SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1850.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 13. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utrique." Number 7.

Weekly Almanack.

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

September		R. Sun.	s Moon	R. w.	
26	Saturday,	6 37	4 54	9 33	2 39
27	Sunday	6 38	4 52	10 34	3 51
28	Monday,	6 39	4 50	11 47	5 17
29	Tuesday,	6 30	4 49	0 3	6 32
30	Wednesday,	6 42	4 47	0 59	7 43
31	Thursday,	6 43	4 45	2 11	8 32
1	Friday.	6 44	4 43	4 0	9 18

Last Quarter, 28th, 10h. 35m. morning.

MINERVA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
84, King William street, Mansion house, London

TRUSTEES.
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Francis Mills, Esquire,
Thomas Heath, Esquire,
Claude E. Scott, Esquire,

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Thos. Heath, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

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Dr. John Paddock, saint John, N. B.

SOLICITOR.
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BANKERS.
Messrs. Glyn, Halifax, Mills & Co.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart & Co.

WM. THOS. ROBINSON.
Actuary and Secretary

The principles on which this Company is found ed 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 equivalent reduction of Premium averaged nearly 17 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 surplus was then £30 263 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 31½ per cent.; or gave an equivalent REVERSIONARY BONUS, averaging £8 13s. 5d. per cent. on the sums assured, or 53¼ 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 1843 will Receive Two Years 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 Insurance Company.

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

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. Secretary.

Favor's Express!

FAVOR'S PACKAGE EXPRESS will leave per steamer "Maid of Erin," on THURSDAY morning the 28th inst., at 7 o'clock.—Orders to purchase Goods, Notes and Bills for Collection will receive the personal attention of Mr. Favor.—For further particulars apply to

L. H. WATERHOUSE, Agent.

St. John, March 1st, 1850.—3i. South Wharf

GUNNISON'S EXPRESS.

A SPECIAL MESSENGER will be dispatched with Gunnison & Co's Express, on THURSDAY, per Maid of Erin, to connect with the Admiral, at Eastport.

Small Packages and Parcels forwarded as usual to any part of the United States: also to San Francisco, Sacramento, and Stockton, California.

☞ Goods forwarded to Dye House in Boston and back to this City.

THOMAS HANFORD, Agent, St. John.
J. B. HALL, Rail Road Exchange, Boston.

St. John, March 1, 1850.

130 TONS Common and Refined IRON, all sizes; for Sale low by

THOS. F. RAYMOND.

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (derived from Premiums) of £51,000.

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

Robert F. Hazen, Chairman.
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John W. Gray, Esq.
Medical Examiner - Wm. Bayard, Esq. M. D.

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.

California.—Parties proceeding to California can effect insurance on liberal terms.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

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WILLIAM J. STARR,
February, 1850. Manager, st. John, N. B

IRISH LINEN.

Just received per Ship "Themis," Leighton, Master, on Consignment—

5 CASES Irish LINEN—a very superior article.—For sale low by

WILLIAM CARVILL,
July 12. Nelson Street.

Brandy and Geneva.

Now landing, ex "Empress," from London, on consignment—

5 HHDS. Henessy's Old Cognac Brandy, 5 hhds. finest Pale Hollands Geneva—

For Sale by RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
August 9. 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 Park, 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 out-door 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 quitted 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 am 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

Miscellany.

Mistaken Views of Religion.—One cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well disposed, is that garment of sadness in which people delight to suppose her dressed; and that life of hard, pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins on her disciples. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life, as rigorously as avarice forbids them? does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition; or such renunciation of our quiet, as pride? Does devotion murder sleep, like dissipation? Does she annihilate fortune, like gambling? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she embitter life, like discord; or abridge it, like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilence than suspicion; or half as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her martyrs; and the most austere and ascetic (who mistake the genius of Christianity almost as her enemy) never tormented himself with such cruel and careless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honour obliges us to be at the trouble of resenting injuries—but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them; and by this injunction, consults our happiness no less than our virtue; for the torment of constantly hating any must be at least equal to the sin of it. If this estimate be fairly made then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure.

New Data on the Hungarian War.—Every great stir of the earth, begets its batch of books, and the glorious Hungarian struggle is no exception. Half a dozen works have already appeared in London, and from one of the best and best, Max "Schlesinger's War in Hungary," we extract the following key point to the unfortunate result:

The Pass of Branisko.—Gorgey reached Igla too late to take possession of this pass. His vanguard had been surprised two nights before, through the negligence of the outposts, and a great portion of his artillery was only saved by the most heroic valor of his troops. This train of guns was halting in the street of a village, when the Austrians unexpectedly attacked them: the rockets flew into the place, and would have destroyed the whole store of ammunition, together with the dwellings of the peasants and Honveds, had not the people run out at the risk of their lives, in a cold winter's night, some in their shirts, and covering the waggons with wet mats, dragged them to and fro so as to protect the ammunition from the rockets, whose direction could be distinctly traced in the air. The enemy was repulsed, and Gorgey's loss was trifling; his outposts were taught caution by experience, and the Austrians cannot boast of having surprised the Hungarian camp a second time. We left Gorgey in the midst of the ball. Whilst the regimental bands were playing the Hungarian and German waltzes, Guyon, at the command of the general in chief, was advancing at the head of 8,000 Honveds towards the pass of Branisko. The country people around, Germans, like most of the inhabitants of the Zips, but everywhere with Magyar sympathies, conducted him by secret paths to the foot of the mountains which enclose the proper defile. Here Guyon ordered four of his battalions to lay down their arms; and for five whole hours they climbed up steep footpaths, known only to the natives of the country, carrying the dismantled cannon piecemeal on their shoulders, or dragging them together with the necessary ammunition after them by ropes.

From eight o'clock in the evening till one o'clock in the morning this heroic band were winding up the steep mountain paths, making their way over rocks, and snow drifts, beset with incredible difficulties and hardships, in a cold winter's night; whilst the rest of his troops at the entrance of the pass were continually making feigned attacks, to divert the attention of the Austrians, and prevent the silence of the night betraying the movements of the troops engaged in the ascent.

It was past midnight when the first cannon-shot came thundering from the heights down into the dark valley. This was the signal for the general attack. Ten successive times did the troops stationed below advance to the assault, braving death, whilst from above the shot thundered into the invaders. The Austrians witnessed with terror and dismay the destruction in their ranks; they abandoned one entrenchment after another, fighting as they retreated, and in the utmost confusion attempting to gain the opposite outlet of the pass. A great portion of their artillery, and a third part of the troops, were lost in this retreat; slaughter was unprecedented, and the next morning Gorgey's vanguard passed through the defile which Guyon and his brave troops had unclosed to them. Schlik, who had residered Gorgey as buried alive, drew his sabre in a fury when a major brought him the news to Eperies of the defeat at Branisko. "Dogs that ye are; all of you dogs!" he exclaimed—"that pass I won'd have held against a hundred thousand men!"

POETIC LEGENDS OF THE TALMUD.

Among the most pleasing and beautiful of the Talmudic allegories is that entitled "Songs of the Night." The silence, the quietude, and loveliness of nature in a fine night have been the theme of every poet, and the charm of every age. "All thy works praise Thee," says the inspired Psalmist. The woods, the hills, the valleys, and the streams, the murmuring ocean, the sun, the moon, "the stars in their courses," as well as all animated beings, with distinct and varied utterance proclaim his goodness.

The royal Psalmist is represented, in the allegory, as catching the burden of many "Songs of the Night, and the Hebrew allegory appears to have been written to teach man, that while he sleeps, and all around him seems silent, God's praises are never silent, and that not only the heaven's ceaselessly declare his glory, but the creatures of earth, as well, magnify his name.

"As David in his youthful days was tending his flock on Bethelem's fertile plains, the Spirit of the Lord descended upon him, and his senses were opened, and his understanding enlightened, so that he could understand the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, the glittering stars formed one general chorus: their harmonious melody resounded upon earth, and the sweet fulness of their voices resounded to its utmost bounds.

"'Light is the countenance of the Eternal,' sang the setting sun. 'I am the hem of his garment,' responded the soft and rosy twilight. The clouds gathered themselves together, and said,—'We are his nocturnal tent.' And the waters in the clouds and the hollow voices in the thunders joined in the lofty chorus. The voice of the eternal is upon the waters, the God of glory thundered in the heavens; the Lord is upon many waters.'

"'He flieth upon my wings,' whispered the wind, and the gentle air added, 'I am the breath of God, the aspiration of his benign presence.—'We hear the songs of praise,' said the parched earth; 'all around is praise, I alone am sad and silent.' Then the falling dew replied, 'I will nourish thee, so that thou be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose.' 'Joyfully shall we bloom,' sung the refreshed meads—the full ears of corn waved as they sung. We are the blessings of God, the hosts of God against famine.'

"'We bless thee from above,' said the gentle moon. 'We too bless thee,' responded the stars; and the grasshopper chirped, 'Me too he blesses in the pearly dew drop.' 'He quenched my thirst,' said the roe; 'and refreshed me,' continued the stag; 'and grants us our food,' said the beasts of the forest; 'and clothes my lambs,' gratefully added the sheep.

"'He heard me,' croaked the raven, 'when I was forsaken and alone.' 'He heard me,' said the wild goat of the rocks, 'when my time came, and I brought forth.' And the turtle dove cooed, and the swallow and other birds joined in the song—'We have found our nests, our houses.—We dwell upon the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquility and peace.' 'And peace,' replied the night, and echo prolonged the sound, when chanticleer awoke the dawn, and crowed with joy. 'Open the portals, set wide the gates of the world! The King of Glory approaches. Awake! arise! ye sons of men—give praises and thanks unto the Lord for the King of Glory approaches.'

"The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. But as long as he lived the strains of creation's harmonies remained in his soul, and he daily recalled them from the strings of his harp." (Jewish Chronicle.)

Scientific Memoranda.—A cement that will neither crack nor crease, may be made with a solution of pearlash and sulphuric acid, mixed to the exact point of neutralization with powder of gypsum.

All beams have a greater resistance when firmly fixed than when merely supported at their ends, the proportion being as 2 to 3.

Lenz has ascertained by actual experiment that electricity is as capable of producing cold as heat, to the degree of freezing water rapidly.

Frost cannot penetrate through a thick covering of snow, below a sheet of ice, or through a covering of grass or pasture, all of which acts as non-conductors.

The wild pine of the West Indies, which grows on the branches of trees in hot climates, where there is little rain, has a mug which will hold a quart; when the dew falls it is received, and a valve closes at the top and prevents evaporation. Often are birds seen to insert their beaks and procure water therefrom.

One of the common methods of making saleratus is to suspend the carbonate of potassa in suitable vessels over the fermenting liquor in distilleries and breweries, but it is proposed to impregnate the salt by means of the carbonic acid from anthracite coal, as a readier method of effecting the desired end.

The forces of compression and extension are equal within the elastic limit, and consequently a triangular beam, provided it is not loaded beyond that limit, will have the same amount of deflection, whether the base or apex be uppermost, and a flanged beam the same deflection whether the flang be at the top or bottom.

On The Preparation of Peat Charcoal.—The charring of it is very much facilitated by two circumstances. The rectangular form of the peat bricks admit of their being piled up together, without leaving those interstices which is such a great objection in the wood-mound, and the lesser combustible of peat charcoal renders such minute attention to the process unnecessary, and admits, with advantage, of the construction of heaps very much less in circumference. These consist generally of 700 to 1000 bricks; they are from six to seven feet in diameter, and four feet high. Around the stake, which is driven into a dry place, the peat bricks are arranged endwise in concentric series, forming circular layes, of which four, five or six, with an internal decreasing diameter, are placed one above the other; with this precaution, however, that in all four directions, air channels, or passages, of the width of a brick, are left in the direction of the radius, by means of which the heat is afterwards regulated otherwise the peat heap would be too closely packed to allow any passage of air through the interstices. At the foot of the stake some dry wood is placed for ignition; the heap is covered with an inner coating of moss and leaves, and with an outer one of earth or charcoal dust, leaving only the middle of the head round the stake uncovered, for the purpose of setting fire to the heap by one of the passages. By opening and shutting these channels the combustion is conducted in all directions until the flame breaks forth from the opening in the head which is then closed.—The completion of the charring is then effected by apertures all round, beginning at the head and proceeding foot by foot to the base.—The appearance of the smoke issuing from these apertures is here also an indication of the stage and state of the operation. The nature (age) of the peat, its consequent density, &c., must direct the burner. A mound, of the circumference stated, produced from not quite air dried peat, 24 per cent. of the weight, and 27 of the bulk; from air-dried, 27 per cent. in weight, and 224 in volume; from freshly dug Pfungstadt peat 30 per cent. in weight, and 20 in bulk; from excellent peat, quite dry, 35¼ of the weight, and 49 per cent. of the bulk. In the district of Siegen very good peat produced 23 per cent. of the weight, and 40 per cent. of the bulk. Experiments upon a small scale generally afford a still larger produce, sometimes as much as 40 per cent of the weight. Much difficulty is attached to the drawing and quenching of the peat charcoal, which are undertaken when the mound has cooled a certain time, for the charcoal easily crumbles to powder, and is then useless.

Why is Matrimony like a Tart? Because there is just enough acid in it to make the sweets more palatable.—Why is it like a Cold Bath? Because so far as the bridegroom is concerned, the important event is only a smart plunge, a slight shock, and it's all over.

THE TRADESMAN'S BOAST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued.

CHAPTER IV.

If Barker, the silk mercer, was proud of his buxom and warm-hearted dame, he was still prouder of Ruth, his beautiful and only daughter. Besides her knowledge of house hold duties, and a degree of taste in embroidery that amounted almost to artistical genius, Ruth could read and write, both remarkable feminine accomplishments for the times. But she had been the pupil of her uncle, Shore, and he, though an artizan, was learned in all the knowledge of the age. Indeed, few maidens in the kingdom, even of the nobility, had been more delicately nurtured than the tradesman's daughter, and none either of the court or city gave back richer fruits for the cares which parental affection had lavished upon her with so much prodigality.

Like those birds that love to build their nests high up in the sunshine, Ruth had chosen her bower room on the top of her father's dwelling.—It was a small chamber, rude enough in its constructions, but considering the station of its occupant, absolutely luxurious in its appointments.—The floor was of dark wood, and polished almost to the smoothness of a mirror; a considerable space in the centre was covered by a carpet of tapestry, a marvel of needle-work which had occupied the leisure hours of the pretty Ruth since she was old enough to understand tent and cross stitch. This carpet bore marks of use, and was slightly faded and trampled down in the neighborhood of an easy chair that stood by an embroidery frame near one of the windows. A foot-stool, intended with the constant pressure of a tiny foot upon its cushion, stood before the chair, and half under the embroidery frame. In various parts of the apartment were other articles of furniture that seemed well worn and used to the room, but added to these were decorations that cast a shade of gorgeous incongruity over the whole. Some of the richest damask from her father's warehouse concealed the rugged walls and fell in triple folds of crimson over two-thirds of each narrow casement. Several low chairs, cushioned with Spanish leather richly gilded, stood about. The chairs were spotless and bright with recent gilding, while the hangings were the first gloss, and seemed but just suspended over the walls.

This blending of the old with the new, the luxurious with that which was but ordinarily comfortable, presented a contrast even less singular than the two persons who occupied this room on the afternoon of that day when most of the events related in our two last chapters transpired.

By a table near the window, and seated in one of the new chairs, more elaborately carved than the rest, sat a lady. Sternly beautiful she was, and every imperious motion betrayed a habit of command calculated to inspire awe, and in some natures, perhaps, a kind of reverential love. She bore about her the air of one who seldom sat down with her equals in station, in intellect, or in force of will—never with her superiors in any of these things. Her robe of dark velvet much worn, and with the gloss all gone, fell in heavy masses about her feet. Two or three large diamonds sparkled on her hands, which were small and remarkable for their delicacy. Down her back, till it almost swept the floor, flowed her raven hair with a few silver threads winding in and out through the glossy waves with painful distinctness, for in those cold and rigid features—beautiful as marble and as fixed—it was easy to read that these white threads had taken root in sorrow not in age. No ornament, not even a bodkin stayed the flow of those magnificent tresses, the fell around her as it was the fashion among high-born women of the time, like the heavy folds of a veil. Nature itself had cast a mourning drapery around that stern and magnificent being.

The lady was writing. Before her lay several rolls of vellum and some crow quill-pens, with one or two cut from the wing feathers of an eagle. She had just taken up one of the crow quills and dipped it into the silver standish that stood before her in the shape of a rampart lion, with its jaws open, but the first quick dash of her hand across the vellum forced the delicate quill asunder, and flinging it calmly on the floor, she took up the eagle's plume and smoothed the feather with her hand, while a faint smile flitted across her lips.—Then thrusting the point down the lion's throat she began to write again somewhat slowly at first and as if she studied each word. By degress she seemed to grow more interested. Her eyes began to flash, her lips were more and more firmly compressed, and occasionally she would fling back the hair from her temples with one hand, and pass the palm rapidly over her lofty forehead, as if striving to force back the burning thoughts in their too rapid flow, but all without faltering in her task for an instant. Each syllable as it rushed from her pen seemed pressed through and through the vellum, so impetuously did she write.

Opposite this singular lady, with her elbow resting on her embroidery frame, sat a young girl partially occupied with her needle, but the presence of a stranger in a room usually devoted to herself, rendered her restless, and, though she worked at intervals, the white rose-bud growing into proportions under her fingers, failed to occupy her attention. Every other instant those large violet eyes were lifted from her work and fixed with an anxious expression on the lady opposite, and if the lady did but move her head she would start and half rise from her chair, as if expecting that some service might be required of her. As her strange visitor became more and more absorbed in her writing, Ruth allowed the hand which held the needle to fall upon the flowers she had created, and sink into a fit of musing. Her eyes were fixed on that strange and beautiful face, and while she marvelled at its singular expression—for the spirit living within glowed upon those still features like fire light on marble—a feeling of awe crept over her and she almost held her breath as she gazed.

All unmindful that those soft eyes were fixed upon her, Margaret of Anjou wrote on till there was but room for a hasty and crowded signature on the vellum. With a single dash, as it were, she placed the signature, and throwing down her pen, she hastily rolled the missive, and lifting her head suddenly encountered with her large black eyes the earnest gaze fixed on her by the young girl.

Ruth dropped her eyes, and a crimson blush swept over her face and neck to the very edge of her boddice. She took up the needle and attempted to put a red flat into the rose bud, but her hand trembled, and the silk got entangled with her fingers, so she busied herself in trying to unweave it, while Margaret's eyes were bent upon her, and a smile almost trembled upon her haughty lip.

'Bring hither a thread of silk that we may knot it round the missive,' she said in a clear voice, that notwithstanding its tone of command had a musical sound.

Ruth started to her feet, and taking up a pile of variegated silk, began to disentangle an azure thread.

'Let it be crimson,' said Margaret quickly.—'That is the color of our house, maiden.'

Ruth drew a crimson thread from the glowing mass, and moving towards the table dropped on one knee, and wove the silk around the parchment which Margaret held.

'Thou wouldst make an expert bower woman,' said the queen, laying her hand carelessly upon the mass of golden ringlets that swept from the maiden's head. 'When Henry of Windsor sits on his throne again his queen will not forget these gentle services; say wilt thou be one of our honor maidens when we make our home at the palace again?'

'Would that the day might come, when England's rightful king shall take his seat on England's throne,' said the maiden with beautiful enthusiasm.

'It will come—it will, said Margaret with a stubborn belief in her own wishes that no misfortune had power to diminish. 'Our present enterprise is too well founded—our secret has been faithfully kept—would to heaven we had known the worth and loyalty of our London tradefolk earlier.'

'Oh! how much bloodshed might have been saved, said Ruth, with a slight shudder.

'Nay, we must not cloud this pretty forehead with thoughts of battle fields,' said Margaret more gently than she had yet spoken. 'But tell me maiden, for in a few hours more stirring events may sweep all these things from our minds, would a life at court please thee and thy parents? Thou hast a winsome face, and our right loyal friend, thy father, has given thee gentle nurturing, too gentle, perchance, for thy condition.

'Ah, no,' exclaimed Ruth eagerly, 'I look not above my present state—in good sooth I never have!'

'Nay, such wit and beauty must not wither among tradesfolks and artizans,' said Margaret with a smile. 'We must seek out some confiscated estate for thy father, and wed thee to one of the brave knights who has done battle in our cause.'

'For my father, I know that all the services he can render to his lawful sovereign are given without a thought of reward,' said Ruth earnestly, 'and I, oh most gracious lady, ideas of state or grandeur never enter my mind for a moment. I am happy here in my own little bower room. I should find no such love at court as that my father and sweet mother give me.'

'Perhaps not—perhaps not,' said Margaret, with a sort of mournful abstraction, smoothing the golden tresses of the maiden with her hand.

'I do not know how it is,' resumed Ruth, lifting her modest eyes to the face of her royal visitor 'but those who live at court take much of care with their state and grandeur. We of the working order may have less lofty thoughts but our hearts beat more freely.

Margaret bent her eyes on the sweet face uplifted to hers, and a proud and brilliant expression shot over her features.

'Sweet one, rest thee content in thy home while it is safe and happy. Margaret of Anjou will never seek to trouble it by planting aspiring wishes in this little heart. The dove as it sits brooding in its nest, may sometimes find safety there, while the eagle as it swoops on high provokes the archer. Still is there nothing which a queen, though a fugitive one, may do to promote thy gentle wishes?'

'Only let me love you dear lady and queen,' said the young girl with affectionate simplicity.—'Save this I have no wish, almost none, which my father cannot give me!'

It was a strange thing, but Margaret of Anjou, the iron woman, whom no horror or misfortune could ever move to tears, turned away those superb eyes that Ruth might not see the moisture that crept over them. When before had her offers of favor been met with a warm and single hearted expression of love? There was something sweet in this that moved the royal fugitive more that a lost battle could have done. It reminded her of her Edward, her true-hearted and gallant son, whom she had left an exile on the continent. It reminded her of the saintly king her husband, who had seemed to exhaust all the strength of his being in the intense affection which had given him a fatal control over his kingdom. It brought to life all the sweet home feelings that her haughty nature so often held in check. She bent down and pressed her lips on the beautiful forehead of the maiden, tears fell upon her tresses, and Ruth could feel the bosom against which her head was drawn heaving with suppressed sighs.

'My son—my gallant son,' she exclaimed, drawing suddenly back and clasping her hands, 'he is about thy age, and when I talk to him of a lost kingdom, he says—'but I love thee, mother, I love thee. And art thou not queen over my father's heart. The Yorkists may prison him from our sight but they cannot conquer the husband or the father's love.' The checked tears flashed into Margaret's eyes as she spoke, and a glorious smile lighted up her face. 'Still the boy hath a right princely heart, maiden, and when he speaks of his father's bondage, and of the kingdom wrested from us, that the Yorkists may batton upon it, he chafes for action like the young eagle chained to his crag.'

The soft eyes of Ruth Barker kindled under the influence of the tender and lofty enthusiasm with which these words were spoken. For the proud queen and the loving woman broke forth in every glowing lineament of that noble face, giving additional eloquence to such words as seldom dropped from those stern lips.

'Ah, the young and royal prince, he will sometime be our king,' exclaimed Ruth, gathering the folds of Margaret's robe between her hands and kissing them. 'Then our queen will be happy again.'

'Happy,' repeated the queen, and the burning expression passed away from her face, leaving it passionless and still as before. 'Happy, there is many a red battle won and lost before this comes to pass, and sometimes, even in the hot fever of war, there flashes a vision across my mind that paralyzes it. The vision of that young form hewed down in the fight of the few brave trodden to the earth.'

Margaret broke off with a shudder, and putting Ruth gently away, arose to her feet. With her hands clasped loose and dropping before her, and that stately head bent upon her bosom, she began to pace slowly up and down the room, murmuring now and then to herself like one in a painful dream. Ruth saw that she was forgetful of her presence, and stealing back to the embroidery frame, leaned her elbow upon it and fell also into a fit of gloomy thought. A half hour went by, another, and another, till nightfall drew on, still the stately form of Queen Margaret moved to and fro in the gathering twilight, which was fast changing the crimson glow which struggled through the rich window drapery to a deep purple, and from that to gloomy darkness. All at once she seemed to become sensible of the coming night, and going to one of the windows, she lifted the window and looked out.