SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1848.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Regi, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 39.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUNCAN & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Devoe & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

TERMS—16s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

MAY.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	R.	W.
27	Saturday,	4 30	7 24	1 23	6 6
28	Sunday	4 30	7 25	1 57	7 19
29	Monday,	4 29	7 26	2 33	8 24
30	Tuesday,	4 29	7 26	3 11	9 26
31	Wednesday,	4 28	7 27	3 56	10 21
1	Thursday,	4 27	7 28	Sets.	11 11
2	Friday,	4 27	7 29	8 32	morn

New Moon, 1st. 9h. 56m. morning.

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. I. WOODWARD.

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

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Elphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntingdon, A. Huntington, junr., Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed an Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.

King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Agents for New Brunswick.

Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M. D.

January 30, 1846.

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.

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FREDERICK R. STARR.
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

Hams, Buckwheat, and Rice.

PER Kate, from Boston—9 Tierces RICE, 1 do smoked HAMS; 43 bags Buckwheat MEAL.

Nov. 11. T. HANFORD. *Johnston's Wharf*

HOLLANDS GENEVA.

JUST RECEIVED 12 Hhds. Finest PALE GENEVA,—For sale by

Dec. 24. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE BETWEEN **St. John and St. Andrews.**

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro' the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,

Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black-Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market. GEORGE CRAIG.

September 3.

WATERPROOF BLACKING.

WHICH renders Boots and Shoes completely impervious to Water and Snow, and at the same time does not prevent the Leather from receiving a Good Polish, by any Blacking in ordinary use.

The subscriber has just received another supply of the above named article, the virtues of which have been tended by hundreds of persons in various parts of the Province, and he strongly recommends its use to all persons who feel desirous of protecting their feet from dampness during the approaching season.

☞ The price is only one shilling per Pot. Orders from all parts of the Province attended to

S. K. FOSTER,

Nov. 5. Corner of King and Germain-sts

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1846.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuge DEALS, BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (deliverable either at the Mills or in the city.)

WILLIAM CARVILL.

February 18. *Nelson street.*

BUTTER & OATMEAL.

Per schooner Sackville Packet from Sackville.

20 FIRKINS & Tubs very choice Cumberland BUTTER from Rivers Napan and Macan; 10 barrels new Ground OATMEAL, for sale by, H. G. KINNEAR.

April 14, 1848.

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, Southwark, 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, Chigo-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, out, 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 & THLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St John, N. B.

ROSAURA.

A THRILLING TALE OF MADRID.

EMBRACING MOSTLY INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND VII.

(Continued.)

"By St. Jago!" the bewildered student at last exclaimed, "this is too much. Where will it end? What ails me? Have I so long withstood the attractions of the black-eyed traitress, to be thus at last entrapped and unmanned? Geronimo was right; at day break, I start for Ciudad Real. I will think no more of that perfidious witch." He plucked the almond blossom from its vase. "And thou, and magnificent apartment, whose walls were tapestried with striped blue and white satin, and whose carved ceiling was richly gilt and decorated. The tall Venetian mirrors, the costly furniture, the beautiful Indian matting, everything in the room, in short, convinced him that he was in a favoured abode of wealth and rank, and luxury. A lamp suspended by silver chains, shed a soft light over the apartment. Frederico's position was a doubtful, probable a dangerous one; but love emboldened him and he felt the truth of a saying of Geronimo's, that courage grows with peril. Happen what might, there he was and he knew no fear.—The only perceptible exit from the room was by the large folding doors through which he had entered. He tried them—they were fastened—His mother had suggested to him that his retreat had perhaps thus been cut off, that he might seek another outlet. He did so, and presently perceived hinges under the tapestry. A silver handle protruded from the wall: he grasped it, a door opened and a cry of astonishment and delight burst from the student.—Beaming with loveliness, a blush upon her cheek, a soft smile upon her rosy lips, the lady of his thoughts stood before him.

For a moment the pair gazed at each other in silence, their looks telling more eloquently than any words, the love that filled their hearts. But soon Federico started from his brief trance, threw himself at the feet of the incognita, and seizing her hand, pressed it ardently to his lips, murmuring the while, in low and passionate accents, such broken and rapturous sentences as only lovers speak and love alone can comprehend. The lady stood over him, her graceful form slightly bowed her large lustrous eyes alternately fixed upon the kneeling youth and roving anxiously around the apartment.

'Don Federico,' she said, in tones whose sweetness thrilled his blood, 'may the Holy Virgin forgive my unmeaidenly boldness. I have yielded to an impulse stronger than my reason, to the desire of seeing you, of hearing——"

'That I love you,' interrupted Federico—"that I adore you since the first hour that I beheld you—that I will die at your feet if you refuse my hope!' He bent forward and laid her small rosy hand upon his throbbing forehead. The touch was electric, the fiery glow of passion flashed in her glance. 'Light of my eyes!' she whispered, 'it were vain to deny my heart is thine. But our love is a flower on the precipice's brink.'

'I fear not the fall!' Federico impetuously exclaimed.

'Dare you risk everything?'

'For your love everything!' was the enthusiastic reply.

'Listen, Gen, to the difficulties that beset us, and say if they are surmountable.'

'Hark!' she exclaimed—'what is that?' He comes! Be still! be silent!' With wild and terrified haste, she seized Federico's hand, dragged him across the room, and opened a door. The student felt a burning kiss upon his lips, and before he knew where he was, the door was shut and he was in total darkness. All that had happened since he entered the house had occured so rapidly, so mysterious and startling, that he was utterly bewildered. For a moment he thought himself betrayed, groped round his prison, which was a narrow closet, found the door, and grasping his stiletto, was about to force his way through all opposition, when he suddenly heard heavy steps on the other side of the tapestried screen. Motionless, he listened.

'Bring lights!' said a deep, commanding voice: 'the lamp burns dim as in a bridal chamber.'

'It anticipates its office,' replied another male voice with a laugh. 'Is not your wedding day fixed?'

'Not yet; in the course of next week, perhaps,' answered the first speaker, striding up and down the apartment.

'You are in small haste,' returned his companion, 'to enjoy what all envy you. Never did I behold beauty more divine and captivating.'

'Beautiful she certainly is' was the reply; 'but what is womans beauty? The vision of a day: snow, sullied and dispelled in a night.'

'You are in exceeding good humour,' said the friend of this morose and moralising bridegroom.

A pause ensued, during which Federico's heart beat so strongly that he thought that its throbbings must surely be audible through the slight barrier separating him from the speakers. A servant brought lights, and a slender bright ray shot thro' a small opening in the tapestry, previously unobserved by the student. Applying his eye to the crevice he obtained a view of the apartment, and of the persons whose conversation he had overheard. One of these wore a uniform glittering with embroidery; the other was dressed in black with several stars and orders on his breast. Both were in the middle period of life; the one in uniform was the youngest and most agreeably looking, the dark features of the other were of a sombre and unpleasant cast.

The servant left the room, and the man in black suspended his walk and paused opposite his friend.

'You had something to communicate?' he said in a suppressed voice.

'Are we secure from listeners?' asked the officer, in French.

'Entirely; and doubly so if we speak French—Rosaura herself, did she overhear us, would be none the wiser.'

'Count,' said the soldier, 'I sincerely wish you joy of this marriage.'

'A thousand thanks! But with equal sincerity I tell you that I am heartily weary of such congratulations. In marrying one gives and takes. I give Rosaura my name, rank, titles and dignities, honors and privileges.'

'And you take your lovely ward and a rich estate. A fair exchange, Excellency. I can only say that the world wonders at the delay often suitable a union, and even inclines to the belief that a certain disinclination——"

'The world is greatly mistaken,' interrupted the Count. 'I ardently love Rosaura, and I have his Majesty's consent to the marriage. But what a fool men take me for, if they suppose——" he stopped short, and tossed his head with a scornful smile.

'Well?' said the officer.

'Solve the riddle yourself.'

'I understand you: your position is uneasy, the future dark, the decisive moment is at hand. With one's foot on a volcano, one is little disposed to enjoy a honeymoon.'

'But when the mine explodes, and one is tossed into the air, it is pleasant to fall into to the soft lap of love, there to forget one's wounds.'

'Bravo! but what if the lap refuses to receive the luckless engineer?'

'*Amigo!*' replied the Count—'I thought you knew better. Under all circumstances, Rosaura remains mine. For myself, I have trained and nurtured this fair and delicate plant, and to me, as the gardener, it belongs.'

'She loves you then?'

'Loves me?' What a question! Of course she does. She has grown up with the idea that she is to be my wife. Her heart is pure and unblemished as a diamond; it shall be my care to keep it so.'

'You fear rivals.'

'Fear!' repeated the Count, a smile flitting over his dark countenance. 'But we trifle precious time. What have you to tell me?'

'Something important to our cause,' replied the officer, drawing nearer to his companion. 'But first, how goes it yonder?'

He pointed with his finger in the direction of the closet. Federico instinctively started back, but again applied his eye to the loop-hole on hearing the Count's answer. 'I have just come from thence, he said, 'and must soon return. The hand of death is upon him—in vain would he parry the blow.—Still the struggle is a hard one; he persists in disregarding his danger, and will abandon none of his habits. But the remorseless tyrant is there, soon to claim him for his own.'

'Then we must take our measures without delay,' said the officer.

'They are already taken,' was his companion's quiet answer.

'Your colleagues are agreed?'

'Fully agreed.'

'And now?'

'Read that,' said the Count, taking a large folded paper from a portfolio, and spreading it before his friend, who devoured its contents with every demonstration of extreme surprise.

'His handwriting! his signature!' he cried. 'A revocation annihilating, the shameless intrigues and machinations of years! Now, Heaven be praised, our country and religion—the faith, honor, and dignity of Spain are rescued! How was it obtained? How possible? My noble friend, you are indeed a great statesman.'

'Take this priceless document, calmly replied the Count; 'and convey it to your master. Only in his hands it is entirely safe. The future welfare of Spain, the salvation of us all is suspended to its seal. That I obtained it,' he continued, his voice sinking to a whisper, 'is the work of Providence. During the last two days, he has had spasms and fainting fits that have weakened his mind and energies. The secret is well kept, and without the palace gates naught is known of these dangerous symptoms. In such moments of agony and depression, the weary soul recalls the past, and trembles for the future. Then, in vivid colors, I placed before him, the confusion and unhappiness, and infernal mischief to which his deplorable decision must give rise; I urged the injustice he had committed; the sin that would lie at his door, and showed how almost before his eyes had closed, the work he had achieved at peril of his soul would sink, and crumble in an ocean of blood and tears. Alcudia supported me; the others chimed in; this document was ready, and ——— he signed.'

'And now we have got it,' cried the officer triumphantly, 'we will hold it fast with hands and teeth. How long, think you, may he live?'

'Castillo says not more than two days, and that he will hardly regain the full sense of his intellect.' The eyes of the conspirators met; for a moment they gazed at each other, and then broke into a smile.

'Well,' said the officer, 'I came commissioned to assure you special favour and high reward, but, by my honour as a soldier, no gain or recompense can worthily requite such service as yours.'

'For me little can be done,' replied the Count. 'My desires tend to a peaceful existence in the arms of my young wife, far removed from cares of state. Such is the reward I promised myself. Let your acts be speedy and decided, for it might well happen that———" his brow contracted into deeper folds, and his voice assumed a discordant harshness—'I have decimated the ranks of the scoundrels, but enough yet remains to give much trouble. Take sure measures, and muster your resources. You will need them all.'

'Fear not,' replied the confident soldier. 'We too, have been active, and have good and steady friends. At a word the Realista volunteers and the trusty Agraviados fly to their arms. Romagosa, Caraval, Erro, Gonzalez, and the venerable Cyrillo, still live. The guards are for us. So are the civil authorities and captains-general of eleven provinces. Let the moment come, and you will see that, with this document in our hands, all is done. Confidence for confidence,' he continued, 'Read this list of names. It contains those of our most approved friends, and will reassure you as to the chances of the future.'

He handed a paper to the Count, who barely looking at it, said thoughtfully—

'Leave it with me till to-morrow. At the critical moment, it will be of immense weight with many waverers. 'Tis late; in a few minutes I must go out. Place me at the feet of your gracious master, and tell him he will have no more faithful subject than his humble slave.'

'Will you see him?' said the officer gently. His companion shook his head.

'Twere not wise' he replied. 'The time is not yet come. When it arrives, I shall be the first to bend knee before him. Be watchful, prudent, and prompt. Yet one word. You have confided somewhat in that fellow Regato. Trust him not too far. I deem him a traitor. Let him be proved such and he shall not escape the rope he has so long deserved. And now farewell.'

The two men parted, and, as the Count returned from the door, Frederico heard a rustling of silks that materially increased the rapidity of his heart's pulsations. (*To be Continued.*)

ADDRESSED TO HUSBANDS.

A woman ought to have her own purse, great or small, whichever it may be. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand dollars, according to circumstances, but her own, for which she accounts to——herself.—Would you know "why," you gentlemen who make yourselves account for pins and farthings? Why, most especially and particularly for your own sublime peace and prosperity. You do not think so? Well, then; a maid-servant knocks down a teacup, a servant breaks a glass, or suddenly tea-pot, cup, and glass, all at once fall in pieces, and *nobody* has broken them; and so on. The wife who has not her own purse, but who must replace the cups and glass, goes to her husband, relates the misfortune, and begs for a little, to make good the damage. He scolds the servants, his wife, who ought to look after the servants. "Money, indeed!—a little money—money does not grow out of the ground, not yet is it rained down from heaven—many small brooks make a great river." And such like. At last he gives a little money, and remains often in a very ill humour. Again, if the wife have her own little purse, then such little vexations never come near him. Children, servants, misfortune remain the same; but no disorder is remarked; all is in order; and the head of the house, who, perhaps, with the greatest ease, could lay down a thousand rixdollars at once, need not for a few pence, squeezed out at different times, lose the equipose of his temper, which is as invaluable to the whole house as to himself. And dost thou reckon as nothing, thou unfeeling nabob, those little surprises, those little birthday and name-day pleasures, with which the wife can give herself the delight of surprising thee—those thousand small pleasures, which, unexpected of falling stars, gleam like them on the heaven of home, and which must all come to thee from the affection of the wife, through—*a little money*, which thou must give to her in the gross, in order to receive again in the small, with rich interest of comfort and happiness! Now, is it clear yet? To every true woman's heart, it is indescribable delightful *to give*—to feel itself alive in the satisfaction and happiness of others;—it is the sunshine of the heart, and is more needed here in the cold north perhaps than elsewhere. Besides, this little freedom is so refeshing.—*M. Howitt.*

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT CONGRESS.—The congress of 1814, of which Prince de Ligne said. "*Le Congress danse et ne marche pas,*" is still drawn on in Viennese society as the most abundant scource of anecdotic stock. * * * On this memorable occasion neither the Emperor Francis nor his minister, allowed the splendour which the assemblage of crowned heads and of the most distinguished men in Europe imparted to Vienna, to dazzle their sagacity or to pervert their views. There were others, unfortunately for England, whose heads were more liable to giddiness. The states of Europe were represented in the persons of their sovereigns and ministers, and in those of many of the most celebrated, with a multitude of the most stupid men of rank from all countries. Balls, masquerades, plays, feasts, a grand tournament, military festivals, and hunting, would seem to have been the business which attracted this multitude to the capital of Austria; and to judge of many persons, among who Lord Castlereagh was the most prominent, it might be said, "they made no good progress but in the dance." In the mazes of this dance the representative of England not only handed over Java as a partner to Holland, but forgot his other solemn duties, amidst the gay fascinations and flattering attentions which made his head giddy. Among the sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander was the prince of monarchs. His conversation was sorcery among the ladies, and his affability and manners were all-subduing with the men. His simplicity and his dislike to parade astonished and held forth an example to all. He seldom rode in a carriage, and walked daily on the ramparts, usually with Prince Eugene Beauharnois; who, were it not for Alexander and Max-Joseph of Bavaria, would have been excluded as a *parvenu*. Without holding official dignity, the acknowledged represented of chivalric heroism was the gallant Sir Sidney Smith. His narratives and anecdotes absolutely turned the heads of ladies, old and young; many of whom still recur to the exploits narrated by the hero of St. Jean d'Acre. The King of Prussia seldom relaxed from the gravity natural to that prince; and his minister, Von Humboldt, proved, by the success of his diplomacy, how much more necessary it is for princes and governments to entrust their affairs to men whom nature hath bequeathed the first order of perceptive and thinking intellects, than to those who possess by accident, or the gift of kings, the highest orders of blazoned rank. Alexander's minister, Pozzi di Borgo, was another instance of a plebeian exalting himself to the most important confidence, and proved that time and experience have enabled us to judge of results. It is evident to all that the powers which gained the advantage at this political *sanhedrim*, were those whose work was done by men who understood their business. The sovereign who gained nothing, but who lost much, was the King of Denmark. He was the third in age, and the most witty of the six monarchs. There was a general prejudice against him at first; his lively and agreeable manners removed this prejudical dislike. When, on his departure, after Norway was given to Sweden, and without having gained an additional subject, Alexander, intending to compliment him, said, "Sire, you take all hearts away with you." "Hearts, possible," replied Frederick, "but certainly not one soul."