SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1849.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 11. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed Utroque." Number 11.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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

TERMS OF THE CHRONICLE:—

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

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

Inducements for Clubbing,

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

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

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

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

Mind! IN ADVANCE, and to one address.

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

DURANT & CO.

Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

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

Nov.		D.	Sun. rises	Sun. sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	H.	W.
10	Saturday,	-	6	56	4	32	2	7	8	17
11	Sunday	-	6	58	4	30	3	13	9	12
12	Monday,	-	7	59	4	29	4	17	9	57
13	Tuesday,	-	7	1	4	28	5	20	10	35
14	Wednesday	-	7	3	4	27	Sets.	11	10	
15	Thursday,	-	7	4	4	26	5	28	11	43
16	Friday.	-	7	6	4	25	6	6	—	—

New Moon, 14th day, 4h. 47m. aft.

MINERVA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

84, *King William street, Mansion house, London*

TRUSTEES.

Thomas Halifax, junior, Esquire,
Francis Mills, Esquire,
Thomas Heath, Esquire,
Claude E. Scott, Esquire.

DIRECTORS.

FRANCIS MILLS, Esquire, *Chairman*.
THOS. HEATH, Esq., *Deputy Chairman*.

John Leach Bennett, Esq.
Wm. Chippindale, Esq.
Edward S. Codd, Esq.
John Hervey, Esq.
Edwin Leaf, Esq.
William Lyall, Esq.
Thomas Morgan, Esq
John Stewart, Esq.
R. F. Watson, Esq.
J. J. Zottlin, Esq.

AUDITORS.

Robert Wells Byles, Esquire,
Charles R. Hartford, Esquire,
William Scott, Esquire.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Twedie, F. R. S., 30, Montague Place, Bedford-square, London.
Dr. John Paddock, saint John, N. B.

SOLICITOR.

John Saunders Bowden, Esq., 66, Aldermanbury.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Glynn, Halifax, Mills & Co.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart & Co.
WM. THOS. ROBINSON,
Actuary and Secretary.

The principles on which this Company is founded were adopted after mature consideration; and to the Assured it offers the combined advantages of the most successful establishments of its kind that have been formed of late years—moderate rates of premium and a large proportion of profits. The soundness of its principles, and the extensive influence exercised by the Directors have placed the Company on a sure basis; and the accumulations have been so considerable as materially to benefit the Policy holders.

Tables are prepared, enabling persons to Insure, either participating in profits, or at the least possible cost. By the former method they realise all the objects of Life Assurance, and benefit by their own longevity, without the speculative risk of Mutual Assurance Societies.

Four fifths of the profits given *every five years* to the Assured by the participation scale.

AT the FIRST division of Profits for the five years ending 31st December, 1841, the Reversionary Bonus averaged 31 PER CENT. *on the Premium paid during the preceding five years*. The *Premium paid during the succeeding five years* equivalent reduction of Premium averaged nearly 27 PER CENT. *on the Annual Premiums payable during the succeeding Five Years.*

The SECOND division of Profits, was made on 23d June, 1847, for the five years ending 31st December 1846. The clear divisible surpplus was then £30 269 7s 9d, four-fifths of which, have been distributed according to the provisions of the Deed of settlement, among the Policy holders an AVERAGE REDUCTION ON THE PREMIUMS PAYABLE until the next division in 1852, of 31¼ per cent.; or gave an equivalent REVERSIONARY BONUS, averaging £8 13s. 5d. per cent. on the sums assurred, on 53½ per cent. on the *Premiums received thereon during the last five years.*

The THIRD Division of Profits will take place in June 1852 and all Policies effected by the Participation scale during 1849 will Receive Two YEAR'S BONUS at such Division if then in force.

Persons assured with this Company are allowed to reside in the colonies of *British North America, New South Wales*, and *Cape of Good Hope*, WITHOUT extra charge upon payment of sea risk only for the two latter.

No appearance before the Court of Directors required.

Loans are granted on deposit of Policies for five years standing, to the extent of their value.

In addition to the utmost liberality exercised by the Directors in the settlement of claims, the Company will be liable, should a person assured die within one month after a renewable Premium becomes due, provided the Premium be paid within the stipulated period.

No entrance-money or fees of any kind are exacted, nor any charge made for Policies beyond the cost of the stamps.

Premiums may be paid, either by even annual or half yearly payments, by a single payment, by payments for a limited number of years, and also by an ascending scale.

Tables and every information can be obtained on application to the Office of

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO., St. John,
St. John, N. B. 1849. *Agents for New Brunswick.*

National Loan Fund

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

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

Advantages offered by this Society.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

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

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.

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

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

February, 1848.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber.

L. WOODWARD.
St John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

HARE'S

Patent Seasoned Floor Cloth

From ½ yard to 9 yards wide, without seam,

FOR HALLS, PASSAGES, &c. &c.

A NEW Sett of PATTERNS has been received, and orders for any sizes Hall, Passage or Room, will be immediately forwarded on application to JOHN KINNEAR.
August 31—3: Prince Wm. street

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE

ABANDONED BY

Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, South wark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an outdoor patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had visited Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I can utterly at a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign; go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a *perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.

Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING MAIL.

Cong Rectory, Sept. 1849.

Dear Sir,—I send extracts from an archiepiscopal sermon, as delivered on last Thursday, in the chapel here by "Lord John of Tuam"—"The Pope's servant," as he announced himself. Will anything open the eyes of our government, and the people of England, to the aims and feelings of the Romish priesthood, as regards the Protestant Church of Ireland?

R having been announced from the altar of our parish chapel, for the last few Sabbaths, that the Archbishop of Tuam" would hold a confirmation on Thursday, and that he would then and there denounce Mrs Moore's school, and Mr. Moore's lecture, that I might obtain a true account of what "the Pope's servant" did really say, I sent two reporters to the chapel—the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic. I give you the report as furnished by the Roman Catholic, as it may be less exceptionable. I shall make no comment. I shall not return "railing for railing, but contrary-wise blessing." Earnestly, indeed, do I pray the Lord God may bless "the Pope's servant" by turning him from darkness to light—truly "my heart's desire and prayer to God for my Roman Catholic brethren, whether of high or low degree, is that they may be saved."

The Roman Catholic reporter thus begins:

"Mass being over, the archbishop ascended the alter and addressed the congregation in Irish, saying:—

"He was much pained at receiving an invitation from that 'holy man' (pointing to the parish priest) to visit the parish of Cong at that unusual period. The circumstances that called for his immediate attention were indeed painful. He, as their bishop, the lawful representative of the true church of God, felt it his duty to warn them against the wily and crafty assaults of a base and corrupted church—a church filled with such filthy and foul abominations that he would blush to mention—a church begotten and founded by Luther and Calvin—a church cherished and nursed by brutal force and the lustful desires of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth—a wicked church—a cursed church, established on the spoil of the old catholic church of God—a church that would now rob the poor of Ireland of the last legacy left them by their forefathers—a church that was now tampering with the youth and age of this parish, under the awful visitation of Providence, to ensnare them, by holding out to them pecuniary relief only to ruin their souls—a church whose aim was to invent traps and snares for them. They will give you schools for your children, damnable schools, and then seduce you into their churches. Oh! what a curse. Could he believe it to be case that any parents should be found base enough to murder their children. Whatever were their excuses, they were more inexcusable than Cain, who killed his brother, Abel.

* * * * * * *

"If any parents would send their children to such schools, they were killing their souls, by making them feed on the poison and heresy of that cursed and damnable church—a church which was insilling into their mind the loathsome and soul-killing doctrines of Luther and Calvin.

* * * * * * *

"There is only one true church, which is the Catholic church—a church founded on such corrupt principles as I have alluded to cannot be the true church.

* * * * * * *

"No; it is a church which robbed God of His glory. A church despises His Virgin Mother, and deprives her of her honour. How can they honour the Son when they despise the mother? A church which despised the saints. A church which divested the true church of God of its glory, and had only retained the loathsome, filthy carcase, with which they would fain feed the poor deluded souls they were destroying by their heritical doctrine. Oh! could the remains of those departed saints, who once adorned the mouldering walls of that venerable abbey, arise and speak, and whose spirits are now in the realms of bliss, they would raise their voice, and tell what were principles of that damnable church: they would tell the sad history of spoilation which left it deserted and in ruins; a church founded on the spoil of the Catholic church, supported and established by law. He wished the people of the parish would henceforth cease to hold any communication with such a foul institution. They should hold no intercourse with them—they should not speak to them—they should not salute them for the future on the highway—their very breath was poison. Now let us pray the Holy Ghost may come down upon us, &c.

This sermon needs no comment, let it speak for itself. The charge of bribery I indignantly throw back; my school has stood a twelvemonth's hot and fiery persecution. For three months only have I been feeding my children—I was desirous to test their anxiety for learning, which I have done, perhaps, too rigorously. The generality of the persons attending my lectures are persons far above want—but from henceforth, I must seek for funds from Christian friends to continue food for my children, and to support some few who are threatened with loss of employment unless they withdraw their children from us.

The report, as furnished by the Protestant reporter, though in every respect corroborating the one I now send, is much more strong in its expressions, imprecations, and denunciations; that arises from the fact that the sermon was delivered in Irish—consequently, the two translations could not be verbally, though they are substantially, the same. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. L. MOORE, Rector and Vicar of Cong.

LIFE.—When properly spent, ought to be a progressive course of improvement; and the improvement ought to be perceptable in the person, the mind, and the manners. There is no real decline. The wisdom and experience of maturity naturally succeeds the gaiety and frivolity of youth; the reposo and tranquility of old age succeeds to the bustle activity of the age that proceeded it. But it is not descent; it is rather an ascent into that state of rest and peace, where the storm of human passions ceases to range, where the heaven of rest is in sight, in which the trumpet of war is heard no more.

DOMESTIC PLEASURES.—"John," said his master to him one day, "they really say that your wife beats you. Is it true?" "Yoy," drawled John, with the most provoking coolness. "Yoy!" responded his master, with indignation, "what do you mean by that, you lout? A great thumping fellow like you, as strong as a steam engine or an elephant, to let a woman like your wife thrash you! What a blockhead you must be!" "Whoy, whoy," was the patient answer, "it pleases her, and it does me no harm,"

THE BLACK PIN.

"I'll never love another woman; no let her be ever so beautiful, I'll hate her," exclaimed Chas. Romer, as having quitted one ball-room where things had gone wrong, he entered another of those assemblies, which chanced, though at the close of the London season, to be given during the same night.

"I detest raven tresses," he continued; "fair hair, blue, black, hazel, and all manner of coloured eyes—dimples, blushes, ruby lips, white teeth, pretty feet, pressures of the hand, soft sighs, and gentle accents. "Othello's occupation's gone"—and they may all fly to the four quarters of the globe for all I care. In future nothing shall effect my heart but horses, hounds, dogs, guns, nets, flies rods and otter spears. I'll have no society but that of port-drinking parsons, who neglect their parishes, and money their neighbours six days out of seven, having nothing else to do. Yes, though there are some gentleman-like, efficient, and religious men, who drink nothing but port wine, I'll eschew even their society, and live with red-nosed rectors of the wrong sort, and crafty curates, who cheat the church, and laugh at the bishop, because breach of all the laws that regulate civilized society, beating their wives, boxing with their parishioners, bullying the poor, and lying and slandering are not consider'd, in the eye of ecclesiastical law as clerical delinquencies sufficient for expulsion from the House of God."

Just as our hero had arrived at this doughty resolution and lamentable conclusion, and had reclined against a door-post, to give stability to any further reflection, his wandering eye was attracted by a very beautiful figure moving gracefully to the air of one of his favourite waltzes. The room was getting thin, and every moment he had better opportunities of observing her. Dressed in the most approved fashion, her fine person, from its position against her partner's right hand, appeared to its full advantage; and the velocity of the dance causing her dark ringlets to play round her rather oval face, in spite of his newly formed resolution to detest the sex, our hero could not help envying the man whose hand was on her waist, a feeling which was rapidly increased, as at this moment, the waves of her glossy hair seemed almost if not quite, to touch her partner's apparently *unconscious* cheek.

It was the last waltz of the evening. The dancing ceased; but the object of our hero's unwilling admiration still held her partner's arm, awaiting the announcement of the carriage. There were now but three or four persons left in the room, when Rosa Newardine, for such was her name, encountered the gaze of Charles, and she became aware of his earnest and fixed observation. Feeling abashed by this discovery, her eyes fell on the ground; and, as if at a loss for a better subject of conversation to avert his detection of her slight confusion, she touched, with her little foot, a black pin which lay on the floor; and calling her companion's attention to it, made hastily the following remark:

"The nonsense and heartless folly which have been uttered in this room to-night, will, by to-morrow no more be recollected by those who have spoken them, than I shall ever again remember that I once beheld that black pin."

Her carriage was then announced: but ere she reached the door she turned her head, and saw Charles stoop—pick up—and place in the breast of his coat, the very same pin that had elicited her remark.

The last carriage had rolled down the street; and the host and the hostess, with their daughters, were sitting on a sofa in a little crimson boudoir, much amused by our hero's deep and lonely reverie. He seemed to be making melancholy observations on the site of the now silent band, on the empty chairs and benches, and on the waning candles struggling with the rosier light of morn: in short, his mind was evidently lost in contemplation of spangles, pins, and crushed and faded flowers, the mournful relics of departed pleasure.—After remaining some moments thus, starting from his trance, he bade his friends adieu, when, having previously dismissed his carriage, he walked home, striking, with his jewelled cane, at every cat that ventured to run across his path.

The London season was concluded; fashion had finished her last white bait, water parties were over, chaperons were turned out to grass, Crockford's laid no more suppers up stairs, and White's boasted only one or two hats in its bay window, and not above half a head. Our hero had been to every thing and every where, but the fair girl who he now found himself forced by the wilfulness of his heart, to remember, was not again to be seen: so, with renewed determination to devote himself to the woods and wilds, he left town; and once more ensconced himself in the country.

He had not long enjoyed his rural felicity, when he received an invitation to a visit of some weeks from a friend of his, in the adjacent county of Wilts; which invitation he accepted.

It was a beautiful day about the 29th of August, on which, having sent forward his servant and his luggage, he arrived on horseback, in sight of Little Langford Manor House. During the last half mile his path had led him by the side of Grovely Wood; when now, entering the grounds of Langford, he approached its ancient pile by still, shady, and sequestered path, and presently came in sight of a grotto. Here, reposing from the heat of the sun, he found his host, Sir John Heatherfield, and his two daughters.

"Welcome, Charles—thrice welcome!" exclaimed the latter gentleman in his usual hearty style—"how wags the world now with you?—After your fatigues in town you must be glad of a little quiet. Here we are," he continued, "much the same usual, only I've lost old Henderson, my head game-keeper; and my best greyhound, who won the cup at the Deptford coursing meeting last year, is dead. Lots of young ones coming on though, and loads of game, the account of which shall serve to season our wine. Adieu, then, till dinner. My girls will entertain you, as my steward waits some orders."

Thus saying, off flew the good Sir John; leaving our hero to make the most of a fag end of a discourse, in which it was his resolution to find delight, and to enjoy the conversation of his amiable companions. The better to do this, Charles fastened his horse to the bough of a tree behind the grotto, and seated himself between his friends.

"Now," he exclaimed, addressing Emma Heatherfield, "tell me about the sweet fresh country, how have you been? what have you been doing? and whom have you seen? and have you any one staying with you? I detest London, foh—the name of it is sooty."

The first interrogatories having been duly answered—in reply to the last, the young ladies exclaimed together—"Oh! Charles, we have such a delightful companion to introduce to you, such a friend of ours, so good-natured, so beautiful,"

"Stop!" cried Charles, interrupting them, "let me guess what it is."

"E!" exclaimed his companions.

"Yes, I know," he continued, regardless of their surprise—"it wags its tail—it sits on its hinder legs—it"——

"Oh, you very great love," exclaimed a soft sweet voice behind the grotto, "you dear good-tempered thing, I must pat you," and a little hand was heard caressing the arching and sleek neck of hero's steed.

"There she is—that's our friend," cried the two ladies, running forth, closely followed by their guest—"Rosa, let me introduce to you Mr. Charles Romer, Miss *Newardine*."

She was looking still more lovely than when he last saw her in town. Early hours and the fresh air of the country had heightened the perfections of her figure, and added to the bloom upon her cheek, which was covered with blushes, when she recognised the man whose ardent gaze she knew herself to have attracted.

They were proceeding to the house when Emma Heatherfield culled a rose, and stopped to place it in Charles' button-hole.

"Oh, how appropriate!" she exclaimed, "here I declare, is a large black pin ready to fasten it. Why, my dear Charles, you must have *expected* a bouquet."

Rosa raised her head; perhaps, it was the flower that excited her curiosity; but in gratifying it she looked at Charles; and her blue eyes seemed more lustrous than ever.

The hour of dinner arrived; and though Charles did not sit by Rosa, he found it very difficulty to adhere to his sporting resolutions, or to control his imagination to follow his host over fields and fences. His mind would neither gallop nor jump: but at every turn of the conversation he found it ambling softly back to summer houses, little feet, and glossy ringlets, and finally pausing on the black pin which still confined the flower. How happy was Charles when coffee was announced, and the party joined the ladies in the drawing-room! How he hung over the pianoforte, and dwelt on the rich tones of Rosa's soft but rather melancholy voice, as she sang some of Moore's melodies! When Rosa's eyes met his during the sweetest passages of the song, as if in search of sympathy beyond the vacant admiration of the majority of the guests, how these glances, though cursorily bestowed, found their way to his heart, and expelled every ruder emotion! Oh, love! what a world of strength hast thou, when thou wingest thy shaft from the song of beauty!—Melody on melody succeeded, while the rest of the male visitors played whist, or mutually secreted by the the button-hole, gathered themselves in corners, and canvassed the sports of the field; thus leaving Charles to enjoy a delicious but a dangerous trance.

It is not my intention to detail each succeeding circumstance; a course which would be as uninteresting to the general reader, as displeasing to the Editor of this miscellany; who, with a hardness of heart common to the gentlemen in his capacity, cares not for the length of author's face, provided his can secure the shortness of his story, and thus reserve full space for other contributors. Let it suffice then to say, that on the following morning Charles heard with dismay, that Rosa had for some time been engaged to wed the hero of the *unconscious cheek*, Mr. Vortex, with whom he had seen her waltzing. He was rich in lands and money; while she was poor in all but friends and beauty. This match, therefore, had been deemed, by all save one, a desirable alliance. And that one was Rosa.

The vehemence and severity of her relations had been too much for her gentle disposition; and her objections had been for a time silenced. Thus matters stood, and at the expiration of one short month, she would be called upon to fulfil her engagement.

I have often thought it a pity, that when ladies are engaged to be married, they do not wear some symbol or ornament in their hair, or on their dress to show that they are affianced. How many fascinating creatures do we see at balls, dancing almost every dance, and apparently unattended by their destined husbands, with whom it is possible for unsuspecting youths to fall in love. The heart of man, or at least of many men, is not unlike to a head strong and pulling horse: it is easy enough to prevent his running away if never let out of hand: but once suffer him to get his head down, or the bit fairly between his teeth, and the arm of Hercules himself would be insufficient to restrain him.

We will now pass over a fortnight which had intervened since Charles' arrival, as well as the many excuses he made to escape from participation in the sports of the field; but at the end of that time we must resume the thread of our discourse.

Towards the middle of the day, a carriage was seen approaching the hall by the usual avenue; it had neared the ancient porch, and Charles was proceeding to the same place by a laurel walk in some anxiety to ascertain who the visiter might be. At a turn of the path, he met Rosa hastening from another direction, but evidently intent on the same object; her haste was so great, that ere she could stop herself she was encircled by Charles' arm, which he had outstretched to prevent a more serious concussion. In the moment of their meeting he recognised also the expression of her lovely face—it was that of consternation and grief.

Ere she had time to extricate herself from his arm, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Miss Newardine, what has happened—nay, you cannot support yourself—rest on me, and tell me, I conjure you, whence this distress?"

They were within fifty yards of the back of the house, and the carriage had by this time reached the door, the steps had been let down, and the guest, whoever he was, had descended.

"Let me go" she exclaimed—"I beseech you let me go—I cannot tell you now—you will know all too soon; loose me—I am recovered."

In spite of her words, she would have fallen if Charles had not persisted in his support; a step was heard approaching; she attempted to move—for the arm had ceased to hold her—in vain; a double black pin in the breast of Charles' coat, had become entangled in her dress, and it held her fast till a person came in sight. With a desperate effort, at length she broke away and fled; but not until her intended husband reached the spot.

'So, sir,' exclaimed Mr. Vortex, when recovered from his surprise, "you seem on excellent terms with that *amiable* young lady?"

"Sir," replied Charles, "I *am* on terms of friendship with Miss Newardine, and I feel myself honoured in being able to make this avowal. But if you mean to insinuate aught against the nature of that friendship, I have only to assure you, sir, that you mistake."

"All very fine, sir," re oined Mr. Vortex, "but in the relation in which I stand to that young lady, I have some reason to doubt the propriety of the situation in which I found her—you arm encircling her waist."

"I entreat you," interrupted Charles, 'as you value justice, sir, form no hasty conclusions respecting Miss Newardine. You have my honour as a gauranteo to my assertion, that the situation in which you d scovered us, was purely accidental. We were both hastening to the house from different directions; as a turn of the path we came into sudden contact: she was overcome by her emotion, and would have fallen had I not supported her."

'A most improbable story,' resumed Mr. Vortex, 'but your honour, sir, pledge to the truth of it, and I trust that your feelings of propriety will lead you to adopt a line, the necessity of which is evident. I conclude, sir, that you are a guest of Sir John; after which has happened, for the sake of the young lady's feelings and mine, you will of course quit this house immediately. Indeed, circumstances require that I should *insist* on your adoption of this course.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied Charles, 'from the *tone* of the request, and the turn the matter has taken, I feel myself compelled to refuse my compliance to your obliging proposal.'

"Then, sir, your remaining here I shall conceive as personally insulting to myself," bitterly rejoined Mr. Vortex.

'Of that you are the best judge;' and with this remark, Charles turned on his heel and proceeded to the house.

(To be Concluded next week.)

CORPORATIONS IN OLDEN TIMES.—There can be no doubt that all mayors, aldermen, common councilmen, &c. &c., have been from time immemorial addicted to festive celebrations of their dines and business. "Perhaps," observes Mr. Nonke, "in no one feature with the habits of ancient corporate bodies more dissimilar to those of the present day than in their public gustative celebrations. The most insignificant matters of business, as well as public and national events, were made an excuse for potations 'long and deep.' Equally indifferent as to whether it was at the proclamation of a new sovereign or the decease of an old one—the news of peace or war—the Gunpowder Plot or the Restoration—the inspection of corporate lands or the supervision of the repairs of the town ditch—a conference about a new set of parliament or the framing a by law on the size of quart pots—the governors of the city in those days, however much they may have differed among each other on political and social questions, agreed to drown in the bowl all those minor considerations, and the chamberlains' accounts for many years are to a great extent made up of items of eating and drinking."—*Mr. Noake's Recollections in Olden Times.*

SINGULAR TRADITION.—THE EAGLES OF THE BAIRNS.—At one period there was a pair of eagles that regularly nestled and brought forth their young in the rocks of Pennan: but, accordingly to the tradition of the country, when the Earl of Aberdeen purchased the estate from the Bairds, the former proprietors, the eagles disappeared, in fulfilment of a prophecy, by Thomas the Rymer, "That there should be no eagle in the crags, while there was a Baird in Auchmedden." But the most remarkable circumstance, and what certainly appears incredible is, that when the Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, married Miss Christian Baird, of Newbyth, the eagles returned to the rocks, and remained until the estate passed into the hands of the Hon. William Gordon when they again fled, and have not since been seen in the country.—*Sharpe's Journal.*

THE CREAM CAKES.—A man was seen last Wednesday to struggle heavily against a window of a store in Washington Street, shivering a large pane of glass into fragments. Several persons ran to his assistance; and one more anxious than the rest inquired the matter. "Matter," hiccupped the reeling pedestrain, "m-matter, why, I-hic-eat some c-cream cakes, and they don't agree with me." "Hadn't you better take something," suggested another. "*Take something*; hic-why, I have t-taken something: I took e-eight glasses of brandy and water; b-but-hic, it's no use: them cream cakes have got the upper hic-hand of me."

When Graveston, who betrayed the Spaniards at Bergon op Zoom to Queen Elizabeth, came to England to give to her majesty an account of his success, and to claim his reward, the queen gave him a thousand crowns but said to him at the same time, "Get you home, that I may know where to send when I want a thorough paced villain.

AMIABLE FORETHOUGHT.—A "gentleman," advertising in the Waterford Mail for a wife, says "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure against the effects of excessive grief in case of accident occurring to her companion.

A SHARP RETORT.—The following, from an exchange paper, is the best hit that we have lately seen—"Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance. "Did you ever, neighbor" said one, "see me with more than I could carry?" "No, indeed," was the reply, "not I, but I have seen you when I thought you had better have gone twice after it."

A CASE OF FINE SENSIBILITY.—"My dear the fowls have nearly destroyed the garden. Did you not see them while I was absent."

"Yes, love, but I could not bear the thought of driving them away, they seemed to take so much delight in scratching!"

ANOTHER NEW WORD.—One of the Philadelphia papers announces that a firm in that city threw open their magnificent *Dry Goodery* to the public, on Monday morning last. "Dry Goodery" is good!

The editor of the Jacksonville, (Ill.) Journal, went to the circus recently, where were gathered some three thousand of the inhabitants of Suckerland,—men, women and babies,—a sight, he says, which filled his heart with gratitude that he, too, was a "Sucker."

SMART GIRL.—A girl at Greenwich, during the holidays, being asked to play at kiss in the ring, replied that she should like to play at kiss *after the ring*, and was soon taken at her word.

As an old lady was walking through one of the streets of the city of Paris, at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It's only I, patrol," she replied, "don't be afraid."