SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, ... Prince Wm.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume II. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 52.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Any person forwarding the name 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.

Aug.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H. W.
28 Saturday,	5 24	6 46	8 7	0 30
29 Sunday,	5 25	6 44	8 45	1 13
30 Monday,	5 26	6 43	9 25	1 58
1 Tuesday,	5 28	6 42	10 9	2 42
2 Wednesday,	5 29	6 40	10 57	3 29
3 Thursday,	5 30	6 39	11 47	4 17
4 Friday,	5 32	6 38	Morn	5 20

Last Quarter, 1st day, 4h. 35m. even.

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.

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ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE SOCIETY.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

A Loan of two thirds the premium paid, or half the Annual Premium for the first five years.

Low rates of Premiums.

Insurance for one or five years, or for life, with or without participation in profits of the Society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of Policies.

Travelling limits and extra premiums liberal and moderate.

Division of Profits.—The assured has the option of receiving the Profits either in Cash, in reduction of Premiums, or in adding to the sum insured.

Premiums payable annually, half yearly, or quarterly.

The "*National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society*," offers, as will be seen by the above, all the advantages allowed by any other Life Assurance Society of equal standing.

Every information as to the Society's rate of Premium, mode of Insurance, and Blank Forms, may be had on application at the office of the Agents.

WILLIAM J. STARR, FREDERICK R. STARR } AGENTS.
St. John, Dec. 24, 1846. Nelson street

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 Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, 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 as 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.

TORRYBURN HOUSE, Seven Miles from St. John.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the Public that he has fitted up the Building on the Premises lately purchased by him, on the road to Kingston, known as Black's Farm, seven miles from the city, as a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT, where parties and families can be furnished with *Private Apartments and Refreshments*, and have every attention paid to their comfort and convenience.
May 7. JOHN BROWN.

☞**Notice.**

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of SEYMOUR PICKETT, Esq., late of Golden Vale, Kingston, King's County, Cloth Manufacturer, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the subscriber, (at Mr. James Agnew's, King street,) within Six Months from the date hereof; and all Persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to call and make immediate settlement.
L. F. PICKETT, *Administratrix.*
St. John, N. B., April 3, 1847.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* MRS. ANN MELLISH, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,
If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.
(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.
Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, *viz.*, a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

Time should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Bilious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Douloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever
Headache,	cause, &c., &c.

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King St., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

CITY STOVE STORE, 14,—Dock Street.—14.

RECEIVED at the above Establishment, per schooner *Three Sisters* and *Meridian*, a further supply consisting of
COOKING STOVES, various new patterns,
FRANKLINS, do. ditto;
AIR TIGHT STOVES, new ditto; for Wood and Coal, suitable for Halls, Parlours, stores, offices, &c.
CYLINDER STOVES for ships' Cabins and Forecastles.

On Hand—A variety of bedroom Franklins with place for Kettle; Stoves of different kinds; Register Grates; Oven Mouths; Andirons, &c. &c.;—Sheet Iron Stoves, stove Pipe, Tin and Hollow Ware.

Daily expected:—Ships' Camboose and other stoves in great variety.

☞All articles in Copper, Tin, sheet Iron, lead, &c. made and repaired at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
Nov 27. W. WESTLOTORN.

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.*

***Wholesale Confectioner* and Lozenge Manufacturer.**

A. MARTIN begs to remind his Wholesale Customers that he has always on hand a large Stock of CONFECTIONS and LOZENGES of first rate quality, which he will sell at moderate prices, at his Establishment, in Prince William street, a few doors South of the Bank of New Brunswick, same side. May 29.

Mr. A. Mackenna, *Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.*

OFFICE up stairs in the Brick Building corner of Church and Prince Wm. streets.
June 12, 1846.

THE SUBSCRIBER

HAS received, and is now opening, an extensive assortment of *SUMMER CLOTHING*, which, with a variety of BROAD CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doe and Buckskins, Tweeds, Vestings, and a general assortment of everything in his line, he is determined to sell as low as any person in the trade.
[June 25.] JOHN BOWES.

Joseph Summers, WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER *King Street—opposite the St. John Hotel.*

Just received per *Thompson* from the Clyde:
58 BAGS Halifax PIPES;
20 Bbls. Scotch BARLEY;
For Sale low for Cash.

SUGAR, &C.

Received this day per schr. *Victoria* from Halifax
36 HHDS. PORTO RICO SUGAR;
65 brls. do do (first quality;
11 bags COFFEE, 3 tons LOGWOOD.
For sale by May 7. J. R. CRANE.

Miscellany.

CHOSING A HUSBAND.

Seated in a pleasant chamber, was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in new England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course though not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of some of the wealthiest merchants of the country, had amassed a large amount of property. With him, wealth was every thing, he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents; and it only needed that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he became so, to insure his respect

His residence was but a few miles from Boston, and it was one of the most beautiful in that city.—No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise.—His youngest daughter Maria, was the only child remaining at home. Two sons, on whom he had placed his hopes for the perpetuation of his family's name, and on whom he had designed to bestow a greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had come to manhood. Of three daughters two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next perhaps, to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of the fair girl, as she sat alone in her chamber, but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor. When she descended, she found that he was accompanied by a man named Stevens, who had sometime previous, offered his hand to Maria, but not contented with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, had called him to his aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as soon as she saw Stevens, turned her head and seated herself at the window. Her father addressed her, presented Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept of him as her future husband.

Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr Stevens once, and that even did she love him, which was very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of love?" said Mr. Grafton, "and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him? His wealth is sufficient to procure you every comfort, and his character is—"

"*Infamous!*" interrupted Maria, looking him full in the face.

Stevens turned pale and his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. For a moment he did not answer her.—At length, pointing his finger at Stevens, he enquired—"And what do you know of his character?"

"Enough to convince me my words were true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Mr. Grafton, assuming a milder tone, "though you may have heard reports unfavourable to Mr. Stevens, believe me, they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all you think he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go to your chamber," said her father, "I am determined Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him or quit my house. I will neither own or support an ungrateful daughter. To morrow I shall expect your answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father, to make any reply. A crisis had arrived, which she had for some days feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down the wrath of her father on her head, and had written to both sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining for a short time with them. Contrary to her expectation, they refused her. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of their father, than any affection they had felt for them, and they feared if they gave Maria a home their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect wealth has on the affections.

Maria retreated to her chamber, and after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing how should she obtain a living? After thinking of the matter some time she said to herself—"Well I have a good constitution, and can labor, but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton, to go about the city soliciting employment. At this moment, she recollected having heard one of the house maids speak of being employed in a factory, and she immediately descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she, addressing the girl, "I heard you, a few days since, speak of working in a factory; how did you like it then?"

"O, I liked it very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there, had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than you work here?" inquired Maria.

"No, ma'am I don't think it was, but it was more confining."

"Will you tell me where it was?" again inquired Maria.

The girl gave her the required information, and also the name of the overseer of the room where she worked, and the name of the lady with whom she had boarded, adding: "She is the kindest woman I was ever with."

Her mind was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory. Another difficulty now presented itself—would her father allow her to take her clothing and what money she had? She determined if he should adhere to his resolution, to ask him the question.

In the morning, she met her father at the breakfast table. Neither spoke till the meal was finished. At length her father inquired:

"Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Henry Stevens?"

"Maria hesitated a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he, "I now repeat it. You must marry Henry Stevens or quit my house."

"I cannot marry him father," said she—"sooner would I quit, not only this house, but the world."

"Then go," said he angrily," rising from the chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked Maria.

"Yes, go, and never let me see you again," said he slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sank back into her chair and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost inclined to comply with his wish—but the idea that she must be forever linked to such a villain, and suffer reproach should his villanies be discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from her friends, free, and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprung up to see them but from her recent treatment she dared not visit them, and she also feared meeting with her father. Maria was well furnished with clothing, and had about twenty five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded by wealth, she never till now, knew the value of money. A thousand reflections and fears, crossed her mind as she was pursuing her journey to the place described by the girl of whom she had inquired, in her father's kitchen, and though she felt sad at the thought of being driven from home, she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she could engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. Dana, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained boarding in her family. She learned also that Mr. Potter, the overseer, whose name she had taken was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory; learned to work and found many friends, among whom, and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name, was Caroline Perkins a girl about her own age. These two soon became intimate friends. In the factory their looms were next to each other, and they occupied the same room in their boarding house. They were attached to Mrs. Dana, with whom they boarded, and she evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occured, which bound, if possible, the two friends closer to each other. One evening as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in packing a large trunk, Maria, who was looking on rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewellery possessed by Caroline, jokingly inquired if her beau was a "jeweller."

Caroline blushed, and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had once been wealthy but at his death it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts, would be swept away by the failure of some friends for whom he had endorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep every thing given her by her father except her piano. She also told her, that although she might have supported herself by music teaching, she preferred working in a factory, to remaining among those who, though they were once intimate friends, would consider her after the loss of wealth, as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own history, and her reasons for leaving home, and corroborated her story by the display of trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there never were two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls. None, save themselves, knew their history, and as their natural dispositions were not selfish, they never appeared to be above their fellow laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory for a while, and take up her abode with them.

One day while Maria was engaged in perusing a paper which had been left at their house, her eye fell upon a paragraph stating that Mr. Stevens, who had always been considered a very wealthy merchant, was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries. She handed it to Caroline with a shudder, exclaiming, "as I expected." The next paper brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt, and that Mr. Grafton, if not entirely ruined, would be a very heavy loser, on account of his villanies, as he had hired him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged the idea of immediately visiting her father—but after consulting Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did, begging his pardon for not obeying him, and requesting him to receive her back again to his arms, adding as a postscript that she had one hundred dollars which she would send him if he was in the want of money to pay losses by Stevens. Her father read her letter with feelings more of sorrow than of anger, but at the end of it broke into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, "Well women are the best judges of rascals." In a few days he visited Maria, expressed his regret for the sorrow he had caused her, and requested her to return with him. Maria complied with his request, and became once more the inmate of her early home. Her father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for past wrongs, and when about a year after, she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic without wealth, he answered, "Do as you please, Maria, I have agreed to let every girl choose her own husband."

THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

During Mrs. Jordan's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing, her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor, thrown into a prison; a small debt of about forty shillings, had been increased in a short time, by law expences to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan had heard of the circumstance, she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume, "You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable." The attorney, however, pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit. On the afternoon of the same day the poor woman was liberated; and as Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with her children followed her, and just as she had taken shelter from a shower of rain, in a kind of porch, dropped on her knees, and with much grateful emotion, exclaimed, "God for ever bless you, madam! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin." The children beholding their their poor mother's tears, added, by their cries, to the affecting scene, which a sensitive mind could not behold, but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes; however, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound-note in the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied, "There, now; now it's all over, go, good woman, God bless you! don't say another word." The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure. It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnessed the whole of this interesting scene, who, as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger; but would to the Lord, the world were all like thee!" The figure of this man bespoke his calling; his countenance was pale; and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary soon developed his character and profession, and, with her wonted good humour, retreating a few paces, she replied, "No, I won't shake hands with you." "Why?"—"Because you are a methodist preacher; and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!" "The Lord forbid! I am, as you say a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed; and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my Great Master, without feeling that spiritual attachment, which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love?" "Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I—I don't like fanatics; and you'll not like me, when I tell you, I am a player."—The preacher sighed. "Yes, I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name." After a short pause, he again extended his hand, and with a complaisant countenance replied, "The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art; His goodness is unlimited; He has poured on thee a large portion of His spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should." Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together; the offer of his arm was accepted; and the female Roscius of comedy, and the disciple of John Wesley, proceeded arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. At parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying, "*Fare-thee-well, sister*; I know not what the principle of people of thy calling may be, thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal to thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each—*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*"—*Life of Mrs. Jordan.*

MANSIONS OF THE BRITISH NOBILITY.

The occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to the seat of one of the most powerful of the British nobility—Burghley Hall—has been improved by the London letter writers to give the manner of life in one of them. Here we have a glimpse of Burghley Hall:

A word with regard to Burghley Hall, which is one of the most splendid and extensive of the mansions of our nobility erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The mansion has received some recent additions, which, if not in perfect keeping, add much to the picturesque beauty of the structure. The principal front, which has a northern aspect, is upwards of 200 feet in length. In the centre is the entrance porch, the gates of which are of a highly decorated arabesque pattern of bronze richly gilt, and approached by a flight of semi-circular steps, which were covered, as well as the vestibule and the various corridors with crimson cloth. A parapet of fretwork in stone surrounds the entire building, and the turrets at the various angles are surmounted by octangular cupolas and gilt vanes. The courtyard is surrounded by a corridor at and the angles are magnificent sculptures and vases. All the apartments are exceedingly lofty and of large proportions, those set apart for her Majesty and Prince Albert being on the south side of the edifice, and commanding a series of delightful views over the surrounding country, and immediately in front a sloping lawn and beautiful sheet of water. It is unnecessary to say that her Majesty's apartments are fitted up in the most costly and *recherche* style. They are approached by a grand staircase, at the bottom of which are two large and massive bronze vases and in the centre a burst of Queen Elizabeth. The approach is between four pillars of lofty proportions, the walls being hung with tapestry, and the recesses ornamented with sculptures. At the top of the staircase is the ante-room, and beyond this the Queens drawing room. The suite opens beyond this the Queen and his Royal Highness' private apartments, all the decorations of which are of the most elaborate and costly description. The fauteuils, ottomans, couches, &c. are of the richest velvet, and the fittings up of the dressing rooms of silver gilt.

All the apartments are crowded with paintings by the most eminent masters among whom may be enumerated Carlo Dolci, Leonardi da Vanci, Raphael, Titian, Holbein, Rubens, Corregio, &c. Most of the ceilings are painted by Verrio, and on one of them nearly the whole heathen mythology is depicted. On the ground floor, at the foot of the grand staircase is a breakfast room, a noble apartment, and very magnificently furnished.

The great hall, called the banqueting-room, is also hung with a number of pictures, including one of his royal highness Prince Albert in his state robes, which was only lately put up. The ceiling is of carved oak, and the decorations although less florid, are in keeping with the rest of the edifice. In a recess in the centre of the hall is a large silver fountain, and two cisterns of the same costly material, the handles formed of lions rampant, and arms of the family. The fountain weighs upwards of 3000 ounces, and is said to be the largest piece of plate in Europe.

REV. SAMUEL AYSCOUGH.

Dr. Ayscough one day, according to the rules of his office, as assistant librarian in the British Museum, London, attended through the grand magazine of curiosities, a party of ladies and a gentleman, all of whom, except one lady, was disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw, and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification, with such acclamations as these: 'Oh, trumpery! Come along! I see nothing worth looking at.' This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr. A. (who, though an old batchelor was a great admirer of beauty) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favourite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attention to another, less handsome but more amiable. On her continuing a similar train of exclamations, uttered with corresponding looks and demeanour, he turned towards her and said, 'My sweet young lady what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London,' and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party. So much influence, however, she had over her companions, that beaten as the round was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind or convenient to the state and ponderosity of his body. While in the last room, just before he made his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him, he smilingly said, 'Why, what a cross little puss you are! Nothing pleases you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things, brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old batchelor; for I see so many charming good tempered women, when I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I can't fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I pity the man that does; for I'm sure you'll plague him out of his life.' During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reproved could not take offence at it), the gentleman who was of the party, looked now at the speaker and then at the lady with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine pair of dark eyes and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then, with her friends (who affably wished their candid *ciceroni* a good morning) withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the doctor was paticularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived according to his wonted custom (as a sailor would say) soon 'to near her.' Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and, most willingly 'he taught his lovely fair one all he knew;' while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved. In short, as Bishop Rundel says, she 'being disposed to be pleased with every thing, every thing conspired to please her.' Nor was less pleased her worthy and benevolent guide; who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating not only the charms of her person but also those of her mind. At length 'the wonders ended,' he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile (looking him rather askew in the face, asked him whether he remembered her? 'No ma'am,' said he, 'but I shall not easily forget you.' Then taking her arm in that of a gentleman, who was of the party, she asked in the same engaging manner whether he remembered him? To which he replied, that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before. 'Now, sir,' said she, 'don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady who was pleased with nothing and displeased with everything a smart lecture for her caprice and ill-temper?—Yes ma'am, I do—Well, sir, I am that lady; or, I should rather say I was; for you have been the means in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being, to what I then was, and I am come to thank you for it. Your half-in jest and half in-earnest mode of reproof, caused me to know myself, and was of far more use than all that had been done before, in correcting a spoiled temper.

'After we had left you,' continued she, 'I said to myself, if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me sir if I expected ever to get a husband: I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof; and I dare say, he will join with me in thanking you, for giving it so frankly and successfully.' The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgements to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely, to their mutual felicity; 'a felicity,' said he, 'which (should any thing lead you, sir, into the neighbourhood of ——) you will gratify extremely both myself and my wife, if you will call and witness.' Then leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr. A. by the hand, they departed. Here surely was a heroic triumph over temper; and as the wise king observes, 'greater does this sensible and candid woman seem, in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city.'—*Hogg's Instructor.*

SWINISH INSTINCT.—As we approached a farm on the American side of the St. Clair River, belonging to the Captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation: the pigs belonging to the farm came squealing down to the water side, a thing which the persons at the farm assured me they never did when other steamers passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs, by stating that the swill of his steamer was always preserved for them; and that on reaching the landing-place it was immediately put on shore for them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learned to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer; and as they could do this at a distance of half a mile, they immediately, upon hearing it, hastened down to the river, whilst the noise made by other steamers was disregarded. This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by appealing to their appetites; and a conclusive proof, that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them.—*Featherstonhaugh's Voyage.*

STRANGE PUMP.—A Southerner, with a negro servant, arrived at the Broadway Hotel, says the Cincinnati Commercial, a few days ago, and sent the servant down into the yard for some water.—Sambo, with pitcher in hand, enquired for "de pump," and on being shown the hydrant, sat the pitcher down, and commenced working the lever backward and forward, a drop falling at every jerk. He pumped away until the perspiration upon his face amounted to more than the water in the pitcher; and at last, giving up in despair, he addressed the gentleman near him, who had been watching his movements in silent delight.

"Wat ail dis darn old pump, Massa—wy um not run all de time?"

"It's all right, boy; pump away."

"No sir, I'll fotch um from the river fuss."

As Sambo was about to carry his threat into immediate execution, the gentleman went forward and explained the mystery by starting the hydrant; and when the stream gushed out, filling the pitcher in a second or two, Sambo fell back, with all his whites displayed in wonder.

"What you call dat? Pump mos' when you tech 'em. Dat beats me."

Samboo hobbled off with his pitcher brooding over the mystery.

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