to do with this matter than the Lord Mayor of London. It is impossible!'——

'Eh bien! monsieur,' said the mayor in a towering passion, 'on ne vous mariera pas, on ne vous mariera pas! I will have both the pieces I have mentioned—that from the Lor' Mayor de Londres, and that the Lor' Archevesque de Canterbury. Without them, I repeat, on ne vous mariera pas.'

Expostulation was vain. The mayor was not to be persuaded either that the conditions he insisted on were impossible of fulfilment, or that they were unnecessary. In vain our mutual acquaintance, who all this time had been plunged over head and ears in the *Debats*, endeavored to bring him to reason—in vain I requested him to talk common sense with his other official in the second arrondissement where such marriages were most common. The confirmed word 'Nonsense!' had sunk deep into my soul. He was deaf to all remonstrance, and ringing his bell, bowed me out of the room, with the words I heard behind: 'Le' Mayor de Londres' and 'On ne vous mariera pas.'

What was to be done? There was only one mayor in Paris who could marry me, and he would not, except on certain conditions which I believed it would be quite impossible to comply with. My best plan, of course, would have been to apply at once to the quiet, obliging, and accommodating bridge, situated on the quai Voltaire, but lovers are apt to be impatient, and forget to weigh pros and cons. [illegible] I was really in love—over head and ears—and therefore, without any reflection at all, at once set out for England, without having any very clear idea of what I was going to do when I got there. We were then in the pre-railway period of the age: and depositing myself in one corner of the coupe of a diligence, I was soon rumbling along on my way to Boulogne. An hour after hour the huge 'conveniency' creaked and bumped, and rolled along on the dreary road, I over and over again cursed the obstinacy and conceit of the Jack-in-office who had sent me far away from my bride, and compelled me to adjourn, perhaps for months, the realization of my hopes. Lover-like, I conjured up every possible misfortune which could grow out of this unhappy delay.

I half persuaded myself that something must happen to break off the affair altogether; and, as to my excited imagination, the prospect before me grew blacker and blacker, the more and more heartily did I anathematize, in a choice compound of British and Gallic, the pigheadedness of Monsieur le Marie du troisieme arrondissement. His eternal 'on ne vous mariera pas' incessently haunted my ears. If I endeavored to snatch a moment of repose, my sleep was troubled by frightful dreams, of which the mayor was the most prominent figure—the nightmare forever standing between me and the girl I left behind me; and when roused from my spasmodic slumbers by the nasal whine of the professional beggar, who was following the lumbering vehicle up the hill, his 'charite s'il vous plait,' conveyed no meaning to my mind but that of 'on ne vous mariera pas.'

'But monsieur, consider the awkward position in which I am placed. I have proved to you by the signature of a London magistrate, duly attested by that of the British consul, in Paris, that I have the full consent of my only living parent; and I have proved, in an equally satisfactory manner, that my father died more than twenty years since. In short, I have done all that is really necessary to render my marriage valid, as you may easily ascertain by consulting with your colleague in the arrondissement in which these mixed marriages are of the most frequent occurrence. Your persistence in your resolution places me in a position of great difficulty. If I have done all that the law requires—and permit me to say that I have—what more would you have me do?'

'What more! monsieur, what mere! Why, I would have you procure the consent of Madame votre mere, attested by the Lor' Mayor de Londres; and also, I would have you procure a certificate from the Lor' Archevesque de Canterbury, to the effect that your banns of marriage need not and cannot be published where you were last domiciled in England, if you should be married in France. Without these two most important pieces, I repeat, on ne vous mariera pas.' So saying, and buttoning his coat over his shirt frill in a very decided cut-it-short kind of manner, Monsieur le Maire du troisieme arrondissement rose from his seat and once more formally bowed me out of his apartment.

I now determined on doing what I ought to have done at the outset, as soon as the difficulty arose—I determined on seeking legal advice; and I according laid the case before a gentleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, a demy-procureur du roi. Having fully explained the position in which I stood—namely, the impossibility of getting married because the mayor refused to perform his office unless I complied with certain impossible conditions to which he obstinately clung, I stated, with great energy, my determination of proceeding at once to England, to get married in that free country, unless a way could be found of speedily bringing the mayor to reason.

The good-natured lawyer laughed heartily at the recital of my troubles, but promised that he would soon get me out of my misery. He was as good as his word. He forthwith proceeded to argue the point in the Palais de Justice—the Parisian Westminster Hall—before the parquet (court) of Monsieur le Procureur du Roi; and having beaten the enemy at all points—having shewn both that such conditions were not required, and that they were impossible to be fulfilled—the poor old mayor, in a few days, received a very curt and formal epistle from Monsieur le Procureur, requiring and commanding him to proceed forthwith in the matter of the marriage between Monsieur De la, a British subject, and Mademoiselle [illegible] domiciled in Paris. After this, everything [illegible] the French way, comme sur de roulettes. Nothing remained but to name the day, which [illegible] becoming between me and the mayor's clerk, who, [illegible] quite as determined as the mayor not to marry us, and ordered us to [illegible] notices or banns of marriage on the [illegible] possible that very day. At the [illegible] arrived, or rather the first [illegible] people, two happy days [illegible] it they can afford to [illegible] from their ordinary occupations to [illegible] getting married. The legal marriage before the [illegible] the commune. This, although [illegible] the day of the wedding, was a day of [illegible] and weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth to all the other [illegible] words I heard behind 'Le' Mayor de Londres' and 'On ne vous mariera pas.'

What was to be done? There was only one mayor in Paris who could marry me, and he would not, except on certain conditions which I believed it would be quite impossible to comply with. My best plan, of course, would have been to apply at once to the quiet, obliging, and accommodating bridge, situated on the quai Voltaire, but lovers are apt to be impatient, and forget to weigh pros and cons. [illegible] I was really in love—over head and ears—and therefore, without any reflection at all, at once set out for England, without having any very clear idea of what I was going to do when I got there. We were then in the pre-railway period of the age: and depositing myself in one corner of the coupe of a diligence, I was soon rumbling along on my way to Boulogne. An hour after hour the huge 'conveniency' creaked and bumped, and rolled along on the dreary road, I over and over again cursed the obstinacy and conceit of the Jack-in-office who had sent me far away from my bride, and compelled me to adjourn, perhaps for months, the realization of my hopes. Lover-like, I conjured up every possible misfortune which could grow out of this unhappy delay.

I half persuaded myself that something must happen to break off the affair altogether; and, as to my excited imagination, the prospect before me grew blacker and blacker, the more and more heartily did I anathematize, in a choice compound of British and Gallic, the pigheadedness of Monsieur le Marie du troisieme arrondissement. His eternal 'on ne vous mariera pas' incessently haunted my ears. If I endeavored to snatch a moment of repose, my sleep was troubled by frightful dreams, of which the mayor was the most prominent figure—the nightmare forever standing between me and the girl I left behind me; and when roused from my spasmodic slumbers by the nasal whine of the professional beggar, who was following the lumbering vehicle up the hill, his 'charite s'il vous plait,' conveyed no meaning to my mind but that of 'on ne vous mariera pas.'

'But monsieur, consider the awkward position in which I am placed. I have proved to you by the signature of a London magistrate, duly attested by that of the British consul, in Paris, that I have the full consent of my only living parent; and I have proved, in an equally satisfactory manner, that my father died more than twenty years since. In short, I have done all that is really necessary to render my marriage valid, as you may easily ascertain by consulting with your colleague in the arrondissement in which these mixed marriages are of the most frequent occurrence. Your persistence in your resolution places me in a position of great difficulty. If I have done all that the law requires—and permit me to say that I have—what more would you have me do?'

'What more! monsieur, what mere! Why, I would have you procure the consent of Madame votre mere, attested by the Lor' Mayor de Londres; and also, I would have you procure a certificate from the Lor' Archevesque de Canterbury, to the effect that your banns of marriage need not and cannot be published where you were last domiciled in England, if you should be married in France. Without these two most important pieces, I repeat, on ne vous mariera pas.' So saying, and buttoning his coat over his shirt frill in a very decided cut-it-short kind of manner, Monsieur le Maire du troisieme arrondissement rose from his seat and once more formally bowed me out of his apartment.

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