St. John Chronicle,

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the publisher.

All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to

WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N.B.

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, *President.*
J. W. LAWRENCE, ZENEBEE RING, } *Directors.*
S. L. TILLEY, S. K. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, *Solicitor.*
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, *Secretary.*

Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
For Marine and Fire Risks.

ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, }
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
THOMAS BEER, K. N. }
I. WOODWARD, *Agent.*

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

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 20.

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

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel,
Post Office Buildings,
State Street, Boston.
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

We have obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCRIBNER,
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, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuns legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octave to A above.

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

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERITT'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.

PATENT AGENCY.

THE undersigned will undertake to procure Letters Patent for "new and useful inventions" for this Province, and will attend to all legal requirements in reference to English and Foreign Patents, before they can become effective in New Brunswick. He has made arrangements with Messrs. Stead & Sterling, Architects and Draftsmen of this City, for the execution of such Drawings as may be required.

PETER STUBS,
Barrister, Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 2, 1853.

Furniture Warerooms,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

NOW on hand, an assortment of the best FURNITURE, consisting of Walnut and Mahogany COUCHES; Mahogany and Walnut SOFAS; Mahogany and Walnut CHAIRS; Mahogany Sideboards; Pine, Mahogany, and Walnut Dressing Tables; Walnut and Mahogany Centre Tables; Bedsteads; Washstands, &c. &c. &c., all made of the best materials and by the best workmen.

☞ MATTRASSES, and every thing in the Upholstery business made at short notice.

Undertaking attended to, Hearse and Palls furnished.

A few pieces of the best English HAIR CLOTH for sale by
October 28. ROBERT NISBET.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTORIES.—A large assortment of the manufactures of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay Stoves 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.

FALL STYLE!

LOCKHART & CO. have received the *Fall Style* of SATIN HATS, per *Admiral* and *Middleton.*

☞ A large lot of Summer and Spring GOODS selling off at reduced prices. 17, King-Street.

SHIP BREAD.—2,000 Pounds SHIP BREAD. For sale by
A. A. COUGHLAN.

NEW FALL GOODS.

St. John Clothing Mart,
WATER STREET,
Sign of the ROYAL ARMS,
MARKET SQUARE.

RECEIVED per packet ships 'Imperial,' 'Europa,' and steamer 'America,' from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS—consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Kerseys, Whitney and superfine West of England Cloths and Cassimeres, figured and plain.

40 Cases of American SATINETTS, Striped and Fleeced COTTONS, &c. &c.

Ready-made Department.

Made in the Establishment—fashionable shades.

500 Beaver, Whitney, Pilot, Canada, Satinett and Duffaled COATS, from 25s. upwards;
300 Reefing JACKETS, Pilot and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—*every shade and texture;*
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cabmere, Barathea, Valentia and White Moselles.

A large assortment of Dress FROCKS, SACKS, and PALETOTS;

Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Men's White SHIRTS, Linen Trimmings Fancy Regatta and heavy Striped ditto—blue, white and red.

Merino and Lambswool Shirts and drawers.

4 cases Gents' Silk and Satin HATS; 6 cases Kossuths and Leghorn Hats; 8 cases Boys' Cloth and Cassimere Caps.

SEAMEN'S OUTFITS—*of every description.*

Goodyear's Patent Rubber Coats, Leggings, Sou'-Westers, Sporting Bags, &c.; 100 dozen Braces, Silk, India Rubber and Elastic; 20 boxes French Satin and Silk Neck Ties and Stocks, plain and figured, a beautiful article; Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs of every description; Silk, Cotton and Kid-Gloves; Trunks, Valises, travelling Bags, &c.; Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; with every description of goods requisite for a general Outfitting Establishment.

300 Suits of Boy's CLOTHING, in Beaver, Pilot, Satinett, Tweeds, &c. &c.

4 Cases of Fur, Seal Skin, silk velvet, Tweed and Cloth CAPS;
10 Bales of Buffalo Robes and Coats, Seal Skin, and Reversable, ditto;

N. B. Gents. selecting their Cloths can have their Garments cut in the newest style, and executed by the best of workmen and superintended by experienced foreman—fit or forfeit.

☞ All Goods marked in plain figures, and no second price.

☞ WATER STREET, SIGN OF THE ROYAL ARMS, FRONTING ON THE MARKET SQUARE.
November 11. F. NEILL.

Old Wines, Brandy, Geneva, &c. &c.

Now landing ex *Missouri*, from London—In Store, and daily expected per *Cores*, from London—

30 HHDS., 30 qr casks, & 20 octaves Choice Old PORT; Pale Brown and Golden SHERRY; MADEIRA, LISBON, Marsalla, &c.

5 Puncheons } Old pale and Brown Cognac
30 Hhds. } Brandy, Martella, Henessys &c
30 hhds. finest Schiedlam GENEVA;
40 hhds. very Old Jamacia RUM;
4 puns. Old WHISKY,—(Campbelton, &c.)
12 hhds. Prestonpans and Alloa ALE.

Also—a large Stock of the above in bottle—together with Claret, Hock, Moselle, Champagne, &c. &c. &c.

150 casks of the best London Brown Stout, PORTER, and East India ALE, in pints and quarts.

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
Wine Merchants.
May 27. Prince William-street.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
REMODELLED,
BOARDERS, BOARDERS, BOARDERS,

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the Public that he is now prepared to receive a number of Permanent or Transient Boarders, on the following terms, viz:

Yearly or Monthly,	£40	0	0	per annum.
Weekly,	0	17	6	
Daily,	0	3	6	
Breakfast,	0	1	3	
Dinner,	0	1	6	
Tea,	0	1	3	

Cold LUNCHEONS at any hour from 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. SOUPS on Mondays and Thursdays; and by good attendance, Clear Rooms and choice Cordials (including a we drop of the Craythur,) he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Choice Shediac OYSTERS always on hand; also, Cold Roast Fowl supplied to private Families, at the shortest notice.

JAMES NETHERY.
Sept. 30.

Wilber's Pure Cod Liver Oil, and Phosphate of Lime.

A CURE for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all Scrofulous Humorus.

A supply just received from the manufacturer,—For sale at ONE DOLLAR per Bottle, by
WM. O. SMITH.
July 2. Market Square.

SUGAR.—4 Hhds. and 5 Bbls. good SUGAR, for sale by
October 27 A. A. COUGHLAN.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.

Now opposite Mr. Starr's Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. His further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., &c.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.

August 19, 1852. C. H. BARTLETT.

MAHOGANY.

10,000 FEET of very superior MAHOGANY, just received, will be sold cheap, in the log, or in boards, to suit purchasers.

Also on hand—large lot of Mahogany VENEERS—branch, plain, and mottled.

JOHN DUNN,
Cabinet and Chair Maker, &c.
June 3. Princess-street.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Instituted in 1836.
Incorporated by Special Acts of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.
Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	316,972	4	9
	£514,169	14	9

TRUSTEES:
SIR THOMAS BERNARD BIRCH, Bart., M. P.
ADAM HODSON, Esq., S. R. THOMSON, Esqr.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:
JOSEPH HORNBY, Esquire, *Chairman.*

T. Brocklebank, Esq.,	*Deputy Chairmen.*		
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William Dixon, Esquire,		Harold Littledale, Esq	
William Earle,	"	William Love,	"
T. Stewart Gladstone,	"	Alex. McGregor,	"
George Grant,	"	John Murriott,	"
Francis A. Hamilton,	"	William Nichol,	"
Francis Haywood,	"	Charles Saunders,	"
Robert Higgin,	"	H. Stelterfoht,	"
George Holt,	"	John Swainson,	"
Geo. H. Lawrence,	"	Jas. Aspinal Tobin,	"

SWINTON BOLTT, Esq., *Secretary.*

EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS,
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.

The Agents are prepared on the part of the Company, to offer a very liberal scale of Premiums, and beg to solicit orders from all parts of the Province.
August 20, 1852.

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.

JOHN HARRIS,
Silver Smith, Jeweller, & Engraver,
North Market Wharf, 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.

New Brunswick Hotel.

Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means unitried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to recive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is determined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.

July 2, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR.

REMOVAL,
AND NEW SUPPLY.

THE Subscriber, in thanking the Public for the patronage he has hitherto received, begs to inform them, that he has removed from his late place of business, New Market Place, to the Store four doors North of the Country Market, on

CHARLOTTE STREET,

Where he will keep on hand his usual STOCK of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
&c. &c. &c.

and hopes by the usual attention to the wants of his customers, to merit the continuance of their favor.

W H. SECORD.

St. John, Aug. 26th, 1853.

JAMES GARRETT & CO.,

HAVE now ready for inspection a very choice assortment of new Style, Cassimeres, Doeskins and Tweeds, admirably adapted for Custom Trade, at the present and coming season.
September 30.

TEA, SUGAR, ALE.

450 CHESTS and half Chests CONGOU TEA, (some superior); 30 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR; 35 Casks *Keith's Halifax ALE*, 25 Boxess *low priced* TOBACCO.

For Sale by EDWARD ALLISON.
Sept. 16. Union Street Wharf.

No. 15 King Street, Drugs, Medicines, &c.

THE Subscriber has received per ship *Lish on* from London, an additional supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, SPICES, Fancy Soaps, Tooth, Nail, Paint Hair, and Clothes BRUSHES.

Also—44 tons Brandreth's No. 1. WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH
1 Case Gold Leaf;
2 Casks Bird Seed;
2 Cases Salad OIL;
5 Cases Painter's Colours;
1 Cask Pumice Stone;
1 Case Spanish Liquorice.

November 4. S. L. TILLEY.

Select Reading

THE DUEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year 1805, when the peace of Tilsit put a stop to the conquests of Napoleon in Germany, the King of Prussia, exhausted by his astonishing efforts to maintain the war against France, reduced his army to the peace establishment. Consequently many officers who were stationed at Hamburg, received furlough, or were dismissed from the service for a time; and a life of military danger and activity gave place to habits of idleness and dissipation.

In the early part of the summer several of these officers, having dined together, and sacrificed rather freely at the shrine of the jolly god, adjourned towards evening to the Exchange Coffee House, the most noted hotel in the city. They entered singing and shouting in a most tumultuous manner, setting at defiance the rules of propriety and decorum. The youngest of the joyous band, the Baron de V——, who bore the commission of a Lieutenant in the army, was about twenty-five years of age, wealthy, handsome, and elegantly formed. But his mind did not correspond with his person; he was vain, insolent, self-conceited, and presuming. When they entered the public room, they observed an individual of small stature, in a dark suit, seated alone at a table; he held in his left hand the journal of the day, while his right supported a pipe. He paid but little attention to the entrance of this formidable host of blackguards, scarcely deigning to raise his eyes from the paper he was perusing. The young Baron, doubtless offended at an appearance of indifference, which he thought bordered on contempt, approached the man in black, and familiarly slapping him on the back, said, with a smile of bitter irony, "Ah, my friend, good evening. From your appearance, I should take you to be a schoolmaster, or perhaps a tailor—am I right?—where is your goose?"

The citizen raised his eyes, and fixed them for a moment on the countenance of his interrogator, and then resumed the perusal of the journal.

"I forgive me my sins," continued the Baron, "the Will not answer me. Come, my little fellow, we must be more sociable. Ah, I perceive the reason of your silence; that pipe incommodes you. As I must hear the sound of your voice, allow me to relieve you." So saying, he snatched the pipe from the hand of the stranger, and dashed it to pieces on the floor; a piece of wit which his companions applauded with shouts of laughter.

Without laying down the journal, the insulted individual turned towards the entrance of the inner room, and coolly said, "waiter, another pipe."

"Well, done," resumed the young impertinent. "I have gained something, however. I made him open his mouth."

The pipe was brought, filled, and lighted, and the citizen continued to peruse the journal, as if nothing had happened.

"My little man," said the Baron, "where do you belong? In what village do you exercise your talents? What, no answer! Have you resolved to enter into a conspiracy against me?" and looked the officer full in the face, at the same time pulling out an immense volume of smoke; he then deliberately resumed his former occupation.

"Perhaps I was mistaken in your character," interrupted the Baron, "you may be the *quid nunc* of a village, and perhaps endeavouring to commit to memory the news which that paper contains, to impart it correctly to your friends and neighbors. But you smoke like a Swiss. That pipe causes you great inconvenience." It was a second time broken.

Without evincing by a gesture or any other visible sign of countenance, the least appearance of anger, the man in black coolly repeated the first demand—"Waiter, another pipe."

"What a melodious voice!" resumed the Baron. Such patience must be the attribute of an angel or a devil. I would give you a thousand florins to see you in a passion. It would be delicious sport."

An old Major, whose embroidered coat was decorated with military orders, and on whose German physiognomy was depicted frankness, true courage and loyalty, who entered the Coffee House with these hair-brained youths, now addressed the Baron in a low voice, but which notwithstanding could be heard in all parts of the room.—"My young friend, you are insulting a stranger without provocation—you are foolishly guilty of a great impertinence, and your conduct, with that of your applauding comrades, begins to disgust me. I beg you will pursue this foolish joke no further."

The Baron, with his companions, accordingly adjourned to a neighboring room, and commenced playing at cards. To judge from their numerous jokes, followed by loud peals of laughter, it would seem that the young officer's folly and impudence were already forgotten. An hour passed away, all was mirth and jollity, the Baron had gained a considerable sum, and his spirits were proportionately buoyant, when the little man in black entered the room, and slowly approaching his chair, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and requested to speak with him in another apartment. The Baron regarded him with a look of disdain over his shoulder, uttered an ill-timed jest, and laughed in his face.

"Sir," said the man in black in a decided and manly tone, "you labour under a trifling mistake, which I must take the liberty to correct. I am neither a tailor nor a schoolmaster. I have the honor to be a post-captain in the English navy, very much at your service. You have insulted me, and I demand satisfaction. Tomorrow morning at seven o'clock, I shall await you here. Bring pistols with you."

The astonished Baron, who during this address had risen from his chair, changed countenance more than once, and then answered only by a bow of acquiescence; he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his tongue should betray his terror.—The Captain politely saluted the rest of the company, and left the house.

With him departed all the gaity of the lieutenant. He became thoughtful and taciturn; his mind wandered from the game, and he soon lost more than he had gained. He was unnerved with terror, while reflecting on the consequences of his folly. What an advantage must an adversary possess over him, who could bear with so much calmness a series of degrading insults, and who could propose a duel with such imperturbable *sang froid.* Such an antagonist must be singularly endowed with courage and skill. Such were the ideas that continually passed through his mind.

When the company separated, they all agreed to meet at the same place at the appointed hour. But it is not to be supposed that all slept equally well during the night. When they assembled next morning at the Coffee House, they found the Englishman before them at the rendezvous; but he was now dressed in a splendid suit of the naval uniform of his nation. He was attended by a valet, who carried a case under his arm.

He requested the officers to accept of some refreshment; and they entered into conversation, when the Englishman gave indications of possessing a cultivated mind, and a knowledge of the forms of society and good breeding.

At about eight o'clock he rose from his chair, and begged the Prussian officer to select the spot where their quarrel must be decided, adding, that he was a stranger in the city, and that all places were alike to him. The Baron named the open pastures lying between Hamburg and Altona.

When they arrived on the ground, the Englishman asked the Prussian what distance he would prefer, he answered "fifteen paces." "The distance is too great," resumed the Englishman, "you will miss me. Call it ten if you please." And his proposition was accepted.

The Major now made the observation that the Captain had no second. "That is of little consequence," said the Englishman, "if I fall my valet has my orders." The Major represented that such a proceeding was contrary to the usage in affairs of this kind, and that if such a formality was neglected, the duel could not take place—but he politely offered to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out, and each of the principals had taken his station, the Captain asked his antagonist significantly, if he had good pistols—"for," said he, "I have a pair which I often use, and which never miss their man. I will give you a proof of their excellence."

He then called his servant, and ordered him to throw something into the air. The man took a handkerchief from his pocket. "That is too large," said the Captain, "find something else." He took from his pocket a dried prune; "That will do," exclaimed his master. The fruit was thrown into the air, the pistol was fired, and the prune was shattered into a thousand pieces. At this extraordinary proof of address, the spectators were struck with astonishment. As to the poor Lieutenant, he was more dead than alive.

The Captain now resumed his station, and requested his antagonist to fire; but the Major interposed, stating that it was contrary to the custom of their country; that the offended party had an undoubted right to make the first essay; and after his fire was returned, the rest should be decided by chance.

"My friend," replied the Captain, "if I should suffer myself to be influenced by your opinion, this young gentleman would never have an opportunity to test the quality of his pistols. I must have my own way in this particular; and after I have settled the affair with this gentleman, each of his companions who amused themselves last evening at my expense, and who, instead of restraining the impertinence of their friend, laughed at his ridiculous follies, must one after another front the muzzle of my pistol. Now, sir, I am ready. Take good aim—for if you miss me you are a dead man."

The lieutenant presented his weapon, drew the trigger, and the ball passed through the Englishman's hat.

"Now, sir, it is my turn," said the Captain. "I was last evening a butt for your raileries, and your sarcasms. Without provocation you insulted me; covered me with humiliations. I was a schoolmaster, a tailor, a village babbler. What am I now? A man. And what are you? A miserable wretch; a poltroon, trembling with fear. That death which in a few minutes you will receive from my hand, already surrounds you with shadows. The grim tyrant's icy hand is already extended over you. Your lips are livid, your eyes are glazed, and your visage is as pale as the winding sheet, which in a few hours will envelope your body. Your feeble limbs can hardly support you; for insolence and cowardice go hand in hand together. But before my bullet pierces your heart, tell me, have you any arrangements to make? Have you a last adieu to send a father, a mother, a sister, or any other person who is dear to you? I have there the materials necessary for writing; and willingly grant you time to make any arrangements which you may think necessary.

The young man muttered something, of which an humble "I thank you," was all that was intelligible.

"In that case," said the Englishman, "since and it is the case, I will forgive you the affronts which I have received, I beg you to implore, by a fervent, but brief mental prayer, the mercy of the Eternal Power."

Then taking off his hat, he looked round upon the mute terrified spectators of this closing scene, who by a spontaneous impulse, uncovered themselves in like manner. For a minute or two there reigned among the group a religious and solemn silence, which was interrupted only by the hard breathings of the suffering lieutenant.

At length seizing his pistol, and pointing it towards the lieutenant, he kept him for a minute in a state of the most horrible suspense; then suddenly raising the weapon, he turned towards his valet, who stood near him, and handed him the pistol. "Take it," said he, "this officer is not worthy the honor of dying by the hand of an Englishman."

The next day the Baron de V—— quitted that part of the country, and never resumed his station in his regiment.

The Unintentional Divorce.

The dangers of log rolling with a Legislature are graphically described in the following sketch:

On winter there came to Trenton New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had designs upon the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman.—he wished to be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who, by the by, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce. Smith had a good wife, plump as a Robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for turnpike, or a plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow. Well, they with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments, 1st, suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich back ground of steak and venison; 2nd, liquors in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning," which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid shape—to Newark champagne. To speak in plain prose, Jones the divorce man, gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast. Under the mellifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith, a copy of each bill in their pockets, went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look! and five of her children asleep over head, the other five studying their lessons in the corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike my dear. I am one of the directors and will be president: it will set us up, love; we can send the children to boarding school and live in style, out of the toll. Here is the charter honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest of women, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face, "let me see it;" and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own as she looked at the parchment. But all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath; "blast it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!" It was too true, the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Here's a turnpike!" she said sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children starving me in the face, I ain't your wife! Here's a turnpike!"

"Blast the pike and the Legislature and—" Well, the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness and "cussed" into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith but his late wife put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the mild, good man, as he saw them enter, Smith looking like the very last of June shad, and Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the matter?"

"The matter, sir, I want you to marry us, to marry us two right off," replied Smith.

"Marry you?" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"

"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith despondently; the fact is, brother Goodwin, that some scoundrels at Trenton, unbeknown to me, and at the dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife; she is the mother of-of-nine children!"

"Ten," suggested Mrs. Smith, who was crying.

"Here's a turnpike!"

Well, the good minister seeing the state of the case, the Trenton parchment was duly produced from the pocket of Smith, married them over straight way, and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone, so that he could give vent to a suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over: and Smith and his wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smith's never knew that their father and mother had been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the self same night, Jones returned to his native town—and sought at once the fine pair of black eyes which he hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa; a white handkerchief tied carelessly about her round white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I will be married to-night. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper for us at a breakfast did the business for them. Put on your bonnet, and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

"The widow [who was among widows as peaches are among apples,] put on her bonnet and took Jones' arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling out the document before her. Here's the law which says that Jacob Jones and Anna Caroline Jones are two!—Look at it!" Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.

"Oh, dear!" she said, with her rose bud lips, and sank back, half fainting on the sofa.

"Oh, blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand. "Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply by the Legislature, with others in New Jersey, incorporated in to a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorised (with his brother directors,) to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol. When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will perceive the extreme hopelessness of Jones' case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man, who gave them the champagne supper, or was it a breakfast?" cried Jones in agony. "If they'd a chartered me to be a turnpike from Pig's run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it, but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it." So it did.

"And you ain't divorced?" said Eliza, a tear following down each cheek.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat "won't be back to Trenton till next year!" It was a hard case.

The mistake [?] had occured on the last day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were labouring under the effects of a champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones's ought to have been and "*vice versey*," as the Latin poet has it.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK ASLEEP.—The following article from the New York Tribune is the lest vein of Dickens:—

It is curious to see the circulation of a great city commence in the morning—the great city that had *roared* itself to sleep. True, there was a feeble pulse all night, the cars bent to and fro; a carriage now and then gave a flutter, but after all there had been a quiet hour. About half a million of the people had been lying "on a dead level" for four or five hours; some on pillows of down, and some on curb stones; some beneath silken counterpanes and some beneath the great blue quilt of heaven. Queer figures they make in the mind's eye, to to be sure. 400,000 folks, more or less, lying on their backs—lying in tiers or rows, five or six miles long—lying three or four deep. In the cellar—that is, the "primitive formation"—then first floor, second, third, and so on up to the garret. Three hundred thousand people snoring—what a concert! Two hundred thousand people dreaming. Two hundred thousand people in red night caps; ten hundred thousand in white, and here and there one trimmed with lace. Fifty thousand curls twisted up in papers, giving their owners an appearance of having made a pillow of cigar lighters. Twenty thousand curls hanging over the backs of chairs, or tossed upon tables. How gently Time touches such people: they never grow gray at all! Ten thousand people weeping, and now and then one dying—dying in his sleep—dying in a dream. And then the getting up is ridculous enough; though going to bed—should we say "retire," in these refined times?—is a solemn piece of business, whether people think of it or not. But the getting up, the waking up is funny enough for a farce—its process a species of gradualism. Here's one who has slept "like a top" for nine solid hours, and now he begins to wake; first, its a half-bunch and a long breath and a yawn; then an arm is thrust out, then a foot, the muscles are waking up. Next, the tattle of the early wagons strike his ear; hearing is "coming to." Then his tongue moves uneasily, taste is returning. Last his eyes open, one after the other—then half close, then open again, and the man's awake—awake all over—awake for all day. There's another sound asleep this minute, and this he shakes himself like a huge Newfoundland, springs up "promiscuous," and the thing is done; the fellow hasn't a sleepy hair about him. Snowy quilts that have just risen and fallen with the soft bosoms beneath begin to grow uneasy. The sweet sleepers are waking, so we'll draw the curtains and leave them to their toilette. Bundles of rags in dark, damp corners toss and tumble, there's something alive underneath. Out it comes—*more rags.* Misery makes no toilette, and there's no curtain to draw.

WESLEY'S ANOMENY.—I beg leave to propose a short, clear, and strong argument to prove the Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neither would nor could make a book, and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when it was their own invention. It could not be the invention of bad men, or devils, for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their souls to hell to all eternity. I therefore draw this conclusion, that the Bible must have been given by Divine inspiration.

BABIES.—An old bachelor says—"It would be an improvement in the article of babies had been born with their mouths sealed until the crying days were passed. What an awful amount of crying they do! No barrel organ could stand such perpetual wear; and then, when they tune up their pipes, how discordant the music! There is something terrible in the idea of being roused out of a comfortable snooze, and turned out of bed on a very cold winter night to get a pap spoon, or to walk bare-legged up and down the room, dandling a family organ in full blast, or perhaps to be sent for a doctor when the pavement is like glass, and the hailstones like bullets. A disconsolate widow would soon be left to mourn my untimely fate, and to hear her relatives declare that her weeds were very becoming."