St. John Chronicle.

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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

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

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☞ V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the only authorized Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payment. His Offices are—Boston, Scollay's Building; New York, Tribune Buildings; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets."

Mutual Insurance Company.

JOHN FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, President.
J. W. LAWRENCE, ZENAS HEAD, } Directors.
S. L. TILLEY, S. K. FOSTER, }
J. M. ROBINSON, Esquire, Solicitor.
ISAAC WOODWARD, Esquire, Secretary.

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

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST,
For Marine and Fire Risks.
ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:
LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, }
GEORGE THOMAS, } Esquires.
THOMAS BELL, R. N. }
I. WOODWARD, *Agent.*
Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 23, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 23.

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

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston,
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING MERITT'S BRICK BUILDING,
WATER STREET.
HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Pumping, Lifting, Common, and Ensine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.,—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.
☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

We have Obtained the Victory.

KENNAY & SCHIBNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.
HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	60	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 6 1-3 Octave to A above.
N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.
Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!
1854.
Per steamer "Arabia" the Subscriber has received from London a supply of the following SEEDS warranted fresh and true to their kinds:
BEET—Long Blood and early Turnip;
CARROT—Long Orange, Early Horn, White and Yellow Belgian, Long Surrey Altringham;
CABBAGE—Early York, Drumhead, Large Battersea, Green Globe Savoy, Morning Star, King of Cabbages;
CELERY—White Solid;
CUCUMBER—Early Frame, Long Prickley;
CRESS—Double Curled;
LETTUCE—Drumhead, Victoria Cabbage, White Cabbage, Cos;
NASTURTIUM—Red, Crimson and Yellow;
RADISH—Long Salmon, Short Top, Turnip;
TURNIP—Swedish, Laing's Swede, White Flat Yellow Aberdeen, Early Stubble, White Globe;
THYME Marjoram, Sage, Summer Savory; together with an assortment of FLOWER SEEDS.
May 12, 1854. W. O. SMITH.

TO ARRIVE
Per *Lisbon* and *Barbara* from London—
600 KEGS Brandram's No. 1. White LEAD; 160 kegs Red, Yellow Ochre, Black and Blue Paint; 15 casks Crome Yellow, Prussian Blue, Brunswick Green, Vandyke Brown, Indian Red, Oxide Green, Raw and Burnt Umber, Raw and Burnt Turkey Siennas Raw and Boiled Linseed Oils;
Chests INDIGO; 1 bbl. NUTMEGS;
Casks Carbonate of Soda, in 1 cwt Kegs;
Bales Washing SODA; 1 1-2 ton ALUM;
Casks Cream of Tartar; 20 cwt. Blue Vitriol
Bales Russia Sheetings; 600 lb CLOVES;
Cases Alexandrian SENNA;
Casks Isinglass; 10 cwt. GLUE;
Cases Sheet Oil; 20 kegs Coleman's Mustard;
Cases Chinese Assortment; 6 cases Gold Leaf.
Casks Hemp and Canary SEED.
S. L. TILLEY
July 12. S. L. TILLEY.

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

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	346,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

THE 18th annual General Meeting of this company was held at Liverpool on the 16th Feb'ry last, when the following Report of the business of the Company during the past year was submitted:—

"The increase in the Fire Insurance Business must be satisfactory to the Proprietors, as shewing the rapid and safe progress which the Company is making. The receipts for the first year have increased considerably over those of 1852, while the losses have materialy diminished.

	1853.	1853.
Receipts,	£98,654	£113,612
Loss s,	39,091	42,846
Profits,	£59,563	£70,766

These results show, notwithstanding the very numerous and destructive fires that have occurred both in this country and especially in America, that great caution has been exercised in taking risks, on the part of those on whose judgement the Directors must necessarily in a great measure rely. The reserved fund now amounts to £143,712.

The Officers for the current year at Liverpool are:

TRUSTEES:
SIR THOMAS BRANCKER BRIGGS, Bart., M. P.
ADAM HODGSON, Esq., SAM. THOMPSON, Esqr.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:
T. BROCKLEBANK, Esquire, *Chairman.*
Francis Haywood, Esq. } *Deputy Chairmen.*
Joseph C. Ewart, Esq. }

Thomas Booth, Esq.,	Harold Littledale, Esq
Francis C. Braun, Esq.,	William Rowe, "
William Earle, Esq.,	Alex. McGregor, "
George Grant, Esq.,	John Marriott, "
Francis A. Hamilton, Esq.	Thomas Sellar, "
Thomas Haigh, Esq.,	Charles Saunders, "
Robert Biggin, Esq.,	John Swainson, "
Jas. Aspinal Tobin, Esq.,	George Holt, "
Geo. H. Lawrence, Esq.,	Hugh Hornby, "

SWINTON BOULT, Esq., *Secretary.*

The Agents at St. John, N. B., beg the attention of parties desirous of effecting Insurance against Fire on their property, to the position of the Company, as shewn from the foregoing extract from the annual report, and to the important fact that every Shareholder of the Company is liable to the extent of his means for claims on the Company.

EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS,
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.
August 18, 1854.

S. K. Foster's
HOME MANUFACTURES,
For Spring and Summer Trade.
GENTLEMEN'S best Walking BOOTS—English Calf Leather;
Boys' Calf and Kip BOOTS;
Youths' Calf, Kip, and Grain BOOTS;
Gentlemen's Patent Wellington Dress BOOTS
Gentlemen's Elastic Side Walking Boots;
Gentlemen's Patent Calf Elastic Side Dress BOOTS;
Boys' and Youths Patent Elastic Side Boots;
Boys and Youths' Calf, Kip, Patent and Grain BOOTTEES;
Gentlemen's Calf, Patent, Kip and Grain *Buttes;*
Misses' and Children's Patent and Fancy Boots and Shoes;
Women's and Girls' Strong BUSKINS;
Women's Cheap House SLIPPERS,
Wholesale and Retail.
April 7. S. K. FOSTER

Dedicated by Special Authority to the Queen of England.
In Parts at 1s. 3d., and Divisions, handsomely bound in Morocco cloth, gilt, 9 4-2
The British Colonies,
THEIR HISTORY, EXTENT, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES:
Illustrated with Maps of each possession, and Portraits of the most celebrated Proprietors and Defenders of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.
Adapted for the use of Statesmen, Merchants, Manufacturers, and intending Emigrants, containing the best authenticated statements relating to the geography, geology, climate, animal and vegetable kingdoms, character, customs and social state; religion, education and crime; agriculture, manufactures, mines, and fisheries; the most recent official details concerning the population, government, taxation, and expenditure, imports and exports customs' duties shipping, defences, staple products, live stock, cultivated and waste lands, banks, coins, paper money, weights and measures, wages, &c., with a copious Colonial Gazetteer, and every description of useful and interesting information.
BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, ESQ., Editor of "The Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World."
It has been deemed that full and correct information concerning the Extent, Condition, and Resources of the British Colonies would be acceptable to all classes of the community, and strengthen the natural ties arising from Kindred Common Origin, and Language.
Published by JOHN TALLIS 140 London. Office in St. John over Kemp & Adams's Market Square.
ROGER HUNTER, AGENT.
Saint John, April 21, 1854.

Genevn, Ale, Barley, &c.
Landing from the ships "Barbara" and "Lisbon" from London:—
20 HDS, fine Pale GENEVA;
50 Bls. Stout PORTER, "I. W. Bridges & Sons"
60 bls. East India Pale ALE, "Herberts"
2 cases best Bengal Indigo; 4 cases No. 1 Starch;
30 kegs E. and S. F. MUSTARD;
20 do. best Ground Ginger;
4 cases Servants, Friends; 1 cask Nutmegs;
2 cases Liquorice JUICE;
5 casks Pickles, } "Crosse & Blacks.
2 do. Sauces, }
Ex "Selecia from Glasgow:
2 Puns. Cambelton WHISKY;
10 hhds. } Fine Pale GENEVA;
10 qr. casks }
25 matts Wine Bottles; 10 bales bottle Corks;
25 barrels fine Pot BARLEY;
6 bales Wrapping PAPER;
75 boxes Tobbacco Pipes, } very superior;
25 do. Woodstock, do }
10 casks Washing Soda; 2 do. Blue Vitriol;
1 cask Copperas; 2 brls. Cream Tartar.
For sale by ROBERT ARMSTRONG,
July 7. No. 7, Dock-street.

Intelligence Office.
MR. CROWLEY'S SCHOOL and INTELLIGENCE having been closed a few weeks on account of the Cholera, will be re-opened on the 7th inst., for business.
Persons interested may apply immediately at the old stand, Princess st. Sept. 7

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawson, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of
MONUMENTS,
varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready Money.
M. FITZGERALD.
St. John, April 29, 1853.
N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

May, 1854.
NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING STORE.
STARS' BRICK BUILDING, NORTH SIDE OF KING STREET.
R. HUNTER,
HAVING Removed his place of Business from the South side of King-street, to his present Stand, and having received per late arrivals from Great Britain and the United States his Spring and Summer Goods, now offers for sale to *Wholesale and Retail Purchasers*, the largest, cheapest, and most varied assortment of Goods ever previously exposed for sale by any Clothing Establishment in this market.
The stock in part consists of—
BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Russel Cords, Alapacas, Moleskins, Hemptons, Tweeds, Cassimets, &c. &c.
VESTINGS—A rich and splendid assortment, in various materials.
The Clothing Department comprises
COATS, VESTS, PANTS, in every description of material in use, and of all qualities and prices. Cut in the most fashionable styles, and made up on the premises by the best Workmen the city can supply.
OVERALLS, Oil Clothing.
☞ To the FURNISHING Department particular attention is invited, as it comprises a very general assortment of Shirts, Collars, Shirt Fronts, Neck Ties, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Gents' and Ladies' Carpet Bags, Trunks, Umbrellas, Hats, Caps, &c.
☞ Gents who would prefer selecting the Cloth and leaving their orders, can have their garments made in the most fashionable style, by the best of workmen, and the shortest notice.
No second price—all Goods marked in plain figures.
☞ Please observe that it is the *Brick Building* you go into.
May 12, 1854. R. HUNTER.

NEW GOODS.
Just received per Ship "Atlantic," and now in course of opening—
LADIES superior Black Cloth BOOTS;
Ladies Spring Instep Merino Walking Boots
Ladies White and Black Satin Slippers;
Ladies Bronze Kid Slippers;
Ladies Black and Bronze "Schoetzishe" SHOES;
Ladies Enamelled Exhibition Slippers;
Misses Bronze and Black Kid Slippers;
Misses Enamelled Exhibition Slippers;
Misses white and black Satin Slippers;
Misses Cashmere and Prunnella Boots;
Ladies Bronze Kid Polka Boots;
Children's Bronze Kid Shoes;
Children's Boots and Shoes, in great variety;
Gentlemen's Patent Dancing Boots;
Youths' Patent Dancing Pumps;
Boys' Patent Dancing Pumps;
Boys and Youth's Patent Elastic Side Boots.

DOMESTIC WORKS.
The Subscriber, would call especial attention to his Gentlemen's Dress BOOTS, City made; also to his Men's Boys' and Youths' BOOTTEES, of every sort required for Town or Country wear Women's and Girl's House SLIPPERS; Children's Boots and Shoes, of various styles.
For sale wholesale and retail.
February, 1854. S. K. FOSTER.

JOHN HARRIS,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*
MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.
JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.
—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.
Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

Carding Machine for Sale.
THE Subscriber offers for sale his Carding Machine, which is in the best of order, and is now in operation at Wiggins' Carding Establishment at the Grand Lake.
Also, 15 acres excellent Tillage LAND, with a good Frame Dwelling HOUSE, and other Buildings belonging to the establishment. The water privilege is second to none in the County.
STEPHEN S. WIGGINS.
Grand Lake, (Q. C.) June, 1854.

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber having taken out a License as an AUCTIONEER for KING'S COUNTY, takes this method to inform the Public that anything intrusted to his care will receive the best attention, with moderate Terms. J. D. MABEE.
Hampton Village, K. C., Sept. 29, 1854.

BURNING FLUID.—5 brls. superior ex "Tremain," from Boston.
March 24. W. O. SMITH.

Ship for Sale.
THE HULL and Spars of a new Ship now on the Stocks at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, of the following dimensions, viz.:
Length of Keel, 121 feet;
Breadth of Beam, 28 "
Depth of Hold, 13 "
Can be launched early in September—will be sold on accomodating terms. Apply to
G. M. BURNS.

German Toys.
On Consignment.
THE Subscriber has just received 6 Cases of GERMAN TOYS, which he will Sell by the CASE at a very small advance.
Ladies' Prizettes, Braids, Ringlette, &c., &c.
August 4. [Courier] WM. MAJOR.

Children's Socks and Stockings.
45 DOZEN Pairs Children's White Cotton SOCKS and STOCKINGS, very superior quality, for sale cheap by
A. A. COUGHLAN.

Poetry.

IT IS HARVEST.

It is harvest! It is harvest!
Fruitful season of delight;
O'er the hills, adown the valleys,
How the prospect gladds the sight!
Ply the scythe, and ply the sickle,
Blooming maiden—stalwart swain—
Frames wax stronger, hearts grow nobler,
Reaping of the golden grain.

It is harvest! It is harvest!
Garner up the precious corn;
Fill your ricks, and fill your barns,
Till the last load home is borne.
But be generous, O ye farmers!
There is plenty, never fear;
Leave for little Ruth, the gleaner,
Here and there a scatter'd ear.

It is harvest! It is harvest!
At the last great trumpet's sound,
Who will rank among the full-ear'd wheat?
Who 'mid worthless tares be found?
In life's spring time, gentle reader,
Sow the seeds of love and faith;
There's a harvest, there's a harvest,
And the reaper—he is DEATH!
—*Aaron Smith.*

THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! O me, O me!
The pain—be quick! I quail—I'm sick!
I'm sick as I can be;
I cannot sit, I cannot stand;
I pr'thee, steward, lend a hand;
To the cabin I'll go, to my berth I will lie,
And like a cradled infant lie.

I'm on the sea—I'm on the sea!
I am where I would never be;
With the smoke above, and the steam below,
And sick wherever I go.
If a storm should come, no matter I wot;
To the bottom I'd go as soon as not.

I love, O! how I love to ride
In a neat post-chaise with a couple of bays,
And a pretty girl by my side;
But, O! to swing amidst fire and foam,
And be steamed like a mealy potato at home,
And to feel that no soul cares more for your wo
Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go.

The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,
But I loved my donkey more and more,
And homeward flew to her bony back,
Like a truant boy to his mother's sack;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was an ass to cross the sea.

Selectiang.

VIRGINIA, THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL OF KENTUCKY.

"Matches!—Matches!—six for a fip!"

The voice was clear and glad as a bird's, and Russell Hartley turned to see from whence it proceeded. A little, bare-footed girl, about ten years old, with the sunniest, sweetest face he had ever seen, was tripping just behind him; and, as he turned, she held up her matches with such a winning, pleading, heavenly smile in her mild blue eyes, that he bought nearly all she had at once.

Her hair fell in soft light waves, rather than curls, nearly to her waist, and a hole in her little straw hat let in a sunbeam upon it that turned it half to gold.

In spite of the child's coarse and tattered apparel—in spite of her lowly occupation—her manner, her step, her expression, the very tones of her voice, unconsciously betrayed a native delicacy and refinement which deeply interested the high-bred youth whom she addressed. Intrelled by an irresistible impulse, he lingered by her side as she proceeded. 'What's your name, my child?' he asked.

'Virginia, Sir. What is yours?'

'Russell Hartley,' he replied, smiling at her artless simplicity; 'and where is your home?'

'Oh! I have no home, at least not much of a one. I sleep in the barns about here;' and again she looked up in his face with her happy and touching smile.

'And your mother?'

In an instant the soft brow was shadowed, and the pointed eyes glistened with tears.

'I will tell you all about it if you will come close to me. I don't like to talk about it,' she replied, in a low, faltering voice.

Russell Hartley took her little sunburnt hand in his, and bent his head in earnest attention.

'We had been in the ship ever so many days—mother, and father, and I, and all the other people—and one night we were in the room called the ladies' cabin, and mother had just undressed me, and I was sitting on her knees, singing the little hymn she taught me, and she had her arm around my neck—mother loved me; oh! so dearly, and she was so good!—nobody will ever be so good again!' and here the little creature tried to repress a sob, and wiped her eyes with her torn little apron. 'Well, and I was just singing my pretty hymn:

"I'll know no fear when danger's near,
I'm safe on sea and land;
For I'm in heaven a Father dear,
And he will hold my hand."

All at once there was a dreadful confused sound, a rumbling grinding, shrieking noise—a terrible pain, and then——I awoke up, and there I was on a bed in a strange room, and some people standing by the fire talking about a steam-boat that had just burst her boiler, the day before, and I found that I had been washed ashore, and that Mr. Smith had found me and taken me home to his wife, and she had put me in a warm bed and tried to rouse me; but, she could not until I awoke myself the next day. And when I cried for my own mother, they looked sad and said she was drowned, and I should never see her again. And then I wanted to be drowned too; but they said that was wicked, and I was sorry I said so, for I would not be wicked for the world. Mother always loved to have me good; and so' I tried to be happy, as they told me I must, but I couldn't—not for a good while—I used to pine so at night for her dear arms around me. At last I found a little comfort in doing just as I knew she would like to have me, and in knowing she could see me still, and in talking to her and I used to sing my little hymn to her up in heaven, just as I did when I sat on her knee, and I sing it now every night. Mr. Smith and his wife both died and left me all alone again; but I am hardly ever sad now, for I am almost always good, and you know good people must not be unhappy," and the beautiful, loving smile shone again through her lingering tears as she finished her simple story.

Russell was touched to the heart. His own eyes were moist, and, bending down, he kissed the innocent cheek of the little orphan, and bade her go with him, and he would give her money to feed and clothe herself. But the child drew gently and somewhat proudly back, and said, 'Oh! I never take money as a gift—mother would not like it.' Then kissing tenderly the gentle hand that still held hers, she tripped lightly round a corner, and, a moment after, Hartley heard her soft, silvery, childish treble ringing in the distance, singing, 'Matches! matches! Six for a fip! Who'll buy my matches?—matches, do!'

Russell Hartley kept that sweet picture in his soul, undimmed thro' years of travel, and change, and care. He visited, with enthusiasm, the noble galleries of painting and sculpture in England, France, and Italy, and many a gem of art was enshrined and hallowed in the mental temple of memory; but there was none to rival the gem of Nature—the matchless little Match Girl of Kentucky—with her hair streaming on the scanty red cloak, the glad innocent smile in her childish eyes, and the lovely sunbeam stealing through the hole in the straw bonnet, to light, as with a message from heaven, the lonely head of the orphan girl. That beautiful ray of light—made more beautiful by its chosen resting place, giving and receiving grace; it seemed a symbol of the Father's love for the poor little motherless wanderer.

Seven years flew by—on butterfly wings to joy and thoughtlessness, on leaden ones to sorrow and hope deferred—and our little Virginia, now a lovely girl of seventeen, had earned money enough, by her sweetening way of offering matches for sale, to introduce herself, as a pupil, into one of the first boarding-schools of the country, not to commence but to finish her education; for, with a passionate love of books, she had found means to cultivate her tastes and talents in many ways.

The lovely and lonely little orphan had struggled with hunger, and cold, and fatigue, with temptation in its most alluring forms, with evils in a thousand shapes, yet she kept the heavenly sunshine of her soul pure and unclouded through it all.

She had never taken money as a gift, nor as a bribe. She had assisted, from her little store, many a child of misfortune, still homeless and poorer than herself; and, with faith, truth, and purity, an angel guard around her, by the light of her own innocent smiles, she glided, like a star, thro' the gathering clouds, unharmed, unstained, unshadowed. In the beautiful words of a poet—

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honour charmed the air.

And music, the music of her own sweet heart and silver tones, went always with her through the world.

It was on the evening preceding that on which the annual ball of the school took place, the young ladies were discussing, round the school-room fire, the dresses they were to wear. Virginia, a little apart, listened to them, and half-wished she had a fairy grandmother, like Cinderella's, to deck her for the festival. "Paris, diamonds, japonicas, satins, laces, velvets." She, alas! had none of these. She had only the plain white dress in which she had been crowned Queen of May the spring preceding. It was so very plain—not even a bit of trimming round the throat.

'And what are you to wear, Miss Landon?' said one of the aristocrats of the school, turning with what she fancied an imperial air toward the young stranger.

Virginia blushed, and said, simply, 'my white muslin.'

'And what ornaments?'

'Oh! I can find some bright autumn leaves for a wreath,' said Virginia, blushing crimson, and smiling.

Imogene Grey would have given her diamond necklace for such a blush and smile, for her own sallow cheek was never illuminated; but she sneered, nevertheless, at the white muslin and garland of flowers, and deigned no further questions.

Virginia's delicate and sensitive spirit felt the sneer intensely, and she left the room with a swelling heart and tearful eye. Once, however, in the asylum of her own little chamber, peace descended like a dove into her soul, and after undressing she knelt, in her night robe by the side of her bed, and said her prayer, and sung her childish hymn:—

Of old the apostle walked the wave,
As seamen walked the land;
A power was near him strong to save,
For Jesus held his hand.

Why should I fear when danger's near?
I'm safe on sea or land;
For I'm in heaven a Father dear,
And He will hold my hand.

Though on a giddy height, perchance,
With faltering feet I stand,
No dread shall dim my upward glance,
For God will hold my hand.

But, oh! if doubt should cloud the day,
And sin beside me stand,
The firmest, lest I lose my way,
My Father, hold my hand!

Doubt, and danger, and sin were nearer than she thought, but her little hand was held by one who *would not let her fall.* As she rose from her devotion, she saw for the first time a box on the table by the bed. It was addressed on the cover simply to 'Virginia.' She opened it wondering, and found a set of exquisite pearl ornaments, for her arms, neck, and head. Her little heart beat with girlish delight; she hurried to the glass, and wound round her hair a chain of snowy gems, less fair and pure than the innocent brow beneath. Next, she bared her graceful arm, and clasped a bracelet there—How exquisitely the delicate ornaments became her childish loveliness! She strong to the bed never looked so pretty—not even when used to deck her hair with wild flowers by the clear pool in the woods. And she would wear them at the ball. But who could have sent them? Again she looked at the box, and this time she saw a note peeping beneath the cotton wool on which the gems had rested. Virginia's fair cheek flushed as she read—

"Let innocence and beauty wear the gift of love.
HOWARD GREY."

Had the bracelet been a serpent with its deadly sting in her arm, Virginia could scarcely have unclasped it with more haste.

The chain, too, was snatched from her head, and both with the note, were replaced in the box; and then, the fair girl threw herself on her knees, and buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some minutes, broken only by some faint sobs, she sung once more, in low and tremulous tones, the hymn, which seemed to her a talisman against all evil and then calmly laying her head on the pillow and murmuring the name which was musical to her soul, sunk into the deep slumber of innocence and youth.

For nearly a year had the young Hortense, Howard Grey, pursued her with his unhallowed passion, sided, as he vainly imagined, by his costly and tasteful gifts; but there seemed a magic halo around the young Virginia, through which no shadow of evil could penetrate. Besides the native purity and delicacy of her mind, there were two other indgeneces at work in the beautiful web of her destiny, to prevent any coarse or dark thread from mingling in its tissue; one was her spiritual communion with her mother, and the other, her affectionate remembrance of Russell Hartley—the only being in whose eyes she ever read the sympathy for which her lonely and loving heart yearned always.

It was evening again. The young ladies had assembled, dressed for the ball, in the drawing-room—all but Virginia. 'Where is the child?' asked an invalid teacher to whom she had endeared herself by her grateful and affectionate attentions.

'She was so long helping me and sister to dress,' said a little girl, 'that she has been belated.'

'I will go and assist her myself,' said the principal of the school, pleased with this proof of kindheartedness on the part of her new pupil.

She softly opened the door of Virginia's room, and almost started at the charming picture which met her eye. Robed in white, with her singularly beautiful hair, falling in fair, soft curls around her face, which was lighted up by a smile of rapturous hope and joy, the young girl stood in an attitude of enchanting grace, raising up both hands to adjust amidst the braids behind a half wreath of drooping and richly-tinted autumn leaves.

'Let me arrange it for you, my child,' said the lady, approaching, and Virginia drew her fair head modestly to her bidding; and then hand in hand they descended to the drawing-room.

Many of the company had arrived—the doors leading to the ball room had been thrown open, and Virginia was almost startled by the splendour of the home in which she was thus suddenly ushered. She blushed beneath the eyes that were riveted upon her as she passed.

'An angel!' 'A grace!' 'A muse!' whispered the gentlemen to each other.

There was one among them—a noble, chivalric looking man—who did not speak his admiration. An indefinable something in the heavenly beauty of that face touched in his soul a chord which had not vibrated for many years before. Ye gods, knew him at once. The rich chestnut curls of the boy at twenty had now assumed a darker tinge, the eyes a softer fire, and the youthful and flexible grace had given place to a manly dignity of mein; but there was no mistaking the soul in the glance of Russell Hartley.

And Virginia was decidedly the belle of the ball. Gay, but gracefully so, for her sportive mood was softened and restrained by a charming timidity that enhanced her loveliness ten-fold, she looked and moved like one inspired. She had met Hartley's admiring gaze; she was almost sure he would seek an introduction, and she felt as if her feet had heart become suddenly gifted with wings. She floated down the dance like a peri through the air, and Russell appeared and was introduced.

The sunny smile of the little Match Girl shone in her eyes, as she accepted his arm for a promenade.

'Surely I have seen that look somewhere before,' he exclaimed, half aloud.

'Matches! Six for a fip!' murmured Virginia, looking archly up in his face, and the mystery was at once explained.

Imogene Grey's diamond necklace was worthless dross in comparison with the wreath of autumn leaves which Russell had beneath his pillow that night, and all her brother's costly offerings could not have purchased the smile which accompanied the gift.

Reader, if you were ever to go to Kentucky, come to me for a letter of introduction to Mrs. R. Hartley. She is looked up to, respected, and beloved by all the country round, and I am sure you will enjoy her genial and cordial attention and the luxuries of her elegant home, all the more for remembering that the distinguished and dignified woman to whom you are making your very best bow, was once the Little Match Girl of my story.
—*American Paper.*

THE RUSSIAN GENERALS IN COUNCIL.—A correspondent writes from Bucharest, on the 30th, in the *Lloyd*:—"Yesterday I heard an old Boyard say, 'We'd rather have the Austrians as enemies than the Russians as friends!' You can form no idea of the brutality of the Russians to their *protegés.* On their flying retreat they have taken every description of cattle and provisions they could find, and have carried off with them all those instrumental in maintaining security and order, leaving this poor land in the greatest misery. The people remain quiet and orderly, rejoicing that these northern guests are at last obliged to leave us. I say 'obliged.' General Adlerberg, as I learn from the best instructed sources, arrived at the head-quarters of Prince Gortschakoff with dispatches from his Majesty, the Czar, commanding the prince to employ every strategical means to drive the Otomans from Wallachian ground. Gortschakoff explained to the general the impossibility of fulfilling the imperial mandate. Adlerberg arrived at Fratescht at the time that Gortschakoff was drawing up his plan of retreat. At this interview a rancorous and violent discussion took place between the two generals of the Czar. In the presence of his aides-de-camp, Adlerberg upbraided the Prince with an aimless neglect of his duty, and even intimated that he was guilty of cowardice. The prince, who, like most Russian officers, is very irritable, would hear no more, but said that Adlerberg being merely a courier of the Czar, his duty was to deliver his despatches, and receive the answer, further, he had no business in the camp. To this Adlerberg, who is more of the courtier than the warrior, answered tranquilly that he would rather 'be a conscientious and faithful courier, than a beaten and retreating general.' In the course of the altercation personalities and invectives were freely exchanged. By the interposition of an officer high in command, the two generals were apparently reconciled.

WOMEN'S COSTUME IN BAVARIA.—At Säuerlach, where we halted for breakfast, the neat and tidy daughter of the host looked positively poetical and pretty in her green hat, adorned with flowers, which she wore the merest trifle on one side, and with a provoking air that made her almost coquettishly handsome. It is wonderful how well this masculi e head-dress becomes the rosy features of the daughters of the hills; so much so, indeed, that the costume has extended to the plains, and is very common in Bavaria. It has, however, a strange effect when you enter a church, where all appear so devout, and the men are reverently uncovered, while the women are everywhere seen with their hats on, which to a casual spectator has a singular appearance, however deceptive, of irreverence. But this is the last feeling that has any place in the hearts of simple mountaineers. Indeed we have often in other instances, with great satisfaction, the powerful religious influence which seems to be almost universal among the inhabitants of the mountains where the people have not been corrupted, as perhaps in Switzerland, by too much intercourse with strangers. God seems to be nearer to man on the mountain than upon the plains.—*Letters of a Tourist.*

A BROKEN HEART.—The most affecting instance of death from grief, commonly known as a broken heart, occurred at Brecon, on Thursday evening. A respectable female, Mrs. Price, widow of a respectable publican of that name, resident at Llanvaes, near Brecon, since her bereavement manifested a dead and abiding rather than a violent and noisy sorrow. On Thursday she took advantage of the occurrence of a funeral at Llanvaes church-yard to go and pour out her grief by the side of her deceased husband's grave. She knelt down by the (to her) sacred mound, and leant over it for the purpose of adjusting some flowers which grew on it, when she was observed to fall, and was taken up by some of the parties present in an evidently dying state. She was removed to the toll-house close by, and a messenger despatched for medical assistance, but in a few minutes after being carried into the toll-house she expired.

A MEMBAIM.—The following story has been published at Berlin under quasi-official sanction:—"On the 15th the wife of a painter in Old Schonhaus-street brought into the world a most wonderful creature. This was a child born only a few weeks before the regular time, which had the regular human form down to the loins, and thence downwards that of a fish, but without scales—its fingers were webbed, but otherwise perfectly well formed. It died half an hour after birth, in the presence of the midwife and Dr. Hoffman."

A CARPET OF IVORY.—Amongst the curiosities for the Great Exhibition in Paris next year is a carpet of ivory. It is twenty feet long by six feet broad, and made of small strips of ivory, plaited like matting. The price fixed upon it is £800, and it may yet become the purchaser, but we fear it will have the incorrect case of being slippery.

The Young King of Portugal has granted the Jews of Amsterdam to repeal the Portuguese law which banishes all the children of Israel from his dominions.